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THE PROJECT GUTENBERG MEMOIRS OF NAPLEON

By *Bourrienne*, *constant* and *Stewarton*

1.
Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte
By *louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne*
His Private Secretary
Edited by R. W. Phipps
Colonel, Late Royal Artillery

2.
Recollections of the private life of Napoleon, Complete
By *constant*
premier valet de chambre
translated by Walter Clark

3.
Memoirs of the court of st. *Cloud*
by Stewarton
being secret letters from A *gentleman at Paris to* A *nobleman in London*

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

By *louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne*

His Private Secretary

Edited by R. W. Phipps
Colonel, Late Royal Artillery

1891

PREFACE

By the editors of the 1836 *edition*.

In introducing the present edition of M. de Bourrienne's Memoirs to the public we are bound, as Editors, to say a few Words on the subject. Agreeing, however, with Horace Walpole that an editor should not dwell for any length of time on the merits of his author, we shall touch but lightly on this part of the matter. We are the more ready to abstain since the great success in England of the former editions of these Memoirs, and the

high reputation they have acquired on the European Continent, and in every part of the civilised world where the fame of Bonaparte has ever reached, sufficiently establish the merits of M. de Bourrienne as a biographer. These merits seem to us to consist chiefly in an anxious desire to be impartial, to point out the defects as well as the merits of a most wonderful man; and in a peculiarly graphic power of relating facts and anecdotes. With this happy faculty Bourrienne would have made the life of almost any active individual interesting; but the subject of which the most favourable circumstances permitted him to treat was full of events and of the most extraordinary facts. The hero of his story was such a being as the world has produced only on the rarest occasions, and the complete counterpart to whom has, probably, never existed; for there are broad shades of difference between Napoleon and Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne; neither will modern history furnish more exact parallels, since Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Cromwell, Washington, or Bolivar bear but a small resemblance to Bonaparte either in character, fortune, or extent of enterprise. For fourteen years, to say nothing of his projects in the East, the history of Bonaparte was the history of all Europe!

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With the copious materials he possessed, M. de Bourrienne has produced a work which, for deep interest, excitement, and amusement, can scarcely be paralleled by any of the numerous and excellent memoirs for which the literature of France is so justly celebrated.

M. de Bourrienne shows us the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz in his night-gown and slippers—with a ‘trait de plume’ he, in a hundred instances, places the real man before us, with all his personal habits and peculiarities of manner, temper, and conversation.

The friendship between Bonaparte and Bourrienne began in boyhood, at the school of Brienne, and their unreserved intimacy continued during the most brilliant part of Napoleon’s career. We have said enough, the motives for his writing this work and his competency for the task will be best explained in M. de Bourrienne’s own words, which the reader will find in the Introductory Chapter.

M. de Bourrienne says little of Napoleon after his first abdication and retirement to Elba in 1814: we have endeavoured to fill up the chasm thus left by following his hero through the remaining seven years of his life, to the “last scenes of all” that ended his “strange, eventful history,”—to his deathbed and alien grave at St. Helena. A completeness will thus be given to the work which it did not before possess, and which we hope will, with the other additions and improvements already alluded to, tend to give it a place in every well-selected library, as one of the most satisfactory of all the lives of Napoleon.

London, 1836.

PREFACE

By the editor of the 1885 *edition*.

The Memoirs of the time of Napoleon may be divided into two classes—those by marshals and officers, of which Suchet’s is a good example, chiefly devoted to military movements, and those by persons employed in the administration and in the Court, giving us not only materials for history, but also valuable details of the personal and inner life of the great Emperor and of his immediate surroundings. Of this latter class the Memoirs of Bourrienne are among the most important.

Long the intimate and personal friend of Napoleon both at school and from the end of the Italian campaigns in 1797 till 1802—working in the same room with him, using the same purse, the confidant of most of his schemes, and, as his secretary, having the largest part of all the official and private correspondence of the time passed through his hands, Bourrienne occupied an invaluable position for storing and recording materials for history. The Memoirs of his successor, Meneval, are more those of an esteemed

private secretary; yet, valuable and interesting as they are, they want the peculiarity of position which marks those of Bourrienne, who was a compound of secretary, minister, and friend. The accounts of such men as Miot de Melito, Raederer,

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etc., are most valuable, but these writers were not in that close contact with Napoleon enjoyed by Bourrienne. Bourrienne's position was simply unique, and we can only regret that he did not occupy it till the end of the Empire. Thus it is natural that his Memoirs should have been largely used by historians, and to properly understand the history of the time, they must be read by all students. They are indeed full of interest for every one. But they also require to be read with great caution. When we meet with praise of Napoleon, we may generally believe it, for, as Thiers (Consulat., ii. 279) says, Bourrienne need be little suspected on this side, for although be owed everything to Napoleon, he has not seemed to remember it. But very often in passages in which blame is thrown on Napoleon, Bourrienne speaks, partly with much of the natural bitterness of a former and discarded friend, and partly with the curious mixed feeling which even the brothers of Napoleon display in their Memoirs, pride in the wonderful abilities evinced by the man with whom he was allied, and jealousy at the way in which he was outshone by the man he had in youth regarded as inferior to himself. Sometimes also we may even suspect the praise. Thus when Bourrienne defends Napoleon for giving, as he alleges, poison to the sick at Jaffa, a doubt arises whether his object was to really defend what to most Englishmen of this day, with remembrances of the deeds and resolutions of the Indian Mutiny, will seem an act to be pardoned, if not approved; or whether he was more anxious to fix the committal of the act on Napoleon at a time when public opinion loudly blamed it. The same may be said of his defence of the massacre of the prisoners of Jaffa.

Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne was born in 1769, that is, in the same year as Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was the friend and companion of the future Emperor at the military school of Brienne-le-Chateau till 1784, when Napoleon, one of the sixty pupils maintained at the expense of the State, was passed on to the Military School of Paris. The friends again met in 1792 and in 1795, when Napoleon was hanging about Paris, and when Bourrienne looked on the vague dreams of his old schoolmate as only so much folly. In 1796, as soon as Napoleon had assured his position at the head of the army of Italy, anxious as ever to surround himself with known faces, he sent for Bourrienne to be his secretary. Bourrienne had been appointed in 1792 as secretary of the Legation at Stuttgart, and had, probably wisely, disobeyed the orders given him to return, thus escaping the dangers of the Revolution. He only came back to Paris in 1795, having thus become an emigre. He joined Napoleon in 1797, after the Austrians had been beaten out of Italy, and at once assumed the office of secretary which he held for so long. He had sufficient tact to forbear treating the haughty young General with any assumption of familiarity in public,

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and he was indefatigable enough to please even the never-resting Napoleon. Talent Bourrienne had in abundance; indeed he is careful to hint that at school if any one had been asked to predict greatness for any pupil, it was Bourrienne, not Napoleon, who would have been fixed on as the future star. He went with his General to Egypt, and returned with him to France. While Napoleon was making his formal entry into the Tuileries, Bourrienne was preparing the cabinet he was still to share with the Consul. In this cabinet—our cabinet, as he is careful to call it—he worked with the First Consul till 1802.

During all this time the pair lead lived on terms of equality and friendship creditable to both. The secretary neither asked for nor received any salary: when he required money, he simply dipped into the cash-box of the First Consul. As the whole power of the State gradually passed into the hands of the Consul, the labours of the secretary became heavier. His successor broke down under a lighter load, and had to receive assistance; but, perhaps borne up by the absorbing interest of the work and the great influence given by his post, Bourrienne stuck to his place, and to all appearance might, except for himself, have come down to us as the companion of Napoleon during his whole life. He had enemies, and one of them—[Boulay de la Meurthe.]—has not shrunk from describing their gratification at the disgrace of the trusted secretary. Any one in favour, or indeed in office, under Napoleon was the sure mark of calumny for all aspirants to place; yet Bourrienne might have weathered any temporary storm raised by unfounded reports as successfully as Meneval, who followed him. But Bourrienne's hands were not clean in money matters, and that was an unpardonable sin in any one who desired to be in real intimacy with Napoleon. He became involved in the affairs of the House of Coulon, which failed, as will be seen in the notes, at the time of his disgrace; and in October 1802 he was called on to hand over his office to Meneval, who retained it till invalided after the Russian campaign.

As has been said, Bourrienne would naturally be the mark for many accusations, but the conclusive proof of his misconduct—at least for any one acquainted with Napoleon's objection and dislike to changes in office, whether from his strong belief in the effects of training, or his equally strong dislike of new faces round him—is that he was never again employed near his old comrade; indeed he really never saw the Emperor again at any private interview, except when granted the naval official reception in 1805, before leaving to take up his post at Hamburg, which he held till 1810. We know that his re-employment was urged by Josephine and several of his former companions. Savary himself says he tried his advocacy; but Napoleon was inexorable to those who, in his own phrase, had sacrificed to the golden calf.

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Sent, as we have said, to Hamburg in 1805, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and to the Hanse towns, Bourrienne knew how to make his post an important one. He was at one of the great seats of the commerce which suffered so fearfully from the Continental system of the Emperor, and he was charged to watch over the German press. How well he fulfilled this duty we learn from Metternich, who writes in 1805: "I have sent an article to the newspaper editors in Berlin and to M. de Hofer at Hamburg. I do not know whether it has been accepted, for M. Bourrienne still exercises an authority so severe over these journals that they are always submitted to him before they appear, that he may erase or alter the articles which do not please him."

His position at Hamburg gave him great opportunities for both financial and political intrigues. In his Memoirs, as Meneval remarks, he or his editor is not ashamed to boast of being thanked by Louis XVIII. at St. Ouen for services rendered while he was the minister of Napoleon at Hamburg. He was recalled in 1810, when the Hanse towns were united, or, to use the phrase of the day, re-united to the Empire. He then hung about Paris, keeping on good terms with some of the ministers—Savary, not the most reputable of them, for example. In 1814 he was to be found at the office of Lavallette, the head of the posts, disguising, his enemies said, his delight at the bad news which was pouring in, by exaggerated expressions of devotion. He is accused of a close and suspicious connection with Talleyrand, and it is odd that when Talleyrand became head of the Provisional Government in 1814, Bourrienne of all persons should have been put at the head of the posts. Received in the most flattering manner by Louis XVIII, he was as astonished as poor Beugnot was in 1815, to find himself on 13th May suddenly ejected from office, having, however, had time to furnish post-horses to Manbreuil for the mysterious expedition, said to have been at least known to Talleyrand, and intended certainly for the robbery of the Queen of Westphalia, and probably for the murder of Napoleon.

In the extraordinary scurry before the Bourbons scuttled out of Paris in 1814, Bourrienne was made Prefet of the Police for a few days, his tenure of that post being signalised by the abortive attempt to arrest Fouche, the only effect of which was to drive that wily minister into the arms of the Bonapartists.

He fled with the King, and was exempted from the amnesty proclaimed by Napoleon. On the return from Ghent he was made a Minister of State without portfolio, and also became one of the Council. The ruin of his finances drove him out of France, but he eventually died in a madhouse at Caen.

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When the Memoirs first appeared in 1829 they made a great sensation. Till then in most writings Napoleon had been treated as either a demon or as a demi-god. The real facts of the case were not suited to the tastes of either his enemies or his admirers. While the monarchs of Europe had been disputing among themselves about the division of the spoils to be obtained from France and from the unsettlement of the Continent, there had arisen an extraordinarily clever and unscrupulous man who, by alternately bribing and overthrowing the great monarchies, had soon made himself master of the mainland. His admirers were unwilling to admit the part played in his success by the jealousy of his foes of each other's share in the booty, and they delighted to invest him with every great quality which man could possess. His enemies were ready enough to allow his military talents, but they wished to attribute the first success of his not very deep policy to a marvellous duplicity, apparently considered by them the more wicked as possessed by a parvenu emperor, and far removed, in a moral point of view, from the statecraft so allowable in an ancient monarchy. But for Napoleon himself and his family and Court there was literally no limit to the really marvellous inventions of his enemies. He might enter every capital on the Continent, but there was some consolation in believing that he himself was a monster of wickedness, and his Court but the scene of one long protracted orgie.

There was enough against the Emperor in the Memoirs to make them comfortable reading for his opponents, though very many of the old calumnies were disposed of in them. They contained indeed the nearest approximation to the truth which had yet appeared. Metternich, who must have been a good judge, as no man was better acquainted with what he himself calls the "age of Napoleon," says of the Memoirs: "If you want something to read, both interesting and amusing, get the Memoires de Bourrienne. These are the only authentic Memoirs of Napoleon which have yet appeared. The style is not brilliant, but that only makes them the mere trustworthy." Indeed, Metternich himself in his own Memoirs often follows a good deal in the line of Bourrienne: among many formal attacks, every now and then he lapses into half involuntary and indirect praise of his great antagonist, especially where he compares the men he had to deal with in aftertimes with his former rapid and talented interlocutor. To some even among the Bonapartists, Bourrienne was not altogether distasteful. Lucien Bonaparte, remarking that the time in which Bourrienne treated with Napoleon as equal with equal did not last long enough for the secretary, says he has taken a little revenge in his Memoirs, just as a lover, after a break with his mistress, reveals all her defects. But Lucien considers that Bourrienne gives us a good enough idea of the young officer of the artillery, of the great General, and of the First

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Consul. Of the Emperor, says Lucien, he was too much in retirement to be able to judge equally well. But Lucien was not a fair representative of the Bonapartists; indeed he had never really thought well of his brother or of his actions since Lucien, the former "Brutus" Bonaparte, had ceased to be the adviser of the Consul. It was well for Lucien himself to amass a fortune from the presents of a corrupt court, and to be made a Prince and Duke by the Pope, but he was too sincere a republican not to disapprove of the imperial system. The real Bonapartists were naturally and inevitably furious with the Memoirs. They were not true, they were not the work of Bourrienne, Bourrienne himself was a traitor, a purloiner of manuscripts, his memory was as bad as his principles, he was not even entitled to the de before his name. If the Memoirs were at all to be pardoned, it was because his share was only really a few notes wrung from him by large pecuniary offers at a time when he was pursued by his creditors, and when his brain was already affected.

The Bonapartist attack on the Memoirs was delivered in full form, in two volumes, 'Bourrienne et ses Erreurs, Volontaires et Involontaires' (Paris, Heideloff, 1830), edited by the Comte d'Aure, the Ordonnateur en Chef of the Egyptian expedition, and containing communications from Joseph Bonaparte, Gourgaud, Stein, *etc*.'

> —[In the notes in this present edition these volumes are referred to in brief 'Erreurs'.]—

Part of the system of attack was to call in question the authenticity of the Memoirs, and this was the more easy as Bourrienne, losing his fortune, died in 1834 in a state of imbecility. But this plan is not systematically followed, and the very reproaches addressed to the writer of the Memoirs often show that it was believed they were really written by Bourrienne. They undoubtedly contain plenty of faults. The editor (Villemarest, it is said) probably had a large share in the work, and Bourrienne must have forgotten or misplaced many dates and occurrences. In such a work, undertaken so many years after the events, it was inevitable that many errors should be made, and that many statements should be at least debatable. But on close investigation the work stands the attack in a way that would be impossible unless it had really been written by a person in the peculiar position occupied by Bourrienne. He has assuredly not exaggerated that position: he really, says Lucien Bonaparte, treated as equal with equal with Napoleon during a part of his career, and he certainly was the nearest friend and confidant that Napoleon ever had in his life.

Where he fails, or where the Bonapartist fire is most telling, is in the account of the Egyptian expedition. It may seem odd that he should have forgotten, even in some thirty years, details such as the way in which the sick were removed; but such matters were not in his province; and it would be easy to match similar omissions in other works, such as the accounts of the Crimea, and still more of the Peninsula. It is with his

personal relations with Napoleon that we are most concerned, and it is in them that his account receives most corroboration.

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It may be interesting to see what has been said of the Memoirs by other writers. We have quoted Metternich, and Lucien Bonaparte; let us hear Meneval, his successor, who remained faithful to his master to the end: "Absolute confidence cannot be given to statements contained in Memoirs published under the name of a man who has not composed them. It is known that the editor of these Memoirs offered to M. de Bourrienne, who had then taken refuge in Holstein from his creditors, a sum said to be thirty thousand francs to obtain his signature to them, with some notes and addenda. M. de Bourrienne was already attacked by the disease from which he died a few years latter in a maison de sante at Caen. Many literary men co-operated in the preparation of his Memoirs. In 1825 I met M. de Bourrienne in Paris. He told me it had been suggested to him to write against the Emperor. 'Notwithstanding the harm he has done me,' said he, 'I would never do so. Sooner may my hand be withered.' If M. de Bourrienne had prepared his Memoirs himself, he would not have stated that while he was the Emperor's minister at Hamburg he worked with the agents of the Comte de Lille (Louis XVIII.) at the preparation of proclamations in favour of that Prince, and that in 1814 he accepted the thanks of the King, Louis XVIII., for doing so; he would not have said that Napoleon had confided to him in 1805 that he had never conceived the idea of an expedition into England, and that the plan of a landing, the preparations for which he gave such publicity to, was only a snare to amuse fools. The Emperor well knew that never was there a plan more seriously conceived or more positively settled. M. de Bourrienne would not have spoken of his private interviews with Napoleon, nor of the alleged confidences entrusted to him, while really Napoleon had no longer received him after the 20th October 1802. When the Emperor, in 1805, forgetting his faults, named him Minister Plenipotentiary at Hamburg, he granted him the customary audience, but to this favour he did not add the return of his former friendship. Both before and afterwards he constantly refused to receive him, and he did not correspond with him." (Meneval, ii. 378-79). And in another passage Meneval says: "Besides, it would be wrong to regard these Memoirs as the work of the man whose name they bear. The bitter resentment M. de Bourrienne had nourished for his disgrace, the enfeeblement of his faculties, and the poverty he was reduced to, rendered him accessible to the pecuniary offers made to him. He consented to give the authority of his name to Memoirs in whose composition he had only co-operated by incomplete, confused, and often inexact notes, materials which an editor was employed to put in order." And Meneval (iii. 29-30) goes on to quote what he himself had written in the Spectateur Militaire, in which he makes much the same assertions, and especially objects to the account of conversations with the Emperor after 1802, except always the one audience on taking leave for Hamburg. Meneval also says that Napoleon, when he wished to obtain intelligence from Hamburg, did not correspond with Bourrienne, but deputed him, Meneval, to ask Bourrienne for what was wanted. But he corroborates Bourrienne on the subject of the efforts made, among others by Josephine, for his reappointment.

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Such are the statements of the Bonaparists pure; and the reader, as has been said, can judge for himself how far the attack is good. Bourrienne, or his editor, may well have confused the date of his interviews, but he will not be found much astray on many points. His account of the conversation of Josephine after the death of the Due d'Enghien may be compared with what we know from Madame de Remusat, who, by the way, would have been horrified if she had known that he considered her to resemble the Empress Josephine in character.

We now come to the views of Savary, the Due de Rovigo, who avowedly remained on good terms with Bourrienne after his disgrace, though the friendship of Savary was not exactly a thing that most men would have much prided themselves on. "Bourrienne had a prodigious memory; he spoke and wrote in several languages, and his pen ran as quickly as one could speak. Nor were these the only advantages he possessed. He knew the routine of public business and public law. His activity and devotion made him indispensable to the First Consul. I knew the qualities which won for him the unlimited confidence of his chief, but I cannot speak with the same assurance of the faults which made him lose it. Bourrienne had many enemies, both on account of his character and of his place" (Savary, i. 418-19).

Marmont ought to be an impartial critic of the Memoirs. He says, "Bourrienne . . . had a very great capacity, but he is a striking example of the great truth that our passions are always bad counsellors. By inspiring us with an immoderate ardour to reach a fixed end, they often make us miss it. Bourrienne had an immoderate love of money. With his talents and his position near Bonaparte at the first dawn of greatness, with the confidence and real good-will which Bonaparte felt for him, in a few years he would have gained everything in fortune and in social position. But his eager impatience mined his career at the moment when it might have developed and increased" (Marmont, i. 64). The criticism appears just. As to the Memoirs, Marmont says (ii. 224), "In general, these Memoirs are of great veracity and powerful interest so long as they treat of what the author has seen and heard; but when he speaks of others, his work is only an assemblage of gratuitous suppositions and of false facts put forward for special purposes."

The Comte Alexandre de Puymaigre, who arrived at Hamburgh soon after Bourrienne had left it in 1810, says (page 135) of the part of the Memoirs which relates to Hamburg, "I must acknowledge that generally his assertions are well founded. This former companion of Napoleon has only forgotten to speak of the opinion that they had of him in this town.

"The truth is, that he was believed to have made much money there."

Thus we may take Bourrienne as a clever, able man, who would have risen to the highest honours under the Empire had not his short-sighted grasping after lucre driven him from office, and prevented him from ever regaining it under Napoleon.

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In the present edition the translation has been carefully compared with the original French text. Where in the original text information is given which has now become mere matter of history, and where Bourrienne merely quotes the documents well enough known at this day, his possession of which forms part of the charges of his opponents, advantage has been taken to lighten the mass of the Memoirs. This has been done especially where they deal with what the writer did not himself see or hear, the part of the Memoirs which are of least valve and of which Marmont's opinion has just been quoted. But in the personal and more valuable part of the Memoirs, where we have the actual knowledge of the secretary himself, the original text has been either fully retained, or some few passages previously omitted restored. Illustrative notes have been added from the Memoirs of the successor of Bourrienne, Meneval, Madame de Remusat, the works of Colonel Iung on 'Bonaparte et Son Temps', and on 'Lucien Bonaparte', *etc*., and other books. Attention has also been paid to the attacks of the 'Erreurs', and wherever these criticisms are more than a mere expression of disagreement, their purport has been recorded with, where possible, some judgment of the evidence. Thus the reader will have before him the materials for deciding himself how far, Bourrienne's statements are in agreement with the facts and with the accounts of other writers.

At the present time too much attention has been paid to the Memoirs of Madame de Remusat. She, as also Madame Junot, was the wife of a man on whom the full shower of imperial favours did not descend, and, womanlike, she saw and thought only of the Court life of the great man who was never less great than in his Court. She is equally astonished and indignant that the Emperor, coming straight from long hours of work with his ministers and with his secretary, could not find soft words for the ladies of the Court, and that, a horrible thing in the eyes of a Frenchwoman, when a mistress threw herself into his arms, he first thought of what political knowledge he could obtain from her. Bourrienne, on the other hand, shows us the other and the really important side of Napoleon's character. He tells us of the long hours in the Cabinet, of the never-resting activity of the Consul, of Napoleon's dreams, no ignoble dreams and often realised, of great labours of peace as well as of war. He is a witness, and the more valuable as a reluctant one, to the marvellous powers of the man who, if not the greatest, was at least the one most fully endowed with every great quality of mind and body the world has ever seen.

R. W. P.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

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The trading upon an illustrious name can alone have given birth to the multitude of publications under the titles of historical memoirs, secret memoirs, and other rhapsodies which have appeared respecting Napoleon. On looking into them it is difficult to determine whether the impudence of the writers or the simplicity of certain readers is most astonishing. Yet these rude and ill digested compilations, filled with absurd anecdotes, fabricated speeches, fictitious crimes or virtues, and disfigured by numerous anachronisms, instead of being consigned to just contempt and speedy oblivion, have been pushed into notice by speculators, and have found zealous partisans and enthusiastic apologists.

—[This Introduction has been reprinted as bearing upon the character of the work, but refers very often to events of the day at the time of its first appearance.]—

For a time I entertained the idea of noticing, one by one, the numerous errors which have been written respecting Napoleon; but I have renounced a task which would have been too laborious to myself, and very tedious to the reader. I shall therefore only correct those which come within the plan of my work, and which are connected with those facts, to a more accurate knowledge of which than any other person can possess I may lay claim. There are men who imagine that nothing done by Napoleon will ever be forgotten; but must not the slow but inevitable influence of time be expected to operate with respect to him? The effect of that influence is, that the most important event of an epoch soon sinks, almost imperceptibly and almost disregarded, into the immense mass of historical facts. Time, in its progress, diminishes the probability as well as the interest of such an event, as it gradually wears away the most durable monuments.

I attach only a relative importance to what I am about to lay before the public. I shall give authentic documents. If all persons who have approached Napoleon, at any time and in any place, would candidly record what they saw and heard, without passion, the future historian would be rich in materials. It is my wish that he who may undertake the difficult task of writing the history of Napoleon shall find in my notes information useful to the perfection of his work. There he will at least find truth. I have not the ambition to wish that what I state should be taken as absolute authority; but I hope that it will always be consulted.

I have never before published anything respecting Napoleon. That malevolence which fastens itself upon men who have the misfortune to be somewhat separated from the crowd has, because there is always more profit in saying ill than good, attributed to me several works on Bonaparte; among others, ’Les Memoires secrets d’un Homnae qui ne l’a pas quitte’, par M. B-------, and ’Memoires secrets sur Napoleon Bonaparte, par M. de B------, and ‘Le Precis Historique sur Napoleon’. The initial of

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my name has served to propagate this error. The incredible ignorance which runs through those memoirs, the absurdities and inconceivable silliness with which they abound, do not permit a man of honour and common sense to allow such wretched rhapsodies to be imputed to him. I declared in 1816, and at later periods in the French and foreign journals, that I had no hand in those publications, and I here formally repeat this declaration.

But it may be said to me, Why should we place more confidence in you than in those who have written before you?

My reply shall be plain. I enter the lists one of the last I have read all that my predecessors have published confident that all I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I ether wish to obscure nor embellish his glory. However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him, known him, frequently admired and sometimes blamed him. I state what I saw, heard, wrote, and thought at the time, under each circumstance that occurred. I have not allowed myself to be carried away by the illusions of the imagination, nor to be influenced by friendship or hatred. I shall not insert a single reflection which did not occur to me at the very moment of the event which gave it birth. How many transactions and documents were there over which I could but lament!—how many measures, contrary to my views, to my principles, and to my character!—while the best intentions were incapable of overcoming difficulties which a most powerful and decided will rendered almost insurmountable.

I also wish the future historian to compare what I say with what others have related or may relate. But it will be necessary for him to attend to dates, circumstances, difference of situation, change of temperament, and age,—for age has much influence over men. We do not think and act at fifty as at twenty-five. By exercising this caution he will be able to discover the truth, and to establish an opinion for posterity.

The reader must not expect to find in these Memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which marked the great career of Napoleon; nor details of all those battles, with the recital of which so many eminent men have usefully and ably occupied themselves. I shall say little about whatever I did not see or hear, and which is not supported by official documents.

Perhaps I shall succeed in confirming truths which have been doubted, and in correcting errors which have been adopted. If I sometimes differ from the observations and statements of Napoleon at St. Helena, I am far from supposing that those who undertook to be the medium of communication between him and the public have misrepresented what he said. I am well convinced that none of the writers of St. Helena

can be taxed with the slightest deception; disinterested zeal and nobleness of character are

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undoubted pledges of their veracity. It appears to me perfectly certain that Napoleon stated, dictated, or corrected all they have published. Their honour is unquestionable; no one can doubt it. That they wrote what he communicated must therefore be believed; but it cannot with equal confidence be credited that what he communicated was nothing but the truth. He seems often to have related as a fact what was really only an idea,—an idea, too, brought forth at St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination to Europe in the time of his prosperity. His favourite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten—"What will history say—what will posterity think?" This passion for leaving behind him a celebrated name is one which helongs to the constitution of the human mind; and with Napoleon its influence was excessive. In his first Italian campaign he wrote thus to General Clarke: "That ambition and the occupation of high offices were not sufficient for his satisfaction and happiness, which he had early placed in the opinion of Europe and the esteem of posterity." He often observed to me that with him the opinion of posterity was the real immortality of the soul.

It may easily be conceived that Napoleon wished to give to the documents which he knew historians would consult a favourable colour, and to direct, according to his own views, the judgment of posterity on his actions: But it is only by the impartial comparison of periods, positions, and age that a well founded decision will be given. About his fortieth year the physical constitution of Napoleon sustained considerable change; and it may be presumed that his moral qualities were affected by that change. It is particularly important not to lose sight of the premature decay of his health, which, perhaps, did not permit him always to, possess the vigour of memory otherwise consistent enough with his age. The state of our organisation often modifies our recollections, our feelings, our manner of viewing objects, and the impressions we receive. This will be taken into consideration by judicious and thinking men; and for them I write.

What M. de Las Casas states Napoleon to have said in May 1816 on the manner of writing his history corroborates the opinion I have expressed. It proves that all the facts and observations he communicated or dictated were meant to serve as materials. We learn from the Memorial that M. de Las Casas wrote daily, and that the manuscript was read over by Napoleon, who often made corrections with his own hand. The idea of a journal pleased him greatly. He fancied it would be a work of which the world could afford no other example. But there are passages in which the order of events is deranged; in others facts are misrepresented and erroneous assertions are made, I apprehend, not altogether involuntarily.

I have paid particular attention to all that has been published by the noble participators of the imperial captivity. Nothing, however, could induce me to change a word in these Memoirs, because nothing could take from me my conviction of the truth of what I

personally heard and saw. It will be found that Napoleon in his private conversations often confirms what I state; but we sometimes differ, and the public must judge between us. However, I must here make one observation.

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When Napoleon dictated or related to his friends in St. Helena the facts which they have reported he was out of the world,—he had played his part. Fortune, which, according to his notions, had conferred on him all his power and greatness, had recalled all her gifts before he sank into the tomb. His ruling passion would induce him to think that it was due to his glory to clear up certain facts which might prove an unfavourable escort if they accompanied him to posterity. This was his fixed idea. But is there not some ground for suspecting the fidelity of him who writes or dictates his own history? Why might he not impose on a few persons in St. Helena, when he was able to impose on France and Europe, respecting many acts which emanated from him during the long duration of his power? The life of Napoleon would be very unfaithfully written were the author to adopt as true all his bulletins and proclamations, and all the declarations he made at St. Helena. Such a history would frequently be in contradiction to facts; and such only is that which might be entitled, ‘The History of Napoleon, written by Himself’.

I have said thus much because it is my wish that the principles which have guided me in the composition of these Memoirs may be understood. I am aware that they will not please every reader; that is a success to which I cannot pretend. Some merit, however, may be allowed me on account of the labour I have undergone. It has neither been of a slight nor an agreeable kind. I made it a rule to read everything that has been written respecting Napoleon, and I have had to decipher many of his autograph documents, though no longer so familiar with his scrawl as formerly. I say decipher, because a real cipher might often be much more readily understood than the handwriting of Napoleon. My own notes, too, which were often very hastily made, in the hand I wrote in my youth, have sometimes also much embarrassed me.

My long and intimate connection with Bonaparte from boyhood, my close relations with him when General, Consul, and Emperor, enabled me to see and appreciate all that was projected and all that was done during that considerable and momentous period of time. I not only had the opportunity of being present at the conception and the execution of the extraordinary deeds of one of the ablest men nature ever formed, but, notwithstanding an almost unceasing application to business, I found means to employ the few moments of leisure which Bonaparte left at my disposal in making notes, collecting documents, and in recording for history facts respecting which the truth could otherwise with difficulty be ascertained; and more particularly in collecting those ideas, often profound, brilliant, and striking, but always remarkable, to which Bonaparte gave expression in the overflowing frankness of confidential intimacy.

The knowledge that I possessed much important information has exposed me to many inquiries, and wherever I have resided since my retirement from public affairs much of my time has been spent in replying to questions. The wish to be acquainted with the most minute details of the life of a man formed on an unexampled m del [?? D.W.] is very natural; and the observation on my replies by those who heard them always was, “You should publish your Memoirs!”

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I had certainly always in view the publication of my Memoirs; but, at the same time, I was firmly resolved not to publish them until a period should arrive in which I might tell the truth, and the whole truth. While Napoleon was in the possession of power I felt it right to resist the urgent applications made to me on this subject by some persons of the highest distinction. Truth would then have sometimes appeared flattery, and sometimes, also, it might not have been without danger. Afterwards, when the progress of events removed Bonaparte to a far distant island in the midst of the ocean, silence was imposed on me by other considerations,-by considerations of propriety and feeling.

After the death of Bonaparte, at St. Helena, reasons of a different nature retarded the execution of my plan. The tranquillity of a secluded retreat was indispensable for preparing and putting in order the abundant materials in my possession. I found it also necessary to read a great number of works, in order to rectify important errors to which the want of authentic documents had induced the authors to give credit. This much-desired retreat was found. I had the good fortune to be introduced, through a friend, to the Duchesse de Brancas, and that lady invited me to pass some time on one of her estates in Hainault. Received with the most agreeable hospitality, I have there enjoyed that tranquillity which could alone have rendered the publication of these volumes practicable.

FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE

NOTE.

The Editor of the 1836 edition had added to the Memoirs several chapters taken from or founded on other works of the time, so as to make a more complete history of the period. These materials have been mostly retained, but with the corrections which later publications have made necessary. A chapter has now been added to give, a brief account of the part played by the chief historical personages during the Cent Tours, and another at the end to include the removal of the body of Napoleon from St. Helena to France.

Two special improvements have, it is hoped, been made in this edition. Great care has been taken to get names, dates, and figures rightly given,—points much neglected in most translations, though in some few cases, such as Davoust, the ordinary but not strictly correct spelling has been followed to suit the general reader. The number of references to other works which are given in the notes wall, it is believed, be of use to any one wishing to continue the study of the history of Napoleon, and may preserve them from many of the errors too often committed. The present Editor has had the great advantage of having his work shared by Mr. Richard Bentley, who has brought his knowledge of the period to bear, and who has found, as only a busy man could do, the time to minutely enter into every fresh detail, with the ardour which soon seizes any one who long follows that enticing pursuit, the special study of an historical period.

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January 1885
R. W. P.

Memoirs of *Napoleon Bonaparte*.

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER 1

1769-1783.

Authentic date of Bonaparte's birth—His family ruined by the Jesuits—His taste for military amusements—Sham siege at the College of Brienne—The porter's wife and Napoleon—My intimacy with Bonaparte at college—His love for the mathematics, and his dislike of Latin—He defends Paoli and blames his father—He is ridiculed by his comrades—Ignorance of the monks—Distribution of prizes at Brienne—Madame de Montesson and the Duke of Orleans—Report of M. Keralio on Bonaparte—He leaves Brienne.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August 1769; the original orthography of his name was Buonaparte, but he suppressed the during his first campaign in Italy. His motives for so doing were merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. He signed Buonaparte even after the famous 13th Vendemiaire.

It has been affirmed that he was born in 1768, and that he represented himself to be a year younger than he really was. This is untrue. He always told me the 9th of August was his birthday, and, as I was born on the 9th of July 1769, our proximity of age served to strengthen our union and friendship when we were both at the Military College of Brienne.

The false and absurd charge of Bonaparte having misrepresented his age, is decidedly refuted by a note in the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the College of Brienne, in which it is stated that M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, ecuyer, born in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August 1769, left the Royal Military College of Brienne on the 17th October 1784.

The stories about his low extraction are alike devoid of foundation. His family was poor, and he was educated at the public expense, an advantage of which many honourable families availed themselves. A memorial addressed by his father, Charles Buonaparte, to the Minister of War states that his fortune had been reduced by the failure of some enterprise in which he had engaged, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, by whom he had been deprived of an inheritance. The object of this memorial was to solicit a sub-

lieutenant's commission for Napoleon, who was then fourteen years of age, and to get Lucien entered a pupil of the Military College. The Minister wrote on the back of the memorial, "Give the usual answer, if there be a vacancy;" and on the margin are these words—"This gentleman has been informed that his request is inadmissible as long as his second son remains at the school of Brienne. Two brothers cannot be placed at the same time in the military schools." When Napoleon was fifteen he was sent to Paris until he should attain the requisite age for entering the army. Lucien was not received into the College of Brienne, at least not until his brother had quitted the Military School of Paris.

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Bonaparte was undoubtedly a man of good family. I have seen an authentic account of his genealogy, which he obtained from Tuscany. A great deal has been said about the civil dissensions which forced his family to quit Italy and take refuge in Corsica. On this subject I shall say nothing.

Many and various accounts have been given of Bonaparte's youth.

—[The following interesting trait of Napoleon's childhood is derived from the 'Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Arbranes':—"He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basketful of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of his uncle the Canon. None but those who were acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the uncle the Canon was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by anybody else. An inquiry took place. Napoleon. denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was, that he was kept three whole days on bread and cheese, and that cheese was not 'broccio'. However, he would not cry: he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age" (vol. i. p. 9, edit. 1883).]—

He has been described in terms of enthusiastic praise and exaggerated condemnation. It is ever thus with individuals who by talent or favourable circumstances are raised above their fellow-creatures. Bonaparte himself laughed at all the stories which were got up for the purpose of embellishing or blackening his character in early life. An anonymous publication, entitled the 'History of Napoleon Bonaparte', from his Birth to his last abdication, contains perhaps the greatest collection of false and ridiculous details about his boyhood. Among other things, it is stated that he fortified a garden to protect himself from the attacks of his comrades, who, a few lines lower down, are described as treating him with esteem and respect. I remember the circumstances which, probably, gave rise to the fabrication inserted in the work just mentioned; they were as follows.

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During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for those retired walks and outdoor recreations in which he used to take much delight. He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and, for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall. Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow, in the great courtyard, if they would get shovels and make hornworks, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, *etc*. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into sections, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously wounded. I well remember that I was one of the worst sufferers from this sort of grapeshot fire.

It is almost unnecessary to contradict the story about the ascent in the balloon. It is now very well known that the hero of that headlong adventure was not young Bonaparte, as has been alleged, but one of his comrades, Dudont de Chambon, who was somewhat eccentric. Of this his subsequent conduct afforded sufficient proofs.

Bonaparte's mind was directed to objects of a totally different kind. He turned his attention to political science. During some of his vacations he enjoyed the society of the Abby Raynal, who used to converse with him on government, legislation, commercial relations, *etc*.

On festival days, when the inhabitants of Brienne were admitted to our amusements, posts were established for the maintenance of order. Nobody was permitted to enter the interior of the building without a card signed by the principal, or vice-principal. The rank of officers or sub-officers was conferred according to merit; and Bonaparte one day had the command of a post, when the following little adventure occurred, which affords an instance of his decision of character.

The wife of the porter of the school,

> —[This woman, named Haute, was afterwards placed at Malmaison, with her husband. They both died as concierges of Malmaison. This shows that Napoleon had a memory.—Bourrienne.]—

who was very well known, because she used to sell milk, fruit, *etc*., to the pupils, presented herself one Saint Louis day for admittance to the representation of the 'Death of Caesar, corrected', in which I was to perform the part of Brutus. As the woman had no ticket, and insisted on being admitted without one, some disturbance arose. The serjeant of the post reported the matter to the officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who in an

imperious tone of voice exclaimed: “Send away that woman, who comes here with her camp impudence.” This was in 1782.

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Bonaparte and I were eight years of, age when our friendship commenced. It speedily became very intimate, for there was a certain sympathy of heart between us. I enjoyed this friendship and intimacy until 1784, when he was transferred from the Military College of Brienne to that of Paris. I was one among those of his youthful comrades who could best accommodate themselves to his stern character. His natural reserve, his disposition to meditate on the conquest of Corsica, and the impressions he had received in childhood respecting the misfortunes of his country and his family, led him to seek retirement, and rendered his general demeanour, though in appearance only, somewhat unpleasing. Our equality of age brought us together in the classes of the mathematics and 'belles lettres'. His ardent wish to acquire knowledge was remarkable from the very commencement of his studies. When he first came to the college he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and the Sieur Dupuis,

—[He afterwards filled the pout of librarian to Napoleon at Malmaison.]—

who was vice-principal before Father Berton, gave him instructions in the French language. In this he made such rapid progress that in a short time he commenced the first rudiments of Latin. But to this study he evinced such a repugnance that at the age of fifteen he was not out of the fourth class. There I left him very speedily; but I could never get before him in the mathematical class, in which he was undoubtedly the cleverest lad at the college. I used sometimes to help him with his Latin themes and versions in return for the aid he afforded me in the solution of problems, at which he evinced a degree of readiness and facility which perfectly astonished me.

When at Brienne, Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark color of his complexion (which, subsequently, the climate of France somewhat changed), for his piercing and scrutinising glance, and for the style of his conversation both with his masters and comrades. His conversation almost always bore the appearance of ill-humour, and he was certainly not very amiable. This I attribute to the misfortunes his family had sustained and the impressions made on his mind by the conquest of his country.

The pupils were invited by turns to dine with Father Berton, the head of the school. One day, it being Bonaparte's turn to enjoy this indulgence, some of the professors who were at table designedly made some disrespectful remarks on Paoli, of whom they knew the young Corsican was an enthusiastic admirer. "Paoli," observed Bonaparte, "was a great man; he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortune, and have fallen with him."

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—[The Duchesse d'Abrantes, speaking of the personal characteristics of Bonaparte in youth and manhood, says, "Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph was, for example: his head always appeared too large for his body, a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his month when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror. But that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world; those hands, of which the most coquettish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said, that of all the children of Signora Laetitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated" (vol. i. p. 10, edit. 1883)]—

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. His country's recent submission to France always caused in his mind a painful feeling, which estranged him from his schoolfellows. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play-hours he used to withdraw to the library, where he-read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was also fond of Arrianus, but did not care much for Quintus Gurtius. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.

The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the teasing he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name Napoleon and his country. He often said to me, "I will do these French all the mischief I can;" and when I tried to pacify him he would say, "But you do not ridicule me; you like me."

Father Patrauld, our mathematical professor, was much attached to Bonaparte. He was justly proud of him as a pupil. The other professors, in whose classes he was not distinguished, took little notice of him. He had no taste for the study of languages, polite literature, or the arts. As there were no indications of his ever becoming a scholar, the pedants of the establishment were inclined to think him stupid. His superior intelligence was, however, sufficiently perceptible, even through the reserve under which it was veiled. If the monks to whom the superintendence of the establishment was confided had understood the organisation of his mind, if they had engaged more able mathematical professors, or if we had had any incitement to the study of chemistry,

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natural philosophy, astronomy, *etc*., I am convinced that Bonaparte would have pursued these sciences with all the genius and spirit of investigation which he displayed in a career, more brilliant it is true, but less useful to mankind. Unfortunately, the monks did not perceive this, and were too poor to pay for good masters. However, after Bonaparte left the college they found it necessary to engage two professors from Paris, otherwise the college would have fallen to nothing. These two new professors, *mm*. Durfort and Desponts, finished my education; and I regretted that they did not come sooner. The often-repeated assertion of Bonaparte having received a careful education at Brienne is therefore untrue. The monks were incapable of giving it him; and, for my own part, I must confess that the extended information of the present day is to me a painful contrast with the limited course of education I received at the Military College. It is only surprising that the establishment should have produced a single able man.

Though Bonaparte had no reason to be satisfied with the treatment he received from his comrades, yet he was above complaining of it; and when he had the supervision of any duty which they infringed, he would rather go to prison than denounce the criminals.

I was one day his accomplice in omitting to enforce a duty which we were appointed to supervise. He prevailed on me to accompany him to prison, where we remained three days. We suffered this sort of punishment several times, but with less severity.

In 1783 the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson visited Brienne; and, for upwards of a month, the magnificent chateau of the Comte de Brienne was a Versailles in miniature. The series of brilliant entertainments which were given to the august travellers made them almost forget the royal magnificence they had left behind them.

The Prince and Madame de Montesson expressed a wish to preside at the distribution of the prizes of our college. Bonaparte and I won the prizes in the class of mathematics, which, as I have already observed, was the branch of study to which he confined his attention, and in which he excelled. When I was called up for the seventh time Madame de Montesson said to my mother, who had come from Sens to be present at the distribution, “Pray, madame, crown your son this time; my hands are a-weary.”

There was an inspector of the military schools, whose business it was to make an annual report on each pupil, whether educated at the public expense or paid for by his family. I copied from the report of 1784 a note which was probably obtained surreptitiously from the War Office. I wanted to purchase the manuscript, but Louis Bonaparte bought it. I did not make a copy of the note which related to myself, because I should naturally have felt diffident in making any use of it. It would, however, have served to show how time and circumstances frequently reversed the distinctions which arise at school or college. Judging from the reports of the inspector of military schools,

young Bonaparte was not, of all the pupils at Brienne in 1784, the one most calculated to excite prognostics of future greatness and glory.

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The note to which I have just alluded, and which was written by M. de Kerralio, then inspector of the military schools, describes Bonaparte in the following terms:

Inspection of military schools
1784.
Report made for his majesty by M. *De Keralio*.

M. de Buonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August 1769, height 4 feet 10 inches 10 lines, is in the fourth class, has a good constitution, excellent health, character obedient, upright, grateful, conduct very regular; has been always distinguished by his application to mathematics. He knows history and geography very passably. He is not well up in ornamental studies or in Latin in which he is only in the fourth class. He will be an excellent sailor. He deserves to be passed on to the Military School of Paris.

Father Berton, however, opposed Bonaparte's removal to Paris, because he had not passed through the fourth Latin class, and the regulations required that he should be in the third. I was informed by the vice-principal that a report relative to Napoleon was sent from the College of Brienne to that of Paris, in which he was described as being domineering, imperious, and obstinate.

—[Napoleon remained upwards of five years at Brienne, from April 1779 till the latter end of 1784. In 1783 the Chevalier Keralio, sub-inspector of the military schools, selected him to pass the year following to the military school at Paris, to which three of the best scholars were annually sent from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France. It is curious as well as satisfactory to know the opinion at this time entertained of him by those who were the best qualified to judge. His old master, Le Guille, professor of history at Paris, boasted that, in a list of the different scholars, he had predicted his pupil's subsequent career. In fact, to the name of Bonaparte the following note is added: "a Corsican by birth and character—he will do something great, if circumstances favour him." Menge was his instructor in geometry, who also entertained a high opinion of him. M. Bauer, his German master, was the only one who saw nothing in him, and was surprised at being told he was undergoing his examination for the artillery. —Hazlitt.]—

I knew Bonaparte well; and I think M. de Keralio's report of him was exceedingly just, except, perhaps, that he might have said he was very well as to his progress in history and geography, and very backward in Latin; but certainly nothing indicated the probability of his being an excellent seaman. He himself had no thought of the navy.

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—[Bourrienne is certainly wrong as to Bonaparte having no thought of the navy. In a letter of 1784 to the Minister of War his father says of Napoleon that, “following the advice of the Comte de Marbeuf, he has turned his studies towards the navy; and so well has he succeeded that he was intended by M. de Keralio for the school of Paris, and afterwards for the department of Toulon. The retirement of the former professor (Keralio) has changed the fate of my son.” It was only on the failure of his intention to get into the navy that his father, on 15th July 1784 applied for permission for him to enter the artillery; Napoleon having a horror of the infantry, where he said they did nothing. It was on the success of this application that he was allowed to enter the school of Parts (Iung, tome i. pp. 91-103). Oddly enough, in later years, on 30th August 1792, having just succeeded in getting himself reinstated as captain after his absence, overstaying leave, he applied to pass into the Artillerie de la Marine. “The application was judged to be simply absurd, and was filed with this note, ‘S. R.’ (’sans reponse’)” (Iung, tome ii. p. 201)]—

In consequence of M. de Keralio’s report, Bonaparte was transferred to the Military College of Paris, along with *mm*. Montarby de Dampierre, de Castres, de Comminges, and de Laugier de Bellecourt, who were all, like him, educated at the public expense, and all, at least, as favorably reported.

What could have induced Sir Walter Scott to say that Bonaparte was the pride of the college, that our mathematical master was exceedingly fond of him, and that the other professors in the different sciences had equal reason to be satisfied with him? What I have above stated, together with the report of M. de Keralio, bear evidence of his backwardness in almost every branch of education except mathematics. Neither was it, as Sir Walter affirms, his precocious progress in mathematics that occasioned him to be removed to Paris. He had attained the proper age, and the report of him was favourable, therefore he was very naturally included among the number of the five who were chosen in 1784.

In a biographical account of Bonaparte I have read the following anecdote:—When he was fourteen years of age he happened to be at a party where some one pronounced a high eulogium on Turenne; and a lady in the company observed that he certainly was a great man, but that she should like him better if he had not burned the Palatinate. “What signifies that,” replied Bonaparte, “if it was necessary to the object he had in view?”

This is either an anachronism or a mere fabrication. Bonaparte was fourteen in the year 1783. He was then at Brienne, where certainly he did not go into company, and least of all the company of ladies.

CHAPTER II.

1784-1794.

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Bonaparte enters the Military College of Paris—He urges me to embrace the military profession—His report on the state of the Military School of Paris—He obtains a commission—I set off for Vienna—Return to Paris, where I again meet Bonaparte—His singular plans for raising money—Louis XVI, with the red cap on his head— The 10th of August—My departure for Stuttgart—Bonaparte goes to Corsica—My name inscribed on the list of emigrants—Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon—Le Souper de Beaucaire—-Napoleon's mission to Genoa—His arrest—His autographical justification —Duroc's first connection with Bonaparte.

Bonaparte was fifteen years and two months old when he went to the Military College of Paris.

—[Madame Junot relates some interesting particulars connected with Napoleon's first residence in Paris: "My mother's first care," says she, "on arriving in Paris was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the military school at Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year."My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town; 'And truly.' said my uncle, 'he had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palms Royal, where he was gaping and staring with wonder at everything he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had had anything worth taking!' My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though my uncle was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a 'traiteur' (the name 'restaurateur' was not then introduced). He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. 'I fear,' added he, 'that that young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the military school. After a little he turned the conversation on Mania, and the present education of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on this head be told me he intended to embody in a memorial to be presented to the Minister of War. All this, depend upon it, will bring him under the displeasure of his comrades; and it will be lucky if he escape being run through.' A few days afterwards my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observations, even if made in his favour, and I am convinced that it is to this uncontrollable irritability that he owed the reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood, and splenetic in his youth. My father, who was acquainted with almost all the heads of the military school, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect rightly) Napoleon once spent a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the Quai Conti, I cannot help looking up at a 'mansarde'

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at the left angle of the house on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it. The two young men were nearly of the same age: my brother perhaps had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte; but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection. This repulsiveness on the part of Napoleon was almost offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the amenity and grace of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his accomplishments. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavoured to discover the cause. 'I believe,' said Albert one day to my mother, 'that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation.'" ('Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. i. p. 18, edit. 1883).]—

I accompanied him in a carriole as far as Nogent Sur Seine, whence the coach was to start. We parted with regret, and we did not meet again till the year 1792. During these eight years we maintained an active correspondence; but so little did I anticipate the high destiny which, after his elevation, it was affirmed the wonderful qualities of his boyhood plainly denoted, that I did not preserve one of the letters he wrote to me at that period, but tore them up as soon as they were answered.

—[I remember, however, that in a letter which I received from him about a year after his arrival in Paris he urged me to keep my promise of entering the army with him. Like him, I had passed through the studies necessary for the artillery service; and in 1787 I went for three months to Metz, in order to unite practice with theory. A strange Ordinance, which I believe was issued in 1778 by M. de Segur, required that a man should possess four quarterings of nobility before he could be qualified to serve his king and country as a military officer. My mother went to Paris, taking with her the letters patent of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. She proved that in the year 1640 Louis XIII. had, by letters patent, restored the titles of one Fauvelet de Villemont, who in 1586 had kept several provinces of Burgundy subject to the king's authority at the peril of his life and the loss of his property; and that his family had occupied the first places in the magistracy since the fourteenth century. All was correct, but it was observed that the letters of nobility had not been registered by the Parliament, and to repair this little omission, the sum of twelve thousand francs was demanded. This my mother refused to pay, and there the matter rested.]—

On his arrival at the Military School of Paris, Bonaparte found the establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice-Principal Berton of Brienne.

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—[A second memoir prepared by him to the same effect was intended for the Minister of War, but Father Berton wisely advised silence to the young cadet (Iung, tome i. p. 122). Although believing in the necessity of show and of magnificence in public life, Napoleon remained true to these principles. While lavishing wealth on his ministers and marshals, "In your private life," said be, "be economical and even parsimonious; in public be magnificent" (Meneval, tome i. p. 146).]—

He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather, with sentiments of vanity and self-sufficiency; so that, instead of returning happy to the bosom of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, *etc*. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. The establishment of the military school at Fontainebleau is a decided proof of this.

As Napoleon was an active observer of everything passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly, he did not remain long at the Military School of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, accelerated the period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787; and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded in the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French Embassy at the Court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honour of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic, about the time when the French Revolution broke out.

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I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tyszicwiez, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed, and was a great admirer of French literature: At her invitation I passed several evenings in company with the King in a circle small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the Moniteur; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. The Princess Tyszicwiez wished to print at Warsaw, at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's 'Menschenhass and Reue, to which I gave the title of 'L'Inconnu'.

—[A play known on the English stage as The Stranger.]—

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the Emperor, Leopold *ii*, who died on the following day. In private companies, and at public places, I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the Emperor were exposed was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April 1792 I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte,

—[Bonaparte is said, on very doubtful authority, to have spent five or six weeks in London in 1791 or 1792, and to have "lodged in a house in George Street, Strand. His chief occupation appeared to be taking pedestrian exercise in the streets of London—-hence his marvellous knowledge of the great metropolis which used to astonish any Englishmen of distinction who were not aware of this visit. He occasionally took his cup of chocolate at the 'Northumberland,' occupying himself in reading, and preserving a provoking taciturnity to the gentlemen in the room; though his manner was stern, his deportment was that of a gentleman." The story of his visit is probably as apocryphal as that of his offering his services to the English Government when the English forces wore blockading the coast of Corsica,]—

and our college intimacy was fully renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three who have little money and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the look-out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet

them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—everything failed.

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At the same time he was soliciting employment at the War Office, and I at the office of Foreign Affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way,

> —[It was before the 20th of June that in our frequent excursions around Paris we went to St. Cyr to see his sister Marianne (Elisa). We returned to dine alone at Trianon.—Bourrienne.]—

the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honore, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, ludicrously armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuilleries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow the mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation. "Che coglione!" he loudly exclaimed. "Why have they let in all that rabble! They should sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough."

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgart, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation.

At St. Helena Bonaparte said, "On the news of the attack of the Tuilleries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who then kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel." This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an 'enterprise d'encan national', where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says that after that time he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as will be shown when I speak of his return from Egypt.

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—[Sir Walter appears to have collected his information for the Life of Napoleon only from those libels and vulgar stories which gratified the calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligence, which, added to its numerous errors, shows how much respect he must have entertained for his readers. It would appear that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where everything is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Macdonald having offered to introduce Scott to some generals who could have furnished him with the most accurate, information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, "I thank you, but I shall collect my information from unprofessional reports."—-Bourrienne.]—

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgart, I set off for that place on the 2d of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795. He told me that my departure accelerated his for Corsica. We separated, as may be supposed, with but faint hopes of ever meeting again.

By a decree of the 28th of March of 1793, all French agents abroad were ordered to return to France, within three months, under pain of being regarded as emigrants. What I had witnessed before my departure for Stuttgart, the excitement in which I had left the public mind, and the well-known consequences of events of this kind, made me fear that I should be compelled to be either an accomplice or a victim in the disastrous scenes which were passing at home. My disobedience of the law placed my name on the list of emigrants.

It has been said of me, in a biographical publication, that "it was as remarkable as it was fortunate for Bourrienne that, on his return, he got his name erased from the list of emigrants of the department of the Yonne, on which it had been inscribed during his first journey to Germany. This circumstance has been interpreted in several different ways, which are not all equally favourable to M. de Bourrienne."

I do not understand what favourable interpretations can be put upon a statement entirely false. General Bonaparte repeatedly applied for the erasure of my name, from the month of April 1797, when I rejoined him at Leoben, to the period of the signature of the treaty of Campo-Formio; but without success. He desired his brother Louis, Berthier, Bernadotte, and others, when he sent them to the Directory, to urge my erasure; but in vain. He complained of this inattention to his wishes to Bottot, when he came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor. Bottot, who was secretary to Barras, was astonished that I was not erased, and he made fine promises of what he would do. On his return to France he wrote to Bonaparte: "Bourrienne is erased." But this was untrue. I was not erased until November 1797, upon the reiterated solicitations of General Bonaparte.

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It was during my absence from France that Bonaparte, in the rank of ’chef de bataillon’, performed his first campaign, and contributed so materially to the recapture of Toulon. Of this period of his life I have no personal knowledge, and therefore I shall not speak of it as an eye-witness. I shall merely relate some facts which fill up the interval between 1793 and 1795, and which I have collected from papers which he himself delivered to me. Among these papers is a little production, entitled ‘Le Souper de Beaucaire’, the copies of which he bought up at considerable expense, and destroyed upon his attaining the Consulate. This little pamphlet contains principles very opposite to those he wished to see established in 1800, a period when extravagant ideas of liberty were no longer the fashion, and when Bonaparte entered upon a system totally the reverse of those republican principles professed in ’Le Souper de Beaucaire.

—[This is not, as Sir Walter says, a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist, but a conversation between a military officer, a native of Nismes, a native of Marseilles, and a manufacturer from Montpellier. The latter, though he takes a share in the conversation, does not say much. ‘Le Souper de Beaucaire’ is given at full length in the French edition of these Memoirs, tome i. pp. 319-347; and by Iung, tome ii. p. 354, with the following remarks: “The first edition of ‘Le Souper de Beaucaire’ was issued at the cost of the Public Treasury, in August 1798. Sabin Tournal, its editor, also then edited the ‘Courrier d’Avignon’. The second edition only appeared twenty-eight years afterwards, in 1821, preceded by an introduction by Frederick Royou (Paris: Brasseur Aine, printer, Terrey, publisher, in octavo). This pamphlet did not make any sensation at the time it appeared. It was only when Napoleon became Commandant of the Army of Italy that M. Loubet, secretary and corrector of the press for M. Tournal, attached some value to the manuscript, and showed it to several persona. Louis Bonaparte, later, ordered several copies from M. Aurel. The pamphlet, dated 29th duly 1793, is in the form of a dialogue between an officer of the army, a citizen of Nismes, a manufacturer of Montpellier, and a citizen of Marseilles. Marseilles was then in a state of insurrection against the Convention. Its forces had seized Avignon, but had been driven out by the army of Cartesna, which was about to attack Marseilles itself.” In the dialogue the officer gives most excellent military advice to the representative of Marseilles on the impossibility of their resisting the old soldiers of Carteaux. The Marseilles citizen argues but feebly, and is alarmed at the officer’s representations; while his threat to call in the Spaniards turns the other speakers against him. Even Colonel Iung says, tome ii. p. 372, “In these concise judgments is felt the decision of the master and of the man of war..... These marvellous qualities consequently struck

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the members of the Convention, who made much of Bonaparte, authorised him to have it published at the public expense, and made him many promises." Lanfrey, vol. i. pp. 201, says of this pamphlets "Common enough ideas, expressed in a style only remarkable for its 'Italianisms,' but becoming singularly firm and precise every time the author expresses his military views. Under an apparent roughness, we find in it a rare circumspection, leaving no hold on the writer, even if events change."]—

It may be remarked, that in all that has come to us from St. Helena, not a word is said of this youthful production. Its character sufficiently explains this silence. In all Bonaparte's writings posterity will probably trace the profound politician rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

Some documents relative to Bonaparte's suspension and arrest, by order of the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, serve to place in their true light circumstances which have hitherto been misrepresented. I shall enter into some details of this event, because I have seen it stated that this circumstance of Bonaparte's life has been perverted and misrepresented by every person who has hitherto written about him; and the writer who makes this remark, himself describes the affair incorrectly and vaguely. Others have attributed Bonaparte's misfortune to a military discussion on war, and his connection with Robespierre the younger.

—[It will presently be seen that all this is erroneous, and that Sir Walter commits another mistake when he says that Bonaparte's connection with Robespierre was attended with fatal consequences to him, and that his justification consisted in acknowledging that his friends were very different from what he had supposed them to be. —Bourrienne.]—

It has, moreover, been said that Albitte and Salicetti explained to the Committee of Public Safety the impossibility of their resuming the military operations unaided by the talents of General Bonaparte. This is mere flattery. The facts are these:

On the 13th of July 1794 (25th Messidor, year *ii*), the representatives of the people with the army of Italy ordered that General Bonaparte should proceed to Genoa, there, conjointly with the French 'charge d'affaires', to confer on certain subjects with the Genoese Government. This mission, together with a list of secret instructions, directing him to examine the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country, show the confidence which Bonaparte, who was then only twenty-five, inspired in men who were deeply interested in making a prudent choice of their agents.

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Bonaparte set off for Genoa, and fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, and the deputies, called Terrorists, were superseded by Albitte and Salicetti. In the disorder which then prevailed they were either ignorant of the orders given to General Bonaparte, or persons envious of the rising glory of the young general of artillery inspired Albitte and Salicetti with suspicions prejudicial to him. Be this as it may, the two representatives drew up a resolution, ordering that General Bonaparte should be arrested, suspended from his rank, and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety; and, extraordinary as it may appear, this resolution was founded in that very journey to Genoa which Bonaparte executed by the direction of the representatives of the people.

—[Madame Junot throws some light on this Persecution of Bonaparte by Salicetti. "One motive (I do not mean to say the only one)," remarks this lady, "of the animosity shown by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Loano, was that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favoured lover. It was the opinion of my brother, who was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonaparte owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is, that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte's papers had been delivered into Salicetti's hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a second time. Salicetti declined my brother's assistance is the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself. Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sealed up was an inferior clerk entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial."What, after all, was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head?—for, had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is little doubt that the friend of Robespierre the younger would have been condemned by Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young

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general. A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree, by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the Republic. This was foresight; but subsequently when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambaceres, who was destined to be his colleague in the Consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure" (Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. i, p. 69, edit. 1843).]—

Bonaparte said at St. Helena that he was a short time imprisoned by order of the representative Laporte; but the order for his arrest was signed by Albitte, Salicetti, and Laporte.

—[Albitte and Laporte were the representatives sent from the Convention to the army of the Alps, and Salicetti to the army of Italy.]—

Laporte was not probably the most influential of the three, for Bonaparte did not address his remonstrance to him. He was a fortnight under arrest.

Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes.

It is worth while to remark that in the post-Thermidorian resolution just alluded to no mention is made of Bonaparte's association with Robespierre the younger. The severity with which he was treated is the more astonishing, since his mission to Genoa was the alleged cause of it. Was there any other charge against him, or had calumny triumphed over the services he had rendered to his country? I have frequently conversed with him on the subject of this adventure, and he invariably assured me that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and that his defence, which I shall subjoin, contained the pure expression of his sentiments, and the exact truth.

In the following note, which he addressed to Albitte and Salicetti, he makes no mention of Laporte. The copy which I possess is in the handwriting of, Junot, with corrections in the General's hand. It exhibits all the characteristics of Napoleon's writing: his short sentences, his abrupt rather than concise style, sometimes his elevated ideas, and always his plain good sense.

Tothe representatives Albitte and Salicetti.

You have suspended me from my duties, put me under arrest, and declared me to be suspected.

Thus I am disgraced before being judged, or indeed judged before being heard.

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In a revolutionary state there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

When the first are aroused, general measures are adopted towards them for the sake of security.

The oppression of the second class is a blow to public liberty. The magistrate cannot condemn until after the fullest evidence and a succession of facts. This leaves nothing to arbitrary decision.

To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of all that he most highly values—-confidence and esteem.

In what class am I placed?

Since the commencement of the Revolution, have I not always been attached to its principles?

Have I not always been contending either with domestic enemies or foreign foes?

I sacrificed my home, abandoned my property, and lost everything for the Republic?

I have since served with some distinction at Toulon, and earned a part of the laurels of the army of Italy at the taking of Saorgio, Oneille, and Tanaro.

On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to look only to principles.

My claim to the title of patriot, therefore cannot be disputed.

Why, then, am I declared suspected without being heard, and arrested eight days after I heard the news of the tyrant's death

I am declared suspected, and my papers are placed under seal.

The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should first have been sealed; then I should have been called on for my explanation; and, lastly, declared suspected, if there was reason for coming to, such a decision.

It is wished that I should go to Paris with an order which declares me suspected. It will naturally be presumed that the representatives did not draw up this decree without accurate information, and I shall be judged with the bias which a man of that class merits.

Though a patriot and an innocent and calumniated man, yet whatever measures may be adopted by the Committee I cannot complain.

If three men declare that I have committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury who condemns me.

Salicetti, you know me; and I ask whether you have observed anything in my conduct for the last five years which can afford ground of suspicion?

Albitte, you do not know me; but you have received proof of no fact against me; you have not heard me, and you know how artfully the tongue of calumny sometimes works.

Must I then be confounded with the enemies of my country and ought the patriots inconsiderately to sacrifice a general who has not been useless to the Republic? Ought the representatives to reduce the Government to the necessity of being unjust and impolitic?

Hear me; destroy the oppression that overwhelms me, and restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

An hour after, if my enemies wish for my life, let them take it. I have often given proofs how little I value ft. Nothing but the thought that I may yet be useful to my country makes me bear the burden of existence with courage.

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It appears that this defence, which is remarkable for its energetic simplicity, produced an effect on Albitte and Salicetti. Inquiries more accurate, and probably more favourable to the General, were instituted; and on the 3d Fructidor (20th August 1794) the representatives of the people drew up a decree stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct; and that, moreover, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the Republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.

—[With reference to the arrest of Bonaparte (which lasted thirteen days) see 'Bourrienne et ses Erreurs', tome i. pp. 16-28, and Iung, tome ii. pp. 443-457. Both, in opposition to Bourrienne, attribute the arrest to his connection with the younger Robespierre. Apparently Albitte and Salicetti wets not acquainted with the secret plan of campaign prepared by the younger Robespierre and by Bonaparte, or with the real instructions given for the mission to Genoa. Jealousy between the representatives in the staff of the army of the Alps and those with the army of Italy, with which Napoleon was, also played a part in the affair. Iung looks on Salicetti as acting as the protector of the Bonapartes; but Napoleon does not seem to have regarded him in that light; see the letter given in Tunot, vol. i. p. 106, where in 1795 he takes credit for not returning the ill done to him; see also the same volume, p. 89. Salicetti eventually became Minister of Police to Joseph, when King of Naples, in 1806; but when he applied to return to France, Napoleon said to Mathieu Dumas, "Let him know that I am not powerful enough to protect the wretches who voted for the death of Louis XVI. from the contempt and indignation of the public" (Dumas, tome iii. p. 318). At the same time Napoleon described Salicetti as worse than the lazzaroni.]—

Salicetti afterwards became the friend and confidant of young Bonaparte; but their intimacy did not continue after his elevation.

What is to be thought of the motives for Bonaparte's arrest and provisional liberation, when his innocence and the error that had been committed were acknowledged? The importance of the General's military talents, though no mention is made about the impossibility of dispensing with them, is a pretence for restoring him to that liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived.

It was not at Toulon, as has been stated, that Bonaparte took Duroc into the artillery, and made him his 'aide de camp'.

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—[Michel Duroc (1773-1813) at first only aide de camp to Napoleon, was several times entrusted with special diplomatic missions (for example, to Berlin, *etc*.) On the formation of the Empire he became Grand Marechal du Palais, and Duc de Frioul. He always remained in close connection with Napoleon until he was killed in 1813. As he is often mentioned in contemporary memoirs under his abbreviated title of 'Marshal', he has sometimes been erroneously included in the number of the Marshals of the Empire—a military rank he never attained to.]—

The acquaintance was formed at a subsequent period, in Italy. Duroc's cold character and unexcursive mind suited Napoleon, whose confidence he enjoyed until his death, and who entrusted him with missions perhaps above his abilities. At St. Helena Bonaparte often declared that he was much attached to Duroc. I believe this to be true; but I know that the attachment was not returned. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial. May it not happen that courtiers are also sometimes ungrateful?—[It is only just to Duroc to add that this charge does not seem borne out by the impressions of those more capable than Bourrienne of judging in the matter.]

CHAPTER III.

1794-1795.

Proposal to send Bonaparte to La Vendee—He is struck off the list of general officers—-Salicetti—Joseph's marriage with Mademoiselle Clary—Bonaparte's wish to go to Turkey—Note explaining the plan of his proposed expedition—Madame Bourrienne's character of Bonaparte, and account of her husband's arrest—Constitution of the year *iii* — The 13th Vendemiaire—Bonaparte appointed second in command of the army of the interior—Eulogium of Bonaparte by Barras, and its consequences—St. Helena manuscript.

General Bonaparte returned to Paris, where I also arrived from Germany shortly after him. Our intimacy was resumed, and he gave me an account of, all that had passed in the campaign of the south. He frequently alluded to the persecutions he had suffered, and he delivered to me the packet of papers noticed in the last chapter, desiring me to communicate their contents to my friends. He was very anxious, he said, to do away with the supposition that he was capable of betraying his country, and, under the pretence of a mission to Genoa, becoming a *spy* on the interests of France. He loved to talk over his military achievements at Toulon and in Italy. He spoke of his first successes with that feeling of pleasure and gratification which they were naturally calculated to excite in him.

The Government wished to send him to La Vendee, with the rank of brigadier-general of infantry. Bonaparte rejected this proposition on two grounds. He thought the scene of action unworthy of his talents, and he regarded his projected removal from the artillery

to the infantry as a sort of insult. This last was his most powerful objection, and was the only one he urged officially. In consequence of his refusal to accept the appointment offered him, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that he should be struck off the list of general officers.

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—[This statement as to the proposed transfer of Bonaparte to the infantry, his disobedience to the order, and his consequent dismissal, is fiercely attacked in the ‘Erreurs’, tome i. chap. iv. It is, however, correct in some points; but the real truths about Bonaparte’s life at this time seem so little known that it may be well to explain the whole matter. On the 27th of March 1795 Bonaparte, already removed from his employment in the south, was ordered to proceed to the army of the west to command its artillery as brigadier-general. He went as far as Paris, and then lingered there, partly on medical certificate. While in Paris he applied, as Bourrienne says, to go to Turkey to organise its artillery. His application, instead of being neglected, as Bourrienne says, was favourably received, two members of the ‘Comite de Saint Public’ putting on its margin most favorable reports of him; one, Jean Debry, even saying that he was too distinguished an officer to be sent to a distance at such a time. Far from being looked on as the half-crazy fellow Bourrienne considered him at that time, Bonaparte was appointed, on the 21st of August 1795, one of four generals attached as military advisers to the Committee for the preparation of warlike operations, his own department being a most important one. He himself at the time tells Joseph that he is attached to the topographical bureau of the Comite de Saint Public, for the direction of the armies in the place of Carnot. It is apparently this significant appointment to which Madame Junot, wrongly dating it, alludes as “no great thing” (Junot, vol. i, p. 143). Another officer was therefore substituted for him as commander of Roches artillery, a fact made use of in the Erreurs (p. 31) to deny his having been dismissed—But a general re-classification of the generals was being made. The artillery generals were in excess of their establishment, and Bonaparte, as junior in age, was ordered on 13th June to join Hoche’s army at Brest to command a brigade of infantry. All his efforts to get the order cancelled failed, and as he did not obey it he was struck off the list of employed general officers on the 15th of September 1795, the order of the ’Comite de Salut Public’ being signed by Cambaceres, Berber, Merlin, and Boissy. His application to go to Turkey still, however, remained; and it is a curious thing that, on the very day he was struck off the list, the commission which had replaced the Minister of War recommended to the ‘Comite de Saint Public’ that he and his two aides de camp, Junot and Livrat, with other officers, under him, should be sent to Constantinople. So late as the 29th of September, twelve days later, this matter was being considered, the only question being as to any departmental objections to the other officers selected by him, a point which was just being settled. But on the 13th Vendemiaire (5th October 1795), or rather on the night before, only nineteen days after his removal, he was appointed

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second in command to Barras, a career in France was opened to him, and Turkey was no longer thought of.Thiers (vol. iv, p. 326) and most writers, contemporary and otherwise, say that Aubry gave the order for his removal from the list. Aubry, himself a brigadier-general of artillery, did not belong to the 'Comite de Salut Public' at the time Bonaparte was removed from the south; and he had left the Comite early is August, that is, before the order striking Bonaparte off was given. Aubry was, however, on the Comite in June 1795, and signed the order, which probably may have originated from him, for the transfer of Bonaparte to the infantry. It will be seen that, in the ordinary military sense of the term, Napoleon was only in Paris without employment from the 15th of September to the 4th or 6th of October 1796; all the rest of the time in Paris he had a command which he did not choose to take up. The distress under which Napoleon is said to have laboured in pecuniary matters was probably shared by most officers at that time; see 'Erreurs', tome i. p. 32. This period is fully described in Iung, tome ii. p. 476, and tome iii. pp. 1-93.]—

Deeply mortified at this unexpected stroke, Bonaparte retired into private life, and found himself doomed to an inactivity very uncongenial with his ardent character. He lodged in the Rue du Mail, in an hotel near the Place des Victoires, and we recommenced the sort of life we had led in 1792, before his departure for Corsica. It was not without a struggle that he determined to await patiently the removal of the prejudices which were cherished against him by men in power; and he hoped that, in the perpetual changes which were taking place, those men might be superseded by others more favourable to him. He frequently dined and spent the evening with me and my elder brother; and his pleasant conversation and manners made the hours pass away very agreeably. I called on him almost every morning, and I met at his lodgings several persons who were distinguished at the time; among others Salicetti, with whom he used to maintain very animated conversations, and who would often solicit a private interview with him. On one occasion Salicetti paid him three thousand francs, in assignats, as the price of his carriage, which his straitened circumstances obliged him to dispose of.

—[Of Napoleon's poverty at this time Madame Junot says, "On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married 'Mademoiselle Clary; but with all his economy these supplies

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were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and displaying ell the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time, Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their 'orielles de chiene', who, as they rode Past, were eulogising in ecstasy the manner in which Madame Scio sang. And it is on such beings as these,' he would say, 'that Fortune confers her favours. Grand Dieu! how contemptible is human nature!'" (Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. i. p. 80, edit. 1883.)]—

I could, easily perceive that our young friend either was or wished to be initiated in some political intrigue; and I moreover suspected that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to disclose the plans that were hatching.

He became pensive, melancholy, and anxious; and he always looked with impatience for Salicetti's daily visit.

—[Salicetti was implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May 1795, 1st Prairial, Year *iii*., and was obliged to fly to Venice.]—

Sometimes, withdrawing his mind from political affairs, he would envy the happiness of his brother Joseph, who had just then married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles. He would often say, "That Joseph is a lucky rogue."

Meanwhile time passed away, and none of his projects succeeded—none of his applications were listened to. He was vexed by the injustice with which he was treated, and tormented by the desire of entering upon some active pursuit. He could not endure the thought of remaining buried in the crowd. He determined to quit France; and the favourite idea, which he never afterwards relinquished, that the East is a fine field for glory, inspired him with the wish to proceed to Constantinople, and to enter the service of the Grand Seignior. What romantic plans, what stupendous projects he conceived! He asked me whether I would go with him? I replied in the negative. I looked upon him as a half-crazy young fellow, who was driven to extravagant enterprises and desperate resolutions by his restless activity of mind, joined to the irritating treatment he had experienced, and, perhaps, it may be added, his want of money. He did not blame me for my refusal to accompany him; and he told me that Junot, Marmont, and some other young officers whom he had known at Toulon, would be willing to follow his fortunes.

He drew up a note which commenced with the words 'Note for . . .' It was addressed to no one, and was merely a plan. Some days after he wrote out another, which, however, did not differ very materially from the first, and which he addressed to Aubert and Coni. I made him a fair copy of it, and it was regularly for forwarded. It was as follows:—

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Note.

At a moment when the Empress of Russia has strengthened her union with the Emperor of Germany (Austria), it is the interest of France to do everything in her power to increase the military power of Turkey.

That power possesses a numerous and brave militia but is very backward in the scientific part of the art of war.

The organization and the service of the artillery, which, in our modern tactics, so powerfully facilitate the gaining of battles, and on which, almost exclusively, depend the attack and defence of fortresses, are especially the points in which France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient.

They have several times applied to us for artillery officers, and we have sent them some; but the officers thus sent have not been sufficiently powerful, either in numbers or talent, to produce any important result.

General Bonaparte, who, from his youth, has served in the artillery, of which he was entrusted with the command at the siege of Toulon, and in the two campaigns of Italy, offers his services to proceed to Turkey, with a mission from the (French) Government.

He proposes to take along with him six or seven officers, of different kinds, and who may be, altogether, perfect masters of the military art.

He will have the satisfaction of being useful to his country in this new career, if he succeed in rendering the Turkish power more formidable, by completing the defence of their principal fortresses, and constructing new ones.

This note shows the error of the often-repeated assertion, that he proposed entering the service of the Turks against Austria. He makes no mention of such a thing; and the two countries were not at war.

—[The Scottish biographer makes Bonaparte say that it would be strange if a little Corsican should become King of Jerusalem. I never heard anything drop from him which supports the probability of such a remark, and certainly there is nothing in his note to warrant the inference of his having made it.—Bourrienne.]—

No answer was returned to this note. Turkey remained unaided, and Bonaparte unoccupied. I must confess that for the failure of this project, at least I was not sorry. I should have regretted to see a young man of great promise, and one for whom I cherished a sincere friendship, devote himself to so uncertain a fate. Napoleon has less than any man provoked the events which have favoured him; no one has more yielded to circumstances from which he was so skilful to derive advantages. If, however, a clerk

of the War Office had but written on the note, “Granted,” that little word would probably have changed the fate of Europe.

Bonaparte remained in Paris, forming schemes for the gratification of his ambition, and his desire of making a figure in the world; but obstacles opposed all he attempted.

Women are better judges of character than men. Madame de Bourrienne, knowing the intimacy which subsisted between us, preserved some notes which she made upon Bonaparte, and the circumstances which struck her as most remarkable, during her early connection with him. My wife did not entertain so favourable an opinion of him as I did; the warm friendship I cherished for him probably blinded me to his faults. I subjoin Madame de Bourrienne’s notes, word for word:

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On the day after our second return from Germany, which was in May 1795, we mat Bonaparte in the Palais Royal, near a shop kept by a man named Girardin. Bonaparte embraced Bourrienne as a friend whom he loved and was glad to see. We went that evening to the Theatre Francais. The performance consisted of a tragedy; and 'Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge pleine'. During the latter piece the audience was convulsed with laughter. The part of Dasnieres was represented by Batiste the younger, and it was never played better. The bursts of laughter were so loud and frequent that the actor was several times obliged to stop in the midst of his part. Bonaparte alone (and it struck me as being very extraordinary) was silent, and coldly insensible to the humour which was so irresistibly diverting to everyone else. I remarked at this period that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return he gave us one of these specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us that, being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to wham he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exaltation. The moment for the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte him self-assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. Ha was stationed beside the General, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very heavy, Bonaparte called out to him, "Take care, there is a shell coming!" The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness. At this time we saw him almost every day. He frequently came to dine with us. As there was a scarcity of bread, and sometimes only two ounces per head daily were distributed in the section, it was customary to request one's guests to bring their own bread, as it could not be procured for money. Bonaparte and his brother Louis (a mild, agreeable young man, who was the General's aide de army) used to bring with them their ration bread, which was black, and mixed with bran. I was sorry to observe that all this bad bread fell to the share of the poor aide de camp, for we provided the General with a finer kind, which was made clandestinely by a pastrycook, from flour which we contrived to smuggle from Sens, where my husband had some farms. Had we been denounced, the affair might have cost us our heads.

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We spent six weeks in Paris, and we went frequently with Bonaparte to the theatres, and to the fine concerts given by Garat in the Rue St. Marc. These were the first brilliant entertainments that took place after the death of Robespierre. There was always something original in Bonaparte's behaviour, for he often slipped away from us without saying a word; and when we were supposing he had left the theatre, we would suddenly discover him in the second or third tier, sitting alone in a box, and looking rather sulky.

Before our departure for Sens, where my husband's family reside, and which was fixed upon for the place of my first accouchement, we looked out for more agreeable apartments than we had in the Rue Grenier St. Lazare, which we only had temporarily. Bonaparte used to assist us in our researches. At last we took the first floor of a handsome new house, No. 19 Rue des Marais. Bonaparte, who wished to stop in Paris, went to look at a house opposite to ours. Ha had thoughts of taking it for himself, his uncle Fesch (afterwards Cardinal Fesch), and a gentleman named Patrauld, formerly one of his masters at the Military School. One day he said, "With that house over there, my friends in it, and a cabriolet, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world."

We soon after left town for Sens. The house was not taken by him, for other and great affairs were preparing. During the interval between our departure and the fatal day of Vendemiaire several letters passed between him and his school companion. These letters were of the most amiable and affectionate description. They have been stolen. On our return, in November of the same year, everything was changed. The college friend was now a great personage. He had got the command of Paris in return for his share in the events of Vendemiaire. Instead of a small house in the Rue des Marais, he occupied a splendid hotel in the Rue des Capucines; the modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand dejeuners, which were sometimes attended by ladies; and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend the amiable Madame de Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had begun to pay attention. He cared little for his friends, and ceased to address them in the style of familiar equality.

After the 13th of Vendemiaire M. de Bourrienne saw Bonaparte only at distant periods. In the month of February 1796 my husband was arrested, at seven in the morning, by a party of men, armed with muskets, on the charge of being a returned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and his child, only six months old, being barely allowed time to dress himself. I followed him. They conveyed him to the guard-house of the Section, and thence I know not whither; and, finally, in the evening, they placed him in the lockup-house

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of the prefecture of police, which, I believe, is now called the central bureau. There he passed two nights and a day, among men of the lowest description, some of whom were even malefactors. I and his friends ran about everywhere, trying to find somebody to rescue him, and, among the rest, Bonaparte was applied to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. Accompanied by one of my husband's friends, I waited for the commandant of Paris until midnight, but he did not come home. Next morning I returned at an early hour, and found him. I stated what had happened to my husband, whose life was then at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend, but, however; determined to write to Merlin, the Minister of Justice. I carried the letter according to its address, and met the Minister as he was coming downstairs, on his way to the Directory. Being in grand costume, he wore a Henri *iv*. hat, surmounted with a multitude of plumes, a dress which formed a singular contrast with his person. He opened the letter; and whether it was that he cared as little for the General as for the cause of M. do Bourrienne's arrest, he replied that the matter was no longer in his hands, and that it was now under the cognisance of the public administrators of the laws. The Minister then stepped into his carriage, and the writer was conducted to several offices in his hotel. She passed through them with a broken heart, for she met with none but harsh men, who told her that the prisoner deserved death. From them she learned that on the following day he would be brought before the judge of the peace for his Section, who would decide whether there was ground for putting him on his trial. In fact, this proceeding took place next day. He was conveyed to the house of the judge of the peace for the Section of Bondy, Rue Grange-sue-Belles, whose name was Lemaire. His countenance was mild; and though his manner was cold, he had none of the harshness and ferocity common to the Government agents of that time. His examination of the charge was long, and he several times shook his head. The moment of decision had arrived, and everything seemed to indicate that the termination would be to place the prisoner under accusation. At seven o'clock be desired me to be called. I hastened to him, and beheld a most heart rending scene. Bourrienne was suffering under a hemorrhage, which had continued since two o'clock, and had interrupted the examination. The judge of the peace, who looked sad, sat with his head resting on his hand. I threw myself at his feet and implored his clemency. The wife and the two daughters of the judge visited this scene of sorrow, and assisted me in softening him. He was a worthy and feeling man, a good husband and parent, and it was evident that he struggled between compassion and duty. He kept referring to the laws on the subject, and, after long researches said to me, "To-morrow is Decadi, and no proceedings can take place on that

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day. Find, madams, two responsible persons, who will answer for the appearance of your husband, and I will permit him to go home with you, accompanied by the two guardians." Next day two friends were found, one of whom was M. Desmaisons, counsellor of the court, who became bail for M. de Bourrienne. He continued under these guardians six months, until a law compelled the persons who were inscribed on the fatal list to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. One of the guardians was a man of straw; the other was a knight of St. Louis. The former was left in the antechamber; the latter made, every evening, one of our party at cards. The family of M. de Bourrienne have always felt the warmest gratitude to the judge of the peace and his family. That worthy man saved the life of M. de Bourrienne, who, when he returned from Egypt, and had it in his power to do him some service, hastened to his house; but the good judge was no more!

The letters mentioned in the narrative were at this time stolen from me by the police officers.

Everyone was now eager to pay court to a man who had risen from the crowd in consequence of the part he had acted at an, extraordinary crisis, and who was spoken of as the future General of the Army of Italy. It was expected that he would be gratified, as he really was, by the restoration of some letters which contained the expression of his former very modest wishes, called to recollection his unpleasant situation, his limited ambition, his pretended aversion for public employment, and finally exhibited his intimate relations with those who were, without hesitation, characterised as emigrants, to be afterwards made the victims of confiscation and death.

The 13th of Vendemiaire (5th October 1795) was approaching. The National Convention had been painfully delivered of a new constitution, called, from the epoch of its birth, "the Constitution of Year *iii*." It was adopted on the 22d of August 1795. The provident legislators did not forget themselves. They stipulated that two-thirds of their body should form part of the new legislature. The party opposed to the Convention hoped, on the contrary, that, by a general election, a majority would be obtained for its opinion. That opinion was against the continuation of power in the hands of men who had already so greatly abused it.

The same opinion was also entertained by a great part of the most influential Sections of Paris, both as to the possession of property and talent. These Sections declared that, in accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th of August, which required the re-election of two-thirds The Convention, therefore, found itself menaced in what it held most dear—its power;—and accordingly resorted to measures of defence. A declaration was put forth, stating that the Convention, if attacked, would remove to Chalons-sur-Marne; and the commanders of the armed force were called upon to defend that body.

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The 5th of October, the day on which the Sections of Paris attacked the Convention, is certainly one which ought to be marked in the wonderful destiny of Bonaparte.

With the events of that day were linked, as cause and effect, many great political convulsions of Europe. The blood which flowed ripened the seeds of the youthful General's ambition. It must be admitted that the history of past ages presents few periods full of such extraordinary events as the years included between 1795 and 1815. The man whose name serves, in some measure, as a recapitulation of all these great events was entitled to believe himself immortal.

Living retired at Sens since the month of July, I only learned what had occasioned the insurrection of the Sections from public report and the journals. I cannot, therefore, say what part Bonaparte may have taken in the intrigues which preceded that day. He was officially characterised only as secondary actor in the scene. The account of the affair which was published announces that Barras was, on that very day, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and Bonaparte second in command. Bonaparte drew up that account. The whole of the manuscript was in his handwriting, and it exhibits all the peculiarity of his style and orthography. He sent me a copy.

Those who read the bulletin of the 13th Vendemiaire, cannot fail to observe the care which Bonaparte took to cast the reproach of shedding the first blood on the men he calls rebels. He made a great point of representing his adversaries as the aggressors. It is certain he long regretted that day. He often told me that he would give years of his life to blot it out from the page of his history. He was convinced that the people of Paris were dreadfully irritated against him, and he would have been glad if Barras had never made that Speech in the Convention, with the part of which, complimentary to himself, he was at the time so well pleased. Barras said, "It is to his able and prompt dispositions that we are indebted for the defence of this assembly, around which he had posted the troops with so much skill." This is perfectly true, but it is not always agreeable that every truth should be told. Being out of Paris, and a total stranger to this affair, I know not how far he was indebted for his success to chance, or to his own exertions, in the part assigned to him by the miserable Government which then oppressed France. He represented himself only as secondary actor in this sanguinary scene in which Barras made him his associate. He sent to me, as already mentioned, an account of the transaction, written entirely in his own hand, and distinguished by all the peculiarities of—his style and orthography.

—[Joseph Bonaparte, in a note on this peerage, insinuates that the account of the 13th Vendemiaire was never sent to Sens, but was abstracted by Bourrienne, with other documents, from Napoleon's Cabinet (Erreurs, tome i. p. 239).]—

"On the 13th," says Bonaparte, "at five o'clock in the morning, the representative of the people, Barras, was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and General Bonaparte was nominated second in command.

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“The artillery for service on the frontier was still at the camp of Sablons, guarded solely by 150 men; the remainder was at Marly with 200 men. The depot of Meudon was left unprotected. There were at the Feuillans only a few four-pounders without artillerymen, and but 80,000 cartridges. The victualling depots were dispersed throughout Paris. In many Sections the drums beat to arms; the Section of the Theatre Francais had advanced posts even as far as the Pont Neuf, which it had barricaded.

“General Barras ordered the artillery to move immediately from the camp of Sablons to the Tuileries, and selected the artillerymen from the battalions of the 89th regiment, and from the gendarmerie, and placed them at the Palace; sent to Meudon 200 men of the police legion whom he brought from Versailles, 50 cavalry, and two companies of veterans; he ordered the property which was at Marly to be conveyed to Meudon; caused cartridges to be brought there, and established a workshop at that place for the manufacture of more. He secured means for the subsistence of the army and of the Convention for many days, independently of the depots which were in the Sections.

“General Verdier, who commanded at the Palais National, exhibited great coolness; he was required not to suffer a shot to be fired till the last extremity. In the meantime reports reached him from all quarters acquainting him that the Sections were assembled in arms, and had formed their columns. He accordingly arrayed his troops so as to defend the Convention, and his artillery was in readiness to repulse the rebels. His cannon was planted at the Feuillans to fire down the Rue Honore. Eight-pounders were pointed at every opening, and in the event of any mishap, General Verdier had cannon in reserve to fire in flank upon the column which should have forced a passage. He left in the Carrousel three howitzers (eight-pounders) to batter down the houses from which the Convention might be fired upon. At four o’clock the rebel columns marched out from every street to unite their forces. It was necessary to take advantage of this critical moment to attack the insurgents, even had they been regular troops. But the blood about to flow was French; it was therefore for these misguided people, already guilty of rebellion, to embrue their hands in the blood of their countrymen by striking the first blow.

“At a quarter before five o’clock the insurgents had formed. The attack was commenced by them on all sides. They were everywhere routed. French blood was spilled: the crime, as well as the disgrace, fell this day upon the Sections.

“Among the dead were everywhere to be recognized emigrants, landowners, and nobles; the prisoners consisted for the most part of the ‘chouans’ of Charette.

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“Nevertheless the Sections did not consider themselves beaten: they took refuge in the church of St. Roch, in the theatre of the Republic, and in the Palais Egalite; and everywhere they were heard furiously exciting the inhabitants to arms. To spare the blood which would have been shed the next day it was necessary that no time should be given them to rally, but to follow them with vigour, though without incurring fresh hazards. The General ordered Montchoisy, who commanded a reserve at the Place de la Resolution, to form a column with two twelve-pounders, to march by the Boulevard in order to turn the Place Vendome, to form a junction with the picket stationed at headquarters, and to return in the same order of column.

“General Brune, with two howitzers, deployed in the streets of St. Nicaise and St. Honore. General Cartaux sent two hundred men and a four-pounder of his division by the Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre to debouch in the square of the Palais Egalite. General Bonaparte, who had his horse killed under him, repaired to the Feuillans.

“The columns began to move, St. Roch and the theatre of the Republic were taken, by assault, when the rebels abandoned them, and retreated to the upper part of the Rue de la Loi, and barricaded themselves on all sides. Patrols were sent thither, and several cannon-shots were fired during the night, in order to prevent them from throwing up defences, which object was effectually accomplished.

“At daybreak, the General having learned that some students from the St. Genevieve side of the river were marching with two pieces of cannon to succour the rebels, sent a detachment of dragoons in pursuit of them, who seized the cannon and conducted them to the Tuileries. The enfeebled Sections, however, still showed a front. They had barricaded the Section of Grenelle, and placed their cannon in the principal streets. At nine o’clock General Beruyer hastened to form his division in battle array in the Place Vendome, marched with two eight-pounders to the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, and pointed them in the direction of the Section Le Pelletier. General Vachet, with a corps of ‘tirailleurs’, marched on his right, ready to advance to the Place Victoire. General Brune marched to the Perron, and planted two howitzers at the upper end of the Rue Vivienne. General Duvigier, with his column of six hundred men, and two twelve-pounders, advanced to the streets of St. Roch and Montmartre. The Sections lost courage with the apprehension of seeing their retreat cut off, and evacuated the post at the sight of our soldiers, forgetting the honour of the French name which they had to support. The Section of Brutus still caused some uneasiness. The wife of a representative had been arrested there. General Duvigier was ordered to proceed along the Boulevard as far as the Rue Poissonniere. General Beruyer took up a position at the Place Victoire, and General Bonaparte occupied the Pont-au-Change.

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“The Section of Brutus was surrounded, and the troops advanced upon the Place de Greve, where the crowd poured in from the Isle St. Louis, from the Theatre Francais, and from the Palace. Everywhere the patriots had regained their courage, while the poniards of the emigrants, armed against us, had disappeared. The people universally admitted their error.

“The next day the two Sections of Les Pelletier and the Theatre Francais were disarmed.”

The result of this petty civil war brought Bonaparte forward; but the party he defeated at that period never pardoned him for the past, and that which he supported dreaded him in the future. Five years after he will be found reviving the principles which he combated on the 5th of October 1795. On being appointed, on the motion of Barras, Lieutenant-General of the Army of the Interior, he established his headquarters in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. The statement in the ’Manuscrit de Sainte Helene, that after the 13th Brumaire he remained unemployed at Paris, is therefore obviously erroneous. So far from this, he was incessantly occupied with the policy of the nation, and with his own fortunes. Bonaparte was in constant, almost daily, communication with every one then in power, and knew how to profit by all he saw or heard.

To avoid returning to this ‘Manuscrit de Sainte Helene’, which at the period of its appearance attracted more attention than it deserved, and which was very generally attributed to Bonaparte, I shall here say a few words respecting it. I shall briefly repeat what I said in a note when my opinion was asked, under high authority, by a minister of Louis XVIII.

No reader intimately acquainted with public affairs can be deceived by the pretended authenticity of this pamphlet. What does it contain? Facts perverted and heaped together without method, and related in an obscure, affected, and ridiculously sententious style. Besides what appears in it, but which is badly placed there, it is impossible not to remark the omission of what should necessarily be there, were Napoleon the author. It is full of absurd and of insignificant gossip, of thoughts Napoleon never had, expressions unknown to him, and affectations far removed from his character. With some elevated ideas, more than one style and an equivocal spirit can be seen in it. Professed coincidences are put close to unpardonable anachronisms, and to the most absurd revelations. It contains neither his thoughts, his style, his actions, nor his life. Some truths are mimed up with an inconceivable mass of falsehoods. Some forms of expression used by Bonaparte are occasionally met with, but they are awkwardly introduced, and often with bad taste.

It has been reported that the pamphlet was written by M. Bertrand, formerly an officer of the army of the Vistula, and a relation of the Comte de Simeon, peer of France.

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—['Manuscrit de Sainte Helene d'une maniere inconnue', London. Murray; Bruxelles, De Mat, 20 Avril 1817. This work merits a note. Metternich (vol, i. pp. 312-13) says, "At the time when it appeared the manuscript of St. Helena made a great impression upon Europe. This pamphlet was generally regarded as a precursor of the memoirs which Napoleon was thought to be writing in his place of exile. The report soon spread that the work was conceived and executed by Madame de Stael. Madame de Stael, for her part, attributed it to Benjamin Constant, from whom she was at this time separated by some disagreement." Afterwards it came to be known that the author was the Marquis Lullin de Chateauvieux, a man in society, whom no one had suspected of being able to hold a pen: Jomini (tome i. p. 8 note) says. "It will be remarked that in the course of this work [his life of Napoleon] the author has used some fifty pages of the pretended 'Manuscrit de Sainte Helene'. Far from wishing to commit a plagiarism, he considers he ought to render this homage to a clever and original work, several false points of view in which, however, he has combated. It would have been easy for him to rewrite these pages in other terms, but they appeared to him to be so well suited to the character of Napoleon that he has preferred to preserve them." In the will of Napoleon occurs (see end of this work): "I disavow the 'Manuscrit de Sainte Helene', and the other works under the title of Maxims, Sentences, *etc*., which they have been pleased to publish during the last six years. Such rules are not those which have guided my life: This manuscript must not be confused with the 'Memorial of Saint Helena'.]—

CHAPTER IV.

1795-1797

On my return to Paris I meet Bonaparte—His interview with Josephine —Bonaparte's marriage, and departure from Paris ten days after— Portrait and character of Josephine —Bonaparte's dislike of national property—Letter to Josephine—Letter of General Colli, and Bonaparte's reply—Bonaparte refuses to serve with Kellerman— Marmont's letters —Bonaparte's order to me to join the army—My departure from Sens for Italy—-Insurrection of the Venetian States.

After the 13th Vendemiaire I returned to Paris from Sens. During the short time I stopped there I saw Bonaparte less frequently than formerly. I had, however, no reason to attribute this to anything but the pressure of public business with which he was now occupied. When I did meet him it was most commonly at breakfast or dinner. One day he called my attention to a young lady who sat opposite to him, and asked what I thought of her. The way in which I answered his question appeared to give him much pleasure. He then talked a great deal to me about her, her family, and her amiable qualities; he told me that he should probably marry her, as he was convinced that the union would make him happy.

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I also gathered from his conversation that his marriage with the young widow would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly-increasing influence with her had already brought him into contact with the most influential persons of that epoch. He remained in Paris only ten days after his marriage, which took place on the 9th of March 1796. It was a union in which great harmony prevailed, notwithstanding occasional slight disagreements. Bonaparte never, to my knowledge, caused annoyance to his wife. Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities.
—["Eugene was not more than fourteen years of age when he ventured to introduce himself to General Bonaparte, for the purpose of soliciting his father's sword, of which he understood the General had become possessed. The countenance, air, and frank manner of Eugene pleased Bonaparte, and he immediately granted him the boon he sought. As soon as the sword was placed in the boy's hands he burst into tears, and kissed it. This feeling of affection for his father's memory, and the natural manner in which it was evinced, increased the interest of Bonaparte in his young visitor. Madame de Beauharnais, on learning the kind reception which the General had given her son, thought it her duty to call and thank him. Bonaparte was much pleased with Josephine on this first interview, and he returned her visit. The acquaintance thus commenced speedily led to their marriage."—Constant]—

—[Bonaparte himself, at St. Helena, says that he first met Josephine at Barras' (see Iung's Bonaparte, tome iii. p. 116).]—

—["Neither of his wives had ever anything to complain of from Napoleon's personal manners" (Metternich, vol. 1 p. 279).]—

—[Madame de Remusat, who, to paraphrase Thiers' saying on Bourrienne himself, is a trustworthy witness, for if she received benefits from Napoleon they did not weigh on her, says, "However, Napoleon had some affection for his first wife; and, in fact, if he has at any time been touched, no doubt it has been only for her and by her" (tome i. p. 113). "Bonaparte was young when he first knew Madame de Beauharnais. In the circle where he met her she had a great superiority by the name she bore and by the extreme elegance of her manners. . . . In marrying Madame de Beauharnais, Bonaparte believed he was allying himself to a very grand lady; thus this was one more conquest" (p. 114). But in speaking of Josephine's complaints to Napoleon of his love affairs, Madame de Remusat says, "Her husband sometimes answered by violences, the excesses of which I do not dare to detail, until the moment when, his new fancy having suddenly passed, he felt his tenderness for his wife again renewed. Then he was touched by her sufferings, replaced his insults by caresses which were hardly more measured than his violences and, as she was gentle and untenacious,

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she fell back into her feeling of security" (p. 206).]——[Miot de Melito, who was a follower of Joseph Bonaparte, says, "No woman has united go much kindness to so much natural grace, or has done more good with more pleasure than she did. She honoured me with her friendship, and the remembrance of the benevolence she has shown me, to the last moment of her too short existence, will never be effaced from my heart" (tome i. pp.101-2).]——[Meneval, the successor of Bourrienne is his place of secretary to Napoleon, and who remained attached to the Emperor until the end, says of Josephine (tome i. p. 227), "Josephine was irresistibly attractive. Her beauty was not regular, but she had 'La grace, plus belle encore que la beaute', according to the good La Fontaine. She had the soft abandonment, the supple and elegant movements, and the graceful carelessness of the creoles.—(The reader must remember that the term "Creole" does not imply any taint of black blood, but only that the person, of European family, has been born in the West Indies.)—Her temper was always the same. She was gentle and kind."]—

I am convinced that all who were acquainted with her must have felt bound to speak well of her; to few, indeed, did she ever give cause for complaint. In the time of her power she did not lose any of her friends, because she forgot none of them. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Hence her protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one-half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!

When fortune placed a crown on her head she told me that the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted: It is certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. I often expressed to her my astonishment that she should cherish such a belief, and she readily laughed at her own credulity; but notwithstanding never abandoned it: The event had given importance to the prophecy; but the foresight of the prophetess, said to be an old regress, was not the less a matter of doubt.

Not long before the 13th of Vendemiaire, that day which opened for Bonaparte his immense career, he addressed a letter to me at Sens, in which, after some of his usually friendly expressions, he said, "Look out a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase it as soon as I can scrape together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property."

Bonaparte left Paris on the 21st of March 1796, while I was still with my guardians. He no sooner joined the French army than General Colli, then in command of the Piedmontese army, transmitted to him the following letter, which, with its answer, I think sufficiently interesting to deserve preservation:

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General—I suppose that you are ignorant of the arrest of one of my officers, named Moulin, the bearer of a flag of truce, who has been detained for some days past at Murseco, contrary to the laws of war, and notwithstanding an immediate demand for his liberation being made by General Count Vital. His being a French emigrant cannot take from him the rights of a flag of truce, and I again claim him in that character. The courtesy and generosity which I have always experienced from the generals of your nation induces me to hope that I shall not make this application in vain; and it is with regret that I mention that your chief of brigade, Barthelemy, who ordered the unjust arrest of my flag of truce, having yesterday by the chance of war fallen into my hands, that officer will be dealt with according to the treatment which M. Moulin may receive.I most sincerely wish that nothing may occur to change the noble and humane conduct which the two nations have hitherto been accustomed to observe towards each other. I have the honour, *etc*.,

(Signed) *Colli*.

CEVA. 17th April 1796.

Bonaparte replied as follows:

General—An emigrant is a parricide whom no character can render sacred. The feelings of honour, and the respect due to the French people, were forgotten when M. Moulin was sent with a flag of truce. You know the laws of war, and I therefore do not give credit to the reprisals with which you threaten the chief of brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to the laws of war, you authorise such an act of barbarism, all the prisoners taken from you shall be immediately made responsible for it with the most deplorable vengeance, for I entertain for the officers of your nation that esteem which is due to brave soldiers.

The Executive Directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved of the arrest of M. Moulin; but ordered that he should be securely guarded, and not brought to trial, in consequence of the character with which he had been invested.

About the middle of the year 1796 the Directory proposed to appoint General Kellerman, who commanded the army of the Alps, second in command of the army of Italy.

On the 24th of May 1796 Bonaparte wrote to, Carnot respecting, this plan, which was far from being agreeable to him. He said, “Whether I shall be employed here or anywhere else is indifferent to me: to serve the country, and to merit from posterity a page in our history, is all my ambition. If you join Kellerman and me in command in Italy you will undo everything. General Kellerman has more experience than I, and knows how to make war better than I do; but both together, we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe.”

Numbers of letters from Bonaparte to his wife have been published. I cannot deny their, authenticity, nor is it my wish to do so. I will, however, subjoin one which appears to me to differ a little from the rest. It is less remarkable for exaggerated expressions of love, and a singularly ambitious and affected style, than most of the correspondence here alluded to. Bonaparte is announcing the victory of Arcola to Josephine.

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Verona, the 29th, noon.

At length, my adored Josephine, I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honour are still in my breast. The enemy is beaten at Arcola. To-morrow we will repair the blunder of Vaubois, who abandoned Rivoli. In eight days Mantua will be ours, and then thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affection. I shall proceed to Milan as soon as I can: I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. I will send you their letters as soon as I am joined by my household, which is now somewhat dispersed.We have made five thousand prisoners, and killed at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, my adorable Josephine. Think of me often. When you cease to love your Achilles, when your heart grows cool towards him, you wilt be very cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress, as I shall ever remain your fond lover (’tendre amie’). Death alone can break the union which sympathy, love, and sentiment have formed. Let me have news of your health. A thousand and a thousand kisses.

It is impossible for me to avoid occasionally placing myself in the foreground in the course of these Memoirs. I owe it to myself to answer, though indirectly, to certain charges which, on various occasions, have been made against me. Some of the documents which I am about to insert belong, perhaps, less to the history of the General-in-Chief of the army of-Italy than to that of his secretary; but I must confess I wish to show that I was not an intruder, nor yet pursuing, as an obscure intriguer, the path of fortune. I was influenced much more by friendship than by ambition when I took a part on the scene where the rising-glory of the future Emperor already shed a lustre on all who were attached to his destiny. It will be seen by the following letters with what confidence I was then honoured; but these letters, dictated by friendship, and not written for history, speak also of our military achievements; and whatever brings to recollection the events of that heroic period must still be interesting to many.

Headquartersat Milan,
20th Prairial, year *iv*. (8th June 1796).

The General-in-Chief has ordered me, my dear Bourrienne, to make known to you the pleasure he experienced on hearing of you, and his ardent desire that you should join us. Take your departure, then, my dear Bourrienne, and arrive quickly. You may be certain of obtaining the testimonies of affection which are your due from all who know you; and we much regret that you were not with us to have a share in our success. The campaign which we have just concluded will be celebrated in the records of history. With less than 30,000 men, in a state of almost complete destitution,

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it is a fine thing to have, in the course of less than two months, beaten, eight different times, an army of from 65 to 70,000 men, obliged the King of Sardinia to make a humiliating peace, and driven the Austrians from Italy. The last victory, of which you have doubtless had an account, the passage of the Mincio, has closed our labours. There now remain for us the siege of Mantua and the castle of Milan; but these obstacles will not detain us long. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne: I repeat General Bonaparte's request that you should repair hither, and the testimony of his desire to see you. Receive, *etc*., (Signed) *Marmont*. Chief of Brigade (Artillery) and Aide de camp to the General-in-Chief.

I was obliged to remain at Sens, soliciting my erasure from the emigrant list, which I did not obtain, however, till 1797, and to put an end to a charge made against me of having fabricated a certificate of residence. Meanwhile I applied myself to study, and preferred repose to the agitation of camps. For these reasons I did not then accept his friendly invitation, notwithstanding that I was very desirous of seeing my young college friend in the midst of his astonishing triumphs. Ten months after, I received another letter from Marmont, in the following terms:—

Headquartersgorizia
2d Germinal, year V. (22d March 1797).

The General-in-Chief, my dear Bourrienne, has ordered me to express to you his wish for your prompt arrival here. We have all along anxiously desired to see you, and look forward with great pleasure to the moment when we shall meet. I join with the General, my dear Bourrienne, in urging you to join the army without loss of time. You will increase a united family, happy to receive you into its bosom. I enclose an order written by the General, which will serve you as a passport. Take the post route and arrive as soon as you can. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language is changing already, and in four days we shall hear no more Italian. Prince Charles has been well beaten, and we are pursuing him. If this campaign be fortunate, we may sign a peace, which is so necessary for Europe, in Vienna. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne: reckon for something the zeal of one who is much attached to you.

(Signed) *Marmont*.

Bonaparte, *general-in-chief of the army of Italy*.

Headquarters, Gorizia, 2d Germinal, year V.

The citizen Bourrienne is to come to me on receipt of the present order.

(Signed) *Bonaparte*.

The odious manner in which I was then harassed, I know not why, on the part of the Government respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France not very agreeable. I was even threatened with being put on my trial for having produced a certificate of residence which was alleged to be signed by nine false witnesses. This time, therefore, I resolved without hesitation to set out for the army. General Bonaparte's order, which I registered at the municipality of Sens, answered for a passport, which otherwise would probably have been refused me. I have always felt a strong sense of gratitude for his conduct towards me on this occasion.

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Notwithstanding the haste I made to leave Sens, the necessary formalities and precautions detained me some days, and at the moment I was about to depart I received the following letter:

Headquarters, JUDENBOURG,
19th Germinal, Year V. (8th April 1797).

The General-in-Chief again orders me, my dear Bourrienne, to urge you to come to him quickly. We are in the midst of success and triumphs. The German campaign begins even more brilliantly than did the Italian. You may judge, therefore, what a promise it holds out to us. Come, my dear Bourrienne, immediately—yield to our solicitations—-share our pains and pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments.

I have directed the courier to pass through Sens, that he may deliver this letter to you, and bring me back your answer.
(Signed) *Marmont*.

To the above letter this order was subjoined:

The citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne is ordered to leave Sens, and repair immediately by post to the headquarters of the army of Italy.
(Signed) *Bonaparte*.

I arrived at the Venetian territory at the moment when the insurrection against the French was on the point of breaking out. Thousands of peasants were instigated to rise under the pretext of appeasing the troubles of Bergamo and Brescia. I passed through Verona on the 16th of April, the eve of the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben and of the revolt of Verona. Easter Sunday was the day which the ministers of Jesus Christ selected for preaching “that it was lawful, and even meritorious, to kill Jacobins.” Death to Frenchmen!—Death to Jacobins! as they called all the French, were their rallying cries. At the time I had not the slightest idea of this state of things, for I had left Sens only on the 11th of April.

After stopping two hours at Verona, I proceeded on my journey without being aware of the massacre which threatened that city. When about a league from the town I was, however, stopped by a party of insurgents on their way thither, consisting, as I estimated, of about two thousand men. They only desired me to cry ‘El viva Santo Marco’, an order with which I speedily complied, and passed on. What would have become of me had I been in Verona on the Monday? On that day the bells were rung, while the French were butchered in the hospitals. Every one met in the streets was put to death. The priests headed the assassins, and more than four hundred Frenchmen were thus sacrificed. The forts held out against the Venetians, though they attacked them with fury; but repossession of the town was not obtained until after ten days. On the very day of the insurrection of Verona some Frenchmen were assassinated between

that city and Vicenza, through which I passed on the day before without danger; and scarcely had I passed through Padua, when I learned that others had been massacred there. Thus the assassinations travelled as rapidly as the post.

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I shall say a few words respecting the revolt of the Venetian States, which, in consequence of the difference of political opinions, has been viewed in very contradictory lights.

The last days of Venice were approaching, and a storm had been brewing for more than a year. About the beginning of April 1797 the threatening symptoms of a general insurrection appeared. The quarrel commenced when the Austrians entered Peschiera, and some pretext was also afforded by the reception given to Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was certain that Venice had made military preparations during the siege of Mantua in 1796. The interests of the aristocracy outweighed the political considerations in our favour. On, the 7th of June 1796 General Bonaparte wrote thus to the Executive Directory:

The Senate of Venice lately sent two judges of their Council here to ascertain definitively how things stand. I repeated my complaints. I spoke to them about the reception given to Monsieur. Should it be your plan to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have expressly prepared this sort of rupture for you. If your intentions be more decided, I think this ground of quarrel ought to be kept up. Let me know what you mean to do, and wait till the favourable moment, which I shall seize according to circumstances; for we must not have to do with all the world at once.

The Directory answered that the moment was not favourable; that it was first necessary to take Mantua, and give Wurmser a sound beating. However, towards the end of the year 1796 the Directory began to give more credit to the sincerity of the professions of neutrality made on the part of Venice. It was resolved, therefore, to be content with obtaining money and supplies for the army, and to refrain from violating the neutrality. The Directory had not then in reserve, like Bonaparte, the idea of making the dismemberment of Venice serve as a compensation for such of the Austrian possessions as the French Republic might retain.

In 1797 the expected favourable moment had arrived. The knell of Venice was rung; and Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory on the 30th of April: “I am convinced that the only course to be now taken is to destroy this ferocious and sanguinary Government.” On the 3d of May, writing from Palma Nuova, he says: “I see nothing that can be done but to obliterate the Venetian name from the face of the globe.”

Towards the end of March 1797 the Government of Venice was in a desperate state. Ottolini, the Podesta of Bergamo, an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the State inquisitors, then harassed the people of Bergamo and Brescia, who, after the reduction of Mantua, wished to be separated from Venice. He drew up, to be sent to the Senate, a long report respecting the plans of separation, founded on information given him by a Roman advocate, named Marcelin Serpini; who pretended to have gleaned the facts he communicated

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in conversation with officers of the French army. The plan of the patriotic party was, to unite the Venetian territories on the mainland with Lombardy, and to form of the whole one republic. The conduct of Ottolini exasperated the party inimical to Venice, and augmented the prevailing discontent. Having disguised his valet as a peasant, he sent him off to Venice with the report he had drawn up on Serpini's communications, and other information; but this report never reached the inquisitors. The valet was arrested, his despatches taken, and Ottolini fled from Bergamo. This gave a beginning to the general rising of the Venetian States. In fact, the force of circumstances alone brought on the insurrection of those territories against their old insular government. General La Hoz, who commanded the Lombard Legion, was the active protector of the revolution, which certainly had its origin more in the progress of the prevailing principles of liberty than in the crooked policy of the Senate of Venice. Bonaparte, indeed, in his despatches to the Directory, stated that the Senate had instigated the insurrection; but that was not quite correct, and he could not wholly believe his own assertion.

Pending the vacillation of the Venetian Senate, Vienna was exciting the population of its States on the mainland to rise against the French. The Venetian Government had always exhibited an extreme aversion to the French Revolution, which had been violently condemned at Venice. Hatred of the French had been constantly excited and encouraged, and religious fanaticism had inflamed many persons of consequence in the country. From the end of 1796 the Venetian Senate secretly continued its armaments, and the whole conduct of that Government announced intentions which have been called perfidious, but the only object of which was to defeat intentions still more perfidious. The Senate was the irreconcilable enemy of the French Republic. Excitement was carried to such a point that in many places the people complained that they were not permitted to arm against the French. The Austrian generals industriously circulated the most sinister reports respecting the armies of the Sombre-et-Meuse and the Rhine, and the position of the French troops in the Tyrol. These impostures, printed in bulletins, were well calculated to instigate the Italians, and especially the Venetians, to rise in mass to exterminate the French, when the victorious army should penetrate into the Hereditary States.

The pursuit of the Archduke Charles into the heart of Austria encouraged the hopes which the Venetian Senate had conceived, that it would be easy to annihilate the feeble remnant of the French army, as the troops were scattered through the States of Venice on the mainland. Wherever the Senate had the ascendency, insurrection was secretly fomented; wherever the influence of the patriots prevailed, ardent efforts were made to unite the Venetian terra firma to the Lombard Republic.

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Bonaparte skillfully took advantage of the disturbances, and the massacres consequent on them, to adopt towards the Senate the tone of an offended conqueror. He published a declaration that the Venetian Government was the most treacherous imaginable. The weakness and cruel hypocrisy of the Senate facilitated the plan he had conceived of making a peace for France at the expense of the Venetian Republic. On returning from Leoben, a conqueror and pacificator, he, without ceremony, took possession of Venice, changed the established government, and, master of all the Venetian territory, found himself, in the negotiations of Campo Formio, able to dispose of it as he pleased, as a compensation for the cessions which had been exacted from Austria. After the 19th of May he wrote to the Directory that one of the objects of his treaty with Venice was to avoid bringing upon us the odium of violating the preliminaries relative to the Venetian territory, and, at the same time, to afford pretexts and to facilitate their execution.

At Campo Formio the fate of this republic was decided. It disappeared from the number of States without effort or noise. The silence of its fall astonished imaginations warmed by historical recollections from the brilliant pages of its maritime glory. Its power, however, which had been silently undermined, existed no longer except in the prestige of those recollections. What resistance could it have opposed to the man destined to change the face of all Europe?

CHAPTER V

1797.

Signature of the preliminaries of peace—Fall of Venice—My arrival and reception at Leoben—Bonaparte wishes to pursue his success— The Directory opposes him—He wishes to advance on Vienna—Movement of the army of the Sombre-et-Mouse—-Bonaparte’s dissatisfaction— Arrival at Milan—We take up our residence at Montebello —Napoleon’s judgment respecting Dandolo and Melzi.

I joined Bonaparte at Leoben on the 19th of April, the day after the signature of the preliminaries of peace. These preliminaries resembled in no respect the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The still incomplete fall of the State of Venice did not at that time present an available prey for partition. All was arranged afterwards. Woe to the small States that come in immediate contact with two colossal empires waging war!

Here terminated my connection with Bonaparte as a comrade and equal, and those relations with him commenced in which I saw him suddenly great, powerful, and surrounded with homage and glory. I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanour accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship and other little privileges.

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He said, in a loud voice, when I entered the salon where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff, “I am glad to see you, at last”—“Te voila donc, enfin;”, but as soon as we were alone he made me understand that he was pleased with my reserve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed at the head of his Cabinet. I spoke to him the same evening respecting the insurrection of the Venetian territories, of the dangers which menaced the French, and of those which I had escaped, *etc*. “Care thou’ nothing about it,” said he;

—[He used to ‘tutoyer’ me in this familiar manner until his return to Milan.]—

“those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had its day, and is done.” This republic was, however, still existing, wealthy and powerful. These words brought to my recollection what I had read in a work by one Gabriel Naude, who wrote during the reign of Louis XIII. for Cardinal de Bagin: “Do you see Constantinople, which flatters itself with being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, which glories in her stability of a thousand years? Their day will come.”

In the first conversation which Bonaparte had with me, I thought I could perceive that he was not very well satisfied with the preliminaries. He would have liked to advance with his army to Vienna. He did not conceal this from me. Before he offered peace to Prince Charles, he wrote to the Directory that he intended to pursue his success, but that for this purpose he reckoned on the co-operation of the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine. The Directory replied that he must not reckon on a diversion in Germany, and that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were not to pass that river. A resolution so unexpected—a declaration so contrary to what he had constantly solicited, compelled him to terminate his triumphs, and renounce his favourite project of planting the standard of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna, or at least of levying contributions on the suburbs of that capital.

A law of the 23d of August 1794 forbade the use of any other names than those in the register of births. I wished to conform to this law, which very foolishly interfered with old habits. My eldest brother was living, and I therefore designated myself Fauvelet the younger. This annoyed General Bonaparte. “Such change of name is absolute nonsense,” said he. “I have known you for twenty years by the name of Bourrienne. Sign as you still are named, and see what the advocates with their laws will do.”

On the 20th of April, as Bonaparte was returning to Italy, he was obliged to stop on an island of the Tagliamento, while a torrent passed by, which had been occasioned by a violent storm. A courier appeared on the right bank of the river. He reached the island. Bonaparte read in the despatches of the Directory that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were in motion; that they were preparing

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to cross the Rhine, and had commenced hostilities on the very day of the signing of the preliminaries. This information arrived seven days after the Directory had written that "he must not reckon on the co-operation of the armies of Germany." It is impossible to describe the General's vexation on reading these despatches. He had signed the preliminaries only because the Government had represented the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine as impracticable at that moment, and shortly afterwards he was informed that the co-operation was about to take place! The agitation of his mind was so great that he for a moment conceived the idea of crossing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and breaking off the negotiations under some pretext or other. He persisted for some time in this resolution, which, however, Berthier and some other generals successfully opposed. He exclaimed, "What a difference would there have been in the preliminaries, if, indeed, there had been any!"

His chagrin, I might almost say his despair, increased when, some days after his entry into the Venetian States, he received a letter from Moreau, dated the 23d of April, in which that general informed him that, having passed the Rhine on the 20th with brilliant success, and taken four thousand prisoners, it would not be long before he joined him. Who, in fact, can say what would have happened but for the vacillating and distrustful policy of the Directory, which always encouraged low intrigues, and participated in the jealousy excited by the renown of the young conqueror? Because the Directory dreaded his ambition they sacrificed the glory of our arms and the honour of the nation; for it cannot be doubted that, had the passage of the Rhine, so urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place some days sooner, he would have been able, without incurring any risk, to dictate imperiously the conditions of peace on the spot; or, if Austria were obstinate, to have gone on to Vienna and signed it there. Still occupied with this idea, he wrote to the Directory on the 8th of May: "Since I have received intelligence of the passage of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau, I much regret that it did not take place fifteen days sooner; or, at least, that Moreau did not say that he was in a situation to effect it." (He had been informed to the contrary.) What, after this, becomes of the unjust reproach against Bonaparte of having, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages which a prolonged campaign would have procured her? Bonaparte was too devoted to the glory of France to sacrifice it to jealousy of the glory of any individual.

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In traversing the Venetian States to return to Milan, he often spoke to me of Venice. He always assured me that he was originally entirely unconnected with the insurrections which had agitated that country; that common sense would show, as his project was to advance into the basin of the Danube, he had no interest in having his rear disturbed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off: "Such an idea," said he, "would be absurd, and could never enter into the mind of a man to whom even his enemies cannot deny a certain degree of tact." He acknowledged that he was not vexed that matters had turned out as they had done, because he had already taken advantage of these circumstances in the preliminaries and hoped to profit still more from them in the definitive peace. "When I arrive at Milan," said he, "I will occupy myself with Venice." It is therefore quite evident to me that in reality the General-in-Chief had nothing to do with the Venetian insurrections; that subsequently he was not displeased with them; and that, later still, he derived great advantage from them.

We arrived at Milan on the 5th of May, by way of Lawbook, Thrust, Palma-Nova, Padua, Verona, and Mantua. Bonaparte soon took up his residence at Montebello, a very fine chateau, three leagues from Milan, with a view over the rich and magnificent plains of Lombard. At Montebello commenced the negotiations for the definitive peace which were terminated at Passeriano. The Marquis de Gallo, the Austrian plenipotentiary, resided half a league from Montebello.

During his residence at Montebello the General-in-Chief made an excursion to the Lake of Como and to the Ago Maguire. He visited the Borromean Islands in succession, and occupied himself on his return with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He sought for men and found none. "Good God," said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

He appreciated them properly. Dandolo was one of the men who, in those revolutionary times, reflected the greatest honour upon Italy. After being a member of the great council of the Cisalpine Republic, he exercised the functions of Proveditore-General in Dalmatia. It is only necessary to mention the name of Dandolo to the Dalmatians to learn from the grateful inhabitants how just and vigorous his administration was. The services of Melzi are known. He was Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals of the Italian monarchy, and was created Duke of Lodi.

—[Francesco, Comte de Melzi d'Eryl (1753-1816), vice President of the Italian Republic, 1802; Chancellor of the Kingdom of Italy, 1805; Duc de Loth, 1807.]—

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In those who have seen the world the truth of Napoleon's reproach excites little astonishment. In a country which, according to biographies and newspapers, abounds with extraordinary men, a woman of much talent—(Madame Roland.)—said, "What has most surprised me, since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister. Without this experience I never could have believed my species to be so contemptible."

Who does not remember Oxenstiern's remark to his son, who trembled at going so young to the congress of Munster: "Go, my son. You will see by what sort of men the world is governed."

CHAPTER VI.

1797.

Napoleon's correspondence—Release of French prisoners at Olmutz— Negotiations with Austria—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Letter of complaint from Bonaparte to the Executive Directory—Note respecting the affairs of Venice and the Club of Clichy, written by Bonaparte and circulated in the army—Intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis.

During the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not anxious to reply immediately to all letters. He took a fancy to do, not exactly as Cardinal Dubois did, when he threw into the fire the letters he had received, saying, "There! my correspondents are answered," but something of the same kind. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. At the end of that time it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications. Some were themselves answers; some were acknowledgments of letters received; others contained requests for favours already granted, but of which intelligence had not been received. Many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, and orders had been issued upon all these points before the letters were written. Some generals demanded reinforcements, money, promotion, *etc*. By not opening their letters Bonaparte was spared the unpleasing office of refusing. When the General-in-Chief compared the very small number of letters which it was necessary to answer with the large number which time alone had answered, he laughed heartily at his whimsical idea. Would not this mode of proceeding be preferable to that of causing letters to be opened by any one who may be employed, and replying to them by a circular to which it is only necessary to attach a date?

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During the negotiations which followed the treaty of Leoben, the Directory ordered General Bonaparte to demand the liberty of *mm*. de La Fayette, Latour-Marbourg, and Bureau de Puzy, detained at Olmutz since 1792 as prisoners of state. The General-in-Chief executed this commission with as much pleasure as zeal, but he often met with difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable. It has been very incorrectly stated that these prisoners obtained their liberty by one of the articles of the preliminaries of Leoben. I wrote a great deal on this subject to the dictation of General Bonaparte, and I joined him only on the day after the signature of these preliminaries. It was not till the end of May of the year 1797 that the liberation of these captives was demanded, and they did not obtain their freedom till the end of August. There was no article in the treaty, public or secret, which had reference to them. Neither was it at his own suggestion that Bonaparte demanded the enlargement of the prisoners, but by order of the Directory. To explain why they did not go to France immediately after their liberation from Olmutz, it is necessary to recollect that the events of the 18th Fructidor occurred between the period when the first steps were taken to procure their liberty and the date of their deliverance. It required all Bonaparte's ascendency and vigour of character to enable him to succeed in his object at the end of three months.

We had arrived at the month of July, and the negotiations were tediously protracted. It was impossible to attribute the embarrassment which was constantly occurring to anything but the artful policy of Austria: Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris engrossed all his attention. He saw with extreme displeasure the manner in which the influential orators of the councils, and pamphlets written in the same spirit as they spoke, criticised him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He was quite indignant at the suspicions which it was sought to create respecting his conduct and ulterior views.

The following excerpts, attributed to the pens of Dumouriez or Rivarol, are specimens of some of the comments of the time:

Extracts of letters in "*Le* SPECTATUER *du Nord*" of 1797.

General Bonaparte is, without contradiction, the most brilliant warrior who has appeared at the head of the armies of the French Republic. His glory is incompatible with democratic equality, and the services he has rendered are too great to be recompensed except by hatred and ingratitude. He is very young, and consequently has to pursue a long career of accusations and of persecutions.
.....Whatever may be the crowning event of his military career, Bonaparte is still a great man. All his glory is due to himself alone; because he alone has developed a character and a genius of which no one else has furnished an example.

Extract of letter or 18*th April* 1797 in "*The Spectateur du Nord*."

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Regard, for instance, this wretched war. Uncertain in Champagne, it becomes daring under Dumouriez, unbridled under the brigands who fought the Vendeeans, methodic under Pichegru, vulgar under Jourdan, skilled under Moreau, rash under Bonaparte. Each general has put the seal of his genius on his career, and has given life or death to his army. From the commencement of his career Bonaparte has developed an ardent character which is irritated by obstacles, and a quickness which forestalls every determination of the enemy. It is with heavier and heavier blows that, he strikes. He throws his army on the enemy like an unloosed torrent. He is all action, and he is so in everything. See him fight, negotiate, decree, punish, all is the matter of a moment. He compromises with Turin as with Rome. He invades Modena as he burns Binasco. He never hesitates; to cut the Gordian knot is always his method.

Bonaparte could not endure to have his conduct predicated; and enraged at seeing his campaigns depreciated, his glory and that of his army disparaged,

—[The extraordinary folly of the opposition to the Directory in throwing Bonaparte on to the side of the Directory, will be seen by reading the speech of Dumolard, so often referred to by Bourrienne (Thiers, vol. v. pp. 110-111), and by the attempts of Mathieu Dumas to remove the impression that the opposition slighted the fortunate General. (See Dumas, tome iii. p. 80; see also Lanfrey, tome i. pp. 257-299).]—

and intrigues formed against him in the Club of Clichy, he wrote the following letter to the Directory:—

> *To the president of the executive directory*.
>
> I have just received, Citizens-Directors, a copy of the motion of Dumolard (23d June 1797).

This motion, printed by order of the Assembly, it is evident, is directed against me. I was entitled, after, having five times concluded peace, and given a death-blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the Republic. At present I find myself ill-treated, persecuted, and disparaged, by every shameful means, which their policy brings to the aid of persecution. I would have been indifferent to all except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the Republic endeavour to overwhelm me. After having deserved well of my country by my last act, I am not bound to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as atrocious. I have not expected that a manifesto, signed by emigrants, paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred than the evidence of eighty thousand men—than mine! What! we were assassinated by traitors—upwards of four hundred men perished; and the first magistrates of the Republic make it a crime to have believed the statement for a moment. Upwards of four hundred

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Frenchmen were dragged through the streets. They were assassinated before the eyes of the governor of the fort. They were pierced with a thousand blows of stilettos, such as I sent you and the representatives of the French people cause it to be printed, that if they believed this fact for an instant, they were excusable. I know well there are societies where it is said, “Is this blood, then, so pure?”If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the Republic reduce those who have aggrandised, and carried the French name to so high a pitch of glory. Citizens-Directors, I reiterate the demand I made for my dismissal; I wish to live in tranquillity, if the poniards of Clichy will allow me to live. You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them.

About the same time he drew up the following note respecting the affairs of Venice, which was printed without the author’s name, and circulated through the whole army:—

Note.

Bonaparte, pausing before the gates of Turin, Parma, Rome, and Vienna, offering peace when he was sure of obtaining nothing but fresh triumphs—Bonaparte, whose every operation exhibits respect for religion, morality, and old age; who, instead of heaping, as he might have done, dishonour upon the Venetians, and humbling their republic to the earth, loaded her with acts of kindness, and took such great interest in her glory—is this the same Bonaparte who is accused of destroying the ancient Government of Venice, and democratising Genoa, and even of interfering in the affairs of the prudent and worthy people of the Swiss Cantons? Bonaparte had passed the Tagliamento, and entered Germany, when insurrections broke out in the Venetian States; these insurrections were, therefore, opposed to Bonaparte’s project; surely, then, he could not favour them. When he was in the heart of Germany the Venetians massacred more than four hundred French troops, drove their quarters out of Verona, assassinated the unfortunate Laugier, and presented the spectacle of a fanatical party in arms. He returned to Italy; and on his arrival, as the winds cease their agitation at the presence of Neptune, the whole of Italy, which was in commotion, which was in arms, was restored to order.However, the deputies from Bonaparte drew up different articles conformable to the situation of the country, and in order to prevent, not a revolution in the Government, for the Government was defunct, and had died a natural death, but a crisis, and to save the city from convulsion, anarchy, and pillage. Bonaparte spared a division of his army to save Venice from pillage and massacre. All the battalions were in the streets of Venice, the disturbers were put down, and the pillage discontinued.

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Property and trade were preserved, when General Baragney d'Hilliers entered Venice with his division. Bonaparte, as usual, spared blood, and was the protector of Venice. Whilst the French troops remained they conducted themselves peaceably, and only interfered to support the provisional Government.Bonaparte could not say to the deputies of Venice, who came to ask his protection and assistance against the populace, who wished to plunder them, "I cannot meddle with your affairs." He could not say this, for Venice, and all its territories, had really formed the theatre of war; and, being in the rear of the army of Italy, the Republic of Venice was really under the jurisdiction of that army. The rights of war confer upon a general the powers of supreme police over the countries which are the seat of war. As the great Frederick said, "There are no neutrals where there is war." Ignorant advocates and babblers have asked, in the Club of Clichy, why we occupy the territory of Venice. These declaimers should learn war, and they would know that the Adige, the Brenta, and the Tagliamento, where we have been fighting for two years, are within the Venetian States. But, gentlemen of Clichy, we are at no loss to perceive your meaning. You reproach the army of Italy for having surmounted all difficulties—for subduing all Italy for having twice passed the Alps—for having marched on Vienna, and obliged Austria to acknowledge the Republic that, you, men of Clichy, would destroy. You accuse Bonaparte, I see clearly, for having brought about peace. But I know you, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers. The time is gone when base advocates and wretched declaimers could induce soldiers to revolt. If, however, you compel them, the soldiers of the army of Italy will soon appear at the Barrier of Clichy, with their General. But woe unto you if they do! Bonaparte having arrived at Palma-Nova, issued a manifesto on the 2d of May 1797. Arrived at Mestre, where he posted his troops, the Government sent three deputies to him, with a decree of the Great Council, without Bonaparte having solicited it and without his having thought of making any change in the Government of that country: The governor of Venice was an old man, ninety-nine years-of age, confined by illness to his apartment. Everyone felt the necessity of renovating this Government of twelve hundred years' existence, and to simplify its machinery, in order to preserve its independence, honour, and glory. It was necessary to deliberate, first, on the manner of renovating the Government; secondly, on the means of atoning for the massacre of the French, the iniquity of which every one was sensible..Bonaparte, after having received the deputation at Mestre, told them that in order to obtain satisfaction, for the assassination of his brethren is arms, he wished the Great Council to arrest the inquisitors. He afterwards granted

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them an armistice, and appointed Milan as the place of conference. The deputies arrived at Milan on the . . . A negotiation commenced to re-establish harmony between the Governments. However, anarchy, with all its horrors, afflicted the city of Venice. Ten thousand Sclavonians threatened to pillage the shops. Bonaparte acquiesced in the proposition submitted by the deputies, who promised to verify the loss which had been sustained by pillage.

Bonaparte also addressed a manifesto to the Doge, which appeared in all the public papers. It contained fifteen articles of complaint, and was followed by a decree ordering the French Minister to leave Venice, the Venetian agents to leave Lombard, and the Lion of St. Mark to be pulled down in all the Continental territories of Venice.

The General-in-Chief now openly manifested his resolution of marching on Paris; and this disposition, which was well known in the army, was soon communicated to Vienna. At this period a letter from the Emperor Francis *ii*. to his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was intercepted by Bonaparte. I translated the letter, which proved to him that Francis *ii*. was acquainted with his project. He likewise saw with pleasure the assurances which the Emperor gave his brother of his love of peace, as well as the wavering of the imperial resolves, and the incertitude respecting the fate of the Italian princes, which the Emperor easily perceived to depend on Bonaparte. The Emperor's letter was as follows:—

My dear brother—I punctually received your third letter, containing a description of your unhappy and delicate situation. You may be assured that I perceive it as clearly as you do yourself; and I pity you the more because, in truth, I do not know what advice to give you. You are, like me, the victim of the former inactivity of the princes of Italy, who ought, at once, to have acted with all their united forces, while I still possessed Mantua. If Bonaparte's project be, as I learn, to establish republics in Italy, this is likely to end in spreading republicanism over the whole country. I have already commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French observe them as strictly as I do, and will do, then your situation will be improved; but already the French are beginning to disregard them. The principal problem which remains to be solved is, whether the French Directory approve of Bonaparte's proceedings, and whether the latter, as appears by some papers distributed through his army, is not disposed to revolt against his country, which also seems to be probable, from his severe conduct towards Switzerland, notwithstanding the assurances of the Directory, that he had been ordered to leave the country untouched. If this should be the case, new and innumerable difficulties may arise. Under these circumstances I can, at present, advise nothing; for, as to myself, it is

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only time and the circumstances of the moment which can point out how I am to act.

There is nothing new here. We are all well; but the heat is extraordinary. Always retain your friendship and love for me. Make my compliments to your wife, and believe me ever

Your best Friend and Brother,
Francis.

HETZENDORF, July 20, 1797.

CHAPTER VII.

1797.

Unfounded reports—Carnot—Capitulation of Mantua—General Clarke— The Directory yields to Bonaparte—Berthier—Arrival of Eugene Beauharnais at Milan—Comte Delannay d'Entraigues—His interview with Bonaparte—Seizure of his papers—Copy of one describing a conversation between him and Comte de Montgaillard—The Emperor Francis—The Prince de Conde and General Pichegru.

While Bonaparte was expressing his opinion on his campaigns and the injustice with which they had been criticised, it was generally believed that Carnot dictated to him from a closet in the Luxembourg all the plans of his operations, and that herthier was at his right hand, without whom, notwithstanding Carnot's plans, which were often mere romances, he would have been greatly embarrassed. This twofold misrepresentation was very current for some time; and, notwithstanding it was contrary to the evidence of facts, it met with much credence, particularly abroad. There was, however, no foundation for the opinion: Let us render to Caesar that which is Caesar's due. Bonaparte was a creator in the art of war, and no imitator. That no man was superior to him in that art is incontestable. At the commencement of the glorious campaign in Italy the Directory certainly sent out instructions to him; but he always followed his own plans, and continually, wrote back that all would be lost if movements conceived at a distance from the scene of action were to be blindly executed. He also offered to resign. At length the Directory perceived the impossibility of prescribing operations of war according to the view of persons in Paris; and when I became the secretary of the General-in-Chief I saw a despatch of the Directory, dated May, 1796, committing the whole plan of the campaign to his judgment; and assuredly there was not a single operation or movement which did not originate with him. Carnot was obliged to yield to his firmness. When the Directory, towards the end of 1796, felt disposed to treat for peace, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, was authorised, in case Mantua should not be taken before the negotiation was brought to a close, to propose

leaving the blockade in statu quo. Had such a condition been adopted it would doubtless hays been stipulated that the Emperor of Austria should be allowed to provision the garrison and inhabitants of the city day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without Mantua would by

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no means conduce to peace, earnestly opposed such a condition. He carried his point; Mantua capitulated, and the result is well known. Yet he was not blind to the hazards of war; while preparing, during the blockade, an assault on Mantua, he wrote thus to the Directory: "A bold stroke of this nature depends absolutely for success on a dog or a goose." This was about a question of surprise.

Bonaparte was exceedingly sensitive to the rumours which reached him respecting Carnot and Berthier. He one day said to me: "What gross stupidity, is this? It is very well to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and sign a peace at Vienna;' but the execution that is not so easy. I never attached any value to the plans which the Directory sent me. Too many circumstances occur on the spot to modify them. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army may confound a whole plan arranged by the fireside. Only fools can believe such stuff! As for Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is—he is a blockhead. Yet it is he who does it all; it is he who gathers a great part of the glory of the army of Italy." I told him that this erroneous opinion could not last long; that each person would be allowed his merit, and that at least posterity would judge rightly. This observation seemed to please him.

Berthier was a man full of honour, courage, and probity, and exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Bonaparte's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not concede with affability, and refused with harshness. His abrupt, egotistic, and careless manners did not, however, create him many enemies, but, at the same time, did not make him many friends. In consequence of our frequent intercourse he had contracted the friendly practice of speaking to me in the second person singular; but he never wrote to me is that style. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of all the corps, and could name their commanders and their respective forces. Day or night he was always at hand and made out with clearness all the secondary orders which resulted from the dispositions of the General-in-Chief. In fact, he was, an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in Bonaparte, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never would have presumed to oppose his plans or give any advise. Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a special nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him and the frequency of his name in the bulletins and official despatches have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory respecting the generals employed in his army, said, "Berthier has talents, activity, courage, character—all in his favour." This was in 1796. He then made an eagle of him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have, raised him so high nor sunk him so low.

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Berthier neither merited the one nor the other. Bonaparte was a man of habit; he was much attached to all the people about him, and did not like new faces. Berthier loved him. He carried out his orders well, and that enabled him to pass off with his small portion of talent.

It was about this time that young Beauharnais came to Milan. He was seventeen years old. He had lived in Paris with his mother since the departure of Bonaparte. On his arrival he immediately entered the service as 'aide de camp' to the General-in-Chief, who felt for him an affection which was justified by his good qualities.

Comte Delaunay d'Entraigues, well known in the French Revolution, held a diplomatic post at Venice when that city was threatened by the French. Aware of his being considered the agent of all the machinations then existing against France, and especially against the army of Italy, he endeavoured to escape; but the city being, surrounded, he was seized, together with all his papers. The apparently frank manners of the Count pleased Bonaparte, who treated him with indulgence. His papers were restored, with the exception of three relating to political subjects. He afterwards fled to Switzerland, and ungratefully represented himself as having been oppressed by Bonaparte. His false statements have induced many writers to make of him an heroic victim. He was assassinated by his own servant in 1802.

I kept a copy of one of his most interesting papers. It has been much spoken of, and Fauche-Borel has, I believe, denied its authenticity and the truth of its contents. The manner in which it fell into the hands of the General-in-Chief, the importance attached to it by d'Entraigues, the differences I have observed between the manuscript I copied and versions which I have since read, and the, knowledge of its, authenticity, having myself transcribed it from the handwriting of the Count, who in my presence vouched for the truth of the facts it details—all these circumstances induce me to insert it here, and compel me to doubt that it was, as Fauche-Borel asserted, a fabrication.

This manuscript is entitled, 'My Conversation with Comte de Montgaillard, on the 4th of December 1796, from Six in the Afternoon till midnight, in the presence of the Abbe Dumontel.'

[On my copy are written the words, "Extracts from this conversation, made by me, from the original." I omitted what I thought unimportant, and transcribed only the most interesting passages. Montgaillard spoke of his escape, of his flight to England, of his return to France, of his second departure, and finally of his arrival at Bale in August 1795.]

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The Prince de Conde soon afterwards, he said, called me to Mulheim, and knowing the connections I had had in France, proposed that I should sound General Pichegru, whose headquarters were at Altkirch, where he then was, surrounded by four representatives of the Convention.I immediately went to Neufchatel, taking with me four or five hundred Louis. I cast my eyes on Fauche-Borel, the King's printer at Neufchatel, and also yours and mine, as the instrument by which to make the first overture, and I selected as his colleague M. Courant, a native of Neufchatel. I persuaded them to undertake the business: I supplied them with instructions and passports. They were foreigners: so I furnished them with all the necessary documents to enable them to travel in France as foreign merchants and purchasers of national property. I went to Bale to wait for news from them.On the 13th of August Fauche and Courant set out for the headquarters at Altkirch. They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, he conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice, while passing them, "I am going to Huningen." Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud, "I am going to dine at the chateau of Madame Salomon." This chateau was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru's mistress.Fauche set off directly to the chateau, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the general that, being in the possession of some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them and dedicate them to him. "Very good," said Pichegru; "but I should like to read them first; for Rousseau professed principles of liberty in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected."—"But," said Fauche, "I have something else to speak to you about."—"What is it, and on whose behalf?"— "On behalf of the Prince de Conde."—"Be silent, then, and follow me."He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him, "Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur le Prince de Conde wish to communicate to me?" Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. "Compose yourself." said Pichegru; "my sentiments are the same, as the Prince de Conde's. What does he desire of me?" Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied, "The Prince wishes to join you. He counts on you, and wishes to connect himself with you.""These are vague and unmeaning words," observed Pichegru. "All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my headquarters

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at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o'clock in the evening."Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Bale, and informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. (The Prince de Conde, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII, except that of granting the 'cordon-bleu', had, by a note in his own handwriting, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru).I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outset, everything that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride which is the instinct of great minds; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the King, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that his Majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he who had so valiantly defended it. I added that he would have the 'cordon-rouge', the Chateau de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians, a million of ready money, 200,000 livres per annum, and an hotel in Paris; that the town of Arbors, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxation for twenty-five years; that a pension of 200,000 livres would be granted to him, with half reversion to his wife, and 50,000 livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers, made in the name of the King, to General Pichegru. (Than followed the boons to be granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, etc). I added that the Prince de Coude desired that he would proclaim the King in the camps, surrender the city of Huningen to him, and join him for the purpose of marching on Paris.Pichegru, having read my letter with great attention, said to Fauche, "This is all very well; but who is this M. de Montgaillard who talks of being thus authorised? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?"—"Yes," replied Fauche. "But," said Pichegru, "I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Conde, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written is his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the Prince."Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Courant with Pichegru. He arrived at Bale at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Malheim, the Prince de Conde's headquarters, and arrived there at half-past twelve. The Prince was in bed, but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.After having informed the Prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru to confirm

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the truth of what had been stated in his name. This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. The Prince, as brave a man as can possibly be, inherited nothing from the great Conde but his undaunted courage. In other respects he is the most insignificant of men; without resources of mind, or decision of character; surrounded by men of mediocrity, and even baseness; and though he knows them well, he suffers himself to be governed by them.It required nine hours of hard exertion on my part to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of eight lines. 1st. He did not wish it to be in his handwriting. 2d. He objected to dating it 3d. He was unwilling to call him General, lest he should recognise the republic by giving that title. 4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it.At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard. When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the Prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Bale, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru.The general, after reading the letter of eight lines, and recognising the handwriting and signature, immediately returned it to Fauche, saying, “I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the Prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter.” He then inquired what was the Prince’s wish. Fauche explained that he wished —1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the King to his troops, and hoist the White flag. 2d. That he should deliver up Huningen to the Prince. Pichegru objected to this. “I will never take part in such a plot,” said he; “I have no wish to make the third volume of La Fayette and Dumouriez. I know my resources; they are as certain as they are vast. Their roots are not only in my army, but in Paris, in the Convention, in the departments, and in the armies of those generals, my colleagues, who think as I do. I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a Republic. She must have a king, and that king must be Louis XVIII. But we must not commence the counter- revolution until we are certain of effecting it. ’Surely and rightly’ is my motto. The Prince’s plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. My army is composed both of good men and bad. We must distinguish between them, and, by a bold stroke, assure the former of the impossibility of drawing back, and that their only safety lies in success. For this purpose I propose to pass the Rhine, at any place and any time that may be thought necessary. In the advance I will place those officers on whom I can depend, and who are of my way of thinking. I will separate

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the bad, and place them in situations where they can do no harm, and their position shall be such as to prevent them from uniting. That done, as soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the King, and hoist the white flag. Conde's corps and the Emperor's army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the King's name by the Imperial troops. Having joined Conde's army, I immediately advance. All my means now develop themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight will be there. But it is necessary that you should know that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand if you would have him cry 'Vive le Roi! Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There go and tell all this to the Prince, show my handwriting, and bring me back his answer."During these conferences Pichegru was surrounded by four representatives of the people, at the head of whom was Merlin de Thionville, the most insolent and the most ferocious of inquisitors. These men, having the orders of the Committee, pressed Pichegru to pass the Rhine and go and besiege Manheim, where Merlin had an understanding with the inhabitants. Thus, if on the one hand the Committee by its orders made Pichegru wish to hasten the execution of his plan, on the other he had not a moment to lose; for to delay obeying the orders of the four representatives was to render himself suspected. Every consideration, therefore, called upon the Prince to decide, and decide promptly. Good sense required him also to do another thing, namely, to examine without prejudice what sort of man Pichegru was, to consider the nature of the sacrifice he made, and what were his propositions. Europe acknowledged his talents, and he had placed the Prince in a condition to judge of his good faith. Besides, his conduct and his plan afforded fresh proofs of his sincerity. By passing the Rhine and placing himself between the armies of Conde and Wurmser, he rendered desertion impossible; and, if success did not attend his attempt, his own acts forced him to become an emigrant. He left in the power of his fierce enemies his wife, his father, his children. Everything bore testimony to his honesty; the talents he had shown were a pledge for his genius, his genius for his resources; and the sacrifices he would have to make in case of failure proved that he was confident of success.What stupid conceit was it for any one to suppose himself better able to command Pichegru's army than Pichegru himself!—to pretend to be better acquainted with the frontier provinces than Pichegru, who commanded them, and had placed his friends in them as commanders of the towns! This self-conceit, however, ruined the monarchy at this time, as well as at so many others. The

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Prince de Conde, after reading the plan, rejected it in toto. To render it successful it was necessary to make the Austrians parties to it. This Pichegru exacted, but the Prince of Conde would not hear a word of it, wishing to have confined to himself the glory of effecting the counter-revolution. He replied to Pichegru by a few observations, and concluded his answer by returning to his first plan—that Pichegru should proclaim the King without passing the Rhine, and should give up Huningen; that then the army of Conde by itself, and without the aid of the Austrians, would join him. In that case he could promise 100,000 crowns in louis, which he had at Bale, and 1,400,000 livres, which he had in good bills payable at sight.No argument or entreaty had any effect on the Prince de Condo. The idea of communicating his plan to Wurmser and sharing his glory with him rendered him blind and deaf to every consideration. However, it was necessary to report to Pichegru the observations of the Prince de Conde, and Courant was commissioned to do so.

This document appeared so interesting to me that while Bonaparte was sleeping I was employed in copying it. Notwithstanding posterior and reiterated denials of its truth, I believe it to be perfectly correct.

Napoleon had ordered plans of his most famous battles to be engraved, and had paid in advance for them. The work was not done quickly enough for him. He got angry, and one day said to his geographer, Bacler d'Albe, whom he liked well enough, "Ah! do hurry yourself, and think all this is only the business of a moment. If you make further delay you will sell nothing; everything is soon forgotten!"

We were now in July, and the negotiations were carried on with a tardiness which showed that something was kept in reserve on both sides. Bonaparte at this time was anything but disposed to sign a peace, which he always hoped to be able to make at Vienna, after a campaign in Germany, seconded by the armies of the Rhine and the Sambre-et-Meuse. The minority of the Directory recommended peace on the basis of the preliminaries, but the majority wished for more honourable and advantageous terms; while Austria, relying on troubles breaking out in France, was in no haste to conclude a treaty. In these circumstances Bonaparte drew up a letter to be sent to the Emperor of Austria, in which he set forth the moderation of France; but stated that, in consequence of the many delays, nearly all hope of peace had vanished. He advised the Emperor not to rely on difficulties arising in France, and doubted, if war should continue and the Emperor be successful in the next campaign, that he would obtain a more advantageous peace than was now at his option. This letter was never sent to the Emperor, but was communicated as the draft of a proposed despatch to the Directory. The Emperor Francis, however, wrote an autograph letter to the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, which will be noticed when I come

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to the period of its reception: It is certain that Bonaparte at this time wished for war. He was aware that the Cabinet of Vienna was playing with him, and that the Austrian Ministers expected some political convulsion in Paris, which they hoped would be favourable to the Bourbons. He therefore asked for reinforcements. His army consisted of 35,900 men, and he desired it to be raised to 60,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry ready for the field.

General Desaix, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came in the end of July to visit the scene of the army of Italy's triumphs. His conversations with Bonaparte respecting the army of the Rhine were far from giving him confidence in his military situation in Italy, or assurance of support from that army in the event of hostilities commencing beyond the mountains. It was at this period that their intimacy began. Bonaparte conceived for Desaix the greatest esteem and the sincerest friendship.

—[Desaix discontented with the conduct of affairs in Germany, seceded from the army of the Rhine, to which he belonged, to join that of Napoleon. He was sent to Italy to organise the part of the Egyptian expedition starting from Civita Vecchia. He took with him his two aides de camp, Rapp and Savary (later Duc de Rovigo), both of whom, on his death, were given the same post with Bonaparte.]—

When Desaix was named temporary commander of the force called the army of England, during the absence of General Bonaparte, the latter wrote to the Directory that they could not have chosen a more distinguished officer than Desaix; these sentiments he never belied. The early death of Desaix alone could break their union, which, I doubt not, would eventually have had great influence on the political and military career of General Bonaparte.

All the world knows the part which the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy took at the famous crisis of the 18th Fructidor; his proclamation, his addresses to the army, and his celebrated order of the day. Bonaparte went much into detail on this subject at St. Helena; and I shall now proceed to state what I knew at the time respecting that memorable event, which was in preparation in the month of June.

CHAPTER VIII.

1797.

The royalists of the interior—Bonaparte's intention of marching on Paris with 25,000 men—His animosity against the emigrants and the Clichy Club—His choice between the two parties of the Directory— Augereau's order of the day against the word 'Monsieur'—Bonaparte wishes to be made one of the five Directors—He supports the

majority of the Directory—La Vallette, Augereau, and Bernadotte sent to Paris—-Interesting correspondence relative to the 18th Fructidor.

Bonaparte had long observed the struggle which was going on between the partisans of royalty and the Republic. He was told that royalism was everywhere

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on the increase. All the generals who returned from Paris to the army complained of the spirit of reaction they had noticed. Bonaparte was constantly urged by his private correspondents to take one side or the other, or to act for himself. He was irritated by the audacity of the enemies of the Republic, and he saw plainly that the majority of the councils had an evident ill-will towards him. The orators of the Club of Clichy missed no opportunity of wounding his self-love in speeches and pamphlets. They spared no insults, disparaged his success, and bitterly censured his conduct in Italy, particularly with respect to Venice. Thus his services were recompensed by hatred or ingratitude. About this time he received a pamphlet, which referred to the judgments pronounced upon him by the German journals, and more particularly by the Spectator of the North, which he always made me translate.

Bonaparte was touched to the quick by the comparison make between him and Moreau, and by the wish to represent him as foolhardy ("savants sous Moreau, fougueuse sous Buonaparte"). In the term of “brigands,” applied to the generals who fought in La Vendee, he thought he recognized the hand of the party he was about to attack and overthrow. He was tired of the way in which Moreau’s system of war was called “savants.” But what grieved him still more was to see sitting in the councils of the nation Frenchmen who were detractors and enemies of the national glory.

He urged the Directory to arrest the emigrants, to destroy the influence of foreigners, to recall the armies, to suppress the journals sold to England, such as the ‘Quotidienne’, the ‘Memorial’, and the ‘The’, which he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat ever was. In case of there being no means of putting a stop to assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII., he offered to resign.

His resolution of passing the Alps with 25,000 men and marching by Lyons and Paris was known in the capital, and discussions arose respecting the consequences of this passage of another Rubicon. On the 17th of August 1797 Carnot wrote to him: “People attribute to you a thousand absurd projects. They cannot believe that a man who has performed so many great exploits can be content to live as a private citizen.” This observation applied to Bonaparte’s reiterated request to be permitted to retire from the service on account of the state of his health, which, he said, disabled him from mounting his horse, and to the need which he constantly urged of having two years’ rest.

The General-in-Chief was justly of opinion that the tardiness of the negotiations and the difficulties which incessantly arose were founded on the expectation of an event which would change the government of France, and render the chances of peace more favourable to Austria. He still urgently recommended the arrest of the emigrants, the stopping of the presses of the royalist journals, which he said were sold to England

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and Austria, the suppression of the Clichy Club. This club was held at the residence of Gerard Desodieres, in the Rue de Clichy. Aubry, was one of its warmest partisans, and he was the avowed enemy of the revolutionary cause which Bonaparte advocated at this period. Aubry's conduct at this time, together with the part he had taken in provoking Bonaparte's dismissal in 1795, inspired the General with an implacable hatred of him.

Bonaparte despised the Directory, which he accused of weakness, indecision, pusillanimity, wasteful expenditure, of many errors, and perseverance in a system degrading to the national glory.

—[The Directory merited those accusations. The following sketches of two of their official sittings present a singular contrast:

"At the time that the Directory were first installed in the Luxembourg (27th October 1795)." says M. Baileul, "there was hardly a single article of furniture in it. In a small room, round a little broken table, one of the legs of which had given way from age, on which table they had deposited a quire of letter-paper, and a writing desk 'a calamet', which luckily they had had the precaution to bring with them from the Committee of Public safety, seated on four rush-bottomed chairs, in front of some logs of wood ill-lighted, the whole borrowed from the porter Dupont; who would believe that it was in this deplorable condition that the member's of the new Government, after having examined all the difficulties, nay, let me add, all the horrors of their situation, resolved to confront all obstacles, and that they would either deliver France from the abyss in which she was plunged or perish in the attempt? They drew up on a sheet of letter-paper the act by which they declared themselves constituted, and immediately forwarded it to the Legislative Bodies."And the Comte de La Vallette, writing to M. Cuvillier Fleury, says: "I saw our five kings, dressed in the robes of Francis I., his hat, his pantaloons, and his lace: the face of La Reveilliere looked like a cork upon two pins, with the black and greasy hair of Clodion. M. de Talleyrand, in pantaloons of the colour of wine dregs, sat in a folding chair at the feet of the Director Barras, in the Court of the Petit Luxembourg, and gravely presented to his sovereigns as ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the French were eating his master's dinner, from the soup to the cheese. At the right hand there were fifty musicians and singers of the Opera, Laine, Lays, Regnault, and the actresses, not all dead of old age, roaring a patriotic cantata to the music of Mehul. Facing them, on another elevation, there were two hundred young and beautiful women, with their arms and bosoms bare, all in ecstasy at the majesty of our Pentarchy and the happiness of the Republic. They also wore tight flesh-coloured pantaloons, with rings on their toes. That was a sight that never will be seen again.

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A fortnight after this magnificent fete, thousands of families wept over their banished fathers, forty-eight departments were deprived of their representatives, and forty editors of newspapers were forced to go and drink the waters of the Elbe, the Synamary or the Ohio! It would be a curious disquisition to seek to discover what really were at that time the Republic and Liberty."]

He knew that the Clichy party demanded his dismissal and arrest. He was given to understand that Dumolard was one of the most decided against him, and that, finally, the royalist party was on the point of triumphing.

Before deciding for one party or the other Bonaparte first thought of himself. He did not imagine that he had yet achieved enough to venture on possessing himself of that power which certainly he might easily have obtained. He therefore contented himself with joining the party which was, for the moment, supported by public opinion. I know he was determined to march upon Paris with 25,000 men had affairs taken a turn unfavourable to the Republic, which he preferred to royalty. He cautiously formed his plan. To defend the Directory was, he conceived, to defend his own future fortune; that is to say, it was protecting a power which appeared to have no other object than to keep a place for him until his return.

The parties which rose up in Paris produced a reaction in the army. The employment of the word 'Monsieur' had occasioned quarrels, and even bloodshed. General Augereau, in whose division these contests had taken place, published an order of the day, setting forth that every individual in his division who should use the word 'Monsieur', either verbally or in writing, under any pretence whatever, should be deprived of his rank, and declared incapable of serving in the Republican armies. This order was read at the head of each company.

Bonaparte viewed the establishment of peace as the close of his military career. Repose and inactivity were to him unbearable. He sought to take part in the civil affairs of the Republic, and was desirous of becoming one of the five Directors, convinced that, if he obtained that object, he would speedily stand single and alone. The fulfilment of this wish would have prevented the Egyptian expedition, and placed the imperial crown much sooner upon his head. Intrigues were carried on in Paris in his name, with the view of securing to him a legal dispensation on the score of age. He hoped, though he was but eight-and-twenty, to supersede one of the two Directors who were to go out of office.

—[The Directors had to be forty years of ago before they could be appointed.]—

His brothers and their friends made great exertions for the success of the project, which, however, was not officially proposed, because it was too adverse to the prevailing

notions of the day, and seemed too early a violation of the constitution of the year *iii*., which, nevertheless, was violated in another way a few months after.

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The members of the Directory were by no means anxious to have Bonaparte for their colleague. They dissembled, and so did he. Both parties were lavish of their mutual assurances of friendship, while they cordially hated each other. The Directory, however, appealed for the support of Bonaparte, which he granted; but his subsequent conduct clearly proves that the maintenance of the constitution of the year *iii*. was a mere pretest. He indeed defended it meanwhile, because, by aiding the triumph of the opposite party, he could not hope to preserve the influence which he exercised over the Directory. I know well that, in case of the Clichy party gaining the ascendency, he was determined to cross the Alps with his army, and to assemble all the friends of the Republic at Lyons, thence to march upon Paris.

In the Memorial of St. Helena it is stated, in reference to the 18th Fructidor, “that the triumph of the majority of the councils was his desire and hope, we are inclined to believe from the following fact, *viz*., that at the crisis of the contest between the two factions a secret resolution was drawn up by three of the members of the Directory, asking him for three millions to support the attack on the councils, and that Napoleon, under various pretences, did not send the money, though he might easily have done so.”

This is not very comprehensible. There was no secret resolution of the members who applied for the three millions. It was Bonaparte who offered the money, which, however, he did not send; it was he who despatched Augereau; and he who wished for the triumph of the Directorial majority. His memory served him badly at St. Helena, as will be seen from some correspondence which I shall presently submit to the reader. It is very certain that he did offer the money to the Directory; that is to say, to three of its members.

—[Barras, La Revelliere-Lepaux, and Rewbell, the three Directors who carried out the ‘coup d’etat’ of the 18th Fructidor against their colleagues Carnot and Bartholemy. (See Thiers’ “French Revolution”, vol. v. pp. 114,139, and 163.)]—

Bonaparte had so decidedly formed his resolution that on the 17th of July, wishing to make Augereau his confidant, he sent to Vicenza for him by an extraordinary courier.

Bonaparte adds that when Bottot, the confidential agent of Barras, came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor, he declared to him that as soon as La Vallette should make him acquainted with the real state of things the money should be transmitted. The inaccuracy of these statements will be seen in the correspondence relative to the event. In thus distorting the truth Napoleon’s only object could have been to proclaim his inclination for the principles he adopted and energetically supported from the year 1800, but which, previously to that period, he had with no less energy opposed.

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He decidedly resolved to support the majority of the Directory, and to oppose the royalist faction; the latter, which was beginning to be important, would have been listened to had it offered power to him. About the end of July he sent his ‘aide de camp’ La Vallette to Paris. La Vallette was a man of good sense and education, pleasing manners, pliant temper, and moderate opinions. He was decidedly devoted to Bonaparte. With his instructions he received a private cipher to enable him to correspond with the General-in-Chief.

Augereau went, after La Vallette, on the 27th of July. Bonaparte officially wrote to the Directory that Augereau “had solicited leave to go to Paris on his own private business.”

But the truth is, Augereau was sent expressly to second the revolution which was preparing against the Clichy party and the minority of the Directory.

Bonaparte made choice of Augereau because he knew his staunch republican principles, his boldness, and his deficiency in political talent. He thought him well calculated to aid a commotion, which his own presence with the army of Italy prevented him from directing in person; and besides, Augereau was not an ambitious rival who might turn events to his own advantage. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he sent the addresses of the army of Italy by Augereau because he was a decided supporter of the opinions of the day. That was the true reason for choosing him.

Bernadotte was subsequently despatched on the same errand. Bonaparte’s pretence for sending him was, that he wished to transmit to the Directory four flags, which, out of the twenty-one taken at the battle of Rivoli, had been left, by mistake, at Peschiera. Bernadotte, however, did not take any great part in the affair. He was always prudent.

The crisis of the 18th Fructidor, which retarded for three years the extinction of the pentarchy, presents one of the most remarkable events of its short existence. It will be seen how the Directors extricated themselves from this difficulty. I subjoin the correspondence relating to this remarkable episode of our Revolution, cancelling only such portions of it as are irrelevant to the subject. It exhibits several variations from the accounts given by Napoleon at St. Helena to his noble companions in misfortune.

Augereau thus expressed himself on the 18th Fructidor (4th September 1797):—

> At length, General, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the army of Italy are fulfilled. The fear of being anticipated has caused measures to be hurried.

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At midnight I despatched orders to all the troops to march towards the points specified. Before day all the bridges and principal places were planted with cannon. At daybreak the halls of the councils were surrounded, the guards of the councils were amicably mingled with our troops, and the members, of whom I send you a list, were arrested and conveyed to the Temple. The greater number have escaped, and are being pursued. Carnot has disappeared.'

—[In 1824 Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to those members of the two councils who were, as it was termed, 'fructidorized'. —Bourrienne]—

Paris is tranquil, and every one is astounded at an event which promised to be awful, but which has passed over like a fete.

The stout patriots of the faubourgs proclaim the safety of the Republic, and the black collars are put down. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory and the patriots of the two councils to do the rest. The place of sitting is changed, and the first operations promise well. This event is a great step towards peace; which it is your task finally to secure to us.

On the 24th Fructidor (10th September 1797) Augereau writes:

My 'aide de camp', de Verine, will acquaint you with the events of the 18th. He is also to deliver to you some despatches from the Directory, where much uneasiness is felt at not hearing from you. No less uneasiness is experienced on seeing in Paris one of your 'aides de camp',—(La Vallette)—whose conduct excites the dissatisfaction and distrust of the patriots, towards whom he has behaved very ill.The news of General Clarke's recall will have reached you by this time, and I suspect has surprised you. Amongst the thousand and one motives which have determined the Government to take this step may be reckoned his correspondence with Carnot, which has been communicated to me, and in which he treated the generals of the army of Italy as brigands.

Moreau has sent the Directory a letter which throws a new light on Pichegru's treason. Such baseness is hardly to be conceived.

The Government perseveres in maintaining the salutary measures which it has adopted. I hope it will be in vain for the remnant of the factions to renew their plots. The patriots will continue united.

Fresh troops having been summoned to Paris, and my presence at their head being considered indispensable by the Government, I shall not have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon as I hoped. This has determined me to send for my horses and carriages, which I left at Milan.

Bernadotte wrote to Bonaparte on the 24th Fructidor as follows:—

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The arrested deputies are removed to Rochefort, where they will be embarked for the island of Madagascar. Paris is tranquil. The people at first heard of the arrest of the deputies with indifference. A feeling of curiosity soon drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed, and cries of 'Vive la Republique', which had not been heard for a long time, now resounded in every street. The neighbouring departments have expressed their discontent. That of Allier has, it is said, protested; but it will cut a fine figure. Eight thousand men are marching to the environs of Paris. Part is already within the precincts; under the orders of General Lemoine. The Government has it at present in its power to elevate public spirit; but everybody feels that it is necessary the Directory should be surrounded by tried and energetic Republicans. Unfortunately a host of men, without talent and resources, already suppose that what has taken place has been done only in order to advance their interests. Time is necessary to set all to rights. The armies have regained consistency. The soldiers of the interior are esteemed, or at least feared. The emigrants fly, and the non-juring priests conceal themselves. Nothing could have happened more fortunately to consolidate the Republic.

Bonaparte wrote as follows, to the Directory on the 26th Fructidor:

Herewith you will receive a proclamation to the army, relative to the events of the 18th. I have despatched the 45th demi-brigade, commanded by General Bon, to Lyons, together with fifty cavalry; also General Lannes, with the 20th light infantry and the 9th regiment of the line, to Marseilles. I have issued the enclosed proclamation in the southern departments. I am about to prepare a proclamation for the inhabitants of Lyons, as soon as I obtain some information of what may have passed there.If I find there is the least disturbance, I will march there with the utmost rapidity. Believe that there are here a hundred thousand men, who are alone sufficient to make the measures you have taken to place liberty on a solid basis be respected. What avails it that we gain victories if we are not respected in our country. In speaking of Paris, one may parody what Cassius said of Rome: "Of what use to call her queen on the banks of the Seine, when she is the slave of Pitt's gold?"

After the 18th Fructidor Augereau wished to have his reward for his share in the victory, and for the service which he had rendered. He wished to be a Director. He got, however, only the length of being a candidate; honour enough for one who had merely been an instrument on that day.

CHAPTER IX.

1797.

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Bonaparte's joy at the result of the 18th Fructidor.—His letter to Augerean—His correspondence with the Directory and proposed resignation—Explanation of the Directory—Bottot—General Clarke— Letter from Madame Bacciocchi to Bonaparte—-Autograph letter of the Emperor Francis to Bonaparte—Arrival of Count Cobentzel—-Autograph note of Bonaparte on the conditions of peace.

Bonaparte was delighted when he heard of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its result was the dissolution of the Legislative Body and the fall of the Clichyan party, which for some months had disturbed his tranquillity. The Clichyans had objected to Joseph Bonaparte's right to sit as deputy for Liamone in the Council of Five Hundred.

—[He was ambassador to Rome, and not a deputy at this time. When he became a member of the council, after his return from Rome, he experienced no opposition (Bourrienne et ses Erreurs, tome i. p. 240).]—

His brother's victory removed the difficulty; but the General-in-Chief soon perceived that the ascendant party abused its power, and again compromised the safety of the Republic, by recommencing the Revolutionary Government. The Directors were alarmed at his discontent and offended by his censure. They conceived the singular idea of opposing to Bonaparte, Augereau, of whose blind zeal they had received many proofs. The Directory appointed Augereau commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity was notorious, believed himself in a situation to compete with Bonaparte. What he built his arrogance on was, that, with a numerous troop, he had arrested some unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of the commandant of the guard of the councils. The Directory and he filled the headquarters at Passeriano with spies and intriguers.

Bonaparte, who was informed of everything that was going on, laughed at the Directory, and tendered his resignation, in order that he might be supplicated to continue in command.

The following post-Thermidorian letters will prove that the General's judgment on this point was correct.

On the 2d Vendemiaire, year *vi*. (23d September 1797), he wrote to Augereau, after having announced the arrival of his 'aide de camp' as follows:

The whole army applauds the wisdom and vigour which you have displayed upon this important occasion, and participates in the success of the country with the enthusiasm and energy which characterise our soldiers. It is only to be hoped, however, that the Government will not be playing at see saw, and thus throw itself into the opposite party. Wisdom and moderate views alone can establish the happiness of the country on a sure foundation. As for myself, this is the most ardent wish of my heart. I beg that you will sometimes let me know what you are doing in Paris.

On the 4th Vendemiaire Bonaparte wrote a letter to the Directory in the following terms:

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The day before yesterday an officer arrived at the army from Paris. He reported that he left Paris on the 25th, when anxiety prevailed there as to the feelings with which I viewed the events of the 18th He was the bearer of a sort of circular from General Augereau to all the generals of division; and he brought a letter of credit from the Minister of War to the commissary-general, authorising him to draw as much money as he might require for his journey.

> It is evident from these circumstances that the Government is acting towards me in somewhat the same way in which Pichegru was dealt with after Vendemiaire (year *iv*.).

I beg of you to receive my resignation, and appoint another to my place. No power on earth shall make me continue in the service after this shocking mark of ingratitude on the part of the Government, which I was very far from expecting. My health, which is considerably impaired, imperiously demands repose and tranquillity.The state of my mind, likewise, requires me to mingle again in the mass of citizens. Great power has for a longtime been confided to my hands. I have employed it on all occasions for the advantage of my country; so much the worse for those who put no faith in virtue, and may have suspected mine. My recompense is in my own conscience, and in the opinion of posterity.

> Now that the country is tranquil and free from the dangers which have menaced it, I can, without inconvenience, quit the post in which I have been placed.
>
> Be sure that if there were a moment of danger, I would be found in the foremost rank of the defenders of liberty and of the constitution of the year *iii*.

The Directory, judging from the account which Bottot gave of his mission that he had not succeeded in entirely removing the suspicions of Bonaparte, wrote the following letter on the 30th Vendemiaire:

The Directory has itself been troubled about the impression made on you by the letter to the paymaster-general, of which an ’aide de camp’ was the bearer. The composition of this letter has very much astonished the Government, which never appointed nor recognised such an agent: it is at least an error of office. But it should not alter the opinion you ought otherwise to entertain of the manner in which the Directory thinks of and esteems you. It appears that the 18th Fructidor was misrepresented in the letters which were sent to the army of Italy. You did well to intercept them, and it may be right to transmit the most remarkable to the Minister of Police. —(What an ignoble task to propose to the conqueror of Italy.)

> In your observations on the too strong tendency of opinion towards military government, the Directory recognises an equally enlightened and ardent friend of the Republic.

Nothing is wiser than the maxim, ‘cedant arma togae’, for the maintenance of republics. To show so much anxiety on so important a point is not one of the least glorious features in the life of a general placed at the head of a triumphant army.

The Directory had sent General Clarke

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—[H. J. G. Clarke, afterwards Minister of War under Napoleon, 1807-1814, acid under the Bourbons in 1816, when he was made a Marshal of France. He was created Due de Feltre in 1819.]—

to treat for peace, as second plenipotentiary. Bonaparte has often told me he had no doubt from the time of his arrival that General Clarke was charged with a secret mission to act as a spy upon him, and even to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing without danger. That he had a suspicion of this kind is certain; but I must own that I was never by any means able to discover its grounds; for in all my intercourse since with Clarke he never put a single question to me, nor did I ever hear a word drop from his mouth, which savoured of such a character. If the fact be that he was a spy, he certainly played his part well. In all the parts of his correspondence which were intercepted there never was found the least confirmation of this suspicion. Be this as it may, Bonaparte could not endure him; he did not make him acquainted with what was going on, and his influence rendered this mission a mere nullity. The General-in-Chief concentrated all the business of the negotiation in his own closet; and, as to what was going on, Clarke continued a mere cipher until the 18th Fructidor, when he was recalled. Bonaparte made but little count of Clarke's talents. It is but justice, however, to say that he bore him no grudge for the conduct of which he suspected he was guilty in Italy. "I pardon him because I alone have the right to be offended."

He even had the generosity to make interest for an official situation for him. These amiable traits were not uncommon with Bonaparte.

Bonaparte had to encounter so many disagreeable contrarieties, both in the negotiators for peace and the events at Paris, that he often displayed a good deal of irritation and disgust. This state of mind was increased by the recollection of the vexation his sister's marriage had caused him, and which was unfortunately revived by a letter he received from her at this juncture. His excitement was such that he threw it down with an expression of anger. It has been erroneously reported in several publications that "Bacciocchi espoused Marie-Anne-Eliza Bonaparte on the 5th of May 1797. The brother of the bride was at the time negotiating the preliminaries of peace with Austria."

In fact, the preliminaries were signed in the month of April, and it was for the definitive peace we were negotiating in May. But the reader will find by the subjoined letter that Christine applied to her brother to stand godfather to her third child. Three children in three months would be rather quick work.

Ajaccio, 14th, Thermidor, year V. (1st August 1797).

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General—Suffer me to write to you and call you by the name of brother. My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you. My second child was still-born. Obliged to quit Paris by your order,

—[Napoleon had written in August 1796 to Carnot, to request that Lucien might be ordered to quit Paris; see Iung, tome iii. p. 223.]—

I miscarried in Germany. In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favourable time, and other circumstances, incline me to hope my next will be a boy, and I promise you I will make a soldier of him; but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request.Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Baciocchi, or to whomsoever you think fit? I shall expect with impatience your assent. Because we are poor let not that cause you to despise us; for, after all, you are our brother, mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you more than we do the favours of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.—Your affectionate sister,

ChristineBonaparte.

—[Madame Bacciocchi went by the name of Marianne at St. Cyr, of Christine while on her travels, and of Eliza under the Consulate.—Bourrienne.]—

P.S.—Do not fail to remember me to your wife, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me at Paris I was very like her. If you recollect my features you can judge. C. B.

This letter is in the handwriting of Lucien Bonaparte.'

—[Joseph Bonaparte in his Notes says, "It is false that Madame Bonaparte ever called herself Christine; it is false that she ever wrote the letter of which M. de Bourrienne here gives a copy." It will be observed that Bourrienne says it was written by her brother Lucien. This is an error. The letter is obviously from Christine Boyer, the wife of Lucien Bonaparte, whose marriage had given such displeasure to Napoleon. (See Erreurs, tome i. p. 240, and Iung's Lucien, tome i p. 161).]—

General Bonaparte had been near a month at Passeriano when he received the following autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria:

To monsieur le general Bonaparte, *general-in-chief of the army of Italy*.

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Monsieur le general Bonaparte—When I thought I had given my plenipotentiaries full powers to terminate the important negotiation with which they were charged, I learn, with as much pain as surprise, that in consequence of swerving continually from the stipulations of the preliminaries, the restoration of tranquillity, with the tidings of which I desire to gladden the hearts of my subjects, and which the half of Europe devoutly prays for, becomes day after day more uncertain.Faithful to the performance of my engagements, I am ready to execute what was agreed to at Leoben, and require from you but the reciprocal performance of so sacred a duty. This is what has already been declared in my name, and what I do not now hesitate myself to declare. If, perhaps, the execution of some of the preliminary articles be now impossible, in consequence of the events which have since occurred, and in which I had no part, it may be necessary to substitute others in their stead equally adapted to the interests and equally conformable to the dignity of the two nations. To such alone will I put my hand. A frank and sincere explanation, dictated by the same feelings which govern me, is the only way to lead to so salutary a result. In order to accelerate this result as far as in me lies, and to put an end at once to the state of uncertainty we remain in, and which has already lasted too long, I have determined to despatch to the place of the present negotiations Comte de Cobentzel, a man who possesses my most unlimited confidence, and who is instructed as to my intentions and furnished with my most ample powers. I have authorised him to receive and accept every proposition tending to the reconciliation of the two parties which may be in conformity with the principles of equity and reciprocal fitness, and to conclude accordingly.After this fresh assurance of the spirit of conciliation which animates me, I doubt not you will perceive that peace lies in your own hands, and that on your determination will depend the happiness or misery of many thousand men. If I mistake as to the means I think best adapted to terminate the calamities which for along time have desolated Europe, I shall at least have the consolation of reflecting that I have done all that depended on me. With the consequences which may result I can never be reproached.I have been particularly determined to the course I now take by the opinion I entertain of your upright character, and by the personal esteem I have conceived towards you, of which I am very happy, M. le General Bonaparte, to give you here an assurance.

(Signed) *Francis*.

In fact, it was only on the arrival of the Comte de Cobentzel that the negotiations were seriously set on foot. Bonaparte had all along clearly perceived that Gallo and Meerweldt were not furnished with adequate powers. He saw also clearly enough that if the month of September were, to be trifled away in unsatisfactory negotiations, as the month which preceded it had been, it would be difficult in October to strike a blow at the house of Austria on the side of Carinthia. The Austrian Cabinet perceived with satisfaction the approach of the bad weather, and insisted more strongly on its ultimatum, which was the Adige, with Venice.

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Before the 18th Fructidor the Emperor of Austria hoped that the movement which was preparing in Paris would operate badly for France and favourably to the European cause. The Austrian plenipotentiaries, in consequence, raised their pretensions, and sent notes and an ultimatum which gave the proceedings more an air of trifling than of serious negotiation. Bonaparte's original ideas, which I have under his hand, were as follows:

1. The Emperor to have Italy as far as the Adda. 2. The King of Sardinia as far as the Adda. 3. The Genoese Republic to have the boundary of Tortona as far as the Po (Tortona to be demolished), as also the imperial fiefs. (Coni to be ceded to France, or to be demolished.) 4. The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored. 5. The Duke of Parma to be restored.

CHAPTER X.

1797.

Influence of the 18th Fructidor on the negotiations—Bonaparte's suspicion of Bottot—-His complaints respecting the non-erasure of Bourrienne—Bourrienne's conversation with the Marquis of Gallo— Bottot writes from Paris to Bonaparte on the part of the Directory Agents of the Directory employed to watch Bonaparte—Influence of the weather on the conclusion of peace—Remarkable observation of Bonaparte—-Conclusion of the treaty—The Directory dissatisfied with the terms of the peace—-Bonaparte's predilection for representative government—Opinion on Bonaparte.

After the 18th Fructidor Bonaparte was more powerful, Austria less haughty and confident. Venice was the only point of real difficulty. Austria wanted the line of the Adige, with Venice, in exchange for Mayence, and the boundary of the Rhine until that river enters Holland. The Directory wished to have the latter boundary, and to add Mantua to the Italian Republic, without giving up all the line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties were felt to be so irreconcilable that within about a month of the conclusion of peace the Directory wrote to General Bonaparte that a resumption of hostilities was preferable to the state of uncertainty which was agitating and ruining France. The Directory, therefore, declared that both the armies of the Rhine should take the field. It appears from the Fructidorian correspondence, which has been already given, that the majority of the Directory then looked upon a peace such as Bonaparte afterwards made as infamous.

But Bonaparte, from the moment the Venetian insurrection broke out, perceived that Venice might be used for the pacification. Bonaparte, who was convinced that, in order to bring matters to an issue, Venice and the territory beyond the Adige must fall beneath the Hapsburg sceptre, wrote to the Directory that he could not commence operations, advantageously, before the end of March, 1798; but that if the objections to giving

Venice to the Emperor of Austria were persisted in, hostilities would certainly be resumed in the

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month of October, for the Emperor would not renounce Venice. In that case it would be necessary to be ready on the Rhine for an advance in Germany, as the army of Italy, if it could make head against the Archduke Charles, was not sufficiently strong for any operations on a grand scale. At this period the conclusion of peace was certainly very doubtful; it was even seriously considered in, what form the rupture should be notified.

Towards the end of September Bottot, Barras' secretary, arrived at Passeriano. He was despatched by the Directory. Bonaparte immediately suspected he was a new spy, come on a secret mission, to watch him. He was therefore received and treated with coolness; but Bonaparte never had, as Sir Walter Scott asserts, the idea of ordering him to be shot. That writer is also in error when he says that Bottot was sent to Passeriano to reproach Bonaparte for failing to fulfil his promise of sending money to the Directory.

Bonaparte soon gave Bottot an opportunity of judging of the kind of spirit which prevailed at headquarters. He suddenly tendered his resignation, which he had already several times called upon the Directory to accept. He accused the Government, at table, in Bottot's presence, of horrible ingratitude. He recounted all his subjects of complaint, in loud and impassioned language, without any restraint, and before twenty or thirty persons.

Indignant at finding that his reiterated demands for the erasure of my name from the list of emigrants had been slighted, and that, in spite of his representations, conveyed to Paris by General Bernadotte, Louis Bonaparte, and others, I was still included in that fatal list, he apostrophised M. Bottot at dinner one day, before forty individuals, among whom were the diplomatists Gallo, Cobentzel, and Meerweldt. The conversation turned upon the Directory. "Yes, truly," cried Bonaparte, in a loud voice, "I have good reason to complain; and, to pass from great to little things, look, I pray you, at Bourrienne's case. He possesses my most unbounded confidence. He alone is entrusted, under my orders, with all the details of the negotiation. This you well know; and yet your Directory will not strike him off the list. In a word it is not only an inconceivable, but an extremely stupid piece of business; for he has all my secrets; he knows my ultimatum, and could by a single word realize a handsome fortune, and laugh at your obstinacy. Ask M. de Gallo if this be not true."

Bottot wished to offer some excuse; but the general murmur which followed this singular outburst reduced him to silence.

The Marquis de Gallo had conversed with me but three days before, in the park of Passeriano, on the subject of my position with regard to France, of the determination expressed by the Directory not to erase my name, and of the risk I thereby ran. "We have no desire," continued he, "to renew the war; we wish sincerely for peace; but it must be an honourable one. The Republic of Venice presents a large territory for

partition, which would be sufficient for both parties. The cessions at present proposed are not, however, satisfactory. We want to know Bonaparte's ultimatum; and I am authorised to offer an estate in Bohemia, with a title and residence, and an annual revenue of 90,000 florins."

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I quickly interrupted M. de Gallo, and assured him that both my conscience and my duty obliged me to reject his proposal; and so put at once an end to the conversation.

I took care to let the General-in-Chief know this story, and he was not surprised at my reply. His conviction, however, was strong, from all that M. de Gallo had said, and more particularly from the offer he had made, that Austria was resolved to avoid war, and was anxious for peace.

After I had retired to rest M. Bottot came to my bedroom and asked me, with a feigned surprise, if it was true that my name was still on the list of emigrants. On my replying in the affirmative, he requested me to draw up a note on the subject. This I declined doing, telling him that twenty notes of the kind he required already existed; that I would take no further steps; and that I would henceforth await the decision in a state of perfect inaction.

General Bonaparte thought it quite inexplicable that the Directory should express dissatisfaction at the view he took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, as, without his aid, they would doubtless have been overcome. He wrote a despatch, in which he repeated that his health and his spirits were affected—that he had need of some years' repose-that he could no longer endure the fatigue of riding; but that the prosperity and liberty of his country would always command his warmest interests. In all this there was not a single word of truth. The Directory thought as much, and declined to accept his resignation in the most flattering terms.

Bottot proposed to him, on the part of the Directory, to revolutionise Italy. The General inquired whether the whole of Italy would be included in the plan. The revolutionary commission had, however, been entrusted to Bottot in so indefinite a way that he could only hesitate, and give a vague reply. Bonaparte wished for more precise orders. In the interval peace was concluded, and the idea of that perilous and extravagant undertaking was no longer agitated. Bottot, soon after his return to Paris, wrote a letter to General Bonaparte, in which he complained that the last moments he had passed at Passeriano had deeply afflicted his heart. He said that cruel suspicions had followed him even to the gates of the Directory. These cruel suspicions had, however, been dissipated by the sentiments of admiration and affection which he had found the Directory entertained for the person of Bonaparte.

These assurances, which were precisely what Bonaparte had expected, did not avail to lessen the contempt he entertained for the heads of the Government, nor to change his conviction of their envy and mistrust of himself. To their alleged affection he made no return. Bottot assured the hero of Italy of "the Republican docility" of the Directory, and touched upon the reproaches Bonaparte had thrown out against them, and upon his demands which had not been granted. He said:

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“The three armies, of the North, of the Rhine, and of the Sambre-et-Meuse, are to form only one, the army of Germany.—Augereau? But you yourself sent him. The fault committed by the Directory is owing to yourself! Bernadotte?—he is gone to join you. Cacault?—he is recalled. Twelve thousand men for your army?—they are on their march. The treaty with Sardinia?—it is ratified. Bourrienne?—he is erased. The revolution of Italy?—it is adjourned. Advise the Directory, then: I repeat it, they have need of information, and it is to you they look for it.”

The assertion regarding me was false. For six months Bonaparte demanded my erasure without being able to obtain it. I was not struck off the list until the 11th of November 1797.

Just before the close of the negotiation Bonaparte, disgusted at the opposition and difficulties with which he was surrounded, reiterated again and again the offer of his resignation, and his wish to have a successor appointed. What augmented his uneasiness was an idea he entertained that the Directory had penetrated his secret, and attributed his powerful concurrence on the 18th Fructidor to the true cause—his personal views of ambition. In spite of the hypocritical assurances of gratitude made to him in writing, and though the Directory knew that his services were indispensable, spies were employed to watch his movements, and to endeavour by means of the persons about him to discover his views. Some of the General’s friends wrote to him from Paris, and for my part I never ceased repeating to him that the peace, the power of making which he had in his own hands, would render him far more popular than the renewal of hostilities undertaken with all the chances of success and reverse. The signing of the peace, according to his own ideas, and in opposition to those of the Directory, the way in which he just halted at Rastadt, and avoided returning to the Congress, and, finally, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in order to attempt new enterprises, sprung more than is generally believed from the ruling idea that he was distrusted, and that his ruin was meditated. He often recalled to mind what La Vallette had written to him about his conversation with Lacuee; and all he saw and heard confirmed the impression he had received on this subject.

The early appearance of bad weather precipitated his determination. On the 13th of October, at daybreak, on opening my window, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The previous night had been superb, and the autumn till then promised to be fine and late. I proceeded, as I always did, at seven o’clock in the morning, to the General’s chamber. I woke him, and told him what I had seen. He feigned at first to disbelieve me, then leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and, convinced of the sudden change, he calmly said, “What! before the middle of October! What a country is this! Well, we must make peace!” While he hastily put on his clothes I read the journals to him, as was my daily custom. He paid but little attention to them.

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Shutting himself up with me in his closet, he reviewed with the greatest care all the returns from the different corps of his army. "Here are," said he, "nearly 80,000 effective men. I feed, I pay them: but I can bring but 60,000 into the field on the day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced 20,000 men—by killed, wounded, and prisoners. Then how oppose all the Austrian forces that will march to the protection of Vienna? It would be a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if they should be able; and in a fortnight all the roads and passages will be covered deep with snow. It is settled—I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expense of the war and the boundary of the Rhine: let the Directory and the lawyers say what they like."

He wrote to the Directory in the following words: "The summits of the hills are covered with snow; I cannot, on account of the stipulations agreed to for the recommencement of hostilities, begin before five-and-twenty days, and by that time we shall be overwhelmed with snow."

Fourteen years after, another early winter, in a more severe climate, was destined to have a fatal influence on his fortunes. Had he but then exercised equal foresight!

It is well known that, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, the two belligerent powers made peace at the expense of the Republic of Venice, which had nothing to do with the quarrel in the first instance, and which only interfered at a late period, probably against her own inclination, and impelled by the force of inevitable circumstances. But what has been the result of this great political spoliation? A portion of the Venetian territory was adjudged to the Cisalpine Republic; it is now in the possession of Austria.

Another considerable portion, and the capital itself, fell to the lot of Austria in compensation for the Belgic provinces and Lombard, which she ceded to France. Austria has now retaken Lombard, and the additions then made to it, and Belgium is in the possession of the House of Orange. France obtained Corfu and some of the Ionian isles; these now belong to England.

—[Afterwards to be ceded by her to Greece. Belgium is free.]—

Romulus never thought he was founding Rome for Goths and priests. Alexander did not foresee that his Egyptian city would belong to the Turks; nor did Constantine strip Rome for the benefit of Mahomet *ii*. Why then fight for a few paltry villages?

Thus have we been gloriously conquering for Austria and England. An ancient State is overturned without noise, and its provinces, after being divided among different bordering States, are now all under the dominion of Austria. We do not possess a foot of ground in all the fine countries we conquered, and which served as compensations for the immense acquisitions of the House of Hapsburgh in Italy. Thus that house was aggrandised by a war which was to itself most disastrous. But Austria has often found

other means of extending her dominion than military triumphs, as is recorded in the celebrated distich of Mathias Corvinus:

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"Bella gerunt alli, to felix Austria nube;
Nam quae Mars allis, dat tibi regna Venus."

["Glad Austria wins by Hymen's silken chain What other States by doubtful battle gain, And while fierce Mars enriches meaner lands, Receives possession from fair Venus' hands."]

The Directory was far from being satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation of not ratifying it. A fortnight before the signature the Directors wrote to General Bonaparte that they would not consent to give to the Emperor Venice, Frioul, Padua, and the 'terra firma' with the boundary of the Adige. "That," said they, "would not be to make peace, but to adjourn the war. We shall be regarded as the beaten party, independently of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which Bonaparte himself thought so worthy of freedom. France ought not, and never will wish, to see Italy delivered up to Austria. The Directory would prefer the chances of a war to changing a single word of its ultimatum, which is already too favourable to Austria."

All this was said in vain. Bonaparte made no scruple of disregarding his instructions. It has been said that the Emperor of Austria made an offer of a very considerable sum of money, and even of a principality, to obtain favourable terms. I was never able to find the slightest ground for this report, which refers to a time when the smallest circumstance could not escape my notice. The character of Bonaparte stood too high for him to sacrifice his glory as a conqueror and peacemaker for even the greatest private advantage. This was so thoroughly known, and he was so profoundly esteemed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I will venture to say none of them would have been capable of making the slightest overture to him of so debasing a proposition. Besides, it would have induced him to put an end to all intercourse with the plenipotentiaries. Perhaps what I have just stated of M. de Gallo will throw some light upon this odious accusation. But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray, which was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel. I certainly know nothing of any such scene; our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad!

The presents customary on such occasions were given, and the Emperor of Austria also took that opportunity to present to General Bonaparte six magnificent white horses.

Bonaparte returned to Milan by way of Gratz, Laybach, Thrust, Mestre, Verona, and Mantua.

At this period Napoleon was still swayed by the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but representative governments. Often has he said to me, "I should like the era of representative governments to be dated from my time." His conduct in Italy and his

proclamations ought to give, and in fact do give, weight to this account of his opinion. But there is no doubt that this idea was more connected

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with lofty views of ambition than a sincere desire for the benefit of the human race; for, at a later period, he adopted this phrase: “I should like to be the head of the most ancient of the dynasties cf Europe.” What a difference between Bonaparte, the author of the ‘Souper de Beaucaire’, the subduer of royalism at Toulon; the author of the remonstrance to Albitte and Salicetti, the fortunate conqueror of the 13th Vendemiaire, the instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor, and the founder of the Republics of Italy, the fruits of his immortal victories,—and Bonaparte, First Consul in 1800, Consul for life in 1802, and, above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French in 1804, and King of Italy in 1805!

CHAPTER XI.

1797

Effect of the 18th Fructidor on the peace—The standard of the army of Italy—Honours rendered to the memory of General Hoche and of Virgil at Mantua—Remarkable letter —In passing through Switzerland Bonaparte visits the field of Morat—Arrival at Rastadt —Letter from the Directory calling Bonaparte to Paris—Intrigues against Josephine—-Grand ceremony on the reception of Bonaparte by the Directory—The theatres—-Modesty of Bonaparte—An assassination— Bonaparte’s opinion of the Parisians—His election to the National Institute—Letter to Camus—Projects—Reflections.

The day of the 18th Fructidor had, without any doubt, mainly contributed to the conclusion of peace at Campo Formio. On the one hand, the Directory, hitherto not very pacifically inclined, after having effected a ‘coup d’etat’, at length saw the necessity of appeasing the discontented by giving peace to France. On the other hand, the Cabinet of Vienna, observing the complete failure of all the royalist plots in the interior, thought it high time to conclude with the French Republic a treaty which, notwithstanding all the defeats Austria had sustained, still left her a preponderating influence over Italy.

Besides, the campaign of Italy, so fertile in glorious achievements of arms, had not been productive of glory alone. Something of greater importance followed these conquests. Public affairs had assumed a somewhat unusual aspect, and a grand moral influence, the effect of victories and of peace, had begun to extend all over France. Republicanism was no longer so sanguinary and fierce as it had been some years before. Bonaparte, negotiating with princes and their ministers on a footing of equality, but still with all that superiority to which victory and his genius entitled him, gradually taught foreign courts to be familiar with Republican France, and the Republic to cease regarding all States governed by Kings as of necessity enemies.

In these circumstances the General-in-Chief's departure and his expected visit to Paris excited general attention. The feeble Directory was prepared to submit to the presence of the conqueror of Italy in the capital.

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It was for the purpose of acting as head of the French legation at the Congress of Rastadt that Bonaparte quitted Milan on the 17th of November. But before his departure he sent to the Directory one of those monuments, the inscriptions on which may generally be considered as fabulous, but which, in this case, were nothing but the truth. This monument was the “flag of the Army of Italy,” and to General Joubert was assigned the honourable duty of presenting it to the members of the Executive Government.

On one side of the flag were the words “To the Army of Italy, the grateful country.” The other contained an enumeration of the battles fought and places taken, and presented, in the following inscriptions, a simple but striking abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign.

150,000 *Prisoners*; 170 *standards*; 550 *pieces of siege artillery*; 600 *pieces of field artillery*; *five pontoon equipages*; *nine* 64-*gun ships*; *twelve* 32-*gun frigates*; 12 *corvettes*; 18 *galleys*; *armistice with the king of Sardinia*; *convention with Genoa*; *armistice with the duke of Parma*; *armistice with the king of Naples*; *armistice with the pope*; *preliminaries of leoben*; *convention of Montebello with the republic of Genoa*; *treaty of peace with the emperor of Germany at Campo-Formio*.

Liberty given to the people of Bologna, *Ferrara*, *Modena*, *Massa-Carrara*, *la Romagna*, *Lombard*, *Brescia*, *Bergamo*, *mantua*, *Cremona*. *Part of the Veronese*, CHIAVENA, BORMIO, *the* VALTELINE, *the Genoese*, *the imperial fiefs*, *the people of the departments of corcyra*, *of the Aegean sea*, *and of Ithaca*.

Sent to Paris all the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, *of* GVERCINO, *of titian*, *of Paul Veronese*, *of correggio*, *of* ALBANA, *of the* CARRACCI, *of Raphael*, *and of Leonardo da Vinci*.

Thus were recapitulated on a flag, destined to decorate the Hall of the Public Sittings of the Directory, the military deeds of the campaign in Italy, its political results, and the conquest of the monuments of art.

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Most of the Italian cities looked upon their conqueror as a liberator—such was the magic of the word liberty, which resounded from the Alps to the Apennines. On his way to Mantua the General took up his residence in the palace of the ancient dukes. Bonaparte promised the authorities of Mantua that their department should be one of the most extensive; impressed on them the necessity of promptly organising a local militia, and of putting in execution the plans of Mari, the mathematician, for the navigation of the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera.

He stopped two days at Mantua, and the morrow of his arrival was devoted to the celebration of a military funeral solemnity, in honour of General Hoche, who had just died. His next object was to hasten the execution of the monument which was erecting to the memory of Virgil. Thus, in one day, he paid honour to France and Italy, to modern and to ancient glory, to the laurels of war and to the laurels of poetry.

A person who saw Bonaparte on this occasion for the first time thus described him in a letter he wrote to Paris:—"With lively interest and extreme attention I have observed this extraordinary man, who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portraits—little, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not of ill-health, as has been reported of him. He appears to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, and that he was more occupied with what he was thinking of than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with which may be marked an air of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that bold mind, it is impossible not to believe that some daring designs are engendering which will have their influence an the destinies of Europe."

From the last phrase, in particular, of this letter, one might suspect that it was written after Bonaparte had made his name feared throughout Europe; but it really appeared in a journal in the month of December 1797, a little before his arrival in Paris.

There exists a sort of analogy between celebrated men and celebrated places; it was not, therefore, an uninteresting spectacle to see Bonaparte surveying the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, daring like himself, fell with his powerful army under the effects of Helvetian valour. Bonaparte slept during the night at Maudon, where, as in every place through which he passed, the greatest honours were paid him. In the morning, his carriage having broken down, we continued our journey an foot, accompanied only by some officers and an escort of dragoons of the country. Bonaparte stopped near the Ossuary, and desired to be shown the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A plain in front of the chapel was pointed out to him. An officer

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who had served in France was present, and explained to him how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, were enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the Burgundian army and put it to the rout. "What was the force of that army?" asked Bonaparte.—"Sixty thousand men."—"Sixty thousand men!" he exclaimed: "they ought to have completely covered these mountains!"—"The French fight better now," said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite. "At that time," observed Bonaparte, interrupting him, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

Bonaparte's journey through Switzerland was not without utility; and his presence served to calm more than one inquietude. He proceeded on his journey to Rastadt by Aix in Savoy, Berne, and Bale. On arriving at Berne during night we passed through a double file of well-lighted equipages, filled with beautiful women, all of whom raised the cry of "Long live, Bonaparte!—long live the Pacificator!" To have a proper idea of this genuine enthusiasm it is necessary to have seen it.

The position in society to which his services had raised him rendered it unfit to address him in the second person singular and the familiar manner sometimes used by his old schoolfellows of Brienne. I thought, this very natural.

M. de Cominges, one of those who went with him to the military school at Paris, and who had emigrated, was at Bale. Having learned our arrival, he presented himself without ceremony, with great indecorum, and with a complete disregard of the respect due to a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. General Bonaparte, offended at this behaviour, refused to receive him again, and expressed himself to me with much warmth on the occasion of this visit. All my efforts to remove his displeasure were unavailing this impression always continued, and he never did for M. de Cominges what his means and the old ties of boyhood might well have warranted.

On arriving at Rastadt

> —[The conference for the formal peace with the Empire of Germany was held there. The peace of Leoben was only one made with Austria.]—

Bonaparte found a letter from the Directory summoning him to Paris. He eagerly obeyed this invitation, which drew him from a place where he could act only an insignificant part, and which he had determined to leave soon, never again to return. Some time after his arrival in Paris, on the ground that his presence was necessary for the execution of different orders, and the general despatch of business, he required that authority should be given to a part of his household, which he had left at Rastadt, to return.

How could it ever be said that the Directory “kept General Bonaparte away from the great interests which were under discussion at Rastadt”? Quite the contrary! The Directory would have been delighted to see him return there, as they would then have been relieved from his presence in Paris; but nothing was so disagreeable to Bonaparte as long and seemingly interminable negotiations. Such tedious work did not suit his character, and he had been sufficiently disgusted with similar proceedings at Campo-Formio.

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On our arrival at Rastadt I soon found that General Bonaparte was determined to stay there only a short time. I therefore expressed to him my decided desire to remain in Germany. I was then ignorant that my erasure from the emigrant list had been ordered on the 11th of November, as the decree did not reach the commissary of the Executive Directory at Auxerre until the 17th of November, the day of our departure from Milan.

The silly pretext of difficulties by which my erasure, notwithstanding the reiterated solicitations of the victorious General, was so long delayed made me apprehensive of a renewal, under a weak and jealous pentarchy, of the horrible scenes of 1796. Bonaparte said to me, in atone of indignation, “Come, pass the Rhine; they will not dare to seize you while near me. I answer for your safety.” On reaching Paris I found that my erasure had taken place. It was at this period only that General Bonaparte’s applications in my favour were tardily crowned with success. Sotin, the Minister of General Police, notified the fact to Bonaparte; but his letter gave a reason for my erasure very different from that stated in the decree. The Minister said that the Government did not wish to leave among the names of traitors to their country the name of a citizen who was attached to the person of the conqueror of Italy; while the decree itself stated as the motive for removing my name from the list that I never had emigrated.

At St. Helena it seems Bonaparte said that he did not return from Italy with more than 300,000 francs; but I assert that he had at that time in his possession something more than 3,000,000.

> —[Joseph says that Napoleon, when he exiled for Egypt, left with him all his fortune, and that it was much nearer 300,000 francs than 3,000,000. (See Erreurs, tome i. pp. 243, 259)]—

How could he with 300,000 francs have been able to provide for the extensive repairs, the embellishment, and the furnishing of his house in the Rue Chantereine? How could he have supported the establishment he did with only 15,000 francs of income and the emoluments of his rank? The excursion which he made along the coast, of which I have yet to speak, of itself cost near 12,000 francs in gold, which he transferred to me to defray the expense of the journey; and I do not think that this sum was ever repaid him. Besides, what did it signify, for any object he might have in disguising his fortune, whether he brought 3,000,000 or 300,000 francs with him from Italy? No one will accuse him of peculation. He was an inflexible administrator. He was always irritated at the discovery of fraud, and pursued those guilty of it with all the vigour of his character. He wished to be independent, which he well knew that no one could be without fortune. He has often said to me, “I am no Capuchin, not I.” But after having been allowed only 300,000 francs on his arrival from the rich Italy, where fortune never abandoned him, it has been printed that he had 20,000,000 (some have even doubled the amount) on his return from Egypt, which is a very poor country, where money is scarce, and where reverses followed close upon his victories. All these reports are false. What he brought

from Italy has just been stated, and it will be seen when we come to Egypt what treasure he carried away from the country of the Pharaohs.

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Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining complete dominion over his mind, strenuously endeavoured to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband. They tried to excite his jealousy, and took advantage of her stay at Milan after our departure, which had been authorised by Bonaparte himself. My intimacy with both the husband and the wife fortunately afforded me an opportunity of averting or lessening a good deal of mischief. If Josephine still lived she would allow me this merit. I never took part against her but once, and that unwillingly. It was on the subject of the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had never as yet spoken to me on the subject. Bonaparte wished to give his stepdaughter to Duroc, and his brothers were eager to promote the marriage, because they wished to separate Josephine from Hortense, for whom Bonaparte felt the tenderest affection. Josephine, on the other hand, wished Hortense to marry Louis Bonaparte. Her motives, as may easily be divined, were to, gain support in a family where she experienced nothing but enmity, and she carried her point.

—[Previous to her marriage with Louis, Hortense cherished an attachment for Duroc, who was at that time a handsome man about thirty, and a great favourite of Bonaparte. However, the indifference with which Duroc regarded the marriage of Louis Bonaparte sufficiently proves that the regard with which he had inspired Hortense was not very ardently returned. It is certain that Duroc might have become the husband of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais had he been willing to accede to the conditions on which the First Consul offered him his step-daughter's hand. But Duroc looked forward to something better, and his ordinary prudence forsook him at a moment when he might easily have beheld a perspective calculated to gratify even a more towering ambition than his. He declined the proposed marriage; and the union of Hortense and Louis, which Madame Bonaparte, to conciliate the favour of her brothers-in-law, had endeavoured to bring about, was immediately determined on (Memoires de Constant).

> In allusion to the alleged unfriendly feeling of Napoleon's brothers towards Josephine, the following observation occurs in Joseph Bonaparte's Notes on Bourrienne:

"None of Napoleon's brothers," he says, "were near him from the time of his departure for Italy except Louis who cannot be suspected of having intrigued against Josephine, whose daughter he married. These calumnies are without foundation" (Erreurs, tome i. p. 244)]—

On his arrival from Rastadt the most magnificent preparations were made at the Luxembourg for the reception of Bonaparte. The grand court of the Palace was elegantly ornamented; and at its farther end, close to the Palace, a large amphitheatre was erected for the accommodation of official persons. Curiosity, as on all like occasions, attracted multitudes, and the court was filled.

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Opposite to the principal vestibule stood the altar of the country, surrounded by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered every head was uncovered. The windows were full of young and beautiful females. But notwithstanding this great preparation an icy coldness characterized the ceremony. Every one seemed to be present only for the purpose of beholding a sight, and curiosity was the prevailing expression rather than joy or gratitude. It is but right to say, however, that an unfortunate event contributed to the general indifference. The right wing of the Palace was not occupied, but great preparations had been making there, and an officer had been directed to prevent anyone from ascending. One of the clerks of the Directory, however, contrived to get upon the scaffolding, but had scarcely placed his foot on the first plank when it tilted up, and the imprudent man fell the whole height into the court. This accident created a general stupor. Ladies fainted, and the windows were nearly deserted.

However, the Directory displayed all the Republican splendour of which they were so prodigal on similar occasions. Speeches were far from being scarce. Talleyrand, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs, on introducing Bonaparte to the Directory, made a long oration, in the course of which he hinted that the personal greatness of the General ought not to excite uneasiness, even in a rising Republic. “Far from apprehending anything from his ambition, I believe that we shall one day be obliged to solicit him to tear himself from the pleasures of studious retirement. All France will be free, but perhaps he never will; such is his destiny.”

Talleyrand was listened to with impatience, so anxious was every one to hear Bonaparte. The conqueror of Italy then rose, and pronounced with a modest air, but in a firm voice, a short address of congratulation on the improved position of the nation.

Barras, at that time President of the Directory, replied to Bonaparte with so much prolixity as to weary everyone; and as soon as he had finished speaking he threw himself into the arms of the General, who was not much pleased with such affected displays, and gave him what was then called the fraternal embrace. The other members of the Directory, following the example of the President, surrounded Bonaparte and pressed him in their arms; each acted, to the best of his ability, his part in the sentimental comedy.

Chenier composed for this occasion a hymn, which Mehul set to music. A few days after an opera was produced, bearing the title of the ’Fall of Carthage’, which was meant as an allusion to the anticipated exploits of the conqueror of Italy, recently appointed to the command of the “Army of England.” The poets were all employed in praising him; and Lebrun, with but little of the Pindaric fire in his soul, composed the following distich, which certainly is not worth much:

“Heros, cher a la paix, aux arts, a la victoire—
Il conquit en deux ans mille siecles de gloire.”

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The two councils were not disposed to be behind the Directory in the manifestation of joy. A few days after they gave a banquet to the General in the gallery of the Louvre, which had recently been enriched by the masterpieces of painting conquered in Italy.

At this time Bonaparte displayed great modesty in all his transactions in Paris. The administrators of the department of the Seine having sent a deputation to him to inquire what hour and day he would allow them to wait on him, he carried himself his answer to the department, accompanied by General Berthier. It was also remarked that the judge of the peace of the arrondissement where the General lived having called on him on the 6th of December, the evening of his arrival, he returned the visit next morning. These attentions, trifling as they may appear, were not without their effect on the minds of the Parisians.

In consequence of General Bonaparte's victories, the peace he had effected, and the brilliant reception of which he had been the object, the business of Vendemiaire was in some measure forgotten. Every one was eager to get a sight of the young hero whose career had commenced with so much 'eclat'. He lived very retiredly, yet went often to the theatre. He desired me, one day, to go and request the representation of two of the best pieces of the time, in which Elleviou, Mesdames St. Aubin, Phillis, and other distinguished performers played. His message was, that he only wished these two pieces on the same night, if that were possible. The manager told me that nothing that the conqueror of Italy wished for was impossible, for he had long ago erased that word from the dictionary. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the manager's answer. When we went to the theatre he seated himself, as usual, in the back of the box, behind Madame Bonaparte, making me sit by her side. The pit and boxes, however, soon found out that he was in the house, and loudly called for him. Several times an earnest desire to see him was manifested, but all in vain, for he never showed himself.

Some days after, being at the Theatre des Arts, at the second representation of 'Horatius Cocles', although he was sitting at the back of a box in the second tier, the audience discovered that he was in the house. Immediately acclamations arose from all quarters; but he kept himself concealed as much as possible, and said to a person in the next box, "Had I known that the boxes were so exposed, I should not have come."

During Bonaparte's stay at Paris a woman sent a messenger to warn him that his life would be attempted, and that poison was to be employed for that purpose. Bonaparte had the bearer of this information arrested, who: went, accompanied by the judge of the peace, to the woman's house, where she was found extended on the floor, and bathed in her blood. The men whose plot she had overheard, having discovered that she had revealed their secret, murdered her. The poor woman was dreadfully mangled: her throat was cut; and, not satisfied with that, the assassins had also hacked her body with sharp instruments.

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On the night of the 10th of Nivose the Rue Chantereine, in which Bonaparte had a small house (No. 6), received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoire. The cries of “Vive Bonaparte!” and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not however seduce him from his retired habits. Lately the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who saw in him a formidable rival, he said to me one day, “The people of Paris do not remember anything. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theatre and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom.” When he went he occupied a box shaded with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a special performance in his honour; but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to see his fellow-citizens so eagerly running after him, he replied, “Bah! the people would crowd as fast to see me if I were going to the scaffold.”

—[A similar remark made to William *iii*. on his lending at Brixham elicited the comment, “Like the Jews, who cried one day ‘Hosanna!’ and the next ‘Crucify Him! crucify Him!’"]—

On the 28th of December Bonaparte was named a member of the Institute, in the class of the Sciences and arts.

—[Napoleon seems to have really considered this nomination as a great honour. He was fond of using the title in his proclamations; and to the last the allowance attached to the appointment figured in the Imperial accounts. He replaced Carnot, the exiled Director.]—

He showed a deep sense of this honour, and wrote the following letter to Camus; the president of the class:

Citizen president—The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the institute confers a high honour on me. I feel well assured that, before I can be their equal, I must long be their scholar. If there were any way more expressive than another of making known my esteem for you, I should be glad to employ it. True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance. The most honourable, as well as the most useful, occupation for nations is the contributing to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French Republic should henceforth be made to consist in not allowing a single new idea to exist without making it part of its property.

Bonaparte.

The General now renewed, though unsuccessfully, the attempt he had made before the 18th Fructidor to obtain a dispensation of the age necessary for becoming a Director. Perceiving that the time was not yet favourable for such a purpose, he said to me, on

the 29th of January 1798, “Bourrienne, I do not wish to remain here; there is nothing to do. They

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are unwilling to listen to anything. I see that if I linger here, I shall soon lose myself. Everything wears out here; my glory has already disappeared. This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the East, the fountain of glory. However, I wish first to make a tour along the coast, to ascertain by my own observation what may be attempted. I will take you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky, with me. If the success of a descent on England appear doubtful, as I suspect it will, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I will go to Egypt."

This and other conversations give a correct insight into his character. He always considered war and conquest as the most noble and inexhaustible source of that glory which was the constant object of his desire. He revolted at the idea of languishing in idleness at Paris, while fresh laurels were growing for him in distant climes. His imagination inscribed, in anticipation, his name on those gigantic monuments which alone, perhaps, of all the creations of man, have the character of eternity. Already proclaimed the most illustrious of living generals, he sought to efface the rival names of antiquity by his own. If Caesar fought fifty battles, he longed to fight a hundred—if Alexander left Macedon to penetrate to the Temple of Ammon, he wished to leave Paris to travel to the Cataracts of the Nile. While he was thus to run a race with fame, events would, in his opinion, so proceed in France as to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready for him, and he should not come to claim it a forgotten or unknown man.

CHAPTER XII.

1798.

Bonaparte's departure from Paris—His return—The Egyptian expedition projected—M. de Talleyrand—General Desaix—Expedition against Malta—Money taken at Berne—-Bonaparte's ideas respecting the East—Monge—Non-influence of the Directory—-Marriages of Marmont and La Valette—Bonaparte's plan of colonising Egypt—His camp library—Orthographical blunders—Stock of wines—Bonaparte's arrival at Toulon—-Madame Bonaparte's fall from a balcony—Execution of an old man—Simon.

Bonaparte left Paris for the north on the 10th of February 1798—but he received no order, though I have seen it everywhere so stated, to go there—"for the purpose of preparing the operations connected with the intended invasion of England." He occupied himself with no such business, for which a few days certainly would not have been sufficient. His journey to the coast was nothing but a rapid excursion, and its sole object was to enable him to form an opinion on the main point of the question. Neither did he remain absent several weeks, for the journey occupied only one. There were four of us in his carriage—himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Moustache was our

courier. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading, in the ‘Moniteur’ of the 10th February, an article giving greater importance to his little excursion than it deserved.

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“General Bonaparte,” said the ‘Moniteur’, “has departed for Dunkirk with some naval and engineer officers. They have gone to visit the coasts and prepare the preliminary operations for the descent [upon England]. It may be stated that he will not return to Rastadt, and that the close of the session of the Congress there is approaching.”

Now for the facts. Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Niewport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. He collected at the different ports all the necessary information with that intelligence and tact for which he was so eminently distinguished. He questioned the sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, and listened attentively to the answers he received.

We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and St. Quentin. The object of our journey was accomplished when we reached the first of these towns. “Well, General,” said I, “what think you of our journey? Are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I entertain no great hopes from anything I have seen and heard.” Bonaparte immediately answered, “It is too great a chance. I will not hazard it. I would not thus sport with the fate of my beloved France.” On hearing this I already fancied myself in Cairo!

On his return to Paris Bonaparte lost no time in setting on foot the military and scientific preparations for the projected expedition to the banks of the Nile, respecting which such incorrect statements have appeared. It had long occupied his thoughts, as the following facts will prove.

In the month of August 1797 he wrote “that the time was not far distant when we should see that, to destroy the power of England effectually, it would be necessary to attack Egypt.” In the same month he wrote to Talleyrand, who had just succeeded Charles de Lacroix as Minister of Foreign Affairs, “that it would be necessary to attack Egypt, which did not belong to the Grand Signior.” Talleyrand replied, “that his ideas respecting Egypt were certainly grand, and that their utility could not fail to be fully appreciated.” He concluded by saying he would write to him at length on the subject.

History will speak as favourably of M. de Talleyrand as his contemporaries have spoken ill of him. When a statesman, throughout a great, long, and difficult career, makes and preserves a number of faithful friends, and provokes but few enemies, it must be acknowledged that his character is honourable and his talent profound, and that his political conduct has been wise and moderate. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without admiring him. All who have that advantage, no doubt, judge him as I do.

In the month of November of the same year Bonaparte sent Poussielgue, under the pretence of inspecting the ports of the Levant, to give the finishing stroke to the meditated expedition against Malta.

General Desaix, whom Bonaparte had made the confidant of all his plans at their interview in Italy after the preliminaries of Leoben, wrote to him from Affenbourg, on his

return to Germany, that he regarded the fleet of Corfu with great interest. “If ever,” said he, “it should be engaged in the grand enterprises of which I have heard you speak, do not, I beseech you, forget me.” Bonaparte was far from forgetting him.

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The Directory at first disapproved of the expedition against Malta, which Bonaparte had proposed long before the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed. The expedition was decided to be impossible, for Malta had observed strict neutrality, and had on several occasions even assisted our ships and seamen. Thus we had no pretext for going to war with her. It was said, too, that the legislative body would certainly not look with a favourable eye on such a measure. This opinion, which, however, did not last long, vexed Bonaparte. It was one of the disappointments which made him give a rough welcome to Bottot, Barras' agent, at the commencement of October 1797.

In the course of an animated conversation he said to Bottot, shrugging his shoulders, "Mon Dieu! Malta is for sale!" Sometime after he himself was told that "great importance was attached to the acquisition of Malta, and that he must not suffer it to escape." At the latter end of September 1797 Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote to him that the Directory authorized him to give the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys for taking Malta. He sent Bonaparte some letters for the island, because Bonaparte had said it was necessary to prepare the public mind for the event.

Bonaparte exerted himself night and day in the execution of his projects. I never saw him so active. He made himself acquainted with the abilities of the respective generals, and the force of all the army corps. Orders and instructions succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. If he wanted an order of the Directory he ran to the Luxembourg to get it signed by one of the Directors. Merlin de Douai was generally the person who did him this service, for he was the most constant at his post. Lagarde, the Secretary-General, did not countersign any document relative to this expedition, Bonaparte not wishing him to be informed of the business. He transmitted to Toulon the money taken at Berne, which the Directory had placed at his disposal. It amounted to something above 3,000,000 francs. In those times of disorder and negligence the finances were very badly managed. The revenues were anticipated and squandered away, so that the treasury never possessed so large a sum as that just mentioned.

It was determined that Bonaparte should undertake an expedition of an unusual character to the East. I must confess that two things cheered me in this very painful interval; my friendship and admiration for the talents of the conqueror of Italy, and the pleasing hope of traversing those ancient regions, the historical and religious accounts of which had engaged the attention of my youth.

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It was at Passeriano that, seeing the approaching termination of his labours in Europe, he first began to turn serious attention to the East. During his long strolls in the evening in the magnificent park there he delighted to converse about the celebrated events of that part of the world, and the many famous empires it once possessed. He used to say, “Europe is a mole-hill. There have never been great empires and revolutions except in the East, where there are 600,000,000 men.” He considered that part of the world as the cradle of all religious, of all metaphysical extravagances. This subject was no less interesting than inexhaustible, and he daily introduced it when conversing with the generals with whom he was intimate, with Monge, and with me.

Monge entirely concurred in the General-in-Chief’s opinions on this point; and his scientific ardour was increased by Bonaparte’s enthusiasm. In short, all were unanimously of one opinion. The Directory had no share in renewing the project of this memorable expedition, the result of which did not correspond with the grand views in which it had been conceived. Neither had the Directory any positive control over Bonaparte’s departure or return. It was merely the passive instrument of the General’s wishes, which it converted into decrees, as the law required. He was no more ordered to undertake the conquest of Egypt than he was instructed as to the plan of its execution. Bonaparte organised the army of the East, raised money, and collected ships; and it was he who conceived the happy idea of joining to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, and whose labours have made known, in its present and past state, a country, the very name of which is never pronounced without exciting grand recollections.

Bonaparte’s orders flew like lightning from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. With admirable precision he appointed some forces to assemble before Malta, and others before Alexandria. He dictated all these orders to me in his Cabinet.

In the position in which France stood with respect to Europe, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, the Directory, far from pressing or even facilitating this expedition, ought to have opposed it. A victory on the Adige would have been far better far France than one on the Nile. From all I saw, I am of opinion that the wish to get rid of an ambitious and rising man, whose popularity excited envy, triumphed over the evident danger of removing, for an indefinite period, an excellent army, and the possible loss of the French fleet. As to Bonaparte, he was well assured that nothing remained for him but to choose between that hazardous enterprise and his certain ruin. Egypt was, he thought, the right place to maintain his reputation, and to add fresh glory to his name.

On the 12th of April 1798 he was appointed General-in-Chief of the army of the East.

It was about this time that Marmont was married to Mademoiselle Perregaux; and Bonaparte’s aide de camp, La Valletta, to Mademoiselle Beauharnais.

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—[Sir Walter Scott informs us that Josephine, when she became Empress, brought about the marriage between her niece and La Vallette. This is another fictitious incident of his historical romance.—Bourrienne.]—

Shortly before our departure I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt. He replied, “A few months, or six years: all depends on circumstances. I will colonise the country. I will bring them artists and artisans of every description; women, actors, *etc*. We are but nine-and-twenty now, and we shall then be five-and-thirty. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India. Give out that you are going to Brest. Say so even to your family.” I obeyed, to prove my discretion and real attachment to him.

Bonaparte wished to form a camp library of cabinet editions, and he gave me a list of the books which I was to purchase. This list is in his own writing, and is as follows:

Camp library.

1. *Arts and science*.—Fontenelle’s Worlds, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2 vols. Courses of the Normal School, 6 vols. The Artillery Assistant, 1 vol. Treatise on Fortifications, 3 vols. Treatise on Fireworks, 1 vol.

2. *Geography and travels*.—Barclay’s Geography, 12 vols. Cook’s Voyages, 3 vols. La Harpe’s Travels, 24 vols.

3. *History*.—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2 vols. Conde, 4 vols. Villars, 4 vols. Luxembourg, 2 vols. Duguesclin, 2 vols. Saxe, 3 vols. Memoirs of the Marshals of France, 20 vols. President Hainault, 4 vols. Chronology, 2 vols. Marlborough, 4 vols. Prince Eugene, 6 vols. Philosophical History of India, 12 vols. Germany, 2 vols. Charles XII., 1 vol. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6 vols. Peter the Great, 1 vol. Polybius, 6 vols. Justin, 2 vols. Arrian, 3 vols. Tacitus, 2 vols. Titus Livy, Thucydides, 2 vols. Vertot, 4 vols. Denina, 8 vols. Frederick *ii*, 8 vols.

4. *Poetry*.—Osaian, 1 vol. Tasso, 6 vols. Ariosto, 6 vols. Homer, 6 vols. Virgil, 4 vols. The Henriade, 1 vol. Telemachus, 2 vols. Les Jardin, 1 vol. The Chefs-d’Oeuvre of the French Theatre, 20 vols. Select Light Poetry, 10 vols. La Fontaine.

5. *Romance*.—Voltaire, 4 vols. Heloise, 4 vols. Werther, 1 vol. Marmontel, 4 vols. English Novels, 40 vols. Le Sage, 10 vols. Prevost, 10 vols.

6. *Politics and morals*.—The Old Testament. The New Testament. The Koran. The Vedan. Mythology. Montesquieu. The Esprit des Lois.

It will be observed that he classed the books of the religious creeds of nations under the head of “politics.”

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The autograph copy of the above list contains some of those orthographical blunders which Bonaparte so frequently committed. Whether these blunders are attributable to the limited course of instruction he received at Brienne, to his hasty writing, the rapid flow of his ideas, or the little importance he attached to that indispensable condition of polite education, I know not. Knowing so well as he did the authors and generals whose names appear in the above list, it is curious that he should have written Ducecling for Duguesclin, and Ocean for Ossian. The latter mistake would have puzzled me not a little had I not known his predilection for the Caledonian bard.

Before his departure Bonaparte laid in a considerable stock of Burgundy. It was supplied by a man named James, of Dijon. I may observe that on this occasion we had an opportunity of ascertaining that good Burgundy, well racked off, and in casks hermetically sealed, does not lose its quality on a sea voyage. Several cases of this Burgundy twice crossed the desert of the Isthmus of Suez on camels' backs. We brought some of it back with us to Frejus, and it was as good as when we departed. James went with us to Egypt.

During the remainder of our stay in Paris nothing occurred worthy of mention, with the exception of a conversation between Bonaparte and me some days before our departure for Toulon. He went with me to the Luxembourg to get signatures to the official papers connected with his expedition. He was very silent. As we passed through the Rue Sainte Anne I asked him, with no other object than merely to break a long pause, whether he was still determined to quit France. He replied, "Yes: I have tried everything. They do not want me (probably alluding to the office of Director). I ought to overthrow them, and make myself King; but it will not do yet. The nobles will never consent to it. I have tried my ground. The time is not yet come. I should be alone. But I will dazzle them again." I replied, "Well, we will go to Egypt;" and changed the conversation.

—[Lucien and the Bonapartists of course deny that Napoleon wished to become Director, or to seize on power at this time; see Lucien, tome 1. p. 154. Thiers (vol. v. p. 257) takes the same view. Lanfrey (tome i. p. 363) believes Napoleon was at last compelled by the Directory to start and he credits the story told by Desaix to Mathieu Dumas, or rather to the wife of that officer, that there was a plot to upset the Directory, but that when all was ready Napoleon judged that the time was not ripe. Lanfrey, however, rather enlarges what Dumas says; see Dumas, tome iii. p. 167. See also the very remarkable conversation of Napoleon with Miot de Melito just before leaving Italy for Rastadt: "I cannot obey any longer. I have tasted the pleasures of command, and I cannot renounce it. My decision is taken. If I cannot be master, I shall quit France." (Miot, tome i. p. 184).]—

The squabble with Bernadotte at Vienna delayed our departure for a fortnight, and might have had the most disastrous influence on the fate of the squadron, as Nelson would most assuredly have waited between Malta and Sicily if he had arrived there before us.'

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—[Sir Walter Scott, without any authority, states that, at the moment of his departure, Bonaparte seemed disposed to abandon the command of an expedition so doubtful and hazardous, and that for this purpose he endeavoured to take advantage of what had occurred at Vienna. This must be ranked in the class of inventions, together with Barras mysterious visit to communicate the change of destination, and also the ostracism and honourable exile which the Directory wished to impose on Bonaparte.—Bourrienne.]—

It is untrue that he ever entertained the idea of abandoning the expedition in consequence of Bernadotte's affair. The following letter to Brueys, dated the 28th of April 1798, proves the contrary:

Some disturbances which have arisen at Vienna render my presence in Paris necessary for a few days. This will not change any of the arrangements for the expedition. I have sent orders by this courier for the troops at Marseilles to embark and proceed to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th I will send you a courier with orders for you to embark and proceed with the squadron and convoy to Genoa, where I will join you.

> The delay which this fresh event has occasioned will, I imagine,
> have enabled you to complete every preparation.

We left Paris on the 3d of May 1798. Ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Egypt a prisoner (Sir Sidney Smith) escaped from the Temple who was destined to contribute materially to his reverses. An escape so unimportant in itself afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events; a false order of the Minister of Police prevented the revolution of the East!

We were at Toulon on the 8th. Bonaparte knew by the movements of the English that not a moment was to be lost; but adverse winds detained us ten days, which he occupied in attending to the most minute details connected with the fleet.

Bonaparte, whose attention was constantly occupied with his army, made a speech to the soldiers, which I wrote to his dictation, and which appeared in the public papers at the time. This address was followed by cries of "The Immortal Republic for ever!" and the singing of national hymns.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte are aware that few women were more amiable and fascinating. Bonaparte was passionately fond of her, and to enjoy the pleasure of her society as long as possible he brought her with him to Toulon. Nothing could be more affecting than their parting. On leaving Toulon Josephine went to the waters of Plombieres. I recollect that during her stay at Plombieres she incurred great danger from a serious accident. Whilst she was one day sitting at the balcony of the hotel, with her suite, the balcony suddenly gave way, and all the persons in it fell into the street. Madame Bonaparte was much hurt, but no serious consequences ensued.

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Bonaparte had scarcely arrived at Toulon when he heard that the law for the death of emigrants was enforced with frightful rigour; and that but recently an old man, upwards of eighty, had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated to me, in a tone of anger, the following letter:

HeadquartersToulon,
27th Floreal, year *vi*. (16th May 1798).

Bonaparte, *member of the national institute*, *to the military commissioners of the ninth division*, *established by the law of the* 19*th Fructidor*.

I have learned, citizens, with deep regret, that an old man, between seventy and eighty years of age, and some unfortunate women, in a state of pregnancy, or surrounded with children of tender age, have been shot on the charge of emigration.

> Have the soldiers of liberty become executioners? Can the mercy which they have exercised even in the fury of battle be extinct in their hearts?

The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of public safety. Its object was to reach conspirators, not women and aged men.

I therefore exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your tribunals women or old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies.

The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.
(Signed) *Bonaparte*.

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man who came under the description of persons to whom Bonaparte referred. The tone of this note shows what an idea he already entertained of his power. He took upon him, doubtless from the noblest motives, to step out of his way to interpret and interdict the execution of a law, atrocious, it is true, but which even in those times of weakness, disorder, and anarchy was still a law. In this instance, at least, the power of his name was nobly employed. The letter gave great satisfaction to the army destined for the expedition.

A man named Simon, who had followed his master in emigration, and dreaded the application of the law, heard that I wanted a servant. He came to me and acknowledged his situation. He suited me, and I hired him. He then told me he feared he should be arrested whilst going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and who had just given a striking proof of his aversion to

these acts of barbarity, said to me in a tone of kindness, “Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain with you.” The words “Bonaparte, General-in-Chief of the Army of the East,” were inscribed in large gold letters on the green morocco. Whether it was the portfolio or his connection with us that prevented Simon from being arrested I know not; but he passed on without interruption. I reprimanded him for having smiled derisively at the ill humour of the persons appointed to arrest him. He served me faithfully, and was even sometimes useful to Bonaparte.

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CHAPTER XIII.

1798.

Departure of the squadron—Arrival at Malta—Dolomieu—General Barguay d'Hilliers—-Attack on the western part of the island— Caffarelli's remark—Deliverance of the Turkish prisoners—Nelson's pursuit of the French fleet—Conversations on board—How Bonaparte passed his, time—Questions to the Captains—Propositions discussed —-Morning music—Proclamation—Admiral Brueys—The English fleet avoided Dangerous landing—Bonaparte and his fortune—Alexandria taken—Kleber wounded—Bonaparte's entrance into Alexandria.

The squadron sailed on the 19th of May. The Orient, which, owing to her heavy lading, drew too much water, touched the ground; but she was got off without much difficulty.

We arrived off Malta on the 10th of June. We had lost two days in waiting for some convoys which joined us at Malta.

The intrigues throughout Europe had not succeeded in causing the ports of that island to be opened to us immediately on our arrival. Bonaparte expressed much displeasure against the persons sent from Europe to arrange measures for that purpose. One of them, however, M. Dolomieu, had cause to repent his mission, which occasioned him to be badly treated by the Sicilians. M. Poussielgue had done all he could in the way of seduction, but he had not completely succeeded. There was some misunderstanding, and, in consequence, some shots were interchanged. Bonaparte was very much pleased with General Baraguay d'Hilliers' services in Italy. He could not but praise his military and political conduct at Venice when, scarcely a year before, he had taken possession of that city by his orders. General Baraguay d'Hilliers joined us with his division,—which had embarked in the convoy that sailed from Genoa. The General-in-Chief ordered him to land and attack the western part of the island. He executed this order with equal prudence and ability, and highly to the satisfaction of the General-in-Chief. As every person in the secret knew that all this was a mere form, these hostile demonstrations produced no unpleasant consequences. We wished to save the honour of the knights—that was all; for no one who has seen Malta can imagine that an island surrounded with such formidable and perfect fortifications would have surrendered in two days to a fleet which was pursued by an enemy. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so secure against a 'coup de main' that General Caffarelli, after examining its fortifications, said to the General-in-Chief, in my presence, "Upon my word, General, it is luck: there is some one in the town to open the gates for us."

By comparing the observation of General Caffarelli with what has been previously stated respecting the project of the expedition to Egypt and Malta, an idea may be formed of the value of Bonaparte's assertion at St. Helena:

“The capture of Malta was not owing to private intrigues, but to the sagacity of the Commander-in-chief. I took Malta when I was in Mantua!”

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It is not the less true, however, that I wrote, by his dictation, a mass of instructions for private intrigues. Napoleon also said to another noble companion of his exile at St Helena, “Malta certainly possessed vast physical means of resistance; but no moral means. The knights did nothing dishonourable nobody is obliged to do impossibilities. No; but they were sold; the capture of Malta was assured before we left Toulon.”

The General-in-Chief proceeded to that part of the port where the Turks made prisoners by the knights were kept.

The disgusting galleys were emptied of their occupants: The same principles which, a few days after, formed the basis of Bonaparte’s proclamation to the Egyptians, guided him in this act of reason and humanity.

He walked several times in the gardens of the grandmaster. They were in beautiful order, and filled with magnificent orange-trees. We regaled ourselves with their fruit, which the great heat rendered most delicious.

On the 19th of June, after having settled the government and defence of the island, the General left Malta, which he little dreamed he had taken for the English, who have very badly requited the obligation. Many of the knights followed Bonaparte and took civil and military appointments.

During the night of the 22d of June the English squadron was almost close upon us. It passed at about six leagues from the French fleet. Nelson, who learned the capture of Malta at Messina on the day we left the island, sailed direct for Alexandria, without proceeding into the north. He considered that city to be the place of our destination. By taking the shortest course, with every sail set, and unembarrassed by any convoy, he arrived before Alexandria on the 28th of June, three days before the French fleet, which, nevertheless, had sailed before him from the shores of Malta. The French squadron took the direction of Candia, which we perceived on the 25th of June, and afterwards stood to the south, favoured by the Etesian winds, which regularly prevail at that season. The French fleet did not reach Alexandria till the 30th of June.

When on board the ‘Orient’ he took pleasure in conversing frequently with Monge and Berthollet. The subjects on which they usually talked were chemistry, mathematics, and religion. General Caffarelli, whose conversation, supplied by knowledge, was at once energetic, witty, and lively, was one of those with whom he most willingly discoursed. Whatever friendship he might entertain for Berthollet, it was easy to perceive that he preferred Monge, and that he was led to that preference because Monge, endowed with an ardent imagination, without exactly possessing religious principles, had a kind of predisposition for religious ideas which harmonised with the notions of Bonaparte. On this subject Berthollet sometimes rallied his inseparable friend Monge. Besides, Berthollet was, with his cold imagination, constantly devoted to analysis and

abstractions, inclined towards materialism, an opinion with which the General was always much dissatisfied.

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Bonaparte sometimes conversed with Admiral Brueys. His object was always to gain information respecting the different manoeuvres, and nothing astonished the Admiral more than the sagacity of his questions. I recollect that one day, Bonaparte having asked Brueys in what manner the hammocks were disposed of when clearing for action, he declared, after he had received an answer, that if the case should occur he would order every one to throw his baggage overboard.

He passed a great part of his time in his cabin, lying on a bed, which, swinging on a kind of castors, alleviated the severity of the sea-sickness from which he frequently suffered much when the ship rolled.

I was almost always with him in his cabin, where I read to him some of the favourite works which he had selected for his camp library. He also frequently conversed, for hours together, with the captains of the vessels which he hailed. He never failed to ask whence they came? what was their destination? what ships they had met? what course they had sailed? His curiosity being thus satisfied, he allowed them to continue their voyage, after making them promise to say nothing of having seen the French squadron.

Whilst we were at sea he seldom rose before ten o'clock in the morning. The 'Orient' had the appearance of a populous town, from which women had been excluded; and this floating city was inhabited by 2000 individuals, amongst whom were a great number of distinguished men. Bonaparte every day invited several persons to dine with him, besides Brueys, Berthier, the colonels, and his ordinary household, who were always present at the table of the General-in-Chief. When the weather was fine he went up to the quarter-deck, which, from its extent, formed a grand promenade.

I recollect once that when walking the quarter-deck with him whilst we were in Sicilian waters I thought I could see the summits of the Alps beautifully lighted by the rays of the setting sun. Bonaparte laughed much, and joked me about it. He called Admiral Brueys, who took his telescope and soon confirmed my conjecture. The Alps!

At the mention of that word by the Admiral I think I can see Bonaparte still. He stood for a long time motionless; then, suddenly bursting from his trance, exclaimed, "No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the East: and there I go; a perilous enterprise invites me. Those mountains command the plains where I so often had the good fortune to lead the French to victory. With them we will conquer again."

One of Bonaparte's greatest pleasures during the voyage was, after dinner, to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition and as many to oppose it. He had an object in view by this. These discussions afforded him an opportunity of studying the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, in order that he might afterwards confide to each the functions for which he possessed the greatest

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aptitude: It will not appear singular to those who have been intimate with Bonaparte, that in these intellectual contests he gave the preference to those who had supported an absurd proposition with ability over those who had maintained the cause of reason; and it was not superiority of mind which determined his judgment, for he really preferred the man who argued well in favour of an absurdity to the man who argued equally well in support of a reasonable proposition. He always gave out the subjects which were to be discussed; and they most frequently turned upon questions of religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day he asked whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world; then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our globe, either by water or fire; at another time, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. I remember the circumstance which gave rise to the last proposition was an allusion to Joseph, of whom he happened to speak, as he did of almost everything connected with the country to which we were bound, and which that able administrator had governed. No country came under Bonaparte's observation without recalling historical recollections to his mind. On passing the island of Candia his imagination was excited, and he spoke with enthusiasm of ancient Crete and the Colossus, whose fabulous renown has surpassed all human glories. He spoke much of the fall of the empire of the East, which bore so little resemblance to what history has preserved of those fine countries, so often moistened with the blood of man. The ingenious fables of mythology likewise occurred to his mind, and imparted to his language something of a poetical, and, I may say, of an inspired character. The sight of the kingdom of Minos led him to reason on the laws best calculated for the government of nations; and the birthplace of Jupiter suggested to him the necessity of a religion for the mass of mankind. This animated conversation lasted until the favourable north winds, which drove the clouds into the valley of the Nile, caused us to lose sight of the island of Candia.

The musicians on board the Orient sometimes played serenades; but only between decks, for Bonaparte was not yet sufficiently fond of music to wish to hear it in his cabin. It may be said that his taste for this art increased in the direct ratio of his power; and so it was with his taste for hunting, of which he gave no indication until after his elevation to the empire; as though he had wished to prove that he possessed within himself not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct for those aristocratical pleasures, the enjoyment of which is considered by mankind to be amongst the attributes of kings.

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It is scarcely possible that some accidents should not occur during a long voyage in a crowded vessel—that some persons should not fall overboard. Accidents of this kind frequently happened on board the 'Orient'. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it even in Egypt, whither we were bound. When a man fell into the sea the General-in-Chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly had the ship hove-to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered me to reward those who ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted him from the punishment, but also gave him some money. I recollect that one dark night we heard a noise like that occasioned by a man falling into the sea. Bonaparte instantly caused the ship to be hove-to until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from all sides, and at length they picked up-what?—the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. What was Bonaparte's conduct? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exerted themselves in this occasion even more generously than usual, saying, "It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shown as much activity and courage as if it had."

After the lapse of thirty years all these things are as fresh in my recollection as if they were passing at the present moment. In this manner Bonaparte employed his time on board the Orient during the voyage, and it was also at this time that he dictated to me the following proclamation:

Headquarters on board the "*Orient*,"
The 4th Messidor, Year *vi*.

Bonaparte, *member of the national institute*,
general-in-chief.

Soldiers—You are about to undertake a conquest the effects of which on civilisation and commerce are incalculable. The blow you are about to give to England will be the best aimed, and the most sensibly felt, she can receive until the time arrive when you can give her her deathblow.We must make some fatiguing marches; we must fight several battles; we shall succeed in all we undertake. The destinies are with us. The Mameluke Beys who favour exclusively English commerce, whose extortions oppress our merchants, and who tyrannise over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.The people amongst whom we are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." Do not contradict them. Behave to them as you

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have behaved to the Jews—to the Italians. Pay respect to their muftis, and their Imaums, as you did to the rabbis and the bishops. Extend to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran and to the mosques the same toleration which you showed to the synagogues, to the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ.The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here customs different from those of Europe. You must accommodate yourselves to them. The people amongst whom we are to mix differ from us in the treatment of women; but in all countries he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a small number of men; it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it converts into enemies the people whom it is our interest to have for friends.

> The first town we shall come to was built by Alexander. At every step we shall meet with grand recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.
>
> *Bonaparte*.

During the voyage, and particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I often conversed with the brave and unfortunate Admiral Brueys. The intelligence we heard from time to time augmented his uneasiness. I had the good fortune to obtain the confidence of this worthy man. He complained bitterly of the imperfect manner in which the fleet had been prepared for sea; of the encumbered state of the ships of the line and frigates, and especially of the 'Orient'; of the great number of transports; of the bad Outfit of all the ships and the weakness of their crews. He assured me that it required no little courage to undertake the command of a fleet so badly equipped; and he often declared, that in the event of our falling in with the enemy, he could not answer for the consequences. The encumbered state of the vessels, the immense quantity of civic and military baggage which each person had brought, and would wish to save, would render proper manoeuvres impracticable. In case of an attack, added Brueys, even by an inferior squadron, the confusion and disorder amongst so great a number of persons would produce an inevitable catastrophe. Finally, if the English had appeared with ten vessels only, the Admiral could not have guaranteed a fortunate result. He considered victory to be a thing that was impossible, and even with a victory, what would have become of the expedition? "God send," he said, with a sigh, "that we may pass the English without meeting them!" He appeared to foresee what did afterwards happen to him, not in the open sea, but in a situation which he considered much more favourable to his defence.

On the morning of the 1st of July the expedition arrived off the coast of Africa, and the column of Septimus-Severus pointed out to us the city of Alexandria. Our situation and frame of mind hardly permitted us to reflect that in the distant point we beheld the city of the Ptolemies and Caesars, with its double port, its pharos, and the gigantic monuments of its ancient grandeur. Our imaginations did not rise to this pitch.

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Admiral Brueys had sent on before the frigate Juno to fetch M. Magallon, the French Consul. It was near four o'clock when he arrived, and the sea was very rough. He informed the General-in-Chief that Nelson had been off Alexandria on the 28th—that he immediately dispatched a brig to obtain intelligence from the English agent. On the return of the brig Nelson instantly stood away with his squadron towards the north-east. But for a delay which our convoy from Civita Vecchia occasioned, we should have been on this coast at the same time as Nelson.

It appeared that Nelson supposed us to be already at Alexandria when he arrived there. He had reason to suppose so, seeing that we left Malta on the 19th of June, whilst he did not sail from Messina till the 21st. Not finding us where he expected, and being persuaded we ought to have arrived there had Alexandria been the place of our destination; he sailed for Alexandretta in Syria, whither he imagined we had gone to effect a landing. This error saved the expedition a second time.

Bonaparte, on hearing the details which the French Consul communicated, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of a disembarkation—the violence of the surge, the distance from the coast,—a coast, too, lined with reefs of rocks, the approaching night, and our perfect ignorance of the points suitable for landing. The Admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of waiting till next morning; that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humour. He replied peremptorily, "Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them we are lost." He relied much on fortune; this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.

Bonaparte having the command of the naval as well as the military force, the Admiral was obliged to yield to his wishes.

I attest these facts, which passed in my presence, and no part of which could escape my observation. It is quite false that it was owing to the appearance of a sail which, it is pretended, was descried, but of which, for my part, I saw nothing, that Bonaparte exclaimed, "Fortune, have you abandoned me? I ask only five days!" No such thing occurred.

It was one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July when we landed on the soil of Egypt, at Marabou, three leagues to the west of Alexandria. We had to regret the loss of some lives; but we had every reason to expect that our losses would have been greater.

At three o'clock the same morning the General-in-Chief marched on Alexandria with the divisions of Kleber, Bon, and Menou. The Bedouin Arabs, who kept hovering about our right flank and our rear, picked up the stragglers.

Having arrived within gunshot of Alexandria, we scaled the ramparts, and French valour soon triumphed over all obstacles.

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The first blood I saw shed in war was General Kleber's. He was struck in the head by a ball, not in storming the walls, but whilst heading the attack. He came to Pompey's Pillar, where many members of the staff were assembled, and where the General-in-Chief was watching the attack. I then spoke to Kleber for the first time, and from that day our friendship commenced. I had the good fortune to contribute somewhat towards the assistance of which he stood in need, and which, as we were situated, could not be procured very easily.

It has been endeavoured to represent the capture of Alexandria, which surrendered after a few hours, as a brilliant exploit. The General-in-Chief himself wrote that the city had been taken after a few discharges of cannon; the walls, badly fortified, were soon scaled. Alexandria was not delivered up to pillage, as has been asserted, and often repeated. This would have been a most impolitic mode of commencing the conquest of Egypt, which had no strong places requiring to be intimidated by a great example.

Bonaparte, with some others, entered the city by a narrow street which scarcely allowed two persons to walk abreast; I was with him. We were stopped by some musket-shots fired from a low window by a man and a woman. They repeated their fire several times. The guides who preceded their General kept up a heavy fire on the window. The man and woman fell dead, and we passed on in safety, for the place had surrendered.

Bonaparte employed the six days during which he remained in Alexandria in establishing order in the city and province, with that activity and superior talent which I could never sufficiently admire, and in directing the march of the army across the province of Bohahire'h. He sent Desaix with 4500 infantry and 60 cavalry to Beda, on the road to Damanhour. This general was the first to experience the privations and sufferings which the whole army had soon to endure. His great mind, his attachment to Bonaparte, seemed for a moment about to yield to the obstacles which presented themselves. On the 15th of July he wrote from Bohahire'h as follows: "I beseech you do not let us stop longer in this position. My men are discouraged and murmur. Make us advance or fall back without delay. The villages consist merely of huts, absolutely without resources."

In these immense plains, scorched by the vertical rays of a burning sun, water, everywhere else so common, becomes an object of contest. The wells and springs, those secret treasures of the desert, are carefully concealed from the travellers; and frequently, after our most oppressive marches, nothing could be found to allay the urgent cravings of thirst but a little brackish water of the most disgusting description.

—[Some idea of the misery endured by the French troops on this occasion may be gathered from the following description is Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated at St. Helena:

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“As the Hebrews wandering in the wilderness complained, and angrily asked Moses for the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt, the French soldiers constantly regretted the luxuries of Italy. In vain were they assured that the country was the most fertile in the world, that it was even superior to Lombard; how were they to be persuaded of this when they could get neither bread nor wine? We encamped on immense quantities of wheat, but there was neither mill nor oven in the country. The biscuit brought from Alexandria had long been exhausted; the soldiers were even reduced to bruise the wheat between two stones and to make cake which they baked under the ashes. Many parched the wheat in a pan, after which they boiled it. This was the best way to use the grain; but, after all, it was not bread. The apprehensions of the soldiers increased daily, and rose to such a pitch that a great number of them said there was no great city of calm; and that the place bring that name was, like Damanhour, a vast assemblage of mere huts, destitute of everything that could render life comfortable or agreeable. To such a melancholy state of mind had they brought themselves that two dragoons threw themselves, completely clothed, into the Nile, where they were drowned. It is nevertheless true that, though there was neither bread nor wine, the resources which were procured with wheat, lentils, meat, and sometimes pigeons, furnished the army with food of some kind. But the evil was, in the ferment of the mind. The officers complained more loudly than the soldiers, because the comparison was proportionately more disadvantageous to them. In Egypt they found neither the quarters, the good table, nor the luxury of Italy. The General-in-Chief, wishing to set an example, tried to bivouac in the midst of the army, and in the least commodious spots. No one had either tent or provisions; the dinner of Napoleon and his staff consisted of a dish of lentils. The soldiers passed the evenings in political conversations, arguments, and complaints. ‘For what purpose are we come here?’ said some of them, ‘the Directory has transported us.’ ‘Caffarelli,’ said others, ’is the agent that has been made use of to deceive the General-in-Chief.’ Many of them, having observed that wherever there were vestiges of antiquity they were carefully searched, vented their spite in invective against the savants, or scientific men, who, they said, had started the idea of she expedition to order to make these searches. Jests were showered upon them, even in their presence. The men called an ass a savant; and said of Caffarelli Dufalga, alluding to his wooden leg, ’He laughs at all these troubles; he has one foot to France.’”]

CHAPTER XIV.

1798.

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The mirage—Skirmishes with the Arabs—Mistake of General Desaix's division—-Wretchedness of a rich sheik—Combat beneath the General's window—The flotilla on the Nile—Its distress and danger—The battle of Chebreisse—Defeat of the Mamelukes—Bonaparte's reception of me—Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Success of the French army— Triumphal entrance into Cairo—Civil and military organisation of Cairo—-Bonaparte's letter to his brother Joseph—Plan of colonisation.

On the 7th of July General Bonaparte left Alexandria for Damanhour. In the vast plains of Bohahire'h the mirage every moment presented to the eye wide sheets of water, while, as we advanced, we found nothing but barren ground full of deep cracks. Villages, which at a distance appear to be surrounded with water, are, on a nearer approach, discovered to be situated on heights, mostly artificial, by which they are raised above the inundations of the Nile. This illusion continually recurs; and it is the more treacherous, inasmuch as it presents to the eye the perfect representation of water, at the time when the want of that article is most felt. This mirage is so considerable in the plain of Pelusium that shortly after sunrise no object is recognisable. The same phenomenon has been observed in other countries. Quintus Curtius says that in the deserts of Sogdiana, a fog rising from the earth obscures the light, and the surrounding country seems like a vast sea. The cause of this singular illusion is now fully explained; and, from the observations of the learned Monge, it appears that the mirage will be found in almost every country situated between the tropics where the local circumstances are similar.

The Arabs harassed the army without intermission. The few wells met with in the desert were either filled up or the water was rendered unfit for use. The intolerable thirst with which the troops were tormented, even on this first march, was but ill allayed by brackish and unwholesome water. The army crossed the desert with the rapidity of lightning, scarcely tasting a drop of water. The sufferings of the troops were frequently expressed by discouraging murmurs.

On the first night a mistake occurred which might have proved fatal. We were advancing in the dark, under feeble escort, almost sleeping on our horses, when suddenly we were assailed by two successive discharges of musketry. We aroused ourselves and reconnoitred, and to our great satisfaction discovered that the only mischief was a alight wound received by one of our guides. Our assailants were the division of General Desaix, who, forming the advanced guard of the army, mistook us for a party of the enemy, and fired upon us. It was speedily ascertained that the little advanced guard of the headquarters had not heard the "Qui vive?" of Desaix's advanced posts.

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On reaching Damanhour our headquarters were established at the residence of a sheik. The house had been new whitened, and looked well enough outside, but the interior was inconceivably wretched. Every domestic utensil was broken, and the only seats were a few dirty tattered mats. Bonaparte knew that the sheik was rich, and having somewhat won his confidence, he asked him, through the medium of the interpreter, why, being in easy circumstances, he thus deprived himself of all comfort. "Some years ago," replied the sheik, "I repaired and furnished my house. When this became known at Cairo a demand was made upon me for money, because it was said my expenses proved me to be rich. I refused to pay the money, and in consequence I was ill-treated, and at length forced to pay it. From that time I have allowed myself only the bare necessaries of life, and I shall buy no furniture for my house." The old man was lame in consequence of the treatment he had suffered. Woe to him who in this country is suspected of having a competency—a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him. The appearance of poverty is the only security against the rapine of power and the cupidity of barbarism.

A little troop of Arabs on horseback assailed our headquarters. Bonaparte, who was at the window of the sheik's house, indignant at this insolence, turned to one of his aides de camp, who happened to be on duty, and said, "Croisier, take a few guides and drive those fellows away!" In an instant Croisier was in the plain with fifteen guides. A little skirmish ensued, and we looked on from the window. In the movement and in the attack of Croisier and his party there was a sort of hesitation which the General-in-Chief could not comprehend. "Forward, I say! Charge!" he exclaimed from the window, as if he could have been heard. Our horsemen seemed to fall back as the Arabs returned to the attack; and after a little contest, maintained with tolerable spirit, the Arabs retired without loss, and without being molested in their retreat. Bonaparte could no longer repress his rage; and when Croisier returned he experienced such a harsh reception that the poor fellow withdrew deeply mortified and distressed. Bonaparte desired me to follow him and say something to console him: but all was in vain. "I cannot survive this," he said. "I will sacrifice my life on the first occasion that offers itself. I will not live dishonoured." The word coward had escaped the General's lips. Poor Croisier died at Saint Jean d'Acre.

On the 10th of July our headquarters were established at Rahmahanie'h, where they remained during the 11th and 12th. At this place commences the canal which was cut by Alexander to convey water to his new city; and to facilitate commercial intercourse between Europe and the East.

The flotilla, commanded by the brave chief of division Perree, had just arrived from Rosette. Perree was on board the xebec 'Cerf'.

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—[Bonaparte had great confidence in him. He had commanded, under the General's orders, the naval forces in the Adriatic in 1797.—Bourrienne]—

Bonaparte placed on board the Cerf and the other vessels of the flotilla those individuals who, not being military, could not be serviceable in engagements, and whose horses served to mount a few of the troops.

On the night of the 14th of July the General-in-Chief directed his march towards the south, along the left bank of the Nile. The flotilla sailed up the river parallel with the left wing of the army. But the force of the wind, which at this season blows regularly from the Mediterranean into the valley of the file, carried the flotilla far in advance of the army, and frustrated the plan of their mutually defending and supporting each other. The flotilla thus unprotected fell in with seven Turkish gunboats coming from Cairo, and was exposed simultaneously to their fire and to that of the Mamelukes, fellahs, and Arabs who lined both banks of the river. They had small guns mounted on camels.

Perree cast anchor, and an engagement commenced at nine o'clock on the 14th of July, and continued till half past twelve.

At the same time the General-in-Chief met and attacked a corps of about 4000 Mamelukes. His object, as he afterwards said, was to turn the corps by the left of the village of Chebreisse, and to drive it upon the Nile.

About eleven in the morning Perree told me that the Turks were doing us more harm than we were doing them; that our ammunition would soon be exhausted; that the army was far inland, and that if it did not make a move to the left there would be no hope for us. Several vessels had already been boarded and taken by the Turks, who massacred the crews before our eyes, and with barbarous ferocity showed us the heads of the slaughtered men.

Perree, at considerable risk, despatched several persons to inform the General-in-Chief of the desperate situation of the flotilla. The cannonade which Bonaparte had heard since the morning, and the explosion of a Turkish gunboat, which was blown up by the artillery of the xebec, led him to fear that our situation was really perilous. He therefore made a movement to the left, in the direction of the Nile and Chebreisse, beat the Mamelukes, and forced them to retire on Cairo. At sight of the French troops the commander of the Turkish flotilla weighed anchor and sailed up the Nile. The two banks of the river were evacuated, and the flotilla escaped the destruction which a short time before had appeared inevitable. Some writers have alleged that the Turkish flotilla was destroyed in this engagement. The truth is, the Turks did us considerable injury, while on their part they suffered but little. We had twenty men killed and several wounded. Upwards of 1500 cannon-shots were fired during the action.

General Berthier, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, enumerates the individuals who, though not in the military service, assisted Perree in this unequal and dangerous engagement. He mentions Monge, Berthollet, Andreossy, the paymaster, Junot, and Bourrienne, secretary to the General-in-Chief. It has also been stated that Sucy, the commissary-general, was seriously wounded while bravely defending a gunboat laden with provisions; but this is incorrect.

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We had no communication with the army until the 23d of July. On the 22d we came in sight of the Pyramids, and were informed that we were only about, ten leagues from Gizeh, where they are situated. The cannonade which we heard, and which augmented in proportion as the north wind diminished, announced a serious engagement; and that same day we saw the banks of the Nile strewed with heaps of bodies, which the waves were every moment washing into the sea. This horrible spectacle, the silence of the surrounding villages, which had hitherto been armed against us, and the cessation of the firing from the banks of the river, led us to infer, with tolerable certainty, that a battle fatal to the Mamelukes had been fought. The misery we suffered on our passage from Rahmahanie'h to Gizeh is indescribable. We lived for eleven days on melons and water, besides being momentarily exposed to the musketry of the Arabs and the fellahs. We luckily escaped with but a few killed and wounded. The rising of the Nile was only beginning. The shallowness of the river near Cairo obliged us to leave the xebec and get on board a djerm. We reached Gizeh at three in the afternoon of the 23d of July.

When I saluted the General, whom I had not seen for twelve days, he thus addressed me: "So you are here, are you? Do you know that you have all of you been the cause of my not following up the battle of Chebreisse? It was to save you, Monge, Berthollet, and the others on board the flotilla that I hurried the movement of my left upon the Nile before my right had turned Chebreisse. But for that, not a single Mameluke would have escaped."

"I thank you for my own part," replied I; "but in conscience could you have abandoned us, after taking away our horses, and making us go on board the xebec, whether we would or not?" He laughed, and then told me how sorry he was for the wound of Sucy, and the death of many useful men, whose places could not possibly be filled up.

He made me write a letter to his brother Louis, informing him that he had gained a complete victory over the Mamelukes at Embabeh, opposite Boulac, and that the enemy's loss was 2000 men killed and wounded, 40 guns, and a great number of horses.

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Bonaparte established his head-quarters in the home of Elfy Bey, in the great square of Ezbekye'h.

The march of the French army to Cairo was attended by an uninterrupted succession of combats and victories. We had won the battles of Rahmahanie'h, Chebreisse, and the Pyramids. The Mamelukes were defeated, and their chief, Mourad Bey, was obliged to fly into Upper Egypt. Bonaparte found no obstacle to oppose his entrance into the capital of Egypt, after a campaign of only twenty days.

No conqueror, perhaps, ever enjoyed a victory so much as Bonaparte, and yet no one was ever less inclined to abuse his triumphs.

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We entered Cairo on the 24th of July, and the General-in-Chief immediately directed his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. Only those who saw him in the vigour of his youth can form an idea of his extraordinary intelligence and activity. Nothing escaped his observation. Egypt had long been the object of his study; and in a few weeks he was as well acquainted with the country as if he had lived in it ten years. He issued orders for observing the strictest discipline, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The mosques, the civil and religious institutions, the harems, the women, the customs of the country-all were scrupulously respected. A few days after they entered Cairo the French were freely admitted into the shops, and were seen sociably smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their occupations, and playing with their children.

The day after his arrival in Cairo Bonaparte addressed to his brother Joseph the following letter, which was intercepted and printed. Its authenticity has been doubted, but I saw Napoleon write it, and he read it to me before he sent it off.

Cairo,
7th. Thermidor (25th July 1798)

You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and conquest of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of this army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world in coin, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot procure money, even to pay the troops. I maybe in France in two months.

Engage a country-house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris or in Burgundy, where I mean to pass the winter.

—[Bonaparte's autograph note, after enumerating the troops and warlike stores he wished to be sent, concluded with the following list:

1st, a company of actors; 2d, a company of dancers; 3d, some dealers in marionettes, at least three or four; 9th, a hundred French women; 5th, the wives of all the men employed in the corps; 6th, twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries, and ten Physicians; 7th, some founders; 8th, some distillers and dealers in liquor; 9th fifty gardeners with their families, and the seeds of every kind of vegetable; 10th, each party to bring with them: 200,000 pints of brandy; 11th, 30,000 ells of blue and scarlet cloth; 12th, a supply of soap and oil.—Bourrienne.]—

(Signed) *Bonaparte*

This announcement of his departure to his brother is corroborated by a note which he despatched some days after, enumerating the supplies and individuals which he wished to have sent to Egypt. His note proves, more convincingly than any arguments, that Bonaparte earnestly wished to preserve his conquest, and to make it a French colony. It must be borne in mind that the note here alluded to, as well as the letter above quoted, was written long before the destruction of the fleet.

BOOKRAGS

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CHAPTER XV.

1798.

Establishment of a divan in each Egyptian province—Desaix in Upper Egypt—Ibrahim Bey beaten by Bonaparte at Balehye'h—Sulkowsky wounded—Disaster at Abonkir—-Dissatisfaction and murmurs of the army—Dejection of the General-in-Chief—His plan respecting Egypt —Meditated descent upon England—Bonaparte's censure of the Directory—Intercepted correspondence.

From the details I have already given respecting Bonaparte's plans for colonising Egypt, it will be seen that his energy of mind urged him to adopt anticipatory measures for the accomplishment of objects which were never realised. During the short interval in which he sheathed his sword he planned provisional governments for the towns and provinces occupied by the French troops, and he adroitly contrived to serve the interests of his army without appearing to violate those of the country. After he had been four days at Cairo, during which time he employed himself in examining everything, and consulting every individual from whom he could obtain useful information, he published the following order:

Headquarters, *Cairo*,
9th Thermidor, year *vi*.

Bonaparte, *member of the national institute*,
and general-in-chief, *orders*:

Art. 1. There shall be in each province of Egypt a divan, composed of seven individuals, whose duty will be to superintend the interests of the province; to communicate to me any complaints that may be made; to prevent warfare among the different villages; to apprehend and punish criminals (for which purpose they may demand assistance from the French commandant); and to take every opportunity of enlightening the people.Art. 2. There shall be in each province an aga of the Janizaries, maintaining constant communication with the French commandant. He shall have with him a company of sixty armed natives, whom he may take wherever he pleases, for the maintenance of good order, subordination, and tranquillity.Art. 3. There shall be in each province an intendant, whose business will be to levy the miri, the feddam, and the other contributions which formerly belonged to the Mamelukes, but which now belong to the French Republic. The intendants shall have us many agents as may be necessary.

Art. 4. The said intendant shall have a French agent to correspond with the Finance Department, and to execute all the orders he may receive.

(Signed) *Bonaparte*.

While Bonaparte was thus actively taking measures for the organization of the country,

—[Far more thoroughly and actively than those taken by the English Government in 1882-3-4]—

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General Desaix had marched into Upper Egypt in pursuit of Mourad Bey. We learned that Ibrahim, who, next to Mourad, was the most influential of the bays, had proceeded towards Syria, by the way of Belbeis and Salehye'h. The General-in-Chief immediately determined to march in person against that formidable enemy, and he left Cairo about fifteen days after he had entered it. It is unnecessary to describe the well-known engagement in which Bonaparte drove Ibrahim back upon El-Arish; besides, I do not enter minutely into the details of battles, my chief object being to record events which I personally witnessed.

At the battle of Salehye'h Bonaparte thought he had lost one of his 'aides de camp', Sulkowsky, to whom he was much attached, and who had been with us during the whole of the campaign of Italy. On the field of battle one object of regret cannot long engross the mind; yet, on his return to Cairo, Bonaparte frequently spoke to me of Sulkowsky in terms of unfeigned sorrow.

"I cannot," said he one day, "sufficiently admire the noble spirit and determined courage of poor Sulkowsky." He often said that Sulkowsky would have been a valuable aid to whoever might undertake the resuscitation of Poland. Fortunately that brave officer was not killed on that occasion, though seriously wounded. He was, however, killed shortly after.

The destruction of the French squadron in the roads of Aboukir occurred during the absence of the General-in-Chief. This event happened on the 1st of August. The details are generally known; but there is one circumstance to which I cannot refrain from alluding, and which excited deep interest at the time. This was the heroic courage of the son of Casablanca, the captain of the 'Orient'. Casablanca was among the wounded, and when the vessel was blown up his son, a lad of ten years of age, preferred perishing with him rather than saving himself, when one of the seamen had secured him the means of escape. I told the 'aide de camp', sent by General Kleber, who had the command of Alexandria, that the General-in-Chief was near Salehye'h. He proceeded thither immediately, and Bonaparte hastened back to Cairo, a distance of about thirty-three leagues.

In spite of any assertions that may have been made to the contrary, the fact is, that as soon as the French troops set foot in Egypt, they were filled with dissatisfaction, and ardently longed to return home.'

—['Erreurs' objects to this description of the complaints of the army, but Savary (tome i. pp. 66, 67, and tome i. p. 89) fully confirms it, giving the reason that the army was not a homogeneous body, but a mixed force taken from Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles; see also Thiers, tome v. p. 283. But the fact is not singular. For a striking instance, in the days of the Empire, of the soldiers in 1809, in Spain, actually threatening Napoleon in his own hearing, see De Gonneville (tome i. pp. 190-193):

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“The soldiers of Lapisse’s division gave loud expression to the most sinister designs against the Emperor’s person, stirring up each other to fire a shot at him, sad bandying accusations of cowardice for not doing it.” He heard it all as plainly as we did, and seemed as if he did not care a bit for it, but “sent the division into good quarters, when the men were as enthusiastic as they were formerly mutinous.” In 1796 d’Entraigues, the Bourbon spy, reports, “As a general rule, the French soldier grumbles and is discontented. He accuses Bonaparte of being a thief and a rascal. But to-morrow the very same soldier will obey him blindly” (Iung’s Bonaparte, tome iii. p. 152).]—

The illusion of the expedition had disappeared, and only its reality remained. What bitter murmuring have I not heard from Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Bessieres, and others! Their complaints were, indeed, often so unmeasured as almost to amount to sedition. This greatly vexed Bonaparte, and drew from him severe reproaches and violent language.

—[Napoleon related at St. Helena that in a fit of irritation he rushed among a group of dissatisfied generals, and said to one of them, who was remarkable for his stature, “you have held seditious language; but take care I do not perform my duty. Though you are five feet ten inches high, that shall not save you from being shot.”—Bourrienne.]—

When the news arrived of the loss of the fleet, discontent increased. All who had acquired fortunes under Napoleon now began to fear that they would never enjoy them. All turned their thoughts to Paris, and its amusements, and were utterly disheartened at the idea of being separated from their homes and their friends for a period, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee.

The catastrophe of Aboukir came like a thunderbolt upon the General-in-Chief. In spite of all his energy and fortitude, he was deeply distressed by the disasters which now assailed him. To the painful feelings excited by the complaints and dejection of his companions in arms was now added the irreparable misfortune of the burning of our fleet. He measured the fatal consequences of this event at a single glance. We were now cut off from all communication with France, and all hope of returning thither, except by a degrading capitulation with an implacable and hated enemy. Bonaparte had lost all chance of preserving his conquest, and to him this was indeed a bitter reflection. And at what a time did this disaster befall him? At the very moment when he was about to apply for the aid of the mother-country.

From what General Bonaparte communicated to me previously to the 1st of August, his object was, having once secured the possession of Egypt; to return to Toulon with the fleet; then to send troops and provisions of every kind to Egypt; and next to combine with the fleet all the forces that could be supplied, not only by France, but by her allies, for the purpose of attacking England. It is certain that previously to his departure for Egypt he had laid before the Directory a note relative to his plans. He always regarded

a descent upon England as possible, though in its result fatal, so long as we should be inferior in naval strength; but he hoped by various manoeuvres to secure a superiority on one point.

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His intention was to return to France. Availing himself of the departure of the English fleet for the Mediterranean, the alarm excited by his Egyptian expedition, the panic that would be inspired by his sudden appearance at Boulogne, and his preparations against England, he hoped to oblige that power to withdraw her naval force from the Mediterranean, and to prevent her sending out troops to Egypt. This project was often in his head. He would have thought it sublime to date an order of the day from the ruins of Memphis, and three months later, one from London. The loss of the fleet converted all these bold conceptions into mere romantic visions.

When alone with me he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him that the disaster was doubtless great, but that it would have been infinitely more irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had he waited for us four-and-twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. "Any one of these events," said I, "which were not only possible but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us then wait patiently to see what the Directory will do for us."—"The Directory!" exclaimed he angrily, "the Directory is composed of a set of scoundrels! they envy and hate me, and would gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is: not a man is willing to stay."

The pleasing illusions which were cherished at the outset of the expedition vanished long before our arrival in Cairo. Egypt was no longer the empire of the Ptolemies, covered with populous and wealthy cities; it now presented one unvaried scene of devastation and misery. Instead of being aided by the inhabitants, whom we had ruined, for the sake of delivering them from the yoke of the beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, Arabs, and fellahs. No Frenchman was secure of his life who happened to stray half a mile from any inhabited place, or the corps to which he belonged. The hostility which prevailed against us and the discontent of the army were clearly developed in the numerous letters which were written to France at the time, and intercepted.

The gloomy reflections which at first assailed Bonaparte, were speedily banished; and he soon recovered the fortitude and presence of mind which had been for a moment shaken by the overwhelming news from Aboukir. He, however, sometimes repeated, in a tone which it would be difficult to describe, "Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done!"

I have remarked that in some chance observations which escaped Napoleon at St. Helena he endeavoured to throw all the blame of the affair on Admiral Brueys. Persons who are determined to make Bonaparte an exception to human nature have unjustly reproached the Admiral for the loss of the fleet.

CHAPTER XVI.

1798.

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The Egyptian Institute—Festival of the birth of Mahomet—Bonapartes prudent respect for the Mahometan religion—His Turkish dress— Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre—Thoughts of a campaign in Germany—Want of news from France—Bonaparte and Madame Fours —The Egyptian fortune-teller, M. Berthollet, and the Sheik El Bekri—The air "Marlbrook"—Insurrection in Cairo—Death of General Dupuis—Death of Sulkowsky—-The insurrection quelled—Nocturnal executions— Destruction of a tribe of Arabs—-Convoy of sick and wounded— Massacre of the French in Sicily—projected expedition to Syria— Letter to Tippoo Saib.

The loss of the fleet convinced General Bonaparte of the necessity of speedily and effectively organising Egypt, where everything denoted that we should stay for a considerable time, excepting the event of a forced evacuation, which the General was far from foreseeing or fearing. The distance of Ibrahim Bey and Mourad Bey now left him a little at rest. War, fortifications, taxation, government, the organization of the divans, trade, art, and science, all occupied his attention. Orders and instructions were immediately despatched, if not to repair the defeat, at least to avert the first danger that might ensue from it. On the 21st of August Bonaparte established at Cairo an institute of the arts and sciences, of which he subsequently appointed me a member in the room of M. de Sucy, who was obliged to return to France, in consequence of the wound he received on board the flotilla in the Nile.

—[The Institute of Egypt was composed of members of the French Institute, and of the men of science and artists of the commission who did not belong to that body. They assembled and added to their number several officers of the artillery and staff, and others who bad cultivated the sciences and literature.The Institute was established in one of the palaces of the bey's. A great number of machines, and physical, chemical, and astronomical instruments had been brought from France. They were distributed in the different rooms, which were also successively filled with all the curiosities of the country, whether of the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.The garden of the palace became a botanical garden. A chemical laboratory was formed at headquarters; Merthollet performed experiments there several times every week, which Napoleon and a great number of officers attended ('Memoirs of Napoleon')]—

In founding this Institute, Bonaparte wished to afford an example of his ideas of civilisation. The minutes of the sittings of that learned body, which have been printed, bear evidence of its utility, and of Napoleon's extended views. The objects of the Institute were the advancement and propagation of information in Egypt, and the study and publication of all facts relating to the natural history, trade, and antiquities of that ancient country.

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On the 18th Bonaparte was present at the ceremony of opening the dyke of the canal of Cairo, which receives the water of the Nile when it reaches the height fired by the Mequyas.

Two days after came the anniversary festival of the birth of Mahomet. At this Napoleon was also present, in company with the sheik El Bekri,' who at his request gave him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim, and Roustan.

—[The General-in-Chief went to celebrate, the feast of the Prophet at the house of the sheik El Bekri. The ceremony was began by the recital of a kind of litany, containing the life of Mahomet from his birth to his death. About a hundred sheiks, sitting in a circle, on carpets, with their legs crossed, recited all the verses, swinging their bodies violently backwards and forwards, and altogether.A grand dinner was afterwards served up, at which the guests sat on carpets, with their legs across. There were twenty tables, and five or six people at each table. That of the General-in-Chief and the sheik El Bekri was in the middle; a little slab of a precious kind of wood ornamented with mosaic work was placed eighteen inches above the floor and covered with a great number of dishes in succession. They were pillaws of rice, a particular kind of roast, entrees, and pastry, all very highly spiced. The sheiks picked everything with their fingers. Accordingly water was brought to wash the hands three times during dinner. Gooseberry-water, lemonade, and other sorts of sherbets were served to drink, and abundance of preserves and confectionery with the dessert. On the whole, the dinner was not disagreeable; it was only the manner of eating it that seemed strange to us.In the evening the whole city was illuminated. After dinner the party went into the square of El Bekri, the illumination of which, in coloured lamps, was very beautiful. An immense concourse of people attended. They were all placed in order, in ranks of from twenty to a hundred persons, who, standing close together, recited the prayers and litanies of the Prophet with movements which kept increasing, until at length they seemed to be convulsive, and some of the most zealous fainted sway ('Memoirs of Napoleon').]——-[Roustan or Rustan, a Mameluke, was always with Napoleon from the time of the return from Egypt till 1814, when he abandoned his master. He slept at or near the door of Napoleon. See Remusat, tome i, p. 209, for an amusing description of the alarm of Josephine, and the precipitate flight of Madame de Remusat, at the idea of being met and killed by this man in one of Josephine's nocturnal attacks on the privacy of her husband when closeted with his mistress.]—

It has been alleged that Bonaparte, when in Egypt, took part in the religious ceremonies and worship of the Mussulmans; but it cannot be said that he celebrated the festivals of the overflowing of the Nile and the

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anniversary of the Prophet. The Turks invited him to these merely as a spectator; and the presence of their new master was gratifying to the people. But he never committed the folly of ordering any solemnity. He neither learned nor repeated any prayer of the Koran, as many persons have asserted; neither did he advocate fatalism, polygamy, or any other doctrine of the Koran. Bonaparte employed himself better than in discussing with the Imaums the theology of the children of Ismael. The ceremonies, at which policy induced him to be present, were to him, and to all who accompanied him, mere matters of curiosity. He never set foot in a mosque; and only on one occasion, which I shall hereafter mention, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. He attended the festivals to which the green turbans invited him. His religious tolerance was the natural consequence of his philosophic spirit.
—[From this Sir Walter Scott infers that he did not scruple to join the Musselmans in the external ceremonies of their religion. He embellishes his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber of the grand pyramid, and the speeches which were addressed to the General as well as to the muftis and Imaums; and he adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. All that Sir Walter says on this subject is the height of absurdity, and does not even deserve to be seriously refuted. Bonaparte never entered a mosque except from motives of curiosity,(see contradiction in previous paragraph. D.W.) and he never for one moment afforded any ground for supposing that he believed in the mission of Mahomet.— Bourrienne.]—

Doubtless Bonaparte did, as he was bound to do, show respect for the religion of the country; and he found it necessary to act more like a Mussulman than a Catholic. A wise conqueror supports his triumphs by protecting and even elevating the religion of the conquered people. Bonaparte's principle was, as he himself has often told me, to look upon religions as the work of men, but to respect them everywhere as a powerful engine of government. However, I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion had the conquest of the East been the price of that change. All that he said about Mahomet, Islamism, and the Koran to the, great men of the country he laughed at himself. He enjoyed the gratification of having all his fine sayings on the subject of religion translated into Arabic poetry, and repeated from mouth to mouth. This of course tended to conciliate the people.

I confess that Bonaparte frequently conversed with the chiefs of the Mussulman religion on the subject of his conversion; but only for the sake of amusement. The priests of the Koran, who would probably have been delighted to convert us, offered us the most ample concessions. But these conversations were merely started by way of entertainment, and never could have warranted a supposition of their leading to any serious result. If Bonaparte spoke as a Mussulman, it was merely in his character of a military and political chief in a Mussulman country. To do so was essential to his success, to the safety of his army, and, consequently; to his glory. In every country he would have drawn up proclamations and delivered addresses on the same principle. In

India he would have been for Ali, at Thibet for the Dalai-lama, and in China for Confucius.

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—[On the subject of his alleged conversion to Mahometanism Bonaparte expressed himself at St. Helena as follows:

“I never followed any of the tenets of that religion. I never prayed in the mosques. I never abstained from wine, or was circumcised, neither did I ever profess it. I said merely that we were the friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected Mahomet their prophet, which was true; I respect him now. I wanted to make the Imaums cause prayers to be offered up in the mosques for me, in order to make the people respect me still more than they actually did, and obey me more readily. The Imaums replied that there was a great obstacle, because their Prophet in the Koran had inculcated to them that they were not to obey, respect, or hold faith with infidels, and that I came under that denomination. I then desired them to hold a consultation, and see what was necessary to be done in order to become a Musselman, as some of their tenets could not be practised by us. That, as to circumcision, God had made us unfit for that. That, with respect to drinking wine, we were poor cold people, inhabitants of the north, who could not exist without it. They consulted together accordingly, and in about three weeks issued a fetham, declaring that circumcision might be omitted, because it was merely a profession; that as to drinking wine, it might be drunk by Mussulmans, but that those who drank it would not go to paradise, but to hell I replied that this would not do; that we had no occasion to make ourselves Mussulmans in order to go to hell, that there were many ways of getting there without coming to Egypt, and desired them to hold another consultation. After deliberating and battling together for I believe three months, they finally decided that a man might become a Mussulman, and neither circumcise nor abstain from wine; but that, in proportion to the wine drunk, some good works must be done. I then told them that we were all Mussulmans and friends of the Prophet, which they really believed, as the French soldiers never went to church, and had no priests with them. For you must know that during the Revolution there was no religion whatever in the French army. Menou,” continued Napoleon, “really turned Mahometan, which was the reason I left him behind.” —(Voices from St. Helena.)]—

The General-in-Chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour he made his appearance in his new costume. As soon as he was recognised he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down very coolly; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and Oriental robe that he speedily threw them off, and was never tempted to a second performance of the masquerade.

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About the end of August Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, nicknamed the Butcher. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolatory assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the Grand Seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the Grand Seignior against the beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt retarded for the moment the invasion of that pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbour.

From the time he received the accounts of the disaster of Aboukir until the revolt of Cairo on the 22d of October, Bonaparte sometimes found the time hang heavily on his hands. Though he devoted attention to everything, yet there was not sufficient occupation for his singularly active mind. When the heat was not too great he rode on horseback; and on his return, if he found no despatches to read (which often happened), no orders to send off; or no letters to answer, he was immediately absorbed in reverie, and would sometimes converse very strangely. One day, after a long pause, he said to me:

“Do you know what I am thinking of?”—“Upon my word, that would be very difficult; you think of such extraordinary things.”—“I don’t know,” continued he, “that I shall ever see France again; but if I do, my only ambition is to make a glorious campaign in Germany—in the plains of Bavaria; there to gain a great battle, and to avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that I would retire into the country, and live quietly.”

He then entered upon a long dissertation on the preference he would give to Germany as the theatre of war; the fine character of the people, and the prosperity and wealth of the country, and its power of supporting an army. His conversations were sometimes very long; but always replete with interest.

—[So early as 1794 Napoleon had suggested that Austria should always be attacked in Germany, not in Italy. “It is Germany that should be overwhelmed; that done, Italy and Spain fall of themselves. Germany should be attacked, not Spain or Italy. If we obtain great success, advantage should never be taken of it to penetrate into Italy while Germany, unweakened, offers a formidable front” (Iung’s Bonaparte, tome ii. p. 936), He was always opposed to the wild plans which had ruined so many French armies in Italy, and which the Directory tried to force on him, of marching on Rome and Naples after every success in the north.]—

In these intervals of leisure Bonaparte was accustomed

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to retire to bed early. I used to read to him every evening. When I read poetry he would fall asleep; but when he asked for the Life of Cromwell I counted on sitting up pretty late. In the course of the day he used to read and make notes. He often expressed regret at not receiving news from France; for correspondence was rendered impracticable by the numerous English and Turkish cruisers. Many letters were intercepted and scandalously published. Not even family secrets and communications of the most confidential nature were respected.

About the middle of September in this year (1798), Bonaparte ordered to be brought to the house of Elfy Bey half a dozen Asiatic women whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. But their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after he fell violently in love with Madame Foures, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman in Egypt who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged for her a house adjoining the palace of Elfy Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

This connection soon became the general subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Foures, the General-in-Chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have a child by Madame Foures, but this wish was not realised.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidentially vouched for the accuracy with which he could foretell future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a sheik were with the General. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte, who, however, proposed that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill I must mention that since my arrival in Cairo I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile and the bad food we had had for twelve days had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation on his part and pressing on mine, he announced to me that the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone the General said to me, “Well, what do you think of that?” I observed that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in foretelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance in the state in which I was; “but,” added I, “if I procure the wines which I have ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again.”

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The art of imposing on mankind has at all times been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of showing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the simple instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavours in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjurer to conjurer. For this purpose he invited the principal sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments performed by M. Berthollet. The General expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotions and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the sheik El Bekri desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; “but,” said he, “ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?” M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. “Oh! then,” said the sheik, “he is not half a sorcerer.”

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all the airs that were played to them, with the exception of “Marlbrook.” When that was played they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques had for some weeks been neglected. At certain hours of the night these cries address prayers to the Prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time no notice was taken of it. The Turks, perceiving this negligence, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and by this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries, who eluded our feeble police, and circulated real or forged firmans of the Sultan disavowing the concord between France and the Porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organised throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given from the minarets on the night of the 20th of October, and on the morning of the 21st it was announced at headquarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The General-in-Chief was not, as has been stated, in the isle of Raeuddah: he did not hear the firing of the alarm-guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o’clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were attacked. A moment after he heard of the death of General Dupuis, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by only thirty guides, visited all the threatened points, restored confidence, and, with great presence of mind adopted measures of defence.

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He left me at headquarters with only one sentinel; but he had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight that I had no apprehension, and awaited his return with perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed even when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Esteve, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekye'h Place. M. Esteve was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulac came up to his assistance.

After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to headquarters. Finding me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?"—"Not at all, General, I assure you," replied I.

—It was about half-past eight in the morning when Bonaparte returned to headquarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs, on horseback, were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his aide de camp, Sulkowsky, to mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assailants were most numerous. This was the Bab-el-Nasser, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the General-in-Chief that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wounds at Salehye'h, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned, covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Mortars were planted on Mount Mokatam, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricaded. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigour for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at headquarters. They awaited with the calmest resignation the death they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks and thrown into the Nile. There were many women included in these nocturnal executions.

I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an

effectual example." I am of opinion that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

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Some time after the revolt of Cairo the necessity of ensuring our own safety forced the commission of a terrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The General-in-Chief ordered his aide de camp Croisier to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe, destroy the huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, and bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugene Beauharnais accompanied Croisier, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition, in hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

On the following day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat, and fatigue. About four o'clock a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekye'h Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I cannot describe the horror I experienced; but I must nevertheless acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet the General-in Chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal which united the Nile to the Gulf of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt at Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez. Bonaparte granted the commissary Sucy leave to return to France. He had received a wound in the right hand, when on board the xebec 'Cerf'. I was conversing with him on deck when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious; but some time after he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte despatched a vessel with sick and-wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All, envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were, disappointed had, no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta in Sicily, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court, which was at Palermo. On the 25th of January 1799 all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messing, where they wore detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the Shah of Persia would, for a sum, of money paid in advance consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left 15,000 men in that country, and have had 30,000

disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia.

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How many, times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favourite hero, Alexander, with whom he so much desired to associate his name; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the Government; and the dissatisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favourite idea still occupied his mind a fortnight before his departure for Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January 1799 he wrote to Tippoo Saib as follows:—

You are of course already informed, of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Mascate or Mocha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez, or Grand Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.—[It is not true, as has often been stated, that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 23th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the Empire of Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following. The letter to Tippo Saib commenced “Citizen-Sultan!”—-Bourrienne]—

CHAPTER XVII.

1798-1799.

Bonaparte’s departure for Suez—Crossing the desert—Passage of the Red Sea—The fountain of Moses—The Cenobites of Mount Sinai—Danger in recrossing the Red Sea —Napoleon’s return to Cairo—Money borrowed at Genoa—New designs upon Syria—-Dissatisfaction of the Ottoman Porte—Plan for invading Asia—Gigantic schemes—-General Berthier’s permission to return to France—His romantic love and the adored portrait—He gives up his permission to return home—Louis Bonaparte leaves Egypt—-The first Cashmere shawl in France— Intercepted correspondence—Departure for Syria —Fountains of Messoudish—Bonaparte jealous—Discontent of the troops—El-Arish taken—Aspect of Syria—Ramleh—Jerusalem.

On the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert some leagues before Ad-Geroth. The heat had been very great during the day; but about eleven at night the cold became so severe as to be precisely in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This desert, which is the route of the caravans from Suez, from Tor and the countries situated on the north of

Arabia, is strewed with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished

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in crossing it. As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Monge himself was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals which he had picked up on the way and deposited in the Berlin of the General-in-Chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires than an intolerable effluvium obliged us to, raise our camp and advance farther on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fires.

On the 27th Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and port of Suez, and in giving orders for some naval and military works. He feared—what indeed really occurred after his departure from Egypt—the arrival of some English troops from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These regiments contributed to the loss of his conquest.

—[Sir David Baird, with a force of about 7000 men sent from India, landed at Cosseir in July 1801.]—

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea dry-shod, to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myriametre from the eastern coast, and a little southeast of Suez. The Gulf of Arabia terminates at about 5,000 metres north of that city. Near the port the Red Sea is not above 1,500 metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans from Tor and Mount Sinai always pass at that part,

—[I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honour of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah-Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived at a distance some high hills which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor and its neighbourhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the Wells, and that they might there thank the French General for the protection granted to their caravans and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safeguard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilisation amidst the barbarism of the deserts.—-Bourrienne.]—

either in going to or returning from Egypt. This shortens their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water rises five or six feet at Suez, and when the wind blows fresh it often rises to nine or ten feet.

We spent a few hours seated by the largest of the springs called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste that it was scarcely drinkable.

Though the water of the eight little springs which form the Wells of Moses is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water.

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Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the sea-shore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low down; we were thrown into disorder, but we did not lose ourselves in the marshes as has been stated. There were none. I have read somewhere, though I did not see the fact, nor did I hear it mentioned at the time, that the tide, which was coming up, would have been the grave of the General-in-Chief had not one of the guides saved him by carrying him on his shoulders. If any such danger had existed, all who had not a similar means of escape must have perished.

This is a fabrication. General Caffarelli was the only person who was really in danger, for his wooden leg prevented his sitting firmly on his horse in the water; but some persons came to his assistance and supported him.

—[Bonaparte extricated himself as the others did from the real danger he and his escort had run. At St. Helena he said, “Profiting by the low tide, I crossed the Red Sea dry-shod. On my return I was overtaken by the night and went astray in the middle of the rising tide. I ran the greatest danger. I nearly perished in the same manner as Pharaoh did. This would certainly have furnished all the Christian preachers with a magnificent test against me.” —Bourrienne.]—

On his return to Cairo the General-in-Chief wished to discover the site of the canal which in ancient times formed a junction between the Red Sea and the Nile by Belbeis. M. Lepere, who was a member of the Egyptian Institute, and is now inspector-general of bridges and highways, executed on the spot a beautiful plan, which may confidently be consulted by those who wish to form an accurate idea of that ancient communication, and the level of the two seas.

—[Since accurately ascertained during the progress of the works for the Suez Canal.]—

On his arrival at the capital Bonaparte again devoted all his thoughts to the affairs of the army, which he had not attended to during his short absence. The revenues of Egypt were far from being sufficient to meet the military expenditure. To defray his own expenses Bonaparte raised several considerable loans in Genoa through the medium of M. James. The connection of James with the Bonaparte family takes its date from this period.

—[Joseph Bonaparte says that the fathers of Napoleon and of M. James had long known one another, and that Napoleon had met James at Autun. (’Erreurs’, tome i, p. 296).]—

Since the month of August the attention of General Bonaparte had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed

away, and could not return until the month of July in the following year. Bonaparte was fully convinced that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman Porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue to supporting a power which, under the specious pretext of reducing her insurgent beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

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On his return to Cairo the General-in-Chief had no longer any doubt as to the course which the Porte intended to adapt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman Porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt were suddenly undeceived. It, was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gaza and El-Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus practically declared. "We must adopt anticipatory measures," thought Napoleon; "we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources, so as to render the passage of an army across the desert impracticable." Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

General Berthier, after repeated entreaties, had obtained permission to return to France. The 'Courageuse' frigate, which was to convey him home, was fitting out at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had been for some time past, anything but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in the class of sentimental lovers: be this as it may, the homage which herthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He grumbled a little, but did not get angry.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps forever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the General-in-Chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he.—"You know," replied the General, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days."—"Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

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Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The General-in-Chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also beginning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March 1799. I felt the absence of Louis very much.

On his return to France Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This, I believe, was the first Cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne showed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February 1799 we began our march for Syria, with about 12,000 men. It has been erroneously stated that the army amounted to only 6000: nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with 12,000 men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the Directory published that, “according to the information which had been received,” we had 60,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry; that the army had doubled its numbers by battles; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only 300 men. Is history to be written from such documents?

We arrived, about four o’clock in the afternoon, at Messoudiah, or, “the Fortunate Spot.” Here we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoudiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little dunes of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the fingers holes of four or five inches in depth at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavour was agreeable; and it would have become clear if we could have spared time to allow it to rest and deposit the particles of sand it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying prostrate, digging wells in miniature; and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavours to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand-wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed, in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers; besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind us of our native land. At Messoudiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unexpected water-supply.

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Whilst near the wells of Messoudiah, on the way to El-Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The General's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot about a quarter of an hour he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, "So! I find I cannot depend upon you.—These women!—Josephine! —if you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I 600 leagues from her—-you ought to have told me.—That she should thus have deceived me!—'Woe to them! —I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies!—As to her—divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—you ought to have told me!"

These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance and altered voice informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion; and that, if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was 600 leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself; that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety, already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him.

Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word "divorce" still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when anything seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip such as that which had been repeated

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to him was only the amusement of idle persons; and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. “My glory!” cried he. “I know not what I would not give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue; so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles in Paris. I will write to Joseph; he will get the divorce declared.”

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false. “The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly.”

These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it; except that about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d’Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a marshal of France, like many of, his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot’s conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favour. He died insane on the 27th of July 1813.

—[However indiscreet Junot might on this occasion have shown himself in interfering in so delicate a matter, it is pretty certain that his suspicions were breathed to no other ear than that of Bonaparte himself. Madame Junot, in speaking of the ill-suppressed enmity between her husband and Madame Bonaparte, says that he never uttered a word even to her of the subject of his conversation with, the General-in-Chief to Egypt. That Junot’s testimony, however, notwithstanding the countenance it obtained from Bonaparte’s relations, ought to be cautiously received, the following passage from the Memoirs of the Duchesse d’Abrantes, vol. i. p. 250, demonstrative of the feelings of irritation between the parties, will show: “Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-Chief in Italy. I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his Memoirs. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with everything relating to Josephine, and knew

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many facts of high interest in her life at this period and subsequently. How happens it too that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her ‘demioselle de compagnie’ rather than her ‘femme de chambre’? At the outset of the journey to Italy she was such a favourite with Josephine that she dressed like her mistress, ate at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confidante.“The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me, and to me alone, of the vexations he experienced on this journey. He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine the conversation he is reported go have had with Bonaparte to Egypt; but he never breathed a word on the subject, for his character was always noble and generous. The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life; namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humour towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her ’femme de chambre’ before her face.”According to ’Erreurs (tome i. pp. 4, 50) Junot was not then in Syria. On 10th February Napoleon was at Messoudiah. Junot only arrived from Egypt at Gaza on the 25th February. Madame d’Abrantes (ii. 32) treats this conversation as apocryphal. “This (an anecdote of her own) is not an imaginary episode like that, for example, of making a person speak at Messoudiah who never was there."]—

Our little army continued its march on El-Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced in the desert and the scarcity of water excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horsemen provoked their sarcasms. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the Republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that such great privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times during the crossing of the isthmus I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, and unable to wait till the hour for distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it; and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El-Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated that it was because the men composing the El-Arish garrison did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

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On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the climate and soil of Europe. We now had rain, and sometimes rather too much. The feelings which the sight of the valleys and mountains called. forth made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and vexations of an expedition of which few persons could foresee the object or end. There are situations in life when the slightest agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh, in a small convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for a hospital. These good fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this place the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and showed us the wells at which they quenched their thirst.

—[Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, is situated at the base of a chain of mountains, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian Gulf, and the western by the Mediterranean.—Bourrienne.]—

The pure and cool water of these wells delighted us.

We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem.

I asked the General whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, “Oh no! Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by mountaineers in difficult roads. And, besides, on the other aide of the mountain I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Cassius.”

We therefore did not enter Jerusalem, which was not disturbed by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, assuring them that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.

—[Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believes that little officer of artillery dreamed of being King of Jerusalem. What I have just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. The “little officer of artillery” had a far more splendid dream in his head.—Bourrienne.]—

We found at Ramleh between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and dejection. On conversing with them I could not help admiring how much the hope of future rewards may console men under present ills. But I learned from many of them that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people than amongst the better-instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities.

CHAPTER XVIII

1799.

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Arrival at Jaffa—The siege—Beauharnais and Croisier—Four thousand prisoners—-Scarcity of provisions—Councils of war—Dreadful necessity—The massacre—The plague—Lannes and the mountaineers— Barbarity of Djezasi—Arrival at St Jean d'Acre, and abortive attacks—Sir Sidney Smith—Death of Caffarelli—Duroc wounded — Rash bathing—Insurrections in Egypt.

On arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person. I met was Adjutant-General Gresieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good-day, and offered him my hand. "Good God! what are you about?" said he, repulsing me with a very abrupt gesture; "you may have the plague. People do not touch each other here!" I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said, "If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it." Shortly after, at St. Jean d'Acre, he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the ancient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aides de camp Beauharnais and Croisier to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, and to report to him what was passing. They learned that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanserai, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the 'aide de camp' scarf on their arms, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians, of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried from the windows that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not, they threatened to fire on the 'aides de camp', and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the proposition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being token by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about 2500 men, the other of about 1600.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he beheld this mass of men approaching, and before he even saw his 'aides de camp' he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why, in the devil's name, have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the General-in-Chief demanded and listened to with anger, Eugene and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aides de camp observed that they had found

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themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. “Yes, doubtless,” replied the General-in-Chief, with great warmth, “as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?” These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre determination was depicted on their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival a council of war was held in the tent of the General-in-Chief, to determine what course should be pursued with respect to them the council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers —of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death; in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

(1.) Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done? To do so; it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy’s country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources, and through which we, perhaps, might have to return,

(2.) Should they be embarked? Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our telescopes, directed over the sea could not descry a single friendly sail Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favour of fortune. It was, and—I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

(3.) Should the prisoners be set at liberty? They world then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to reinforce the pasha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Nablous, would greatly annoy our rear and right-flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompense for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eye of the Prophet.

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(4.) Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march? And, finally, what must be done with them when under the ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favourable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—the danger was real and imminent. The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the seacoast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They, came back; but as they advanced they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eye-witness. Others, who, like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene, when I think of it, still makes me shudder, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to that day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. I had not, as may be supposed, a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that. the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

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War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the council, whose opinion was unanimous in favour of the execution, that governed him, Indeed I ought in truth to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest pain.

After the siege of Jaffe the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred, men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria'

—[Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven seat this pestilence amongst us to avenge the massacre of Jaffa]—

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, which was commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred but a rash skirmish of General Lannes who, in spite of contrary orders, from Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Nabloua. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well, acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops; whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise; especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte, exhibited much impatience, and it must be confessed, his anger was but natural: The Nablousians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

In four days we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre, where we learned that Djezzar had cut off the head of our envoy, Mailly-de-Chateau-Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

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The details: of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall, flanked with strong towers, and having, besides, a broad-and deep ditch defended by works this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valour and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery; but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken occasioned us to overlook in some degree the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strengthened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European Science. Sir Sidney Smith was, beyond doubt, the man who did us the greatest injury.

—[Sir Sidney Smith was the only Englishman besides the Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon in military operations. The third Englishman opposed to him, Sir John Moore, was compelled to make a precipitate retreat through the weakness of his force]—

Much has been said respecting his communications with the General-in-Chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavouring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war.

—[At one time the French General was so disturbed by them as to endeavour to put a stop to them; which object he effected by interdicting all communication with the English, and signifying, in an order of the day, that their Commodore was a madman. This, being believed in the army, so enraged Sir Sidney Smith, that in his wrath he sent a challenge to Napoleon. The latter replied, that he had too many weighty affairs on his hands to trouble himself in so trifling a matter. Had it, indeed, been the great Marlborough, it might have been worthy his attention. Still, if the English sailor was absolutely bent upon fighting, he would send him a bravo from the army, and show them a smell portion of neutral ground, where the mad Commodore might land, and satisfy his humour to the full.— (Editor of 1836 edition.)]—

As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that his behaviour towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they "were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands." Let any one examine Sir Sidney's conduct before the capitulation of El-Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.

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—[Napoleon, when at St. Helena, in speaking of the siege of Acre, said,—Sidney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He took advantage of the discontent which he found to prevail amongst the French troops at being so long away from France, and other circumstances. He manifested great honour in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army; if he had kept it a secret seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army necessarily obliged to surrender to the English. He also showed great humanity and honour in all his proceedings towards the French who felt into his hands. He landed at Havre, for some 'sotttice' of a bet he had made, according to some, to go to the theatre; others said it was for espionage; however that may be, he was arrested and confined in the Temple as a spy; and at one time it was intended to try and execute him. Shortly after I returned from Italy he wrote to me from his prison, to request that I would intercede for him; but, under the circumstances in which he was taken, I could do nothing for him. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is 'mezzo pazo'."The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board of several small vessels. Had it not been for that, I would have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely, and was well seconded by Phillipeaux, a Frenchman of talent, who had studied with me as an engineer. There was a Major Douglas also, who behaved very gallantly. The acquisition of five or six hundred seamen as gunners was a great advantage to the Turks, whose spirits they revived, and whom they showed how to defend the fortress. But he committed a great fault in making sorties, which cost the lives of two or three hundred brave fellows without the possibility of success. For it was impossible he could succeed against the number of the French who were before Acre. I would lay a wage that he lost half of his crew in them. He dispersed Proclamations amongst my troops, which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order, stating that he was read, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or a midshipman with a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, sad sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me I would meet him. Not, withstanding this, I like the character of the man." (Voices from St. Helena, vol. 4, p. 208).]—

All our manoeuvres, our works, and attacks were made with that levity and carelessness which over-confidence inspires. Kleber, whilst walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed

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his surprise and discontent. “The trenches,” said, he, “do not come up to my knees.” Besieging artillery was, of necessity, required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders and six, eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period threw assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the ‘Tiger’ and ‘Theseus’, which were stationed on each side of the harbour: These two vessels embarrassed the communication, between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them; killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones, one over the other, on the walls, put their firearms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

On the 9th of April General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg, impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy’s shot, fired close upon us did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observation of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The General survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired he said to me, “My dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire’s preface to ’Esprit des Lois’.” When I returned to the tent of the General-in-Chief he asked, “How is Caffarelli?” I replied, “He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire’s preface to the ‘Esprit de Lois’, he has just fallen asleep.” Bonaparte said, “Bah! to wish to hear that preface? how singular!” He went to see Caffarelli, but he was still asleep. I returned to him that evening and received his last breath. He died with the utmost composure. His death. was equally regretted by the soldiers and the men of science, who accompanied us. It was a just regret due to that distinguished man, in whom very extensive information was united with great courage and amiable disposition.

On the 10th of May; when an assault took place, Bonaparte proceeded at an early hour to the trenches.

—[Sir Sidney Smith, in his Official report of the assault of the 8th of May, says that Napoleon was distinctly seen directing the operation.]—

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Croisier, who was mentioned on our arrival at Damanhour and on the capture of Jaffa, had in vain courted death since the commencement of the siege. Life had become insupportable to him since the unfortunate affair at Jaffa. He as usual accompanied his General to the trenches. Believing that the termination of the siege, which was supposed to be near, would postpone indefinitely the death which he sought, he mounted a battery. In this situation his tall figure uselessly provoked all, the enemy's shots. "Croisier, come down, I command you; you have no business there," cried Bonaparte, in a loud and imperative tone. Croisier remained without making any reply. A moment after a ball passed through his right leg. Amputation was not considered, indispensable. On the day of our departure he was placed on a litters which was borne by sixteen men alternately, eight at a time. I received his farewell between Gaza and El-Arish, where, he died of tetanus. His modest tomb will not be often visited.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre lasted sixty days. During that time eight-assaults and-twelve sorties took place. In the assault of the 8th of May more than 200 men penetrated into the town. Victory was already shouted; but the breach having been taken in reverse by the Turks, it was not approached without some degree of hesitation, and the men who had entered were not supported. The streets were barricaded. The cries, the howlings of the women, who ran trough the streets throwing, according to the custom of the country, dust in the, air, excited the male inhabitants to a desperate resistance, which rendered unavailing, this short occupation of the town, by a handful of men, who, finding themselves left without assistance, retreated towards the breach. Many who could not reach it perished in the town.

During this assault Duroc, who was in the trench, was wounded in the right thigh by the a splinter from a shell fired against the fortifications. Fortunately this accident only carried away the flesh from the bone, which remained untouched. He had a tent in common with several other 'aides de camp'; but for his better accommodation I gave him mine, and I scarcely ever quitted him. Entering his tent one day about noon, I found him in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had compelled him to throw off all covering, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a scorpion which had crawled up the leg of the camp-bed and approached very near to the wound. I was just in time to hurl it to the ground. The sudden motion of my hand awoke Duroc.

We often bathed in the sea. Sometimes the English, perhaps after taking a double allowance of grog, would fire at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were beyond reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was seen a subject of amusement to us.

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Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less precipitate, and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war; the place would not have held out three days; one assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre; we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place; if we had likewise taken into consideration the active co-operation of the English and the Ottoman Porte; our absolute want of artillery of sufficient calibre; our scarcity of gunpowder and the difficulty of procuring food; we certainly should not have undertaken the siege; and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege the General-in-Chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called the Mahdi, or El Mohdy. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic Mahdi, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing was to attack our rear by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket shots.

CHAPTER XIX.

1799.

The siege of Acre raised—Attention to names is bulletins—Gigantic project—The Druses—Mount Caramel—The wounded and infected— Order to march on foot—Loss of our cannon—A Nablousian fires at Bonaparte—Return to Jaffa—Bonaparte visits the plague hospital— A potion given to the sick—Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly 3000 men, in killed, deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made 500 killed, and 1000 wounded, and the enemy's more than 15,000.

Our bulletins may form curious materials for history; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents; generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

It must be confessed that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin was conferring a great honour, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them; but notwithstanding his promise of secrecy; he mentioned the circumstance to the General-in-Chief, who had desired me not to

approach the works. “What did you go there for?” said Bonaparte to me, with some severity; “that is not your

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place." I replied that herthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and he believed there would be no sortie, as the garrison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims. Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You could have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte; not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St, Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt he fixed the 25th of April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. He wrote to Desaix on the 19th of April, "I count on being master of Acre in six days." On the 2d of May he told Junot, "Our 18 and 24 pounders have arrived. We hope to enter Acre in a few days. The fire of their artillery is completely extinguished." Letters have been printed, dated 30th Floreal' (19th. May), in which he announces to, Dugua and to Poussielque that they can rely on his being in Acre on 6th Floreal (25th April). Some mistake has evidently been made. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said Napoleon, according to the Memorial of St. Helena; "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "The fate of the East lay in that small town."

This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemes gigantic projects agitated him, as, doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk together, at a little distance from the sea-shore. The day after the unfortunate assault of the 8th of May Bonaparte, afflicted at seeing the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, said to me, "Bourrienne, I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced not to attempt a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the pasha's treasures, and arms for 300,000 men. I will stir up and arm the people of Syria, who are disgusted at the ferocity of Djezzar, and who, as you know, pray for his destruction at every assault. I shall then march upon Damascus and. Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will flock round my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude and of the tyrannical governments of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiers. I shall overturn the Turkish empire, and found in the East a new and grand empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity.

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Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." After I had made some observations which these grand projects naturally suggested, he replied, "What! do you not see that the Druses only wait for the fall of Acre to rise in rebellion? Have not the keys of Damascus already been offered me? I only stay till these walls fall because until then I can derive no advantage from this large town. By the operation which I meditate I cutoff all kind of succour from the beys, and secure the conquest of Egypt. I will have Desaix nominated commander-in-chief; but if I do not succeed in the last assault I am about to attempt, I set off directly. Time presses,—I shall not be at Cairo before the middle of June; the winds will then lie favourable for ships bound to Egypt, from the north. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Rosetta. I must be there. As for the army, which will arrive afterwards by land, I do not fear it this year. I will cause everything to be destroyed, all the way, to the entrance of the desert. I will render the passage of an army impossible for two years. Troops cannot exist amoung ruins."

As soon as I returned to my tent I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory, and, I may venture to say that every word I put down is correct. I may add, that during the siege our camp was, constantly filled with the inhabitants, who invoked Heaven to favour our arms, and prayed fervently at every assaualt for our success, many of them on their knees, with their faces to the city. The people of Damascus, too, had offered the keys to Bonaparte. Thus everything contributed to make him confident in his favourite plan.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the. 18th and 19th of May.

Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which from one end to the other offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too credulous public were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavour to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugua, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th of February, "I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say that he had resolved, during his stay in the East, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.

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—[The prisoners and flags were sent. The Turkish flags were entrusted by Berthier to the Adjutant-Commandant Boyer, who conducted a convoy of sick and wounded to Egypt. Sidney Smith acknowledges the loss of some flags by the Turks. The Turkish prisoners were used as carriers of the litters for the wounded, and were, for the most part, brought into Egypt. (Erreurs, tome i. pp. 47 and 160)]—

Thus terminated this disastrous expedition. I have read somewhere that during this immortal campaign the two heroes Murat and Mourad had often been in face of one another. There is only a little difficulty; Mourad Bey never put his foot in Syria.

We proceeded along the coast, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on litters, the remainder on horses, mules, and camels. At a short distance from Mount Carmel we were informed that three soldiers, ill of the plague, who were left in a convent (which served for a hospital), and abandoned too confidently to the generosity of the Turks, had been barbarously put to death.

A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sand-hills, quite disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off the litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected, or those only suspected of infection, deserted and left to themselves. The march was illumined by torches, lighted for the purpose of setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying, who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, “I am not infected—I am only wounded;” and to convince those whom they addressed, they reopened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them. “It is all over with him,” was the observation applied to the unfortunate beings in succession, while every one pressed onward. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

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We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on but the parched and burning sand; on our right lay a hostile sea; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable since leaving Acre; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition in which the remains of an army called triumphant were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the General-in-Chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot; and that all the horses, mules, and camels should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected who had been removed, and who still showed signs of life. “Carry that to Berthier,” said he; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent when the elder Vigogne, the (General-in-Chief’s groom), entered, and raising his hand to his cap, said, “General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?” In the state of excitement in which Bonaparte wad this question irritated him so violently that, raising his whip, he gave the man a severe blow on the head; saying in a terrible voice, “Every-one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first—Do you not know the order? Be off!”

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the diseases of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded of amputated. For my part I had an excellent horse; a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected person from getting my horse. It was returned to me in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The cause maybe easily conjectured.

The remains of our heavy artillery were lost in the moving sands of Tentoura, from the want of horses, the small number that remained being employed in more indispensable services. The soldiers seemed to forget their own sufferings, plunged in grief at the loss of their bronze guns, often the instruments of their triumphs, and which had made Europe tremble.

We halted at Caesarea on the 22d of May, and we marched all the following night. Towards daybreak a man, concealed in a bush upon the left of the road (the sea was two paces from us on the right), fired a musket almost close to the head of the General-in-Chief, who was sleeping on his horse. I was beside him. The wood being searched, the Nablousian was taken without difficulty, and ordered to be shot on the spot. Four guides pushed him towards the sea by thrusting their carbines against his back; when close to the

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water's edge they drew the triggers, but all the four muskets hung fire: a circumstance which was accounted for by the great humidity of the night. The Nablousian threw himself into the water, and, swimming with great agility and rapidity, gained a ridge of rocks so far off that not a shot from the whole troop, which fired as it passed, reached him. Bonaparte, who continued his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, and to tell him not to forget the Nablousian. He was, I believe, shot at last.

We returned to Jaffa on the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This town had lately been the scene of a horrible transaction, dictated by necessity, and it was again destined to witness the exercise of the same dire law. Here I have a painful duty to perform—I will perform it. I will state what I know, what I saw.

I have seen the following passage in a certain, work:—"Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, ordered three removals of the infected: one by sea to Damietta, and also by land; the second to Gaza; and the third to El-Arish!" So, many words, so many errors!

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the gardens east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and, blow them up; and on the 27th of May, upon the signaling given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards the General-in-Chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, a death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel.

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town and returned to the hospital, where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first ward. I walked by the General's side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favoured him during the last few months, when he had trusted to her favours. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succour, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted rightly in doing so—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable to his army; he on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who lead survived the last

disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him?

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Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps he repeated these words: "The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at St. Jean d'Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there: In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let all those who have strength enough rise and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses." There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number are exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were would evidently have been doing nothing else than inoculating the rest of the army with the plague. I have, it is true, learned, since my return to Europe, that some persons touched the infected with impunity; nay; that others went so far as to inoculate themselves with the plague in order to learn how to cure those whom it might attack. It certainly was a special protection from Heaven to be preserved from it; but to cover in some degree the absurdity of such a story, it is added that they knew how to elude the danger, and that any one else who braved it without using precautions met with death for their temerity. This is, in fact; the whole point of the question. Either those privileged persons took indispensable precautions; and in that case their boasted heroism is a mere juggler's trick; or they touched the infected without using precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague, thus voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is really a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the head apothecary of the army, Royer, who, dying in Egypt three years after, carried the secret with him to the grave. But on a moment's reflection it will be evident that the leaving of Royer alone in Jaffa would have been to devote to certain death; and that a prompt and, cruel one, a man who was extremely useful to the army, and who was at the time in perfect health. It must be remembered that no guard could be left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in a few hours. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town?

Recourse has been had to suppositions to support the contrary belief to what I say. For example, it is said that the infected patients were embarked in ships of war. There were no such ships. Where had they disembarked, who had received them; what had been done with them? No one speaks of them. Others, not doubting that the infected men died at Jaffa, say, that the rearguard under Kleber, by order of Bonaparte, delayed its departure for three days, and only began its march when. death had put an end

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to the sufferings of these unfortunate beings, unshortened by any sacrifice. All this is incorrect. No rear-guard was left—it could not be done. Pretence is made of forgetting that the ramparts were destroyed, that the town—was as open and as defenceless as any village, so this small rear-guard would have been left for certain destruction. The dates themselves tell against these suppositions. It is certain, as can be seen by the official account, that we arrived at Jaffa on 24th May, and stayed there the 25th, 26th, and 27th. We left it on the 28th. Thus the rear-guard, which, according to these writers; left-on the 29th, did not remain, even according to their own hypothesis, three days after the army to see the sick die. In reality it left on the 29th of May, the day after we did: Here are the very words of the Major-General (Berthier) in his official account, written under the eye and under the dictation of the Commander-in-Chief:—
The army arrived at Jaffa, 5th Prairial (24th May), and remained there the 6th, 7th, and 8th (25th-27th May). This time was employed in punishing the village, which had behaved badly. The fortifications of Jaffa were blown up. All the iron guns of the place were thrown into the sea. The wounded were removed by sea and by land. There were only a few ships, and to give time to complete the evacuation by land, the departure of the army had to be deferred until the 9th (28th May). Klebers division formed the rear-guard, and only left Jaffa, on the 10th (29th May).

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been published; but it may be remarked that not a word about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague-patients with impunity, is there mentioned. In no official report is anything said about the matter. Why this silence? Bonaparte was not the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infected were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been necessary to confess that heing obliged to have recourse to so painful a measure was the unavoidable consequence of this unfortunate expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into; and it was thought more advisable to be silent on the subject.

But what did Napoleon, himself say on the subject at St. Helena? His statement there was to the following, effect:—“I ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done. The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the number) so dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few, hours.”

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Then comes the fable of the 500 men of the rear guard, who, it is pretended, saw them die! I make no doubt that the story of the poisoning was the invention of Den——. He was a babbler, who understood a story badly, and repeated it worse. I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been obedience to the dictates of reason. Where is the man who would not, in such a situation, have preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the lingering tortures inflicted by barbarians? If my child, and I believe I love him as much as any father does his; had been in such a state; my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated.

Such was the reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the, view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago at Jaffa.

Our little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th of June, after a painful and harassing march of twenty-five days. The heats during the passage of the desert between El-Arish and Belbeis exceeded thirty-three degrees. On placing the bulb of the thermometer in the sand the mercury rose to forty-five degrees. The deceitful mirage was even more vexatious than in the plains of Bohahire'h. In spite of our experience an excessive thirst, added to a perfect illusion, made us goad on our wearied horses towards lakes which vanished at our approach; and left behind nothing but salt and arid sand. In two days my cloak was completely covered with salt, left on it after the evaporation of the moisture which held it in solution. Our horses, who ran eagerly to the brackish springs of the desert, perished in numbers; after travelling about a quarter of a league from the spot where they drank the deleterious fluid.

Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt by one of those lying bulletins which only imposed on fools. "I will bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and flags. I have razed the palace of the Djezzar and the ramparts of Acre—not a stone remains upon another, All the inhabitants have left the city, by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded."

I confess that I experienced a painful sensation in writing, by his dictation, these official words, everyone of which was an imposition. Excited by all I had just witnessed, it was difficult for me to refrain from making the observation; but his constant reply was, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton: you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would yet fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be properly applied to the foolish enterprises of the angel El-Mahdi in the Bohahire'h, or to the less important disturbances in the Charkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What

more could we do in Syria but lose men and time, neither of which the General had to spare?

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CHAPTER XX.

1799.

Murat and Moarad Bey at the Natron Lakes—Bonapartes departure for the Pyramids—-Sudden appearance of an Arab messenger—News of the landing of the Turks at Aboukir—Bonaparte marches against them—They are immediately attacked and destroyed in the battle of Aboukir—Interchange of communication with the English—-Sudden determination to return to Europe—Outfit of two frigates— Bonaparte's dissimulation—His pretended journey to the Delta— Generous behaviour of Lanusee—-Bonaparte's artifice—His bad treatment of General Kleber.

Bonaparte had hardly set foot in Cairo when he was, informed that the brave and indefatigable Mourad Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to form a junction with reinforcements which had been for some time past collected in the Bohahire'h. In all probability this movement of Mourad Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the roads of Aboukir. Mourad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was despatched. The Bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence than he determined to retreat and to proceed by the desert to Gizeh and the great Pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that Mourad had ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid for the propose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said at St. Helena that Murat might have taken Mourad Bey had the latter remained four-and-twenty hours longer in the Natron Lakes: Now the fact is, that as soon as the Bey heard of Murat's arrival he was off The Arabian spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us; we had not, indeed, a single friend in Egypt. Mourad Bey, on being informed by the Arabs, who acted as couriers for him, that General Desaix was despatching a column from the south of Egypt against him, that the General-in-Chief was also about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gizeh, and that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahire'h were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Mourad, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most active, and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all accounts concurred in stating that Mourad, supported by the Arabs, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gizeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the Pyramids, there to direct different corps against that able and dangerous partisan. He, indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable that he wrote to Murat, saying he wished fortune might reserve for him the honour of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

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On the 14th of July Bonaparte left Cairo for the Pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the Pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some ingenious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the mufti and ulemas, and that on entering one of the great Pyramids he cried out, “Glory to Allah! God only is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!” Now the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the great Pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it:—I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so for I never quitted his side a single moment in the desert He caused some person to enter into one of the great Pyramids while he remained outside, and received from them, on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him there was nothing, to be seen!

On the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the General-in-Chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was entrusted with the command of Alexandria, and who had conducted himself so well, especially during the dreadful ravages of the plague, that he had gained the unqualified approbation of Bonaparte. The Turks had landed on the 11th of July at Aboukir, under the escort and protection of English ships of war. The news of the landing of from fifteen to sixteen thousand men did not surprise Bonaparte, who had for some time expected it. It was, not so, however, with the generals most in his favor; whose apprehensions, for reasons which may be conjectured, he had endeavoured to calm. He had even written to Marmont, who, being in the most exposed situation, had the more reason to be vigilant, in these terms:

The army which was to have appeared before Alexandria, and which left Constantinople on the 1st of the Ramadhan, has been destroyed under the walls of Acre. If, however, that mad Englishman (Smith) has embarked the remains of that army in order to convey them to Aboukir, I do not believe there can be more than 2000 men.

He wrote in the following strain to General Dugua, who had the command of Cairo:

> The English Commander, who has summoned Damietta, is a madman. The combined army they speak of has been destroyed before Acre, where it arrived a fortnight before we left that place.

As soon as he arrived at Cairo, in a letter he despatched to Desaix, he said:

> The time has now arrived when disembarkations have become practicable. I shall lose no time in getting ready. The probabilities, however, are, that none will take place this year.

What other language could he hold, when he had proclaimed when after, the raising of the siege of Acre, that he had destroyed those 15,000 men who two months after landed at Aboukir?

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No sooner had Bonaparte perused the contents of Marmont's letter than he retired into his tent and dictated to me, until three in the morning, his orders for the departure of the troops, and for the routes he wished to be pursued during his absence by the troops who should remain in the interior. At this moment I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until he overcame them —that celerity of thought which foresaw everything. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution which at this period of his life never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ouardan, to the north of Gizeh, on the evening of the 16th; on the 19th we arrived at Rahmalianie'h, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recall to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.

—[As M. de Bourrienne gives no details of the battle, the following extract from the Due do Rovigo's Memoirs, tome i, p. 167, will supply the deficiency:

"General Bonaparte left Cairo in the utmost haste to place himself at the head of the troops which he had ordered to quit their cantonments and march down to the coast.

"Whilst the General was making these arrangements and coming in person from Cairo, the troops on board the Turkish fleet had effected a landing and taken possession of the fort of Aboukir, and of a redoubt placed behind the village of that name which ought to have been put into a state of defence six months before, but had been completely neglected."The Turks had nearly destroyed the weak garrisons that occupied those two military points when General Marmont (who commanded at Alexandria) came to their relief. This general, seeing the two posts in the power of the Turks, returned to shut himself up in Alexandria, where he would probably have been blockaded by the Turkish army had it not been for the arrival of General Bonaparte with his forces, who was very angry when he saw that the fort and redoubt had been taken; but he did not blame Marmont for retreating to Alexandria with the forces at his disposal."General Bonaparte arrived at midnight with his guides and the remaining part of his army, and ordered the Turks to be attacked the next morning. In this battle, as in the preceding ones, the attack, the encounter, and the rout were occurrences of a moment, and the result of a single movement on the part of our troops. The whole Turkish army plunged into the sea to regain its ships, leaving

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behind them everything they had brought on shore.“Whilst this event was occurring on the seashore a pasha had left the field of battle with a corps of about 3000 men in order to throw himself, into the fort of Aboukir. They soon felt the extremities of thirst, which compelled them, after the lapse of a few days, to surrender unconditionally to General Menou, who was left to close, the operations connected with the recently defeated Turkish army.”]

After the-battle, which took place on the 25th of July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English Admiral’s ship. Our intercourse was full of politeness, such as might be expected in the communications of the people of two civilised nations. The English Admiral gave the flag of truce some presents in exchange for some we sent, and likewise a copy of the French Gazette of Frankfort, dated 10th of June 1799. For ten months we had received no news from France. Bonaparte glanced over this journal with an eagerness which may easily be conceived.

—[The French, on their return from St. Jean d’Acre were totally ignorant of all that had taken place in Europe far several months. Napoleon, eager to obtain Intelligence, sent a flag of trace on board the Turkish admiral’s ship, under the pretence of treating for the ransom of the Prisoners taken at Aboukir, not doubting but the envoy would be stopped by Sir Sidney Smith, who carefully prevented all direct communication between the French and the Turks. Accordingly the French flag of truce received directions from Sir Sidney to go on board his ship. He experienced the handsomest treatment; and the English commander having, among other things, ascertained that the disasters of Italy were quite unknown to Napoleon, indulged in the malicious pleasure of sending him a file of newspapers. Napoleon spent the whole night in his tent perusing the papers; and he came to the determination of immediately proceeding to Europe to repair the disasters of France; and if possible, to save her from destruction (Memorial de Sainte Helene)].

“Heavens!” said he to me, “my presentiment is verified: the fools have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!”

He sent for Berthier, to whom he communicated the news, adding that things were going on very badly in France—that he wished to return home—that he (Berthier) should go along with him, and that, for the present, only he, Gantheaume, and I were in the secret. He recommended Berthier to be prudent, not to betray any symptoms of joy, nor to purchase or sell anything, and concluded by assuring him that he depended on him. “I can answer,” said he, “for myself and for Bourrienne.” Berthier promised to be secret, and he kept his word. He had had enough of Egypt, and he so ardently longed to return to France, that there was little reason to fear he would disappoint himself by any indiscretion.

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Gantheaume arrived, and Bonaparte gave him orders to fit out the two frigates, the ‘Muiron’ and the ‘Carree’, and the two small vessels, the ‘Revanche’ and the ‘Fortune’, with a two months’ supply of provisions for from four to five hundred men. He enjoined his secrecy as to the object of these preparations, and desired him to act with such circumspection that the English cruisers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He afterwards arranged with Gantheaume the course he wished to take. No details escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his preparations with much care, but still some vague rumours crept abroad. General Dueua, the commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th of August to the following effect:

I have this moment heard that it is reported at the Institute you are about to return to France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavourable effect, which, however, I hope you will obviate.

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugua’s letter, and, as may be supposed; without replying to it.

On the 18th of August he wrote to the divan of Cairo as follows:

I set out to-morrow for Menouf, whence I intend to make various excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and acquire some knowledge of the people.

He told the army but half the truth:

The news from Europe (said he) has determined me to proceed to France. I leave the command of the army to General Kleber. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command has the confidence of the Government as well as mine.

I have now shown the true cause of General Bonaparte’s departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures to those who always wish to assign extraordinary causes for simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France when he made the journey to the Pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December 1798 Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory: “We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June.”

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco; but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period I had been with Bonaparte more than two years, and during that time not a single despatch on any occasion arrived of the contents of which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me?

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—[Details on the question of the correspondence of Napoleon with France while he was to Egypt will be found in Colonel Iung's work, Lucien Bonaparte (Paris. Charpentler, 1882), tome i. pp. 251-274. It seems most probable that Napoleon was in occasional communication with his family and with some of the Directors byway of Tunis and Tripoli. It would not be his interest to let his army or perhaps even Bourrienne know of the disasters in Italy till he found that they were sure to hear of them through the English. This would explain his affected ignorance till such a late date. On the 11th of April Barras received a despatch by which Napoleon stated his intention of returning to France if the news brought by Hamelin was confirmed. On the 26th of May 1799 three of the Directors, Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillier-Lepeaux, wrote to Napoleon that Admiral Bruix had been ordered to attempt every means of bringing back his army. On the 15th of July Napoleon seems to have received this and other letters. On the 20th of July he warns Admiral Gantheaume to be ready to start. On the 11th of September the Directors formally approved the recall of the army from Egypt. Thus at the time Napoleon landed in France (on the 8th October), his intended return had been long known to and approved by the majority of the Directors, and had at last been formally ordered by the Directory. At the most he anticipated the order. He cannot be said to have deserted his post. Lantrey (tome i. p. 411) remarks that the existence and receipt of the letter from Joseph denied by Bourrienne is proved by Miot (the commissary, the brother of Miot de Melito) and by Joseph himself. Talleyrand thanks the French Consul at Tripoli for sending news from Egypt, and for letting Bonaparte know what passed in Europe. See also Ragusa (Marmont), tome i. p. 441, writing on 24th December 1798: "I have found an Arab of whom I am sure, and who shall start to-morrow for Derne. . . . This means can be need to send a letter to Tripoli, for boats often go there."]

Almost all those who endeavour to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion quote a letter from the Directory, dated the 26th of May 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why then should it be put upon record?

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as, an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the Pyramids, and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to dazzle; the imagination. Cairo and Alexandria too were ours. Finding. that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the Directory, he was anxious to see whether: he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

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A great deal has been said about letters and Secret communications from the Directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements an leaving France. He followed only the dictates of his own will, and probably, had not the fleet been destroyed; he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the Directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the Pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. Up to this time our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. “You are going to France,” said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the General-in-Chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the General-in-Chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nose and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

The next day we reached Alexandria, where the General informed all those, who had accompanied him from Cairo that France was their destination. At this announcement joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kleber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosette to confer with the General-in-Chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kleber’s reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say; and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers had forced him to depart three days earlier than he intended. But when he wrote Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kleber could receive his letter. Kleber, in his letter to the Directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that hefell this letter will be seen by and by.

CHAPTER XXI

1799.

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Our departure from Egypt—Nocturnal embarkation—M. Parseval Grandmaison—On course—Adverse winds—Fear of the English— Favourable weather—Vingt-et-un-Chess—We land at Ajaccio— Bonaparte's pretended relations—Family domains—Want of money— Battle of Novi—Death of Joubert—Visionary schemes—Purchase of a boat—Departure from Corsica—The English squadron—Our escape— The roads of Frejus—Our landing in France—The plague or the Austrians—Joy of the people—The sanitary laws—Bonaparte falsely accused.

We were now to return to our country—again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger—Caesar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Caesar was not now advancing to the East to add Egypt to the conquests of the Republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing everything to chance in his own favour the Government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the East no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to urge us on, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August we embarked on board two frigates, the 'Muiron'

—[Named after Bonaparte's aide de camp filled in the Italian campaign]—

and 'Carrere'. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.

—[The horses of the escort had been left to run loose on the beach, and all was perfect stillness in Alexandria, when the advanced posts of the town were alarmed by the wild galloping of horses, which from a natural instinct, were returning to Alexandria through the desert. The picket ran to arms on seeing horses ready saddled and bridled, which were soon discovered to belong to the regiment of guides. They at first thought that a misfortune had happened to some detachment in its pursuit of the Arabs. With these horses came also those of the generals who had embarked with General Bonaparte; so that Alexandria was for a time in considerable alarm. The cavalry was ordered to proceed in all haste in the direction whence the horses came, and every one was giving

himself up to the most gloomy conjectures, when the cavalry returned to the city with the Turkish

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groom, who was bringing back General Bonaparte's horse to Alexandria (Memoirs of the Due de Rovigo, tome i. p. 182).]—

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw. coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose, return to France had been determined by the General-in-Chief. In his anxiety to get off Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain had not Gantheaume, Bionge, Berthollet, and I interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian Institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full control of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the, African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows and a few pieces of artillery; if the. English should appear I will run ashore, and with my, party, make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port, whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This, was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or north-west, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was even proposed that we should again put into the port; but Bonaparte declared he would rather, brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa, until we came within, sight of the coast. Finally after no less than twenty-one days of impatience and disappointment, a favourable east wind carried us past that point of Africa on which Carthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the western coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English, squadron. From, thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favourable opportunity of returning to France.

Everything had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the Directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm.

The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

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However, in spite of our well-founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, vingt-et-un was his favourite game, because it is more rapid than many others, and because, in short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without showing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without showing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courtiers enough to humour him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties, for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of battle. If he were disappointed he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he was only a third-rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano he announced his intention of passing through Mantua.

He was told that the commandant of that town, I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess-player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him: General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn with which he would be checkmated; adding, that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was checkmated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favour he declined playing any longer; preferring to rest on his laurels.

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The favourable wind which had constantly prevailed after the first twenty days of our voyage still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the 1st of October we were forced to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day but we found it impossible to work our way out of the gulf. We were therefore obliged to put into the port and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the 7th of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was everything to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. “What will become of me,” said he, “if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me.” His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented the number of his family. He was over whelmed with visits, congratulations, and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the-prodigious number of his pretended godsons and goddaughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio; and when in all the plenitude of his power he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at, Ajaccio M. Fesch gave Bonaparte French money in, exchange for a number of Turkish sequins, amounting in value to 17,000 francs: This sum was all that the General brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English: I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use resort to the money-chest of the army, the contents of which were, indeed, never half sufficient to defray the necessary expenses, he several times drew on Genoa, through M. James, and on the funds he possessed in the house of Clary, 16,000, 25,000, and up to 33,000 francs. I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt it appears that in one year 12,600,000 francs were received. In this sum were included at least 2,000,000 of contributions, which were levied at the expense of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him 20,000,000. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a colouring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio and to defray our posting expenses to Paris.

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On our arrival at Ajaccio we learnt the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of August. Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety; he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he would be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, “But for that confounded quarantine, I would hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the army of Italy. All is not over; and I am sure that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir; that, indeed, would be excellent.”

In Corsica his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the Lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the Directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory and the influence of his name. Amidst all these anxieties Bonaparte was outwardly calm, though he was moody and reflective.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased at Ajaccio a large launch which was intended to be towed by the ‘Hetciron’, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could—furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get ashore. This precaution had well-nigh proved useful.

—[Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of his Life of Napoleon, says that Bonaparte did not see his native City after 1793. Probably to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was near Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there.—Bourrienne.]—

After leaving the Gulf of Ajaccio the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day; but on the second day, just at sunset, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the lights which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left, and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the south-east. Under these circumstances Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune; for it is very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the East and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequence than a fright.

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—[Here Bourrienne says in a note “Where did Sir Walter Scott learn that we were neither seen nor recognised? We were not recognised, but certainly seen,” This is corroborated by the testimony of the Due de Rovigo, who, in his Memoirs, says, “I have met officers of the English navy who assured me that the two frigates had been seen but were considered by the Admiral to belong to his squadron, as they steered their course towards him; and as he knew we had only one frigate in the Mediterranean, and one in Toulon harbour, he was far from supposing that the frigates which he had descried could have General Bonaparte on board.” (Savary, tome i. p. 226).]—

During the remainder of the night the utmost agitation prevailed on board the Muiron. Gantheaume especially was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable. He proposed to return to Corsica. “No, no!” replied Bonaparte imperiously. “No! Spread all sail! Every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!” This order saved us; and I am enabled to affirm that in the midst of almost general alarm Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could guess upon what new dangers the morrow’s sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte’s resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun we discovered the English fleet sailing to the north-east, and we stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognised the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was, at first, some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which has been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance; we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd, both of men and women who were pressing about us, the risk they ran, they all exclaimed, “We prefer the plague to the Austrians!”

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What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close the had been almost taken by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy, air of Provence! Such was our joy, that we were scarcely sensible of the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes, the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but, after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who on this occasion found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects, were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France, and indeed Europe escaped the scourge.

CHAPTER XXII.

1799.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return—His justification—
Melancholy letter to my wife—Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens—
Louis Bonaparte and Josephine—He changes his intended route—
Melancholy situation of the provinces—Necessity of a change—
Bonaparte's ambitious views—Influence of popular applause—
Arrival in Paris—His reception of Josephine—Their reconciliation—
Bonaparte's visit to the Directory—His contemptuous treatment of
Sieyes.

Tim effect produced in France and throughout Europe by the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having left Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm that his return to France was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence.

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we were on the point of setting off to encamp at the Pyramids, Bonaparte despatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I almost bade her an eternal adieu: My letter breathed

expressions of grief such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we. knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return I must have known it, and in that case I should not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

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Two days after the receipt of my letter my wife was awoke very early in the morning to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Seas and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions Madame de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post-house she met a Berlin containing four travellers, among whom she recognised Louis Bonaparte going to meet the General on the Lyons road. On seeing Madame de Bourrienne Louis desired the postillion to stop, and asked her whether she had heard from me. She informed him that we should pass through Sens, where the General wished to dine with my mother, who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock my wife met another Berlin, in which were Madame Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Madame de Bourrienne did not stop them. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the General, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by way of Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

Determined to repair in all haste to Paris, Bonaparte had left Frejus on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens to inform my mother of his intended visit to her; and it was not until he got to Lyons that he determined to take the Bourbonnais road. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received, as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy.

—[From Frejus to, Aix a crowd of men kindly escorted us, carrying torches alongside the carriage of the General, not so much to show their enthusiasm as to ensure our safety (Bourrienne) These brigands became so bad in France that at one time soldiers were placed in the imperials of all the diligences, receiving from the wits the curiously anticipative name of "imperial armies".]—

Only those who witnessed his triumphal journey can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one-vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general; but in the

provinces abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

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A change so earnestly wished for could not fail to be realised, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from the situation in which they then stood. There were two dangers bar to cope with—anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the Government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining the institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but as yet no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the Capitol and on the Pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his character, his courage, and his victories had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations ever since he had risen to eminence left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and nobody seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty. All eyes were therefore directed on the General, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the Republic abroad, and liberty at home,—on the General whom his flatterers, and indeed some of his sincere friends, styled, “the hero of liberal ideas,” the title to which he aspired.

Under, every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

Among the schemes which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French Government; but it would be a mistake to suppose that on his return from Egypt he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices called castles in the air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said that the whole French nation smoothed for Bonaparte the road which led. to power. Certainly the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than 200 leagues must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the Republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt delighted him to a degree which I cannot express, and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

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Among people of all classes and opinions an 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favourable to the King. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept the power offered him, an outcry was raised about a conspiracy against the Republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the Republic. On his return to Paris Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls,—his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendemiaire (the 16th of October). As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier when that despatch was communicated to him, as president of the Directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot at the fountains of Messoudiah will be remembered, but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte however, was still harassed by secret suspicion, and the painful impressions produced by Junot were either not entirely effaced or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The recollection of the past; the ill-natured reports of his brothers,

> —[Joseph Bonaparte remarks on this that Napoleon met Josephine at Paris before his brothers arrived there, (Compare d'Abrantis, vol. 1, pp. 260-262 and Rumusat, tome i. pp. 147-148.)]—

and the exaggeration of facts had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized was not the fit time to entertain France and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugene, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.

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—[In speaking of the unexpected arrival of Bonaparte and of the meeting between him and Josephine, Madame Junot says: “On the 10th October Josephine set off to meet her husband, but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.“Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded aspersions. Whether she was guilty or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce, The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte prevented her from communicating to him.“Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her again those who sought her ruin and effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon’s most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.“Bonaparte, on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted: but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.“M. de Bourrienne says that for some days after Josephine’s return Bonaparte treated her with extreme coldness. As he was an eyewitness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return Bonaparte refused to see her and did not see her? It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband’s love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was at this period much attached to Eugene Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper,

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and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter, she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance.“In this delicate negotiation it was good policy not to bring any other person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say something without the possibility of a reply. Now Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children as Eugene or Hortense the particulars of their mother’s conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet exclaiming, ’Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! and ought injustice to take from us, poor orphans, whose natural protector the scaffold has already deprived us of, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him!’“The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children at length introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.“Whatever might be his wife’s errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte’s mother was also very ill pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciocchi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain; the consequence was that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte’s brothers, they were at open war with Josephine."]—

On the day after hid arrival Bonaparte visited the Directors.

—[The Directors at this time were Barras, Sieyes, Moulins, Gohier, and Roger Ducos.]—

The interview was cold. On the 24th of October he said to me, “I dined yesterday at Gohier’s; Sieyes was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect.”—“But are you sure he is against you?” inquired I. “I know nothing yet; but he is a scheming man, and I don’t like him.” Even at that time Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected a member of the Directory in the room of Sieyes.

CHAPTER XXIII

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1799.

Moreau and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte—False report—The crown of Sweden and the Constitution of the year *iii*.— Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers—-Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's version—-Josephine's version— An unexpected visit—The Manege Club—Salicetti and Joseph Bonaparte —Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte—Country excursion —Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte—The plot and conspiracy —Conduct of Lucien—-Dinner given to Bonaparte by the Council of the Five Hundred—Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory—His reconciliation with Sieyes—Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte—He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched and what ambitious hopes had risen up while we were in Egypt. When in Egypt Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of affairs, and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition.

Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partisans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently denominated "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt at least more personally interested in the admiration which they lavished on him who had repaired the disaster of Scherer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that a republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the Directory appeared to be a Government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted difficulties in our way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the fullest measure of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrages of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt, Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been War Minister,

—[Bernadotte was Minister of war from 2d July 1799 to 14th September 1799, when, as he himself wrote to the Directory, they "accepted" the resignation he had not offered.]—

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but he had resigned the portfolio to Dubois-Crance three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partisans of the old Minister were endeavouring to get him recalled, and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that on the second day of our arrival Bonaparte said to me, "I have learned many things; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was War Minister Augereau, Salicetti, and some others informed him that the Constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Sieyes, Barras, and Fouche, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proofs. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the schemes which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle, I have heard from good authority that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he then resumed:

"I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He is allied to my brothers.

—[Joseph Bonaparte and Bernadotte had married sisters. Mario-Julie and Eugenie Bernardine-Desiree Clary. The feeling of Bourrienne for Bernadotte makes this passage doubtful. It is to be noticed that in the same conversation he makes Napoleon describe Bernadotte as not venturing to act without powers and as enterprising. The stern republican becoming Prince de Monte Carlo and King of Sweden, in a way compatible with his fidelity to the Constitution of the year *iii*., is good. Lanfrey attributes Bernadotte's refusal to join more to rivalry than to principle (Lanfrey, tome i. p. 440). But in any case Napoleon did not dread Bernadotte, and was soon threatening to shoot him; see Lucien, tome ii. p. 107.]—

"He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious he will venture anything. And yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But; after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

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Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court-martial, an the two-fold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the quarantine laws. This report came to the ear of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the Constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden in no way incompatible with his fidelity to the Constitution of the year *iii*.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the General, yet, as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled now and then to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the society of my family and a few friends, and in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers—that is to say, Joseph and Lucien—had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Sieyes had for a moment thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the Government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favouring the return of the Bourbons; and that Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier alone believed or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time I have good reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavours to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object they had assisted in getting him appointed War Minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was told that hernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the Directory on what the Republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to these assertions.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte during the first three days which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law), that he determined to go and see his old General-in-Chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chantereine.

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But I soon discovered that their conversation had been long and warm; for as soon as it was ended Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated, and said to me, “Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You have traversed France with me—you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited—you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the disastrous position in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would you believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration, of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talks about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Genoa, the innumerable armies that are rising up everywhere. In short, I know not what nonsense he has got in his head.”—“What can all this mean?” said I. “Did he speak about Egypt?”—“Oh, yes! Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me! ‘But,’ observed I, ’have you not just told me that you are absolutely overrun with troops; that all your frontiers are secure, that immense levies are going on, and that you will have 200,000 infantry?—If this be true, what do you want with a few thousand men who may ensure the preservation of Egypt?’ He could make no answer to this. But he is quite elated by the honour of having been War Minister, and he told me boldly that he looked upon the army of Egypt as lost nay, more. He made insinuations. He spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home; and as he uttered these last words he looked significantly at me. I too gave him a glance! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe! You know Josephine’s grace and address. She was present. The scrutinising glance of Bernadotte did not escape her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But don’t let me interrupt you farther. I am going back to speak to Josephine.”

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the General, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added that hernadotte seemed to take the utmost pains to exhibit to the General a flattering picture of the prosperity of France; and she reported to me, as follows, that part of the conversation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte:—“’I do not despair of the safety of the Republic, which I am certain can restrain her enemies both abroad and at home.’ As Bernadotte uttered these last words,’” continued Josephine, “his glance made me shudder. One word more and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer! It is true,” added she, “that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing

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the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the General, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the Government." Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her; I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugene, and I were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the 'Manege Club.'

—[The Manege Club, the last resort of the Jacobins, formed in 1799, and closed seven or eight months afterwards. Joseph Bonaparte (Erreurs, time i. p. 251) denies that he or Lucien—for whom the allusion is meant—were members of this club, and he disputes this conversation ever having taken place. Lucien (tome i. p. 219) treats this club as opposed to his party.]—

I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. "But, General," said Bernadotte, "your brothers were its most active originators. Yet," added he in a tone of firmness, "you accuse me of having favoured that club, and I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came into office I found everything in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manege Club. To the instructions of I know not whom is to be attributed the violence of which you complain." At these words, and especially the tone in which hernadotte uttered 'I know not whom,' Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. "Well, General," exclaimed he furiously, "I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods than in a state of society which affords no security." Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner, "Good God! General, what security would you have?" From the warmth evinced by Bonaparte I saw plainly that the conversation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame

Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

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One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said:

"Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?"--"Really, General, I ------"--"With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself. You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Theatre Francais, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph today at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre last night, finding myself side by aide with Bernadotte and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine,

—[Joseph Bonaparte lays great stress on the fact that Napoleon world not have passed this house, which was far from the theatre (Erreurs, tome i, p. 251).]—

"I told him, without any ceremony, that I should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him in the morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne?"—"Why, General, I hope you may have reason on your part to be pleased with him."—"Never fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a bold face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence."

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. On his return Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humours. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do when he chose! but that, in spite of all his conversational talent; and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of Bernadotte; and it will soon be seen that Moreau himself undertook charge of the Directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's designs. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the constitution and possess himself of power. He saw the Directory divided into two parties; the one duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other

conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the Government who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte was not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

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On the 16th Brumaire I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and I believe General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation languished during dinner; but it was not dulness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was undeniable.

When we retired to the drawing-rooms a great number of evening visitors poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte, "You are not aware that the General yonder is a Chouan."—"A Chouan?" repeated Bernadotte, also in a tone of pleasantry. "Ah! General you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favouring the violence of the friends of the Republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans.

> —[The "Chouans," so called from their use of the cry of the screech-owl (chathouan) as a signal, were the revolted peasants of Brittany and of Maine.]—

"You should at least be consistent." A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visitors, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte the Council of the Five Hundred appointed Lucien its president. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind which are rarely found united in one individual I have no hesitation in stating that to Lucien's nomination and exertions must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The General had laid down a plan of conduct from which he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened between his arrival in Paris and the 18th Brumaire. He refused almost all private invitations, in order to avoid indiscreet questions, unacceptable offers, and answers which might compromise him.

It was not without some degree of hesitation that he yielded to a project started by Lucien, who, by all sorts of manoeuvring, had succeeded in prevailing on a great number of his colleagues to be present at a grand subscription dinner to be given to Bonaparte by the Council of the Ancients.

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The disorder which unavoidably prevailed in a party amounting to upwards of 250 persons, animated by a diversity of opinions and sentiments; the anxiety and distrust arising in the minds of those who were not in the grand plot, rendered this meeting one of the most disagreeable I ever witnessed. It was all restraint and dulness. Bonaparte's countenance sufficiently betrayed his dissatisfaction; besides, the success of his schemes demanded his presence elsewhere. Almost as soon as he had finished his dinner he rose, saying to Berthier and me, "I am tired: let us be, gone." He went round to the different tables, addressing to the company compliments and trifling remarks, and departed, leaving at table the persons by whom he had been invited.

This short political crisis was marked by nothing more grand, dignified, or noble than the previous revolutionary commotions. All these plots were so contemptible, and were accompanied by so much trickery, falsehood, and treachery, that, for the honour of human nature, it is desirable to cover them with a veil.

General Bonaparte's thoughts were first occupied with the idea he had conceived even when in Italy, namely, to be chosen a Director. Nobody dared yet to accuse him of being a deserter from the army of the East. The only difficulty was to obtain a dispensation on the score of age. And was this not to be obtained? No sooner was he installed in his humble abode in the Rue de la Victoire than he was assured that, on the retirement of Rewbell, the majority of suffrages would have devolved on him had he been in France, and had not the fundamental law required the age of forty; but that not even his warmest partisans were disposed to violate the yet infant Constitution of the year *iii*.

Bonaparte soon perceived that no efforts would succeed in overcoming this difficulty, and he easily resolved to possess himself wholly of an office of which he would nominally have had only a fifth part had he been a member of the Directory.

As soon as his intentions became manifest he found himself surrounded by all those who recognised in him the man they had long looked for. These persons, who were able and influential in their own circles, endeavoured to convert into friendship the animosity which existed between Sieyes and Bonaparte. This angry feeling had been increased by a remark made by Sieyes, and reported to Bonaparte. He had said, after the dinner at which Bonaparte treated him so disrespectfully, "Do you see how that little insolent fellow behaves to a member of a Government which would do well to order him to be *shot*?"

But all was changed when able mediators pointed out to Bonaparte the advantage of uniting with Sieye's for the purpose of overthrowing a Constitution which he did not like. He was assured how vain it would be to think of superseding him, and that it would be better to flatter him with the hope of helping to subvert the constitution and raising up a new one. One day some one said to Bonaparte in my hearing, "Seek for support

among the party who call the friends of the Republic Jacobins, and be assured that Sieyes is at the head of that party."

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On the 25th Vendemiaire (17th of October) the Directory summoned General Bonaparte to a private sitting. "They offered me the choice of any army I would command," said he to me the next morning. "I would not refuse, but I asked to be allowed a little time for the recovery of my health; and, to avoid any other embarrassing offers, I withdrew. I shall go to no more of their sittings." (He attended only one after this.) "I am determined to join Sieyes' party. It includes a greater diversity of opinions than that of the profligate Barras. He proclaims everywhere that he is the author of my fortune. He will never be content to play an inferior part, and I will never bend to such a man. He cherishes the mad ambition of being the support of the Republic. What would he do with me? Sieyes, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner did Sieyes begin to grow friendly with Bonaparte than the latter learned from him that Barras had said, "The 'little corporal' has made his fortune in Italy and does not want to go back again." Bonaparte repaired to the Directory for the sole purpose of contradicting this allegation. He complained to the Directors of its falsehood, boldly affirmed that the fortune he was supposed to possess had no existence, and that even if he had made his fortune it was not, at all events, at the expense of the Republic "You know," said he to me, "that the mines of Hydria have furnished the greater part of what I possess."—"Is it possible," said I, "that Barras could have said so, when you know so well of all the peculations of which he has been guilty since your return?"

Bonaparte had confided the secret of his plans to very few persons—to those only whose assistance he wanted. The rest mechanically followed their leaders and the impulse which was given to them; they passively awaited the realisation of the promises they had received, and on the faith of which they had pledged themselves.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1799.

Cambaceres and Lebrun—Gohier deceived—My nocturnal visit to Barras —The command of the army given to Bonaparte—The morning of the 18th Brumaire—Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house— Bernadotte's firmness—Josephine's interest, for Madame Gohier— Disappointment of the Directors—Review in the gardens of the Tuileries—Bonaparte's harangue—Proclamation of the Ancients— Moreau, jailer of the Luxembourg—My conversation with La Pallette— Bonaparte at St. Cloud.

The parts of the great drama which was shortly to be enacted were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two Councils; Sieyes had the management of the Directory; Real,

—[Pierre Francois Real (1757-1834); public accuser before the revolutionary criminal tribunal; became, under Napoleon, Conseiller d’Etat and Comte, and was charged with the affairs of the “haute police."]—

under the instructions of Fouche,

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—[Joseph Fouche (1754-1820); Conventionalist; member of extreme Jacobin party; Minister of Police under the Directory, August 1799; retained by Napoleon in that Ministry till 1802, and again from 1801 to 1810; became Duc d'Otrante in 1809; disgraced m 1810, and sent in 1813 as governor of the Illyrian Provinces; Minister of Police during the 'Cent Jours'; President of the Provisional Government, 1815; and for a short time Minister of Police under second restoration.]—

negotiated with the departments, and dexterously managed, without compromising Fouche, to ruin those from whom that Minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouche said to me on the 14th Brumaire, "Tell your General to be speedy; if he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambaceres and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. "I will have no tergiversation," replied Bonaparte with warmth. "Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone."

Cambaceres

—[Cambaceres (J. J. Regis de) (1763-1824) Conventionalist; Minister of Justice under Directory, 1799; second Consul, 25th December 1799; Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, 1804; Duc de Parma, 1806; Minister of Justice during the 'Cent Jours': took great part in all the legal and administrative projects of the Consulate and Empire.]—

and Lebrun

—[Charles Francois Lebrun (1757-1824). Deputy to the National Assembly, and member of the Council of the Five Hundred; Third Consul, 25th December 1799; Arch-Treasurer of the Empire, 1804; Duc de Plaisance, 1806; Governor-General of Holland, 1806; Lieutenant- Governor of Holland, 1810 to 1813; chiefly engaged in financial measures]—

were, almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the Minister of Justice to be one of his colleagues when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the Revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counterbalance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honourable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men Bonaparte hoped to please every one; besides, neither of them were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What petty intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, "I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy.

By way of restoring his confidence Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect anything. I saw Barras this morning,

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and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to-night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe headache confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail tomorrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to Barras' cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while showing me out, "I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled everything; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come tomorrow, but he shook his head in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come tomorrow. I replied that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so too," said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good-night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber, and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, is in uniform."—"Why should I be in uniform?" said he. As he uttered these words Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons around him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte said, "How is this? you are not in uniform!"—"I never am on a morning when I am not on duty," replied Bernadotte.—"You will be on duty presently."—"I have not heard a word of it: I should have received my orders sooner."

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was no time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

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All this time Barras was no doubt waiting for Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast. At Bonaparte's were assembled all the general's who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte, in full uniform; and there were, besides, half a dozen persons there initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hotel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the court-yard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the Council of the Ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the Council of the Ancients by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the Council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the Council of the Ancients arrived Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement a few who were in ignorance of what was going on did not follow—at least I saw two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, "I shall stay with you." I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion in his manner. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs which led from the small round dining-room into the courtyard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, "Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him," and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone; she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that everything bad been so well prepared that success was certain. She felt much interest about Gohier on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier. "You know, Madame," replied I, "that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that during that time I have only gone out to sleep in the Rue Martel. I have seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the General, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of my acquaintance with him."

"I am sorry for it," resumed Josephine, "because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Sieyes and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably at this very moment forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do everything for him." I believe Josephine communicated directly with the President of the Directory through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

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Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Sieyes and Roger Ducos, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the Directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the Councils to St. Cloud. But they were disappointed; for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected; and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Beurnonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read to them the decree just issued by the commission of inspectors of the Council of the Ancients, by which the legislative body was removed to St. Cloud; and by which he himself was entrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris, and afterwards delivered an address to the troops.

Whilst Bonaparte was haranguing the soldiers, the Council of the Ancients published an address to the French people, in which it was declared that the seat of the legislative body was changed, in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

While all this was passing abroad I was at the General's house in the Rue de la Victoire; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant-General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance, however, awakened hopes which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both Generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favourably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Moreau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the Council of the Ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him commander of the guard of the Luxembourg, where the Directors were under confinement. He accepted the command, and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost everything had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the committee of inspectors of the hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders which I have myself concerted." What Bonaparte was speaking of had been arranged nearly two or three days previously. The committee of inspectors was under the influence of the principal conspirators.

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In the evening of this anxious day, which was destined to be succeeded by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with having gained over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit in the morning.—"I saw," said he, "that you were as much astonished as I at Bernadotte's behaviour. A general out of uniform! He might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I thought that the best way. I assured him that his Directory was hated, and his Constitution worn out; that it was necessary to turn them all off, and give another impulse to the government. 'Go and put on your uniform said I: I cannot wait for you long. You will find me at the Tuileries, with the rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau, Beurnonville, or the generals of your party. When you know them better you will find that they promise much but perform little. Do not trust them.' Bernadotte then said that he would not take part in what he called a rebellion. A rebellion! Bourrienne, only think of that! A set of imbeciles, who from morning to night do nothing but debate in their kennels! But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte. He is a bar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he would do nothing against me; what do you think was his answer?"—"Something unpleasant, no doubt."—"Unpleasant! that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen; but if the Directory order me to act, I will march against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all that now. My measures are taken, and he will have no command. However, I set him at ease as to what would take place. I flattered him with a picture of private life, the pleasures of the country, and the charms of Malmaison; and I left him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In a word, I am very well satisfied with my day's work. Good-night, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up to-morrow."

On the 19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend La Vallette. As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail I replied, "My friend, either we shall sleep tomorrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen! Success legalised a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the President to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the General on his right. Berthier was at his left.

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All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion differ from each other; as well they may, for he delivered none to the Ancients, unless his confused conversation with the President, which was alike devoid of dignity and sense, is to be called a speech. He talked of his “brothers in arms” and the “frankness of a soldier.” The questions of the President followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive anything more confused or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of “volcanoes; secret agitations, victories, a violated constitution!” He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of everything until the Council of Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came “Caesar—Cromwell—-tyrant!” and he several times repeated, “I have nothing more to say to you!” though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words “liberty—equality!” though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner did he utter these words, than a member of the Ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, “You forget the Constitution!” His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but, “The 18th Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all!—I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the Republic shall have passed away!”

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two directors Barras and Moulins of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas.

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for to hear the disclosures. “No, no!” exclaimed others, “no general committee! conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!”

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: “You must no longer conceal anything.”

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The Council of the Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for “scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of everything.”

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequent. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the

people, who were quite overcome by astonishment; at another to the military in the courtyard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of “the thunderbolts of war!” and added, that he was “attended by the God of war and the God of fortune.”

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The President, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the Council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. “Explain yourself; reveal the plot which you say you were urged to join.”

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connection in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was then no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a President’s chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, “withdraw, General; you know not what you are saying.” I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; and all at once, after having stammered out a few more, words, he turned round exclaiming, “Let those who love me follow me!” The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the court-yard. It is hard to say what would have happened if, on seeing the General retire, the President had said, “Grenadiers, let no one pass!” Instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg he would, I am convinced, have ended his career on the Place de la Revolution.

CHAPTER XXV.

1799.

The two Councils—Barras’ letter—Bonaparte at the Council of the Five Hundred—False reports—Tumultuous sitting—Lucien’s speech— He resigns the Presidency of the Council of the Five Hundred—He is carried out by grenadiers—He harangues the troops—A dramatic scene —Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred—Council of Thirty—Consular commission—Decree—Return to Paris—Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Bernadotte—The directors Gohier and Moulins imprisoned.

The scene which occurred at the sitting of the Council of the Ancients was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the courtyard and mounted his horse when cries of “Vive Bonaparte!” resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the Council of the Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the Council of the Ancients. Everything tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already staked too heavily. The game was desperate, and everything was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

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Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the Council of the Five Hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the Directory the installation of the Councils, and to inquire of the Council of the Ancients their reasons for resolving upon an extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Sieyes and Roger Ducos had joined Bonaparte's party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the Council of the Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the Council of the Ancients transmitted to them the following letter, received from Barras. This letter; which was addressed to the Council of the Ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was President of the Council of the Five Hundred.

Citizen president—Having entered into public affairs solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the State only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against their enemies the patriots compromised in its cause; and to ensure to the defenders of, their country that attention to their interests which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.The glory which accompanies the return of the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honour of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the National Convention, convince me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers to liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army ensured.

> I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the Republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.
>
> (Signed) *Barras*.

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the Council of the Five Hundred. A second reading was called far, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of collusion, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents; whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the Council of the Five Hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that everything would go well. It was some time before I joined him again.

However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eye-witness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare that all that has been said about assaults and

poniards is pure invention. I rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnessess of all that passed.

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As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall resounded, "The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the tyrant!—down with Cromwell!—down with the Dictator!" Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the Council of the Ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of "Vive la Republique!" "Vive la Constitution!" "Outlaw the Dictator!" The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming, "Let us save our General!" at which indignation reached its height, and cries, even more violent than ever, were raised; that Bonaparte, falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, "They mean to assassinate me!" All that regards the exclamations and threats I believe to be correct; but I rank with the story of the poniards the assertion of the members of the Five Hundred being provided with firearms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of anything of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say anything on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the Council of the Five Hundred the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The President, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard he said, "The scene which has just taken place in the Council proves what are the sentiments of all; sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the General had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries of "Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the Republic!"

Lucien
—[The next younger brother of Napoleon, President of the Council of the Five Hundred in 1799; Minister of the Interior, 1st December 1799 to 1841; Ambassador in Spain, 1801 to December 1801; left France in disgrace in 1804; retired to Papal States; Prisoner in Malta and England, 1810 to 1814; created by Pope in 1814 Prince de Canino and Duc de Musignano; married firstly, 1794, Christine Boyer, who died 1800; married secondly, 1802 or 118, a Madame Jonberthon. Of his part in the 18th Brumaire Napoleon said to him in 1807, "I well know that you were useful to me en the 18th Brumaire, but it is not so cleat to me that you saved me then" (Iung's Lucien, tome iii. p.89).]—

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made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a member of the Council, and for that purpose resigned the Presidentship to Chasal. He begged that the General might be introduced again and heard with calmness. But this preposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of “Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!” rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the President. Lucien, who had reassumed the President’s chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the Presidentship, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the Council I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing,

—[Lucien distinctly states that he himself, acting within his right as President, had demanded an escort of the grenadiers of the Councils as soon as he saw his withdrawal might be opposed. Then the first entry of the soldiers with Napoleon would be illegal. The second, to withdraw Lucien, was nominally legal (see Iung’s Lucien, tome i, pp, 318-322)]—

had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him off from the midst of the Council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the President of an assembly which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the President’s chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake anything. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed he delivered on horseback the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as showing what a man then dared to say, who never was anything except from the reflection of his brother’s glory:—

Citizens! *Soldiers*!—The President of the Council of the Five Hundred declares to you that the majority of that Council is at this moment held in terror by a few representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettoes, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the Council of the Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the General, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word “outlaw” was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.I declare to you that these madmen have outlawed themselves by their attempts upon the liberty of the Council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives; so that, delivered from

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stilettoes by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the Republic.General, and you, soldiers, and you, citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poniard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them everywhere; and whenever they dare show themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poniard!

Vive la Republique!

Notwithstanding the cries of “Vive Bonaparte!” which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representatives. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, “I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart if he ever attempt anything against the liberty of Frenchmen.” This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Everyone yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on that memorable day.

At ten o’clock at night the palace of St. Cloud, where so many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil. All the deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all wished to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the Councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o’clock Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me, “We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital.” He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to own advantage:

To the people.

19th Brumaire, 11 o’clock, p.m.

Frenchmen!—On my return to France I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the Constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty!

Each party in turn came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

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The Council of the Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of, liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence and all fear. The Ancients, therefore, resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound, in duty to my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command.The Councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed their safety from without, but assassins created terror within. Many members of the Council of the Five Hundred, armed with stilettoes and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the Council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the Council of the Ancients. I besought them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs. They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform goodwill, I presented myself before the Council of the Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the Ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.The stilettoes which had menaced the deputies were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thome) had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

> —[Thome merely had a small part of his coat torn by a deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the attempted assassinations of the 19th Brumaire.—Bourrienne]—

> At the same moment cries of “Outlaw him!” were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

They crowded round the President, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare “the outlawry.” I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall and cleared it.

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The factions, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall; listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the Republic.Frenchmen, you doubtless recognise in this conduct the zeal of a
soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the Republic.
Conservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority
upon the dispersion of the factions, who domineered in the Councils,
and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not
cease to be the most contemptible.

(Signed) *Bonaparte*, General, *etc*.

The day had been passed in destroying a Government; it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Raederer, and Sieyes were at St. Cloud. The Council of the Ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about finding some members of the Five Hundred on whom he could reckon. He succeeded in getting together only thirty; who, with their President, represented the numerous assembly of which they formed part. This ghost of representation was essential, for Bonaparte, notwithstanding his violation of all law on the preceding day, wished to make it appear that he was acting legally. The Council of the Ancients had, however, already decided that a provisional executive commission should be appointed, composed of three members, and was about to name the members of the commission—a measure which should have originated with the Five Hundred—when Lucien came to acquaint Bonaparte that his chamber ‘introuvable’ was assembled.

This chamber, which called itself the Council of the Five Hundred, though that Council was now nothing but a Council of Thirty, hastily passed a decree, the first article of which was as follows:

The Directory exists no longer; and the individuals hereafter named are no longer members of the national representation, on account of the excesses and illegal acts which they have constantly committed, and more particularly the greatest part of them, in the sitting of this morning.

Then follow the names of sixty-one members expelled.

By other articles of the same decree the Council instituted a provisional commission, similar to that which the Ancients had proposed to appoint, resolved that the said commission should consist of three members, who should assume the title of Consuls; and nominated as Consuls Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Bonaparte. The other provisions of the nocturnal decree of St. Cloud had for their object merely the carrying into effect those already described. This nocturnal sitting was very calm, and indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for no opposition could be feared from the

members of the Five Hundred, who were prepared to concur with Lucien. All knew beforehand what they would have to do. Everything was concluded by three o'clock in the morning; and the palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated since the previous evening, resumed in the morning its wonted stillness, and presented the appearance of a vast solitude.

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All the hurrying about, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as Consul before the Five Hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admires Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and fatigues. A new future was opened before him. He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house in the Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber and wished good morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he said before her, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things?"—"Not so very bad, General"—"I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. Those fellows disconcerted me. I have not been used to public assemblies; but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that Director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me!—I ought, perhaps, to have him transported. He wrote against me to the Council of the Ancients; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman!—Speak no more of him."

During our discourse the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me.—"No, General"—"Neither have I. I have not heard him spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence to-day of many intrigues in which he is concerned. Would you believe it? he wished nothing less than to be appointed my colleague in authority. He talked of mounting his horse and marching with the troops that might be placed under his command. He wished, he said, to maintain the Constitution: nay, more; I am assured that he had the audacity to add that, if it were necessary to outlaw me, the Government might come to him and he would find soldiers capable of carrying the decree into execution."—"All this, General, should give you an idea how inflexible his principles are."—"Yes, I am well aware of it; there is something in that: he is honest. But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are related to him. His wife, who is Joseph's sister-in-law, has ascendency over him. As for me, have I not, I ask you, made sufficient advances to him? You

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have witnessed them. Moreau, who has a higher military reputation than he, came over to me at once. However, I repent of having cajoled Bernadotte. I am thinking of separating him from all his coteries without any one being able to find fault with the proceeding. I cannot revenge myself in any other manner. Joseph likes him. I should have everybody against me. These family considerations are follies! Goodnight, Bourrienne.—By the way, we will sleep in the Luxembourg to-morrow."

I then left the General, whom, henceforth, I will call the First Consul, after having remained with him constantly during nearly twenty-four hours, with the exception of the time when he was at the Council of the Five Hundred. I retired to my lodging, in the Rue Martel, at five o'clock in the morning.

It is certain that if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, according to Madame Bonaparte's invitation, he would have been one of the members of the Government. But Gohier acted the part of the stern republican. He placed himself, according to the common phrase of the time, astride of the Constitution of the year *iii*.; and as his steed made a sad stumble, he fell with it.

It was a singular circumstance which prevented the two Directors Gohier and Moulins from defending their beloved Constitution. It was from their respect for the Constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three Directors to deliberate together. Thus a king of Castile was burned to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1799.

General approbation of the 18th Brumaire—Distress of the treasury— M. Collot's generosity—Bonaparte's ingratitude—Gohier set at Liberty—Constitution of the year VIII.—The Senate, Tribunate, and Council of State—Notes required on the character of candidates— Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent—Influence of habit over him—His hatred of the Tribunate—Provisional concessions—The first Consular Ministry—-Mediocrity of La Place—Proscription lists— Cambaceres report—M. Moreau de Worms—Character of Sieyes— Bonaparte at the Luxembourg—Distribution of the day and visits— Lebrun's opposition—Bonaparte's singing—His boyish tricks— Assumption of the titles "Madame" and "Monseigneur"—The men of the Revolution and the partisans of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's fears— Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

It cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte's accession to the Consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages,

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and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire; but no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five Directors themselves. But we will say no more of the Directorial Government. What an administration! In what a state were the finances of France! Would it be believed? on the second day of the Consulate, when Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championet, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, the treasury had not 1200 francs disposable to give to the courier!

It may be supposed that in the first moments of a new Government money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served under Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration deserved nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the Consul's assistance. In this instance M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the Consul 500,000 francs in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot as though he was anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the Consular treasury, was not repaid for a long time after, and then without interest. This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the Director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for Bonaparte was anxious to install himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Everything was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a Senate and Tribunate; a Council of State and a new legislative body, and, finally, a new Constitution.

—[The Constitution of the year VIII. was presented an the 18th of December 1799 (22d Frimaire, year VIII.), and accepted by the people on the 7th of February 1800 (18th Pluviose, year VIII.). It established a Consular Government, composed of Bonaparte, First Consul, appointed for ten years; Cambaceres, Second Consol, also for ten Years; and Lebrun, Third Consul appointed for five years. It established a conservative Senate, a legislative body of 800 members, and a Tribunate composed of 100 members. The establishment of the Council of State took place on the 29th of

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December 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the Tribunate was fixed for the 1st of January 1800.—Bourrienne. Lanfrey (tome i. p. 329) sees this Constitution foreshadowed in that proposed by Napoleon in 1797 for the Cisalpine Republic.]—

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded; he requested from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the Revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the Senate, the Tribunate, and the Council of State. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular candidates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the First Consul was inflexible integrity; and it is but just to say that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly for talent; and although he did not like the men of the Revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.'

—[Napoleon loved only men with strong passions and great weakness; he judged the most opposite qualities in men by these defects (Metternich, tome iii. p.589)]—

Bonaparte then proceeded to organise a complaisant Senate, a mute legislative body, and a Tribunals which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches and high-sounding phrases. He easily appointed the Senators, but it was different with the Tribunats. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious dupes who kept up a buzz of fine sentiments of liberty around him. He saw that circumstances were not yet favourable for refusing a share in the Constitution to this third portion of power, destined apparently to advocate the interests of the people before the legislative body. But in yielding to necessity, the mere idea of the Tribunate filled him with the utmost uneasiness; and, in a word, Bonaparte could not endure the public discussions on his projects.'

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—[The Tribunate under this Constitution of the year VIII. was the only body allowed to debate in public on proposed laws, the legislative body simply hearing in silence the orators sent by the Council of State and by the Tribunals to state reasons for or against propositions, and then voting in silence. Its orators were constantly giving umbrage to Napoleon. It was at first Purified, early in 1802, by the Senate naming the members to go out in rotation then reduced to from 100 to 50 members later in 1802, and suppressed in 1807; its disappearance being regarded by Napoleon as his last break with the Revolution.]—

Bonaparte composed the first Consular Ministry as follows: Berthier was Minister of War; Gaudin, formerly employed in the administration of the Post Office, was appointed Minister of Finance; Cambaceres remained Minister of Justice; Forfait was Minister of Marine; La Place of the Interior; Fouche of Police; and Reinhard of Foreign Affairs.

Reinhard and La Place were soon replaced, the former by the able M. Talleyrand, the latter by Lucien Bonaparte.

—[When I quitted the service of the First Consul Talleyrand was still at the head of the Foreign Department. I have frequently been present at this great statesman's conferences with Napoleon, and I can declare that I never saw him flatter his dreams of ambition; but, on the contrary, he always endeavoured to make him sensible of his true interests.—Bourrienne.]—

It maybe said that Lucien merely passed through the Ministry on his way to a lucrative embassy in Spain. As to La Place, Bonaparte always entertained a high opinion of his talents. His appointment to the Ministry of the Interior was a compliment paid to science; but it was not long before the First Consul repented of his choice. La Place, so happily calculated for science, displayed the most inconceivable mediocrity in administration. He was incompetent to the most trifling matters; as if his mind, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton and Kepler, could not descend to the level of subjects of detail, or apply itself to the duties of the department with which he was entrusted for a short, but yet, with regard to him, too long a time.

On the 26th Brumaire (17th November 1799) the Consuls issued a decree, in which they stated that, conformably with Article *iii*. of the law of the 19th of the same month, which especially charged them with the reestablishment of public tranquillity, they decreed that thirty-eight individuals, who were named, should quit the continental territory of the Republic, and for that purpose should proceed to Rochefort, to be afterwards conducted to, and detained in, the department of French Guiana. They likewise decreed that twenty-three other individuals, who were named, should proceed to the commune of Rochelle, in the department of the lower Charente, in order to be afterwards filed

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and detained in such part of that department as should be pointed out by the Minister of General Police. I was fortunate enough to keep my friend M. Moreau de Worms, deputy from the Youne, out of the fiat of exiles. This produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud on the 19th Brumaire. Cambaceres afterwards made a report, in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the superior police. Upon receiving the report the Consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the Minister of Justice, and to remain there until further orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees Sieyes was still one of the Consuls; conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December that Bonaparte assumed the title of First Consul, Cambaceres and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after Sieyes entered Bonaparte's cabinet and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be! I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter which informs me that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market-place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire,"—"Can you, rely upon your agent" asked Bonaparte.—"Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Sieyes' agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would you say, General," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms, who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you within an hour?"—"I defy you to do it."—"I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honour, incapable of failing in his word."—"Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 13th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three-quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented

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him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed Bonaparte said to me, “You are right. That fool Sieyes is as inventive as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police.” Afterwards he added, “Bourrienne, Moreau is a nice fellow: I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him.” It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the Consul’s good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of prizes, he, at my mere suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend! As to Sieyes, in the intercourse, not very frequent certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he then—enjoyed.’
—[M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Sieyes. One day, when he was conversing with the Second Consul concerning Sieyes, Cambaceres said to him. “Sieyes, however, is a very profound man.”—-“Profound?” said Talleyrand. “Yes, he is, a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say.”—-Bourrienne.]—

He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, “I can rely on my men.” Sieyes had written in his countenance, “Give me money!” I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Sieyes to the First Consul. “You are right,” observed he to me, smiling; “when money is in question, Sieyes is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient.”

—[Everybody knows, in fact, that Sieyes refused to resign his consular dignities unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good abbe consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the kings of France.—Bourrienne.]—

Bonaparte occupied, at the Little Luxembourg, the apartments on the ground floor which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted me to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was above.

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After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his 'aides de camp', the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Deferment, Regnault (of the town of St. Jean d'Angely), Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, and Berber, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambaceres generally came at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his character remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast-table it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and her daughter Hortense good-day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences I stayed with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the Council. On his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to cross the courtyard of the Little Luxembourg and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued until the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he saw himself quit of it. After leaving the Council he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day and the publications of the morning. When there was no Council he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man, who, under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over the First Consul went upstairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the Ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the Minister of Foreign Affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been entrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, and often sooner, he gave the signal for retiring by saying in a hasty manner, "Allons nous coucher."

It was at the Luxembourg, in the salons of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honours, that the word 'Madame' came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible Republicans; but things were soon carried farther at the Tuileries by the introduction of 'Votre Altesse' on occasions of state ceremony, and Monseigneur in the family circle.

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If, on the one hand, Bonaparte did not like the men of the Revolution, on the other he dreaded still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations, and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the notes with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned were in the handwriting of Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and some in Lucien Bonaparte's.

—[Among them was the following, under the title of "General Observations": "In choosing among the men who were members of the Constituent Assembly it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans' party, which is not altogether a chimera, and may one day or other prove dangerous."There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly; and among many other proofs of this fact the following is a striking one: the journal called the 'Aristargue', which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Voidel, one of the hottest patriots of the Revolution. He was for several months president of the committee of inquiry which caused the Marquis de Favras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the Court. There was no one in the Constituent Assembly more hateful to the Court than Voidel, so much on account of his violence as for his connection with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was. When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Voidel, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the Duke and his two sons. This man, writing now in favour of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne."—Bourrienne.]—

At the commencement of the First Consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted; but it was not safe for them to recommend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called babblers, who are continually prating of everything and on everything. He often said,—-"I want more head and less tongue." What he thought of the regicides will be seen farther on, but at first the more a man had given a gage to the Revolution, the more he considered him as offering a guarantee against the return of the former order of things. Besides, Bonaparte was not the man to attend to any consideration when once his policy was concerned.

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As I have said a few pages back, on taking the government into his own hands Bonaparte knew so little of the Revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly-created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, “Bourrienne, I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but remember you must be responsible to me.”

What a list would have been which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers to whom I gave places! I have kept no memoranda of their names; and indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and by that delicate attention save me the trouble of raising my hat.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1799-1800.

Difficulties of a new Government—State of Europe—Bonaparte’s wish for peace—M. de Talleyrand Minister for Foreign Affairs— Negotiations with England and Austria—Their failure—Bonaparte’s views on the East—His sacrifices to policy—General Bonaparte denounced to the First Consul—Kleber’s letter to the Directory— Accounts of the Egyptian expedition published in the Moniteur— Proclamation to the army of the East—-Favour and disgrace of certain individuals accounted for.

When a new Government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favour of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if in his heart he wished otherwise, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Accordingly, immediately after his installation at the Luxembourg he notified to all the foreign powers his accession to the Consulate, and, for the same purpose, addressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French Government abroad.

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The day after he got rid of his first two colleagues, Sieyes and Roger Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the Cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost the whole of Europe. We had also lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his Ministers, who in their turn were governed by England. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the Consular Government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was very important to the interests of the First Consul to intimate to foreign powers, while at the same time he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the Convention or the imbecile artifice of the Directory. In fulfilment of this object Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English Cabinet: A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which showed at once the conciliatory policy of Bonaparte and the arrogant policy of England.

The exchange of notes which took place was attended by no immediate result. However, the First Consul had partly attained his object: if the British Government would not enter into negotiations for peace, there was at least reason to presume that subsequent overtures of the Consular Government might be listened to. The correspondence had at all events afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of declaring his principles, and above all, it had enabled him to ascertain that the return of the Bourbons to France (mentioned in the official reply of Lord Grenville) would not be a sine qua non condition for the restoration of peace between the two powers.

Since M. de Talleyrand had been Minister for Foreign Affairs the business of that department had proceeded with great activity. It was an important advantage to Bonaparte to find a nobleman of the old regime among the republicans. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was in some sort an act of courtesy to the foreign Courts. It was a delicate attention to the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to its members, for the purpose of treating with them, a man whose rank was at least equal to their own, and who was universally distinguished for a polished elegance of manner combined with solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte and his Minister endeavoured to open negotiations; the Consular Cabinet also offered peace to the House of Austria; but not at the same time. The object of this offer was to sow discord between the two powers. Speaking to me one day of his earnest wish to obtain peace Bonaparte said, “You see, Bourrienne, I have two great enemies to cope with. I will conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with. That will enable me immediately to assail the other. I frankly confess that I should like best to be at peace with England. Nothing would then be more easy than to crush Austria. She has no money except what she gets through England.”

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For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. None of the European powers would acknowledge the new Government, of which Bonaparte was the head; and the battle of Marengo was required before the peace of Amiens could be obtained.

Though the affairs of the new Government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the East—to that land of despotism whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the State he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as Consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kleber, it was because he knew Kleber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment. It is certainly true that he then put into practice that charming phrase of Moliere's—"I pardon you, but you shall pay me for this!"

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming Chief of the Government he was not only the depositary of all communications made to the Directory; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the First Consul received the complaints made against the General who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us he was the object of serious accusation. According to some he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived everybody by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command he had abandoned when reduced to two-thirds of its original force and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want: It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the Consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have disembarked at Toulon, where the quarantine laws would no doubt have been observed; instead of which, the fear of the English and the uncertainty of the pilots caused him to go to Frejus, where the quarantine laws were violated by the very persons most interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that Bonaparte had been forced to perform quarantine at Toulon. What would have ensued? The charges against him would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, and he would probably have been suspended, and put upon his trial.

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Among the letters which fell into Bonaparte's hands, by reason of the abrupt change of government, was an official despatch (of the 4th Vendemiaire, year VIII.) from General Kleber at Cairo to the Executive Directory, in which that general spoke in very stringent terms of the sudden departure of Bonaparte and of the state in which the army in Egypt had been left. General Kleber further accused him of having evaded, by his flight, the difficulties which he thus transferred to his successor's shoulders, and also of leaving the army "without a sou in the chest," with pay in arrear, and very little supply of munitions or clothing.

The other letters from Egypt were not less accusatory than Kleber's; and it cannot be doubted that charges of so precise a nature, brought by the general who had now become commander-in-chief against his predecessor, would have had great weight, especially backed as they were by similar complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable; and then, no 18th Brumaire, no Consulate, no Empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it may be added, no St. Helena. None of these, events would have ensued had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corsica, obliged the Huiron to scud about at hazard, and to touch at the first land she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte for him to neglect frequently reviving in the public mind the recollection of his conquests in the East. It was not to be forgotten that the head of the Republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau received the command of the armies of the Rhine, while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made Commander-in-Chief in Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte, whose soul was in the camps, consoled himself for his temporary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazon his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the Government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be from time to time published in the Moniteur. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and, above all, Kleber's letter, had fallen into his own hands.' Such was Bonaparte's perfect self-command that immediately after perusing that letter he dictated to me the following proclamation, addressed to the army of the East:

> *Soldiers*!—The Consuls of the French Republic frequently direct their attention to the army of the East.
>
> France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilisation of the world.
>
> The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir—you will be invincible.

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> Place in Kleber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.
>
> Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the sacred territory of France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation.

Nothing can more forcibly show the character of Bonaparte than the above allusion to Kleber, after he had seen the way in which Kleber spoke of him to the Directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusations against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well-founded portion of the charges Bonaparte said little; but he seemed to feel deeply the falsehoods that were stated against him, one of which was, that he had carried away millions from Egypt. I cannot conceive what could have given rise to this false and impudent assertion. So far from having touched the army chest, Bonaparte had not even received all his own pay. Before he constituted himself the Government the Government was his debtor.

Though he knew well all that was to be expected from the Egyptian expedition, yet those who lauded that affair were regarded with a favourable eye by Bonaparte. The correspondence which had fallen into his hands was to him of the highest importance in enabling him to ascertain the opinions which particular individuals entertained of him.

It was the source of favours and disgraces which those who were not in the secret could not account for. It serves to explain why many men of mediocrity were elevated to the highest dignities and honours, while other men of real merit fell into disgrace or were utterly neglected.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1800.

Great and common men—Portrait of Bonaparte—The varied expression of his countenance—His convulsive shrug—Presentiment of his corpulency—Partiality for bathing—His temperance—His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep—Good and bad news—Shaving, and reading the journals—Morning, business—Breakfast—Coffee and snuff —Bonaparte’s idea of his own situation—His ill opinion of mankind —His dislike of a ’tete-a-tete’—His hatred of the Revolutionists —Ladies in white—Anecdotes —Bonaparte’s tokens of kindness, and his droll compliments—His fits of ill humour—-Sound of bells— Gardens of Malmaison—His opinion of medicine—His memory— His poetic insensibility—His want of gallantry—Cards and conversation—The dress-coat and black cravat—Bonaparte’s payments —His religious ideas—His obstinacy.

In perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those

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whom great, talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow-creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavour to paint Bonaparte, as I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

Bonaparte was now in the prime of life, and about thirty. The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely-shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvas; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation: All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me, “You see, Bourrienne, how temperate, and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled.” This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But

he would not listen to me, and all the time I was about him, he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

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His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath he was continually turning on the warm water to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at theme It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him I never observed any symptom which in the least degree denoted that malady. His health was good and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were that I should call him every morning at seven. I was therefore the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him he would turn himself, and say, “Ah, Bourrienne! let me lie a little longer.” When there was no very pressing business I did not disturb him again till eight o’clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious. “During the night,” said he, “enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost.”

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose his ‘valet de chambre’ shaved him and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the ‘Moniteur.’ He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. “Pass over all that,” he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; “I know it already. They say only what they think will please me.” I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for whenever ha heard anything interesting he turned quickly round towards me.

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When Bonaparte had finished: his toilet, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions which had been analysed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days he was particularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him that he would be, likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused, and what had been the decision of the First Consul. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself, but not often.

At ten o'clock the 'maitre d'hotel' entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The General is served." We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He ate almost every morning some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called 'poulet a la Provencale'; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of 'poulet a la Marengo.'

Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter by preference. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.

—[M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established, as a gastronomic principle, that "he who does not take coffee after each meal is assuredly not a men of taste."— Bourrienne.]—

I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he worked late at night he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true that at an early period of his life he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat-pockets with snuff, for I must again observe he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilisation they bear evidence for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false-witness to

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remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connection; as, for example the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter, "N" which everywhere obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time?

—[When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries in 1814 he found that Bonaparte had been an excellent tenant, and that he had left everything in very good condition.]—

Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me, "A great reputation is a great poise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always continued to be, his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary ha would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of continually advancing. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion, to do nothing. "A newly-born Government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recollection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful, and, as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in, the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela pleased himself less in having conquered Darius than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France. Before he fought a battle Bonaparte thought little

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about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked everything and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth that trifles often decide the greatest events; therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that, amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg St. Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.

He did not esteem mankind, whom, indeed, he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavourable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used frequently to repeat, “There are two levers for moving men,—interest and fear.” What respect, indeed, could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming-houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in secret gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen catching the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady who was for a while the favourite of the General-in-Chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back-by the English, was a frequent visitor to the treasury. On an occasion would be seen assembled there a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator and a musician; on another, the treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.

One of Bonaparte’s greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship not felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, “Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government.”

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In his social relations Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage until be acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort I have frequently observed that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a 'tete-a-tete' interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena that he admitted a third person on such occasions only that the blow might resound the farther. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to perform the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a 'tete-a-tete'; and when he expected any one, he would say to me beforehand, "Bourrienne, you may remain;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general; if I rose to retire he would say in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip about what I had heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures under a Government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary men of the Revolution, and especially of the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me in terms of horror of those whole he celled the assassins of Louis XVI, and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambaceres, pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back you will be hanged!" A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambaceres, and was usually the only reply of the Second Consul, who, however, on one occasion said in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

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One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure when in the country was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shaded trees. He detested coloured dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but on Bonaparte's entrance all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind he said, in a very grave tone of voice, "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote: "A gentleman of the Court of Louis *xiv*. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the King was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen gained by Villars. Suddenly the gentleman saw, at the farther end of the gallery, the ghost of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' and next moment the King named him among the dead."

When travelling Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterised by original and interesting idea, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or, at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humour his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

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Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical. He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing-table, and swing back in his chair so far that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his penknife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for, as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The sound of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations!

He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound: He was almost angry with me because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells that his voice would falter as he said, “Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!” When the bells ceased he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head; and dethrone kings.

Nowhere, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison. At the commencement of the Consulate we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered. At first he used to make excursions about the neighbourhood, but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partisans.

During the first four or five days that Bonaparte spent at Malmaison he amused himself after breakfast with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates it amounted to 8000 francs. “That is not bad!” said he; “but to live here would require au income of 30,000 livres!” I could not help smiling to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fired and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrative proofs.

He had little memory for proper name, words, or dates, but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he

pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

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Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm, of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre; yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of 'Cinna', he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time I would make him my Prime Minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire; it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy!" At St. Helena he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!" To another, "What an ugly headdress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest..... Do you ever change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!" He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period he admired luxury and splendour, but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the Consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to everybody, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in in Egypt; as for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacphede, and with Lemercier, the author of 'Agamemnon'.

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better; it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat nor heard this reply.

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The First Consul paid his own private bills very punctually; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with Ministers for supplies for the public service. He put off these payments by all sorts of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion the terms contractor and rogue were synonymous. All that he avoided paying them he regarded as a just restitution to himself; and all the sums which were struck off from their accounts he regarded as so much deducted from a theft. The less a Minister paid out of his budget the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and this ruinous system of economy can alone explain the credit which Decres so long enjoyed at the expense of the French navy.

On the subject of religion Bonaparte's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board the 'Orient' and the 'Muiron', I have known him to take part in very animated conversations on this subject.

He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time: but he would not hear of materialism. I recollect that one fine night, when he was on deck with some persons who were arguing in favour of materialism, Bonaparte raised his hand to heaven and, pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.

Among Bonaparte's singular habits was that of seating himself on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little as well as in great things he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. The First Consul felt how much he had wronged that general; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance; but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say, "I have done wrong:" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

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In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity; but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero or a Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candour to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation; and I declare that, out of the field of battle, Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear, have contradictors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstances exercise on men; and distinguish between the different characters of the Collegian, the General, the Consul, and the Emperor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1800.

Bonaparte's laws—Suppression of the festival of the 21st of January—Officials visits—-The Temple—Louis XVI. and Sir Sidney Smith—Peculation during the Directory—Loan raised—Modest budget —The Consul and the Member of the Institute—The figure of the Republic—Duroc's missions—The King of Prussia—The Emperor Alesander—-General Latour-Foisac—Arbitrary decree—Company of players for Egypt—Singular ideas respecting literary property— The preparatory Consulate—The journals—Sabres and muskets of honour—The First Consul and his Comrade—The bust of Brutus—Statues in the gallery of the Tuileries—Sections of the Council of State—Costumes of public functionaries—Masquerades—The opera-balls—Recall of the exiles.

It is not my purpose to say much about the laws, decrees, and 'Senatus-Consultes', which the First Consul either passed, or caused to be passed, after his accession to power, what were they all, with the exception of the Civil Code? The legislative reveries of the different men who have from time to time ruled France form an immense labyrinth, in which chicanery bewilders reason and common sense; and they would long since have been buried in oblivion had they not occasionally served to authorise injustice. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the happy effect produced in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, by some of the first decisions of the Consuls. Perhaps none but those who witnessed the state of society during the reign of Terror can fully appreciate the satisfaction which the first steps towards the restoration of social order produced in the breasts of all honest men. The Directory, more base and

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not less perverse than the Convention, had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the Republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas on attaining the possession of power was to abolish this; but such was the ascendency of the abettors of the fearful event that he could not venture on a straightforward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Sieyes and Roger Ducos, signed, on the 5th Nivose, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the Republic were the 1st Vendemiaire and the 14th of July, intending by this means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the Republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes accompanied by his 'aides de camp' and sometimes by a Minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise; so that, having no time to make their preparations, he might see things as they really were. I was in his cabinet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered he exclaimed, "What brutes these Directors are! To what a state they have brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put all in order. The prisons are in a shockingly unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work! When I was in the Temple I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle for the times. He knew not how to deal with mankind! And Sir Sidney Smith! I made them show me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful recollections connected with that prison! I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other! What do you think I did at the Temple? I ordered the jailers' books to be brought to me, and finding that some hostages were still in confinement I liberated them. 'An unjust law,' said I, 'has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it to you.' 'Was not this well done, Bourrienne?' As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with "Good; very good," on all occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying anything that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well

how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him I should have continued longer in favour.

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Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the Directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. "What simpletons! what a government!" he would frequently exclaim when he looked into the measures of the Directory. "Bourrienne," said he, "can you imagine anything more pitiable than their system of finance? Can it for a moment be doubted that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent peculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! everything put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed 75,000,000 in advance? And then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But are there no means of making them refund? We shall see."

In these first moments of poverty it was found necessary to raise a loan, for the funds of M. Collot did not last long, and 12,000,000 were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the receivers-general, the discount of which then amounted to about 33 per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to anything like the exorbitant stipends of the Empire.

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at 500,000 francs. What a contrast to the 300,000,000 in gold which were reported to have been concealed in 1811 in the cellars of the Tuileries!

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the Institute, and his affectation in putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body before that of General-in-Chief, I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is that; when young and ambitious, he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was nevertheless a useless member of the Institute.

On his return from Egypt he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words, 'I have the honour to be, my dear Colleague'! I am tired of it!" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befell M. de Cominges at Bale because he did not observe the same precaution.

The figure of the Republic seated and holding a spear in her hand, which at the commencement of the Consulate was stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happy would it have been if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem! The title of First Consul made him despise that of Member of the Institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and subsequently he regarded it with much suspicion. It was a body, an authorised

assembly; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

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While we were at the Luxembourg Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the King of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the 'Muiron', and the Consul easily guessed that the King of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eye-witness the events of Bonaparte's campaigns, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the First Consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realised; for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the King turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He stayed nearly two whole hours with his Majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg I could perceive that the Chief of the Republic was flattered that one of his aides de camp should have sat at table with a King, who some years after was doomed to wait for him in his antechamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the King of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for, considering his age and the exclusively military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time later, after the death of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc was to introduce to the Courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin after the war broke out with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the Consulate affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the Directory gave to General Latour-Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was welt known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of July it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, *viz*. "General Latour-Foissac and his staff shall be conducted as prisoners to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France." This distinction between the general and the troops entrusted to his

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command, and at the same time the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicions of Latour-Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made War Minister he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct by a court-martial. Latour-Foissac had no sooner returned to France than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the Consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch that whenever the subject was mentioned he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour-Foissac even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges whenever they happened to displease the First Consul. For my own part, I must say that this decree against Latour-Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days I ventured to point out to him the undue severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour-Foissac's favour, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honour stands above every thing, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retro-grade is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature." Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is that, instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.

—["It was," says the 'Memorial of St. Helena', "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore assailed him with the shafts of honour and public opinion. Yet I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and

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in extraordinary circumstances."]—

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour-Foissac he condescended to busy himself about a company of players which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather that he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of the prosperous condition of our Oriental colony. The Consuls gravely appointed the Minister of the Interior to execute this business, and the Minister in his turn delegated his powers to Florence, the actor. In their instructions to the Minister the Consuls observed that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that he considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The First Consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled 'Misanthropie et Repentir', had been brought out at the Odeon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed."—"I, General? how?"—"You have been robbed, I tell you, and they are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned that during my stay at Warsaw I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in Italy I lent Bonaparte my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at the Odeon. On his return he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he was pleased to call my property. I represented to him that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his point, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in his service left me no time to engage in a literary lawsuit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goethe's 'Werther'. I told him it was already done, though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve.

That interval of the Consular Government during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg may be called the preparatory Consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great events which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the Republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the Revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfall of that liberty and those principles.

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I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some, perhaps, may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Sieyes is well known; yet when he proposed, in his message to the Council of Ancients, to give his colleague, under the title of national recompense, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompense worthily bestowed on his disinterested virtues.

While at the Luxembourg Bonaparte showed, by a Consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press above all liberties, for he loved none. On the 27th Nivose the Consuls, or rather the First Consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated that:

The Consuls of the Republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris are instruments in the hands of the enemies of the Republic, over the safety of which the Government is specially entrusted by the people of France to watch, decree—

That the Minister of Police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published, *viz*. (list of 20 publications)

.....and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce, and advertisements.

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory; and the fragment I have quoted may serve as a standard for measuring the greater part of those acts by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the Republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But everything provisional is, in its nature, very elastic; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out ad infinitum. The decree, moreover, enacted that if any of the uncondemned journals should insert articles against the sovereignty of the people they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shown on this point, even after the Emperor’s coronation.

The presentation of swords and muskets of honour also originated at the Luxembourg; and this practice was, without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the Legion of Honour.

—["Armes d’honneur,” decreed 25th December 1799. Muskets for infantry, carbines for cavalry, grenades for artillery, swords for the officers. Gouvion St. Cyr received the first sword (Thiers, tome i. p. 126).]—

A grenadier sergeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the First Consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune:—

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I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

> I wish very much again to see you. The War Minister sends you an order to come to Paris.

This wheedling wonderfully favoured Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A sergeant called my brave comrade by the First Consul—the First General of France! Who but a thorough Republican, the stanch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time it must be confessed that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuileries.

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the Consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bedchamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting in official acts the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the Palace of the Government. The first preparations were modest, for it did not become a good Republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to clean the Palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been there. For this purpose the sum of 500,000 francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his Consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the First Consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the Palace of the Government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus it was not merely at hazard that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks he made choice of Demosthenes and Alesander, thus rendering homage at once to the genius of eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recall the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the Consular Palace by the statues of Scipio, Cicero, Cato, Brutus

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and Caesar—the victor and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus, and the next to Turenne and the great Conde, to Turenne in honour of his military talent, and to Conde to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguai Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugene had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Sage, to show that Louis XV.'s reign was not without its glory. The statues of Frederick and Washington were emblematic of false philosophy on a throne and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre, and Joubert were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades, —those illustrious victims to a cause which had now ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with the Consular Government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognise. These attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigour, and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the Consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la Republique!"

At the same time Bonaparte completed the formation of the Council of State, and divided it into five sections:—(1) The Interior; (2) Finance; (3) Marine; (4) The War Department; (5) Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the Councillors of the State at 25,000 francs, and that of the Precedents of Sections at 30,000. He settled the costume of the Consuls, the Ministers, and the different bodies of the State. This led to the re-introduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old regime, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, each as those of the Consuls and Ministers. It was Bonaparte's constant: aim to efface the Republic, even in the utmost trifles, and to prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of monarchy being restored, there should only then remain a word to be changed.

I never remember to have seen Bonaparte in the Consular dress, which he detested, and which he wore only because duty required him to do so at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, namely, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was always sincerely attached.

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The masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At that period of the year VIII. which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were all the fashion, and Bonaparte favoured the revival of old amusements; first, because they were old, and next, because they were, the means of diverting the attention of the people: for, as he had established the principle that on the field of battle it is necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say 'panem et circenses', for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend even to that well-known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the maxim in practice. He accordingly authorised the revival of balls at the opera, which they who lived during that period of the Consulate know was an important event in Paris. Some gladly viewed it as a little conquest in favour of the old regime; and others, who for that very reason disapproved it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over great things. The women and the young men did not bestow a thought on the subject, but yielded willingly to the attractions of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having provided a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian salons, said to me one day, "While they are chatting about all this, they do not babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves as long as they do not thrust their noses into the Councils of the Government; besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouche tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the Jacobins. Everything is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the opera-balls to the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A Consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivose, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the Directors. The Directory being overthrown, he was now anxious, at least in part, to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He therefore ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the Minister of Police. In consequence of this report he authorised forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the Police Minister, and assigning them their place of residence. However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the Government. It was indeed natural that Bonaparte, still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

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Barrere wrote a justificatory letter to the First Consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not get so far as to favour Barrere. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the Councils of the Consulate the men who had been exiled by the Directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the Revolution to high offices under the Empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

CHAPTER XXX

1800.

Bonaparte and Paul I.—Lord Whitworth—Baron Sprengporten's arrival at Paris—Paul's admiration of Bonaparte—Their close connection and correspondence—The royal challenge—General Mack—The road to Malmaison—Attempts at assassination—Death of Washington—National mourning—Ambitious calculation—M. de Fontanel, the skilful orator —Fete at the Temple of Mars—Murat's marriage with Caroline Bonaparte—-Madame Bonaparte's pearls.

The first communications between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after his accession to the Consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavourable for France; already vague reports from Switzerland and the banks of the Rhine indicated a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the Courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The First Consul, having in the meantime discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his usual sagacity. The English had some time before refused to include in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners 7000 Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul I. showed himself deeply sensible of it, and closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the First Consul.

Thenceforth the Consul and the Czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north which ended in the death of Paul. The English ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the Czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, determined to make that friendship subservient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived: he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

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The arrival of Baron Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partisans of the Consular Government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed by Catherine chamberlain and lieutenant-general of her forces, and he was not less in favour with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of plenipotentiary, and at the same time appointed confidential Minister to the Consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner in, which he described the Emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct of the First Consul. M. Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France had already disposed the Czar to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence in M. Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been entrusted, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French Governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the First Consul was so great that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was no less sincere than ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English Government induced him to defy to single combat every monarch who would not declare war against England and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the St. Petersburg Court Gazette; but not choosing to apply officially to the Senate of Hamburg to order its insertion in the 'Correspondant', conducted by M. Stoves, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburg merchant. The Count told M. Schramm that the Emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the St. Petersburg Court Gazette copied into the Correspondant; and that if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no further results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the-whole course of his life than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step by which he was to become a sovereign himself. At the same time the affairs of La Vendee began to assume a better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior which he so ardently desired.

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It was during the First Consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the civil code was made to the legislative body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the Bank of France were adopted, and that establishment so necessary to France was founded.

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here were it not for the prophetic judgment which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to surrender himself at Championnet some time before our landing at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now Consul, permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Wrignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The Court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack as he had flattered himself it would.

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes himself equal to anything. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, and that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bonaparte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure. There was not a house on the road; and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from St. Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Everywhere the road was solitary and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the First Consul during one of his evening journeys. They were unsuccessful, and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg, and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience than by comparing it to the delight of a school-boy on getting a holiday.

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Before removing from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the 'decadi', Pluviose 20 (9th February 1800), that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old Directorial palace. These kinds of fetes did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in the splendour of military dress: and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this fete was at first only to present to the 'Hotel des Invalides', their called the Temple of Mars, seventy-two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir and brought from Egypt to Paris; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December 1799, having reached Bonaparte; he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt.

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of rational freedom in the new world; but it afforded him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honour to the memory of Washington everybody would suppose that Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and that their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing a eulogium on the dead, would contrive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown; and would still cry, if necessary, "Vive la Liberte!" while placing it on his imperial head.

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes

> —[L. de Fontenes (1767-1821) became president of the Corps Legislatif, Senator, and Grand Master of the University. He was the centre of the literary group of the Empire,]—

was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes was entrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluviose he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry then in Paris, to the council-hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the Minister of War, who received the colours. All the Ministers, the councillors of, State, and generals were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which herthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well-managed eloquence to the plain military oratory of the two generals.

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In the interior of this military temple a statue of Mars sleeping had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two Invalides, each said to be a hundred years old, stood beside the Minister of War; and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these Memoirs except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of Napoleon's sisters I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well-proportioned form, his great physical strength and somewhat refined elegance of manner,—the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those 'preux chevaliers' so well described by Ariosto and Taro, that, that a Republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon made the lowness of his birth be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant; and in the field of battle twenty men headed by Murat were worth a whole regiment. Once only he showed himself under the influence of fear, and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was that he ceased to be himself.

—[Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel for having punished a young officer just arrived from school at Fontainebleau because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon (the term was oven more strong) will boast that he never was afraid."—Bourrienne.]—

When Bonaparte in his first Italian campaign had forced Wurmser to retreat into Mantua with 28,000 men, he directed Miollis, with only 4000 men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one of these sorties Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Wurmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and in a moment of confusion said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the General-in-Chief, whose 'aide de camp' he was.

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Murat had been previously sent to Paris to present to the Directory the first colours taken by the French army of Italy in the actions of Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien and the wife of his General. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome in the residence of her brother Joseph, who was then discharging the functions of ambassador of the Republic. It appears that Caroline was not even indifferent to him, and that he was the successful rival of the Princess Santa Croce's son, who eagerly sought the honour of her hand. Madame Tallien and Madame Bonaparte received with great kindness the first 'aide de camp', and as they possessed much influence with the Directory, they solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time Murat, notwithstanding his newly-acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's 'aide de camp', the regulations not allowing a general-in-chief an 'aide de camp' of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel: This insignificant act was, therefore, rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogatives everywhere reserved to princes and kings.

It was after having discharged this commission that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavour with the General-in Chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baragasy d'Hilliers'; consequently, when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the Minister of War, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the engineer corps in the expedition to Egypt. On board the Orient he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt the General-in-Chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the headquarters on disagreeable services. However, the General-in-Chief having opposed him to Mourad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour in every perilous encounter that he effaced the transitory stain which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir that Bonaparte, glad to be able to carry another laurel plucked in Egypt to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavourable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory other things that he had heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Messoudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat on the 19th Brumaire in the hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince Santa Croce received the command of the Consular Guard.

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—[Joachim Murat (1771-1616), the son of an innkeeper, aide de camp to Napoleon in Italy, *etc*.; Marshal, 1804; Prince in 1806; Grand Admiral; Grand Duc de Berg et de Clesves, 1808; King of Naples, 1808. Shot by Bourbons 13th October 1815. Married Caroline Bonaparte (third sister of Napoleon) 20th January 1600.]—

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavouring to win the friendship of Murat by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partisan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things Josephine, who was well convinced that she had attached Murat to herself by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desired to see him united to Bonaparte by a family connection, favoured with all her influence his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had already sprung up at Milan between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but to go to the First Consul and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to this step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained he would not have been shot at Pizzo. ‘Sed ipsi Dei fata rumpere non possunt!’

However that might be, Bonaparte received, more in the manner of a sovereign than of a brother in arms, the proposal of Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation in the evening in the; salon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the First Consul’s consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugene, and myself, “Murat,” said he, among other things, “Murat is an innkeeper’s son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine! Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by.” We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat’s devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. “Yes,” said he, with warmth, “I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir.” We did not allow so favourable a moment to pass by.

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We redoubled our entreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet in the evening, “Well; Bourrienne,” said he to me, “you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, everything considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have raised a cry of counter-revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy I will take Murat with me. I must strike a decisive blow there. Adieu.”

When I entered the First Consul’s chamber at seven o’clock the next day he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take so lively an interest respecting Murat’s marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte’s satisfaction plainly showed that his wife’s eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty. The First Consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previously to the celebration a little comedy was enacted in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

At the time of the marriage of Murat Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of 30,000 francs. Still, thinking it necessary to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace which helonged to his wife and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased with this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweler Foncier possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls which had belonged, as he said, to the late Queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her to examine them, she thought there were sufficient to make a very fine necklace. But to make the purchase 250,000 francs were required, and how to get them was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then Minister of War. Berthier, after, biting his nails according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy with as much speed as possible; and as in those days the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier’s shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

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The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed it was the more difficult for her to do so as the First Consul knew very well that his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busybody, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large party here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he asks me where I got my pearls I must tell him, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time."

Everything happened as Josephine feared and hoped.

Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before."—"Oh! 'mon Dieu'! you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine Republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair."—"But I think —"—"Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?"—"Yes, General, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shown me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine Republic, but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Fancier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which well-bred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1800.

Police on police—False information—Dexterity of Fouche—Police agents deceived—-Money ill applied—Inutility of political police— Bonaparte's opinion—General considerations—My appointment to the Prefecture of police.

Before taking up his quarters in the Tuileries the First Consul organised his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the rival or check upon Fouche's police. Duroc and Moncey were at first the Director of this police; afterwards Davonst and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte

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had the weakness at once to fear Fouche and to think him necessary. Fouche, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the chief agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehood contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and ignoble agents of the police. I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the Consulate we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave 3000 francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins I saw the following lines:

"M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered an hotel of the Faubourg St. Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the First Consul wished to make himself King."

As it happens, I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his Consulship. I may here observe, too, that I never quitted, nor ever could quit Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the First Consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes and instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him that day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. "Have you not read your bulletin?" said I, "Yes, I have."—"Nay, that is impossible."—"Why?"—"Because, if you had, you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me."—"Ah!" he replied, "I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report." I then told him all that had taken place on that night; but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced.

Every morning I placed all the papers which the First Consul had to read on his table, and among the, first was Junot's report. The First Consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me he began to smile.

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“Have you read this bulletin?”—“yes, General.”—“What an ass that Junot is! It is a long time since I have known that.”—“How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?”—“I believe so. I have just seen him, and made observations to him, all in good part, but he would hear nothing.”—“Tell him to come here.” When Junot appeared Bonaparte began—“Imbecile that you are! how could you send me such reports as these? Do you not read them? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise other persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not inventions. It is some time since your agent displeased me; dismiss him directly.” Junot wanted to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short—“Enough!—It is settled!”

I related what had passed to Fouche, who told me that, wishing to amuse himself at Junot’s expense, whose police agents only picked up what they heard related in coffeehouses, gaming-houses, and the Bourse, he had given currency to this absurd story, which Junot had credited and reported, as he did many other foolish tales. Fouche often caught the police of the Palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, induced the First Consul to attach less importance than at first he had to his secret police, which seldom reported anything but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During the time I was with him it embittered his life, and often exasperated him against his wife, his relations, and friends.

—[Bourrienne, it must be remembered, was a sufferer from the vigilance of this police.]—

Rapp, who was as frank as he was brave, tells us in his Memoirs (p. 233) that when Napoleon, during his retreat from Moscow, while before Smolenski, heard of the attempt of Mallet, he could not get over the adventure of the Police Minister, Savary, and the Prefect of Police, Pasquier. “Napoleon,” says Rapp, “was not surprised that these wretches (he means the agents of the police) who crowd the salons and the taverns, who insinuate themselves everywhere and obstruct everything, should not have found out the plot, but he could not understand the weakness of the Duc de Rovigo. The very police which professed to divine everything had let themselves be taken by surprise.” The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. Every silly thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood or distorted in the recital, so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police as a political engine is a dangerous thing. It foments and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related “that M. de la Rochefoucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favour of the King, then at Mittau, the first act of which was to be the death of the Chief of the Government: The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it and become

one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Conde." After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better show the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his Government.

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Napoleon on one occasion, in the Isle of Elba, said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, “You believe, then; that the police agents foresee everything and know everything? They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight’s exertion.” Napoleon, in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, “Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavoured to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post office, like the police, catches only fools.”

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

The Minister of Police, to give his prince a favourable idea of his activity, contrives great conspiracies, which he is pretty sure to discover in time, because he is their originator. The inferior agents, to find favour in the eyes of the Minister, contrive small plots. It would be difficult to mention a conspiracy which has been discovered, except when the police agents took part in it, or were its promoters. It is difficult to conceive how those agents can feed a little intrigue, the result at first, perhaps, of some petty ill-humour and discontent which, thanks to their skill, soon becomes a great affair. How many conspiracies have escaped the boasted activity and vigilance of the police when none of its agents were parties. I may instance Babeuf’s conspiracy, the attempt at the camp at Grenelle, the 18th Brumaire, the infernal machine, Mallet, the 20th of March, the affair of Grenoble, and many others.

The political police, the result of the troubles of the Revolution, has survived them. The civil police for the security of property, health, and order, is only made a secondary object, and has been, therefore, neglected. There are times in which it is thought of more consequence to discover whether a citizen goes to mass or confession than to defeat the designs of a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for a country; and the money expended on a system of superintendence over persons alleged to be suspected, in domestic inquisitions, in the corruption of the friends, relations, and servants of the man marked out for destruction might be much better employed. The espionage of opinion, created, as I have said, by the revolutionary troubles, is suspicious, restless, officious, inquisitorial, vexatious, and tyrannical. Indifferent to crimes and real offences, it is totally absorbed in the inquisition of thoughts. Who has not heard it said in company, to some one speaking warmly, “Be moderate, M------ is supposed to belong to the police.” This police enthralled Bonaparte himself in its snares, and held him a long time under the influence of its power.

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I have taken the liberty thus to speak of a scourge of society of which I have been a victim. What I here state may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of Prefect of Police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March 1816. It may well be supposed that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances and the short period of my administration must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do I accomplished without employing violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished that the only knowledge they had of my being the Prefect of Police was from the Moniteur. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed while an unwilling confidant in the shameful manoeuvres of that political institution.

The word ideologue was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavoured to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only. The ideologues, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power except in direct force: All benevolent men who speculate on the amelioration of human society were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and, far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest. The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded by those who are not led away by interest or power as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion when anything was urged in its favour that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.

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—[Joseph Bonaparte fairly enough remarks on this that such writings had done great harm in those extraordinary times (Erreurs, tome i, p. 259). Metternich, writing in 1827 with distrust of the proceedings of Louis XVIII., quotes, with approval, Napoleon's sentiments on this point. "Napoleon, who could not have been wanting in the feeling of power, said to me, 'You see me master of Prance; well, I would not, undertake to govern her for three months with liberty of the press. Louis XVIII., apparently thinking himself stronger than Napoleon, is not content with allowing the press its freedom, but has embodied its liberty in the charter" (Metternich, tome iv, p. 391.)]—

CHAPTER XXXII.

1800.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries—Hackney-coaches and the Consul's white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet— Bonaparte's aversion to the cap of liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our cabinet.

Of the three brothers to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth Bonaparte speedily declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favoured the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was then an indispensable part of his plan that the Directory should violate the constitution in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the Directory. The expressions which escaped him from time to time plainly showed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the Consulship was only a state of probation preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxembourg was then discovered to be too small for the Chief of the Government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He therefore employed great precaution in dealing with the susceptibilities of the Republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient; for such was Bonaparte's situation between the Jacobins and the Royalists that he could not strike a blow at one party without strengthening the other. He, however, contrived to solve this difficult problem, and weakened both parties by alternately frightening each. "You see, Royalists," he seemed to say, "if you do not attach yourselves to my government the Jacobins will again rise and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the Revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter-Revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks." Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the Chief of the Government, they were

making themselves dependent on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

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I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address.

But what most astonished me was the control he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuileries but under the name of “the Palace of the Government,” and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the Third Consul should also reside in the Tuileries, and in consequence he occupied the Pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of “Palace of the Government” given to the Tuileries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time; the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many deceptive precautions. The day filed for the translation of the seat of government was the 30th Pluviose, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new Constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion in the ‘Moniteur’ of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced, by M. de Fontanes, the decadi preceding, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he was about to take so large a step towards monarchy would be well chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o’clock on the morning of the 30th Pluviuse I entered, as usual, the chamber of the First Consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design—than during the time of projecting it, so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind, was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, “Well, Bourrienne, to-night, at last, we shall sleep in the Tuileries. You are better off than I: you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has a good effect on the people. The Directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the Chief of the Government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look out from Lebrun’s apartments; go with her, if you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my-horse.”

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuileries, to arrange in our new cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare everything for the First Consul’s arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversation in the

salon, where there was a numerous party, what had taken piece in the course of the day.

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At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg. The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the Empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The only real splendour of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the Guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order; with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the Ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris, for hackney-coaches had been hired to convey the Council of State, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting over the number a piece of paper of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The Consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented to the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany after the treaty of Campo-Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambaceres on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the First Consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the Rue de Thionville; and the Quai Voltaire to the Pont Royal. Everywhere he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the-wicket-of the Carrousel to the gate of the Tuileries the troops of the Consular Guard were formed in two lines, through which the procession passed—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the courtyard. Two guard-houses had been built, one on the right and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right were written these words:

> "*The tenth* of *august* 1792.—*Royalty in France*
> *is abolished*; *and shall never be re-established*!"

It was already re-established!

In the meantime the troops had been drawn up in line in the courtyard. As soon as the Consul's carriage stopped Bonaparte immediately alighted, and mounted, or, to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed his troops, while the other two Consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where the Council of State and the Ministers awaited them. A great many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte at the windows of the Third Consul's apartments in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carrousel were let for very large sums; and everywhere arose, as if from one voice, shouts of "Long live the First Consul!" Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm?

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Bonaparte prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors, whose complexions had been browned by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years When the colours of the 96th, 43d, and 34th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaffs surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him, the First Consul, with a firm step, ascended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The General's part being finished for the day, that of the Chief of the State began; and indeed it might already be said that the First Consul was the whole Consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries, by a digression, which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determination to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered that when Roger Ducos and Sieyes bore the title of Consuls the three members of the Consular commission were equal, if not in fact at least in right. But when Cambaceres and Lebrun took their places, Talleyrand; who had at the same time been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart as Minister of Foreign Affairs, obtained a private audience of the First Consul in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observations of Talleyrand on this occasion were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

"Citizen Consul," said he to him, "you have confided to me the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that from this moment, I will not transact business with any but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced, by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed, in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be First Consul, and the First Consul must have the control over all that relates directly to politics; that is to say, over the Ministry of the Interior, and the Ministry of Police, for Internal Affairs, and over my department, for Foreign Affairs; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will therefore be most convenient that the Ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The Administration of Justice and the ordering of the Finances are objects certainly connected with

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State politics by numerous links, which, however, are not of so intimate a nature as those of the other departments. If you will allow me, General, I should advise that the control over the Administration of Justice be given to the Second Consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence; and to the Third Consul, who is equally well acquainted with Finance, the control over that department. That will occupy and amuse them, and you, General, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own secret wishes to be listened to without pleasure; and he said to me as soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, "Do you know, Bourrienne, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a man of great understanding."—"Such is the opinion," I replied, "of all who know him."—"He is perfectly right." Afterwards he added, smiling, "Tallyrand is evidently a shrewd man. He has penetrated my designs. What he advises you know I am anxious to do. But again I say, he is right; one gets on quicker by oneself. Lebrun is a worthy man, but he has no policy in his head; he is a book-maker. Cambaceres carries with him too many traditions of the Revolution. My government must be an entirely new one."

Talleyrand's advice had been so punctually followed that even on the occasion of the installation of the Consular Government, while Bonaparte was receiving all the great civil and military officers of the State in the hall of presentation, Cambaceres and Lebrun stood by more like spectators of the scene than two colleagues of the First Consul. The Minister of the Interior presented the civil authorities of Paris; the Minister of War, the staff of the 17th military division; the Minister of Marine, several naval officers; and the staff of the Consular Guard was presented by Murat. As our Consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentations was followed by grand dinner-parties. The First Consul entertained at his table, the two other Consuls, the Ministers, and the Presidents of the great bodies of the State. Murat treated the heads of the army; and the members of the Council of State, being again seated in their hackney-coaches with covered numbers, drove off to dine with Lucien.

Before taking possession of the Tuileries we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the whitewashing, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to M. Lecomte, at that time the architect in charge, "Get rid of all these things; I do not like to see such rubbish."

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The First Consul gave directions himself for what little alterations he wanted in his own apartments. A state bed—not that of Louis XVI.—was placed in the chamber next his cabinet, on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. I may as well mention here that he very seldom occupied that hed, for Bonaparte was very simple in his manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, except as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg, at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife. He went every evening down to Josephine by a small staircase leading from a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Maria de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bedchamber but by this staircase; and when he came to our cabinet it was always by the wardrobe which I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden.

As for our cabinet, where so many great, and also small events were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of it to those who like such details.

There were two tables. The best, which was the First Consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his armchair was turned with its back to the fireplace, having the window on the right. To the right of this again was a little closet where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the clerk of the office and the grand apartments of the Court. When the First Consul was seated at his table in his chair (the arms of which he so frequently mutilated with his penknife) he had a large bookcase opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the bookcase, was another door, opening into the cabinet which led directly to the state bedchamber which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand Presentation Saloon, on the ceiling of which Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis *xiv*. A tri-coloured cockade placed on the forehead of the great King still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the Convention. Lastly came the hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My writing-table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and in summer I had a view of the thick foliage of the chestnut-trees; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the General's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The Consular cabinet, which afterwards became the Imperial, has left many impressions on my mind; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of too slight a description.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

1800.

The Tuileries—Royalty in perspective—Remarkable observation— Presentations—-Assumption of the prerogative of mercy—M. Defeu— M. de Frotte—Georges Cadondal's audience of Bonaparte—Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence—-The dignity of France— Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the Senate of Hamburg— Contribution in the Egyptian style—Valueless bill—Fifteen thousand francs in the drawer of a secretaire—Josephine's debts—Evening walks with Bonaparte.

The morning after that ardently wished-for day on which we took possession of the Palace of the Kings of France I observed to Bonaparte on entering his chamber, "Well, General, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?"—-"Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked badly since that time? Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere? No, certainly not: but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th Brumaire at 11 francs, on the 20th at 16 and to-day at 21. In such a state of things I may let the Jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly either!"

As soon as he was dressed we went to look through the Gallery of Diana and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of our new residence. I recollect Bonaparte saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuileries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, has not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But hold! there is your brother's house! Was it not from those windows I saw the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off? But be assured they will not come here again!"

The Ambassadors and other foreign Ministers then in Paris were presented to the First Consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French Court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies a Counsellor of State, M. Benezech, who was once Minister for Foreign Affairs, officiated.

When the Ambassadors had all arrived M. Benezech conducted them into the cabinet, in which were the three Consuls, the Ministers, and the Council of State. The Ambassadors presented their credentials to the First Consul, who handed them to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example,

the Tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused to defend Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three Consuls; but the circumstance which distinguished the First Consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience-chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the Queen after presentation to the King.

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Thus old customs of royalty crept by degrees into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the Crown, and which the Constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the First Consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which, by the most happy of all usurpations, he arrogated to himself. This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed everything, permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the First Consul: I do not speak of the Emperor. Bonaparte, the First Consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favour of persons placed under proscription. The following circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestable proof of what I state:—

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg, M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol with arms in his hand by the troops of the Republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January General Ferino, then commanding at Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitrincourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that everybody felt the greatest interest in his fate.

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment I made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return I perceived the First Consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. “Where have you been?” said he. “I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favour of you.”—“What is it?” I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeu. His first answer was dreadful. “No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country is a child who tries to kill his mother!” This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeu, and the good effect which clemency would produce. “Well,” said he, “write—

“The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.”

He signed this laconic order, which I instantly despatched to General Ferino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained at ease as to the result of the affair.

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Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the First Consul the next morning when he said to me, “Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeu. Are you satisfied?”—-“General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude.”—“Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Ferino that I wish M. Defeu to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it.”

I despatched at my own expense an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeu’s life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came purposely from Sens to Paris to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, “that I was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts.”

Emboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the First Consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotte, who was strongly recommended to me by most honourable persons. Comte Louis de Frotte had at first opposed all negotiation for the pacification of La Vendee. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, towards the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alencon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotte, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safe-conduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotte, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his partisans the approaching end of Bonaparte’s “criminal enterprise.”

I had more trouble than in M: Defeu’s case to induce the First Consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I laboured so hard to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evil which may result from the loss of time! Not supposing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the Minister-of-Police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotte, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

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Comte Louis de Frotte was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviose, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the Minister rendered the result of my solicitations abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the First Consul granted me the order for delay he had received some new accusation against M. de Frotte, for when he heard of his death he appeared to me very indifferent about the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He merely said to me, with unusual insensibility, “You should take your measures better. You see it is not my fault.”

Though Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had confidence in their honour. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When, during the first period of our abode at the Tuileries, he had summoned the principal chiefs of, La Vendee to endeavour to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country; he received Georges Cadoudal in a private audience. The disposition in which I beheld him the evening before the day appointed for this audience inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand salon looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the First Consul, but on returning to the cabinet where I was he did not close either of the two doors of the state bedchamber which separated the cabinet from the salon. We saw the First Consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the salon—then return—then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connection. There was occasionally a good deal of ill-humour displayed in their tone and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The First Consul, perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, “You take a wrong view of things, and are wrong in not coming to some understanding; but if you persist in wishing to return to your country you shall depart as freely as you came to Paris.” When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet he said to Rapp, “Tell me, Rapp, why you left these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?” Rapp replied, “If you had closed the doors I would have opened them again. Do you think I would have left you alone with a man like that? There would have been danger in it.”—“No, Rapp,” said Bonaparte, “you cannot think so.” When we were alone the First Consul appeared pleased with Rapp’s attachment, but very vexed at Georges’ refusal. He said, “He does not take a correct view of things; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end.”

Of all the actions of Louis *xiv*. that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Genoa send ambassadors to Paris to apologise to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French Government respected exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

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Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburg. The British Government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they were given up; but, as the French Government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the Senate of Hamburg.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the united Irishmen. He had procured his naturalisation in France, and had attained the rank, of chef d'escadrou. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburg, where the Senate placed him under arrest on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English Minister. After being detained in prison a whole year he was conveyed to England to be tried. The French Government interfered, and preserved, if not, his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him, on account of the sentiments of independence which had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to land at Hamburg and pass into Sweden. Being exempted from the amnesty by the Irish Parliament, he was claimed by the British Government, and the Senators of Hamburg forgot honour and humanity in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic both from England and France. The Senate delivered up Napper Tandy; he was carried to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the interference of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, obtained the release of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to France.

The First Consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the Senate of Hamburg sent him a memorial, justificatory of its conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably. This was in some sort a recollection of Egypt—one of those little contributions with which the General had familiarised the pashas; with this difference, that on the present occasion not a single sous went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the First Consul through the hands of M. Chapeau Rouge.

—[A solemn deputation from the Senate arrived at the Tuileries to make public apologies to Napoleon. He again testified his indignation: and when the envoys urged their weakness he said to them. "Well and had you not the resource of weak states? was it not in your power to let them escape?" (Napoleon's Memoirs).]—

I kept the four millions and a half in Dutch bonds in a secretaire for a week. Bonaparte then determined to distribute them; after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred

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at Malmaison, he dictated to me a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. My name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not the trouble to transcribe it; but some time after he said to me, with the most engaging kindness, “Bourrienne, I have given you none of the money which came from Hamburg, but I will make you amends for it.” He took from his drawer a large and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled up in his own handwriting, and said to me, “Here is a bill for 300,000 Italian livres on the Cisalpine Republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is endorsed Halter and Collot—I give it you.” To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine. Republic, for the value of which the Administrator-general of the Italian finances drew on the Republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot, a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for 300,000 livres to Bonaparte in quittance of a debt, but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine Republic kept the cannons and the money, and the First Consul kept his bill. When I had examined it I said, “General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The endorsers are no longer liable.”—“France is bound to discharge debts of this kind;” said he; “send the paper to de Fermont: he will discount it for three per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about 9000 francs of renters, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc.” I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months the names of which terminated in ‘aire, ose, al, and or’.

I showed M. de Fermont’s answer to the First Consul, who said, “Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write.” He then dictated a letter, which promised very favourably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, “General, M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself.” Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be, informed of, “Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!” What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These 300,000 livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the bill was useless to me it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more. than 25,000 francs from Italy.

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I never had, from the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy, nor from the General in-Chief of the army of, Egypt, nor from the First Consul, for ten years, nor from the Consul for life, any fixed salary: I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own: He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill on the insolvent Cisalpine Republic he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800, "Bourrienne, the weather, is becoming very bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at council get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my secretaire, take out everything that is there." I, got into the carriage at two o'clock and returned at six. When he had dined I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his secretaire including 15,000 francs (somewhere about L 600 of English money) in banknotes which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them he said, "Here is money—what is the meaning of this?" I replied, "I know nothing about it, except that it was in your secretaire."— "Oh yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it." I remembered well that one summer morning he had given me his key to bring him two notes of 1000 francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn further on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion inflicted on the Senate of Hamburg, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell.

The whole, however, Was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved fob paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some remarks.

The estate of Malmaison had cost 160,000 francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteuix while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings, had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing, and besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the First Consul would be extremely displeased that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was therefore with extreme satisfaction I learned that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, to Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte during his expedition to the East. Bonaparte felt that his situation

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required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night about half-past eleven o'clock that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon he was gone I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my Wife. I have the money from Hamburg—-ask her the exact amount of her debts: let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals: they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the First Consul; but, well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her, "Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the First Consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion of your debts at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the First Consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the result will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you; by reservations you will renew them incessantly." Josephine said, "I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I say to you. I owe, I believe, about 1,200,000 francs, but I wish to confess only 600,000; I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings."—"Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as 600,000 francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to 1,200,000 than to 600,000; and by going so far you will get rid of them for ever."—"I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him; I can never support his violence." After a quarter of an hour's further discussion on the subject I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitation, and promise to mention only the 600,000 francs to the First Consul.

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The anger and ill-humour of Bonaparte may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, “Well, take 600,000 francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorise you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing if they, do not reduce their enormous charges. They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit.” Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me, also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of articles supplied. I observed in the milliner’s bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was likewise a charge of 1800 francs for heron plumes, and 800 francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore out two hats in one day? She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen, it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the First Consul’s permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received 35,000 francs for a bill of 80,000; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most vehement disputes, to settle everything for 600,000 francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of spending money was almost the sole cause of her unhappiness. Her thoughtless profusion occasioned permanent disorder in her household until the period of Bonaparte’s second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was Empress in 1804.

—[Notwithstanding her husband’s wish, she could never bring her establishment into any order or rule. He wished that no tradesmen should ever reach her, but he was forced to yield on this point. The small inner roams were filled with them, as with artists of all sorts. She had a mania for having herself painted, and gave her portraits to whoever wished for one, relations, ‘femmes de chambre’, even to tradesmen. They never ceased bringing her diamonds, jewels, shawls, materials for dresses, and trinkets of all kinds; she bought everything without ever asking the price; and generally forgot what she had purchased. . . All the morning she had on a shawl which she draped on her shoulders with a grace I have seen in no one else. Bonaparte, who thought her shawls

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covered her too much, tore them off, and sometimes threw them into the fire; then she sent for another (Remusat, tome ii. pp. 343-345). After the divorce her income, large as it was, was insufficient, but the Emperor was more compassionate then, and when sending the Comte Mollien to settle her affairs gave him strict orders “not to make her weep” (Meneval, tome iii. p.237)]—

The amiable Josephine had not less ambition in little thins than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring and not in possessing. Who would suppose it? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either in the direction of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful avenues of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful; for I never saw a woman who so constantly entered society with such an equable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiability. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a pretty suite of apartments to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family.

She pressed me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I kept during two years and a half. When I saw my friends there, it had to be at midnight, of at five o’clock in the morning; and the First Consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine’s kind offer. Bonaparte came once to see me in my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often: It was a favourite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuileries after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a gray greatcoat, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, “The First Consul,” to the sentinel’s challenge of, “Who goes there?” These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte, and me also, as a relaxation from our labours, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o’clock in the evening in his gray coat, I knew he would say, “Bourrienne, come and take a turn.” Sometimes, then, instead of going out by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Due d’Angouleme. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honore; but we did not extend our excursions farther than Rue

de l’Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy he played his part in asking questions.

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Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavouring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs when pulling up the corners of his cravat he would say, “Well, Madame, is there anything new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon; Bonaparte?” He was made quite happy one day when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop to avoid the attacks drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which Bonaparte spoke of the First Consul.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1800.

War and monuments—Influence of the recollections of Egypt— First improvements in Paris—Malmaison too little—St. Cloud taken —The Pont des Arts—Business prescribed for me by Bonaparte— Pecuniary remuneration—The First Consul’s visit to the Pritanee — His examination of the pupils—Consular pensions—Tragical death of Miackzinski—-Introduction of vaccination—Recall of the members of the Constituent Assembly—The “canary” volunteers—Tronchet and Target—Liberation of the Austrian prisoners—-Longchamps and sacred music.

The destruction of men and the construction of monuments were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war;

—[Take pleasure, if you can, in reading your returns. The good condition of my armies is owing to my devoting to them one or two hours in every day. When the monthly returns of my armies and of my fleets, which form twenty thick volumes, are sent to me. I give up every other occupation in order to read them in detail and to observe the difference between one monthly return and another. No young girl enjoys her novel so much as I do these returns! (Napoleon to Joseph, 20th August 1806—Du Casse, tome iii. p. 145).]—

but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate the great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria had it not been Pompey’s pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

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When endeavouring to sketch the character of Bonaparte, I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments, for without this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements; of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but at the same time he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without examination; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's' cabinet, which looked into the garden of the Tuileries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to arise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute when he unexpectedly returned to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager anything you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace."—"Why, I must confess I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, General, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villainous left bank of the Seine, which always annoys me with the gaps in its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every winter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain; and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said, "You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately: 'The quay of the Ecole de Natation is to be finished during next campaign.' Send that order to the Minister of the Interior." The quay was finished the year following.

An instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their subsequent accounts I may mention what occurred in relation to the Palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused and afterwards took possession of the Queen's pleasure-house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte as long as he remained content with his town apartments in the little Luxembourg; but that Consular 'bagatelle' was too confined in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuileries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, well-advised, addressed a petition to the Legislative Body, praying that their deserted chateau might be made the summer residence of the First Consul.

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The petition was referred to the Government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet Consul for life, proudly declared that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for a year afterwards, he would accept no national recompense. Sometime after we went to visit the palace of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a, state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the Revolution. The First Consul did not wish, as yet, to burden the budget of the State with his personal expenses, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then his flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for 25,000 francs. I told the First Consul that considering the ruinous state of the place, I could to say that the expense would amount to more than 1,200,000 francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly 3,000,000. He thought it a great sum; but as he had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to 6,000,000. So much for the 3,000,000 of the architect and the 25,000 francs of the flatterers.

When the First Consul contemplated the building of the Pont des Arts we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of stone. “The first object of monuments of this kind,” said I, “is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, General, why, in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred.”—“Write,” said Bonaparte, “to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it.” I wrote and they stated in their answer that “bridges were intended for public utility and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine at that point in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont Neuf and the Tuileries appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the grandeur of the two bridges between which it would be placed.”

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When we had received the answer of *mm*. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the First Consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of *mm*. Fontame and Percier; how ever, he would have his own way, and thus was authorised the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean and out of keeping with the other bridges above and below it. One day when visiting the Louvre he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pout des Arts and said, “There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that iron should be used for arches of large dimensions. But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant.”

The infernal machine of the 3d Nivose, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuileries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought more advisable for the Government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte’s grand schemes in building I may mention that, being one day at the Louvre, he pointed towards St. Germain l’Auxerrois and said to me, “That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the Barriere du Trone. It shall be a hundred feet broad, and have arcades and plantations. This street shall be the finest in the world.”

The palace of the King of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jena and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure isolated from Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the Ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of Glory, too, which was to occupy the site of the Church of la Madeleine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument, proved the necessity. which Bonaparte felt of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had reestablished religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the church of the Invalides, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a Temple of Glory would give birth to a sort of paganism incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Necropolis of Cairo frequently recurred to. Bonaparte’s mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and his design was to make, at, the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries on the plan of that at Cairo.

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Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be 40 feet wide, and be provided with foot-pavements; in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of a country which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regard the embellishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He, wanted glory, uninterrupted glory, for France as well as for himself: How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said, “Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labours is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!”

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which hears traces of Napoleon’s passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in all Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon’s short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mayence a magnificent road was made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes and vast forests. Mountains were cut through and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature more than man to resist him. One day when he was proceeding to Belgium by the way of Civet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry-boat. He was within a gunshot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which the delay occasioned he dictated the following decree: “A bridge shall be built over the Meuse to join Little Civet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign.” It was completed within the prescribed time: In the great work of bridges and highways Bonaparte’s chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France so as to form a junction with the provinces which he successively annexed to the Empire. Thus in Savoy a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous ascents and descents of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mont Cenis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus did the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, “There are now my Alps,” with more reason than Louis *xiv*. said, “There are now no Pyrenees.”

—[Metternich (tome iv. p. 187) says on this subject, ’If you look closely at the course of human affairs you will make strange discoveries. For instance, that the Simplon Pass has contributed as surely to Napoleon’s immortality as the numerous works done in the reign of the Emperor Francis will fail to add to his.]—

Such was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me that I was often alarmed at the responsibility it obliged me to incur.

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—[Of this confidence the following instructions for me, which he dictated to Duroc, afford sufficient proof:—

“1st. Citizen Bourrienne shall open all the letters addressed to the First Consul, Vol, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are opened. Bourrienne is to analyse all those which are of secondary interest, and write the First Consul’s decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the Consul rises; second, a quarter of an hour before dinner; and third, at eleven at night.“2d. He is to have the superintendence of the Topographical office, and of an office of Translation, in which there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the First Consul, at the hours above mentioned the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals, it will only be necessary to mark what the First Consul is to read.“3d. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under Government; a second, for appointments to judicial posts; a third for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and great financial posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals whom the First Consul may refer to him. These registers must be written by his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.“4th. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of surveillance, are to be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the hand of the First Consul, by whom they will be returned without the intervention of any third party.“6th. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary expenditure. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that the business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

“7th. He shall despatch all the business which maybe referred to him, either from Citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the First Consul, taking care to arrange everything so as to secure secrecy.

“(Signed) “*Bonaparte*, First Council.

“Paris, 13th Germinal, year VIII.
“(3d. April 1800.)"]—

Official business was not the only labour that devolved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the First Consul during a great part of the day, or to decipher his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty. I was so closely employed that I scarcely ever went out; and when by chance I dined in town, I could not arrive until the very moment of dinner, and I was obliged to run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the Comedie Francaise, but I was obliged to return at nine o’clock, that heing the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with

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whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unreserved confidence of the man on whom the eyes of all Europe were filed. So perfect was this confidence that Bonaparte, neither as General, Consul, nor Emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still comrades: I took from his funds what was necessary to defray my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to regenerate public education, which he thought was ill managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the Polytechnic School, the finest establishment of education that was ever founded, but which he afterwards spoiled by giving it a military organisation. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis-le-Grand, which had received the name of Pritanee. The First Consul directed the Minister of the Interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanee, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?"—"you, General!"—"Yes! and I did not acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollected enough of my Bezout to make some demonstrations before them. I went everywhere, into the bedrooms and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education and the management of the colleges. The pupils must have a uniform. I observed some well and others ill dressed. That will not do. At college, above all places, there should be equality. But I was much pleased with the pupils of the Pritanee. I wish to know the names of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to report them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulates young people. I will provide for some of them."

On this subject Bonaparte did not confine himself to an empty scheme. After consulting with the headmaster of the Pritanee, he granted pensions of 200 francs to seven or eight of the most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he placed three of them in the department of Foreign Affairs, under the title of diplomatic pupils.

—[This institution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de Talleyrand.]—

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What I have just said respecting the First Consul's visit to the Pritanee reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the Pritanee there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the Republic. Young Miackzinski was then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon quitted the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of a corps reviewed by Bonaparte, in the plain of Sablons. He was pointed out to the First Consul, who said to him. "I knew your father. Follow his example, and in six months you shall be an officer." Six months elapsed, and Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul, reminding him of his promise. No answer was returned, and the young man then wrote a second letter as follows:

You desired me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. You promised that I should be an officer in six months; seven have elapsed since that promise was made. When you receive this letter I shall be no more. I cannot live under a Government the head of which breaks his word.

Poor Miackzinski kept his word but, too faithfully. After writing the above letter to the First Consul he retired to his chamber and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days after this tragical event Miackzinski's commission was transmitted to his corps, for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A delay in the War Office had caused the death of this promising young man Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me, "These Poles have such refined notions of honour.... Poor Sulkowski, I am sure, would have done the same."

At the commencement of the Consulate it was gratifying, to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of plans for the social regeneration of France all seemed animated with new life, and every one strove to do good as if it were a matter of competition.

Every circumstance concurred to favour the good intentions of the First Consul. Vaccination, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has sacrificed, was introduced into France by M. d Liancourt; and Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the 'value of such a discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time a council of Prizes was established, and the old members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their sake and that of the Royalists that the First Consul recalled them, but it was to please the Jacobins, whom he was endeavouring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove that they had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility. The lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning.

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From the commencement of the month of Germinal the reorganisation of the army of Italy had proceeded with renewed activity. The presence in Paris of the fine corps of the Consular Guard, added to the desire of showing themselves off in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of many respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance the First Consul created a corps of volunteers destined for the army of reserve, which was to remain at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a great number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a yellow uniform which, in some of the salons of Paris where it was still the custom to ridicule everything, obtained for them the nickname of “canaries.” Bonaparte, who did not always relish a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed to me his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to observe in the composition of this corps a first specimen of privileged soldiers; an idea which he acted upon when he created the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jena, and when he organised the guards of honour after the disasters of Moscow.

In every action of his life Bonaparte had some particular object in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, “Bourrienne, I cannot yet venture to do anything against the regicides; but I will let them see what I think of them. To-morrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the organisation of the court of Cassation. Target, who is the president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. Well, whom do you think I mean to appoint in his place? . . . Tronchet, who did defend the king. They may say what they please; I care not.”

—[On this, as on many other occasions, the cynicism of Bonaparte’s language does, not admit of a literal translation.]—

Tronchet was appointed.

Nearly about the same time the First Consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, “Mack may go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will tell you what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack; among the number is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of opening a campaign this will have a good effect. They will see that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure me some admirers in Austria.” The order for liberating the Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte’s acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity and his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

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This unvarying attention to the affairs of the Government was manifest in all he did. I have already mentioned the almost simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the month of January, and the permission for the revival of the opera balls. A measure something similar to this was the authorisation of the festivals of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the Revolution. He at the same time gave permission for sacred music to be performed at the opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the Republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove-Tuesday was marked by a ball, and Passion-week by promenades and concerts.

CHAPTER XXXV

1800.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIII.'s first letter to Bonaparte —Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg St. Germain— Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIII's second letter —Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recall of Louis XVIII.—Peace and war—A battle fought with pins-Genoa and Melas— Realisation of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambaceres—Joseph Bonaparte appointed Councillor of State— Travelling conversation—Alexander and Caesar judged by Bonaparte.

It sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the First Consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make an observation on the 'Memorial of St. Helena.' That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to show how far the statements contained in the Memorial differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the House of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the House of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne; but it has been shown, in several parts of these Memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and on more than one occasion their very names alarmed him.

—[The Memorial states that “A letter was delivered to the First Consul by Lebrun who received it from the Abbe de Montesquieu, the secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris.” This letter which was very cautiously written, said:—“You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favourable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten, then, to name the offices which you would choose for your friends.”

The answer, Napoleon said, was as follows:—

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“I have received your royal highness’ letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France; you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do anything that can alleviate your fate and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes.”—Bourrienne.]—

The substance of the two letters given in the ‘Memorial of St. Helena’ is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that, after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon’s memory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence; together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII’s letter:—

February 20,1800.

Sir—Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her King to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the State for me ever to be able to discharge, by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself.

(Signed) Louis.

The First Consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the Princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favoured this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the King, as by so doing he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monk. Their entreaties became so urgent that he said to me, “These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not; I will have nothing to do with them.”

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself King. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.

In the First Consul’s numerous conversations with me he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII.’s proposition and its consequences. “The partisans of the Bourbons,” said he, “are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monk’s part.”

Here the matter rested, and the King's letter remained on the table. In the interim Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:

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You must have long since been convinced, General, that you possess my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

> No, the victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France.
>
> I say we, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.
>
> General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.
>
> (Signed) *louis*.

This dignified letter the First Consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks; at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the King's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following:

> Sir—I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.
>
> You must not seek to return to France. To do so you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.
>
> Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.
>
> I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure, the tranquillity of your retirement.
>
> (Signed) *Bonaparte*.

He showed me this letter, saying, "What do you think of it? is it not good?" He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied, "As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say against it; but," added I, "I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that you shall learn with pleasure to ensure, *etc*." On reading the passage over again he thought he had pledged himself too far in saying that he would willingly contribute, *etc*. He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined, "I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement."

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off, and it lay on the table with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly alike that first quoted; but far the last paragraph he substituted the following:

> "I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement."

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By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing, to the tranquillity of the retirement. Every day which augmented his power and consolidated his position diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the King's first letter and the answer of the First Consul, which was written on the 2d Vendemiaire, year IX. (24th September 1800) just when the Congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Soma days after the receipt of Louis XVIII.'s letter we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison; he was in good humour, for everything was going on to his mind. "Has my wife been saying anything more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, General."—"But when you converse with her you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chambonas you got the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart; but had it not been for the change you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men rise by their own merit under kings? Everything depends on birth, connection, fortune, and intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future."—"General," replied I, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favour from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important Appointment. But you must not forget that my nomination as Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain that you will have none by Josephine: What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not—"—"You are right," said he, abruptly interrupting me. "If I do not live thirty years to complete my work you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers will not suit France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me."—"Well, General, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?"—"Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the difficulties that stand in my way. How are so many acquired-rights and material results to be secured against the efforts

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of a family restored to power, and returning with 80,000 emigrants and the influence of fanaticism? What would become of those who voted for the death, of the King—the men who acted a conspicuous part in the Revolution—the national domains, and a multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far reaction would extend?"—"General, need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guarantees the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you only at that price. Take three or four years; in that time you may ensure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a power which it would not be easy to destroy; and even supposing such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act the part of Monk; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom victory and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted throne, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have long occupied it. You are well aware what you call ideology will not again be revived; and—"—"I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend upon it, the Bourbons will think they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. The most sacred pledges, the most positive promises, will be violated. None but fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right."

Every one knows the adage, 'Si vis pacem para bellum'. Had Bonaparte been a Latin scholar he would probably have reversed it and said, 'Si vis bellum para pacem'. While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe the First Consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Massena continued there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which not four years before had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing he created everything. At that period of his life the fertility of his imagination and the vigour of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations he sent 24,000 francs to the hospital of Mont St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and everything was going on to his liking, he said to me, "I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before he is aware I am in Italy . . . that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But *Massena* is defending it."

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On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he desired me to unroll Chauchard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him; and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, "Where do you think I shall beat Melas?"—"How the devil should I know?"—"Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his headquarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and his reserves. Crossing the Alps here (pointing to the Great Mont St. Bernard) I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia" (placing a red, pin at San Giuliano). Finding that I looked on this manoeuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, *etc*., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour we rose; I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Giuliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches, which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when that very evening I was writing at Torre di Galifolo the bulletin of the battle to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The First Consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as War Minister, and he superseded him by Carnot,

—[There were special reasons for the appointment of Carnot, Berthier was required with his master in Italy, while Carnot, who had so long ruled the armies of the Republic, was better fitted to influence Moreau, at this time advancing into Germany. Carnot probably fulfilled the main object of his appointment when he was sent to Moreau, and succeeded in getting that general, with natural reluctance, to damage his own campaign by detaching a large body of troops into Italy. Berthier was reappointed to the Ministry on the 8th of October 1800,—a very speedy return if he had really been disgraced.]—

who had given great proofs of firmness and integrity, but who, nevertheless, was no favourite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Berthier was too slow in carrying out the measures ordered, [duplicated line removed here D.W.] and too lenient in the payment of past charges and in new contracts. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April 1800; and to console Berthier, who, he knew, was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him:—

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Paris, 2d April 1800.

Citizen-general,—The military talents of which you have given so many proofs, and the confidence of the Government, call you to the command of an army. During the winter you have *reorganised* the War Department, and you have provided, as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace and consolidating the Republic.

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics [*caps*]. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The Consular Constitution did not empower the First Consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte therefore wished to keep secret his long-projected plan of placing himself at the head of the army of Italy, which, he then for the first time called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier nobody could be deceived, because it must be evident that he would have made another selection had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floreal Bonaparte had made all his arrangements and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other Consuls and the Ministers, he said to Lucien, “Prepare, to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouche, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon to inspect the army of reserve. You may add that I shall perhaps go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight: You, Cambaceres, will preside to-morrow at the Council of State. In my absence you are the Head of the Government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my approbation of the Council of State; it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a Councillor of State. Should anything happen I shall be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London.”

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

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On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Caesar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Caesar. “I place Alexander in the first rank,” said he, “yet I admire Caesar’s fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all the execution, of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have stayed there seven years had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon as a decided proof of the genius of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance-guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to reassemble his troops, so that he might overthrow at a blow the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states Alexander would have separated himself from his reinforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre he secured, his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and in so doing to march half-way to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter he worked upon the ardent feelings of the Orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three what a name he has left behind him!”

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte’s clever military plans and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, “General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly I admire you.” And certainly, I really spoke the true sentiments of my mind.

VOLUME II. — 1800-1803

CHAPTER I.

1800.

Bonaparte’s confidence in the army—’Ma belle’ France—The convent of Bernadins—-Passage of Mont St. Bernard—Arrival at the convent— Refreshments distributed to the soldiers—Mont Albaredo—Artillery dismounted—The fort of Bard—Fortunate temerity —Bonaparte and Melas—The spy—Bonaparte’s opinion of M. Necker—Capitulation of Genoa—Intercepted despatch—Lannes at Montebello—Boudet succeeded by Desaix —Coolness of the First Consul to M. Collot—Conversation and recollections—The battle of Marengo—General Kellerman—Supper sent from the Convent del Bosco—-Particulars respecting the death of Desaix—The Prince of Lichtenstein—Return

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to Milan—Savary and Rapp.

It cannot be denied that if, from the 18th Brumaire to the epoch when Bonaparte began the campaign, innumerable improvements had been made in the internal affairs of France, foreign affairs could not be seen with the same satisfaction. Italy had been lost, and from the frontiers of Provence the Austrian camp fires were seen. Bonaparte was not ignorant of the difficulties of his position, and it was even on account of these very difficulties that, whatever might be the result of his hardy enterprise, he wished to escape from it as quickly as possible. He cherished no illusions, and often said all must be staked to gain all.

The army which the First Consul was preparing to attack was numerous, well disciplined, and victorious.

His, with the exception of a very small number of troops, was composed of conscripts; but these conscripts were commanded by officers whose ardour was unparalleled. Bonaparte's fortune was now to depend on the winning or losing of a battle. A battle lost would have dispelled all the dreams of his imagination, and with them would have vanished all his immense schemes for the future of France. He saw the danger, but was not intimidated by it; and trusting to his accustomed good fortune, and to the courage and fidelity of his troops, he said, "I have, it is true, many conscripts in my army, but they are Frenchmen. Four years ago did I not with a feeble army drive before me hordes of Sardinians and Austrians, and scour the face of Italy? We shall do so again. The sun which now shines on us is the same that shone at Arcola and Lodi. I rely on Massena. I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But should famine oblige him to surrender, I will retake Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. With what pleasure shall I then return to my dear France! Ma belle France."

At this moment, when a possible, nay, a probable chance, might for ever have blasted his ambitious hopes, he for the first time spoke of France as his. Considering the circumstances in which we then stood, this use of the possessive pronoun "my" describes more forcibly than anything that can be said the flashes of divination which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapped up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favourable disposition of mind the First Consul arrived at Martigny on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardins, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate. The army was in full march to the Great St. Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and covering the road to Yvree, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there were no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege, and said, "I am weary of staying in this convent; those

fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. They cannot even settle so contemptible an affair without me!" He immediately gave orders for our departure.

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The grand idea of the invasion of Italy by crossing Mont St. Bernard emanated exclusively from the First Consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, accustomed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprise of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospice, which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But the St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry, baggage, limbers, and artillery were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goat-herd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along the goat paths. The artillery was dismounted, and the guns, put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the First Consul had transmitted funds to the hospice of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys a considerable supply of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospice, and each soldier as he defiled past took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed the portions with admirable order and activity.

The First Consul ascended the St. Bernard with that calm self-possession and that air of indifference for which he was always remarkable when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many questions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, and that they were seldom deceived.

Bonaparte, who wore his gray greatcoat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aorta to inform him of the taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent the First Consul visited the chapel and the three little libraries. He had time to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.

Our breakfast-dinner was very frugal. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here."—"We get our

vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

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When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid down. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mont Albaredo to avoid passing under the fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aorta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain it was resolved to convey it through the town of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and caissons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected them against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aorta that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians in not throwing up more efficient works; by very simple precautions they might have rendered the passage of St. Bernard unavailing.

On the 23d we came within sight of the fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right and Mont Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a small torrent which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gunshot of the fort he ordered us to quicken our pace to gain a little bridle-path on the left, leading to the summit of Mont Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard.

We ascended this path on foot with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitered the fort. After addressing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned, in a tone of dissatisfaction, the faults that had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he guaranteed, the firing of a few shots would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders he descended the mountain and went to sleep that night at Yvree. On the 3d of June he learned that the fort had surrendered the day before.

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The passage of Mont St. Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the First Consul seemed, as it were, to have fascinated the enemy, and his enterprise was so unexpected that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and renouncing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army—if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties—if he had considered that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations and recover his communication with the Hereditary States, that he was master of all the strong places in Italy, that he had nothing to fear from Massena, that Suchet could not resist him:—if, then, following Bonaparte's' example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the First Consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost everywhere open towns, while the French army would have been exhausted without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, the day on which the First Consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance to the capital of Lombardy, and the term "engagements" can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for a moment doubtful; the fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Piacenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy!

The First Consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there a spy who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy was announced. The First Consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shown into his cabinet.—"What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced I determined to serve the Austrians because you were far from Europe. I always follow the fortunate; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemy's corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me I will not deceive you; but, I must carry

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back some report to my general. You need not care for giving me some true particulars which I can communicate to him."—"Oh! as to that," resumed the First Consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my positions, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: you ask for 1000 Louis, you shall have them if you serve me well." I then wrote down from the dictation of the spy, the and the names of the corps, their amount, their positions, names of the generals commanding them. The Consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alexandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our positions.

The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful that on his return from Marengo Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the 1000 Louis. The spy afterwards informed him that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The First Consul regarded this little event as one of the favours of fortune.

In passing through Geneva the First Consul had an interview with M. Necker.

—[Madame de Stael briefly mention this interview in her 'Considerations sur la Revolution Francaise' "M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mont. St. Bernard, a few days before the battle of Marengo, During this conversation, which lasted two hours, the First Consul made a very favourable impression on my father by the confident way he spoke of his future projects."—Bourrienne.]—

I know not how it happened, but at the time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had acquired much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears to me very far below his reputation. He did not equal the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist—

> —[This was a constant term of reproach with Bonaparte. He set all the metaphysicians of the Continent against him by exclaiming, "Je ne veux point d'ideologues."]—

a banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and, besides, most celebrated people lose on a close view."— "Not always, General,"

observed I—“Ah!” said he, smiling, “that is not bad, Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time!”

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The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The First Consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat's task was the occupation of Piacenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence which reflected so much honour on Massena. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat's courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German. About four o'clock I entered the chamber of the First Consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me; as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose an the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event that his first exclamation was, "Bah! you do not understand German." But hardly had he uttered these words when he arose, and by eight o'clock in the morning orders were despatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts that the First Consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well remember: "Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a skylight."

By a singular chance Desaix, who was to contribute to the victory and stop the rout of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El-Arish, which happened on the 4th of January 1800. He wrote me a letter, dated 16th Floreal, year VIII. (6th of May 1800), announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I showed it to the First Consul. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "Desaix in Paris!" and he immediately despatched an order for him to repair to the headquarters of the army of Italy wherever they might be. Desaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The First Consul received him with the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day

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be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared; but on this subject Desaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent, and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign to his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella, Desaix was closeted with the First Consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival an order of the day communicated to the army that Desaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.
—[Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who, no doubt, was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on receiving the intelligence, was "Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?"—Bourrienne.The command given to Desaix was a corps especially formed of the two divisions of Boudet and Monnier (Savary, tome i. p. 262). Boudet was not killed at Marengo, still less before (see Erreurs, tome i. p. 14).]—

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Desaix. "Yes," replied he, "he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favourite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him War Minister. I would make him a prince if I could. He is quite an antique character." Desaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year, and in less than a week after the above observations.

About this time M. Collot came to Italy and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo. M. Collot had been on the most intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many valuable services. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness, for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets which he had resolved to conceal.

—[The day after the interview I had a long conversation with M. Collot while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps stationed at Milan. M. Collot perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation: Some days before the Consulate—that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt,—Bonaparte, during his jealous fit, spoke to M. Collot about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. "Henceforth," said Bonaparte, "I will have nothing to do with her."—"What, would you part from her?"—"Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?"—"I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to

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be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Moliere's husbands, if you are displeased with your wife's conduct you can call her to account when you have nothing better to do. Begin by raising up the state. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment when now you would not find one. You know the French people well enough to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."By these and other similar remarks M. Collot thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed: "No, my determination is fixed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotten. She shall go to Malmaison, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."M. Collot vainly endeavoured to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collot, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her, she will explain the business to your satisfaction and you will forgive her."—"I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire." Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand as if tearing his breast.

> When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away Bonaparte invited him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the courtyard he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons without meeting the General, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a side room, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing. "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase followed by Eugine and Hortense. They were all weeping; and I have not a heart to resist tears Eugene was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced into society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugene and Hortense, and their mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do?

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I should not be a man without some weakness."— "Be assured they will reward you for this."—"They ought, Collot they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlour, where I was then sitting. Eugene breakfasted with us, but neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the Conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte.—Bourrienne.]—

On the 13th the First Consul slept at Torre di Galifolo. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether the Austrians had a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed very well satisfied; but early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched on the plain, where the troops were engaged, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation.

From motives of delicacy I refrain from mentioning the dame of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in tine evening. In obedience to his instructions; I repaired to San Giuliano, which is not above two leagues from the place where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Giuliano nothing was talked of but a retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Giuliano, where I had just received a courier for the General-in-Chief. On the morning of the 14th General Desaix was sent towards Novi to observe the road to Genoa, which city had fallen several days before, in spite of the efforts of its illustrious defender, Massena. I returned with this division to San Giuliano. I was struck with the numerical weakness of the corps which was marching to aid an army already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so indeed it was. The First Consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that brave General bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself the same evening. Who could have imagined that Desaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry commanded by General Kellerman, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellerman that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

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That memorable battle, of which the results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the 'Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo'. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honour to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard on the evening of the battle of Marengo respecting the probable chances of that event. As to the part which the First Consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius, and if I had not known his insatiable thirst for glory I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber, and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who had fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the divisions commanded by Desaix left San Giuliano I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune within so short a time show herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcola. Italy was reconquered by a single blow, and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the First Consul to headquarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Desaix, and then he added, "Little Kellerman made a lucky charge. He did it at just the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words show that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellerman. However, when that officer approached the table at which were seated the First Consul and a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a pretty good charge." By way of counter-balancing this cool compliment he turned towards Bessieres, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the Guard, and said, "Bessieres, the Guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the Guard took no part in the charge of Kellerman, who could assemble only 500 heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix's division, and had made 6000 prisoners. The Guard did not charge at Marengo until nightfall.

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Next day it was reported that Kellerman, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the First Consul, “I have just placed the crown on your head!” I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fart through Bonaparte, and of course I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favour shown to Kellerman, who was not made a general of division on the field of battle as a reward for his charge at Marengo.

—[If Savary’s story be correct, and he was then aide de camp to Desaix, and Bourrienne acknowledges his account to be the best, the inspiration of the charge did not come from the young Kellerman. Savary says that Desaix sent him to tell Napoleon that he could not delay his attack, and that he must be supported by some cavalry.Savary was then sent by Napoleon to a spot where he was told he would find Kellerman, to order him to charge in support of Desaix. Desaix and Kellerman were so placed as to be out of sight of each other (Savary, tome i. pp. 279-279). Thiers (tome i, p. 445) follows Savary.It may here be mentioned that Savary, in his account of the battle, expressly states that he carried the order from Bonaparte to Kellerman to make this charge. He also makes the following observations on the subject:—After the fall of the Imperial Government some pretended friends of General Kellerman have presumed to claim for him the merit of originating the charge of cavalry. That general, whose share of glory is sufficiently brilliant to gratify his most sanguine wishes, can have no knowledge of so presumptuous a pretension. I the more readily acquit him from the circumstance that, as we were conversing one day respecting that battle, I called to his mind my having brought, to him the First Consul’s orders, and he appeared not to have forgotten that fact. I am far from suspecting his friends of the design of lessening the glory of either General Bonaparte or General Desaix; they know as well as myself that theirs are names so respected that they can never be affected by such detractions, and that it would be as vain to dispute the praise due to the Chief who planned the battle was to attempt to depreciate the brilliant share which General Kellerman had in its successful result. I will add to the above a few observations.“From the position which he occupied General Desaix could not see General Kellerman; he had even desired me to request the First Consul to afford him the support of some cavalry. Neither could General Kellerman, from the point where he was stationed, perceive General Desaix’s division; it is even probable that he was not aware

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of the arrival of that General, who had only joined the army two days before. Both were ignorant of each other's position, which the First Consul was alone acquainted with; he alone could introduce harmony into their movements; he alone could make their efforts respectively conduce to the same object."The fate of the battle was decided by Kellerman's bold charge; had it, however, been made previously to General Desaix's attack, in all probability it would have had a quite different result. Kellerman appears to have been convinced of it, since he allowed the Austrian column to cross our field of battle and extend its front beyond that of the troops we had still in line without making the least attempt to impede its progress. The reason of Kellerman's not charging it sooner was that it was too serious a movement, and the consequences of failure would have been irretrievable: that charge, therefore, could only enter into a general combination of plans, to which he was necessarily a stranger" (Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, tome i. pp. 218-280).]—

M. Delaforet, the Postmaster-general, sometimes transacted business with the First Consul. The nature of this secret business may easily be guessed at.

—[When M. Delaforet was replaced soon after this by Lavalette, Napoleon ordered the discontinuance of the practice followed until then of allowing letters to be opened by subordinate officials. This right was restricted, as in England, to the Minister. However bad this practice, it was limited, not extended, in his reign. See Mineval, tome iii. pp. 60-62, and Lavalette, tome ii. p. 10.]—

On the occasion of one of their interviews the First Consul saw a letter from Kellerman to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division though I have just placed the crown on his head?" The letter was sealed again and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellerman did or did not give the crown of France to the First Consul, it is very certain that on the evening of the battle of Marengo he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceeding fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellerman, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the convent del Bosco which on this occasion was laid under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy cavalry the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

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After supper was over the First Consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone I said to him, “General, here is a fine victory! You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely you must be satisfied now?”—“Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied.—But Desaix! . . . Ah, what a triumph would this have been if I could have embraced him to-night on the field of battle!” As he uttered these words I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Desaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Desaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his aide de camp, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the First Consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events more probable:—the death of Desaix was not perceived at the moment it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebre-Desnouettes. A sergeant of battalion of the 9th brigade light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cloak. It was found to be perforated behind; and this circumstance leaves it doubtful whether Desaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency, while advancing at the head of his troops, or by the enemy when turning towards his men to encourage them. However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.

Early next morning the Prince of Liechtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the First Consul. The propositions of the General did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the Prince that the army shut up in Alessandria should evacuate freely, and with the honours of war; but on those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralysed everything, and who had fled, and been constantly beaten, from the Adriatic to Mont Cenis. The Prince of Liechtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. “Sir,” replied the First Consul, in a tone of marked impatience, “carry my final determination to your General, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria; you have many sick and wounded; you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions; my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the gray hairs of your General, whom I respect.”

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This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I showed the Prince out, and he said to me, “These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege.” It is a curious fact that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the First Consul returned to Milan he made Savary and Rapp his aides de camp. They had previously served in the same rank under Desaix. The First Consul was at first not much disposed to take them, alleging that he had aides de camp enough. But his respect for the choice of Desaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.

I have seen nothing in the Memoirs of the Due de Rovigo (Savary) about my having had anything to do with his admission to the honour. I can probably tell the reason why one of the two aides de camp has risen higher than the other. Rapp had an Alsatian frankness which always injured him.

CHAPTER II.

1800.

Suspension of hostilities—Letter to the Consuls—Second Occupation of Milan—-Bonaparte and Massena—Public acclamations and the voice of Josephine—Stray recollections—Organization of Piedmont—Sabres of honour—Rewards to the army of the Rhine—Pretended army of reserve—General Zach—Anniversary of the 14th of July —Monument to Desaix—Desaix and Foy—Bonaparte’s speech in the Temple of Mars — Arrival of the Consular Guard—The bones of marshal Turenne— Lucien’s successful speech—Letter from Lucien to Joseph Bonaparte— The First Consul’s return to Paris—-Accidents on the road— Difficulty of gaining lasting fame—Assassination of Kleber— Situation of the terrace on which Kleber was stabbed—Odious rumours —Arrival of a courier—A night scene—Bonaparte’s distress on perusing the despatches from Egypt.

What little time, and how few events sometimes suffice to change the destiny of nations! We left Milan on the 13th of June, Marengo on the 14th, and on the 15th Italy was ours! A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies was the immediate result of a single battle; and by virtue of a convention, concluded between Berthier and Melas, we resumed possession of all the fortified places of any importance, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as this convention was signed Bonaparte dictated to me at Torre di Galifolo the following letter to his colleagues:

The day after the battle of Marengo, *citizens consuls*, General Melas transmitted a message to our advance posts requesting permission to

send General Skal to me. During the day the convention, of which I send you a copy, was drawn up, and at night it was signed by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with the conduct, of their army.

(Signed) Bonaparte

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The only thing worthy of remark in this letter would be the concluding sentence, in which the First Consul still affected to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, were it not that the words “Citizens Consuls” were evidently foisted in with a particular design. The battle was gained; and even in a trifling matter like this it was necessary that the two, other Consuls should feel that they were not so much the colleagues as the subordinates of the First Consul.

We returned to Milan, and our second occupation of that, city was marked by continued acclamations wherever the First Consul showed himself. At Milan the First Consul now saw Massena for the first time since our departure for Egypt. Bonaparte lavished upon, him the highest praises, but not higher than he deserved, for his admirable, defence of Genoa. He named him his successor in the command of the army of Italy. Moreau was on the Rhine, and therefore none but the conqueror of Zurich could properly have succeeded the First Consul in that command. The great blow was struck; but there might still occur an emergency requiring the presence of a skillful experienced general, well acquainted with the country. And besides, we could not be perfectly at ease, until it was ascertained what conditions would be adhered to by the Cabinet of Vienna, which was then entirely under the influence of the Cabinet of London. After our return from the battle the popular joy was general and heartfelt not only among the higher and middle ranks of society, but in all classes; and the affection evinced from all quarters to the First Consul was unfeigned. In what a tone of sincerity did he say to me one day, when returning from the parade, “Bourrienne, do you hear the acclamations still resounding? That noise is as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine’s voice. How happy and proud I am to be loved by such a people!”

During our stay at Milan Bonaparte had arranged a new government for Piedmont; he had ever since cherished the wish to unite that rich and fertile country to the French territory because some Piedmontese provinces had been possessed by Louis *xiv*. That monarch was the only king whom the First Consul really admired. “If,” said he one day, “Louis *xiv*. had not been born a king, he would have been a great man. But he did not know mankind; he could not know them, for he never knew misfortune.” He admired the resolution of the old King, who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the monarchy than submit to degrading conditions, after having commanded the sovereigns of Europe. I recollect that Bonaparte was extremely pleased to see in the reports which he ordered to be made that in Casal, and in the valleys of Pignerol, Latour, and Luzerne, there still existed many traces of the period when those countries belonged to France; and that the French language was yet preserved there. He already began to identify himself with the past; and abusing the old kings of France was not the way to conciliate his favour.

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The First Consul appointed for the government of Piedmont a Council which, as may naturally be imagined; he composed of those Piedmontese who were the declared partisans of France. He stated as the grounds of this arrangement that it was to give to Piedmont a new proof of the affection and attachment of the French people. He afterwards appointed General. Dupont President of the Council, with the title of Minister-Extraordinary of the French government. I will here mention a secret step taken by Bonaparte towards the overthrowing of the Republic. In making the first draught of General Dupont's appointment I had mechanically written, "Minister-Extraordinary of the French Republic."—"No! no!" said Bonaparte, "not of the Republic; say of the Government."

On his return to Paris the First Consul gave almost incredible proofs of his activity. The day after his arrival he promulgated a great number of decrees, and afterwards allotted the rewards to his soldiers. He appointed Kellerman General of division which, on every principle of justice, he ought to have done on the field of battle. He distributed sabres of honour, with the following inscription, highly complimentary to himself:—

> "Battle of Maringo,—[spelt for some time, I do not know why, as, Maringo—Bourrienne]—commanded in person by the First Consul. —Given by the Government of the Republic to General Lannes."

Similar sabres where presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat; and sabres of less value to other officers: and also muskets and drumsticks of honour to the soldiers and drummers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, or in the army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte took care that the officers and men who had fought under Moreau should be included among those to whom the national rewards were presented. He even had a medal struck to perpetuate the memory of the entry of the French army into Munich. It is worthy of remark that while official fabrications and exaggerated details of facts were published respecting Marengo and the short campaign of Italy, by a feigned modesty the victorious army of Marengo received the unambitious title of 'Army of Reserve'. By this artifice the honour of the Constitution was saved. The First Consul had not violated it. If he had marched to the field, and staked everything on a chance it was merely accidentally, for he commanded only an "Army of Reserve," which nevertheless he had greeted with the title of Grand Army before he entered upon the campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that Bonaparte, possessing as he did an extraordinary mind, should have descended to such pitiful artifices.

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—[Thiers (tome. vi., p. 70) says the title Grande Armee was first given by Napoleon to the force prepared in 1805 for the campaign against Austria. The Constitution forbad the First Consul to command the armies in person. Hence the title, “Army of Reserve,” gives to the force which fought Marengo.]—

Even foreigners and prisoners were objects of Bonaparte’s designing intentions. I recollect one evening his saying to me; “Bourrienne, write to the Minister of War, and tell him to select a fine brace of pistols, of the Versailles manufacture, and send them, in my name, to General Zach. He dined with me to-day, and highly praised our manufacture of arms. I should like to give him a token of remembrance; besides,—the, matter will be talked of at Vienna, and may perhaps do good!”

As soon as the news of the battle of Marengo reached Paris Lucien Bonaparte, Minister of the Interior, ordered preparations for the festival, fixed for the 14th of July, in commemoration of the first Federation. This festival and that of the 1st Vendemiaire were the only ones preserved by the Consular Government. Indeed, in those memorable days, when the Revolution appeared in its fairest point of view, France had never known such joy as that to which the battle of Marengo gave rise. Still, amidst all this popular transport there was a feeling of regret. The fame of Desaix, his heroic character, his death, the words attributed to him and believed to be true, caused mourning to be mingled with joy. It was agreed to open a subscription for erecting a national monument to his memory. A reflection naturally arises here upon the difference between the period referred to and the present time. France has endowed with nearly a million the children of one of her greatest orators and most eloquent defenders of public liberty, yet, for the monument to the memory of Desaix scarcely 20,000 francs were subscribed. Does not this form a singular contrast with the patriotic munificence displayed at the death of General Foy? The pitiful monument to Desaix, on the Place Dauphins, sufficiently attests the want of spirit on the part of the subscribers. Bonaparte, who was much dissatisfied with it, gave the name of Desaix to a new quay, the first stone of which was laid with great solemnity on the 14th of July.

On that day the crowd was immense in the Champ-de-Mars and in the Temple of Mars, the name which at that the Church of the Invalides still preserved. Lucien delivered a speech on the encouraging prospects of France, and Lannes made an appropriate address on presenting to the Government the flags taken at Marengo. Two more followed; one from an aide de cramp of Massena, and the other from an aide de camp of Lecourbe; and after the distribution of some medals the First Consul then delivered the following address:—

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Citizens! *Soldiers*!—The flags presented to the Government, in the presence of the people of this immense capital, attest at once the genius of the Commanders-in-Chief Moreau, Massena, and Berthier; the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants; and bravery of the French soldiers.On your return to the camp tell your comrades that for the 1st Vendemiaire, when we shall celebrate the anniversary of the Republic, the French people expect either peace or, if the enemy obstinately refuse it, other flags, the fruit of fresh victories.

After this harangue of the First Consul, in which he addressed to the military in the name of the people, and ascribed to Berthier the glory of Marengo, a hymn was chanted, the words of which were written by M. de Fontanes and the music composed by Mehul. But what was most remarkable in this fete was neither the poetry, music, nor even the panegyrical eloquence of Lucien,—it was the arrival at the Champ-de-Mars, after the ceremony at the Invalides, of the Consular Guard returning from Marengo. I was at a window of the Ecole-Militaire, and I can never forget the commotion, almost electrical, which made the air resound with cries of enthusiasm at their appearance. These soldiers did not defile before the First Consul in fine uniforms as at a review. Leaving the field of battle when the firing ceased, they had crossed Lombardy, Piedmont, Mont Cenis, Savoy, and France in the space of twenty-nine days. They appeared worn by the fatigue of a long journey, with faces browned by the summer sun of Italy, and with their arms and clothing showing the effects of desperate struggles. Do you wish to have an idea of their appearance? You will find a perfect type in the first grenadier put by Gerard at one side of his picture of the battle of Austerlitz.

At the time of this fete, that is to say, in the middle of the month of July, the First Consul could not have imagined that the moderate conditions he had proposed after the victory would not be accepted by Austria. In the hope, therefore, of a peace which could not but be considered probable, he, for the first time since the establishment of the Consular Government, convoked the deputies of the departments, and appointed their time of assembling in Paris for the 1st Vendemiaire, a day which formed the close of one remarkable century and marked the commencement of another.

The remains of Marshal Turenne; to which Louis *xiv*. had awarded the honours of annihilation by giving them a place among the royal tombs in the vaults of St. Denis, had been torn from their grave at the time of the sacrilegious violation of the tombs. His bones, mingled indiscriminately with others, had long lain in obscurity in a garret of the College of Medicine when M. Lenoir collected and restored them to the ancient tomb of Turenne in the Mussee des Petits Augustins. Bonaparte resolved to enshrine these relics in that

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sculptured marble with which the glory of Turenne could so well dispense. This was however, intended as a connecting link between the past days of France and the future to which he looked forward. He thought that the sentiments inspired by the solemn honours rendered to the memory of Turenne would dispose the deputies of the departments to receive with greater enthusiasm the pacific communications he hoped to be able to make.

However, the negotiations did not take the favourable turn which the First Consul had expected; and, notwithstanding all the address of Lucien, the communication was not heard without much uneasiness. But Lucien had prepared a speech quite to the taste of the First Consul. After dilating for some time on the efforts of the Government to obtain peace he deplored the tergiversations of Austria, accused the fatal influence of England, and added in a more elevated and solemn tone, “At the very moment when, the Consuls were leaving the Palace of the Government a courier arrived bearing despatches which the First Consul has directed me to communicate to you.” He then read a note declaring that the Austrian Government consented to surrender to France the three fortresses of Ulm, Philipsburg, and Ingolstadt. This was considered as a security for the preliminaries of peace being speedily signed. The news was received with enthusiasm, and that anxious day closed in a way highly gratifying to the First Consul.

Whilst victory confirmed in Italy the destinies of the First Consul, his brothers were more concerned about their own interests than the affairs of France. They loved money as much as Bonaparte loved glory. A letter from Lucien to his brother Joseph, which I shall subjoin, shows how ready they always were to turn to their own advantage the glory and fortune of him to whom they were indebted for all their importance. I found this letter among my papers, but I cannot tell why and how I preserved it. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows, the opinion that family of future kings entertained of their own situation, and of what their fate would have been had Bonaparte, like Desaix, fallen on the field of Marengo. It is, besides, curious to observe the, philosopher Lucien causing Te Deum, to be chanted with the view of influencing the public funds. At all events I copy Lucien’s letter as he wrote it, giving the words marked in italics [*caps*] and the numerous notes of exclamation which distinguish the original.

My brother—I send you a courier; I particularly wish that the First Consul would give me notice of his arrival twenty-four hours beforehand, and that he would inform *me alone* of the barrier by which he will enter. The city wishes to prepare triumphal arches for him, and it deserves not to be disappointed.

At my request a Te Deum was chanted yesterday. There were 60,000 persons present.

The intrigues of Auteuil continue.

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—[This intrigue, so called from Talleyrand one of its heads, living in the suburb of Auteuil, arose from the wish of many of the most influential men to be prepared in case of the death of Napoleon in any action in Italy: It was simply a continuation of the same combinations which had been attempted or planned in 1799, till the arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt made the party choose him as the instrument for the overthrow of the Directors. There was little secrecy about their plans; see Miot de Melito (tome i p. 276), where Joseph Bonaparte tells his friends all that was being proposed in case his brother fell. Carnot seems to have been the most probable choice as leader and replacer of Bonaparte. In the above letter "C——," stands for Carrot, "La F——" for La Fayette, the "High Priest" is Sieyes, and the "friend of Auteuil" is Talleyrand; see Iung's Lucien, tome i. p. 411. The postscript seems to refer to a wretched scandal about Caroline, and Lucien; see Iung's Lucien, tome i. pp. 411, 432-433. The reader should remark the retention of this and other documents by Bourrienne, which forms one of the charges brought against him farther on.]—

—It has been found difficult to decide between C—— and La F——. The latter has proposed his daughter in marriage to me. Intrigue has been carried to the last extreme. I do not know yet whether the High Priest has decided for one party or the other. I believe that he would cheat them both for an Orleans, and your friend of Auteuil was at the bottom of all. The news of the battle of Marengo petrified them, and yet next day the High Priest certainly spent three hours with your friend of Auteuil. As to us, had the victory of Marengo closed the First Consul's career we should now have been Proscribed.

Your letters say nothing of what I expected to hear. I hope at least to be informed of the answer from Vienna before any one. I am sorry you have not paid me back for the battle of Marengo.

The festival of the 14th of July will be very gratifying. We expect peace as a certainty, and the triumphant return of the First Consul. The family is all well. Your wife and all her family are at Mortfontaine. Ney is at Paris. Why do you return with the First Consul? Peace! and Italy! Think of our last interview. I embrace you.

(Signed) *Lucien*.

On the margin is written—

P.S.—Read the letter addressed to the Consul, and give it to him *after you have carefully closed it*.

Forward the enclosed. Madame Murat never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife ought to punish by not writing to him for a month.

(Signed) *Lucien Bonaparte*

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Bonaparte, confirmed in his power by the victory of Marengo, remained some days longer at Milan to settle the affairs of Italy. He directed one to furnish Madame Grassini with money to pay her expenses to Paris. We departed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and took the road to Turin. The First Consul stopped at Turin for some hours, and inspected the citadel, which had bean surrendered to us in pursuance of the capitulation of Alessandria. In passing over Mont Cenis we observed the carriage of Madame Kellerman, who was going to meet her husband. Bonaparte on recognizing the lady stopped his carriage and congratulated her on the gallant conduct of her husband at the battle of Marengo.

On our arrival at Lyons we alighted at the Hotel des Celestins, and the loud acclamations of a numerous multitude assembled round the hotel obliged Bonaparte to show himself on the balcony. Next day he proceeded to the Square of Bellecour, where, amidst the plaudits of the people, he laid the first stone of some new buildings destined to efface one of the disasters of the Revolution.

We left Lyons that evening and continued our journey by way of Dijon. On our arrival in that town the joy of the inhabitants was very great. I never saw a more graceful and captivating sight than that which was presented by a group of beautiful young females, crowned with flowers, who accompanied Bonaparte's carriage, and which at that period, when the Revolution had renewed all the republican recollections of Greece and Rome, looked like the chorus of females dancing around the victor at the Olympic games.

But all our journey was not so agreeable. Some accidents awaited us. The First Consul's carriage broke down between Villeneuve-le-Roi and Sens. He sent a courier to inform my mother that he would stop at her house till his carriage was repaired. He dined there, and we started again at seven in the evening.

But we had other disasters to encounter. One of our off-wheels came off, and as we were driving at a very rapid pace the carriage was overturned on the bridge at a short distance from Montreau-Faut-Yonne. The First Consul, who sat on my left, fell upon me, and sustained no injury. My head was slightly hurt by striking against some things which were in the pocket of the carriage; but this accident was not worth stopping for, and we arrived at Paris on the same night, the 2d of July. Duroc, who was the third in the carriage, was not hurt.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather talkative when travelling; and as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris from Marengo, he said exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity."—"I think," replied I, "that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame."—"Yes," resumed he, "I have done enough, it is true. In less than two years I have won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow I should not at the end of ten centuries occupy half a page of general history!"

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On the very day when Desaix fell on the field of Marengo Kleber was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman, named Soleiman Haleby, who stabbed him with a dagger, and by that blow decided the fate of Egypt.

—["This fellah was, at most, eighteen or twenty years of age: he was a native of Damascus, and declared that he had quitted his native city by command of the grand vizier, who had entrusted him with the commission of repairing to Egypt and killing the grand sultan of the French [Bonaparte being probably intended]. That for this purpose alone he had left his family, and performed the whole journey on foot and had received from the grand vizier no other money than what was absolutely requisite for the exigencies of the journey. On arriving at Cairo he had gone forthwith to perform his devotions in the great mosque, and it was only on the eve of executing his project that he confided it to one of the scherifs of the mosque" (Duc de Rovigo's Memoirs, tome 1. p. 367)]—

Thus was France, on the same day, and almost at the same hour, deprived of two of her most distinguished generals. Menou, as senior in command, succeeded Kleber, and the First Consul confirmed the appointment. From that moment the loss of Egypt was inevitable.

I have a few details to give respecting the tragical death of Kleber. The house of Elfy Bey, which Bonaparte occupied at Cairo, and in which Kleber lived after his departure; had a terrace leading from a salon to an old ruined cistern, from which, down a few steps, there was an entrance into the garden. The terrace commanded a view of the grand square of El Beguyeh, which was to the right on coming out of the salon, while the garden was on the left. This terrace was Bonaparte's favourite promenade, especially in the evenings, when he used to walk up and down and converse with the persons about him, I often advised him to fill up the reservoir, and to make it level with the terrace. I even showed him, by concealing myself in it, and coming suddenly behind him, how easy it would be for any person to attempt his life and then escape, either by jumping into the square, or passing through the garden. He told me I was a coward, and was always in fear of death; and he determined not to make the alteration I suggested, which, however, he acknowledged to be advisable. Kleber's assassin availed himself of the facility which I so often apprehended might be fatal to Bonaparte.

I shall not atop to refute all the infamous rumours which were circulated respecting Kleber's death. When the First Consul received the unexpected intelligence he could scarcely believe it. He was deeply affected; and on reading the particulars of the assassination he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kleber was killed, and all I had said respecting the danger of the reservoir—a danger from which it is inconceivable he should have escaped, especially after his Syrian expedition had excited the fury of the natives. Bonaparte's knowledge of Kleber's talents—the fact of his having confided to him the command of the army, and the aid which he constantly endeavoured to transmit to him, repelled at once the

horrible suspicion of his having had the least participation in the crime, and the thought that he was gratified to hear of it.

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It is very certain that Bonaparte's dislike of Kleber was as decided as the friendship he cherished for Desaix. Kleber's fame annoyed him, for he was weak enough to be annoyed at it. He knew the manner in which Kleber spoke of him, which was certainly not the most respectful. During the long and sanguinary siege of St. Jean d'Acre Kleber said to me, "That little scoundrel Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France. See what a villainous expedition he has succeeded in involving us in." Kleber often made the same remark to others as well as to me. I am not certain that it was ever reported to Bonaparte; but there is reason to believe that those who found it their interest to accuse others did not spare Kleber.

Kleber, who was a sincere republican, saw and dreaded for his country's sake the secret views and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte. He was a grumbler by nature; yet he never evinced discontent in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. He swore and stormed, but marched bravely to the cannon's mouth: he was indeed courage personified. One day when he was in the trench at St. Jean d'Acre, standing up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Bonaparte called to him, "Stoop down, Kleber, stoop down!"—"Why;" replied he, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favourable eye. He thought it too expensive, and utterly useless to France. He was convinced that in the situation in which we stood, without a navy or a powerful Government, it would have been better to have confined our attention to Europe than to have wasted French blood and money on the banks of the Nile, and among the ruined cities of Syria. Kleber, who was a cool, reflecting man, judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm, a thing somewhat rare at that time, and he was not blind to any of his faults.

Bonaparte alleged that Kleber said to him, "General, you are as great as the world!" Such a remark is in direct opposition to Kleber's character. He was too sincere to say anything against his conviction. Bonaparte, always anxious to keep Egypt, of which the preservation alone could justify the conquest, allowed Kleber to speak because he acted at the same time. He knew that Kleber's sense of military duty would always triumph over any opposition he might cherish to his views and plans. Thus the death of his lieutenant, far from causing Bonaparte any feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more, because it almost totally deprived him if the hope of preserving a conquest which had cost France so dear, and which was his work.

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The news of the death of Kleber arrived shortly after our return to Paris. Bonaparte was anxiously expecting accounts from Egypt, none having been received for a considerable time. The arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence gave rise to a scene which I may relate here. It was two o'clock in the morning when the courier arrived at the Tuileries. In his hurry the First Consul could not wait to rouse any one to call me up. I had informed him some days before that if he should want me during the night he should send for me to the corridor, as I had changed my bedchamber on account of my wife's accouchement. He came up himself and instead of knocking at my door knocked at that of my secretary. The latter immediately rose, and opening the door to his surprise saw the First Consul with a candle in his hand, a Madras handkerchief on his head, and having on his gray greatcoat. Bonaparte, not knowing of the little step down into the room, slipped and nearly fell, "Where is Bourrienne?" asked he. The surprise of my secretary at the apparition of the First Consul can be imagined. "What; General, is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne?" Then my secretary, in his shirt, showed the First Consul my door. After having told him that he was sorry at having called him up, Napoleon came to me. I dressed in a hurry, and we went downstairs to my usual room. We rang several times before they opened the door for us. The guards were not asleep, but having heard so much running to and fro feared we were thieves. At last they opened the door, and the First Consul threw on the table the immense packet of despatches which he had just received. They had been fumigated and steeped in vinegar. When he read the announcement of the death of Kleber the expression of his countenance sufficiently denoted the painful feelings which arose in his mind. I read in his face; *Egypt is lost*!

CHAPTER III.

Bonaparte's wish to negotiate with England and Austria— An emigrant's letter—-Domestic details—The bell—Conspiracy of Ceracchi, Arena, Harrel, and others—-Bonaparte's visit to the opera —Arrests—Rariel appointed commandant of Vincennes —The Duc d'Enghien's foster-sister—The 3d Nivoise—First performance of Haydn's "Creation"—The infernal machine—Congratulatory addresses— Arbitrary condemnations—M. Tissot erased from the list of the banished—M. Truguet—-Bonapartes' hatred of the Jacobins explained— The real criminals discovered—-Justification of Fouche—Execution of St. Regent and Carbon—Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte—Conversation between Bonaparte and Fouche—Pretended anger—-Fouche's dissimulation—Lucien's resignation—His embassy to Spain—War between Spain and Portugal—Dinner at Fouche's—Treachery of Joseph Bonaparte—A trick upon the First Consul—A three days' coolness— Reconciliation.

The happy events of the campaign of Italy had been

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crowned by the armistice, concluded on the 6th of July. This armistice was broken on the 1st of September, and renewed after the battle of Hohenlinden. On his return from Marengo Bonaparte was received with more enthusiasm than ever. The rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had restored the triumph of the French standard, excited universal astonishment. He then actively endeavoured to open negotiations with England and Austria; but difficulties opposed him in every direction. He frequently visited the theatre, where his presence attracted prodigious throngs of persons, all eager to see and applaud him.

The immense number of letters which were at this time addressed to the First Consul is scarcely conceivable. They contained requests for places, protestations of fidelity, and, in short, they were those petitionary circulars that are addressed to all persons in power. These letters were often exceedingly curious, and I have preserved many of them; among the rest was one from Durosel Beaumanoir, an emigrant who had fled to Jersey. This letter contains some interesting particulars relative to Bonaparte's family. It is dated Jersey, 12th July 1800, and the following are the most remarkable passages it contains:

I trust; General, that I may, without indiscretion, intrude upon your notice, to remind you of what, I flatter myself, you have not totally forgotten, after having lived eighteen or nineteen years at Ajaccio. But you will, perhaps, be surprised that so trifling an item should be the subject of the letter which I have the honour to address to you. You cannot have forgotten, General, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the college of Autun, from whence he went to see you at Brienne, he was unprovided with mousy, and he asked me for twenty-five louis, which I lent him with pleasure. After his return he had no opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience, and previous to the breaking out of the revolution I believe it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt.I am sorry, General, to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But such is my unfortunate situation that even this trifle is of some importance to me. Driven from my country, and obliged to take refuge in this island, where everything is exceedingly expensive, the little sum I have mentioned, which was formerly a matter of indifference, would now be of great service to me.You will understand, General, that at the age of eighty-six, after serving served my country well for sixty years, without the least interruption, not counting the time of emigration, chased from every place, I have been obliged to take refuge here, to subsist on the scanty succour given by the English

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Government to the French emigrant. I say emigrant because I have been forced to be one. I had no intention of being one, but a horde of brigands, who came from Caen to my house to assassinate me, considered I had committed the great crime in being the senior general of the canton and in having the Grand Cross of St. Louis: this was too much for them; if it had not been for the cries of my neighbours, my door would have been broken open, and I should have been assassinated; and I had but time to fly by a door at the back, only carrying away what I had on me. At first I retired to Paris, but there they told me that I could do nothing but go into a foreign country, so great was the hate entertained for me by my fellow-citizens, although I lived in retirement, never having any discussion with any one. Thus, General; I have abandoned all I possessed, money and goods, leaving them at the mercy of what they call the nation, which has profited a good deal by this, as I have nothing left in the world, not even a spot to put my foot on. If even a horse had been reserved for me, General, I could ask for what depends on you, for I have heard it said that some emigrants have been allowed to return home. I do not even ask this favour, not having a place to rest my foot. And, besides, I have with me here an exiled brother, older than I am, very ill and in perfect second childhood, whom I could not abandon. I am resigned to my own unhappy fate, but my sole and great grief is that not only I myself have been ill-treated, but that my fate has, contrary to the law, injured relations whom I love and respect. I have a mother-in-law, eighty years old, who has been refused the dower I had given her from my property, and this will make me die a bankrupt if nothing is changed, which makes me miserable.

I acknowledge, General, that I know little of the new style, but,
according to the old form, I am your humble servant,

DuroselBeaumanoir.

I read this letter to the First Consul, who immediately said, “Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of the Convention have done! I can never repair it all.” Bonaparte uttered these words with a degree of emotion which I rarely saw him evince. In the evening he asked me whether I had executed his orders, which I had done without losing a moment. The death of M. Froth had given me a lesson as to the value of time!

Availing myself of the privilege I have already frequently taken of making abrupt transitions from one subject to another, according as the recollection of past circumstances occurs to my mind, I shall here note down a few details, which may not improperly be called domestic, and afterwards describe a conspiracy which was protected by the very man against whom it was hatched.

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At the Tuileries, where the First Consul always resided during the winter and sometimes a part of the summer, the grand salon was situated between his cabinet and the Room in which he received the persons with whom he had appointed audiences. When in this audience-chamber, if he wanted anything or had occasion to speak to anybody, he pulled a bell which was answered by a confidential servant named Landoire, who was the messenger of the First Consul's cabinet. When Bonaparte's bell rung it was usually for the purpose of making some inquiry of me respecting a paper, a name, a date, or some matter of that sort; and then Landoire had to pass through the cabinet and salon to answer the bell and afterwards to return and to tell me I was wanted. Impatient at the delay occasioned by this running about, Bonaparte, without saying anything to me, ordered the bell to be altered so that it should ring within the cabinet; and exactly above my table. Next morning when I entered the cabinet I saw a man mounted-upon a ladder. "What are you doing here?" said I. "I am hanging a bell, sir." I called Landoire and asked him who had given the order. "The First Consul," he replied. I immediately ordered the man to come down and remove the ladder, which he accordingly did. When I went, according to custom, to awaken the First Consul and read the newspapers to him I said, "General, I found a man this morning hanging a bell in your cabinet. I was told it was by your orders; but being convinced there must be some mistake I sent him away. Surely the bell was not intended for you, and I cannot imagine it was intended for me: who then could it be for?—" "What a stupid fellow that Landoire is!" said Bonaparte. "Yesterday, when Cambaceres was with me, I wanted you. Landoire did not come when I touched the bell. I thought it was broken, and ordered him to get it repaired. I suppose the bell-hanger was doing it when you saw him, for you know the wire passes through the cabinet." I was satisfied with this explanation, though I was not deceived, by it. For the sake of appearance he reproved Landoire, who, however, had done nothing more than execute the order he had received. How could he imagine I would submit to such treatment, considering that we had been friends since our boyhood, and that I was now living on full terms of confidence and familiarity with him?

Before I speak of the conspiracy of Ceracchi, Arena, Topino-Lebrun, and others, I must notice a remark made by Napoleon at St. Helena. He said, or is alleged to have said, "The two attempts which placed me in the greatest danger were those of the sculptor Ceracchi and of the fanatic of Schoenbrun." I was not at Schoenbrun at the time; but I am convinced that Bonaparte was in the most imminent danger. I have been informed on unquestionable authority that Staps set out from Erfurth with the intention of assassinating the Emperor; but he wanted the necessary courage for executing the design. He was armed with a large

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dagger, and was twice sufficiently near Napoleon to have struck him. I heard this from Rapp, who seized Stags, and felt the hilt of the dagger under his coat. On that occasion Bonaparte owed his life only to the irresolution of the young 'illuminato' who wished to sacrifice him to his fanatical fury. It is equally certain that on another occasion, respecting which the author of the St. Helena narrative observes complete silence, another fanatic—more dangerous than Steps attempted the life of Napoleon.
—[At the time of this attempt I was not with Napoleon; but he directed me to see the madmen who had formed the design of assassinating him. It will be seen in the coarse of these Memoirs what were has plans, and what was the result of them—Bourrienne]
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The following is a correct statement of the facts relative to Ceracchi's conspiracy. The plot itself was a mere shadow; but it was deemed advisable to give it substance, to exaggerate, at least in appearance, the danger to which the First Consul had been exposed:—

There was at that time in Paris an idle fellow called Harrel; he had been a 'chef de battalion', but he had been dismissed the service, and was consequently dissatisfied. He became connected with Cerracchi, Arena, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently hostile to the First Consul, who on his part, was no friend to Cerracchi and Arena, but scarcely knew the two others. These four individuals formed, in conjunction with Harrel, the design of assassinating the First Consul, and the time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was one evening when Bonaparte intended to visit the opera.

On the 20th of September 1804 Harrel came to me at the Tuileries. He revealed to me the plot in which he was engaged, and promised that his accomplices should be apprehended in the very act if I would supply him with money to bring the plot to maturity. I knew not how to act upon this disclosure, which I, however, could not reject without incurring too great a responsibility. I immediately communicated the business to the First Consul, who ordered me to supply Harrel with money; but not to mention the affair to Fouche, to whom he wished to prove that he knew better how to manage the police than he did.

Harrel came nearly every evening at eleven o'clock to inform me of the progress of the conspiracy, which I immediately communicated to the First Consul, who was not sorry to find Arena and Ceracchi deeply committed. But the time passed on, and nothing was done. The First Consul began to grow impatient. At length Harrel came to say that they had no money to purchase arms. Money was given him. He, however, returned next day to say that the gunsmith refused to sell them arms without authority. It was now found necessary to communicate the business to Fouche in order that he might grant the necessary permission to the gunsmith, which I was not empowered to do.

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On the 10th of October the Consuls, after the breaking up of the Council, assembled in the cabinet of their colleague. Bonaparte asked them in my presence whether they thought he ought to go to the opera. They observed that as every precaution was taken no danger could be apprehended, and that it was desirable to show the futility of attempts against the First Consul's life. After dinner Bonaparte put on a greatcoat over his green uniform and got into his carriage accompanied by me and Duroc. He seated himself in front of his box, which at that time was on the left of the theatre between the two columns which separated the front and side boxes. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour the First Consul directed me to go and see what was doing in the corridor. Scarcely had I left the box than I heard a great uproar, and soon discovered that a number of persons, whose names I could not learn, had been arrested. I informed the First Consul of what I had heard, and we immediately returned to the Tuileries.

It is certain that the object of the conspiracy was to take the First Consul's life, and that the conspirators neglected nothing which could further the accomplishment of their atrocious design. The plot, however, was known through the disclosures of Harrel; and it would have been easy to avert instead of conjuring up the storm. Such was, and such still is, my opinion. Harrel's name was again restored to the army list, and he was appointed commandant of Vincennes. This post he held at the time of the Duc d'Enghien's assassination. I was afterwards told that his wife was foster-sister to the unfortunate prince, and that she recognised him when he entered the prison which in a few short hours was to prove his grave.

Carbonneau, one of the individuals condemned, candidly confessed the part he had taken in the plot, which he said was brought to maturity solely by the agents of the police, who were always eager to prove their zeal to their employers by some new discovery.

Although three months intervened between the machinations of Ceracchi and Arena and the horrible attempt of the 3d Nivose, I shall relate these two events in immediate succession; for if they had no other points of resemblance they were at least alike in their object. The conspirators in the first affair were of the revolutionary faction. They sought Bonaparte's life as if with the view of rendering his resemblance to Caesar so complete that not even a Brutus should be wanting. The latter, it must with regret be confessed, were of the Royalist party, and in their wish to destroy the First Consul they were not deterred by the fear of sacrificing a great number of citizens.

The police knew nothing of the plot of the 3d Nivose for two reasons; first, because they were no parties to it, and secondly, because two conspirators do not betray and sell each other when they are resolute in their purpose. In such cases the giving of information can arise only from two causes, the one excusable, the other infamous, *viz*. the dread of punishment, and the hope of reward. But neither of these causes

influenced the conspirators of the 3d Nivose, the inventors and constructors of that machine which has so justly been denominated infernal!

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On the 3d Nivose (24th December 1800) the first performance of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the "Creation" took place at the opera, and the First Consul had expressed his intention of being present. I did not dine with him that day, but as he left me he said, "Bourrienne, you know I am going to the opera to-night, and you may go too; but I cannot take you in the carriage, as Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston are going with me." I was very glad of this, for I much wished to hear one of the masterpieces of the German school of composition. I got to the opera before Bonaparte, who on his entrance seated himself, according to custom, in front of the box. The eye's of all present were fixed upon him, and he appeared to be perfectly calm and self-possessed. Lauriston, as soon as he saw me, came to my box, and told me that the First Consul, on his way to the opera, had narrowly escaped being assassinated in the Rue St. Nicaise by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, the concussion of which had shattered the windows of his carriage. "Within ten seconds after our escape," added Lauriston, "the coachman having turned the corner of the Rue St Honore, stopped to take the First Consul's orders; and he coolly said, 'To the opera.'"

—[The following particulars respecting the affair of the infernal machine are related by Rapp, who attended Madame Bonaparte to the opera. He differs from Bourrienne as to the total ignorance of the police: "The affair of the infernal machine has never been property understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon that an attempt would be made against his life and cautioned him not to go out. Madame Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madame Murat, Lannes, Bessieres, the aide de camp on duty, Lieutenant Lebrun, now duke of Placenza were all assembled in the salon, while the First Consul was writing in his cabinet. Haydn's oratorio was to be performed that evening; the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort piquet was ordered out; and Lannes requested that Napoleon would join the party. He consented; his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessieres and the aide de camp on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople and she that evening wore it for the first time. 'Permit me to observe,' said I, 'that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance.' She good-humouredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation we heard Napoleon depart. 'Come sister,' said Madame Murat, who was impatient to get to the theatre: 'Bonaparte is going:' We stopped into the carriage: the First Consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the Place du Carrousel. We drove after it, but we had scarcely entered the place when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance, St. Regent,

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or his servant Francois, had stationed himself in the middle of the Rue Nicaise. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water-carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre and drove him off. The cart was turned round, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napoleon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report; the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted and crossed the Rue Nicaise which was strewed with the bodies of those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered with the explosion. Neither the consul nor any individual of his, suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre Napoleon was seated in his box; calm and composed, and looking at the audience through his opera-glass. Fouche was beside him. 'Josephine' said he as soon as he observed me. She entered at that instant and he did not finish his question 'The rascals' said he very cooly, wanted to blow me up: Bring me a book of the oratorio'" (Memoirs of General Count Rape. P. 19)]—

On hearing this I left the theatre and returned to the Palace, under the expectation that I should speedily be wanted. Bonaparte soon returned home; and as intelligence of the affair had spread through Paris the grand salon on the ground-floor was filled with a crowd of functionaries, eager to read in the eye of their master what they were to think and say on the occasion. He did not keep them long in suspense. "This," exclaimed he vehemently, "is the work of the Jacobins: they have attempted my life.... There are neither nobles, priests, nor Chouans in this affair!.... I know what I am about, and they need not think to impose on me. These are the Septembrizers who have been in open revolt and conspiracy, and arrayed against every succeeding Government. It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Uracchi, Arena; Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. They all belong to one gang! The cutthroats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 81st of May, the conspirators of Prairial are the authors of all the crimes committed against established Governments! If they cannot be checked they must be crashed! France must be purged of these ruffians!" It is impossible to form any idea of the bitterness with which Bonaparte, pronounced these words. In vain did some of the Councillors of State, and Fouche in particular, endeavour to point out to him that there was no evidence against any one, and that before he pronounced people to be guilty it would be right to ascertain the fact. Bonaparte repeated with increased violence what he had before said of the Jacobins; thus adding; not without some ground of suspicion, one crime more to, the long catalogue for which they had already to answer.

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Fouche had many enemies, and I was not, therefore, surprised to find some of the Ministers endeavouring to take advantage of the difference between his opinion and that of the First Consul; and it must be owned that the utter ignorance of the police respecting this event was a circumstance not very favourable to Fouche. He, however, was like the reed in the fable—he bent with the wind, but was soon erect again. The most skilful actor could scarcely imitate the inflexible calmness he maintained during Bonaparte's paroxysm of rage, and the patience with which he allowed himself to be accused.

Fouche, when afterwards conversing with me, gave me clearly to understand that he did not think the Jacobins guilty. I mentioned this to the First Consul, but nothing could make him retract his opinion. "Fouche," said he, "has good reason for his silence. He is serving his own party. It is very natural that he should seek to screen a set of men who are polluted with blood and crimes! He was one of their leaders. Do not I know what he did at Lyons and the Loire? That explains Fouche's conduct now!"

This is the exact truth; and now let me contradict one of the thousand fictions about this event. It has been said and printed that "the dignitaries and the Ministers were assembled at the Tuileries. 'Well,' said the First Consul, advancing angrily towards Fouche, 'will you still say that this is the Royalist party?' Fouche, better informed than was believed, answered coolly, 'Yes, certainly, I shall say so; and, what is more, I shall prove it.' This speech caused general astonishment, but was afterwards fully borne out." This is pure invention. The First Consul only said to Fouche; "I do not trust to your police; I guard myself, and I watch till two in the morning." This however, was very rarely the case.

On the day after the explosion of the infernal machine a considerable concourse assembled at the Tuileries. There was absolutely a torrent of congratulations. The prefect of the Seine convoked the twelve mayors of Paris and came at their head to wait on the First Consul. In his reply to their address Bonaparte said, "As long as this gang of assassins confined their attacks to me personally I left the law to take its course; but since, by an unparalleled crime, they have endangered the lives of a portion of the population of Paris, their punishment must be as prompt as exemplary. A hundred of these wretches who have libeled liberty by perpetrating crimes in her name must be effectually prevented from renewing their atrocities." He then conversed with the Ministers, the Councillors of State, *etc*., on the event of the preceding day; and as all knew the First Consul's opinion of the authors of the crime each was eager to confirm it. The Council was several times assembled when the Senate was consulted, and the adroit Fouche, whose conscience yielded to the delicacy of his situation, addressed to the First Consul a report worthy of a Mazarin. At the same time the journals were filled with recollections of the Revolution, raked up for the purpose of connecting with past crimes the individuals on whom it was now wished to cast odium. It was decreed that a hundred persons should be banished; and the senate established its character for

complaisance by passing a ‘Senatus-consulte’ conformable to the wishes of the First Consul.

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A list was drawn up of the persons styled Jacobins, who were condemned to transportation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of the names of several whose opinions had perhaps been violent, but whose education and private character presented claims to recommendation. Some of my readers may probably recollect them without my naming them, and I shall only mention M. Tissot, for the purpose of recording, not the service I rendered him, but an instance of grateful acknowledgment.

When in 1815 Napoleon was on the point of entering Paris M. Tissot came to the prefecture of police, where I then was, and offered me his house as a safe asylum; assuring me I should there run no risk of being discovered. Though I did not accept the offer yet I gladly seize on this opportunity of making it known. It is gratifying to find that difference of political opinion does not always exclude sentiments of generosity and honour! I shall never forget the way in which the author of the essays on Virgil uttered the words ‘Domus mea’.

But to return to the fatal list. Even while I write this I shudder to think of the way in which men utterly innocent were accused of a revolting crime without even the shadow of a proof. The name of an individual, his opinions, perhaps only assumed, were sufficient grounds for his banishment. A decree of the Consuls, dated 4th of January 1801, confirmed by a ‘Senates-consulte’ on the next day, banished from the territory of the Republic, and placed under special inspectors, 130 individuals, nine of whom were merely designated in the report as Septembrizers.

The exiles, who in the reports and in the public acts were so unjustly accused of being the authors of the infernal machine, were received at Nantes, with so much indignation that the military were compelled to interfere to save them from being massacred.

In the discussions which preceded the decree of the Consuls few persons had the courage to express a doubt respecting the guilt of the accused. Truguet was the first to mount the breach. He observed that without denying the Government the extraordinary means for getting rid of its enemies he could not but acknowledge that the emigrants threatened the purchasers of national domains, that the public mind was corrupted by pamphlets, and that—Here the First Consul, interrupting him, exclaimed, “To what pamphlets do you allude?”—“To pamphlets which are publicly circulated.”—“Name them!”—“You know them as well as I do.”

—[The Parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, of which I shall speak a little farther on, is here alluded to.—Bourrienne.]—

After a long and angry ebullition the First Consul abruptly dismissed the Council. He observed that he would not be duped; that the villains were known; that they were Septembrizers, the hatchers of every mischief. He had said at a sitting three days before, “If proof should fail, we must take advantage of the public excitement. The

event is to me merely the opportunity. They shall be banished for the 2d September, for the 31st May, for Baboeuf's conspiracy—or anything else."

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On leaving one of the sittings of the Council, at which the question of a special tribunal had been discussed, he told me that he had been a little ruffled; that he had said a violent blow must be struck; that blood must be spilt; and that as many of the guilty should be shot as there had been victims of the explosion (from fifteen to twenty); that 200 should be banished, and the Republic purged of these scoundrels.

The arbitrariness and illegality of the proceeding were so evident that the 'Senatus-consulte' contained no mention of the transactions of the 3d Nivose, which was very remarkable. It was, however, declared that the measure of the previous day had been adopted with a view to the preservation of the Constitution. This was promising.

The First Consul manifested the most violent hatred of the Jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed if under the title of Jacobins he had not comprised every devoted advocate of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly labouring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and, conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason he was more afraid of those whom he called Jacobins than of the Royalists.

I am here recording the faults of Bonaparte, but I excuse him; situated as he was, any other person would have acted in the same way. Truth now reached him with difficulty, and when it was not agreeable he had no disposition to hear it. He was surrounded by flatterers; and, the greater number of those who approached him, far from telling him what they really thought; only repeated what he had himself been thinking. Hence he admired the wisdom of his Counsellors. Thus Fouche, to maintain himself in favour, was obliged to deliver up to his master 130 names chosen from among his own most intimate friends as objects of proscription.

Meanwhile Fouche, still believing that he was not deceived as to the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, set in motion with his usual dexterity all the springs of the police. His efforts, however, were for sometime unsuccessful; but at length on Saturday, the 31st January 1801, about two hours after our arrival at Malmaison, Fouche presented himself and produced authentic proofs of the accuracy of his conjectures. There was no longer any doubt on the subject; and Bonaparte saw clearly that the attempt of the 3d Nivose was the result of a plot hatched by the partisans of royalty. But as the act of proscription against those who were jumbled together under the title of the Jacobins had been executed, it was not to be revoked.

Thus the consequence of the 3d Nivose was that both the innocent and guilty were punished; with this difference, however, that the guilty at least had the benefit of a trial.

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When the Jacobins, as they were called, were accused with such precipitation, Fouche had no positive proofs of their, innocence; and therefore their illegal condemnation ought not to be attributed to him. Sufficient odium is attached to his memory without his being charged with a crime he never committed. Still, I must say that had he boldly opposed the opinion of Bonaparte in the first burst of his fury he might have averted the blow. Every time he came to the Tuileries, even before he had acquired any traces of the truth, Fouche always declared to me his conviction of the innocence of the persons first accused. But he was afraid to make the same observation to Bonaparte. I often mentioned to him the opinion of the Minister of Police; but as proof was wanting he replied to me with a triumphant air, “Bah! bah! This is always the way with Fouche. Besides, it is of little consequence. At any rate we shall get rid of them. Should the guilty be discovered among the Royalists they also shall be punished.”

The real criminals being at length discovered through the researches of Fouche, St. Regent and Carbon expiated their crimes by the forfeit of their heads. Thus the First Consul gained his point, and justice gained hers.

—[It was St. Regent, or St. Rejeant, who fired the infernal machine. The violence of the shock flung him against a post and part of his breast bone was driven in. He was obliged to resort to a surgeon, and it would seem that this man denounced him. (Memoirs of Miot de Melito, tome i. p. 264).The discussions which took place in the Council of State on this affair are remarkable, both for the violence of Napoleon and for the resistance made in the Council, to a great extent successfully, to his views as to the, plot being one of the Jacobin party.]—

I have often had occasion to notice the multifarious means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power, and to prepare men’s minds for so great change. Those who have observed his life must have so remarked how entirely he was convinced of the truth that public opinion wastes itself on the rumour of a project and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power a pamphlet was circulated about Paris, and the following is the history of it:—

In the month of December 1800, while Fouche was searching after the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, a small pamphlet, entitled “Parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, anal Bonaparte,” was sent to the First Consul. He was absent when it came. I read it, and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary monarchy. I then knew nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the Minister of the Interior [Lucien Bonaparte], and that it had been largely circulated. After reading it I laid it on the table. In a

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few minutes Bonaparte entered, and taking up the pamphlet pretended to look through it: "Have you read this?" said he.—"Yes, General."— "Well! what is your opinion of it?"—"I think it is calculated to produce an unfavourable effect on the public mind: it is ill-timed, for it prematurely reveals your views." The First Consul took the pamphlet and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day after having slightly glanced over them. I was not singular in my opinion of the pamphlet, for next day the prefects in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris sent a copy of it to the First Consul, complaining of its mischievous effect; and I recollect that in one of their letters it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the poniards of new assassins. After reading this correspondence he said to me, "Bourrienne, sent for Fouche; he must come directly, and give an account of this matter." In half an hour Fouche was in the First Consul's cabinet. No sooner had he entered than the following dialogue took place, in which the impetuous warmth of the one party was strangely contrasted with the phlegmatic and rather sardonic composure of the other.

"What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?"—"General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency."—"Well, then, why did you allow it to appear?"—-"General, I was obliged to show some consideration for the author!"—"Consideration for the author! What do you mean? You should have sent him to the temple."—"But, General, your brother Lucien patronises this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the Minister of the Interior."—"No matter for that! Your duty as Minister of Police was to have arrested Lucien, and sent him to the Temple. The fool does nothing but contrive how he can commit me!"

With these words the First Consul left the cabinet, shutting the door violently behind him. Being now alone with Fouche, I was eager to get an explanation of the suppressed smile which had more than once curled his lips during Bonaparte's angry expostulation. I easily perceived that there was something in reserve. "Send the author to the Temple!" said Fouche; "that would be no easy matter! Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his imprudence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he showed me, and which contained corrections and annotations in the First Consul's handwriting."

When Lucien heard how Bonaparte had expressed his displeasure at the pamphlet, he also came to the Tuileries to reproach his brother with having thrust him forward and then abandoned him. "'Tis your own fault," said the First Consul. "You have allowed yourself to be caught! So much the worse for you! Fouche is too cunning for you! You are a mere fool compared with him!" Lucien tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he departed for Spain. This diplomatic mission turned to his advantage. It was necessary that one should veil the Machiavellian invention of the 'Parallel.'

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—[The ‘Parallel’ has been attributed to different writers; some phrases seemed the work of Lucien, but, says Thiers (tome ii p. 210), its rare elegance of language and its classical knowledge of history should attribute it to its real anchor, Fontanel, Joseph Bonaparte (Erreurs tome i. p. 270) says that Fontanel wrote it, and Lucien Bonaparte corrected it. See Meneval, tome iii. p. 105. Whoever wrote it Napoleon certainly planned its issue. “It was,” said he to Roederer, “a work of which he himself had given the idea, but the last pages were by a fool” (Miot, tome i, p. 318). See also Lanfrey, tome ii. p. 208; and compare the story in Iung’s Lucien, tome ii. p. 490. Miot, then in the confidence of Joseph, says, that Lucien’s removal from, office was the result of an angry quarrel between him and Fouche in the presence of Napoleon, when Fouche attacked Lucien, not only for the pamphlet, but also for the disorder of his public and his private life; but Miot (tome i, p, 319) places the date of this as the 3d November, while Bourrienne dates the disapproval of the pamphlet in December.]—

Lucien, among other instructions, was directed to use all his endeavours to induce Spain to declare against Portugal in order to compel that power to separate herself from England.

The First Consul had always regarded Portugal as an English colony, and he conceived that to attack it was to assail England. He wished that Portugal should no longer favour England in her commercial relations, but that, like Spain, she should become dependent on him. Lucien was therefore sent as ambassador to Madrid, to second the Ministers of Charles *iv*. in prevailing on the King to invade Portugal. The King declared war, but it was not of long duration, and terminated almost without a blow being struck, by the taking of Olivenza. On the 6th of June 1801 Portugal signed the treaty of Badajoz, by which she promised to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and some other fortresses to Spain, and to close her ports against England. The First Consul, who was dissatisfied with the treaty, at first refused to ratify it. He still kept his army in Spain, and this proceeding determined Portugal to accede to some slight alterations in the first treaty. This business proved very advantageous to Lucien and Godoy.

The cabinet of the Tuileries was not the only place in which the question of hereditary succession was discussed. It was the constant subject of conversation in the salons of Paris, where a new dynasty was already spoken of. This was by no means displeasing to the First Consul; but he saw clearly that he had committed a mistake in agitating the question prematurely; for this reason he waged war against the Parallel, as he would not be suspected of having had any share in a design that had failed. One day he said to me, “I believe I have been a little too precipitate. The pear is not quite ripe!” The Consulate for life was accordingly postponed till 1802, and the hereditary empire till 1804.

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After the failure of the artful publication of the pamphlet Fouche invited me to dine with him. As the First Consul wished me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of the invitation I had received. He was, however, aware of it before, and he very readily gave me leave to go. At dinner Joseph was placed on the right of Fouche, and I next to Joseph, who talked of nothing but his brother, his designs, the pamphlet, and the bad effect produced by it. In all that fell from him there was a tone of blame and disapproval I told him my opinion, but with greater reserve than I had used towards his brother. He seemed to approve of what I said; his confidence encouraged me, and I saw with pleasure that he entertained sentiments entirely similar to my own. His unreserved manner so imposed upon me that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired, I was far from suspecting myself to be in the company of a spy. Next day the First Consul said to me very coldly, “Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself.” This unexpected direction surprised me exceedingly, and I determined to play him a trick in revenge for his unfounded distrust. For three mornings I laid at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I knew came from the Ministers, and all the reports which were addressed to me for the First Consul. I then covered them over with those which; judging from their envelopes and seals, appeared to be of that trifling kind with which the First Consul was daily overwhelmed: these usually consisted of requests that he would name the number of a lottery ticket, so, that the writer might have the benefit of his good luck—solicitations that he would stand godfather to a child—petitions for places—announcements of marriages and births—absurd eulogies, *etc*. Unaccustomed to open the letters, he became impatient at their number, and he opened very few. Often on the same day, but always on the morrow, came a fresh letter from a Minister, who asked for an answer to his former one, and who complained of not having received one. The First Consul unsealed some twenty letters and left the rest.

The opening of all these letters, which he was not at other times in the habit of looking at, annoyed him extremely; but as I neither wished to carry the joke too far, nor to remain in the disagreeable position in which Joseph’s treachery had placed me, I determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. After the third day, when the business of the night, which had been interrupted by little fits of ill-humour, was concluded, Bonaparte retired to bed. Half an hour after I went to his chamber, to which I was admitted at all hours. I had a candle in my hand, and, taking a chair, I sat down on the right side of the bed, and placed the candle on the table. Both he and Josephine awoke. “What is the matter?” he asked with surprise. “General, I have come to tell you that I can no longer remain here, since I have lost your confidence. You know

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how sincerely I am devoted to you; if you have, then, anything to reproach me with, let me at least know it, for my situation during the last three days lies been very painful."—-"What has Bourrienne done?" inquired Josephine earnestly.—"That does not concern you," he replied. Then turning to me he said, "Tis true, I have cause to complain of you. I have been informed that you have spoken of important affairs in a very indiscreet manner."—"I can assure you that I spoke to none but your brother. It was he who led me into the conversation, and he was too well versed in the business for me to tell him any secret. He may have reported to you what he pleased, but could not I do the same by him? I could accuse and betray him as he has accused and betrayed me. When I spoke in confidence to your brother, could I regard him as an inquisitor?"—"I must confess," replied Bonaparte, "that after what I heard from Joseph I thought it right to put my confidence in quarantine."—"The quarantine has lasted three days, General; surely that is long enough."—"Well, Bourrienne, let us say no more about it. Open my letters as usual; you will find the answers a good deal in arrear, which has much vexed me; and besides, I was always stumbling on some stupid nonsense or other!"

I fancy I still see and hear the amiable Josephine sitting up in bed and saying, in her gentle way, "What! Bonaparte, is it possible you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you, and who is your only friend? How could you suffer such a snare to be laid for him? What! a dinner got up on purpose! How I hate these odious police manoeuvres!"—"Go to sleep," said Bonaparte; "let women mind their gewgaws, and not interfere with politics." It was near two in the morning before I retired.

When, after a few hours' sleep, I again saw the First Consul, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the present every cloud had dispersed.'

—[Joseph Bonaparte (Erreurs, tome i. p. 273) says what he reported to his brother was Bourrienne's conversation to him in the First Consul's cabinet during Napoleon's absence. It is curious that at the only time when Napoleon became dissatisfied with Meneval (Bourrienne's successor), and ordered him not to open the letters, he used the same expression when returning to the usual order of business, which in this case was to a few hours. "My dear Meneval," said he, "there are circumstances in which I am forced to put my confidence in quarantine." (Meneval, tome i. p. 123). For any one who has had to manage an office it is pleasant to find that even Napoleon was much dependent on a good secretary. In an illness of his secretary he said, showing the encumbrance of his desk, "with Meneval I should soon clear off all that." (Meneval, tome i. p. 151.)]

CHAPTER IV.

1800-1801

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Austria bribed by England—M. de St. Julien in Paris—Duroc's mission—Rupture of the armistice—Surrender of three garrisons— M. Otto in London—Battle of Hohenlinden—-Madame Moreau and Madame Hulot—Bonaparte's ill-treatment of the latter—Congress of Luneville—General Clarke—M. Maret—Peace between France and Austria—Joseph Bonaparte's speculations in the funds— M. de Talleyrand's advice—Post-office regulation—Cambaceres— Importance of good dinners in the affairs of Government—-Steamboats and intriguers—Death of Paul I.—New thoughts of the reestablishment of Poland—Duroc at St. Petersburg—Bribe rejected— Death of Abercromby.

Mm armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, which had been first broken and then resumed, continued to be observed for some time between the armies of the Rhine and Italy and the Imperial armies. But Austria, bribed by a subsidy of 2,000,000 sterling, would not treat for peace without the participation of England. She did not despair of recommencing the war successfully.

M. de St. Julien had signed preliminaries at Paris; but the Court of Vienna disavowed them, and Duroc, whom Bonaparte sent to convey the preliminaries to Vienna for the Imperial ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advance poets. This unexpected proceeding, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, justly incensed the First Consul, who had given decided proofs of moderation and a wish for peace. "I want peace," said he to me, "to enable me to organise the interior; the people also want it. You see the conditions I offer. Austria, though beaten, obtains all she got at Campo-Formio. What can she want more? I could make further exactions; but, without fearing the reverses of 1799, I must think of the future. Besides, I want tranquillity, to enable me to settle the affairs of the interior, and to send aid to Malta and Egypt. But I will not be trifled with. I will force an immediate decision!"

In his irritation the First Consul despatched orders to Moreau, directing him to break the armistice and resume hostilities unless he regained possession of the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube by the surrender of Philipsburg, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. The Austrians then offered to treat with France on new bases. England wished to take part in the Congress, but to this the First Consul would not consent until she should sign a separate armistice and cease to make common cause with Austria.

The First Consul received intelligence of the occupation of the three garrisons on the 23d of September, the day he had fixed in his ultimatum to England for the renewal of hostilities. But for the meanwhile he was satisfied with the concessions of Austria: that power, in the expectation of being supported by England, asked her on what terms she was to treat.

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During these communications with Austria M. Otto was in London negotiating for the exchange of prisoners. England would not hear of an armistice by sea like that which France had concluded with Austria by land. She alleged that, in case of a rupture, France would derive from that armistice greater advantage than Austria would gain by that already concluded. The difficulty and delay attending the necessary communications rendered these reasons plausible. The First Consul consented to accept other propositions from England, and to allow her to take part in the discussions of Luneville, but on condition that she should sign a treaty with him without the intervention of Austria. This England refused to do. Weary of this uncertainty, and the tergiversation of Austria, which was still under the influence of England, and feeling that the prolongation of such a state of things could only turn to his disadvantage, Bonaparte broke the armistice. He had already consented to sacrifices which his successes in Italy did not justify. The hope of an immediate peace had alone made him lose sight of the immense advantages which victory had given him.

Far from appearing sensible to the many proofs of moderation which the First Consul evinced, the combined insolence of England and Austria seemed only to increase. Orders were immediately given for resuming the offensive in Germany and Italy, and hostilities then recommenced.

The chances of fortune were long doubtful. After a reverse Austria made promises, and after an advantage she evaded them; but finally, fortune proved favourable to France. The French armies in Italy and Germany crossed the Mincio and the Danube, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden brought the French advanced posts within ten leagues of Vienna. This victory secured peace; for, profiting by past experience, the First Consul would not hear of any suspension of arms until Austria should consent to a separate treaty. Driven into her last intrenchments, Austria was obliged to yield. She abandoned England; and the English Cabinet, in spite of the subsidy of 2,000,000 sterling, consented to the separation. Great Britain was forced to come to this arrangement in consequence of the situation to which the successes of the army of Moreau had reduced Austria, which it was certain would be ruined by longer resistance.

England wished to enter into negotiations at Luneville. To this the First Consul acceded; but, as he saw that England was seeking to deceive him, he required that she should suspend hostilities with France, as Austria had done. Bonaparte very reasonably alleged that an indefinite armistice on the Continent would be more to the disadvantage of France than a long armistice by sea would be unfavourable to England. All this adjourned the preliminaries to 1801 and the peace to 1802.

The impatience and indignation of the First Consul had been highly excited by the evasions of Austria and the plots of England, for he knew all the intrigues that were carrying on for the restoration of the Bourbons. His joy may be therefore conceived when the battle of Hohenlinden balanced the scale of fortune in his favour. On the 3d of

December 1800 Moreau gained that memorable victory which at length put an end to the hesitations of the Cabinet of Vienna.

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—[On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden Moreau was at supper with his aides de camp and several general officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it be said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting, “I am here made acquainted with Baron Kray’s movements. They are all I could wish. To-morrow we will take from him 10,000 prisoners.” Moreau took 40,000, besides a great many flags.—Bourrienne.]—

On the 6th of December the First Consul received intelligence of the battle of Hohenlinden. It was on a Saturday, and he had just returned from the theatre when I delivered the despatches to him. He literally danced for joy. I must say that he did not expect so important a result from the movements of the army of the Rhine. This victory gave a new face to his negotiations for peace, and determined the opening of the Congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following.

On receiving information of the battle of Hohenlinden, Madame Moreau came to the Tuileries to call on the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. She did not see them, and repeated her calls several times with no better success. The last time she came she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. She waited for a considerable time in vain, and when she was going away her mother, who could no longer restrain her feelings, said aloud, before me and several persons of the household, that “it ill became the wife of the conqueror of Hohenlinden to dance attendance in this way.” This remark reached the ears of those to whom it was directed. Madame Moreau shortly after rejoined her husband in Germany; and some time after her departure Madame Hulot came to Malmaison to solicit promotion for her eldest son, who was in the navy. Josephine received Madame Hulot very kindly, and requested her to stay to dinner. She accepted the invitation. The First Consul, who did not see her until the hour of dinner, treated her very coolly: he said little to her, and retired as soon as dinner was over. His rudeness was so marked and offensive that Josephine, who was always kind and amiable, thought it necessary to apologise, by observing that his mind was disturbed by the non-arrival of a courier whom he expected.

Bonaparte entertained no dislike of Moreau, because he did not fear him; and after the battle of Hohenlinden he spoke of him in the highest terms, and frankly acknowledged the services he had rendered on that important occasion; but he could not endure his wife’s family, who, he said, were a set of intriguers.

—[Napoleon had good reason for his opinion. “Moreau had a mother- in-law and a wife lively and given to intrigue. Bonaparte could not bear intriguing women. Besides, on one occasion Madame Moreau’s mother, when at Malmaison, had indulged in sharp remarks on a suspected scandalous intimacy between Bonaparte and his young sister Caroline, then just married.

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The Consul had not forgiven such conversation" (Remusat tome i. P. 192). see also Meneval, tome iii. p. 57, as to the mischief done by Madame Hulot.]—

Luneville having been fixed upon for the Congress, the First Consul sent his brother Joseph to treat with Count Louis de Cobentzel. On his way Joseph met M. de Cobentzel, who had passed Luneville, and was coming to Paris to sound the sentiments of the French Government. Joseph returned to Paris with him. After some conversation with the First Consul they set out next day for Luneville, of which place Bonaparte appointed General Clarke governor. This appeared to satisfy Clarke, who was very anxious to be something, and had long been importuning Bonaparte for an appointment.

A day or two after the news of the battle of Hohenlinden M. Maret came to present for Bonaparte's signature some, decrees made in Council. While affixing the signatures, and without looking up, the First Consul said to M. Maret, who was a favourite with him, and who was standing at his right hand, "Are you rich, Maret?"—"No, General."—"So much the worse: a man should be independent."—"General, I will never be dependent on any one but you." The First Consul then raised his eyes to Maret and said, "Hem! that is not bad!" and when the secretary-general was gone he said to me, "Maret is not deficient in cleverness: he made me a very good answer."

On the 9th of February 1801, six weeks after the opening of the Congress of Luneville, peace was signed between Austria and France. This peace—the fruit of Marengo and Hohenlinden—restored France to that honourable position which had been put in jeopardy by the feeble and incapable government of the pentarchy and the reverses of 1799. This peace, which in the treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual, lasted four years.

Joseph Bonaparte, while treating for France at Luneville, was speculating on the rise of the funds which he thought the peace would produce. Persons more wise, who were like him in the secret, sold out their stock at the moment when the certainty of the peace became known. But Joseph purchased to a great extent, in the hope of selling to advantage on the signature of peace. However, the news had been discounted, and a fall took place. Joseph's loss was considerable, and he could not satisfy the engagements in which his greedy and silly speculations had involved him. He applied to his brother, who neither wished nor was able to advance him the necessary sum. Bonaparte was, however, exceedingly sorry to see his elder brother in this embarrassment. He asked me what was to be done. I told him I did not know; but I advised him to consult M. de Talleyrand, from whom he had often received good advice. He did so, and M. de Talleyrand replied, with that air of coolness which is so peculiar to him, "What! is that all? Oh! that is nothing. It is easily settled. You have only to raise the price of the funds."—"But the money?"—

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“Oh, the money may be easily obtained. Make some deposits in the Mont-de-Piste, or the sinking fund. That will give you the necessary money to raise the funds; and then Joseph may sell out, and recover his losses.” M. de Talleyrand’s advice was adopted, and all succeeded as he had foretold. None but those who have heard M. de Talleyrand converse can form an accurate idea of his easy manner of expressing himself, his imperturbable coolness, the fixed unvarying expression of his countenance, and his vast fund of wit.
—[Talleyrand had a large experience in all sorts of speculation. When old he gave this counsel to one of his proteges: “Do not speculate. I have always speculated on assured information, and that has cost me so many millions;” and he named his losses. We may believe that in this reckoning he rather forgot the amount of his gains (Sainte-Beuve, Talleyrand, 93).]—

During the sitting of the Congress the First Consul learnt that the Government couriers conveyed to favoured individuals in Paris various things, but especially the delicacies of the table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued Cambaceres entered the salon, where I was alone with the First Consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague: “Well, Cambaceres, what brings you here at this time of night?”—“I come to solicit an exception to the order which you have just given to the Director of the Posts. How do you think a man can make friends unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of Government.” The First Consul laughed, called him a gourmand, and, patting him on the shoulder, said, “Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambaceres; the couriers shall continue to bring you your ’dindes aux truffes’, your Strasburg ‘pates’, your Mayence hams, and your other titbits.”

Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambaceres and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who knew the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambaceres, he did not believe that a good government could exist without good dinners; and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet which commanded general suffrage was to him a Marengo or a Friedland.

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—[Bourrienne does not exaggerate this excellent quality of the worthy Cambaceres. When Beugnot was sent to administer the Grand Duchy of Berg, Cambaceres said to him, “My dear Beugnot, the Emperor arranges crowns as he chooses; here is the Grand Duke of Berg (Murat) going to Naples; he is welcome, I have no objection, but every year the Grand Duke sent me a couple of dozen hams from his Grand Duchy, and I warn you I do not intend to lose them, so you must make your preparations.”. . . . I never once omitted to acquit myself of the obligation, and if there were any delay, . . . his Highness never failed to cause one of his secretaries to write a good scolding to my house steward; but when the hams arrived exactly, his highness never failed to write to my wife himself to thank her.This was not all; the hams were to come carriage free. This petty jobbery occasioned discontent, . . . and it would not have cost me more to pay the carriage. The Prince would not allow it. There was an agreement between him and Lavalette (the head of the Posts), . . . And my Lord appeared to lay as much stress on the performance of this treaty as on the procuring of the ham, (Beugnot, tome i. p. 262).Cambaceres never suffered the cares of Government to distract his attention from the great object of life. On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner—it is said that the fate of the Duc d’Enghien was the topic under discussion—he was observed, when the hour became very late, to show great symptoms of impatience sod restlessness. He at last wrote a note which he called a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the contents, nodded to an aide de camp to intercept the despatch. As he took it into his hands Cambaceres begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note upon domestic matters. Napoleon persisted, and found it to be a note to the cook containing only the following words, “Gardez les entremetes—les rotis sont perdue.” When Napoleon was in good humor at the result of a diplomatic conference he was accustomed to take leave of the plenipotentiaries with, “Go and dine Cambaceres.” His table was in fact an important state engine, as appears from the anecdote of the trout sent to him by the municipality of Geneva, and charged 300 francs in their accounts. The Imperial ‘Cour des Comptes’ having disallowed the item, was interdicted from meddling with similar municipal affairs in future (Hayward’s Art of Dining, p. 20).]

At the commencement of 1801 Fulton presented to Bonaparte his memorial on steamboats. I urged a serious examination of the subject. “Bah!” said he, “these projectors are all either intriguers or visionaries. Don’t trouble me about the business.” I observed that the man whom he called an intriguer was only reviving an invention already known, and that it was wrong to reject the scheme without examination. He would not listen to me; and thus was adjourned, for some time, the practical application of a discovery which has given such an important impulse to trade and navigation.

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Paul I. fell by the hands of assassins on the night of the 24th of March 1801. The First Consul was much shocked on receiving the intelligence. In the excitement caused by this unexpected event, which had so important an influence on his policy, he directed me to send the following note to the Moniteur:—

> Paul I. died on the night of the 24th of March, and the English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will reveal the connection which probably exists between these two events.

Thus were announced the crime of the 24th of March and the not ill-founded suspicions of its authors.

> —[We do not attempt to rescue the fair name of our country. This is one among many instances in which Bourrienne was misled.—Editor of 1886 edition.]—

The amicable relations of Paul and Bonaparte had been daily strengthened. "In concert with the Czar," said Bonaparte, "I was sure of striking a mortal blow at the English power in India. A palace revolution has overthrown all my projects." This resolution, and the admiration of the Autocrat of Russia for the head of the French Republic, may certainly be numbered among the causes of Paul's death. The individuals generally accused at the time were those who were violently and perseveringly threatened, and who had the strongest interest in the succession of a new Emperor. I have seen a letter from a northern sovereign which in my mind leaves no doubt on this subject, and which specified the reward of the crime, and the part to be performed by each actor. But it must also be confessed that the conduct and character of Paul I., his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, and his frequent excesses of despotism, had rendered him the object of accumulated hatred, for patience has its limit. These circumstances did not probably create the conspiracy, but they considerably facilitated the execution of the plot which deprived the Czar of his throne and his life.

As soon as Alexander ascended the throne the ideas of the First Consul respecting the dismemberment of Poland were revived, and almost wholly engrossed his mind. During his first campaign in Italy, and several times when in Egypt, he told Sulkowsky that it was his ardent wish to reestablish Poland, to avenge the iniquity of her dismemberment, and by that grand repertory act to restore the former equilibrium of Europe. He often dictated to me for the 'Moniteur' articles tending to prove, by various arguments, that Europe would never enjoy repose until those great spoilations were avenged and repaired; but he frequently destroyed these articles instead of sending them to press. His system of policy towards Russia changed shortly after the death of Paul. The thought of a war against that empire unceasingly occupied his mind, and gave birth to the idea of that fatal campaign which took place eleven years afterwards, and which had other causes than the re-establishment of Poland. That object was merely set forward as a pretext.

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Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. He arrived in the Russian capital on the 24th of May. Duroc, who was at this time very young, was a great favourite of the First Consul. He never importuned Bonaparte by his solicitations, and was never troublesome in recommending any one or busying himself as an agent for favour; yet he warmly advocated the cause of those whom he thought injured, and honestly repelled accusations which he knew to be false. These moral qualities; joined to an agreeable person and elegant manners, rendered him a very superior man.

The year 1801 was, moreover, marked by the fatal creation of special tribunals, which were in no way justified by the urgency of circumstances. This year also saw the re-establishment of the African Company, the treaty of Luneville (which augmented the advantages France had obtained by the treaty of Campo-Formio), and the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal by means of Lucien. On the subject of this peace I may mention that. Portugal, to obtain the cession of Olivenza, secretly offered Bonaparte, through me, 8,000,000 of francs if he would contribute his influence towards the acquisition of that town by Portugal. He, rejected this offer indignantly, declaring that he would never sell honour for money. He has been accused of having listened to a similar proposition at Passeriano, though in fact no such proposition was ever made to him. Those who bring forward such accusations little know the inflexibility of his principles on this point.

One evening in April 1801 an English paper—the London Gazette—arrived at Malmaison. It announced the landing in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercromby, the battle given by the English, and the death of their General. I immediately translated the article, and presented it to the First Consul, with the conviction that the news would be very painful to him. He doubted its truth, or at least pretended to do so. Several officers and aides de camp who were in the salon coincided in his opinion, especially Lannes, Bessieres, and Duroc. They thought by so doing to please the First Consul, who then said to me, in a jeering tone, “Bah! you do not understand English. This is the way with you: you are always inclined to believe bad news rather than good!” These words, and the approving smiles of the gentlemen present, ruffled me, and I said with some warmth, “How, General, can you believe that the English Government would publish officially so important an event if it were not true? Do you think that a Government that has any self-respect would, in the face of Europe, state a falsehood respecting an affair the truth of which cannot long remain unknown? Did you ever know an instance of so important an announcement proving untrue after it had been published in the London Gazette? I believe it to be true, and the smiles of these gentlemen will not alter my opinion.”

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On these observations the First Consul rose and said, “Come, Bourrienne, I want you in the library.” After we had left the salon he added, “This is always the way with you. Why are you vexed at such trifles? I assure you I believe the news but too confidently, and I feared it before it came. But they think they please me by thus appearing to doubt it. Never mind them.”—“I ask your pardon,” said I, “but I conceive the best way of proving my attachment to you is to tell you what I believe to be true. You desire me not to delay a moment in announcing bad news to you. It would be far worse to disguise than to conceal it.”

CHAPTER V.

1801-1802.

An experiment of royalty—Louis de Bourbon and Maria Louisa, of Spain—Creation of the kingdom of Etruria—The Count of Leghorn in Paris—Entertainments given him—-Bonaparte’s opinion of the King of Etruria—His departure for Florence, and bad reception there— Negotiations with the Pope—Bonaparte’s opinion on religion—Te Deum at Notre Dame—Behaviour of the people in the church—Irreligion of the Consular Court—Augerean’s remark on the Te Deum—First Mass at St. Cloud-Mass in Bonaparte’s apartments—Talleyrand relieved from his clerical vows—My appointment to the Council of State.

Before he placed two crowns on his own head Bonaparte thought it would promote the interests of his policy to place one on the head of a prince, and even a prince of the House of Bourbon. He wished to accustom the French to the sight of a king. It will hereafter be seen that he gave sceptres, like his confidence, conditionally, and that he was always ready to undo his own work when it became an obstacle to his ambitious designs.

In May 1801 the Infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles *iv*., visited Paris. The Infante Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid in 1798 to contract a marriage with Maria Amelia, the sister of Maria Louisa; but he fell in love with the latter. Godoy favoured the attachment, and employed all his influence to bring about the marriage. The son who, six years later, was born of this union, was named Charles Louis, after the King of Spain. France occupied the Duchy of Parma, which, in fulfilment of the conventions signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to belong to her after the death of the reigning Duke. On the other hand, France was to cede the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to the son of the Duke of Parma; and Spain paid to France, according to stipulation, a considerable sum of money. Soon after the treaty was communicated to Don Louis and his wife they left Madrid and travelled through France. The prince took the title of Count of Leghorn. All accounts are unanimous as to

the attentions which the Prince and Princess received on their journey. Among the, fetes in honour of the illustrious couple that given by M. de Talleyrand at Neuilly was remarkable for magnificence.

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When the Count of Leghorn was coming to pay his first visit to Malmaison Bonaparte went into the drawing-room to see that everything was suitably prepared for his reception. In a few minutes he returned to his cabinet and said to me, somewhat out of humour, “Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture representing me on the summit of the Alps pointing to Lombardy and commanding the conquest of it. I have ordered its removal How mortifying it would have been if the Prince had seen it!”

Another picture in the drawing-room at Malmaison represented the First Consul sleeping on the snow on the summit of the Alps before the battle of Marengo.

The Count of Leghorn’s visit to Paris imparted brilliancy to the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, of whom it was at that time said, “He made kings, but would not be one!”

At the representation of AEdipus, the following expression of Philactetes was received with transport:—

> “J’ai fait des Souverains, et n’ai pas voulu l’etre.”
>
> ["Monarchs I’ve made, but one I would not be.”]

The First Consul, on leaving the theatre, did not conceal his satisfaction. He judged, from the applause with which that verse had been received, that his pamphlet was forgotten. The manner, moreover, in which a king, crowned by his hands, had been received by the public, was no indifferent matter to him, as he expected that the people would thus again become familiar with what had been so long proscribed.

This King, who, though well received and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, departed for Italy. I say very ordinary, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the First Consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on anything but his pleasures: in a word, that he was a fool.

One day, after the First Consul had spent several hours in company with him and his consort, he said to me, “I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he can answer none. He is obliged to consult his wife, who makes him understand as well as she is able what he ought to say.” The First Consul added, “The poor Prince will set off to-morrow, without knowing what he is going to do.” I observed that it was a pity to see the happiness of the people of Tuscany entrusted to such a prince. Bonaparte replied, “Policy requires it. Besides, the young man is not worse than the usual run of kings.” The Prince fully justified in Tuscany the opinion which the First Consul formed of him.

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—[This unfortunate Prince was very ill-calculated to recommend, by his personal character, the institutions to which the nobility clung with so much fondness. Nature had endowed him with an excellent heart, but with very limited talents; and his mind had imbibed the false impress consequent upon his monastic education. He resided at Malmaison nearly the whole time of his visit to Paris. Madame Bonaparte used to lead the Queen to her own apartments; and as the First Consul never left his closet except to sit down to meals, the aides de camp were under the necessity of keeping the King company, and of endeavoring to entertain him, so wholly was he devoid of intellectual resources. It required, indeed, a great share of patience to listen to the frivolities which engrossed his attention. His turn of mind being thus laid open to view, care was taken to supply him with the playthings usually placed in the hands of children; he was, therefore, never at a loss for occupation. His nonentity was a source of regret to us: we lamented to see a tall handsome youth, destined to rule over his fellow-men, trembling at the eight of a horse, and wasting his time in the game of hide-and-seek, or at leap-frog and whose whole information consisted in knowing his prayers, and in saying grace before and after meals. Such, nevertheless, was the man to whom the destinies of a nation were about to be committed! When he left France to repair to his kingdom, "Rome need not be uneasy," said the First Consul to us after the farewell audience, "there is no danger of his crossing the Rubicon" (Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, vol. i. p. 363).]—

In order to show still further attention to the King of Etruria, after his three weeks' visit to Paris, the First Consul directed him to be escorted to Italy by a French guard, and selected his brother-in-law Murat for that purpose.

The new King of a new kingdom entered Florence on the 12th of April 1801; but the reception given him by the Tuscans was not at all similar to what he had experienced at Paris. The people received the royal pair as sovereigns imposed on them by France. The ephemeral kingdom of Etruria lasted scarcely six years. The King died in 1803, in the flower of his age, and in 1807 the Queen was expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

At this period a powerful party urged Bonaparte to break with the Pope, and to establish a Gallican Church, the head of which should reside in France. They thought to flatter his ambition by indicating to him a new source of power which might establish a point of comparison between him and the first Roman emperors. But his ideas did not coincide with theirs on this subject. "I am convinced," said he, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I were to favour that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would remain Catholic, and would oppose, with the greatest zeal and fervour, the schism of a part of their fellow-citizens. I dread the religious quarrels, the family dissensions, and the public distractions, which such a state of things would inevitably occasion. In, reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and which still prevails in the hearts of the people, and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one."

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The First Consul, taking a superior view of the state of France, considered that the re-establishment of religious worship would prove a powerful support to his Government: and he had been occupied ever since the commencement of 1801 in preparing a Concordat with the Pope. It was signed in the month of July in the same year. It required some time to enable the parties to come to an understanding on the subject.

Cardinal Consalvi arrived, in the month of June 1801, at Paris, to arrange matters on the part of the Pope. Cardinal Caprara and M. de Spina also formed part of the embassy sent by the Holy Father. There were, besides, several able theologians, among whom Doctor C—— was distinguished.

—[The "Doctor C——" was Caselti, later Archbishop of Parma. Bonier was green the Bishopric of Orleans, not Versailles; see Erreurs, tome i, p. 276. The details of the surprise attempted at the last moment by putting before Cardinal Consalvi for his signature an altered copy of the Concordat should be read in his Memoirs (tome i. p. 355), or in Lanfrey (tome ii. p. 267). As for Napoleon's belief that part of the nation might become Protestant, Narbonne probably put the matter truly when he said there was not religion enough in France to stand a division. It should be noted that the Concordat did not so much restore the Catholic Church as destroy the old Gallican Church, with all its liberties, which might annoy either Pope or Emperor. But on this point see The Gallican Church and the Revolution, by Jervis: London, Began Paul, Trench and Co., 1882. The clergy may, it is true, have shown wisdom in acceding to any terms of restoration.]—

He was a member of the Pope's chancery; his knowledge gave him so much influence over his colleagues that affairs advanced only as much as he pleased. However, he was gained over by honours conferred on him, and promises of money. Business then went on a little quicker. The Concordat was signed on the 15th of July 1801, and made a law of the State in the following April. The plenipotentiaries on the part of Bonaparte were Joseph Bonaparte, Cretet, and the Abby Bernier, afterwards Bishop of Versailles. —[Orleans not Versailles. D.W.]

A solemn Te Deum was chanted at the cathedral of Notre Dame on Sunday, the 11th of April. The crowd was immense, and the greater part of those present stood during the ceremony, which was splendid in the extreme; but who would presume to say that the general feeling was in harmony with all this pomp? Was, then, the time for this innovation not yet arrived? Was it too abrupt a transition from the habits of the twelve preceding years? It is unquestionably true that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony expressed, in their countenances and gestures, rather a feeling of impatience and displeasure than of satisfaction or of reverence for the place in which they were. Here and there murmurs arose expressive of discontent. The whispering, which I might more properly call open conversation, often interrupted the divine service, and sometimes observations were made which were far from being moderate. Some

would turn their heads aside on purpose to take a bit of chocolate-cake, and biscuits were openly eaten by many who seemed to pay no attention to what was passing.

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The Consular Court was in general extremely irreligious; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy to carry off a painting than to hear the Mass. Those who, without being imbued with any religious ideas, possessed that good sense which induces men to pay respect to the belief of others, though it be one in which they do not participate, did not blame the First Consul for his conduct, and conducted themselves with some regard to decency. But on the road from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage as soon as they saw that they ware being driven to Mass, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went therefore to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh! it was all very fine," replied the General; "there was nothing wanting, except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up." Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark.

—[This remark has been attributed elsewhere to General Delmas.

According to a gentleman who played a part in this empty pageantry, Lannes at one moment did get out of the carriage, and Augerean kept swearing in no low whisper during the whole of the chanted Mass. Most of the military chiefs who sprang out of the Revolution had no religion at all, but there were some who were Protestants, and who were irritated by the restoration of Catholicism as the national faith.—Editor of 1896 edition.]—

During the negotiations with the Holy Father Bonaparte one day said to me, "In every country religion is useful to the Government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. I was a Mahometan in Egypt; I am a Catholic in France. With relation to the police of the religion of a state, it should be entirely in the hands of the sovereign. Many persons have urged me to found a Gallican Church, and make myself its head; but they do not know France. If they did, they would know that the majority of the people would not like a rupture with Rome. Before I can resolve on such a measure the Pope must push matters to an extremity; but I believe he will not do so."—"You are right, General, and you recall to my memory what Cardinal Consalvi said: 'The Pope will do all the First Consul desires.'"—"That is the best course for him. Let him not suppose that he has to do with an idiot. What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The salvation of my soul! But with me immortality is the recollection one leaves in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived than to leave behind him no traces of his existence."

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Many endeavours were made to persuade the First Consul to perform in public the duties imposed by the Catholic religion. An influential example, it was urged, was required. He told me once that he had put an end to that request by the following declaration: "Enough of this. Ask me no more. You will not obtain your object. You shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are."

I have read in a work remarkable on many accounts that it was on the occasion of the Concordat of the 15th July 1801 that the First Consul abolished the republican calendar and reestablished the Gregorian. This is an error. He did not make the calendar a religious affair. The 'Senatus-consulte', which restored the use of the Gregorian calendar, to commence in the French Empire from the 11th Nivose, year *xiv*. (1st January 1806), was adopted on the 22d Fructidor, year XIII. (9th September 1805), more than four years after the Concordat. The re-establishment of the ancient calendar had no other object than to bring us into harmony with the rest of Europe on a point so closely connected with daily transactions, which were much embarrassed by the decadary calendar.

Bonaparte at length, however, consented to hear Mass, and St. Cloud was the place where this ancient usage was first re-established. He directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the hour announced in order that those who would only make a scoff at it might not arrive until the service was ended.

Whenever the First Consul determined to hear Mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the Palace a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. This room had been Anne of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week this chapel was used as a bathing-room. On Sunday the door of communication was opened, and we heard Mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded three or four, and the First Consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the First Consul had heard Mass in his apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his!

On the 19th of July 1801 a papal bull absolved Talleyrand from his vows. He immediately married Madame Grandt, and the affair obtained little notice at the time. This statement sufficiently proves how report has perverted the fact. It has been said that Bonaparte on becoming Emperor wished to restore that decorum which the Revolution had destroyed, and therefore resolved to put an end to the improper intimacy which subsisted between Talleyrand and Madame Grandt. It is alleged that the Minister at first refused to marry the lady, but that he at last found it necessary to obey the peremptory order of his master. This pretended resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The bull was not registered in the Council of State until the 19th of August 1802.

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—[The First Consul had on several occasions urged M. de Talleyrand to return to holy orders. He pointed out to him that that course world be most becoming his age and high birth, and premised that he should be made a cardinal, thus raising him to a par with Richelieu, and giving additional lustre to his administration (Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, vol. i. p. 426).

> But M. de Talleyrand vindicated his choice, saying, “A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself” (Historical Characters, p.122, Bulwer, Lord Dulling).]—

I will end this chapter by a story somewhat foreign to the preceding transactions, but which personally concerns myself. On the 20th of July 1801 the First Consul, ‘ex proprio motu’, named me a Councillor of State extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte kindly condescended to have an elegant but somewhat ideal costume made for me. It pleased the First Consul, however, and he had a similar one made for himself. He wore it a short time and then left it off. Never had Bonaparte since his elevation shown himself so amiable as on this occasion.

CHAPTER VI.

1802.

Last chapter on Egypt—Admiral Gantheaume—Way to please Bonaparte— General Menou’s flattery and his reward—Davoust—Bonaparte regrets giving the command to Menou, who is defeated by Abercromby—Otto’s negotiation in London—Preliminaries of peace.

For the last time in these Memoirs I shall return to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode which embraces so short a space of time and holds so high a place in the life of Bonaparte. Of all his conquests he set the highest value on Egypt, because it spread the glory of his name throughout the East. Accordingly he left nothing unattempted for the preservation of that colony. In a letter to General Kleber he said, “You are as able as I am to understand how important is the possession of Egypt to France. The Turkish Empire, in which the symptoms of decay are everywhere discernible, is at present falling to pieces, and the evil of the evacuation of Egypt by France would now be the greater, as we should soon see that fine province pass into the possession of some other European power.” The selection of Gantheaume, however, to carry assistance to Kleber was not judicious. Gantheaume had brought the First Consul back from Egypt, and though the success of the passage could only be attributed to Bonaparte’s own plan, his determined character, and superior judgment, yet he preserved towards Gantheaume that favourable disposition which is naturally felt for one who has shared a great danger with us, and upon whom the responsibility may be said to have been imposed.

This confidence in mediocrity, dictated by an honourable feeling, did not obtain a suitable return. Gantheaume, by his indecision and creeping about in the Mediterranean, had already failed to execute a commission entrusted to him. The First Consul, upon finding he did not leave Brest after he had been ordered to the Mediterranean, repeatedly said to me, “What the devil is Gantheaume about?” With one of the daily reports sent to the First Consul he received the following quatrain, which made him laugh heartily:

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"Vaisseaux lestes, tete sans lest,
Ainsi part l'Amiral Gantheaume;
Il s'en va de Brest a Bertheaume,
Et revient de Bertheaume a Brest!"

"With ballast on board, but none in his brain,
Away went our gallant Gantheaume,
On a voyage from Brest to Bertheaume,
And then from Bertheaume—to Brest back again!"

Gantheaume's hesitation, his frequent tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure, and his return to that port on the 19th of February 1801, only ten days prior to Admiral Keith's appearance with Sir Ralph Abercromby off Alexandria, completely foiled all the plans which Bonaparte had conceived of conveying succour and reinforcements to a colony on the brink of destruction.

Bonaparte was then dreaming that many French families would carry back civilisation, science, and art to that country which was their cradle. But it could not be concealed that his departure from Egypt in 1799 had prepared the way for the loss of that country, which was hastened by Kleber's death and the choice of Menou as his successor.

A sure way of paying court to the First Consul and gaining his favour was to eulogise his views about Egypt, and to appear zealous for maintaining the possession of that country. By these means it was that Menou gained his confidence. In the first year of the occupation of that country he laid before him his dreams respecting Africa. He spoke of the negroes of Senegal, Mozambique, Mehedie, Marabout, and other barbarous countries which were all at once to assume a new aspect, and become civilised, in consequence of the French possession of Egypt. To Menou's adulation is to be attributed the favourable reception given him by the First Consul, even after his return from Egypt, of which his foolish conduct had allowed the English to get possession. The First Consul appointed him Governor of Piedmont, and at my request gave my elder brother the situation of Commissary-General of Police in that country; but I am in candour obliged to confess that the First Consul was obliged to retract this mark of his favour in consequence of my brother's making an abuse of it.

It was also by flattering the First Consul on the question of the East that Davoust, on his return from Egypt in 1800 in consequence of the Convention of El-Ariah, insinuated himself into Bonaparte's good graces and, if he did not deserve, obtained his favour. At that time Davoust certainly had no title whatever to the good fortune which he suddenly experienced. He obtained, without first serving in a subordinate rank, the command-in-chief of the grenadiers of the Consular Guard; and from that time commenced the deadly hatred which Davoust bore towards me. Astonished at the great length of time that Bonaparte had been one day conversing with him I said, as soon as he was gone, "How could you talk so long with a man whom you have always called a stupid

fellow?”—“Ah! but I did not know him well enough before. He is a better man, I assure you, than he is thought; and you will come over to my opinion.”—“I hope so.” The First Consul, who was often extremely indiscreet, told Davoust my opinion of him, and his hostility against me ceased but with his life.

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The First Consul could not forget his cherished conquest in the East. It was constantly the object of his thoughts. He endeavoured to send reinforcements to his army from Brest and Toulon, but without success. He soon had cause to repent having entrusted to the hands of Menou the command-in-chief, to which he became entitled only by seniority, after the assassination of Kleber by Soleiman Heleby. But Bonaparte's indignation was excited when he became acquainted with Menou's neglect and mismanagement, when he saw him giving reins to his passion for reform, altering and destroying everything, creating nothing good in its stead, and dreaming about forming a land communication with the Hottentots and Congo instead of studying how to preserve the country. His pitiful plans of defence, which were useless from their want of combination, appeared to the First Consul the height of ignorance. Forgetful of all the principles of strategy, of which Bonaparte's conduct afforded so many examples, he opposed to the landing of Abercromby a few isolated corps, which were unable to withstand the enemy's attack, while the English army might have been entirely annihilated had all the disposable troops been sent against it.

The great admiration which Menou expressed at the expedition to Egypt; his excessive fondness for that country, the religion of which he had ridiculously enough embraced under the name of Abdallah; the efforts he made, in his sphere, to preserve the colony; his enthusiasm and blind attachment to Bonaparte; the flattering and encouraging accounts he gave of the situation of the army, at first had the effect of entirely covering Menou's incapacity.

—[For a ludicrous description of Menou see the Memoirs of Marmont:— "Clever and gay, he was an agreeable talker, but a great liar. He was not destitute of some education. His character, one of the oddest in the world, came very near to lunacy: Constantly writing, always in motion in his room, riding for exercise every day, he was never able to start on any necessary of useful journey. . . . When, later, Bonaparte, then First Consul, gave him by special favour the administration of Piedmont, he put off his departure from day to day for six months; and then he only did start because his friend Maret himself put him into his carriage, with post-horses already harnessed to it. . . . When he left this post they found in his cabinet 900 letters which he had not opened. He was an eccentric lunatic, amusing enough sometimes, but a curse to everything which depended on him." (Memoirs of the Duc de Raguse, tome i. p. 410).]—

This alone can account for the First Consul's preference of him. But I am far from concurring in what has been asserted by many persons, that France lost Egypt at the very moment when it seemed most easy of preservation. Egypt was conquered by a genius of vast intelligence, great capacity, and profound military science. Fatuity, stupidity, and incapacity

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lost it. What was the result of that memorable expedition? The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of some of our best generals; the annihilation of our navy; the surrender of Malta; and the sovereignty of England in the Mediterranean. What is the result at present? A scientific work. The gossiping stories and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of the good Rollin, are worth as much, and have not cost so dear.

The First Consul had long been apprehensive that the evacuation of Egypt was unavoidable. The last news he had received from that country was not very encouraging, and created a presentiment of the approach of the dreaded catastrophe. He, however, published the contrary; but it was then of great importance that, an account of the evacuation should not reach England until the preliminaries of peace were signed, for which purpose M. Otto was exerting all his industry and talent. We made a great merit of abandoning our conquests in Egypt; but the sacrifice would not have been considered great if the events which took place at the end of August had been known in London before the signing of the preliminaries on the 1st of October. The First Consul himself answered M. Otto's last despatch, containing a copy of the preliminaries ready to be adopted by the English Ministry. Neither this despatch nor the answer was communicated to M. de Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. The First Consul, who highly appreciated the great talents and knowledge of that Minister, never closed any diplomatic arrangement without first consulting him; and he was right in so doing. On this occasion, however, I told him that as M. de Talleyrand was, for his health, taking the waters of Bourbon-l'Archambault, four days must elapse before his reply could be received, and that the delay might cause the face of affairs to change. I reminded him that Egypt was on the point of yielding. He took my advice, and it was well for him that he did, for the news of the compulsory evacuation of Egypt arrived in London the day after the signing of the preliminaries. M. Otto informed the First Consul by letter that Lord Hawkesbury, ill communicating to him the news of the evacuation, told him he was very glad everything was settled, for it would have been impossible for him to have treated on the same basis after the arrival of such news. In reality we consented at Paris to the voluntary evacuation of Egypt, and that was something for England, while Egypt was at that very time evacuated by a convention made on the spot. The definitive evacuation of Egypt took place on the 30th of August 1801; and thus the conquest of that country, which had cost so dear, was rendered useless, or rather injurious.

CHAPTER VII.

1802.

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The most glorious epoch for France—The First Consul's desire of peace—Malta ceded and kept—Bonaparte and the English journals— Mr. Addington's letter to the First Consul—Bonaparte prosecutes Peltier—Leclerc's expedition to St. Domingo—Toussaint Louverture— Death of Leclerc—Rochambeau, his successor, abandons St. Domingo—First symptoms of Bonaparte's malady—Josephine's intrigues for the marriage of Hortense—Falsehood contradicted.

The epoch of the peace of Amiens must be considered as the most glorious in the history of France, not excepting the splendid period of Louis *xiv*.'s victories and the more brilliant era of the Empire. The Consular glory was then pure, and the opening prospect was full of flattering hope; whereas those who were but little accustomed to look closely into things could discern mighty disasters lurking under the laurels of the Empire.

The proposals which the First Consul made in order to obtain peace sufficiently prove his sincere desire for it. He felt that if in the commencement of his administration he could couple his name with so hoped for an act he should ever experience the affection and gratitude of the French. I want no other proof of his sentiments than the offer he made to give up Egypt to the Grand Seignior, and to restore all the ports of the Gulf of Venice and of the Mediterranean to the States to which they had previously belonged; to surrender Malta to the order of the Knights of St. John, and even to raze its fortifications if England should think such a measure necessary for her interests. In the Indies, Ceylon was to be left to him,

> —[Ceylon belonged to Holland, but was retained by England under the treaty of Amiens.]—

and he required the surrender of the Cape of Good Hope and all the places taken by the English in the West Indies.

England had firmly resolved to keep Malta, the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, the caravanserai of the Indies. She was therefore unwilling to close with the proposition respecting Malta; and she said that an arrangement might be made by which it would be rendered independent both of Great Britain and France. We clearly saw that this was only a lure, and that, whatever arrangements might be entered into, England would keep Malta, because it was not to be expected that the maritime power would willingly surrender an island which commands the Mediterranean. I do not notice the discussions respecting the American islands, for they were, in my opinion, of little consequence to us.

—[It is strange that Bourrienne does not allude to one of the first arbitrary acts of Napoleon, the discussions on which formed part of those conversations between Napoleon and his brother Lucien of which Bourrienne complained to Josephine he knew

nothing. In 1763 France had ceded to England the part of Louisiana on the east of the Mississippi, and the part on the west of that river,

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with New Orleans, to Spain. By the treaty negotiated with Spain by Lucien Bonaparte in 1800 her share was given back to France. On the 80th April 1803 Napoleon sold the whole to the United States for 80,000,000 francs (L 3,260,000), to the intense anger of his brothers Joseph and Lucien. Lucien was especially proud of having obtained the cession for which Napoleon was, at that time, very anxious; but both brothers were horrified when Napoleon disclosed how little he cared for constitutional forms by telling them that if the Legislature, as his brothers threatened, would not ratify the treaty, he would do without the ratification; see Iung's Letter, tome ii. p. 128.Napoleon's most obvious motives were want of money and the certainty of the seizure of the province by England, as the rupture with her was now certain. But there was perhaps another cause. The States had already been on the point of seizing the province from Spain, which had interfered with their trade (Hinton's United States, p. 435, and Thiers tome iv, p. 320).Of the sum to be paid, 20,000,000 were to go to the States, to cover the illegal seizures of American ships by the French navy, a matter which was not settled for many years later. The remaining 80,000,000 were employed in the preparations for the invasion of England; see Thiers, tome iv. pp. 320 and 326, and Lanfrey, tome iii. p. 48. The transaction is a remarkable one, as forming the final withdrawal of France from North America (with the exception of some islands on the Newfoundland coast), where she had once held such a proud position. It also eventually made an addition to the number of slave States.]—

They cost more than they produce; and they will escape from us, some time or other, as all colonies ultimately do from the parent country. Our whole colonial system is absurd; it forces us to pay for colonial produce at a rate nearly double that for which it may be purchased from our neighbours.

When Lord Hawkesbury consented to evacuate Malta, on condition that it should be independent of France and Great Britain, he must have been aware that such a condition would never be fulfilled. He cared little for the order of St. John, and he should have put, by way of postscript, at the bottom of his note, "We will keep Malta in spite of you." I always told the First Consul that if he were in the situation of the English he would act the same part; and it did not require much sagacity to foretell that Malta would be the principal cause of the rupture of peace. He was of my opinion; but at that moment he thought everything depended on concluding the negotiations, and I entirely agreed with him. It happened, as was foreseen, that Malta caused the renewal of war. The English, on being called upon to surrender the island, eluded the demand, shifted about, and at last ended by demanding that Malta should be placed under the protection of the King of Naples,—that is to say, under the protection of a power entirely at their command, and to which they might dictate what they pleased. This was really too cool a piece of irony!

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I will here notice the quarrel between the First Consul and the English newspapers, and give a new proof of his views concerning the freedom of the press. However, liberty of the press did once contribute to give him infinite gratification, namely, when all the London journals mentioned the transports of joy manifested in London on the arrival of General Lauriston, the bearer of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

The First Consul was at all times the declared enemy of the liberty of the press, and therefore he ruled the journals with a hand of iron.

—[An incident, illustrative of the great irritation which Bonaparte felt at the plain speaking of the English press, also shows the important character of Coleridge's writings in the 'Morning Post'. In the course of a debate in the House of Commons Fox asserted that the rupture of the trace of Amiens had its origin in certain essays which had appeared in the Morning *post*, and which were known to have proceeded from the pen of Coleridge. But Fox added an ungenerous and malicious hint that the writer was at Rome, within the reach of Bonaparte. The information reached the ears for which it was uttered, and an order was sent from Paris to compass the arrest of Coleridge. It was in the year 1806, when the poet was making a tour in Italy. The news reached him at Naples, through a brother of the illustrious Humboldt, as Mr. Gillman says—or in a friendly warning from Prince Jerome Bonaparte, as we have it on the authority of Mr. Cottle—and the Pope appears to have been reluctant to have a hand in the business, and, in fact, to have furnished him with a passport, if not with a carriage for flight, Coleridge eventually got to Leghorn, where he got a passage by an American ship bound for England; but his escape coming to the ears of Bonaparte, a look-out was kept for the ship, and she was chased by a French cruiser, which threw the captain into such a state of terror that he made Coleridge throw all his journals and papers overboard (Andrews' History of Journalism, vol. ii. p. 28).]—

I have often heard him say, "Were I to slacken the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion respecting every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France he wished, if he could, to impose in England. He was irritated by the calumnies and libels so liberally cast upon him by the English journals, and especially by one written in French, called 'L'Ambigu', conducted by Peltier, who had been the editor of the 'Actes des Apotres' in Paris. The 'Ambigu' was constantly teeming with the most violent attacks on the First Consul and the French nation. Bonaparte could never, like the English, bring himself to despise newspaper libels, and he revenged himself by violent articles which he caused to be inserted in the 'Moniteur'. He directed M. Otto to remonstrate, in an official

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note, against a system of calumny which he believed to be authorised by the English Government. Besides this official proceeding he applied personally to Mr. Addington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting him to procure the adoption of legislative measures against the licentious writings complained of; and, to take the earliest opportunity of satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, the First Consul seized the moment of signing the preliminaries to make this request.

Mr. Addington wrote a long answer to the First Consul, which I translated for him. The English Minister refuted, with great force, all the arguments which Bonaparte had employed against the press. He also informed the First Consul that, though a foreigner, it was competent in him to institute a complaint in the courts of law; but that in such case he must be content to see all the scandalous statements of which he complained republished in the report of the trial. He advised him to treat the libels with profound contempt, and do as he and others did, who attached not the slightest importance to them. I congratulate myself on having in some degree prevented a trial taking place at that time.

Things remained in this state for the moment; but after the peace of Amiens the First Consul prosecuted Pettier, whose journal was always full of violence and bitterness against him. Pettier was defended by the celebrated Mackintosh, who, according to the accounts of the time, displayed great eloquence on this occasion, yet, in spite of the ability of his counsel, he was convicted. The verdict, which public opinion considered in the light of a triumph for the defendant, was not followed up by any judgment, in consequence of the rupture of the peace occurring soon after. It is melancholy to reflect that this nervous susceptibility to the libels of the English papers contributed certainly as much as, and perhaps more than, the consideration of great political interests to the renewal of hostilities. The public would be astonished at a great many things if they could only look under the cards.

I have anticipated the rupture of the treaty of Amiens that I might not interrupt what I had to mention respecting Bonaparte's hatred of the liberty of the press. I now return to the end of the year 1801, the period of the expedition against St. Domingo.

The First Consul, after dictating to me during nearly: the whole of one night instructions for that expedition, sent for General Leclerc, and said to him in my presence, "Here, take your instructions; you have a fine opportunity for filling your purse. Go, and no longer tease me with your eternal requests for money." The friendship which Bonaparte felt for his sister Pauline had a good deal of influence in inducing him to take this liberal way of enriching her husband.

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The expedition left the ports of France on the 14th of December 1801, and arrived off Cape St. Domingo on the 1st of February 1802. The fatal result of the enterprise is well known, but we are never to be cured of the folly of such absurd expeditions. In the instructions given to Leclerc everything was foreseen; but it was painful to know that the choice of one of the youngest and least capable of all the generals of the army left no hope of a successful result. The expedition to St. Domingo was one of Bonaparte's great errors. Almost every person whom he consulted endeavoured to dissuade him from it. He attempted a justification through the medium of his historians of St. Helena; but does he succeed when he says, "that he was obliged to yield to the advice of his Council of State?" He, truly, was a likely man to submit a question of war to the discussion of the Council of State, or to be guided in such an affair by any Council! We must believe that no other motive influenced the First Consul but the wish, by giving him the means of enriching himself, to get rid of a brother-in-law who had the gift of specially annoying him. The First Consul, who did not really much like this expedition, should have perhaps reflected longer on the difficulties of attempting to subdue the colony by force. He was shaken by this argument, which I often repeated to him, and he agreed with it, but the inconceivable influence which the members of his family exercised on him always overcame him.

Bonaparte dictated to me a letter for Toussaint, full of sounding words and fine promises, informing him that his two children, who had been educated in Paris, were sent back to him, offering him the title of vice-governor, and stating that he ought readily to assist in an arrangement which would contribute to reconnect the colony with the mother-country. Toussaint, who had at first shown a disposition to close with the bargain, yet feeling afraid of being deceived by the French, and probably induced by ambitious motives, resolved on war. He displayed a great deal of talent; but, being attacked before the climate had thinned the French ranks, he was unable to oppose a fresh army, numerous and inured to war. He capitulated, and retired to a plantation, which he was not to leave without Leclerc's permission. A feigned conspiracy on the part of the blacks formed a pretence for accusing Toussaint, and he was seized and sent to France.

Toussaint was brought to Pains in the beginning of August. He was sent, in the first instance, to the Temple, whence he was removed to the Chateau de Joux. His imprisonment was rigorous; few comforts were allowed him. This treatment, his recollection of the past, his separation from the world, and the effects of a strange climate, accelerated his death, which took place a few months after his arrival in France. The reports which spread concerning his death, the assertion that it was not a natural one, and that it had been caused by poison, obtained no

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credit. I should add that Toussaint wrote a letter to Bonaparte; but I never saw in it the expression attributed to him, “The first man of the blacks to the first man of the whites” Bonaparte acknowledged that the black leader possessed energy, courage, and great skill. I am sure that he would have rejoiced if the result of his relations with St. Domingo had been something else than the kidnaping and transportation of Toussaint.

Leclerc, after fruitless efforts to conquer the colony, was himself carried off by the yellow fever. Rochambeau succeeded him by right of seniority, and was as unsuccessful as Menou had been in Egypt. The submission of the blacks, which could only have been obtained by conciliation, he endeavoured to compel by violence. At last, in December 1803, he surrendered to an English squadron, and abandoned the island to Dessalines.

Bonaparte often experienced severe bodily pain, and I have now little doubt, from the nature of his sufferings, that they were occasioned by the commencement of that malady which terminated his life at St. Helena. These pains, of which he frequently complained, affected him most acutely on the night when he dictated to me the instructions for General Leclerc. It was very late when I conducted him to his apartment. We had just been taking a cup of chocolate, a beverage of which we always partook when our business lasted longer than one o’clock in the morning. He never took a light with him when he went up to his bedroom. I gave him my arm, and we had scarcely got beyond the little staircase which leads to the corridor, when he was rudely run against by a man who was endeavouring to escape as quickly as possible by the staircase. The First Consul did not fall because I supported him. We soon gained his chamber, where we, found Josephine, who, having heard the noise, awoke greatly alarmed. From the investigations which were immediately made it appeared that the uproar was occasioned by a fellow who had been keeping an assignation and had exceeded the usual hour for his departure.

On the 7th of January 1802 Mademoiselle Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte. As the custom was not yet resumed of adding the religious ceremony to the civil contract, the nuptial benediction was on this occasion privately given by a priest at the house Rue de la Victoire. Bonaparte also caused the marriage of his sister Caroline,—-[The wife of Murat, and the cleverest of Bonaparte’s sisters.]—which had taken place two years earlier before a mayor, to be consecrated in the same manner; but he and his wife did not follow the example. Had he already, then, an idea of separating from Josephine, and therefore an unwillingness to render a divorce more difficult by giving his marriage a religious sanction? I am rather inclined to think, from what he said to me, that his neglecting to take a part in the religious ceremony arose from indifference.

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Bonaparte said at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that “they loved each other when they married: they desired to be united. The marriage was also the result of Josephine’s intrigues, who found her account in it.” I will state the real facts. Louis and Hortense did not love one another at all. That is certain. The First Consul knew it, just as he well knew that Hortense had a great inclination for Duroc, who did not fully return it. The First Consul agreed to their union, but Josephine was troubled by such a marriage, and did all she could to prevent it. She often spoke to me about it, but rather late in the day. She told me that her brothers-in law were her declared enemies, that I well knew their intrigues, and that I well knew there was no end to the annoyances they made her undergo. In fact, I did know all this perfectly. She kept on repeating to me that with this projected marriage she would not have any support; that Duroc was nothing except by the favour of Bonaparte; that he had neither fortune, fame, nor reputation, and that he could be no help to her against the well-known ill-will of the brothers of Bonaparte. She wanted some assurance for the future. She added that her husband was very fond of Louis, and that if she had the good fortune to unite him to her daughter this would be a counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of her other brothers-in-law. I answered her that she had concealed her intentions too long from me, and that I had promised my services to the young people, and the more willingly as I knew the favourable opinion of the First Consul, who had often said to me, “My wife has done well; they suit one another, they shall marry one another. I like Duroc; he is of good family. I have rightly given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Leclerc, and I can well give Hortense to Duroc, who is a fine fellow. He is worth more than the others. He is now general of a division there is nothing against this marriage. Besides, I have other plans for Louis.” In speaking to Madame Bonaparte I added that her daughter burst into tears when spoken to about her marriage with Louis.

The First Consul had sent a brevet of general of division to Duroc by a special courier, who went to Holland, through which the newly-made general had to pass on his return from St. Petersburg, where, as I have already said, he had been sent to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. The First Consul probably paid this compliment to Duroc in the belief that the marriage would take place.

During Duroc’s absence the correspondence of the lovers passed, by their consent, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing and run to her chamber, where I followed and gave her Duroc’s epistle. When she opened it her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the salon. All was useless for her. Josephine required a support in the family against the family. Seeing her firm resolution, I promised to no longer oppose her wishes, which I could not disapprove, but I told her I could only maintain silence and neutrality in these little debates, and she seemed satisfied.

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When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuileries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side; I even congratulated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the marriage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed to win the First Consul to her purpose.

On the 4th of January the First Consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was employed. "Where is Duroc?" he inquired.—"He has gone to the opera, I believe."—-"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days at the latest. I will give him 500,000 francs, and name him commandant of the eighth military division; but he must set out the day after his marriage with his wife for Toulon. We must live apart; I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion, let me know to-night whether this plan will satisfy him."—"I think it will not."—"Very well! then she shall marry Louis."—"Will she like that?"—"She must like it." Bonaparte gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some little domestic warfare had been raging, and that to put an end to it he had come to propose his ultimatum. At half-past ten in the evening Duroc returned; I reported to him, word for word, the proposition of the First Consul. "Since it has come to that, my good friend," said he, "tell him he may keep his daughter for me. I am going to see the -----," and, with an indifference for which I cannot account, he took his hat and went off.

—[Duroc eventually married a Mademoiselle Hervae d'Almenara, the daughter of a Spanish banker, who was later Minister of Joseph, and was created Marquis of Abruenara. The lady was neither handsome nor amiable, but she possessed a vast fortune, and Bonaparte himself solicited her hand for his aide de camp. After the death of Duroc his widow married a M. Fabvier, and Napoleon gave his Duchy of Frioul to his daughter.]—

The, First Consul, before going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply, and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the great regret of Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have forced on him as a wife a woman who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible. She always manifested as much indifference for him as he displayed repugnance for her, and those sentiments have not been effaced.

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—[The marriage of Louis Bonaparte took place on the 7th January. The bride and bridegroom were exceedingly dull, and Mademoiselle Hortense wept daring the whole of the ceremony. Josephine, knowing that this union, which commenced so inauspiciously, was her own work, anxiously endeavoured to establish a more cordial feeling between her daughter and son-in-law. But all her efforts were vain, and the marriage proved a very unhappy one (Memoirs de Constant).

Napoleon *iii*. was the son of the Queen of Holland (Hortense Beauharnais).]—

Napoleon said at St. Helena that he wished to unite Louis with a niece of Talleyrand. I can only say that I never heard a word of this niece, either from himself, his wife, or his daughter; and I rather think that at that time the First Consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected that we were now in the year which saw the Consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the Empire. Napoleon said truly to the companions of his exile that “Louis’ marriage was the result of Josephine’s intrigues,” but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc. It has been erroneously stated that the First Consul believed that he reconciled the happiness of his daughter with his policy. Hortense did not love Louis, and dreaded this marriage. There was no hope of happiness for her, and the event has proved this. As for the policy of the First Consul, it is not easy to see how it was concerned with the marriage of Louis to Hortense, and in any case the grand policy which professed so loudly to be free from all feminine influences would have been powerless against the intrigues of Josephine, for at this time at the Tuileries the boudoir was often stronger than the cabinet. Here I am happy to have it in my power to contradict most formally and most positively certain infamous insinuations which have prevailed respecting Bonaparte and Hortense. Those who have asserted that Bonaparte ever entertained towards Hortense any other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for a daughter-in-law have, as the ancient knights used to say, “lied in their throats.” We shall see farther on what he said to me on this subject, but it is never too soon to destroy such a base calumny. Authors unworthy of belief have stated, without any proof, that not only was there this criminal liaison, but they have gone so far as to say that Bonaparte was the father of the eldest son of Hortense. It is a lie, a vile lie. And yet the rumour has spread through all France and all Europe. Alas! has calumny such powerful charms that, once they are submitted to, their yoke cannot be broken?

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—[Bourrienne's account of this marriage, and his denial of the vile calumny about Napoleon, is corroborated by Madame Remusat. After saying that Hortense had refused to marry the son of Rewbell and also the Comte de Nun, she goes on: "A short time afterwards Duroc, then aide de camp to the Consul, and already noted by him, fell in love with Hortense. She returned the feeling, and believed she had found that other half of herself which she sought. Bonaparte looked favourably on their union, but Madame Bonaparte in her turn was inflexible. 'My daughter,' said she, 'must marry a gentleman or a Bonaparte.' Louis was then thought of. He had no fancy for Hortense; defeated the Beauharnais family, and had a supreme contempt for his sister-in-law. But as he was silent, he was believed to be gentle; and as he was severe by character, he was believed to be upright. Madame Louis told me afterwards that at the news of this arrangement she experienced violent grief. Not only was she forbidden to think of the man she loved, but she was about to be given to another of whom she had a secret distrust" (Remusat, tome i. p. 156). For the cruel treatment of Hortense by Louis see the succeeding pages of Remusat. As for the vile scandal about Hortense and Napoleon, there is little doubt that it was spread by the Bonapartist family for interested motives. Madame Louis became enceinte soon after her marriage. The Bonapartists, and especially Madame Murat (Caroline); had disliked this marriage because Joseph having only daughters, it was forseen that the first son of Louis and the grandson of Madame Bonaparte would be the object of great interest. They therefore spread the revolting story that this was the result of a connection of the First Consul with his daughter-in-law, encouraged by the mother herself. "The public willingly believed this suspicion.' Madame Murat told Louis," *etc*. (Remusat, tome i, p. 169). This last sentence is corroborated by Miot de Melito (tome ii. p. 170), who, speaking of the later proposal of Napoleon to adopt this child, says that Louis "remembered the damaging stories which ill-will had tried to spread among the public concerning Hortense Beauharnais before he married her, and although a comparison of the date of his marriage with that of the birth of his son must have shown him that these tales were unfounded, he felt that they would be revived by the adoption of this child by the First Consul." Thus this wretched story did harm in every way. The conduct of Josephine mast be judged with leniency, engaged as she was in a desperate straggle to maintain her own marriage,—a struggle she kept up with great skill; see Metternich, tome ii. p. 296. "she baffled all the calculations, all the manoeuvres of her adversaries." But she was foolish enough to talk in her anger as if she believed some of the disgraceful rumours of Napoleon. "Had he not seduced his sisters, one after the other?" (Remusat, tome i. p.

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204). As to how far this scandal was really believed by the brothers of Napoleon, see Iung's Lucien (tome ii. pp. 268-269), where Lucien describes Louis as coming three times to him for advice as to his marriage with Hortense, both brothers referring to this rumour. The third time Louis announces he is in love with Hortense. "You are in love? Why the devil, then, do you come to me for advice? If so, forget what has been rumoured, and what I have advised you. Marry, and may God bless you."Thiers (tome iii. p. 308) follows Bourrienne's account. Josephine, alluding to Louis Bonaparte, said, "His family have maliciously informed him of the disgraceful stories which have been spread on the conduct of my daughter and on the birth of her son. Hate assigns this child to Napoleon." (Remusat, tome i, p. 206). The child in question was Napoleon Charles (1802-1807).]—

CHAPTER VIII.

1802-1803.

Bonaparte President of the Cisalpine Republic—Meeting of the deputation at Lyons—-Malta and the English—My immortality—Fete given by Madame Murat—Erasures from the emigrant list—Restitution of property—General Sebastiani—Lord Whitworth—-Napoleon's first symptoms of disease—Corvisart—Influence of physical suffering on Napoleon's temper—Articles for the Moniteur—General Andreossi— M. Talleyrand's pun—Jerome Bonaparte—Extravagance of Bonaparte's brothers—M. Collot and the navy contract.

Bonaparte was anxious to place the Cisalpine Republic on a footing of harmony with the Government of France. It was necessary to select a President who should perfectly agree with Bonaparte's views; and in this respect no one could be so suitable as Bonaparte himself. The two Presidencies united would serve as a transition to the throne. Not wishing to be long absent from Paris, and anxious to avoid the trouble of the journey to Milan, he arranged to meet the deputation half-way at Lyons. Before our departure I said to him, "Is it possible that you do not wish to revisit Italy, the first scene of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you were the object of so much homage?"—"I certainly should," replied the First Consul, "but the journey to Milan would occupy too much precious time. I prefer that the meeting should take place in France. My influence over the deputies will be more prompt and certain at Lyons than at Milan; and then I should be glad to see the noble wreck of the army of Egypt, which is collected at Lyons."

On the 8th of January 1802 we set out. Bonaparte who was now ready to ascend the throne of France, wished to prepare the Italians for one day crowning him King of Italy, in imitation of Charlemagne, of whom in anticipation he considered himself the successor. He saw that the title of President of the Cisalpine Republic was a great

advance towards the sovereignty of Lombardy, as he afterwards found that the Consulate for life was a decisive step towards the throne of France. He obtained the title of President without much difficulty on the 36th of January 1802. The journey to Lyons and the conferences were only matters of form; but high sounding words and solemn proceedings were required for the public mind.

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The attempts which had been made on the life of the First Consul gave rise to a report that he took extraordinary precautions for his safety during this journey to Lyons. I never saw those precautions, and Bonaparte was at all times averse to adopt any. He often repeated "That whoever would risk his own life might take his." It is not true that guards preceded his carriage and watched the roads. The Consul travelled like a private person, and very rarely had arms in his carriage.

—[Bonaparte may have been careless of his own safety, but that he took great pains in regard to his brother's may be inferred from the following letter, written a few years later:

"Take care that your valets de chambre, your cooks, the guards that sleep in your apartments, and those who come during the night to awaken you with despatches, are all Frenchmen. No one should enter your room during the night except your aides de camp, who should sleep in the chamber that precedes your bedroom. Your door should be fastened inside, and you ought not to open it, even to your aide de camp, until you have recognised his voice; he himself should not knock at your door until he has locked that of the room which he is in, to make sure of being alone, and of being followed by no one. These precautions are important; they give no trouble, and they inspire confidence —besides, they may really save your life. You should establish these habits immediately end permanently; You ought not to be obliged to have resource to them on some emergency, which would hurt the feelings of those around you. Do not trust only to your own experience. The Neapolitan character has been violent in every age, and you have to do with a woman [Queen of Naples] who is the impersonation of crime" (Napoleon to Joseph, May 31, 1806.—Du Casse, tome ii. p. 260).]—

At this time, when the ambition of Bonaparte every day took a farther flight, General Clarke took it into his head to go into the box of the First Consul at the "Francais," and to place himself in the front seat. By chance the First Consul came to the theatre, but Clarke, hardly rising, did not give up his place. The First Consul only stayed a short time, and when he came back he showed great discontent at this affectation of pride and of vanity. Wishing to get rid of a man whom he looked on as a blundering flatterer and a clumsy critic, he sent him away as charge d'affaires to the young extemporized King of Etruria, where Clarke expiated his folly in a sort of exile. This is all the "great disfavour" which has been so much spoken about, In the end General Clarke returned to favour. Berlin knows and regrets it.

On the 25th of March of the same year England signed, at Amiens, a suspension of arms for fourteen months, which was called a treaty of peace. The clauses of this treaty were not calculated to inspire the hope of a very long peace. It was evident, as I have already said, that England would not evacuate Malta; and that island ultimately proved the chief cause of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But England, heretofore so haughty in her bearing to the First Consul, had at length treated with him as the Head of

the French Government. This, as Bonaparte was aware, boded well for the consolidation of his power.

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At that time, when he saw his glory and power augmenting, he said to me in one of our walks at Malmaison, in a moment of hilarity, and clapping me on the shoulder, “Well, Bourrienne, you also will be immortal!”— “Why, General?”—“Are you not my secretary?”—“Tell me the name of Alexander’s,” said I.

—[Bonaparte did not know the name of Alexander’s secretary, and I forgot at the moment to tell him it was Clallisthenes. He wrote Alexander’s Memoirs, as I am writing Bonaparte’s; but, notwithstanding this coincidence, I neither expect nor desire the immortality of my name.—Bourrienne.]—

Bonaparte then turned to me and laughing, said, “Hem! that is not bad.” There was, to be sure, a little flattery conveyed in my question, but that never displeased him, and I certainly did not in that instance deserve the censure he often bestowed on me for not being enough of a courtier and flatterer.

Madame Murat gave a grand fete in honour of Bonaparte at her residence at Neuilly. At dinner Bonaparte sat opposite Madame Murat at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He ate fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was served, he put a question to each lady. This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne’s turn came he said to her, “Oh! I know yours.” This was a great deal for his gallantry, and the other ladies were far from being pleased at it.

Next day, while walking with me in his favourite alley at Malmaison, he received one of those stupid reports of the police which were so frequently addressed to him. It mentioned the observations which had been made in Paris about a green livery he had lately adopted. Some said that green had been chosen because it was the colour of the House of Artois. On reading that a slight sneer was observable in his countenance, and he said, “What are these idiots dreaming of? They must be joking, surely. Am I no better than M. d’Artois? They shall soon see the difference.”

Until the middle of the year 1801 the erasures from the emigrant list had always been proposed by the Minister of Police. The First Consul having been informed that intrigue and even bribery had been employed to obtain them, determined that in future erasures should be part of the business of his cabinet. But other affairs took up his attention, and a dozen or fifteen erasures a week were the most that were made. After Te Deum had been chanted at Malmaison for the Concordat and the peace, I took advantage of that moment of general joy to propose to Bonaparte the return of the whole body of emigrants. “You have,” said I in a half-joking way, “reconciled Frenchmen to God—now reconcile them to each other. There have never been any real emigrants, only absentees; and the proof of this is, that erasures from the list have always been, and will always be, made daily.” He immediately seized the idea. “We shall see,” said he; “but I must except a thousand persons belonging to high families, especially those who are or have been connected with royalty or the Court.”

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I said in the Chamber of Deputies, and I feel pleasure in repeating here, that the plan of the ‘Senatus-consults’, which Bonaparte dictated to me, excepted from restitution only such mansions as were used for public establishments. These he would neither surrender nor pay rent for. With those exceptions he was willing to restore almost all that was possessed by the State and had not been sold.

The First Consul, as soon as he had finished this plan of a decree, convoked a Grand Council to submit it to their consideration. I was in an adjoining room to that in which they met, and as the deliberations were carried on with great warmth, the members talking very loudly, sometimes even vociferating, I heard all that passed. The revolutionary party rejected all propositions of restitution. They were willing to call back their victims, but they would not part with the spoil.

When the First Consul returned to his cabinet, dissatisfied with the ill success of his project, I took the liberty of saying to him, “you cannot but perceive, General, that your object has been defeated, and your project unsuccessful. The refusal to restore to the emigrants all that the State possesses takes from the recall all its generosity and dignity of character. I wonder how you could yield to such an unreasonable and selfish opposition.”—“The revolutionary party,” replied he, “had the majority in the Council. What could I do? Am I strong enough to overcome all those obstacles?”—“General, you can revive the question again, and oppose the party you speak of.”—“That would be difficult,” he said; “they still have a high hand in these matters. Time is required. However, nothing is definitively arranged. We shall see what can be done.” The ‘Senatus-consulte’, published on the 6th Floreal, year X. (26th of April 1802), a fortnight after the above conversation took place, is well known. Bonaparte was then obliged to yield to the revolutionary party, or he would have adhered to his first proposition.

—[The Senatus-consulte retained the woods and forests of the emigrants, and made their recall an “amnesty.” In the end this retention of the forests was used by Napoleon with great dexterity as a means of placing them under personal obligation to him for restoring this species of property. See Thiers tome iii, p. 458, livre xiv.]—

Napoleon referred to this matter at St. Helena. He himself says that he “would have been able” (he should have said that he wished) to grant everything, that for a moment he thought of doing so, and that it was a mistake not to do so. “This limitation on my part,” he adds, “destroyed all the good effect of the return of the emigrants. The mistake was the greater since I thought of doing it, but I was alone, surrounded by oppositions and by spies: all were against your party, you cannot easily picture the matter to yourself, but important affairs hurried me, time pressed, and I was obliged to act differently.” Afterwards he speaks of a syndicate he wished to form, but I have never heard a word of that. I have said how things really happened, and what has been just read confirms this.

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—[This was by no means the only time that Napoleon's wishes were opposed successfully in his Council of State. On such occasions he used to describe himself as "repulsed with losses." See the interesting work of St. Hilaire, Napoleon au Conseil d'Etat.]—

The Royalists, dissatisfied with the state of political affairs, were not better pleased with the illiberal conditions of the recall of the emigrants. The friends of public liberty, on the other hand, were far from being satisfied with the other acts of the First Consul, or with the conduct of the different public authorities, who were always ready to make concessions to him. Thus all parties were dissatisfied.

Bonaparte was much pleased with General Sebastiani's conduct when he was sent to Constantinople, after the peace of Amiens, to induce the Grand Seignior to renew amicable relations with France.

At the period here alluded to, namely, before the news of the evacuation of Egypt, that country greatly occupied Bonaparte's attention. He thought that to send a man like Sebastiani travelling through Northern Africa, Egypt, and Syria might inspire the sovereigns of those countries with a more favourable idea of France than they now entertained, and might remove the ill impressions which England was endeavouring to produce. On this mission Sebastiani was accordingly despatched. He visited all the Barbary States, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Isles. Everywhere he drew a highly-coloured picture of the power of Bonaparte, and depreciated the glory of England.

—[This General, or Count Sebastian, was afterwards ambassador for Louis Philippe at our Court.]—

He strengthened old connections, and contracted new ones with the chiefs of each country. He declared to the authorities of the Ionian Isles that they might rely on the powerful protection of France. Bonaparte, in my opinion, expected too much from the labours of a single individual furnished with but vague instructions. Still Sebastiani did all that could be done. The interesting details of his proceedings were published in the 'Moniteur'. The secret information respecting the means of successfully attacking the English establishments in India was very curious, though not affording the hope of speedy success.

The published abstract of General Sebastiani's report was full of expressions hostile to England. Among other things it was stated that Egypt might be conquered with 6000 men, and that the Ionian Isles where disposed to throw off the yoke. There can be little doubt that this publication hastened the rupture of the treaty of Amiens.

England suspended all discussions respecting Malta, and declared that she would not resume them till the King of Great Britain should receive satisfaction for what was called an act of hostility. This was always put forward as a justification, good or bad, for

breaking the treaty of Amiens, which England had never shown herself very ready to execute.

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Bonaparte, waiving the usual forma of etiquette, expressed his wish to have a private conference with Lord Whitworth, the ambassador from London to Paris, and who had been the English ambassador at St. Petersburg previous to the rupture which preceded the death of Paul I. Bonaparte counted much on the effect he might produce by that captivating manner which he so well knew how to assume in conversation; but all was in vain. In signing the treaty of Amiens the British Minister was well aware that he would be the first to break it.

About the commencement of the year 1802 Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat exclaim,—"What pain I feel!" I would then accompany him to his bedchamber, and have often been obliged to support him on the little staircase which led from his cabinet to the corridor. He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent." This fear of obesity, though it annoyed him very much, did not appear to have the least foundation, judging from his habitual temperance and spare habit of body. He asked me who was my physician. I told him M. Corvisart, whom his brother Louis had recommended to me. A few days after he called in Corvisart, who three years later was appointed first physician to the Emperor. He appeared to derive much benefit from the prescriptions of Corvisart, whose open and good-humoured countenance at once made a favourable impression on him.

The pain which the First Consul felt at this time increased his irritability. Perhaps many of the sets of this epoch of his life should be attributed to this illness. At the time in question his ideas were not the same in the evening as they had been in the morning; and often in the morning he would tear up, even without the least remark, notes he had dictated to me at night and which he had considered excellent. At other times I took on myself not to send to the Moniteur, as he wished me to do, notes which, dictated by annoyance and irascibility, might have produced a bad effect in Europe. When the next day he did not see the article, I attributed this to the note being too late, or to the late arrival of the courier. But I told him it was no loss, for it would be inserted the next day. He did not answer at once, but a quarter of an hour afterwards he said to me, "Do not send my note to the 'Moniteur' without showing it to me." He took it and reread it. Sometimes he was astonished at what he had dictated to me, and amused himself by saying that I had not understood him properly. "That is not much good, is it? "—"`Pon my word, I don't quite know."—"Oh no, it is worthless; what say you?" Then he bowed his head a little, and tore up the paper. Once when we were at the Tuileries he sent me at two o'clock in the morning a small note in his own writing, in which was, "To Bourrienne. Write to Maret to make him erase from the note which Fleurieu has read to the Tribunate the phrase (spelt frase) concerning Costaz, and to soften as much as possible what concerns the reporter of the Tribunate."

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This change, after time for reflection, arose, as often happened with him, from observations I had made to him, and which he had at first angrily repulsed.

After the peace of Amiens the First Consul, wishing to send an ambassador to England, cast his eyes—for what reason I know not—on General Andreossi. I took the liberty of making some observation on a choice which did not appear to me to correspond with the importance of the mission. Bonaparte replied, “I have not determined on it; I will talk to Talleyrand on the subject.” When we were at Malmaison in the evening M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the First Consul. The proposed appointment of an ambassador to England was mentioned. After several persons had been named the First Consul said, “I believe I must send Andreossi.” M. de Talleyrand, who was not much pleased with the choice, observed in a dry sarcastic tone, “You must send Andre ‘aussi’, I Pray, who is this Andre?”—“I did not mention any Andre; I said Andreossi. You know Andreossi, the general of artillery?”—“Ah! true; Andreossi: I did not think of him: I was thinking only of the diplomatic men, and did not recollect any of that name. Yes, yes; Andreossi is in the artillery!” The general was appointed ambassador, and went to London after the treaty of Amiens; but he returned again in a few months. He had nothing of consequence to do, which was very lucky for him.

In 1802 Jerome was at Brest in the rank of ’enseigne de vaisseau’—[A rank in the navy equivalent to that of our lieutenant.]—He launched into expenses far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew upon me for sums of money which the First Consul paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters in particular excited Napoleon’s anger. The epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jerome was giving and receiving, and ended by stating that he should draw on me for 17,000 francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—

I have read your letter, Monsieur l’Enseigne de Vaisseau; and I am waiting to hear that you are studying on board your corvette a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have lived at all.

Jerome never fulfilled the wishes of his brother, who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family. Westphalia will not soon forget that he was her King; and his subjects did not without reason surname him “Heliogabalus in miniature.”

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The First Consul was harassed by the continual demands for money made on him by his brothers. To get rid of Joseph, who expended large sums at Mortfontaine, as Lucien did at Neuilly, he gave M. Collot the contract for victualling the navy, on the condition of his paying Joseph 1,600,000 francs a year out of his profits. I believe this arrangement answered Joseph's purpose very well; but it was anything but advantageous to M. Collot. I think a whole year elapsed without his pocketing a single farthing. He obtained an audience of the First Consul, to whom he stated his grievances. His outlays he showed were enormous, and he could get no payment from the navy office. Upon which the Consul angrily interrupted him, saying, "Do you think I am a mere capuchin? Decres must have 100,000 crowns, Duroc 100,000, Bourrienne 100,000; you must make the payments, and don't come here troubling me with your long stories. It is the business of my Ministers to give me accounts of such matters; I will hear Decres, and that's enough. Let me be teased no longer with these complaints; I cannot attend to them." Bonaparte then very unceremoniously dismissed M. Collot. I learned afterwards that he did not get a settlement of the business until after a great deal of trouble. M. Collot once said to me, "If he had asked me for as much money as would have built a frigate he should have had it. All I want now is to be paid, and to get rid of the business." M. Collot had reason and honour on his side; but there was nothing but shuffling on the other.

CHAPTER IX.

1802.

Proverbial falsehood of bulletins—M. Doublet—Creation of the Legion of Honour—-Opposition to it in the Council and other authorities of the State—The partisans of an hereditary system— The question of the Consulship for life.

The historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, and proclamations which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, "As great a liar as a bulletin," has as much truth in it as the axiom, two and two make four.

The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte wished to be believed true; but to form a proper judgment on any fact, counter-bulletins must be sought for and consulted. It is well known, too, that Bonaparte attached great importance to the place whence he dated his bulletins; thus, he dated his decrees respecting the theatres and Hamburg beef at Moscow.

The official documents were almost always incorrect. There was falsity in the exaggerated descriptions of his victories, and falsity again in the suppression or palliation of his reverses and losses. A writer, if he took his materials from the bulletins

and the official correspondence of the time, would compose a romance rather than a true history. Of this many proofs have been given in the present work.

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Another thing which always appeared to me very remarkable was, that Bonaparte, notwithstanding his incontestable superiority, studied to depreciate the reputations of his military commanders, and to throw on their shoulders faults which he had committed himself. It is notorious that complaints and remonstrances, as energetic as they were well founded, were frequently addressed to General Bonaparte on the subject of his unjust and partial bulletins, which often attributed the success of a day to some one who had very little to do with it, and made no mention of the officer who actually had the command. The complaints made by the officers and soldiers stationed at Damietta compelled General Lanusse, the commander, to remonstrate against the alteration of a bulletin, by which an engagement with a body of Arabs was represented as an insignificant affair, and the loss trifling, though the General had stated the action to be one of importance, and the loss considerable. The misstatement, in consequence of his spirited and energetic remonstrances, was corrected.

Bonaparte took Malta, as is well known, in forty-eight hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, secured to the English by the battle of Aboukir, and their numerous cruising vessels, gave them the means of starving the garrison, and of thus forcing General Vaubois, the commandant of Malta, who was cut off from all communication with France, to capitulate. Accordingly on the 4th of September 1800 he yielded up the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, after a noble defence of two years. These facts require to be stated in order the better to understand what follows.

On 22d February 1802 a person of the name of Doublet, who was the commissary of the French Government at Malta when we possessed that island, called upon me at the Tuileries. He complained bitterly that the letter which he had written from Malta to the First Consul on the 2d Ventose, year VIII. (9th February 1800), had been altered in the 'Moniteur'. "I congratulated him," said M. Doublet, "on the 18th Brumaire, and informed him of the state of Malta, which was very alarming. Quite the contrary was printed in the 'Moniteur', and that is what I complain of. It placed me in a very disagreeable situation at Malta, where I was accused of having concealed the real situation of the island, in which I was discharging a public function that gave weight to my words." I observed to him that as I was not the editor of the 'Moniteur' it was of no use to apply to me; but I told him to give me a copy of the letter, and I would mention the subject to the First Consul, and communicate the answer to him. Doublet searched his pocket for the letter, but could not find it. He said he would send a copy, and begged me to discover how the error originated. On the same day he sent me the copy of the letter, in which, after congratulating Bonaparte on his return, the following passage occurs:—"Hasten to save Malta with men and provisions: no time is to be lost." For this passage these words were substituted in the 'Moniteur': "His name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage; we have men and provisions."

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Ignorant of the motives of so strange a perversion, I showed this letter to the First Consul. He shrugged up his shoulders and said, laughing, “Take no notice of him, he is a fool; give yourself no further trouble about it.”

It was clear there was nothing more to be done. It was, however, in despite of me that M. Doublet was played this ill turn. I represented to the First Consul the inconveniences which M. Doublet might experience from this affair. But I very rarely saw letters or reports published as they were received. I can easily understand how particular motives might be alleged in order to justify such falsifications; for, when the path of candour and good faith is departed from, any pretest is put forward to excuse bad conduct. What sort of a history would he write who should consult only the pages of the ‘Moniteur’?

After the vote for adding a second ten years to the duration of Bonaparte’s Consulship he created, on the 19th of May, the order of the Legion of Honour. This institution was soon followed by that of the new nobility. Thus, in a short space of time, the Concordat to tranquillize consciences and re-establish harmony in the Church; the decree to recall the emigrants; the continuance of the Consular power for ten years, by way of preparation for the Consulship for life, and the possession of the Empire; and the creation, in a country which had abolished all distinctions, of an order which was to engender prodigies, followed closely on the heels of each other. The Bourbons, in reviving the abolished orders, were wise enough to preserve along with them the Legion of Honour.

It has already been seen how, in certain circumstances, the First Consul always escaped from the consequences of his own precipitation, and got rid of his blunders by throwing the blame on others—as, for example, in the affair of the parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. He was indeed so precipitate that one might say, had he been a gardener, he would have wished to see the fruits ripen before the blossoms had fallen off. This inconsiderate haste nearly proved fatal to the creation of the Legion of Honour, a project which ripened in his mind as soon as he beheld the orders glittering at the button-holes of the Foreign Ministers. He would frequently exclaim, “This is well! These are the things for the people!”

I was, I must confess, a decided partisan of the foundation in France of a new chivalric order, because I think, in every well-conducted State, the chief of the Government ought to do all in his power to stimulate the honour of the citizens, and to render them more sensible to honorary distinctions than to pecuniary advantages. I tried, however, at the same time to warn the First Consul of his precipitancy. He heard me not; but I must with equal frankness confess that on this occasion I was soon freed from all apprehension with respect to the consequences of the difficulties he had to encounter in the Council and in the other constituted orders of the State.

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On the 4th of May 1801 he brought forward, for the first time officially, in the Council of State the question of the establishment of the Legion of Honour, which on the 19th May 1802 was proclaimed a law of the State. The opposition to this measure was very great, and all the power of the First Consul, the force of his arguments, and the immense influence of his position, could procure him no more than 14 votes out of 24. The same feeling was displayed at the Tribunate; where the measure only passed by a vote of 56 to 38. The balance was about the same in the Legislative Body, where the votes were 166 to 110. It follows, then, that out of the 394 voters in those three separate bodies a majority only of 78 was obtained. Surprised at so feeble a majority, the First Consul said in the evening, “Ah! I see very clearly the prejudices are still too strong. You were right; I should have waited. It was not a thing of such urgency. But then, it must be owned, the speakers for the measure defended it badly. The strong minority has not judged me fairly.”— “Be calm,” rejoined I: “without doubt it would have been better to wait; but the thing is done, and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not near gone by. It is a taste which helongs to the nature of man. You may expect some extraordinary circumstances from this creation—you will soon see them.”

In April 1802 the First Consul left no stone unturned to get himself declared Consul for life. It is perhaps at this epoch of his career that he most brought into play those principles of duplicity and dissimulation which are commonly called Machiavellian. Never were trickery, falsehood, cunning, and affected moderation put into play with more talent or success.

In the month of March hereditary succession and a dynasty were in everybody’s mouths. Lucien was the most violent propagator of these ideas, and he pursued his vocation of apostle with constancy and address. It has already been mentioned that, by his brother’s confession; he published in 1800 a pamphlet enforcing the same ideas; which work Bonaparte afterwards condemned as a premature development of his projects. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas could not be otherwise than favourable to the monarchical form of government, was ready to enter into explanations with the Cabinets of Europe on the subject. The words which now constantly resounded in every ear were “stability and order,” under cloak of which the downfall of the people’s right was to be concealed. At the same time Bonaparte, with the view of disparaging the real friends of constitutional liberty, always called them ideologues,

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—[I have classed all these people under the denomination of Ideologues, which, besides, is what specially and literally fits them,—searchers after ideas (ideas generally empty). They have been made more ridiculous than even I expected by this application, a correct one, of the term ideologue to them. The phrase has been successful, I believe, because it was mine (Napoleon in Iung's Lucien, tome ii. p, 293). Napoleon welcomed every attack on this description of sage. Much pleased with a discourse by Royer Collard, he said to Talleyrand, "Do you know, Monsieur is Grand Electeur, that a new and serious philosophy is rising in my university, which may do us great honour and disembarrass us completely of the ideologues, slaying them on the spot by reasoning?" It is with something of the same satisfaction that Renan, writing of 1898, says that the finer dreams had been disastrous when brought into the domain of facts, and that human concerns only began to improve when the ideologues ceased to meddle with them (Souvenirs, p. 122).]—

or terrorists. Madame Bonaparte opposed with fortitude the influence of counsels which she believed fatal to her husband. He indeed spoke rarely, and seldom confidentially, with her on politics or public affairs. "Mind your distaff or your needle," was with him a common phrase. The individuals who applied themselves with most perseverance in support of the hereditary question were Lucien, Roederer, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Fontanel. Their efforts were aided by the conclusion of peace with England, which, by re-establishing general tranquillity for a time, afforded the First Consul an opportunity of forwarding any plan.

While the First Consul aspired to the throne of France, his brothers, especially Lucien, affected a ridiculous pride and pretension. Take an almost incredible example of which I was witness. On Sunday, the 9th of May, Lucien came to see Madame Bonaparte, who said to him, "Why did you not come to dinner last Monday?"—"Because there was no place marked for me: the brothers of Napoleon ought to have the first place after him."— "What am I to understand by that?" answered Madame Bonaparte. "If you are the brother of Bonaparte, recollect what you were. At my house all places are the same. Eugene world never have committed such a folly."

—[On such points there was constant trouble with the Bonapartist family, as will be seen in Madame de Remusat's Memoirs. For an instance, in 1812, where Joseph insisted on his mother taking precedence of Josephine at a dinner in his house, when Napoleon settled the matter by seizing Josephine's arm and leading her in first, to the consternation of the party. But Napoleon, right in this case, had his own ideas on such points, The place of the Princess Elisa, the eldest of his sisters, had been put below that of Caroline, Queen of Naples. Elisa was then only princess of Lucca. The Emperor suddenly

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rose, and by a shift to the right placed the Princess Elisa above the Queen. 'Now,' said he, 'do not forget that in the imperial family I am the only King.' (Iung's Lucien, tome ii. p. 251), This rule he seems to have adhered to, for when he and his brothers went in the same carriage to the Champ de Mai in 1815, Jerome, titular King of Westphalia, had to take the front seat, while his elder brother, Lucien, only bearing the Roman title of Prince de Canino, sat on one of the seats of honour alongside Napoleon. Jerome was disgusted, and grumbled at a King having to give way to a mere Roman Prince, See Iung's Lucien, tome ii. p, 190.]—

At this period, when the Consulate for life was only in embryo, flattering counsels poured in from all quarters, and tended to encourage the First Consul in his design of grasping at absolute power.

Liberty rejected an unlimited power, and set bounds to the means he wished and had to employ in order to gratify his excessive love of war and conquest. "The present state of things, this Consulate of ten years," said he to me, does not satisfy me; "I consider it calculated to excite unceasing troubles." On the 7th of July 1801, he observed, "The question whether France will be a Republic is still doubtful: it will be decided in five or six years." It was clear that he thought this too long a term. Whether he regarded France as his property, or considered himself as the people's delegate and the defender of their rights, I am convinced the First Consul wished the welfare of France; but then that welfare was in his mind inseparable from absolute power. It was with pain I saw him following this course. The friends of liberty, those who sincerely wished to maintain a Government constitutionally free, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon to consent to an extension of ten years of power beyond the ten years originally granted by the constitution. They made this sacrifice to glory and to that power which was its consequence; and they were far from thinking they were lending their support to shameless intrigues. They were firm, but for the moment only, and the nomination for life was rejected by the Senate, who voted only ten years more power to Bonaparte, who saw the vision of his ambition again adjourned.

The First Consul dissembled his displeasure with that profound art which, when he could not do otherwise, he exercised to an extreme degree. To a message of the Senate on the subject of that nomination he returned a calm but evasive and equivocating answer, in which, nourishing his favourite hope of obtaining more from the people than from the Senate, he declared with hypocritical humility, "That he would submit to this new sacrifice if the wish of the people demanded what the Senate authorised." Such was the homage he paid to the sovereignty of the people, which was soon to be trampled under his feet!

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An extraordinary convocation of the Council of State took place on Monday, the 10th of May. A communication was made to them, not merely of the Senate's consultation, but also of the First Consul's adroit and insidious reply. The Council regarded the first merely as a notification, and proceeded to consider on what question the people should be consulted. Not satisfied with granting to the First Consul ten years of prerogative, the Council thought it best to strike the iron while it was hot, and not to stop short in the middle of so pleasing a work. In fine, they decided that the following question should be put to the people: "Shall the First Consul be appointed for life, and shall he have the power of nominating his successor?" The reports of the police had besides much influence on the result of this discussion, for they one and all declared that the whole of Paris demanded a Consul for life, with the right of naming a successor. The decisions on these two questions were carried as it were by storm. The appointment for life passed unanimously, and the right of naming the successor by a majority. The First Consul, however, formally declared that he condemned this second measure, which had not originated with himself. On receiving the decision of the Council of State the First Consul, to mask his plan for attaining absolute power, thought it advisable to appear to reject a part of what was offered him. He therefore cancelled that clause which proposed to give him the power of appointing a successor, and which had been carried by a small majority.

CHAPTER X.

1802.

General Bernadotte pacifies La vendee and suppresses a mutiny at Tours—Bonaparte's injustice towards him—A premeditated scene— Advice given to Bernadotte, and Bonaparte disappointed—The First Consul's residence at St. Cloud—His rehearsals for the Empire— His contempt of mankind—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte—Information of plans of assassination—A military dinner given by Bonaparte—Moreau not of the party—-Effect of the 'Senates-consultes' on the Consulate for life—Journey to Plombieres—-Previous scene between Lucien and Josephine—Theatrical representations at Neuilly and Malmaison— Loss of a watch, and honesty rewarded—Canova at St. Cloud—Bonaparte's reluctance to stand for a model.

Having arrived at nearly the middle of the career which I have undertaken to trace, before I advance farther I must go back for a few moments, as I have already frequently done, in order to introduce some circumstances which escaped my recollection, or which I purposely reserved, that I might place them amongst facts analogous to them: Thus, for instance, I have only referred in passing to a man who, since become a monarch, has not ceased to honour me with his friendship, as will be seen in the course of my Memoirs, since the part we have seen him play in the events of the 18th Brumaire. This man, whom the inexplicable combination of events has raised to a throne for the happiness of the people he is called to govern, is Bernadotte.

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It was evident that hernadotte must necessarily fall into a kind of disgrace for not having supported Bonaparte's projects at the period of the overthrow of the Directory. The First Consul, however, did not dare to avenge himself openly; but he watched for every opportunity to remove Bernadotte from his presence, to place him in difficult situations, and to entrust him with missions for which no precise instructions were given, in the hope that hernadotte would commit faults for which the First Consul might make him wholly responsible.

At the commencement of the Consulate the deplorable war in La Vendee raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and this civil war caused Bonaparte much more uneasiness than that which he was obliged to conduct on the Rhine and in Italy, because, from the success of the Vendeans might arise a question respecting internal government, the solution of which was likely to be contrary to Bonaparte's views. The slightest success of the Vendeans spread alarm amongst the holders of national property; and, besides, there was no hope of reconciliation between France and England, her eternal and implacable enemy, as long as the flame of insurrection remained unextinguished.

The task of terminating this unhappy struggle was obviously a difficult one. Bonaparte therefore resolved to impose it on Bernadotte; but this general's conciliatory disposition, his chivalrous manners, his tendency to indulgence, and a happy mixture of prudence and firmness, made him succeed where others would have failed. He finally established good order and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendee a rebellious disposition manifested itself at Tours amongst the soldiers of a regiment stationed there. The men refused to march until they received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, as commander-in-chief of the army of the west, without being alarmed at the disturbance, ordered the fifty-second demi-brigade— the one in question—to be drawn up in the square of Tours, where, at the very head of the corps, the leaders of the mutiny were by his orders arrested without any resistance being offered. Carnot who was then Minister of War, made a report to the First Consul on this affair, which, but for the firmness of Bernadotte, might have been attended with disagreeable results. Carnet's report contained a plain statement of the facts, and of General Bernadotte's conduct. Bonaparte was, however, desirous to find in it some pretext for blaming him, and made me write these words on the margin of the report: "General Bernadotte did not act discreetly in adopting such severe measures against the fifty-second demi-brigade, he not having the means, if he had been unsuccessful, of re-establishing order in a town the garrison of which was not strong enough to subdue the mutineers."

A few days after, the First Consul having learned that the result of this affair was quite different from that which he affected to dread, and being convinced that by Bernadotte's firmness alone order had been restored, he found himself in some measure constrained to write to the General, and he dictated the following letter to me:

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Paris, 11th Vendemiaire. Year XI.

> *Citizen-general*—I have read with interest the account of what you did to re-establish order in the fifty-second demi-brigade, and also the report of General Liebert, dated the 5th Vendemiaire. Tell that officer that the Government is satisfied with his conduct. His promotion from the rank of Colonel to that of General of brigade is confirmed. I wish that brave officer to come to Paris. He has afforded an example of firmness and energy which does honour to a soldier.
>
> (Signed) *Bonaparte*.

Thus in the same affair Bonaparte, in a few days, from the spontaneous expression of blame dictated by hate, was reduced to the necessity of declaring his approbation, which he did, as may be seen, with studied coldness, and even taking pains to make his praises apply to Colonel Liebert, and not to the general-in-chief.

Time only served to augment Bonaparte's dislike of Bernadotte. It might be said that the farther he advanced in his rapid march towards absolute power the more animosity he cherished against the individual who had refused to aid his first steps in his adventurous career. At the same time the persons about Bonaparte who practised the art of flattering failed not to multiply reports and insinuations against Bernadotte. I recollect one day, when there was to be a grand public levee, seeing Bonaparte so much out of temper that I asked him the cause of it. "I can bear it no longer," he replied impetuously. "I have resolved to have a scene with Bernadotte to-day. He will probably be here. I will open the fire, let what will come of it. He may do what he pleases. We shall see! It is time there should be an end of this."

I had never before observed the First Consul so violently irritated. He was in a terrible passion, and I dreaded the moment when the levee was to open. When he left me to go down to the salon I availed myself of the opportunity to get there before him, which I could easily do, as the salon was not twenty steps from the cabinet. By good luck Bernadotte was the first person I saw. He was standing in the recess of a window which looked on the square of the Carrousel. To cross the salon and reach the General was the work of a moment. "General!" said I, "trust me and retire!—I have good reasons for advising it!" Bernadotte, seeing my extreme anxiety, and aware of the sincere sentiments of esteem end friendship which I entertained for him, consented to retire, and I regarded this as a triumph; for, knowing Bernadotte's frankness of character and his nice sense of honour, I was quite certain that he would not submit to the harsh observations which Bonaparte intended to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could desire. The First Consul suspected nothing, and remarked only one thing, which was that his victim was absent. When the

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levee was over he said to me, “What do you think of it, Bourrienne?——Bernadotte did not come.”—“So much the better for him, General,” was my reply. Nothing further happened. The First Consul on returning from Josephine found me in the cabinet, and consequently could suspect nothing, and my communication with Bernadotte did not occupy five minutes. Bernadotte always expressed himself much gratified with the proof of friendship I gave him at this delicate conjuncture. The fact is, that from a disposition of my mind, which I could not myself account for, the more Bonaparte’a unjust hatred of Bernadotte increased the more sympathy and admiration I felt for the noble character of the latter.

The event in question occurred in the spring of 1802. It was at this period that Bonaparte first occupied St. Cloud, which he was much pleased with, because he found himself more at liberty there than at the Tuileries; which palace is really only a prison for royalty, as there a sovereign cannot even take the air at a window without immediately being the object of the curiosity of the public, who collect in large crowds. At St. Cloud, on the contrary, Bonaparte could walk out from his cabinet and prolong his promenade without being annoyed by petitioners. One of his first steps was to repair the cross road leading from St. Cloud to Malmaison, between which places Bonaparte rode in a quarter of an hour. This proximity to the country, which he liked, made staying at St. Cloud yet pleasanter to him. It was at St. Cloud that the First Consul made, if I may so express it, his first rehearsals of the grand drama of the Empire. It was there he began to introduce, in external forms, the habits and etiquette which brought to mind the ceremonies of sovereignty. He soon perceived the influence which pomp of ceremony, brilliancy of appearance, and richness of costume, exercise over the mass of mankind. “Men,” he remarked to me a this period, “well deserve the contempt I feel for them. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans and they immediately become just what I wish them.”

I remember one day, after one of his frequent sallies of contempt for human kind, I observed to him that although baubles might excite vulgar admiration, there were some distinguished men who did not permit themselves to be fascinated by their allurements; and I mentioned the celebrated Fox by way of example, who, previous to the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, visited Paris, where he was remarked for his extreme simplicity. The First Consul said, “Ah! you are right with respect to him. Mr. Fox is a truly great man, and pleases me much.”

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In fact, Bonaparte always received Mr. Fox's visits with the greatest satisfaction; and after every conversation they had together he never failed to express to me the pleasure which he experienced in discoursing with a man every way worthy of the great celebrity he had attained. He considered him a very superior man, and wished he might have to treat with him in his future negotiations with England. It may be supposed that Mr. Fox, on his part, never forgot the terms of intimacy, I may say of confidence, on which he had been with the First Consul. In fact, he on several occasions informed him in time of war of the plots formed against his life. Less could not be expected from a man of so noble a character. I can likewise affirm, having more than once been in possession of proofs of the fact, that the English Government constantly rejected with indignation all such projects. I do not mean those which had for their object the overthrow of the Consular or Imperial Government, but all plans of assassination and secret attacks on the person of Bonaparte, whether First Consul or Emperor. I will here request the indulgence of the reader whilst I relate a circumstance which occurred a year before Mr. Fox's journey to Paris; but as it refers to Moreau, I believe that the transposition will be pardoned more easily than the omission.

During the summer 1801 the First Consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's. The restaurateur he favoured with his company was Veri, whose establishment was situated on the terrace of the Feuillans with an entrance into the garden of the Tuileries. Bonaparte did not send an invitation to Moreau, whom I met by chance that day in the following manner:—The ceremony of the dinner at Veri's leaving me at liberty to dispose of my time, I availed myself of it to go and dine at a restaurateur's named Rose, who then enjoyed great celebrity amongst the distinguished gastronomes. I dined in company with M. Carbonnet, a friend of Moreau's family, and two or three other persons. Whilst we were at table in the rotunda we were informed by the waiter who attended on us that General Moreau and his wife, with Lacuee and two other military men, were in an adjoining apartment. Suchet, who had dined at Veri's, where he said everything was prodigiously dull, on rising from the table joined Moreau's party. These details we learned from M. Carbonnet, who left us for a few moments to see the General and Madame Moreau.

Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau at the moment when the latter had returned a conqueror from the army of the Rhine, and at the same time the affectation of Moreau in going publicly the same day to dine at another restaurateur's, afforded ground for the supposition that the coolness which existed between them would soon be converted into enmity. The people of Paris naturally thought that the conqueror of Marengo might, without any degradation, have given the conqueror of Hohenlinden a seat at his table.

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By the commencement of the year 1802 the Republic had ceased to be anything else than a fiction, or an historical recollection. All that remained of it was a deceptive inscription on the gates of the Palace. Even at the time of his installation at the Tuileries, Bonaparte had caused the two trees of liberty which were planted in the court to be cut down; thus removing the outward emblems before he destroyed the reality. But the moment the Senatorial decisions of the 2d and 4th of August were published it was evident to the dullest perceptions that the power of the First Consul wanted nothing but a name.

After these 'Consultes' Bonaparte readily accustomed himself to regard the principal authorities of the State merely as necessary instruments for the exercise of his power. Interested advisers then crowded round him. It was seriously proposed that he should restore the ancient titles, as being more in harmony with the new power which the people had confided to him than the republican forms. He was still of opinion, however, according to his phrase, that "the pear was not yet ripe," and would not hear this project spoken of for a moment. "All this," he said to me one day, "will come in good time; but you must see, Bourrienne, that it is necessary I should, in the first place, assume a title, from which the others that I will give to everybody will naturally take their origin. The greatest difficulty is surmounted. There is no longer any person to deceive. Everybody sees as clear as day that it is only one step which separates the throne from the Consulate for life. However, we must be cautious. There are some troublesome fellows in the Tribunate, but I will take care of them."

Whilst these serious questions agitated men's minds the greater part of the residents at Malmaison took a trip to Plombieres. Josephine, Bonaparte's mother, Madame Beauharnais-Lavallette, Hortense, and General Rapp, were of this party. It pleased the fancy of the jocund company to address to me a bulletin of the pleasant and unpleasant occurrences of the journey. I insert this letter merely as a proof of the intimacy which existed between the writers and myself. It follows, precisely as I have preserved it, with the exception of the blots, for which it will be seen they apologised.

Anaccount of the journey to Plombieres.
To the Inhabitants of Malmaison.

The whole party left Malmaison in tears, which brought on such dreadful headaches that all the amiable persons were quite overcome by the idea of the journey. Madame Bonaparte, mere, supported the fatigues of this memorable day with the greatest courage; but Madame Bonaparte, Consulesse, did not show any. The two young ladies who sat in the dormouse, Mademoiselle Hortense and Madame Lavallette, were rival candidates for a bottle of Eau de Cologne; and every now and then the amiable M. Rapp made the carriage stop for the

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comfort of his poor little sick heart, which overflowed with bile: in fine, he was obliged to take to bed on arriving at Epernay, while the rest of the amiable party tried to drown their sorrows in champagne. The second day was more fortunate on the score of health and spirits, but provisions were wanting, and great were the sufferings of the stomach. The travellers lived on the hope of a good supper at Toul; but despair was at its height when, on arriving there, they found only a wretched inn, and nothing in it. We saw some odd-looking folks there, which indemnified us a little for spinach dressed in lamp-oil, and red asparagus fried with curdled milk. Who would not have been amused to see the Malmaison gourmands seated at a table so shockingly served!

In no record of history is there to be found a day passed in distress so dreadful as that on which we arrived at Plombieres. On departing from Toul we intended to breakfast at Nancy, for every stomach had been empty for two days; but the civil and military authorities came out to meet us, and prevented us from executing our plan. We continued our route, wasting away, so that you might, see us growing thinner every moment. To complete our misfortune, the dormouse, which seemed to have taken a fancy to embark on the Moselle for Metz, barely escaped an overturn. But at Plombieres we have been well compensated for this unlucky journey, for on our arrival we were received with all kinds of rejoicings. The town was illuminated, the cannon fired, and the faces of handsome women at all the windows give us reason to hope that we shall bear our absence from Malmaison with the less regret.

With the exception of some anecdotes, which we reserve for chit-chat on our return, you have here a correct account of our journey, which we, the undersigned, hereby certify.

Josephine Bonaparte.
Beauharnais-LAPALLETTE.
Hortense beauharnais.
Rapp.
Bonaparte, mere.

The company ask pardon for the blots.
21st Messidor.

It is requested that the person who receives this journal will show it to all who take an interest in the fair travellers.

This journey to Plombieres was preceded by a scene which I should abstain from describing if I had not undertaken to relate the truth respecting the family of the First Consul. Two or three days before her departure Madame Bonaparte sent for me. I obeyed the summons, and found her in tears. “What a man-what a man is that Lucien!” she exclaimed in accents of grief. “If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he

has dared to make to me! ‘You are going to the waters,’ said he; ’you must get a child by some other person since you cannot have one by him.’ Imagine the indignation with which I received such advice. ‘Well,’ he continued, ’if you do not wish it, or cannot help it, Bonaparte must get a child by another woman, and you must adopt it, for

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it is necessary to secure an hereditary successor. It is for your interest; you must know that.'— 'What, sir!' I replied, 'do you imagine the nation will suffer a bastard to govern it? Lucien! Lucien! you would ruin your brother! This is dreadful! Wretched should I be, were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal! Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible!'—'Well, Madame,' retorted he, 'all I can say to that is, that I am really sorry for you!'"

The amiable Josephine was sobbing whilst she described this scene to me, and I was not insensible to the indignation which she felt. The truth is, that at that period Lucien, though constantly affecting to despise power for himself, was incessantly labouring to concentrate it in the hands of his brother; and he considered three things necessary to the success of his views, namely, hereditary succession, divorce, and the Imperial Government.

Lucien had a delightful house near Neuilly. Some days before the deplorable scene which I have related he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates at Malmaison to witness a theatrical representation. 'Alzire' was the piece performed. Elise played Alzire, and Lucien, Zamore. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Bonaparte more than any other. When the play was over he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said to me in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies—I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the salon, he addressed him publicly, and gave him to understand that he must for the future desist from such representations. When we returned to Malmaison; he again spoke of what had passed with dissatisfaction. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon the boards almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"

Lucien had a strong predilection for theatrical exhibitions, to which he attached great importance. The fact is, he declaimed in a superior style, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It was said that the turban of Orosmane, the costume of America, the Roman toga, or the robe of the high priest of Jerusalem, all became him equally well; and I believe that this was the exact truth. Theatrical representations were not confined to Neuilly. We had our theatre and our company of actors at Malmaison; but there everything was conducted with the greatest decorum; and now that I have got behind the scenes, I will not quit them until I have let the reader into the secrets of our drama.

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By the direction of the First Consul a very pretty little theatre was built at Malmaison. Our usual actors were Eugene *beauharnais*, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of the prefects of the Palace, some other individuals belonging to the First Consul's household, and myself. Freed from the cares of government, which we confined as much as possible to the Tuileries, we were a very happy colony at Malmaison; and, besides, we were young, and what is there to which youth does not add charms? The pieces which the First Consul most liked to see us perform were, 'Le Barbier de Seville' and 'Defiance et Malice'. In Le Barbier Lauriston played the part of Count Almaviva; Hortense, Rosins; Eugene, Basil; Didelot, Figaro; I, Bartholo; and Isabey, l'Aveille. Our other stock pieces were, Projets de Mariage, La Gageltre, the Dapit Anloureux, in which I played the part of the valet; and L'Impromptu de Campagne, in which I enacted the Baron, having for my Baroness the young and handsome Caroline Murat.

Hortense's acting was perfection, Caroline was middling, Eugene played very well, Lauriston was rather heavy, Didelot passable, and I may venture to assert, without vanity, that I was not quite the worst of the company. If we were not good actors it was not for want of good instruction and good advice. Talma and Michot came to direct us, and made us rehearse before them, sometimes altogether and sometimes separately. How many lessons have I received from Michot whilst walking in the beautiful park of Malmaison! And may I be excused for saying, that I now experience pleasure in looking back upon these trifles, which are matters of importance when one is young, and which contrasted so singularly with the great theatre on which we did not represent fictitious characters? We had, to adopt theatrical language, a good supply of property. Bonaparte presented each of us with a collection of dramas very well bound; and, as the patron of the company, he provided us with rich and elegant dresses.

—[While Bourrienne, belonging to the Malmaison company, considered that the acting at Neuilly was indecent, Lucien, who refused to act at Malmaison, naturally thought the Malmaison troupe was dull. "Hortense and Caroline filled the principal parts. They were very commonplace. In this they followed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and her companions. Louis XVI., not naturally polite, when seeing them act, had said that it was royally badly acted" (see Madame Campan's Life of Marie Antoinette, tome i. p. 299). "The First Consul said of his troupe that it was sovereignly badly acted". . . Murat, Lannes, and even Caroline ranted. Elisa, who, having been educated at Saint Cyr, spoke purely and without accent, refused to act. Janot acted well the drunken parts, and even the others he undertook. The rest were decidedly bad. Worse than bad—-ridiculous" (Iung's Lucien's, tome ii. p. 256). Rival actors are not fair critics. Let us hear

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Madame Junot (tome ii. p. 103). "The cleverest of our company was M. de Bourrienne. He played the more dignified characters in real perfection, and his talent was the more pleasing as it was not the result of study, but of a perfect comprehension of his part." And she goes on to say that even the best professional actors might have learnt from him in some parts. The audience was not a pleasant one to face. It was the First Consul's habit to invite forty persons to dinner, and a hundred and fifty for the evening, and consequently to hear, criticise, and banter us without mercy" (Memoirs of Duchesse d'Abrantes, tome ii. p. 108).]—

Bonaparte took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar. Sometimes he complimented us on our exertions. Although I was as much amused with the thing as others, I was more than once obliged to remind him that my occupations left me but little time to learn my parts. Then he would assume his coaxing manner and say, "Come, do not vex me! You have such a memory! You know that it amuses me. You see that these performances render Malmaison gay and animated; Josephine takes much pleasure in them. Rise earlier in the morning.—In fact, I sleep too much; is not that the cafe—Come, Bourrienne, do oblige me. You make me laugh so heartily! Do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not over much amusement, as you well know."—"All, truly! I would not deprive you of any pleasure. I am delighted to be able to contribute to your amusement." After a conversation of this sort I could not do less than set about studying my part.

At this period, during summer, I had half the Sunday to myself. I was, however, obliged to devote a portion of this precious leisure to pleasing Bonaparte by studying a new part as a surprise for him. Occasionally, however, I passed the time at Ruel. I recollect that one day, when I had hurried there from Malmaison, I lost a beautiful watch made by Breguet. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road was that day thronged with people. I made my loss publicly known by means of the crier of Ruel. An hour after, as I was sitting down to table, a young lad belonging to the village brought me my watch. He had found it on the high road in a wheel rut. I was pleased with the probity of this young man, and rewarded both him and his father, who accompanied him. I reiterated the circumstance the same evening to the First Consul, who was so struck with this instance of honesty that he directed me to procure information respecting the young man and his family. I learned that they were honest peasants. Bonaparte gave employment to three brothers of this family; and, what was most difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man who brought me the watch from the conscription.

When a fact of this nature reached Bonaparte's ear it was seldom that he did not give the principal actor in it some proof of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his character—kindness and impatience. Impatience, when he was under its influence, got the better of him; it was then impossible for him to control himself. I had a remarkable proof of it about this very period.

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Canova having arrived in Paris came to St. Cloud to model the figure of the First Consul, of whom he was about to make a colossal statue. This great artist came often, in the hope of getting his model to stand in the proper attitude; but Bonaparte was so tired, disgusted, and fretted by the process, that he very seldom put himself in the required attitude, and then only for a short time. Bonaparte notwithstanding had the highest regard for Canova. Whenever he was announced the First Consul sent me to keep him company until he was at leisure to give him a sitting; but he would shrug up his shoulders and say, “More modeling! Good Heavens, how vexatious!” Canova expressed great displeasure at not being able to study his model as he wished to do, and the little anxiety of Bonaparte on the subject damped the ardour of his imagination. Everybody agrees in saying that he has not succeeded in the work, and I have explained the reason. The Duke of Wellington afterwards possessed this colossal statue, which was about twice his own height.

CHAPTER XI.

1802.

Bonaparte’s principle as to the change of Ministers—Fouche—His influence with the First Consul—Fouche’s dismissal—The departments of Police and Justice united under Regnier—Madame Bonaparte’s regret for the dismissal of Fouche—Family scenes—-Madame Louis Bonaparte’s pregnancy—False and infamous reports to Josephine—Legitimacy and a bastard—Raederer reproached by Josephine—Her visit to Ruel—-Long conversation with her—Assertion at St. Helena respecting a great political fraud.

It is a principle particularly applicable to absolute governments that a prince should change his ministers as seldom as possible, and never except upon serious grounds. Bonaparte acted on this principle when First Consul, and also when he became Emperor. He often allowed unjust causes to influence him, but he never dismissed a Minister without cause; indeed, he more than once, without any reason, retained Ministers longer than he ought to have done in the situations in which he had placed them. Bonaparte’s tenacity in this respect, in some instances, produced very opposite results. For instance, it afforded M. Gaudin’ time to establish a degree of order in the administration of Finance which before his time had never existed; and on the other hand, it enabled M. Decres to reduce the Ministry of Marine to an unparalleled state of confusion.

Bonaparte saw nothing in men but helps and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire Fouche was a help. The First Consul feared that he would become an obstacle; it was necessary, therefore, to think of dismissing him. Bonaparte’s most sincere friends had from the beginning been opposed to Fouche’s having any share in the Government. But their disinterested advice produced no other result than their own disgrace, so influential a person had Fouche become. How

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could it be otherwise? Fouche was identified with the Republic by the death of the King, for which he had voted; with the Reign of Terror by his sanguinary missions to Lyons and Nevers; with the Consulate by his real though perhaps exaggerated services; with Bonaparte by the charm with which he might be said to have fascinated him; with Josephine by the enmity of the First Consul's brothers. Who would believe it? Fouche ranked the enemies of the Revolution amongst his warmest partisans. They overwhelmed him with eulogy, to the disparagement even of the Head of the State, because the cunning Minister, practising an interested indulgence, set himself up as the protector of individuals belonging to classes which, when he was proconsul, he had attacked in the mass. Director of public opinion, and having in his hands the means at his pleasure of inspiring fear or of entangling by inducements, it was all in his favour that he had already directed this opinion. The machinery he set in motion was so calculated that the police was rather the police of Fouche than that of the Minister of the General Police. Throughout Paris, and indeed throughout all France, Fouche obtained credit for extraordinary ability; and the popular opinion was correct in this respect, namely, that no man ever displayed such ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent. Fouche's secret in this particular is the whole secret of the greater part of those persons who are called statesmen.

Be this as it may, the First Consul did not behold with pleasure the factitious influence of which Fouche had possessed himself. For some time past, to the repugnance which at bottom he had felt towards. Fouche, were added other causes of discontent. In consequence of having been deceived by secret reports and correspondence Bonaparte began to shrug up his shoulders with an expression of regret when he received them, and said, "Would you believe, Bourrienne, that I have been imposed on by these things? All such denunciations are useless—scandalous. All the reports from prefects and the police, all the intercepted letters, are a tissue of absurdities and lies. I desire to have no more of them." He said so, but he still received them. However, Fouche's dismissal was resolved upon. But though Bonaparte wished to get rid of him, still, under the influence of the charm, he dared not proceed against him without the greatest caution. He first resolved upon the suppression of the office of Minister of Police in order to disguise the motive for the removal of the Minister. The First Consul told Fouche that this suppression, which he spoke of as being yet remote, was calculated more than anything else to give strength to the Government, since it would afford a proof of the security and internal tranquillity of France. Overpowered by the arguments with which Bonaparte supported his proposition, Fouche could urge no good reasons in opposition to it, but contented

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himself with recommending that the execution of the design, which was good in intention, should, however, be postponed for two years. Bonaparte appeared to listen favourably to Fouche's recommendation, who, as avaricious for money as Bonaparte of glory, consoled himself by thinking that for these two years the administration of the gaming tables would still be for him a Pactolus flowing with gold. For Fouche, already the possessor of an immense fortune, always dreamed of increasing it, though he himself did not know how to enjoy it. With him the ambition of enlarging the bounds of his estate of Pont-Carre was not less felt than with the First Consul the ambition of extending the frontier of France.

Not only did the First Consul not like Fouche, but it is perfectly true that at this time the police wearied and annoyed him. Several times he told me he looked on it as dangerous, especially for the possessor of power. In a Government without the liberty of the press he was quite right. The very services which the police had rendered to the First Consul were of a nature to alarm him, for whoever had conspired against the Directory in favour of the Consulate might also conspire against the Consulate in favour of any other Government. It is needless to say that I only allude to the political police, and not to the municipal police, which is indispensable for large towns, and which has the honourable mission of watching over the health and safety of the citizens.

Fouche, as has been stated, had been Minister of Police since the 18th Brumaire. Everybody who was acquainted with, the First Consul's character was unable to explain the ascendency which he had suffered Fouche to acquire over him, and of which Bonaparte himself was really impatient. He saw in Fouche a centre around which all the interests of the Revolution concentrated themselves, and at this he felt indignant; but, subject to a species of magnetism, he could not break the charm which enthralled him. When he spoke of Fouche in his absence his language was warm, bitter, and hostile. When Fouche was present, Bonaparte's tone was softened, unless some public scene was to be acted like that which occurred after the attempt of the 3d Nivose.

The suppression of the Ministry of Police being determined on, Bonaparte did not choose to delay the execution of his design, as he had pretended to think necessary. On the evening of the 12th of September we went to Mortfontaine. We passed the next day, which was Monday, at that place, and it was there, far removed from Fouche, and urged by the combined persuasions of Joseph and Lucien, that the First Consul signed the decree of suppression. The next morning we returned to Paris. Fouche came to Malmaison, where we were, in the regular execution of his duties. The First Consul transacted business with him as usual without daring to tell him of his dismissal, and afterwards sent Cambaceres to inform him of it. After this act, respecting which he had hesitated so long, Bonaparte still endeavoured to modify his rigour. Having appointed Fouche a Senator, he said in the letter which he wrote to the Senate to notify the appointment:

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“Fouche, as Minister of Police, in times of difficulty, has by his talent, his activity, and his attachment to the Government done all that circumstances required of him. Placed in the bosom of the Senate, if events should again call for a Minister of Police the Government cannot find one more worthy of its confidence.”

From this moment the departments of Justice and Police united were confided to the hands of Regnier.’ Bonaparte’s aversion for Fouche strangely blinded him with respect to the capabilities of his successor. Besides, how could the administration of justice, which rests on fixed, rigid, and unchangeable bases, proceed hand in hand with another administration placed on the quicksand of instantaneous decisions, and surrounded by stratagems and deceptions? Justice should never have anything to do with secret police, unless it be to condemn it.

—[M. Abrial, Minister of Justice, was called to the Senate at the same time as Fouche. Understanding that the assimilation of the two men was more a disgrace to Abrial than the mere loss of the Ministry, the First Consul said to M. Abrial: “In uniting the Ministry of Police to that of Justice I could not retain you in the Ministry, you are too upright a man to manage the police.” Not a flattering speech for Regnier.—Bourrienne.]—

What could be expected from Regnier, charged as he was with incompatible functions? What, under such circumstances, could have been expected even from a man gifted with great talents? Such was the exact history of Fouche’s disgrace. No person was more afflicted at it than Madame Bonaparte, who only leaned the news when it was announced to the public. Josephine, on all occasions, defended Fouche against her husband’s sallies. She believed that he was the only one of his Ministers who told him the truth. She had such a high opinion of the way in which Fouche managed the police that the first time I was alone with her after our return from Mortfontaine she said to me, “My dear Bourrienne; speak openly to me; will Napoleon know all about the plots from the police of Moncey, Duroc, Junot, and of Davoust? You know better than I do that these are only wretched spies. Has not Savary also eventually got his police? How all this alarms me. They take away all my supports, and surround me only with enemies.”—“To justify your regrets we should be sure that Fouche has never been in agreement with Lucien in favour of the divorce.”—“Oh, I do not believe that. Bonaparte does not like him, and he would have been certain to tell me of it when I spoke favourably to him of Fouche. You will see that his brothers will end by bringing him into their plan.”

I have already spoken of Josephine’s troubles, and of the bad conduct of Joseph, but more particularly of Lucien, towards her; I will therefore describe here, as connected with the disgrace of Fouche, whom Madame Bonaparte regretted as a support, some scenes which occurred about this period at Malmaison. Having been the confidant of both parties, and an involuntary actor in those scenes, now that twenty-seven years have passed since they occurred what motive can induce me to disguise the truth in any respect?

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Madame Louis Bonaparte was enceinte. Josephine, although she tenderly loved her children, did not seem to behold the approaching event which the situation of her daughter indicated with the interest natural to the heart of a mother. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connection between Hortense and the First Consul, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Poor Josephine paid dearly for the splendour of her station! As I knew how devoid of foundation these atrocious reports were, I endeavoured to console her by telling her what was true, that I was exerting all my efforts to demonstrate their infamy and falsehood. Bonaparte, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife by a silly vanity. He endeavoured to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child, so that these seeming consolations offered by self-love to Josephine's grief gave force to existing conjugal alarms, and the fear of divorce returned with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity Bonaparte imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a bastard if supposed to be a child of his,—a singular mode truly of founding a new legitimacy!

Josephine, whose susceptibility appears to me even now excusable, well knew my sentiments on the subject of Bonaparte's founding a dynasty, and she had not forgotten my conduct when two years before the question had been agitated on the occasion of Louis XVIII.'s letters to the First Consul. I remember that one day, after the publication of the parallel of Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did when from the good humour exhibited at breakfast she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and thinking the moment favourable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself a King! It is that wretch Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him!" Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables!..... Come now, you interrupt me—leave me alone."

What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife I have often heard him declare seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of *beauharnais* and the family of Bonaparte cannot be denied.

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Fouche, as I have stated, was in the interest of Josephine, and Lucien was the most bitter of her enemies. One day Raederer inveighed with so much violence against Fouche in the presence of Madame Bonaparte that she replied with extreme warmth, “The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who feed him with notions of hereditary descent, of a dynasty, of divorce, and of marriage!” Josephine could not check this exclamation, as she knew that Roederer encouraged those ideas, which he spread abroad by Lucien’s direction. I recollect one day when she had been to see us at our little house at Ruel: as I walked with her along the high road to her carriage, which she had sent forward, I acknowledged too unreservedly my fears on account of the ambition of Bonaparte, and of the perfidious advice of his brothers. “Madame,” said I, “if we cannot succeed in dissuading the General from making himself a King, I dread the future for his sake. If ever he re-establishes royalty he will in all probability labour for the Bourbons, and enable them one day to re-ascend the throne which he shall erect. No one, doubtless, without passing for a fool, can pretend to say with certainty what series of chances and events such a proceeding will produce; but common sense alone is sufficient to convince any one that unfavourable chances must long be dreaded. The ancient system being re-established, the occupation of the throne will then be only a family question, and not a question of government between liberty and despotic power. Why should not France, if it ceases to be free, prefer the race of her ancient kings? You surely know it. You had not been married two years when, on returning from Italy, your husband told me that he aspired to royalty. Now he is Consul for life. Would he but resolve to stop there! He already possesses everything but an empty title. No sovereign in Europe has so much power as he has. I am sorry for it, Madame, but I really believe that, in spite of yourself, you will be made Queen or Empress.”

Madame Bonaparte had allowed me to speak without interruption, but when I pronounced the words Queen and Empress she exclaimed, “My God! Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the First Consul is all I desire. Say to him all that you have said to me. Try and prevent him from making himself King.”—“Madame,” I replied, “times are greatly altered. The wisest men, the strongest minds, have resolutely and courageously opposed his tendency to the hereditary system. But advice is now useless. He would not listen to me. In all discussions on the subject he adheres inflexibly to the view he has taken. If he be seriously opposed his anger knows no bounds; his language is harsh and abrupt, his tone imperious, and his authority bears down all before him.”—“Yet, Bourrienne, he has so much confidence in you that of you should try once more!”—“Madame, I assure you he will not listen to me. Besides,

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what could I add to the remarks I made upon his receiving the letters of Louis XVIII., when I fearlessly represented to him that heing without children he would have no one to whom to bequeath the throne—that, doubtless, from the opinion which he entertained of his brothers, he could not desire to erect it for them?" Here Josephine again interrupted me by exclaiming, "My kind friend, when you spoke of children did he say anything to you? Did he talk of a divorce?"—"Not a word, Madame, I assure you."—"If they do not urge him to it, I do not believe he will resolve to do such a thing. You know how he likes Eugene, and Eugene behaves so well to him. How different is Lucien. It is that wretch Lucien, to whom Bonaparte listens too much, and of whom, however, he always speaks ill to me."—"I do not know, Madame, what Lucien says to his brother except when he chooses to tell me, because Lucien always avoids having a witness of his interviews with your husband, but I can assure you that for two years I have not heard the word 'divorce' from the General's mouth."—"I always reckon on you, my dear Bourrienne; to turn him away from it; as you did at that time."—"I do not believe he is thinking of it, but if it recurs to him, consider, Madame, that it will be now from very different motives: He is now entirely given up to the interests of his policy and his ambition, which dominate every other feeling in him. There will not now be any question of scandal, or of a trial before a court, but of an act of authority which complaisant laws will justify and which the Church perhaps will sanction."—"That's true. You are right. Good God! how unhappy I am."
—[When Bourrienne complains of not knowing what passed between Lucien and Napoleon, we can turn to Lucien's account of Bourrienne, apparently about this very time. "After a stormy interview with Napoleon," says Lucien, "I at once went into the cabinet where Bourrienne was working, and found that unbearable busybody of a secretary, whose star had already paled more than once, which made him more prying than ever, quite upset by the time the First Consul had taken to come out of his bath. He must, or at least might, have heard some noise, for enough had been made. Seeing that he wanted to know the cause from me, I took up a newspaper to avoid being bored by his conversation" (Iung's Lucien, tome ii. p.156)]—

Such was the nature of one of the conversations I had with Madame Bonaparte on a subject to which she often recurred. It may not perhaps be uninteresting to endeavour to compare with this what Napoleon said at St. Helena, speaking of his first wife. According to the Memorial Napoleon there stated that when Josephine was at last constrained to renounce all hope of having a child, she often let fall allusions to a great political fraud, and at length openly proposed it to him. I make no doubt Bonaparte made use of words to this effect, but I do not believe the assertion. I

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recollect one day that Bonaparte, on entering our cabinet, where I was already seated, exclaimed in a transport of joy impossible for me to describe, “Well, Bourrienne, my wife is at last enceinte!” I sincerely congratulated him, more, I own, out of courtesy than from any hope of seeing him made a father by Josephine, for I well remembered that Corvisart, who had given medicines to Madame Bonaparte, had nevertheless assured me that he expected no result from them. Medicine was really the only political fraud to which Josephine had recourse; and in her situation what other woman would not have done as much? Here, then, the husband and the wife are in contradiction, which is nothing uncommon. But on which side is truth? I have no hesitation in referring it to Josephine. There is indeed an immense difference between the statements of a women —trusting her fears and her hopes to the sole confidant of her family secrets, and the tardy declaration of a man who, after seeing the vast edifice of his ambition leveled with the dust, is only anxious, in his compulsory retreat, to preserve intact and spotless the other great edifice of his glory. Bonaparte should have recollected that Caesar did not like the idea of his wife being even suspected.

CHAPTER XII.

1802.

Citizen Fesch created Cardinal Fesch—Arts and industry—Exhibition in the Louvre—-Aspect of Paris in 1802—The Medicean Venus and the Velletrian Pallas—Signs of general prosperity—Rise of the funds— Irresponsible Ministers—The Bourbons—The military Government— Annoying familiarity of Lannes—Plan laid for his disgrace—Indignation of Lannes—His embassy to Portugal—The delayed despatch—Bonaparte’s rage—I resign my situation—Duroc— I breakfast with Bonaparte—Duroc’s intercession —Temporary reconciliation.

Citizen Fesch, who, when we were forced to stop at Ajaccio on our return from Egypt, discounted at rather a high rate the General-in-Chief’s Egyptian sequins, became again the Abbe Fesch, as soon as Bonaparte by his Consular authority re-erected the altars which the Revolution had overthrown. On the 15th of August 1802 he was consecrated Bishop, and the following year received the Cardinal’s hat. Thus Bonaparte took advantage of one of the members of his family being in orders to elevate him to the highest dignities of the Church. He afterwards gave Cardinal Fesch the Archbishopric of Lyons, of which place he was long the titular.

—[Like Cambaceres the Cardinal was a bit of a gourmet, and on one occasion had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a coincidence two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would have appeared ridiculous, but the Cardinal was most anxious to

have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his chef: “‘Be of good faith, your

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Eminence,' was the reply, 'both shall appear and enjoy the reception so justly their due.' The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Delight was on every face —it was the moment of the 'eprouvette positive'. The 'maitre a'hotel' advances; two attendants raise the turbot and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled Cardinals became as pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the 'conclave'—it was the moment of the 'eprouvette negative'; but the 'maitre a'hotel' suddenly turns to one of the attendants, Bring another turbot,' said he, with the most perfect coolness. The second appeared, and the eprouvette positive was gloriously renewed." (Hayward's Art of Dining, P. 65.)]—

The First Consul prided himself a good deal on his triumph, at least in appearance, over the scruples which the persons who surrounded him had manifested against the re-establishment of worship. He read with much self-satisfaction the reports made to him, in which it was stated that the churches were well frequented: Indeed, throughout the year 1802, all his attention wad directed to the reformation of manners, which had become more dissolute under the Directory than even during the Reign of Terror.

In his march of usurpation the First Consul let slip no opportunity of endeavouring to obtain at the same time the admiration of the multitude and the approbation of judicious men. He was very fond of the arts, and was sensible that the promotion of industry ought to be the peculiar care of the head of the Government. It must, however, at the same time be owned that he rendered the influence of his protection null and void by the continual violations he committed on that liberty which is the animating principle of all improvement.

During the supplementary days of the year X., that is to say, about the beginning of the autumn of 1802, there was held at the Louvre an exhibition of the products of industry. The First Consul visited the exhibition, and as even at that period he had begun to attribute every good result to himself, he seemed proud of the high degree of perfection the manufacturing arts had attained in France. He was, above all, delighted with the admiration this exhibition excited among the numerous foreigners who resorted to Paris during the peace.

In fact, throughout the year 1802 the capital presented an interesting and animating-spectacle. The appetite for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into manners—-which were no longer republican, and the vast number of Russians and English who drove about everywhere with brilliant equipages contributed not a little to this metamorphosis. All Paris flocked to the Carrousel on review days, and regarded with eyes of delight the unusual sight of rich foreign liveries and emblazoned carriages. The parties at the Tuileries were brilliant and numerous, and

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nothing was wanting but the name of levees. Count Markoff, who succeeded M. de Kalitscheff as Russian ambassador; the Marquis de Lucchesini, the Prussian ambassador; and Lord Whitworth, the Minister from England, made numerous presentations of their countrymen to the First Consul, who was well pleased that the Court he was forming should have examples set by foreign courtiers. Never since the meeting of the States-General had the theatres been so frequented, or fetes so magnificent; and never since that period had Paris presented so cheering an aspect. The First Consul, on his part, spared no exertion to render the capital more and more worthy the admiration of foreigners. The statue of the Venus de Medicis, which had been robbed from the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now decorated the gallery of the Louvre, and near it was placed that of the Velletrian Pallas, a more legitimate acquisition, since it was the result of the researches of some French engineers at Velletri. Everywhere an air of prosperity was perceptible, and Bonaparte proudly put in his claim to be regarded as the author of it all. With what heartfelt satisfaction did he likewise cast his eye upon what he called the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds! For if he saw them doubled in value in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, rising as they did at that period from seven to sixteen francs, this value was even more than tripled after the vote of Consulship for life and the ‘Senates-consulte’ of the 4th of August,—when they rose to fifty-two francs.

While Paris presented so satisfactory an aspect the departments were in a state of perfect tranquillity; and foreign affairs had every appearance of security. The Court of the Vatican, which since the Concordat may be said to have become devoted to the First Consul, gave, under all circumstances, examples of submission to the wishes of France. The Vatican was the first Court which recognised the erection of Tuscany into the Kingdom of Etruria, and the formation of the Helvetic, Cisalpine, and Batavian Republics. Prussia soon followed the example of the Pope, which was successively imitated by the other powers of Europe.

The whole of these new states, realms, or republics were under the immediate influence of France. The Isle of Elba, which Napoleon’s first abdication afterwards rendered so famous, and Piedmont, divided into six departments, were also united to France, still called it Republic. Everything now seemed to concur in securing his accession to absolute power. We were now at peace with all the world, and every circumstance tended to place in the hands of the First Consul that absolute power which indeed was the only kind of government he was capable of forming any conception of. Indeed, one of the characteristic signs of Napoleon’s government, even under the Consular system, left no doubt as to his real intentions. Had he wished to found a free Government it is evident

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that he world have made the Ministers responsible to the country, whereas he took care that there should be no responsibility but to himself. He viewed them, in fact, in the light of instruments which he might break as he pleased. I found this single index sufficient to disclose all his future designs In order to make the irresponsibility of his Ministers to the public perfectly clear, he had all the acts of his Government signed merely by M. Maret, Secretary of State. Thus the Consulship for life was nothing but an Empire in disguise, the usufruct of which could not long satisfy the First Consul's ambition. His brothers influenced him, and it was resolved to found a new dynasty.

It was not in the interior of France that difficulties were likely first to arise on Bonaparte's carrying his designs into effect, but there was some reason to apprehend that foreign powers, after recognising and treating with the Consular Government, might display a different feeling, and entertain scruples with regard to a Government which had resumed its monarchical form. The question regarding the Bourbons was in some measure kept in the background as long as France remained a Republic, but the re-establishment of the throne naturally called to recollection the family which had occupied it for so many ages. Bonaparte fully felt the delicacy of his position, but he knew how to face obstacles, and had been accustomed to overcome them: he, however, always proceeded cautiously, as when obstacles induced him to defer the period of the Consulship for life.

Bonaparte laboured to establish iii France not only an absolute government, but, what is still worse, a military one. He considered a decree signed by his hand possessed of a magic virtue capable of transforming his generals into able diplomatists, and so he sent them on embassies, as if to show the Sovereigns to whom they were accredited that he soon meant to take their thrones by assault. The appointment of Lannes to the Court of Lisbon originated from causes which probably will be read with some interest, since they serve to place Bonaparte's character in, its true light, and to point out, at the same time, the means he disdained not to resort to, if he wished to banish his most faithful friends when their presence was no longer agreeable to him.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person singular; but that general continued the familiarity of thee and thou in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this annoyed the First Consul. Aware of the unceremonious candour of his old comrade, whose daring spirit he knew would prompt him to go as great lengths in civil affairs as on the field of battle, Bonaparte, on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris in order to ensure his absence from St. Cloud.

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After that time, notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the First Consul, which, as it increased, daily exacted more and more deference, Lannes still preserved his freedom of speech, and was the only one who dared to treat Bonaparte as a comrade, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to determine Napoleon to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretest was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to conjure up an excuse; and in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for that purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that crafty disposition for which he was so remarkable.

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus he had no fortune, but plenty of debts when he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the First Consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the general's circumstances, said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances. You must have your establishment suitable to your rank. There is the Hotel de Noailles—why don't you take it, and furnish it in proper style?" Lannes, whose own candour prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the First Consul The Hotel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odiot supplied a service of plate valued at 200,000 francs.

General Lannes having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte came to him and requested 400,000 francs, the amount of the expense incurred, as it were, by his order. "But," said the First Consul, "I have no money."—"You have no money! What the devil am I to do, then?"

"But is there none in the Guard's chest? Take what you require, and we will settle it, hereafter."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to the treasurer of the Guards, who made some objections at first to the advance required, but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the First Consul.

Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the 400,000 francs the treasurer received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for the 400,000 francs advanced to Lannes, was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the treasurer alleged the authority of the First Consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all about it. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the 400,000 francs to the Guards' chest; and, as I have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebre, who loved him as his son, and to him he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you go and get into debt with that -----? Well, here are the 400,000 francs; take them to him, and let him go to the devil!"

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Lannes hastened to the First Consul. “What!”—he exclaimed, “is it possible you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner! To lay such a foul snare for me after all that I have done for you; after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompense you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendemiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you! You forget Millesimo: I was colonel before you! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you play me such a trick as this! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone, passed the Po, at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward—humiliation. This cannot, this shall not be. I will ——” Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat reassured the First Consul, and at the same time calmed, in some degree, the fury of Lannes. “Well,” said Bonaparte, “go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return you will not want any one to pay your debts for you.” Thus was Bonaparte’s object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon, and never afterwards annoyed the First Consul by his familiarities, for on his return he ceased to address him with thee and thou.

Having described Bonaparte’s ill-treatment of Lannes I may here subjoin a statement of the circumstances which led to a rupture between the First Consul and me. So many false stories have been circulated on the subject that I am anxious to relate the facts as they really were.

Nine months had now passed since I had tendered my resignation to the First Consul. The business of my office had become too great for me, and my health was so much endangered by over-application that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time impressed upon me the necessity of relaxation, now formally warned me that I should not long hold out under the fatigue I underwent. Corvisart had no doubt spoken to the same effect to the First Consul, for the latter said to me one day, in a tone which hetrayed but little feeling, “Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live.” This was certainly no very welcome compliment in the mouth of an old college friend, yet I must confess that the doctor risked little by the prediction.

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I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart; my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loath to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed: on that occasion when Joseph thought proper to play the spy upon me at the table of Fouche. I remembered also the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from early boyhood. These considerations constantly triumphed over the disgust to which I was subjected by a number of circumstances, and by the increasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties I had to perform.

I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstance alone could extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred, and the following is the history of my first rupture with Napoleon:

On the 27th of February 1802, at ten at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch of considerable importance and urgency, for M. de Talleyrand, requesting the Minister for Foreign Affairs to come to the Tuileries next morning at an appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the office messenger that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came as if for an audience about mid-day. The First Consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the Minister had not received it until the morning. He immediately rang for the messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in a very bad humour, he pulled the bell with so much fury that he struck his hand violently against the angle of the chimney-piece. I hurried to his presence. “Why,” he said, addressing me hastily, “why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?”—“I do not know: I put it at once into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see that it was sent.”—“Go and find the cause of the delay, and come back quickly.” Having rapidly made my inquiries, I returned to the cabinet. “Well?” said the First Consul, whose irritation seemed to have increased. “Well, General, it is not the fault of anybody, M. de Talleyrand was not to be found, either at the office or at his own residence, or at the houses of any of his friends where he was thought likely to be.” Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the coolness of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and proceeding to the hall, called the messenger and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the First Consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers. Bonaparte returned to his cabinet still more irritated than he had left it.

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I had followed him to the hall, and on my way back to the cabinet I attempted to soothe him, and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance which, after all, was of no great moment. I do not know whether his anger was increased by the sight of the blood which flowed from his hand, and which he was every moment looking at; but however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet after him he threw back the door with so much violence that, had I been two or three inches nearer him, it must infallibly have struck me in the face. He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation, not to be borne; he exclaimed before M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a fool." At an insult so atrocious I confess that the anger which had already mastered the First Consul suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward with as much impetuosity as he had used in throwing it back, and, scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, "You are a hundredfold a greater fool than I am!" I then banged the door and went upstairs to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the First Consul. But what was done could not be undone; and therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:

General—The state of my health no longer permits me to continue in your service. I therefore beg you to accept my resignation.

Bourrienne.

Some moments after this note was written I saw Bonaparte's saddle-horses brought up to the entrance of the Palace. It was Sunday morning, and, contrary to his usual custom on that day, he was going to ride out.

Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner done than I, went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning at four o'clock with Duroc Bonaparte read my letter. "Ah! ah!" said he, before opening it, "a letter from Bourrienne." And he almost immediately added, for the note was speedily perused, "He is in the sulks.—-Accepted." I had left the Tuileries at the moment he returned, but Duroc sent to me where I was dining the following billet:

The First Consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you that he accepts your resignation, and to request that you will give me the necessary information respecting your papers.—Yours,

Duroc.

P.S.:—I will call on you presently.

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The First Consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor the necessary explanations to enable him to enter upon his new duties. Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me in a harsh tone, "Come, I have had enough of this! Leave me." I stepped down from the ladder on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited and hastily withdrew. I too had quite enough of it!

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I remained two more days at the Tuileries until I had suited myself with lodgings. On Monday I went down into the cabinet of the First Consul to take my leave of him. We conversed together for a long time, and very amicably. He told me he was very sorry I was going to leave him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him; at last I mentioned the Tribunate. “That will not do for you,” he said; “the members are a set of babblers and phrasemongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of States proceed from such debatings. I am tired of them.” He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to his uneasiness about the Tribunate, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.

—[In 1802 the First Consul made a reduction of fifty members of the Tribunate, and subsequently the whole body was suppressed. —Bourrienne.]—

The following day, Tuesday, the First Consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a re-instalment in my office, appealing to me on the score of the friendship and kindness they had always shown me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered that I considered the evil beyond remedy; and that, besides, I had really need of repose. The First Consul then called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of goodwill towards me.

At five o’clock I was going downstairs to quit the Tuileries for good when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the First Consul wished to see me. Duroc; who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed, and said, “He wishes you to remain. I beg of you not to refuse; do me this favour. I have assured him that I am incapable of filling your office. It does not suit my habits; and besides, to tell you the truth, the business is too irksome for me.” I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The First Consul came up to me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as he did when he was in the best of humours, said to me, “Are you still in the sulks?” and leading me to my usual seat he added, “Come, sit down.”

Only those who knew Bonaparte can judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I could offer no opposition, and I resumed my usual office and my accustomed labours. Five minutes afterwards it was announced that dinner was on table. “You will dine with me?” he said. “I cannot; I am expected at the place where I was going when Duroc called me back. It is an engagement that I cannot break.”—“Well, I have nothing to say, then. But give me your word that you will be here at eight o’clock.”—“I promise you.” Thus I became again the private secretary of the First Consul, and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

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CHAPTER XIII.

1802-1803.

The Concordat and the Legion of Honour—The Council of State and the Tribunate—-Discussion on the word 'subjects'—Chenier—Chabot de l'Allier's proposition to the Tribunate—The marked proof of national gratitude—Bonaparte's duplicity and self-command—Reply to the 'Senatus-consulte'—The people consulted—Consular decree— The most, or the least—M. de Vanblanc's speech—Bonaparte's reply— The address of the Tribunate—Hopes and predictions thwarted.

It may truly be said that history affords no example of an empire founded like that of France, created in all its parts under the cloak of a republic. Without any shock, and in the short space of four years, there arose above the ruins of the short-lived Republic a Government more absolute than ever was Louis *xiv*.'s. This extraordinary change is to be assigned to many causes; and I had the opportunity of observing the influence which the determined will of one man exercised over his fellow-men.

The great object which Bonaparte had at heart was to legitimate his usurpations by institutions. The Concordat had reconciled him with the Court of Rome; the numerous erasures from the emigrant list gathered round him a large body of the old nobility; and the Legion of Honour, though at first but badly received, soon became a general object of ambition. Peace, too, had lent her aid in consolidating the First Consul's power by affording him leisure to engage in measures of internal prosperity.

The Council of State, of which Bonaparte had made me a member, but which my other occupations did not allow me to attend, was the soul of the Consular Government. Bonaparte felt much interest in the discussions of that body, because it was composed of the most eminent men in the different branches of administration; and though the majority evinced a ready compliance with his wishes, yet that disposition was often far from being unanimous. In the Council of State the projects of the Government were discussed from the first with freedom and sincerity, and when once adopted they were transmitted to the Tribunate, and to the Legislative Body. This latter body might be considered as a supreme Legislative Tribunal, before which the Tribunes pleaded as the advocates of the people, and the Councillors of State, whose business it was to support the law projects, as the advocates of the Government. This will at once explain the cause of the First Consul's animosity towards the Tribunate, and will show to what the Constitution was reduced when that body was dissolved by a sudden and arbitrary decision.

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During the Consulate the Council of State was not only a body politic collectively, but each individual member might be invested with special power; as, for example, when the First Consul sent Councillors of State on missions to each of the military divisions where there was a Court of Appeal, the instructions given them by the First Consul were extensive, and might be said to be unlimited. They were directed to examine all the branches of the administration, so that their reports collected and compared together presented a perfect description of the state of France. But this measure, though excellent in itself, proved fatal to the State. The reports never conveyed the truth to the First Consul, or at least if they did, it was in such a disguised form as to be scarcely recognisable; for the Councillors well knew that the best way to pay their court to Bonaparte was not to describe public feeling as it really was, but as he wished it to be. Thus the reports of the councillors of State only furnished fresh arguments in favour of his ambition.

I must, however, observe that in the discussions of the Council of State Bonaparte was not at all averse to the free expression of opinion. He, indeed, often encouraged it; for although fully resolved to do only what he pleased, he wished to gain information; indeed, it is scarcely conceivable how, in the short space of two years, Bonaparte adapted his mind so completely to civil and legislative affairs. But he could not endure in the Tribunate the liberty of opinion which he tolerated in the Council; and for this reason—that the sittings of the Tribunate were public, while those of the Council of State were secret, and publicity was what he dreaded above all things. He was very well pleased when he had to transmit to the Legislative Body or to the Tribunate any proposed law of trifling importance, and he used then to say that he had thrown them a bone to gnaw.

Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the Council and the Tribunate was one which gave rise to a singular discussion, the ground of which was a particular word, inserted in the third article of the treaty of Russia with France. This word seemed to convey a prophetic allusion to the future condition of the French people, or rather an anticipated designation of what they afterwards became. The treaty spoke of “the subjects of the two Governments.” This term applied to those who still considered themselves citizens, and was highly offensive to the Tribunate. Chenier most loudly remonstrated against the introduction of this word into the dictionary of the new Government. He said that the armies of France had shed their blood that the French people might be citizens and not subjects. Chenier’s arguments, however, had no effect on the decision of the Tribunate, and only served to irritate the First Consul. The treaty was adopted almost unanimously, there being only fourteen dissentient voices, and the proportion of black balls in the Legislative Body was even less.

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Though this discussion passed off almost unnoticed, yet it greatly displeased the First Consul, who expressed his dissatisfaction in the evening. “What is it,” said he, “these babblers want? They wish to be citizens—why did they not know how to continue so? My government must treat on an equal footing with Russia. I should appear a mere puppet in the eyes of foreign Courts were I to yield to the stupid demands of the Tribunate.. Those fellows tease me so that I have a great mind to end matters at once with them.” I endeavoured to soothe his anger, and observed, that one precipitate act might injure him. “You are right,” he continued; “but stay a little, they shall lose nothing by waiting.”

The Tribunate pleased Bonaparte better in the great question of the Consulate for life, because he had taken the precaution of removing such members as were most opposed to the encroachments of his ambition. The Tribunate resolved that a marked proof of the national gratitude should be offered to the First Consul, and the resolution was transmitted to the Senate. Not a single voice was raised against this proposition, which emanated from Chabot de l’Allier, the President of the Tribunate. When the First Consul came back to his cabinet after receiving the deputation of the Tribunate he was very cheerful, and said to me, “Bourrienne, it is a blank cheque that the Tribunate has just offered me; I shall know how to fill it up. That is my business.”

The Tribunate having adopted the indefinite proposition of offering to the First Consul a marked proof of the national gratitude, it now only remained to determine what that proof should be. Bonaparte knew well what he wanted, but he did not like to name it in any positive way. Though in his fits of impatience, caused by the lingering proceedings of the Legislative Body and the indecision of some of its members, he often talked of mounting on horseback and drawing his sword, yet he so far controlled himself as to confine violence to his conversations with his intimate friends. He wished it to be thought that he himself was yielding to compulsion; that he was far from wishing to usurp permanent power contrary to the Constitution; and that if he deprived France of liberty it was all for her good, and out of mere love for her. Such deep-laid duplicity could never have been conceived and maintained in any common mind; but Bonaparte’s was not a mind of the ordinary cast. It must have required extraordinary self-command to have restrained so long as he did that daring spirit which was so natural to him, and which was rather the result of his temperament than his character. For my part, I confess that I always admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do than for the boldest exploits he ever performed.

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In conformity with the usual form, the proposition of the Tribunate was transmitted to the Senate. From that time the Senators on whom Bonaparte most relied were frequent in their visits to the Tuileries. In the preparatory conferences which preceded the regular discussions in the Senate it has been ascertained that the majority was not willing that the marked proof of gratitude should be the Consulate for life; it was therefore agreed that the reporter should limit his demand to a temporary prolongation of the dignity of First Consul in favour of Bonaparte. The reporter, M. de Lacepede, acted accordingly, and limited the prolongation to ten years, commencing from the expiration of the ten years granted by the Constitution. I forget which of the Senators first proposed the Consulate for life; but I well recollect that Cambaceres used all his endeavours to induce those members of the Senate whom he thought he could influence to agree to that proposition. Whether from flattery or conviction I know not, but the Second Consul held out to his colleague, or rather his master, the hope of complete success Bonaparte on hearing him shook his head with an air of doubt, but afterwards said to me, “They will perhaps make some wry faces, but they must come to it at last!”

It was proposed in the Senate that the proposition of the Consulate for life should take the priority of that of the decennial prolongation; but this was not agreed to; and the latter proposition being adopted, the other, of course, could not be discussed.

There was something very curious in the ‘Senatus-consulte’ published on the occasion. It spoke in the name of the French people, and stated that, “in testimony of their gratitude to the Consuls of the Republic,” the Consular reign was prolonged for ten years; but that the prolongation was limited to the First Consul only.

Bonaparte, though much dissatisfied with the decision of the Senate, disguised his displeasure in ambiguous language. When Tronchet, then President of the Senate, read to him, in a solemn audience, at the head of the deputation, the ‘Senatus-consulte’ determining the prorogation, he said in reply that he could not be certain of the confidence of the people unless his continuance in the Consulship were sanctioned by their suffrages. “The interests of my glory and happiness,” added he, “would seem to have marked the close of my public life at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and the happiness of the citizen must yield to the interests of the State and wishes of the public. You, Senators, conceive that I owe to the people another sacrifice. I will make it if the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorises.”

The true meaning of these words was not understood by everybody, and was only manifest to those who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte’s designs. He did not accept the offer of the Senate, because he wished for something more. The question was to be renewed and to be decided by the people only; and since the people had the right to refuse what the Senate offered, they possessed, for the same reason, the right to give what the Senate did not offer.

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The moment now arrived for consulting the Council of State as to the mode to be adopted for invoking and collecting the suffrages of the people. For this purpose au extraordinary meeting of the Council of State was summoned on the 10th of May. Bonaparte wished to keep himself aloof from all ostensible influence; but his two colleagues laboured for him more zealously than he could have worked for himself, and they were warmly supported by several members of the Council. A strong majority were of opinion that Bonaparte should not only be invested with the Consulship for life, but that he should be empowered to nominate his successor. But he, still faithful to his plan, affected to venerate the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, and he promulgated the following decree, which was the first explanation of his reply to the Senate.

The Consuls of the Republic, considering that the resolution of the First Consul is an homage rendered to the sovereignty of the People, and that the People, when consulted on their dearest interests, will not go beyond the limits of those interests, decree as follows:— First, that the French people shall be consulted on the question whether Napoleon Bonaparte is to be made Consul for life, *etc*.

The other articles merely regulated the mode of collecting the votes.

This decree shows the policy of the First Consul in a new point of view, and displays his art in its fullest extent. He had just refused the less for the sake of getting the greater; and now he had contrived to get the offer of the greater to show off his moderation by accepting only the less. The Council of State sanctioned the proposition for conferring on the First Consul the right of nominating his successor, and, of his own accord, the First Consul declined this. Accordingly the Second Consul, when he, the next day, presented the decree to the Council of State, did not fail to eulogise this extreme moderation, which banished even the shadow of suspicion of any ambitious after-thought. Thus the Senate found itself out-manoeuvred, and the decree of the Consuls was transmitted at once to the Legislative Body and to the Tribunate.

In the Legislative Body, M. de Vaublanc was distinguished among all the deputies who applauded the conduct of the Government; and it was he who delivered the apologetic harangue of the deputation of the Legislative Body to the First Consul. After having addressed the Government collectively he ended by addressing the First Consul individually—a sort of compliment which had not hitherto been put in practice, and which was far from displeasing him who was its object. As M. de Vaublanc’s speech had been communicated beforehand to the First Consul, the latter prepared a reply to it which sufficiently showed how much it had gratified him. Besides the flattering distinction which separated him from the Government, the plenitude of praise was not tempered by anything like advice

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or comment. It was not so with the address of the Tribunate. After the compliments which the occasion demanded, a series of hopes were expressed for the future, which formed a curious contrast with the events which actually ensued. The Tribunate, said the address, required no guarantee, because Bonaparte's elevated and generous sentiments would never permit him to depart from those principles which brought about the Revolution and founded the Republic;—he loved real glory too well ever to stain that which he had acquired by the abuse of power;—the nation which he was called to govern was free and generous he would respect and consolidate her liberty; he would distinguish his real friends, who spoke truth to him, from flatterers who might seek to deceive him. In short, Bonaparte would surround himself with the men who, having made the Revolution, were interested in supporting it.

To these and many other fine things the Consul replied, "This testimony of the affection of the Tribunate is gratifying to the Government. The union of all bodies of the State is a guarantee of the stability and happiness of the nation. The efforts of the Government will be constantly directed to the interests of the people, from whom all power is derived, and whose welfare all good men have at heart."

So much for the artifice of governments and the credulity of subjects! It is certain that, from the moment Bonaparte gained his point in submitting the question of the Consulate for life to the decision of the people, there was no longer a doubt of the result being in his favour. This was evident, not only on account of the influential means which a government always has at its command, and of which its agents extend the ramifications from the centre to the extremities, but because the proposition was in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The Republicans were rather shy in avowing principles with which people were now disenchanted;—the partisans of a monarchy without distinction of family saw their hopes almost realised in the Consulate for life; the recollection of the Bourbons still lived in some hearts faithful to misfortune but the great mass were for the First Consul, and his external acts in the new step he had taken towards the throne had been so cautiously disguised as to induce a belief in his sincerity. If I and a few others were witness to his accomplished artifice and secret ambition, France beheld only his glory, and gratefully enjoyed the blessings of peace which he had obtained for her. The suffrages of the people speedily realised the hopes of the First Consul, and thus was founded the *consulate for life*.

CHAPTER XIV

1802-1803.

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Departure for Malmaison—Unexpected question relative to the Bourbons—Distinction between two opposition parties—New intrigues of Lucien—Camille Jordan's pamphlet seized—Vituperation against the liberty of the press—Revisal of the Constitution—New 'Senatus-consulte—Deputation from the Senate—Audience of the Diplomatic Body—-Josephine's melancholy—The discontented—Secret meetings—Fouche and the police agents—The Code Napoleon— Bonaparte's regular attendance at the Council of State—His knowledge of mankind, and the science of government—Napoleon's first sovereign act—His visit to the Senate—The Consular procession—Polite etiquette—-The Senate and the Council of State— Complaints against Lucien—The deaf and dumb assembly—Creation of senatorships.

When nothing was wanting to secure the Consulate for life but the votes of the people, which there was no doubt of obtaining, the First Consul set off to spend a few days at Malmaison.

On the day of our arrival, as soon as dinner was ended, Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, let us go and take a walk." It was the middle of May, so that the evenings were long. We went into the park: he was very grave, and we walked for several minutes without his uttering a syllable. Wishing to break silence in a way that would be agreeable to him, I alluded to the facility with which he had nullified the last 'Senatus-consulte'. He scarcely seemed to hear me, so completely was his mind absorbed in the subject on which he was meditating. At length, suddenly recovering from his abstraction, he said, "Bourrienne, do you think that the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his claims if I were to offer him a good indemnity, or even a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt question on a subject which I was far from thinking of, I replied that I did not think the pretender would relinquish his claims; that it was very unlikely the Bourbons would return to France as long as he, Bonaparte, should continue at the head of the Government, though they would look forward to their ultimate return as probable. "How so?" inquired he. "For a very simple reason, General. Do you not see every day that your agents conceal the truth from you, and flatter you in your wishes, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves in your favour? are you not angry when at length the truth reaches your ear?"—"And what then?"—"why, General, it must be just the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France. It is in the course of things, in the nature of man, that they should feed the Bourbons with hopes of a possible return, were it only to induce a belief in their own talent and utility."—"That is very true! You are quite right; but I am not afraid. However, something might perhaps be done—-we shall see." Here the subject dropped, and our conversation turned on the Consulate for life, and Bonaparte spoke in unusually mild terms of the persons who had opposed the proposition. I was a little

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surprised at this, and could not help reminding him of the different way in which he had spoken of those who opposed his accession to the Consulate. “There is nothing extraordinary in that,” said he. “Worthy men may be attached to the Republic as I have made it. It is a mere question of form. I have nothing to say against that; but at the time of my accession to the Consulate it was very different. Then, none but Jacobins, terrorists, and rogues resisted my endeavours to rescue France from the infamy into which the Directory had plunged her. But now I cherish no ill-will against those who have opposed me.”

During the intervals between the acts of the different bodies of the State, and the collection of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or rather prosecuted them with renewed activity, for the purpose of getting the question of hereditary succession included in the votes. Many prefects transmitted to M. Chaptal anonymous circulars which had been sent to them: all stated the ill effect produced by these circulars, which had been addressed to the principal individuals of their departments. Lucien was the originator of all this, though I cannot positively say whether his brother connived with him, as in the case of the pamphlet to which I have already alluded. I believe, however, that Bonaparte was not entirely a stranger to the business; for the circulars were written by Raederer at the instigation of Lucien, and Raederer was at that time in favour at the Tuileries. I recollect Bonaparte speaking to me one day very angrily about a pamphlet which had just, been published by Camille Jordan on the subject of the national vote on the Consulate for life. Camille Jordan did not withhold his vote, but gave it in favour of the First Consul; and instead of requiring preliminary conditions, he contented himself, like the Tribunate, with enumerating all the guarantees which he expected the honour of the First Consul would grant. Among these guarantees were the cessation of arbitrary imprisonments, the responsibility of the agents of Government, and the independence of the judges. But all these demands were mere peccadilloes in comparison with Camille Jordan’s great crime of demanding the liberty of the press.

The First Consul had looked through the fatal pamphlet, and lavished invectives upon its author. “How!” exclaimed he, “am I never to have done with these fire brands?—-These babblers, who think that politics may be shown on a printed page like the world on a map? Truly, I know not what things will come to if I let this go on. Camille Jordan, whom I received so well at Lyons, to think that he should—ask for the liberty of the press! Were I to accede to this I might as well pack up at once and go and live on a farm a hundred leagues from Paris.” Bonaparte’s first act in favour of the liberty of the press was to order the seizure of the pamphlet in which Camille Jordan had extolled the advantages of that measure. Publicity, either by words or writing, was Bonaparte’s horror. Hence his aversion to public speakers and writers.

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Camille Jordan was not the only person who made unavailing efforts to arrest Bonaparte in the first steps of his ambition. There were yet in France many men who, though they had hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of the French Revolution, had subsequently been disgusted by its crimes, and who still dreamed of the possibility of founding a truly Constitutional Government in France. Even in the Senate there were some men indignant at the usual compliance of that body, and who spoke of the necessity of subjecting the Constitution to a revisal, in order to render it conformable to the Consulate for life.

The project of revising the Constitution was by no means unsatisfactory to Bonaparte. It afforded him an opportunity of holding out fresh glimmerings of liberty to those who were too shortsighted to see into the future. He was pretty certain that there could be no change but to his advantage. Had any one talked to him of the wishes of the nation he would have replied, “3,577,259 citizens have voted. Of these how many were for me? 3,368,185. Compare the difference! There is but one vote in forty-five against me. I must obey the will of the people!” To this he would not have failed to add, “Whose are the votes opposed to me? Those of ideologists, Jacobins, and peculators under the Directory.” To such arguments what could have been answered? It must not be supposed that I am putting these words into Bonaparte’s mouth. They fell from him oftener than once.

As soon as the state of the votes was ascertained the Senate conceived itself under the necessity of repairing the only fault it had committed in the eyes of the First Consul, and solemnly presented him with a new ‘Senatus-consulte’, and a decree couched in the following terms:

Article I. The French people nominate and the Senate proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

Article ii. A statue representing Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other the decree of the senate, shall commemorate to posterity the gratitude of the Nation.

Article iii. The Senate will convey to the First Consul the expression of the confidence, the love, and the admiration of the French people.

Bonaparte replied to the deputation from the Senate, in the presence of the Diplomatic Body, whose audience had been appointed for that day in order that the ambassadors might be enabled to make known to their respective Courts that Europe reckoned one King more. In his reply he did not fail to introduce the high-sounding words “liberty and equality.” He commenced thus: “A citizen’s life belongs to his country. The French people wish that mine should be entirely devoted to their service. I obey.”

On the day this ceremony took place, besides the audience of the Diplomatic Body there was an extraordinary assemblage of general officers and public functionaries. The principal apartments of the Tuileries's presented the appearance of a fete. This gaiety formed a striking contrast with the melancholy of Josephine, who felt that every step of the First Consul towards the throne removed him farther from her.

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She had to receive a party that evening, and though greatly depressed in spirits she did the honours with her usual grace.

Let a Government be what it may, it can never satisfy everyone. At the establishment of the Consulate for life, those who were averse to that change formed but a feeble minority. But still they met, debated, corresponded, and dreamed of the possibility of overthrowing the Consular Government.

During the first six months of the year 1802 there were meetings of the discontented, which Fouche, who was then Minister of the Police, knew and would not condescend to notice; but, on the contrary, all the inferior agents of the police contended for a prey which was easily seized, and, with the view of magnifying their services, represented these secret meetings as the effect of a vast plot against the Government. Bonaparte, whenever he spoke to me on the subject, expressed himself weary of the efforts which were made to give importance to trifles; and yet he received the reports of the police agents as if he thought them of consequence. This was because he thought Fouche badly informed, and he was glad to find him at fault; but when he sent for the Minister of Police the latter told him that all the reports he had received were not worth a moment's attention. He told the First Consul all, and even a great deal more than had been revealed to him, mentioning at the same time how and from whom Bonaparte had received his information.

But these petty police details did not divert the First Consul's attention from the great object he had in view. Since March 1802 he had attended the sittings of the Council of State with remarkable regularity. Even while we were at the Luxembourg he busied himself in drawing up a new code of laws to supersede the incomplete collection of revolutionary laws, and to substitute order for the sort of anarchy which prevailed in the legislation. The man who were most distinguished for legal knowledge had cooperated in this laborious task, the result of which was the code first distinguished by the name of the Civil Code, and afterwards called the Code Napoleon. The labours of this important undertaking being completed, a committee was appointed for the presentation of the code. This committee, of which Cambaceres was the president, was composed of *mm*. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet. During all the time the discussions were pending, instead of assembling as usual three times a week, the Council of State assembled every day, and the sittings, which on ordinary occasions only lasted two or three hours, were often prolonged to five or six. The First Consul took such interest in these discussions that, to have an opportunity of conversing upon them in the evening, he frequently invited several members of the Council to dine with him. It was during these conversations that I most admired the inconceivable versatility of Bonaparte's genius, or rather, that superior instinct which enabled him to comprehend at a glance, and in their proper point of view, legislative questions to which he might have been supposed a stranger. Possessing as he did, in a supreme degree, the knowledge of mankind, ideas important to the science of government flashed upon his mind like sudden inspirations.

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Some time after his nomination to the Consulate for life, anxious to perform a sovereign act, he went for the first time to preside at the Senate. Availing myself that day of a few leisure moments I went out to see the Consular procession. It was truly royal. The First Consul had given orders that the military should-be ranged in the streets through which he had to pass. On his first arrival at the Tuileries, Napoleon had the soldiers of the Guard ranged in a single line in the interior of the court, but he now ordered that the line should be doubled, and should extend from the gate of the Tuileries to that of the Luxembourg. Assuming a privilege which old etiquette had confined exclusively to the Kings of France, Bonaparte now for the first time rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses. A considerable number of carriages followed that of the First Consul, which was surrounded by generals and aides de camp on horseback. Louis *xiv*. going to hold a bed of justice at the Parliament of Paris never displayed greater pomp than did Bonaparte in this visit to the Senate. He appeared in all the parade of royalty; and ten Senators came to meet him at the foot of the staircase of the Luxembourg.

The object of the First Consul's visit to the Senate was the presentation of five plans of 'Senatus-consultes'. The other two Consuls were present at the ceremony, which took place about the middle of August.

Bonaparte returned in the same style in which he went, accompanied by M. Lebrun, Cambaceres remaining at the Senate, of which he was President. The five 'Senatus-consultes' were adopted, but a restriction was made in that which concerned the forms of the Senate. It was proposed that when the Consuls visited the Senate they should be received by a deputation of ten members at the foot of the staircase, as the First Consul had that day been received; but Bonaparte's brothers Joseph and Lucien opposed this, and prevented the proposition from being adopted, observing that the Second and Third Consuls being members of the Senate could not be received with such honours by their colleagues. This little scene of political courtesy, which was got up beforehand, was very well acted.

Bonaparte's visit to the Senate gave rise to a change of rank in the hierarchy of the different authorities composing the Government. Hitherto the Council of State had ranked higher in public opinion; but the Senate, on the occasion of its late deputation to the Tuileries, had for the first time, received the honour of precedency. This had greatly displeased some of the Councillors of State, but Bonaparte did not care for that. He instinctively saw that the Senate would do what he wished more readily than the other constituted bodies, and he determined to augment its rights and prerogatives even at the expense of the rights of the Legislative Body. These encroachments of one power upon another, authorised by the First Consul, gave rise to reports of changes

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in ministerial arrangements. It was rumoured in Paris that the number of the ministers was to be reduced to three, and that Lucien, Joseph, and M. de Talleyrand were to divide among them the different portfolios. Lucien helped to circulate these reports, and this increased the First Consul's dissatisfaction at his conduct. The letters from Madrid, which were filled with complaints against him, together with some scandalous adventures, known in Paris, such as his running away with the wife of a 'limonadier', exceedingly annoyed Bonaparte, who found his own family more difficult to govern than France.

France, indeed, yielded with admirable facility to the yoke which, the First Consul wished to impose on her. How artfully did he undo all that the Revolution had done, never neglecting any means of attaining his object! He loved to compare the opinions of those whom he called the Jacobins with the opinions of the men of 1789; and even them he found too liberal. He felt the ridicule which was attached to the mute character of the Legislative Body, which he called his deaf and dumb assembly. But as that ridicule was favourable to him he took care to preserve the assembly as it was, and to turn it into ridicule whenever he spoke of it. In general, Bonaparte's judgment must not be confounded with his actions. His accurate mind enabled him to appreciate all that was good; but the necessity of his situation enabled him to judge with equal shrewdness what was useful to himself.

What I have just said of the Senate affords me an opportunity of correcting an error which has frequently been circulated in the chit-chat of Paris. It has erroneously been said of some persons that they refused to become members of the Senate, and among the number have been mentioned M. Ducis, M. de La Fayette, and the Marechal de Rochambeau. The truth is, that no such refusals were ever made. The following fact, however, may have contributed to raise these reports and give them credibility. Bonaparte used frequently to say to persons in his salon and in his cabinet; "You should be a Senator—a man like you should be a Senator." But these complimentary words did not amount to a nomination. To enter the Senate certain legal forms were to be observed. It was necessary to be presented by the Senate, and after that presentation no one ever refused to become a member of the body, to which Bonaparte gave additional importance by the creation of "Senatoreries."—[Districts presided over by a Senator.]—This creation took place in the beginning of 1803.

CHAPTER XV

1802.

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The intoxication of great men—Unlucky zeal—*mm*. Maret, Champagny, and Savary—-M. de Talleyrand's real services—Postponement of the execution of orders—Fouche and the Revolution—The Royalist committee—The charter first planned during the Consulate—Mission to Coblentz—Influence of the Royalists upon Josephine—The statue and the pedestal—Madame de Genlis' romance of Madame de la Valliere—The Legion of Honour and the carnations—Influence of the Faubourg St. Germain—-Inconsiderate step taken by Bonaparte—Louis XVIII's indignation—Prudent advice of the Abbe Andre—Letter from Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte—Council held at Neuilly—The letter delivered—Indifference of Bonaparte, and satisfaction of the Royalists.

Perhaps one of the happiest ideas that ever were expressed was that of the Athenian who said, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The drunkenness here alluded to is not of that kind which degrades a man to the level of a brute, but that intoxication which is occasioned by success, and which produces in the heads of the ambitious a sort of cerebral congestion. Ordinary men are not subject to this excitement, and can scarcely form an idea of it. But it is nevertheless true that the fumes of glory and ambition occasionally derange the strongest heads; and Bonaparte, in all the vigour of his genius, was often subject to aberrations of judgment; for though his imagination never failed him, his judgment was frequently at fault.

This fact may serve to explain, and perhaps even to excuse the faults with which the First Consul has been most seriously reproached. The activity of his mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. Thus the blind obedience, which, like an epidemic disease, infected almost all who surrounded Bonaparte, was productive of the most fatal effects. The best way to serve the First Consul was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were rapid. Thus, for example, *mm*. Maret, de Champagny, and Savary evinced a ready obedience to Bonaparte's wishes, which often proved very unfortunate, though doubtless dictated by the best intentions on their part. To this fatal zeal may be attributed a great portion of the mischief which Bonaparte committed. When the mischief was done, and past remedy, Bonaparte deeply regretted it. How often have I heard him say that Maret was animated by an unlucky zeal! This was the expression he made use of.

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M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers who did not flatter Bonaparte, and who really served both the First Consul and the Emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand, “Write so and so, and send it off by a special courier,” that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the First Consul well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve: in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the First Consul, the latter would say, “Well, did you send off the courier?”—“No,” the minister would reply, “I took care not to do so before I showed you my letter.” Then the First Consul would usually add, “Upon second thoughts I think it would be best not to send it.” This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I have heard him say a hundred times, “It was right, quite right. You understand me: Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me: the others do not leave me time for reflection: they are too precipitate.” Fouche also was one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte’s commands. His other ministers, on the other hand, when told to send off a courier the next morning, would have more probably sent him off the same evening. This was from zeal, but was not the First Consul right in saying that such zeal was unfortunate?

Of Talleyrand and Fouche, in their connections with the First Consul, it might be said that the one represented the Constituent Assembly, with a slight perfume of the old regime, and the other the Convention in all its brutality. Bonaparte regarded Fouche as a complete personification of the Revolution. With him, therefore, Fouche’s influence was merely the influence of the Revolution. That great event was one of those which had made the most forcible impression on Bonaparte’s ardent mind, and he imagined he still beheld it in a visible form as long as Fouche continued at the head of his police. I am now of opinion that Bonaparte was in some degree misled as to the value of Fouche’s services as a minister. No doubt the circumstance of Fouche being in office conciliated those of the Revolutionary party who were his friends. But Fouche cherished an undue partiality for them, because he knew that it was through them he held his place. He was like one of the old Condottieri, who were made friends of lest they should become enemies, and who owed all their power to the soldiers enrolled under their banners.

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Such was Fouche, and Bonaparte perfectly understood his situation. He kept the chief in his service until he could find an opportunity of disbanding his undisciplined followers. But there was one circumstance which confirmed his reliance on Fouche. He who had voted the death of the King of France, and had influenced the minds of those who had voted with him, offered Bonaparte the best guarantee against the attempts of the Royalists for raising up in favour of the Bourbons the throne which the First Consul himself had determined to ascend. Thus, for different reasons, Bonaparte and Fouche had common interests against the House of Bourbon, and the master's ambition derived encouragement from the supposed terror of the servant.

The First Consul was aware of the existence in Paris of a Royalist committee, formed for the purpose of corresponding with Louis XVIII. This committee consisted of men who must not be confounded with those wretched intriguers who were of no service to their employers, and were not unfrequently in the pay of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons. The Royalist committee, properly so called, was a very different thing. It consisted of men professing rational principles of liberty, such as the Marquis de Clermont Gallerande, the Abbe de Montesqiou, M. Becquet, and M. Royer Collard. This committee had been of long standing; the respectable individuals whose names I have just quoted acted upon a system hostile to the despotism of Bonaparte, and favourable to what they conceived to be the interests of France. Knowing the superior wisdom of Louis XVIII., and the opinions which he had avowed and maintained in the Assembly of the Notables, they wished to separate that Prince from the emigrants, and to point him out to the nation as a suitable head of a reasonable Constitutional Government. Bonaparte, whom I have often heard speak on the subject, dreaded nothing so much as these ideas of liberty, in conjunction with a monarchy. He regarded them as reveries, called the members of the committee idle dreamers, but nevertheless feared the triumph of their ideas. He confessed to me that it was to counteract the possible influence of the Royalist committee that he showed himself so indulgent to those of the emigrants whose monarchical prejudices he knew were incompatible with liberal opinions. By the presence of emigrants who acknowledged nothing short of absolute power, he thought he might paralyse the influence of the Royalists of the interior; he therefore granted all such emigrants permission to return.

About this time I recollect having read a document, which had been signed, purporting to be a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII. It was signed by M. d'Andre, who bore evidence to its authenticity. The principles contained in the declaration were in almost all points conformable to the principles which formed the basis of the charter. Even so early as 1792, and consequently previous to the fatal 21st

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of January, Louis XVI., who knew the opinions of M. de Clermont Gallerande, sent him on a mission to Coblentz to inform the Princes from him, and the Queen, that they would be ruined by their emigration. I am accurately informed, and I state this fact with the utmost confidence. I can also add with equal certainty that the circumstance was mentioned by M. de Clermont Gallerande in his Memoirs, and that the passage relative to his mission to Coblentz was cancelled before the manuscript was sent to press.

During the Consular Government the object of the Royalist committee was to seduce rather than to conspire. It was round Madame Bonaparte in particular that their batteries were raised, and they did not prove ineffectual. The female friends of Josephine filled her mind with ideas of the splendour and distinction she would enjoy if the powerful hand which had chained the Revolution should raise up the subverted throne. I must confess that I was myself, unconsciously, an accomplice of the friends of the throne; for what they wished for the interest of the Bourbons I then ardently wished for the interest of Bonaparte.

While endeavours were thus made to gain over Madame Bonaparte to the interest of the royal family, brilliant offers were held out for the purpose of dazzling the First Consul. It was wished to retemper for him the sword of the constable Duguesclin; and it was hoped that a statue erected to his honour would at once attest to posterity his spotless glory and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But when these offers reached the ears of Bonaparte he treated them with indifference, and placed no faith in their sincerity. Conversing on the subject one day with M. de La Fayette he said, “They offer me a statue, but I must look to the pedestal. They may make it my prison.” I did not hear Bonaparte utter these words; but they were reported to me from a source, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

About this time, when so much was said in the Royalist circles and in the Faubourg St. Germain, of which the Hotel de Luynes was the headquarters, about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis *xiv*. The book was the historical romance of Madame de la Valloire, by Madame de Genlis, who had recently returned to France. Bonaparte read it, and I have since understood that he was very well pleased with it, but he said nothing to me about it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis *xiv*., and which were exhibited in the shop-windows. The police received orders to suppress these prints; and the order was implicitly obeyed; but it was not Fouche’s police. Fouche saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles. I recollect that

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immediately after the creation of the Legion of Honour, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the whim of wearing a carnation in a button-hole, which at a distance had rather a deceptive effect. Bonaparte took this very seriously. He sent for Fouche, and desired him to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouche merely replied that he would wait till the autumn; and the First Consul understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honoured with too much attention.

But though Bonaparte was piqued at the interest excited by the engravings of Madame de Genlis' romance he manifested no displeasure against that celebrated woman, who had been recommended to him by *mm*. de Fontanes and Fievee and who addressed several letters to him. As this sort of correspondence did not come within the routine of my business I did not see the letters; but I heard from Madame Bonaparte that they contained a prodigious number of proper names, and I have reason to believe that they contributed not a little to magnify, in the eyes of the First Consul, the importance of the Faubourg St. Germain, which, in spite of all his courage, was a scarecrow to him.

Bonaparte regarded the Faubourg St. Germain as representing the whole mass of Royalist opinion; and he saw clearly that the numerous erasures from the emigrant list had necessarily increased dissatisfaction among the Royalists, since the property of the emigrants had not been restored to its old possessors, even in those cases in which it had not been sold. It was the fashion in a certain class to ridicule the unpolished manners of the great men of the Republic compared with the manners of the nobility of the old Court. The wives of certain generals had several times committed themselves by their awkwardness. In many circles there was an affectation of treating with contempt what are called the parvenus; those people who, to use M. de Talleyrand's expression, do not know how to walk upon a carpet. All this gave rise to complaints against the Faubourg St. Germain; while, on the other hand, Bonaparte's brothers spared no endeavours to irritate him against everything that was calculated to revive the recollection of the Bourbons.

Such were Bonaparte's feelings, and such was the state of society during the year 1802. The fear of the Bourbons must indeed have had a powerful influence on the First Consul before he could have been induced to take a step which may justly be regarded as the most inconsiderate of his whole life. After suffering seven months to elapse without answering the first letter of Louis XVIII., after at length answering his second letter in the tone of a King addressing a subject, he went so far as to write to Louis, proposing that he should renounce the throne of his ancestors in his, Bonaparte's, favour, and offering him as a reward for this renunciation a principality in Italy, or a considerable revenue for himself and his family.

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—[Napoleon seems to have always known, as with Cromwell and the Stuarts, that if his dynasty failed the Bourbons must succeed him. "I remember," says Metternich, "Napoleon said to me, 'Do you know why Louis XVIII. is not now sitting opposite to you? It is only because it is I who am sitting here. No other person could maintain his position; and if ever I disappear in consequence of a catastrophe no one but a Bourbon could sit here.'" (Metternich, tome i. p. 248). Farther, he said to Metternich, "The King overthrown, the Republic was master of the soil of France. It is that which I have replaced. The old throne of France is buried under its rubbish. I had to found a new one. The Bourbons could not reign over this creation. My strength lies in my fortune. I am new, like the Empire; there is, therefore, a perfect homogeneity between the Empire and myself."—"However," says Metternich, "I have often thought that Napoleon, by talking in this way, merely sought to study the opinion of others, or to confuse it, and the direct advance which he made to Louis XVIII., in 1804 seemed to confirm this suspicion. Speaking to me one day of this advance he said, 'Monsieur's reply was grand; it was full of fine traditions. There is something in legitimate rights which appeals to more than the mere mind. If Monsieur had consulted his mind only he would have arranged with me, and I should have made for him a magnificent future'" (Metternich, tome i, p. 276). According to Iung's Lucien (tome ii. p. 421), the letter written and signed by Napoleon, but never sent, another draft being substituted, is still in the French archives. Metternich speaks of Napoleon making a direct advance to Louis XVIII. in 1804. According to Colonel Iung (Lucien Bonaparte, tome ii. pp. 4211-426) the attempt was made through the King of Prussia in 1802, the final answer of Louis being made on the 28th February 1803, as given in the text, but with a postscript of his nephew in addition, "With the permission of the King, my uncle, I adhere with heart and soul to the contents of this note.

"(signed) *louis Antoine*, Due d'Angouleme."The reader will remark that there is no great interval between this letter and the final break with the Bourbons by the death of the Duc d'Enghien. At this time, according to Savory (tome iii. p. 241), some of the Bourbons were receiving French pensions. The Prince de Conti, the Duchesse de Bourbon, and the Duchesse d'Orleans, when sent out of France by the Directory, were given pensions of from 20,000 to 26,000 francs each. They lived in Catalonia. When the French troops entered Spain in 1808 General Canclaux, a friend of the Prince de Conti, brought to the notice of Napoleon that the tiresome formalities insisted on by the pestilent clerks of all nations were observed towards these regal personages. Gaudin, the Minister of Finance, apparently on his own initiative, drew up a decree increasing the pensions to 80,000 francs,

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and doing away with the formalities. "The Emperor signed at once, thanking the Minister of Finance." The reader, remembering the position of the French Princes then, should compare this action of Napoleon with the failure of the Bourbons in 1814 to pay the sums promised to Napoleon, notwithstanding the strong remonstrances made at Vienna to Talleyrand by Alexander and Lord Castlereagh. See Talleyrand's Correspondence with Louis XVIII., tome ii. pp. 27, 28; or French edition, pp. 285, 288.] —

The reader will recollect the curious question which the First Consul put to me on the subject of the Bourbons when we were walking in the park of Malmaison. To the reply which I made to him on that occasion I attribute the secrecy he observed towards me respecting the letter just alluded to. I am indeed inclined to regard that letter as the result of one of his private conferences with Lucien; but I know nothing positive on the subject, and merely mention this as a conjecture. However, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the curious circumstances which took place at Mittau, when Bonaparte's letter was delivered to Louis XVIII.

That Prince was already much irritated against Bonaparte by his delay in answering his first letter, and also by the tenor of his tardy reply; but on reading the First Consul's second letter the dethroned King immediately sat down and traced a few lines forcibly expressing his indignation at such a proposition. The note, hastily written by Louis XVIII. in the first impulse of irritation, bore little resemblance to the dignified and elegant letter which Bonaparte received, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. This latter epistle closed very happily with the beautiful device of Francis I., "All is lost but honour." But the first letter was stamped with a more chivalrous tone of indignation. The indignant sovereign wrote it with his hand supported on the hilt of his sword; but the Abbe Andre, in whom Louis XVIII. reposed great confidence, saw the note, and succeeded, not without some difficulty, in soothing the anger of the King, and prevailing on him to write the following letter:

I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government; for the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be prized by me.

> But he errs in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights; so far from that, he would confirm them, if they could possibly be doubtful, by the step he has now taken.

I am ignorant of the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects; but I know the obligations which God has imposed upon me. As a Christian, I will fulfil my duties to my last breath—as the son of St. Louis, I would, like him, respect myself even in chains—as the successor of Francis I., I say with him—'Tout est perdu fors l'honneur'.

Mittau, 1802. *Louis*.

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Louis XVIII.'s letter having reached Paris, the Royalist committee assembled, and were not a little embarrassed as to what should be done. The meeting took place at Neuilly. After a long deliberation it was suggested that the delivery of the letter should be entrusted to the Third Consul, with whom the Abby de Montesqiou had kept up acquaintance since the time of the Constituent Assembly. This suggestion was adopted. The recollections of the commencement of his career, under Chancellor Maupeou, had always caused M. Lebrun to be ranked in a distinct class by the Royalists. For my part, I always looked upon him as a very honest man, a warm advocate of equality, and anxious that it should be protected even by despotism, which suited the views of the First Consul very well. The Abbe de Montesquiou accordingly waited upon M. Lebrun, who undertook to deliver the letter. Bonaparte received it with an air of indifference; but whether that indifference were real or affected, I am to this day unable to determine. He said very little to me about the ill success of the negotiation with Louis XVIII. On this subject he dreaded, above all, the interference of his brothers, who created around him a sort of commotion which he knew was not without its influence, and which on several occasions had excited his anger.

The letter of Louis XVIII. is certainly conceived in a tone of dignity which cannot be too highly admired; and it may be said that Bonaparte on this occasion rendered a real service to Louis by affording him the opportunity of presenting to the world one of the finest pages in the history of a dethroned King. This letter, the contents of which were known in some circles of Paris, was the object of general approbation to those who preserved the recollection of the Bourbons, and above all, to the Royalist committee. The members of that committee, proud of the noble spirit evinced by the unfortunate monarch, whose return they were generously labouring to effect, replied to him by a sort of manifesto, to which time has imparted interest, since subsequent events have fulfilled the predictions it contained.

CHAPTER XVI

1802.

The day after my disgrace—Renewal of my duties—Bonaparte's affected regard for me —Offer of an assistant—M. de Meneval—My second rupture with Bonaparte—The Due de Rovigo's account of it— Letter from M. de Barbe Marbois—Real causes of my separation from the First Consul—Postscript to the letter of M. de Barbe Marbois— The black cabinet—Inspection of letters dining the Consulate— I retire to St. Cloud—-Communications from M. de Meneval—A week's conflict between friendship and pride —My formal dismissal—Petty revenge—My request to visit England—Monosyllabic answer—Wrong suspicion—Burial of my papers—Communication from Duroc—My letter to the First Consul—The truth acknowledged.

I shall now return to the circumstances which followed

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my first disgrace, of which I have already spoken. The day after that on which I had resumed my functions I went as usual to awaken the First Consul at seven in the morning. He treated me just the same as if nothing had happened between us; and on my part I behaved to him just as usual, though I really regretted being obliged to resume labours which I found too oppressive for me. When Bonaparte came down into his cabinet he spoke to me of his plans with his usual confidence, and I saw, from the number of letters lying in the basket, that during the few days my functions had been suspended Bonaparte had not overcome his disinclination to peruse this kind of correspondence. At the period of this first rupture and reconciliation the question of the Consulate for life was yet unsettled. It was not decided until the 2d of August, and the circumstances to which I am about to refer happened at the end of February.

I was now restored to my former footing of intimacy with the First Consul, at least for a time; but I soon perceived that, after the scene which M. de Talleyrand had witnessed, my duties in the Tuileries were merely provisional, and might be shortened or prolonged according to circumstances. I saw at the very first moment that Bonaparte had sacrificed his wounded pride to the necessity (for such I may, without any vanity, call it) of employing my services. The forced preference he granted to me arose from the fact of his being unable to find any one able to supply my place; for Duroc, as I have already said, showed a disinclination to the business. I did not remain long in the dark respecting the new situation in which I stood. I was evidently still under quarantine; but the period of my quitting the port was undetermined.

A short time after our reconciliation the First Consul said to me, in a cajoling tone of which I was not the dupe, “My dear Bourrienne, you cannot do everything. Business increases, and will continue to increase. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family; therefore it is right you should take care of your health. You must not kill yourself with work; therefore some one must be got to assist you. Joseph tells me that he can recommend a secretary, one of whom he speaks very highly. He shall be under your direction; he can make out your copies, and do all that can consistently be required of him. This, I think, will be a great relief to you.”—“I ask for nothing better,” replied I, “than to have the assistance of some one who, after becoming acquainted with the business, may, some time or other, succeed me.” Joseph sent M. de Meneval, a young man who, to a good education, added the recommendations of industry and prudence. I had every reason to be satisfied with him.

It was now that Napoleon employed all those devices and caresses which always succeeded so well with him, and which yet again gained the day, to put an end to the inconvenience caused to him by my retirement, and to retain me. Here I call every one who knew me as witnesses that nothing could equal my grief and despair to find myself obliged to again begin my troublesome work. My health had suffered much from it.

Corvisart was a clever counsellor, but it was only during the night that I could carry out his advice. To resume my duties was to renounce all hope of rest, and even of health.

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—[There is considerable truth in this statement about the effect on his health. His successor, Meneval, without the same amount of work, broke down and had to receive assistance (Meneval, tome i. p. 149).]—

I soon perceived the First Consul's anxiety to make M. de Meneval acquainted with the routine of business, and accustomed to his manner. Bonaparte had never pardoned me for having presumed to quit him after he had attained so high a degree of power; he was only waiting for an opportunity to punish me, and he seized upon an unfortunate circumstance as an excuse for that separation which I had previously wished to bring about.

I will explain this circumstance, which ought to have obtained for me the consolation and assistance of the First Consul rather than the forfeiture of his favour. My rupture with him has been the subject of various misstatements, all of which I shall not take the trouble to correct; I will merely notice what I have read in the Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo, in which it is stated that I was accused of peculation. M. de Rovigo thus expresses himself:

Ever since the First Consul was invested with the supreme power his life had been a continued scene of personal exertion. He had for his private secretary M. de Bourrienne, a friend and companion of his youth, whom he now made the sharer of all his labours. He frequently sent for him in the dead of the night, and particularly insisted upon his attending him every morning at seven. Bourrienne was punctual in his attendance with the public papers, which he had previously glanced over. The First Consul almost invariably read their contents himself; he then despatched some business, and sat down to table just as the clock struck nine. His breakfast, which lasted six minutes, was no sooner over than he returned to his cabinet, only left it for dinner, and resumed his close occupation immediately after, until ten at night, which was his usual hour for retiring to rest.Bourrienne was gifted with a most wonderful memory; he could speak and write many languages, and would make his pen follow as fast as words were uttered. He possessed many other advantages; he was well acquainted with the administrative departments, was versed in the law of nations, and possessed a zeal and activity which rendered his services quite indispensable to the First Consul. I have known the several grounds upon which the unlimited confidence placed in him by his chief rested, but am unable to speak with equal assurance of the errors which occasioned his losing that confidence.Bourrienne had many enemies; some were owing to his personal character, a greater number to the situation which he held. Others were jealous of the credit he enjoyed with the Head of the Government; others, again, discontented at his not making that credit subservient to their personal advantage. Some even imputed to him the want

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of success that had attended their claims. It was impossible to bring any charge against him on the score of deficiency of talent or of indiscreet conduct; his personal habits were watched—it was ascertained that he engaged in financial speculations. An imputation could easily be founded on this circumstance. Peculation was accordingly laid to his charge.This was touching the most tender ground, for the First Consul held nothing in greater abhorrence than unlawful gains. A solitary voice, however, would have failed in an attempt to defame the character of a man for whom he had so long felt esteem and affection; other voices, therefore, were brought to bear against him. Whether the accusations were well founded or otherwise, it is beyond a doubt that all means were resorted to for bringing them to the knowledge of the First Consul.The most effectual course that suggested itself was the opening a correspondence either with the accused party direct, or with those with whom it was felt indispensable to bring him into contact; this correspondence was carried on in a mysterious manner, and related to the financial operations that had formed the grounds of a charge against him.—Thus it is that, on more than one occasion, the very channels intended for conveying truth to the knowledge of a sovereign have been made available to the purpose of communicating false intelligence to him. To give an instance.Under the reign of Louis XV., and even under the Regency, the Post Office was organized into a system of minute inspection, which did not indeed extend to every letter, but was exercised over all such as afforded grounds for suspicion. They were opened, and, when it was not deemed safe to suppress them, copies were taken, and they were returned to their proper channel without the least delay. Any individual denouncing another may, by the help of such an establishment, give great weight to his denunciation. It is sufficient for his purpose that he should throw into the Post Office any letter so worded as to confirm the impression which it is his object to convey. The worthiest man may thus be committed by a letter which he has never read, or the purport of which is wholly unintelligible to him.I am speaking from personal experience. It once happened that a letter addressed to myself, relating to an alleged fact which had never occurred, was opened. A copy of the letter so opened was also forwarded to me, as it concerned the duties which I had to perform at that time; but I was already in possession of the original, transmitted through the ordinary channel. Summoned to reply to the questions to which such productions had given rise, I took that opportunity of pointing out the danger that would accrue from placing a blind reliance upon intelligence derived from so hazardous a source. Accordingly, little importance was afterwards attached to this means of information;

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but the system was in operation at the period when M. de Bourrienne was disgraced; his enemies took care to avail themselves of it; they blackened his character with M. de Barbe Marbois, who added to their accusations all the weight of his unblemished character. The opinion entertained by this rigid public functionary, and many other circumstances, induced the First Consul to part with his secretary (tome i. p. 418).

Peculation is the crime of those who make a fraudulent use of the public money. But as it was not in my power to meddle with the public money, no part of which passed through my hands, I am at loss to conceive how I can be charged with peculation! The Due de Rovigo is not the author, but merely the echo, of this calumny; but the accusation to which his Memoirs gave currency afforded M. de Barbe Marbois an opportunity of adding one more to the many proofs he has given of his love of justice.

I had seen nothing of the Memoirs of the Due de Rovigo except their announcement in the journals, when a letter from M. de Barbe Marbois was transmitted to me from my family. It was as follows:

Sir—My attention has been called to the enclosed article in a recent publication. The assertion it contains is not true, and I conceive it to be a duty both to you and myself to declare that I then was, and still am, ignorant of the causes of the separation in question:—I am, *etc*.

(Signed) *Marbois*

I need say no more in my justification. This unsolicited testimony of M. de Marbois is a sufficient contradiction to the charge of peculation which has been raised against me in the absence of correct information respecting the real causes of my rupture with the First Consul.

M. le Due de Rovigo also observes that my enemies were numerous. My concealed adversaries were indeed all those who were interested that the sovereign should not have about him, as his confidential companion, a man devoted to his glory and not to his vanity. In expressing his dissatisfaction with one of his ministers Bonaparte had said, in the presence of several individuals, among whom was M. Maret, “If I could find a second Bourrienne I would get rid of you all.” This was sufficient to raise against me the hatred of all who envied the confidence of which I was in possession.

The failure of a firm in Paris in which I had invested a considerable sum of money afforded an opportunity for envy and malignity to irritate the First Consul against me. Bonaparte, who had not yet forgiven me for wishing to leave him, at length determined to sacrifice my services to a new fit of ill-humour.

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A mercantile house, then one of the most respectable in Patna, had among its speculations undertaken some army contracts. With the knowledge of Berthier, with whom, indeed, the house had treated, I had invested some money in this business. Unfortunately the principals were, unknown to me, engaged in dangerous speculations in the Funds, which in a short time so involved them as to occasion their failure for a heavy amount. This caused a rumour that a slight fall of the Funds, which took place at that period, was occasioned by the bankruptcy; and the First Consul, who never could understand the nature of the Funds, gave credit to the report. He was made to believe that the business of the Stock Exchange was ruined. It was insinuated that I was accused of taking advantage of my situation to produce variations in the Funds, though I was so unfortunate as to lose not only my investment in the bankrupt house, but also a sum of money for which I had become bound, by way of surety, to assist the house in increasing its business. I incurred the violent displeasure of the First Consul, who declared to me that he no longer required my services. I might, perhaps have cooled his irritation by reminding him that he could not blame me for purchasing an interest in a contract, since he himself had stipulated for a gratuity of 1,500,000 francs for his brother Joseph out of the contract for victualling the navy. But I saw that for some time past M. de Meneval had begun to supersede me, and the First Consul only wanted such an opportunity as this for coming to a rupture with me.

Such is a true statement of the circumstances which led to my separation from Bonaparte. I defy any one to adduce a single fact in support of the charge of peculation, or any transaction of the kind; I fear no investigation of my conduct. When in the service of Bonaparte I caused many appointments to be made, and many names to be erased from the emigrant list before the ‘Senatus-consulte’ of the 6th Floreal, year X.; but I never counted upon gratitude, experience having taught me that it was an empty word.

The Duc de Rovigo attributed my disgrace to certain intercepted letters which injured me in the eyes of the First Consul. I did not know this at the time, and though I was pretty well aware of the machinations of Bonaparte’s adulators, almost all of whom were my enemies, yet I did not contemplate such an act of baseness. But a spontaneous letter from M. de Barbe Marbois at length opened my eyes, and left little doubt on the subject. The following is the postscript to that noble peer’s letter:

I recollect that one Wednesday the First Consul, while presiding at a Council of Ministers at St. Cloud, opened a note, and, without informing us what it contained, hastily left the Board, apparently much agitated. In a few minutes he returned and told us that your functions had ceased.

Whether the sudden displeasure of the First Consul

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was excited by a false representation of my concern in the transaction which proved so unfortunate to me, or whether Bonaparte merely made that a pretence for carrying into execution a resolution which I am convinced had been previously adopted, I shall not stop to determine; but the Due de Rovigo having mentioned the violation of the secrecy of letters in my case, I shall take the opportunity of stating some particulars on that subject.

Before I wrote these Memoirs the existence in the Post Office of the cabinet, which had obtained the epithet of black, had been denounced in the chamber of deputies, and the answer was, that it no longer existed, which of course amounted to an admission that it had existed. I may therefore, without indiscretion, state what I know respecting it.

The “black cabinet” was established in the reign of Louis XV., merely for the purpose of prying into the scandalous gossip of the Court and the capital. The existence of this cabinet soon became generally known to every one. The numerous postmasters who succeeded each other, especially in latter times, the still more numerous Post Office clerks, and that portion of the public who are ever on the watch for what is held up as scandalous, soon banished all the secrecy of the affair, and none but fools were taken in by it. All who did not wish to be committed by their correspondence chose better channels of communication than the Post; but those who wanted to ruin an enemy or benefit a friend long continued to avail themselves of the black cabinet, which, at first intended merely to amuse a monarch’s idle hours, soon became a medium of intrigue, dangerous from the abuse that might be made of it.

Every morning, for three years, I used to peruse the portfolio containing the bulletins of the black cabinet, and I frankly confess that I never could discover any real cause for the public indignation against it, except inasmuch as it proved the channel of vile intrigue. Out of 30,000 letters, which daily left Paris to be distributed through France and all parts of the world, ten or twelve, at most, were copied, and often only a few lines of them.

Bonaparte at first proposed to send complete copies of intercepted letters to the ministers whom their contents might concern; but a few observations from me induced him to direct that only the important passages should be extracted and sent. I made these extracts, and transmitted them to their destinations, accompanied by the following words: “The First Consul directs me to inform you that he has just received the following information,” *etc*. Whence the information came was left to be guessed at.

The First Consul daily received through this channel about a dozen pretended letters, the writers of which described their enemies as opponents of the Government, or their friends as models of obedience and fidelity to the constituted authorities. But the secret purpose of this vile correspondence was soon discovered, and Bonaparte gave orders

that no more of it should be copied. I, however, suffered from it at the time of my disgrace, and was well-nigh falling a victim to it at a subsequent period.

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The letter mentioned by M. de Marbois, and which was the occasion of this digression on the violation of private correspondence, derived importance from the circumstance that Wednesday, the 20th of October, when Bonaparte received it, was the day on which I left the Consular palace.

I retired to a house which Bonaparte had advised me to purchase at St. Cloud, and for the fitting up and furnishing of which he had promised to pay. We shall see how he kept this promise! I immediately sent to direct Landoire, the messenger of Bonaparte's cabinet, to place all letters sent to me in the First Consul's portfolio, because many intended for him came under cover for me. In consequence of this message I received the following letter from M. de Meneval:

My dear Bourrienne—I cannot believe that the First Consul would wish that your letters should be presented to him. I presume you allude only to those which may concern him, and which come addressed under cover to you. The First Consul has written to citizens Lavallette and Mollien directing them to address their packets to him. I cannot allow Landoire to obey the order you sent.

> The First Consul yesterday evening evinced great regret. He repeatedly said, "How miserable I am! I have known that man since he was seven years old." I cannot but believe that he will reconsider his unfortunate decision. I have intimated to him that the burden of the business is too much for me, and that he must be extremely at a loss for the services of one to whom he was so much accustomed, and whose situation, I am confident, nobody else can satisfactorily fill. He went to bed very low-spirited. I am, *etc*.
>
> (Signed) *Meneval*.
>
> 19 Vendemiaire, an X.
> (21st October 1802.)

Next day I received another letter from M. Meneval as follows:—

> I send you your letters. The First Consul prefers that you should break them open, and send here those which are intended for him. I enclose some German papers, which he begs you to translate.

Madame Bonaparte is much interested in your behalf; and I can assure you that no one more heartily desires than the First Consul himself to see you again at your old post, for which it would be difficult to find a successor equal to you, either as regards fidelity or fitness. I do not relinquish the hope of seeing you here again.

A whole week passed away in conflicts between the First Consul's friendship and pride. The least desire he manifested to recall me was opposed by his flatterers. On the fifth

day of our separation he directed me to come to him. He received me with the greatest kindness, and after having good-humouredly told me that I often expressed myself with too much freedom—a fault I was never solicitous to correct—he added: “I regret

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your absence much. You were very useful to me. You are neither too noble nor too plebeian, neither too aristocratic nor too Jacobinical. You are discreet and laborious. You understand me better than any one else; and, between ourselves be it said, we ought to consider this a sort of Court. Look at Duroc, Bessieres, Maret. However, I am very much inclined to take you back; but by so doing I should confirm the report that I cannot do without you."

Madame Bonaparte informed me that she had heard persons to whom Bonaparte expressed a desire to recall me observe, "What would you do? People will say you cannot do without him. You have got rid of him now; therefore think no more about him: and as for the English newspapers, he gave them more importance than they really deserved: you will no longer be troubled with them." This will bring to mind a scene—-which occurred at Malmaison on the receipt of some intelligence in the 'London Gazette'.

I am convinced that if Bonaparte had been left to himself he would have recalled me, and this conviction is warranted by the interval which elapsed between his determination to part with me and the formal announcement of my dismissal. Our rupture took place on the 20th of October, and on the 8th of November following the First Consul sent me the following letter:

> *Citizen Bourrienne*, *minister of state*—I am satisfied with the services which you have rendered me during the time you have been with me; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. I wish you to relinquish, from this time, the functions and title of my private secretary. I shall seize an early opportunity of providing for you in a way suited to your activity and talents, and conducive to the public service.
>
> (Signed)*Bonaparte*.

If any proof of the First Consul's malignity were wanting it would be furnished by the following fact:—A few days after the receipt of the letter which announced my dismissal I received a note from Duroc; but, to afford an idea of the petty revenge of him who caused it to be written, it will be necessary first to relate a few preceding circumstances.

When, with the view of preserving a little freedom, I declined the offer of apartments which Madame Bonaparte had prepared at Malmaison for myself and my family, I purchased a small house at Ruel: the First Consul had given orders for the furnishing of this house, as well as one which I possessed in Paris. From the manner in which the orders were given I had not the slightest doubt but that Bonaparte intended to make me a present of the furniture. However, when I left his service he applied to have it

returned. As at first I paid no attention to his demand, as far as it concerned the furniture at Ruel, he directed Duroc to write the following letter to me:

> The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, has just ordered me to send him this evening the keys of your residence in Paris, from which the furniture is not to be removed.

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He also directs me to put into a warehouse whatever furniture you may have at Ruel or elsewhere which you have obtained from Government.

I beg of you to send me an answer, so as to assist me in the execution of these orders. You promised me to have everything settled before the First Consul's return. I must excuse myself in the best way I can.

(Signed) *Duroc*.

24 Brumaire, an X.
(15th November 1802.)

Believing myself to be master of my own actions, I had formed the design of visiting England, whither I was called by some private business. However, I was fully aware of the peculiarity of my situation, and I was resolved to take no step that should in any way justify a reproach.

On the 11th of January I therefore wrote to Duroc:

My affairs require my presence in England for some time. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention my intended journey to the First Consul, as I do not wish to do anything inconsistent with his views. I would rather sacrifice my own interest than displease him. I rely on your friendship for an early answer to this, for uncertainty would be fatal to me in many respects.

The answer, which speedily arrived, was as follows:—

> *My dear Bourrienne*—I have presented to the First Consul the letter I just received from you. He read it, and said, "No!"
>
> That is the only answer I can give you. (Signed) *Duroc*.

This monosyllable was expressive. It proved to me that Bonaparte was conscious how ill he had treated me; and, suspecting that I was actuated by the desire of vengeance, he was afraid of my going to England, lest I should there take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had so effectually put down in France. He probably imagined that my object was to publish statements which would more effectually have enlightened the public respecting his government and designs than all the scandalous anecdotes, atrocious calumnies, and ridiculous fabrications of Pelletier, the editor of the 'Ambigu'. But Bonaparte was much deceived in this supposition; and if there can remain any doubt on that subject, it will be removed on referring to the date of these Memoirs, and observing the time at which I consented to publish them.

I was not deceived as to the reasons of Bonaparte's unceremonious refusal of my application; and as I well knew his inquisitorial character, I thought it prudent to conceal my notes. I acted differently from Camoens. He contended with the sea to preserve his manuscripts; I made the earth the depository of mine. I carefully enclosed my most valuable notes and papers in a tin box, which I buried under ground. A yellow tinge, the commencement of decay, has in some places almost obliterated the writing.

It will be seen in the sequel that my precaution was not useless, and that I was right in anticipating the persecution of Bonaparte, provoked by the malice of my enemies. On the 20th of April Duroc sent me the following note:

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I beg, my dear Bourrienne, that you will come to St. Cloud this morning. I have something to tell you on the part of the First Consul.

(Signed) *Duroc*.

This note caused me much anxiety. I could not doubt but that my enemies had invented some new calumny; but I must say that I did not expect such baseness as I experienced.

As soon as Duroc had made me acquainted with the business which the First Consul had directed him to communicate, I wrote on the spot the subjoined letter to Bonaparte:

At General Duroc's desire I have this moment waited upon him, and he informs me that you have received notice that a deficit of 100,000 francs has been discovered in the Treasury of the Navy, which you require me to refund this day at noon.Citizen First Consul, I know not what this means! I am utterly ignorant of the matter. I solemnly declare to you that this charge is a most infamous calumny. It is one more to be added to the number of those malicious charges which have been invented for the purpose of destroying any influence I might possess with you.

I am in General Duroc's apartment, where I await your orders.

Duroc carried my note to the First Consul as soon as it was written. He speedily returned. "All's right!" said he. "He has directed me to say it was entirely a mistake!—-that he is now convinced he was deceived! that he is sorry for the business, and hopes no more will be said about it."

The base flatterers who surrounded Bonaparte wished him to renew his Egyptian extortions upon me; but they should have recollected that the fusillade employed in Egypt for the purpose of raising money was no longer the fashion in France, and that the days were gone by when it was the custom to 'grease the wheels of the revolutionary car.'

CHAPTER XVII.

1803.

The First Consul's presentiments respecting the duration of peace— England's uneasiness at the prosperity of France—Bonaparte's real wish for war—Concourse of foreigners in Paris—Bad faith of England—Bonaparte and Lord Whitworth—Relative position of France and England-Bonaparte's journey to the seaboard departments—Breakfast at Compiegne—Father Berton—Irritation excited by the presence of Bouquet

—Father Berton's derangement and death—Rapp ordered to send for me—Order countermanded.

The First Consul never anticipated a long peace with England. He wished for peace merely because, knowing it to be ardently desired by the people, after ten years of war he thought it would increase his popularity and afford him the opportunity of laying the foundation of his government. Peace was as necessary to enable him to conquer the throne of France as war was essential to secure it, and to enlarge its base at the expense of the other thrones of Europe.

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This was the secret of the peace of Amiens, and of the rupture which so suddenly followed, though that rupture certainly took place sooner than the First Consul wished. On the great questions of peace and war Bonaparte entertained elevated ideas; but in discussions on the subject he always declared himself in favour of war. When told of the necessities of the people, of the advantages of peace, its influence on trade, the arts, national industry, and every branch of public prosperity, he did not attempt to deny the argument; indeed, he concurred in it; but he remarked, that all those advantages were only conditional, so long as England was able to throw the weight of her navy into the scale of the world, and to exercise the influence of her gold in all the Cabinets of Europe. Peace must be broken; since it was evident that England was determined to break it. Why not anticipate her? Why allow her to have all the advantages of the first step? We must astonish Europe! We must thwart the policy of the Continent! We must strike a great and unexpected blow. Thus reasoned the First Consul, and every one may judge whether his actions agreed with his sentiments.

The conduct of England too well justified the foresight of Bonaparte's policy; or rather England, by neglecting to execute her treaties, played into Bonaparte's hand, favoured his love for war, and justified the prompt declaration of hostilities in the eyes of the French nation, whom he wished to persuade that if peace were broken it would be against his wishes. England was already at work with the powerful machinery of her subsidies, and the veil beneath which she attempted to conceal her negotiations was still sufficiently transparent for the lynx eye of the First Consul. It was in the midst of peace that all those plots were hatched, while millions who had no knowledge of their existence were securely looking forward to uninterrupted repose.

Since the Revolution Paris had never presented such a spectacle as during the winter of 1802-3. At that time the concourse of foreigners in the French capital was immense. Everything wore the appearance of satisfaction, and the external signs of public prosperity. The visible regeneration in French society exceedingly annoyed the British Ministry. The English who flocked to the Continent discovered France to be very different from what she was described to be by the English papers. This caused serious alarm on the other side of the Channel, and the English Government endeavoured by unjust complaints to divert attention from just dissatisfaction, which its own secret intrigues excited. The King of England sent a message to Parliament, in which he spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and of the necessity of adopting precautions against meditated aggressions. This instance of bad faith highly irritated the First Consul, who one day, in a fit of displeasure, thus addressed Lord Whitworth in the salon, where all the foreign Ambassadors were assembled:

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“What is the meaning of this? Are you then tired of peace? Must Europe again be deluged with blood? Preparations for war indeed! Do you think to overawe us by this? You shall see that France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated —never!”

The English Ambassador was astounded at this unexpected sally, to which he made no reply. He contented himself with writing to his Government an account of an interview in which the First Consul had so far forgotten himself,-whether purposely or not I do not pretend to say.

That England wished for war there could be no doubt. She occupied Malta, it is true, but she had promised to give it up, though she never had any intention of doing so. She was to have evacuated Egypt, yet there she still remained; the Cape of Good Hope was to have been surrendered, but she still retained possession of it. England had signed, at Amiens, a peace which she had no intention of maintaining. She knew the hatred of the Cabinets of Europe towards France, and she was sure, by her intrigues and subsidies, of arming them on her side whenever her plans reached maturity. She saw France powerful and influential in Europe, and she knew the ambitious views of the First Consul, who, indeed, had taken little pains to conceal them.

The First Consul, who had reckoned on a longer duration of the peace of Amiens, found himself at the rupture of the treaty in an embarrassing situation. The numerous grants of furloughs, the deplorable condition of the cavalry, and the temporary absence of artillery, in consequence of a project for refounding all the field-pieces, caused much anxiety to Bonaparte. He had recourse to the conscription to fill up the deficiencies of the army; and the project of refounding the artillery was abandoned. Supplies of money were obtained from the large towns, and Hanover, which was soon after occupied, furnished abundance of good horses for mounting the cavalry.

War had now become inevitable; and as soon as it was declared the First Consul set out to visit Belgium and the seaboard departments to ascertain the best means of resisting the anticipated attacks of the English. In passing through Compiegne he received a visit from Father Berton, formerly principal of the military school of Brienne. He was then rector of the school of arts at Compiegne, a situation in which he had been placed by Bonaparte. I learned the particulars of this visit through Josephine. Father Berton, whose primitive simplicity of manner was unchanged since the time when he held us under the authority of his ferule, came to invite Bonaparte and Josephine to breakfast with him, which invitation was accepted. Father Berton had at that time living with him one of our old comrades of Brienne, named Bouquet; but he expressly forbade him to show himself to Bonaparte or any one of his suite, because Bouquet, who had been a commissary at headquarters in Italy, was in disgrace with the First Consul. Bouquet promised

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to observe Father Berton's injunctions, but was far from keeping his promise. As soon as he saw Bonaparte's carriage drive up, he ran to the door and gallantly handed out Josephine. Josephine, as she took his hand, said, "Bouquet,—you have ruined yourself!" Bonaparte, indignant at what he considered an unwarrantable familiarity, gave way to one of his uncontrollable fits of passion, and as soon as he entered the room where the breakfast was laid, he seated himself, and then said to his wife in an imperious tone, "Josephine, sit there!" He then commenced breakfast, without telling Father Becton to sit down, although a third plate had been laid for him. Father Becton stood behind his old pupil's chair apparently confounded at his violence. The scene produced such an effect on the old man that he became incapable of discharging his duties at Compiegne. He retired to Rheims, and his intellect soon after became deranged. I do not pretend to say whether this alienation of mind was caused by the occurrence I have just related, and the account of which I received from Josephine. She was deeply afflicted at what had passed. Father Berton died insane. What I heard from Josephine was afterwards confirmed by the brother of Father Becton. The fact is, that in proportion as Bonaparte acquired power he was the more annoyed at the familiarity of old companions; and, indeed, I must confess that their familiarity often appeared very ridiculous.

The First Consul's visit to the northern coast took place towards the end of the year 1803, at which time the English attacked the Dutch settlements of Surinam, Demerara, and Essequibo, and a convention of neutrality was concluded between France, Spain, and Portugal. Rapp accompanied the First Consul, who attentively inspected the preparations making for a descent on England, which it was never his intention to effect, as will be shortly shown.

On the First Consul's return I learned from Rapp that I had been spoken of during the journey, and in the following way:—Bonaparte, being at Boulogne, wanted some information which no one there could give, him. Vexed at receiving no satisfactory answer to his inquiries he called Rapp, and said, "Do you know, Rapp, where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Write to him to come here immediately, and send off one of my couriers with the letter." The rumour of the First Consul's sudden recollection of me spread like lightning, and the time required to write the letter and despatch the courier was more than sufficient for the efforts of those whom my return was calculated to alarm. Artful representations soon checked these spontaneous symptoms of a return to former feelings and habits. When Rapp carried to the First Consul the letter he had been directed to write the order was countermanded. However, Rapp advised me not to leave Paris, or if I did, to mention the place where I might be found, so that Duroc might have it in his power to seize on any favourable circumstance without delay. I was well aware of the friendship of both Rapp and Duroc, and they could as confidently rely on mine.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

1803.

Vast works undertaken—The French and the Roman soldiers—Itinerary of Bonaparte's journeys to the coast—Twelve hours on horseback— Discussions in Council—-Opposition of Truguet—Bonaparte'a opinion on the point under discussion—Two divisions of the world—Europe a province—Bonaparte's jealousy of the dignity of France—The Englishman in the dockyard of Brest—Public audience at the Tuilleries—-The First Consul's remarks upon England—His wish to enjoy the good opinion of the English people—Ball at Malmaison— Lines on Hortense's dancing—Singular motive for giving the ball.

At the time of the rupture with England Bonaparte was, as I have mentioned, quite unprepared in most branches of the service; yet everything was created as if by magic, and he seemed to impart to others a share of his own incredible activity. It is inconceivable how many things had been undertaken and executed since the rupture of the peace. The north coast of France presented the appearance of one vast arsenal; for Bonaparte on this occasion employed his troops like Roman soldiers, and made the tools of the artisan succeed to the arms of the warrior.

On his frequent journeys to the coast Bonaparte usually set off at night, and on the following morning arrived at the post office of Chantilly, where he breakfasted. Rapp, whom I often saw when he was in Paris, talked incessantly of these journeys, for he almost always accompanied the First Consul, and it would have been well had he always been surrounded by such men. In the evening the First Consul supped at Abbeville, and arrived early next day at the bridge of Brique. "It would require constitutions of iron to go through what we do," said Rapp. "We no sooner alight from the carriage than we mount on horseback, and sometimes remain in our saddles for ten or twelve hours successively. The First Consul inspects and examines everything, often talks with the soldiers. How he is beloved by them! When shall we pay a visit to London with those brave fellows?"

Notwithstanding these continual journeys the First Consul never neglected any of the business of government, and was frequently present at the deliberations of the Council. I was still with him when the question as to the manner in which the treaties of peace should be concluded came under the consideration of the Council. Some members, among whom Truguet was conspicuous, were of opinion that, conformably with an article of the Constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the Head of the Government, submitted to the Legislative Body, and after being agreed to promulgated as part of the laws. Bonaparte thought differently. I was entirely of his opinion, and he said to me, "It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the Constitution, for if the Constitution says so it is absurd. There are some things which

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cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly; for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my Ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the Legislative Body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! Lucchesini and Markow would give dinners every day like Cambaceres; scatter their money about, buy men who are to be sold, and thus cause our propositions to be rejected. This would be a fine way to manage matters!"

When Bonaparte, according to his custom, talked to me in the evening of what had passed in the Council, his language was always composed of a singular mixture of quotations from antiquity, historical references, and his own ideas. He talked about the Romans, and I remember when Mr. Fox was at Paris that he tried to distinguish himself before that Foreign Minister, whom he greatly esteemed. In his enlarged way of viewing the world Bonaparte divided it into two large states, the East and the West: "What matters," he would often say, "that two countries are separated by rivers or mountains, that they speak different languages? With very slight shades of variety France, Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, have the same manners and customs, the same religion, and the same dress. In them a man can only marry one wife; slavery is not allowed; and these are the great distinctions which divide the civilised inhabitants of the globe. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is merely a province of the world, and our warfare is but civil strife. There is also another way of dividing nations, namely, by land and water." Then he would touch on all the European interests, speak of Russia, whose alliance he wished for, and of England, the mistress of the seas. He usually ended by alluding to what was then his favourite scheme—an expedition to India.

When from these general topics Bonaparte descended to the particular interests of France, he still spoke like a sovereign; and I may truly say that he showed himself more jealous than any sovereign ever was of the dignity of France, of which he already considered himself the sole representative. Having learned that a captain of the English navy had visited the dockyard of Brest passing himself off as a merchant, whose passport he had borrowed, he flew into a rage because no one had ventured to arrest him.—[see James' Naval History for an account of Sir Sidney Smith's daring exploit.]—-Nothing was lost on Bonaparte, and he made use of this fact to prove to the Council of State the necessity of increasing the number of commissary-generals of police. At a meeting of the Council he said, "If there had been a commissary of police at Brest he would have arrested the English captain and sent him at once to Paris. As he was acting the part of a spy I would have had him shot as such. No Englishman, not even a nobleman, or the English Ambassador, should be admitted into our dockyards. I will soon regulate all this." He afterwards said to me, "There are plenty of wretches who are selling me every day to the English without my being subjected to English spying."

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—[During the short and hollow peace of Amiens Bonaparte sent over to England as consuls and vice-consuls, a number of engineers and military men, who were instructed to make plans of all the harbours and coasts of the United Kingdom. They worked in secrecy, yet not so secretly but that they were soon suspected: the facts were proved, and they were sent out of the country without ceremony.— Editor of 1836 edition.]—

He had on one occasion said before an assemblage of generals, senators, and high officers of State, who were at an audience of the Diplomatic Body, “The English think that I am afraid of war, but I am not.” And here the truth escaped him, in spite of himself. “My power will lose nothing by war. In a very short time I can have 2,000,000 of men at my disposal. What has been the result of the first war? The union of Belgium and Piedmont to France. This is greatly to our advantage; it will consolidate our system. France shall not be restrained by foreign fetters. England has manifestly violated the treaties! It would be better to render homage to the King of England, and crown him King of France at Paris, than to submit to the insolent caprices of the English Government. If, for the sake of preserving peace, at most for only two months longer, I should yield on a single point, the English would become the more treacherous and insolent, and would enact the more in proportion as we yield. But they little know me! Were we to yield to England now, she would next prohibit our navigation in certain parts of the world. She would insist on the surrender of par ships. I know not what she would not demand; but I am not the man to brook such indignities. Since England wishes for war she shall have it, and that speedily!”

On the same day Bonaparte said a great deal more about the treachery of England. The gross calumnies to which he was exposed in the London newspapers powerfully contributed to increase his natural hatred of the liberty of the press; and he was much astonished that such attacks could be made upon him by English subjects when he was at peace with the English Government.

I had one day a singular proof of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the opinion of the English people respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. What I am about to state will afford another example of Bonaparte’s disposition to employ petty and roundabout means to gain his ends. He gave a ball at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy.

> —[This refers to the first son of Louis and of Hortense, Napoleon Charles, the intended successor of Napoleon, who was born 1802, died 1807, elder brother of Napoleon *iii*.]—

I have already mentioned that he disliked to see women in that situation, and above all could not endure to see them dance. Yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball at Malmaison. She at first declined, but Bonaparte was exceedingly importunate, and said to her in a tone of good-humoured persuasion, “Do, I

beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance. Come, stand up, to oblige me."
Hortense at last consented. The motive for this extraordinary request I will now explain.

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On the day after the ball one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this, and when the paper arrived at Malmaison she expressed, displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of our newspaper wits, she was nevertheless at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the night before. Bonaparte smiled, and gave her no distinct answer. When Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet she came in and asked me to explain the matter; and seeing no reason to conceal the truth, I told her that the lines had been written by Bonaparte's direction before the ball took place. I added, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been prepared for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application that the First Consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal announcing that Hortense was delivered. Bonaparte was highly indignant at that premature announcement, which he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumours of his imputed connection with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their place in a mind in which the grandest schemes were revolving.

CHAPTER XIX.

1803.

Mr. Pitt—Motive of his going out of office—Error of the English Government—Pretended regard for the Bourbons—Violation of the treaty of Amiens—Reciprocal accusations—-Malta—Lord Whitworth's departure—Rome and Carthage—Secret satisfaction of Bonaparte— Message to the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate— The King of England's renunciation of the title of King of France— Complaints of the English Government—French agents in British ports —Views of France upon Turkey—-Observation made by Bonaparte to the Legislative Body—Its false interpretation—-Conquest of Hanover— The Duke of Cambridge caricatured—The King of England and the Elector of Hanover—First address to the clergy—Use of the word "Monsieur"—The Republican weeks and months.

One of the circumstances which foretold the brief duration of the peace of Amiens was, that Mr. Pitt was out of office at the time of its conclusion. I mentioned this to Bonaparte, and I immediately perceived by his hasty "What do you say?" that my observation had been heard—but not liked. It did not, however, require any extraordinary shrewdness to see the true motive of Mr. Pitt's retirement. That distinguished statesman conceived that a truce under the name of a peace was indispensable for England; but, intending to resume the war with France more fiercely than ever, he for a while retired from office, and left to others the task of arranging the peace; but his intention was to mark his return to the ministry

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by the renewal of the implacable hatred he had vowed against France. Still, I have always thought that the conclusion of peace, however necessary to England, was an error of the Cabinet of London. England alone had never before acknowledged any of the governments which had risen up in France since the Revolution; and as the past could not be blotted out, a future war, however successful to England, could not take from Bonaparte's Government the immense weight it had acquired by an interval of peace. Besides, by the mere fact of the conclusion of the treaty England proved to all Europe that the restoration of the Bourbons was merely a pretext, and she defaced that page of her history which might have shown that she was actuated by nobler and more generous sentiments than mere hatred of France. It is very certain that the condescension of England in treating with the First Consul had the effect of rallying round him a great many partisans of the Bourbons, whose hopes entirely depended on the continuance of war between Great Britain and France. This opened the eyes of the greater number, namely, those who could not see below the surface, and were not previously aware that the demonstrations of friendship so liberally made to the Bourbons by the European Cabinets, and especially by England, were merely false pretences, assumed for the purpose of disguising, beneath the semblance of honourable motives, their wish to injure France, and to oppose her rapidly increasing power.

When the misunderstanding took place, France and England might have mutually reproached each other, but justice was apparently on the side of France. It was evident that England, by refusing to evacuate Malta, was guilty of a palpable infraction of the treaty of Amiens, while England could only institute against France what in the French law language is called a suit or process of tendency. But it must be confessed that this tendency on the part of France to augment her territory was very evident, for the Consular decrees made conquests more promptly than the sword. The union of Piedmont with France had changed the state of Europe. This union, it is true, was effected previously to the treaty of Amiens; but it was not so with the states of Parma and Piacenza, Bonaparte having by his sole authority constituted himself the heir of the Grand Duke, recently deceased. It may therefore be easily imagined how great was England's uneasiness at the internal prosperity of France and the insatiable ambition of her ruler; but it is no less certain that, with respect to Malta, England acted with decidedly bad faith; and this bad faith appeared in its worst light from the following circumstance:—It had been stipulated that England should withdraw her troops from Malta three months after the signing of the treaty, yet more than a year had elapsed, and the troops were still there. The order of Malta was to be restored as it formerly was; that is to say, it was to be a sovereign and independent order, under

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the protection of the Holy See. The three Cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg were to guarantee the execution of the treaty of Amiens. The English Ambassador, to excuse the evasions of his Government, pretended that the Russian Cabinet concurred with England in the delayed fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty; but at the very moment he was making that excuse a courier arrived from the Cabinet of St. Petersburg bearing despatches completely, at variance with the assertion of Lord Whitworth. His lordship left Paris on the night of the 12th May 1803, and the English Government, unsolicited, sent passports to the French embassy in London. The news of this sudden rupture made the English console fall four per cent., but did not immediately produce such a retrograde effect on the French funds, which were then quoted at fifty-five francs;—a very high point, when it is recollected that they were at seven or eight francs on the eve of the 18th Brumaire.

In this state of things France proposed to the English Government to admit of the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war in order to repair the error she committed in concluding peace, the proposition was of course rejected. Thus the public gave the First Consul credit for great moderation and a sincere wish for peace. Thus arose between England and France a contest resembling those furious wars which marked the reigns of King John and Charles *vii*. Our beaux esprits drew splendid comparisons between the existing state of things and the ancient rivalry of Carthage and Rome, and sapiently concluded that, as Carthage fell, England must do so likewise.

Bonaparte was at St. Cloud when Lord Whitworth left Paris. A fortnight was spent in useless attempts to renew negotiations. War, therefore, was the only alternative. Before he made his final preparations the First Consul addressed a message to the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate. In this message he mentioned the recall of the English Ambassador, the breaking out of hostilities, the unexpected message of the King of England to his Parliament, and the armaments which immediately ensued in the British ports. “In vain,” he said, “had France tried every means to induce England to abide by the treaty. She had repelled every overture, and increased the insolence of her demands. France,” he added, “will not submit to menaces, but will combat for the faith of treaties, and the honour of the French name, confidently trusting that the result of the contest will be such as she has a right to expect from the justice of her cause and the courage of her people.”

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This message was dignified, and free from that vein of boasting in which Bonaparte so frequently indulged. The reply of the Senate was accompanied by a vote of a ship of the line, to be paid for out of the Senatorial salaries. With his usual address Bonaparte, in acting for himself, spoke in the name of the people, just as he did in the question of the Consulate for life. But what he then did for his own interests turned to the future interests of the Bourbons. The very treaty which had just been broken off gave rise to a curious observation. Bonaparte, though not yet a sovereign, peremptorily required the King of England to renounce the empty title of King of France, which was kept up as if to imply that old pretensions were not yet renounced. The proposition was acceded to, and to this circumstance was owing the disappearance of the title of King of France from among the titles of the King of England, when the treaty of Paris was concluded on the return of the Bourbons.

The first grievance complained of by England was the prohibition of English merchandise, which had been more rigid since the peace than during the war. The avowal of Great Britain on this point might well have enabled her to dispense with any other subject of complaint; for the truth is, she was alarmed at the aspect of our internal prosperity, and at the impulse given to our manufactures. The English Government had hoped to obtain from the First Consul such a commercial treaty as would have proved a death-blow to our rising trade; but Bonaparte opposed this, and from the very circumstance of his refusal he might easily have foreseen the rupture at which he affected to be surprised. What I state I felt at the time, when I read with great interest all the documents relative to this great dispute between the two rival nations, which eleven years afterwards was decided before the walls of Paris.

It was evidently disappointment in regard to a commercial treaty which created the animosity of the English Government, as that circumstance was alluded to, by way of reproach, in the King of England's declaration. In that document it was complained that France had sent a number of persona into the ports of Great Britain and Ireland in the character of commercial agents, which character, and the privileges belonging to it, they could only have acquired by a commercial treaty. Such was, in my opinion, the real cause of the complaints of England; but as it would have seemed too absurd to make it the ground of a declaration of war, she enumerated other grievances, *viz*., the union of Piedmont and of the states of Parma and Piacenza with France, and the continuance of the French troops in Holland. A great deal was said about the views and projects of France with respect to Turkey, and this complaint originated in General Sebastiani's mission to Egypt. On that point I can take upon me to say that the English Government was not misinformed. Bonaparte too frequently spoke to are of his ideas respecting the East, and his project of attacking the English power in India, to leave any doubt of his ever having renounced them. The result of all the reproaches which the two Governments addressed to each other was, that neither acted with good faith.

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The First Consul, in a communication to the Legislative Body on the state of France and on her foreign relations; had said, “England, single-handed, cannot cope with France.” This sufficed to irritate the susceptibility of English pride, and the British Cabinet affected to regard it as a threat. However, it was no such thing. When Bonaparte threatened, his words were infinitely more energetic. The passage above cited was merely au assurance to France; and if we only look at the past efforts and sacrifices made by England to stir up enemies to France on the Continent, we may be justified in supposing that her anger at Bonaparte’s declaration arose from a conviction of its truth. Singly opposed to France, England could doubtless have done her much harm, especially by assailing the scattered remnants of her navy; but she could have done nothing against France on the Continent. The two powers, unaided by allies, might have continued long at war without any considerable acts of hostility.

The first effect of the declaration of war by England was the invasion of Hanover by the French troops under General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch by which this news was communicated to Paris was as laconic as correct, and contained, in a few words, the complete history of the expedition. It ran as follows: “The French are masters of the Electorate of Hanover, and the enemy’s army are made prisoners of war.” A day or two after the shop windows of the print-sellers were filled with caricatures on the English, and particularly on the Duke of Cambridge. I recollect seeing one in which the Duke was represented reviewing his troops mounted on a crab. I mention these trifles because, as I was then living entirely at leisure, in the Rue Hauteville, I used frequently to take a stroll on the Boulevards, where I was sometimes much amused with these prints; and I could not help remarking, that in large cities such triffles have more influence on the public mind than is usually supposed.

The First Consul thought the taking of the prisoners in Hanover a good opportunity to exchange them for those taken from us by the English navy. A proposition to this effect was accordingly made; but the English Cabinet was of opinion that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, yet there was no identity between the two Governments, of both which George *iii*. was the head. In consequence of this subtle distinction the proposition for the exchange of prisoners fell to the ground. At this period nothing could exceed the animosity of the two Governments towards each other, and Bonaparte, on the declaration of war, marked his indignation by an act which no consideration can justify; I allude to the order for the arrest of all the English in France —a truly barbarious measure; for; can anything be more cruel and unjust than to visit individuals with the vengeance due to the Government whose subjects they may happen to be? But Bonaparte, when under the influence of anger, was never troubled by scruples.

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I must here notice the fulfilment of a remark Bonaparte often made, use of to me during the Consulate. "You shall see, Bourrienne," he would say, "what use I will make of the priests."

War being declared, the First Consul, in imitation of the most Christian kings of olden times, recommended the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful through the medium of the clergy. To this end he addressed a circular letter, written in royal style, to the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of France.

It was as follows:

Monsieur—The motives of the present war are known throughout Europe. The bad faith of the King of England, who has violated his treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and attacked our merchant vessels without a previous declaration of war, together with the necessity of a just defence, forced us to have recourse to arms. I therefore wish you to order prayers to be offered up, in order to obtain the benediction of Heaven on our enterprises. The proofs I have received of your zeal for the public service give me an assurance of your readiness to conform with my wishes.

Given at St. Cloud, 18 Prairial, an XI. (7th June 1803).

(Signed) *Bonaparte*.

This letter was remarkable in more than one respect. It astonished most of his old brothers-in-arms, who turned it into ridicule; observing that Bonaparte needed no praying to enable him to conquer Italy twice over. The First Consul, however, let them laugh on, and steadily followed the line he had traced out. His letter was admirably calculated to please the Court of Rome, which he wished should consider him in the light of another elder son of the Church. The letter was, moreover, remarkable for the use of the word "Monsieur," which the First Consul now employed for the first time in an act destined for publicity. This circumstance would seem to indicate that he considered Republican designations incompatible with the forms due to the clergy: the clergy were especially interested in the restoration of monarchy. It may, perhaps, be thought that I dwell too much on trifles; but I lived long enough in Bonaparte's confidence to know the importance he attached to trifles. The First Consul restored the old names of the days of the week, while he allowed the names of the months, as set down in the Republican calendar, to remain. He commenced by ordering the Moniteur to be dated "Saturday," such a day of "Messidor." "See," said he one day, "was there ever such an inconsistency? We shall be laughed at! But I will do away with the Messidor. I will efface all the inventions of the Jacobins."

The clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the First Consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the Bishops, *etc*., was the signal for a number of circulars full of eulogies on Bonaparte.

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These compliments were far from displeasing to the First Consul, who had no objection to flattery though he despised those who meanly made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once told me that they had all great difficulty in preserving their gravity when the cure of a parish in Abbeville addressed Bonaparte one day while he was on his journey to the coast. "Religion," said the worthy cure, with pompous solemnity, "owes to you all that it is, we owe to you all that we are; and I, too, owe to you all that I am."

—[Not so fulsome as some of the terms used a year later when Napoleon was made Emperor. "I am what I am," was placed over a seat prepared for the Emperor. One phrase, "God made Napoleon and then rested," drew from Narbonne the sneer that it would have been better if the Deity had rested sooner. "Bonaparte," says Joseph de Maistre, "has had himself described in his papers as the 'Messenger of God.' Nothing more true. Bonaparte comes straight from heaven, like a thunderbolt." (Saints-Benve, Caureries, tome iv. p. 203.)]

CHAPTER XX.

1803.

Presentation of Prince Borghese to Bonaparte—Departure for Belgium Revival of a royal custom—The swans of Amiens—Change of formula in the acts of Government—-Company of performers in Bonaparte's suite—Revival of old customs—Division of the institute into four classes—Science and literature—Bonaparte's hatred of literary men —Ducis—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—Chenier and Lemercier— Explanation of Bonaparte's aversion to literature—Lalande and his dictionary—Education in the hands of Government—M. de Roquelaure, Archbishop of Malines.

In the month of April 1803 Prince Borghese, who was destined one day to become Bonaparte's brother-in-law by marrying the widow of Leclerc, was introduced to the First Consul by Cardinal Caprara.

About the end of June Bonaparte proceeded, with Josephine, on his journey to Belgium and the seaboard departments. Many curious circumstances were connected with this journey, of which I was informed by Duroc after the First Consul's return. Bonaparte left Paris on the 24th of June, and although it was not for upwards of a year afterwards that his brow was encircled with the imperial-diadem, everything connected with the journey had an imperial air. It was formerly the custom, when the Kings of France entered the ancient capital of Picardy, for the town of Amiens to offer them in homage some beautiful swans. Care was taken to revive this custom, which pleased Bonaparte greatly, because it was treating him like a King. The swans were accepted, and sent to Paris to be placed in the basin of the Tuileries, in order to show the Parisians the royal homage which the First Consul received when absent from the capital.

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It was also during this journey that Bonaparte began to date his decrees from the places through which he passed. He had hitherto left a great number of signatures in Paris, in order that he might be present, as it were, even during his absence, by the acts of his Government. Hitherto public acts had been signed in the name of the Consuls of the Republic. Instead of this formula, he substituted the name of the Government of the Republic. By means of this variation, unimportant as it might appear, the Government was always in the place where the First Consul happened to be. The two other Consuls were now mere nullities, even in appearance. The decrees of the Government, which Cambaceres signed during the campaign of Marengo, were now issued from all the towns of France and Belgium which the First Consul visited during his six weeks' journey. Having thus centred the sole authority of the Republic in himself, the performers of the theatre of the Republic became, by a natural consequence, his; and it was quite natural that they should travel in his suite, to entertain the inhabitants of the towns in which he stopped by their performances. But this was not all. He encouraged the renewal of a host of ancient customs. He sanctioned the revival of the festival of Joan of Arc at Orleans, and he divided the Institute into four classes, with the intention of recalling the recollection of the old academies, the names of which, however, he rejected, in spite of the wishes and intrigues of Suard and the Abby Morellet, who had gained over Lucien upon this point.

However, the First Consul did not give to the classes of the Institute the rank which they formerly possessed as academies. He placed the class of sciences in the first rank, and the old French Academy in the second rank. It must be acknowledged that, considering the state of literature and science at that period, the First Consul did not make a wrong estimate of their importance.

Although the literature of France could boast of many men of great talent, such as La Harpe, who died during the Consulate, Ducis, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Chenier, and Lemercier, yet they could not be compared with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Cuvier, whose labours have so prodigiously extended the limits of human knowledge. No one, therefore, could murmur at seeing the class of sciences in the Institute take precedence of its elder sister. Besides, the First Consul was not sorry to show, by this arrangement, the slight estimation in which he held literary men. When he spoke to me respecting them he called them mere manufacturers of phrases. He could not pardon them for excelling him in a pursuit in which he had no claim to distinction. I never knew a man more insensible than Bonaparte to the beauties of poetry or prose. A certain degree of vagueness, which was combined with his energy of mind, led him to admire the dreams of Ossian, and his decided character found itself, as it were, represented in the elevated thoughts of Corneille. Hence his almost exclusive predilection for these two authors With this exception, the finest works in our literature were in his opinion merely arrangements of sonorous words, void of sense, and calculated only for the ear.

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Bonaparte's contempt, or, more properly speaking, his dislike of literature, displayed itself particularly in the feeling he cherished towards some men of distinguished literary talent. He hated Chenier, and Ducis still more. He could not forgive Chenier for the Republican principles which pervaded his tragedies; and Ducis excited in him; as if instinctively, an involuntary hatred. Ducis, on his part, was not backward in returning the Consul's animosity, and I remember his writing some verses which were inexcusably violent, and overstepped all the bounds of truth. Bonaparte was so singular a composition of good and bad that to describe him as he was under one or other of these aspects would serve for panegyric or satire without any departure from truth. Bonaparte was very fond of Bernardin Saint-Pierre's romance of 'Paul and Virginia', which he had read in his boyhood. I remember that he one day tried to read 'Les etudes de la Nature', but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour he threw down the book, exclaiming, "How can any one read such silly stuffy. It is insipid and vapid; there is nothing in it. These are the dreams of a visionary! What is nature? The thing is vague and unmeaning. Men and passions are the subjects to write about—there is something there for study. These fellows are good for nothing under any government. I will, however, give them pensions, because I ought to do so, as Head of the State. They occupy and amuse the idle. I will make Lagrange a Senator—he has a head."

Although Bonaparte spoke so disdainfully of literary men it must not be taken for granted that he treated them ill. On the contrary, all those who visited at Malmaison were the objects of his attention, and even flattery. M. Lemercier was one of those who came most frequently, and whom Bonaparte received with the greatest pleasure. Bonaparte treated M. Lemercier with great kindness; but he did not like him. His character as a literary man and poet, joined to a polished frankness, and a mild but inflexible spirit of republicanism, amply sufficed to explain Bonaparte's dislike. He feared M. Lemercier and his pen; and, as happened more than once, he played the part of a parasite by flattering the writer. M. Lemercier was the only man I knew who refused the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Bonaparte's general dislike of literary men was less the result of prejudice than circumstances. In order to appreciate or even to read literary works time is requisite, and time was so precious to him that he would have wished, as one may say, to shorten a straight line. He liked only those writers who directed their attention to positive and precise things, which excluded all thoughts of government and censures on administration. He looked with a jealous eye on political economists and lawyers; in short, as all persons who in any way whatever meddled with legislation and moral improvements. His hatred of discussions on those subjects was strongly

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displayed on the occasion of the classification of the Institute. Whilst he permitted the reassembling of a literary class, to the number of forty, as formerly, he suppressed the class of moral and political science. Such was his predilection for things of immediate and certain utility that even in the sciences he favoured only such as applied to terrestrial objects. He never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not add directly to his own greatness; and, besides, he could never forgive Lalande for having wished to include him in a dictionary of atheists precisely at the moment when he was opening negotiations with the court of Rome.

Bonaparte wished to be the sole centre of a world which he believed he was called to govern. With this view he never relaxed in his constant endeavour to concentrate the whole powers of the State in the hands of its Chief. His conduct upon the subject of the revival of public instruction affords evidence of this fact. He wished to establish 6000 bursaries, to be paid by Government, and to be exclusively at his disposal, so that thus possessing the monopoly of education, he could have parcelled it out only to the children of those who were blindly devoted to him. This was what the First Consul called the revival of public instruction. During the period of my closest intimacy with him he often spoke to me on this subject, and listened patiently to my observations. I remember that one of his chief arguments was this: "What is it that distinguishes men? Education—is it not? Well, if the children of nobles be admitted into the academies, they will be as well educated as the children of the revolution, who compose the strength of my government. Ultimately they will enter into my regiments as officers, and will naturally come in competition with those whom they regard as the plunderers of their families. I do not wish that!"

My recollections have caused me to wander from the journey of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte to the seabord departments and Belgium. I have, however, little to add to what I have already stated on the subject. I merely remember that Bonaparte's military suite, and Lauriston and Rapp in particular, when speaking to me about the journey, could not conceal some marks of discontent on account of the great respect which Bonaparte had shown the clergy, and particularly to M. de Roquelaure, the Archbishop of Malines (or Mechlin). That prelate, who was a shrewd man, and had the reputation of having been in his youth more addicted to the habits of the world than to those of the cloister, had become an ecclesiastical courtier. He went to Antwerp to pay his homage to the First Consul, upon whom he heaped the most extravagant praises. Afterwards, addressing Madame Bonaparte, he told her that she was united to the First Consul by the sacred bonds of a holy alliance. In this harangue, in which unction was singularly blended with gallantry,

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surely it was a departure from ecclesiastical propriety to speak of sacred bonds and holy alliance when every one knew that those bonds and that alliance existed only by a civil contract. Perhaps M. de Roquelaure merely had recourse to what casuists call a pious fraud in order to engage the married couple to do that which he congratulated them on having already done. Be this as it may, it is certain that this honeyed language gained M. de Roquelaure the Consul's favour, and in a short time after he was appointed to the second class of the Institute.

CHAPTER XXI.

1804.

The Temple—The intrigues of Europe—Prelude to the Continental system—-Bombardment of Granville—My conversation with the First Consul on the projected invasion of England—Fauche Borel—Moreau and Pichegru—Fouche's manoeuvres—-The Abbe David and Lajolais— Fouche's visit to St. Cloud—Regnier outwitted by Fouche— My interview with the First Consul—His indignation at the reports respecting Hortense—Contradiction of these calumnies—The brothers Faucher—Their execution —The First Consul's levee—My conversation with Duroc—Conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru—Moreau averse to the restoration of the Bourbons—Bouvet de Lozier's attempted suicide—Arrest of Moreau—Declaration of *mm*. de Polignac and de Riviere—Connivance of the police—Arrest of M. Carbonnet and his nephew.

The time was passed when Bonaparte, just raised to the Consulate, only proceeded to the Temple to release the victims of the "Loi des suspects" by his sole and immediate authority. This state prison was now to be filled by the orders of his police. All the intrigues of Europe were in motion. Emissaries came daily from England, who, if they could not penetrate into the interior of France, remained in the towns near the frontiers, where they established correspondence, and published pamphlets, which they sent to Paris by post, in the form of letters.

The First Consul, on the other hand, gave way, without reserve, to the natural irritation which that power had excited by her declaration of war. He knew that the most effective war he could carry on against England would be a war against her trade.

As a prelude to that piece of madness, known by the name of the Continental system, the First Consul adopted every possible preventive measure against the introduction of English merchandise. Bonaparte's irritation against the English was not without a cause. The intelligence which reached Paris from the north of France was not very consolatory. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but were acting on the offensive, and had bombarded Granville. The mayor of the town did his duty, but his

colleagues, more prudent, acted differently. In the height of his displeasure Bonaparte issued a decree, by which he bestowed a scarf of honour on Letourneur, the mayor, and dismissed his colleagues from office as cowards unworthy of trust. The terms of this decree were rather severe, but they were certainly justified by the conduct of those who had abandoned their posts at a critical moment.

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I come now to the subject of the invasion of England, and what the First Consul said to me respecting it. I have stated that Bonaparte never had any idea of realising the pretended project of a descent on England. The truth of this assertion will appear from a conversation which I had with him after he returned from his journey to the north. In this conversation he repeated what he had often before mentioned to me in reference to the projects and possible steps to which fortune might compel him to resort.

The peace of Amiens had been broken about seven months when, on the 15th of December 1803, the First Consul sent for me to the Tuileries. His incomprehensible behaviour to me was fresh in my mind; and as it was upwards of a year since I had seen him, I confess I did not feel quite at ease when I received the summons. He was perfectly aware that I possessed documents and data for writing his history which would describe facts correctly, and destroy the illusions with which his flatterers constantly, entertained the public. I have already stated that at that period I had no intention of the kind; but those who laboured constantly to incense him against me might have suggested apprehensions on the subject. At all events the fact is, that when he sent for me I took the precaution of providing myself with a night-cap, conceiving it to be very likely that I should be sent to sleep at Vincennes. On the day appointed for the interview Rapp was on duty. I did not conceal from him my opinion as to the possible result of my visit. "You need not be afraid," said Rapp; "the First Consul merely wishes to talk with you." He then announced me.

Bonaparte came into the grand salon where I awaited him, and addressing me in the most good-humoured way said, "What do the gossips say of my preparations for the invasion of England?"—"There is a great difference of opinion on the subject, General," I replied. "Everyone speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion fresh proofs of his gratitude and fidelity."—"But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted."—"That is true, I certainly do not."—"Why?"—-"Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die—that the adventure was too hazardous—and circumstances have not altered since that time."—"You are right. Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can, doubtless, land in England with 100,000 men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must reckon upon 30,000 men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march on London, a second battle must be fought. I will suppose myself again victorious; but what should I do in London with an army diminished three-fourths and without the hope of reinforcements? It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority it is useless to think of such a project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My Government must be the first in the world, or it must fall." Bonaparte then evidently wished it to be supposed that he entertained the design of invading England in order to divert the attention of Europe to that direction.

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From Dunkirk the First Consul proceeded to Antwerp, where also he had assembled experienced men to ascertain their opinions respecting the surest way of attempting a landing, the project of which was merely a pretence. The employment of large ships of was, after rang discussions, abandoned in favour of a flotilla.

—[At this period a caricature (by Gillray) appeared in London. which was sent to Paris, and strictly sought after by the police. One of the copies was shown to the First Consul, who was highly indignant at it. The French fleet was represented by a number of nut-shells. An English sailor, seated on a rock, was quietly smoking his pipe, the whiffs of which were throwing the whole squadron into disorder.—Bourrienne. Gillray's caricatures should be at the reader's side during the perusal of this work, also English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I., by J. Ashton Chatto: and Windus, 1884.]—

After visiting Belgium, and giving directions there, the First Consul returned from Brussels to Paris by way of Maestricht, Liege, and Soissons.

Before my visit to the Tuileries, and even before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, certain intriguing speculators, whose extravagant zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than was the blind subserviency of his unprincipled adherents to the First Consul, had taken part in some underhand manoeuvres which could have no favourable result. Amongst these great contrivers of petty machinations the well-known Fauche Borel, the bookseller of Neufchatel, had long been conspicuous. Fauche Borel, whose object was to create a stir, and who wished nothing better than to be noticed and paid, failed not to come to France as soon as the peace of Amiens afforded him the opportunity. I was at that time still with Bonaparte, who was aware of all these little plots, but who felt no personal anxiety on the subject, leaving to his police the care of watching their authors.

The object of Fauche Borel's mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. The latter general, who was banished on the 18th Fructidor 4th (September 1797), had not obtained the First Consul's permission to return to France. He lived in England, where he awaited a favourable opportunity for putting his old projects into execution. Moreau was in Pains, but no longer appeared at the levees or parties of the First Consul, and the enmity of both generals against Bonaparte, openly avowed on the part of Pichegru; and still disguised by Moreau, was a secret to nobody. But as everything was prosperous with Bonaparte he evinced contempt rather than fear of the two generals. His apprehensions were, indeed, tolerably allayed by the absence of the one and the character of the other. Moreau's name had greater weight with the army than that of Pichegru; and those who were plotting the overthrow of the Consular Government knew that that measure could not be attempted with

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any chance of success without the assistance of Moreau. The moment was inopportune; but, being initiated in some secrets of the British Cabinet, they knew that the peace was but a truce, and they determined to profit by that truce to effect a reconciliation which might afterwards secure a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru had not been friends since Moreau sent to the Directory the papers seized in M. de Klinglin's carriage, which placed Pichegru's treason in so clear a light. Since that period Pichegru's name possessed no influence over the minds of the soldiers, amongst whom he had very few partisans, whilst the name of Moreau was dear to all who had conquered under his command.

Fauche Borel's design was to compromise Moreau without bringing him to any decisive step. Moreau's natural indolence, and perhaps it may be said his good sense, induced him to adopt the maxim that it was necessary to let men and things take their course; for temporizing policy is often as useful in politics as in war. Besides, Moreau was a sincere Republican; and if his habit of indecision had permitted him to adopt any resolution, it is quite certain that he would not then have assisted in the reestablishment of the Bourbons, as Pichegru wished.

What I have stated is an indispensable introduction to the knowledge of plots of more importance which preceded the great event that marked the close of the Consulship: I allude to the conspiracy of Georges, Cadoudal, Moreau, and Pichegru, and that indelible stain on the character of Napoleon,—the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Different opinions have been expressed concerning Georges' conspiracy. I shall not contradict any of them. I will relate what I learned and what I saw, in order to throw some light on that horrible affair. I am far from believing what I have read in many works, that it was planned by the police in order to pave the First Consul's way to the throne. I think that it was contrived by those who were really interested in it, and encouraged by Fouche in order to prepare his return to office.

To corroborate my opinion respecting Fouche's conduct and his manoeuvres I must remind the reader that about the close of 1803 some persons conceived the project of reconciling Moreau and Pichegru. Fouche, who was then out of the Ministry, caused Moreau to be visited by men of his own party, and who were induced, perhaps unconsciously, by Fouche's art, to influence and irritate the general's mind. It was at first intended that the Abbe David, the mutual friend of Moreau and Pichegru, should undertake to effect their reconciliation; but he, being arrested and confined in the Temple, was succeeded by a man named Lajolais, whom every circumstance proves to have been employed by Fouche. He proceeded to London, and, having prevailed on Pichegru and his friends to return to France, he set off to announce their arrival and arrange everything for their reception and destruction. Moreau's discontent was

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the sole foundation of this intrigue. I remember that one day, about the end of January 1804, I called on Fouche, who informed me that he had been at St. Cloud, where he had had a long conversation with the First Consul on the situation of affairs. Bonaparte told him that he was satisfied with the existing police, and hinted that it was only to make himself of consequence that he had given a false colouring to the picture. Fouche asked him what he would say if he told him that Georges and Pichegru had been for some time in Paris carrying on the conspiracy of which he had received information. The First Consul, apparently delighted at what he conceived to be Fouche's mistake, said, with an air of contempt, "You are well informed, truly! Regnier has just received a letter from London stating that Pichegru dined three days ago at Kingston with one of the King of England's ministers."

As Fouche, however, persisted in his assertion, the First Consul sent to Paris for the Grand Judge, Regnier, who showed Fouche the letter he had received. The First Consul triumphed at first to see Fouche at fault; but the latter so clearly proved that Georges and Pichegru were actually in Paris that Regnier began to fear he had been misled by his agents, whom his rival paid better than he did. The First Consul, convinced that his old minister knew more than his new one, dismissed Regnier, and remained a long time in consultation with Fouche, who on that occasion said nothing about his reinstatement for fear of exciting suspicion. He only requested that the management of the business might be entrusted to Real, with orders to obey whatever instructions he might receive from him. I will return hereafter to the arrest of Moreau and the other persons accused, and will now subjoin the account of a long interview which I had with Bonaparte in the midst of these important events.

On the 8th of March 1804, some time after the arrest but before the trial of General Moreau, I had an audience of the First Consul, which was unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said, "By the by, the report of my connection with Hortense is still kept up: the most abominable rumours have been spread as to her first child. I thought at the time that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire that I should not be childless. Since you and I separated have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, General, oftentimes; and I confess I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long."—"It is truly frightful to think of! You know the truth—you have seen all—heard all—nothing could have passed without your knowledge; you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc. I therefore expect, if you should ever write anything about me,

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that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust in you. You have never given credit to the horrid accusation?"—"No, General, never." Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense; on the way in which she conducted herself, and on the turn which her marriage had taken. "It has not turned out," he said, "as I wished: the union has not been a happy one. I am sorry for it, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her." He concluded the conversation with these words:—"Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I wish it to be known that I stand in need of nobody." He again said a few words about Hortense. I answered that it would fully coincide with my conviction of the truth to do what he desired, and that I would do it; but that suppressing the false reports did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle *beauharnais*, regarded Napoleon with respectful awe. She trembled when she spoke to him, and never dared to ask him a favour. When she had anything to solicit she applied to me; and if I experienced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little simpleton!" Napoleon would say, "why does she not ask me herself: is the girl afraid of me?" Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but paternal tenderness. He loved her after his marriage with her mother as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw or heard anything that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those with which malice delights to blacken the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare that did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me on the subject, I would candidly avow it. He is no more: and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really belongs to it. Let not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in concluding this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon on points of this kind were rigid in the utmost degree, and that a connection of the nature of that charged against him was neither in accordance with his morals nor his tastes.

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I cannot tell whether what followed was a portion of his premeditated conversation with me, or whether it was the result of the satisfaction he had derived from ascertaining my perfect conviction of the purity of his conduct with regard to Hortense, and being assured that I would express that conviction. Be this as it may, as I was going out at the door he called me back, saying, “Oh! I have forgotten something.” I returned. “Bourrienne,” said he, “do you still keep up your acquaintance with the Fauchers?”—-“Yes, General; I see them frequently.”—“You are wrong.”— “Why should I not? They are clever, well-educated men, and exceedingly pleasant company, especially Caesar. I derive great pleasure from their society; and then they are almost the only persons whose friendship has continued faithful to me since I left you. You know people do not care for those who can render them no service.”—“Maret will not see the Fauchers.”—-“That may be, General; but it is nothing to me; and you must recollect that as it was through him I was introduced to them at the Tuileries, I think he ought to inform me of his reasons for dropping their acquaintance.”—“I tell you again he has closed his door against them. Do you the same; I advise you.” As I did not seem disposed to follow this advice without some plausible reason, the First Consul added, “You must know, then, that I learn from Caesar all that passes in your house. You do not speak very ill of me yourself, nor does any one venture to do so in your presence. You play your rubber and go to bed. But no sooner are you gone than your wife, who never liked me, and most of those who visit at your house, indulge in the most violent attacks upon me. I receive a bulletin from Caesar Faucher every day when he visits at your house; this is the way in which he requites you for your kindness, and for the asylum you afforded his brother.—-[Constantine Rancher had been condemned in contumacy for the forgery of a public document.—Bourrienne.]—But enough; you see I know all—farewell;” and he left me.

The grave having closed over these two brothers,—[The Fauchers were twin brothers, distinguished in the war of the Revolution, and made brigadier-generals at the same time on the field of battle. After the Cent Jours they refused to recognise the Bourbons, and were shot by sentence of court-martial at Bordeaux. (Bouillet)]—I shall merely state that they wrote me a letter the evening preceding their execution, in which they begged me to forgive their conduct towards me. The following is an extract from this letter:

In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death being cried in the streets. To-morrow we shall walk to the scaffold; but we will meet death with such calmness and courage as shall make our executioners blush. We are sixty years old, therefore our lives will only be shortened by a brief apace. During our lives we have shared in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and good fortune. We both entered the world on the same day, and on the same day we shall both depart from it. As to you, sir....

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I suppress what relates to myself.

The hour of the grand levee arrived just as the singular interview which I have described terminated. I remained a short time to look at this phantasmagoria. Duroc was there. As soon as he saw me he came up, and taking me into the recess of a window told me that Moreau's guilt was evident, and that he was about to be put on his trial. I made some observations on the subject, and in particular asked whether there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to justify his condemnation? "They should be cautious," said I; "it is no joke to accuse the conqueror of Hohenlinden." Duroc's answer satisfied me that he at least had no doubt on the subject. "Besides," added he, "when such a general as Moreau has been between two gendarmes he is lost, and is good for nothing more. He will only inspire pity." In vain I tried to refute this assertion so entirely contrary to facts, and to convince Duroc that Moreau would never be damaged by calling him "brigand," as was the phrase then, without proofs. Duroc persisted in his opinion. As if a political crime ever sullied the honour of any one! The result has proved that I judged rightly.

No person possessing the least degree of intelligence will be convinced that the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and the other persons accused would ever have occurred but for the secret connivance of Fouche's police.

Moreau never for a moment desired the restoration of the Bourbons. I was too well acquainted with M. Carbonnet, his most intimate friend, to be ignorant of his private sentiments. It was therefore quite impossible that he could entertain the same views as Georges, the Polignacs, Riviera, and others; and they had no intention of committing any overt acts. These latter persons had come to the Continent solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order to inform the Princes of the House of Bourbon with certainty how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interests at the expense of truth. These agents did indeed conspire, but it was against the Treasury of London, to which they looked for pay.

Without entering into all the details of that great trial I will relate some facts which may assist in eliciting the truth from a chaos of intrigue and falsehood.

Most of the conspirators had been lodged either in the Temple or La Force, and one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, who was confined in the Temple, attempted to hang himself. He made use of his cravat to effect his purpose, and had nearly succeeded, when a turnkey by chance entered and found him at the point of death. When he was recovered he acknowledged that though he had the courage to meet death, he was unable to endure the interrogatories of his trial, and that he had determined to kill himself, lest he might be induced to make a confession. He did in fact confess, and it was on the day after this occurred that Moreau was arrested, while on his way from his country-seat of Grosbois to Paris.

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Fouche, through the medium of his agents, had given Pichegru, Georges, and some other partisans of royalty, to understand that they might depend on Moreau, who, it was said, was quite prepared. It is certain that Moreau informed Pichegru that he (Pichegru) had been deceived, and that he had never been spoken to on the subject. Russillon declared on the trial that on the 14th of March the Polignacs said to some one, "Everything is going wrong—they do not understand each other. Moreau does not keep his word. We have been deceived." M. de Riviera declared that he soon became convinced they had been deceived, and was about to return to England when he was arrested. It is certain that the principal conspirators obtained positive information which confirmed their suspicions. They learned Moreau's declaration from Pichegru. Many of the accused declared that they soon discovered they had been deceived; and the greater part of them were about to quit Paris, when they were all arrested, almost at one and the same moment. Georges was going into La Vendee when he was betrayed by the man who, with the connivance of the police, had escorted him ever since his departure from London, and who had protected him from any interruption on the part of the police so long as it was only necessary to know where he was, or what he was about. Georges had been in Paris seven months before it was considered that the proper moment had arrived for arresting him.

The almost simultaneous arrest of the conspirators proves clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands upon them.

When Pichegru was required to sign his examination he refused. He said it was unnecessary; that, knowing all the secret machinery of the police, he suspected that by some chemical process they would erase all the writing except the signature, and afterwards fill up the paper with statements which he had never made. His refusal to sign the interrogatory, he added, would not prevent him from repeating before a court of justice the truth which he had stated in answer to the questions proposed to him. Fear was entertained of the disclosures he might make respecting his connection with Moreau, whose destruction was sought for, and also with respect to the means employed by the agents of Fouche to urge the conspirators to effect a change which they desired.

On the evening of the 15th of February I heard of Moreau's arrest, and early next morning I proceeded straight to the Rue St. Pierre, where M. Carbonnet resided with his nephew. I was anxious to hear from him the particulars of the general's arrest. What was my surprise! I had hardly time to address myself to the porter before he informed me that M. Carbonnet and his nephew were both arrested. "I advise you, sir," added the man, "to retire without more ado, for I can assure you that the persons who visit M. Carbonnet are watched."—"Is he still at home?" said I. "Yes, Sir; they are examining his papers."—"Then," said I, "I will go up." M. Carbonnet, of whose friendship I had reason to be proud, and whose memory will ever be dear to me, was more distressed by the arrest of his nephew and Moreau than by his own. His nephew was, however, liberated

after a few hours. M. Carbonnet's papers were sealed up, and he was placed in solitary confinement at St. Pelagic.

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Thus the police, who previously knew nothing, were suddenly informed of all. In spite of the numerous police agents scattered over France, it was only discovered by the declarations of Bouvet de Lozier that three successive landings had been effected, and that a fourth was expected, which, however, did not take place, because General Savary was despatched by the First Consul with orders to seize the persons whose arrival was looked for. There cannot be a more convincing proof of the fidelity of the agents of the police to their old chief, and their combined determination of trifling with their new one,

CHAPTER XXII.

1804.

The events of 1804—Death of the Due d'Enghien—Napoleon's arguments at St. Helena —Comparison of dates—Possibility of my having saved the Due d'Enghien's life—-Advice given to the Duc d'Enghien—Sir Charles Stuart—Delay of the Austrian Cabinet —Pichegru and the mysterious being—M. Massias—The historians of St. Helena—Bonaparte's threats against the emigrants and M. Cobentzel— Singular adventure of Davoust's secretary—The quartermaster— The brigand of La Vendee.

In order to form a just idea of the events which succeeded each other so rapidly at the commencement of 1804 it is necessary to consider them both separately and connectedly. It must be borne in mind that all Bonaparte's machinations tended to one object, the foundation of the French Empire in his favour; and it is also essential to consider how the situation of the emigrants, in reference to the First Consul, had changed since the declaration of war. As long as Bonaparte continued at peace the cause of the Bourbons had no support in foreign Cabinets, and the emigrants had no alternative but to yield to circumstances; but on the breaking out of a new war all was changed. The cause of the Bourbons became that of the powers at war with France; and as many causes concurred to unite the emigrants abroad with those who had returned but half satisfied, there was reason to fear something from their revolt, in combination with the powers arrayed against Bonaparte.

Such was the state of things with regard to the emigrants when the leaders and accomplices of Georges' conspiracy were arrested at the very beginning of 1804. The assassination of the Due d'Enghien

—[Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien (1772-1804), son of the Duc de Bourbon, and grandson of the Prince de Conde, served against France in the army of Conde. When this force was disbanded he stayed at Ettenheim on account of a love affair with the Princesse Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort. Arrested in the territory of Baden, he was taken to Vincennes, and after trial by court-martial shot in the moat, 21st

May 1804. With him practically ended the house of Bourbon-Conde as his grandfather died in 1818, leaving only the Duc de Bourbon, and the Princesee Louise Adelaide,

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Abbesse de Remiremont, who died in 1824.]—

took place on the 21st of March; on the 30th of April appeared the proposition of the Tribunate to found a Government in France under the authority of one individual; on the 18th of May came the ‘Senatus-consulte’, naming Napoleon Bonaparte *emperor*, and lastly, on the 10th. of June, the sentence of condemnation on Georges and his accomplices. Thus the shedding of the blood of a Bourbon, and the placing of the crown of France on the head of a soldier of fortune were two acts interpolated in the sanguinary drama of Georges’ conspiracy. It must be remembered, too, that during the period of these events we were at war with England, and on the point of seeing Austria and the Colossus of the north form a coalition against the new Emperor.

I will now state all I know relative to the death of the Due d’Enghien. That unfortunate Prince, who was at Ettenheim, in consequence of a love affair, had no communication whatever with those who were concocting a plot in the interior. Machiavelli says that when the author of a crime cannot be discovered we should seek for those to whose advantage it turns. In the present case Machiavelli’s advice will find an easy application, since the Duke’s death could be advantageous only to Bonaparte, who considered it indispensable to his accession to the crown of France. The motives may be explained, but can they be justified? How could it ever be said that the Due d’Enghien perished as a presumed accomplice in the conspiracy of Georges?

Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February 1804, at which time the existence of the conspiracy was known. Pichegru and Georges were also arrested in February, and the Due d’Enghien not till the 15th of March. Now if the Prince had really been concerned in the plot, if even he had a knowledge of it, would he have remained at Ettenheim for nearly a month after the arrest of his presumed accomplices, intelligence of which he might have obtained in the space of three days? Certainly not. So ignorant was he of that conspiracy that when informed at Ettenheim of the affair he doubted it, declaring that if it were true his father and grandfather would have made him acquainted with it. Would so long an interval have been suffered to elapse before he was arrested? Alas! cruel experience has shown that that step would have been taken in a few hours.

The sentence of death against Georges and his accomplices was not pronounced till the 10th of June 1804, and the Due d’Enghien was shot on the 21st of March, before the trials were even commenced. How is this precipitation to be explained? If, as Napoleon has declared, the young Bourbon was an accomplice in the crime, why was he not arrested at the time the others were? Why was he not tried along with them, on the ground of his being an actual accomplice; or of being compromised, by communications with them; or, in short, because his answers might have thrown light on that mysterious affair? How was it that the name of the illustrious accused was not once mentioned in the course of that awful trial?

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It can scarcely be conceived that Napoleon could say at St. Helena, “Either they contrived to implicate the unfortunate Prince in their project, and so pronounced his doom, or, by omitting to inform him of what was going on, allowed him imprudently to slumber on the brink of a precipice; for he was only a stone’s cast from the frontier when they were about to strike the great blow in the name and for the interest of his family.”

This reasoning is not merely absurd, it is atrocious. If the Duke was implicated by the confession of his accomplices, he should have been arrested and tried along with them. Justice required this. If he was not so implicated, where is the proof of his guilt? Because some individuals, without his knowledge, plotted to commit a crime in the name of his family he was to be shot! Because he was 130 leagues from the scene of the plot, and had no connection with it, he was to die! Such arguments cannot fail to inspire horror. It is absolutely impossible any reasonable person can regard the Due d’Enghien as an accomplice of Cadoudal; and Napoleon basely imposed on his contemporaries and posterity by inventing such falsehoods, and investing them with the authority of his name.

Had I been then in the First Consul’s intimacy I may aver, with as much confidence as pride, that the blood of the Due d’Enghien would not have imprinted an indelible stain on the glory of Bonaparte. In this terrible matter I could have done what no one but me could even attempt, and this on account of my position, which no one else has since held with Bonaparte. I quite admit that he would have preferred others to me, and that he would have had more friendship for them than for me, supposing friendship to be compatible with the character of Bonaparte, but I knew him better than any one else. Besides, among those who surrounded him I alone could have permitted myself some return to our former familiarity on account of our intimacy of childhood. Certainly, in a matter which permanently touched the glory of Bonaparte, I should not have been restrained by the fear of some transitory fit of anger, and the reader has seen that I did not dread disgrace. Why should I have dreaded it? I had neither portfolio, nor office, nor salary, for, as I have said, I was only with Bonaparte as a friend, and we had, as it were, a common purse. I feel a conviction that it would have been very possible for me to have dissuaded Bonaparte from his fatal design, inasmuch as I positively know that his object, after the termination of the peace, was merely to frighten the emigrants, in order to drive them from Ettenheim, where great numbers, like the Due d’Enghien, had sought refuge. His anger was particularly directed against a Baroness de Reith and a Baroness d’Ettengein, who had loudly vituperated him, and distributed numerous libels on the left bank of the Rhine. At that period Bonaparte had as little design against the Due d’Enghien’s life as against that of any other emigrant. He

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was more inclined to frighten than to harm him, and certainly his first intention was not to arrest the Prince, but, as I have said, to frighten the ‘emigres’, and to drive them to a distance. I must, however, admit that when Bonaparte spoke to Rapp and Duroc of the emigrants on the other side of the Rhine he expressed himself with much irritability: so much so, indeed, that M. de Talleyrand, dreading its effects for the Due d’Enghien, warned that Prince, through the medium of a lady to whom he was attached, of his danger, and advised him to proceed to a greater distance from the frontier. On receiving this notice the Prince resolved to rejoin his grandfather, which he could not do but by passing through the Austrian territory. Should any doubt exist as to these facts it may be added that Sir Charles Stuart wrote to M. de Cobentzel to solicit a passport for the Duc d’Enghien; and it was solely owing to the delay of the Austrian Cabinet that time was afforded for the First Consul to order the arrest of the unfortunate Prince as soon as he had formed the horrible resolution of shedding the blood of a Bourbon. This resolution could have originated only with himself, for who would have dared to suggest it to him? The fact is, Bonaparte knew not what he did. His fever of ambition amounted to delirium; and he knew not how he was losing himself in public opinion because he did not know that opinion, to gain which he would have made every sacrifice.

When Cambaceres (who, with a slight reservation, had voted the death of Louis XVI.) warmly opposed in the Council the Duc d’Enghien’s arrest, the First Consul observed to him, “Methinks, Sir, you have grown very chary of Bourbon blood!”

Meanwhile the Due d’Enghien was at Ettenheim, indulging in hope rather than plotting conspiracies. It is well known that an individual made an offer to the Prince de Conde to assassinate the First Consul, but the Prince indignantly rejected the proposition, and nobly refused to recover the rights of the Bourbons at the price of such a crime. The individual above-mentioned was afterwards discovered to be an agent of the Paris police, who had been commissioned to draw the Princes into a plot which would have ruined them, for public feeling revolts at assassination under any circumstances.

It has been alleged that Louis XVIII.’s refusal to treat with Bonaparte led to the fatal catastrophe of the Due d’Enghien’s death. The first correspondence between Louis XVIII. and the First Consul, which has been given in these Memoirs, clearly proves the contrary. It is certainly probable that Louis XVIII.’s refusal to renounce his rights should have irritated Bonaparte. But it was rather late to take his revenge two years after, and that too on a Prince totally ignorant of those overtures. It is needless to comment on such absurdities. It is equally unnecessary to speak of the mysterious being who often appeared at meetings in the Faubourg St. Germain, and who was afterwards discovered to be Pichegru.

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A further light is thrown on this melancholy catastrophe by a conversation Napoleon had, a few days after his elevation to the imperial throne, with M. Masaias, the French Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke of Baden. This conversation took place at Aix-la-Chapelle. After some remarks on the intrigues of the emigrants Bonaparte observed, "You ought at least to have prevented the plots which the Due d'Enghien was hatching at Ettenheim."—"Sire, I am too old to learn to tell a falsehood. Believe me, on this subject your Majesty's ear has been abused."—"Do you not think, then, that had the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru proved successful, the Prince would have passed the Rhine, and have come post to Paris?"

M. Massias, from whom I had these particulars, added, "At this last question of the Emperor I hung down my head and was silent, for I saw he did not wish to hear the truth."

Now let us consider, with that attention which the importance of the subject demands, what has been said by the historians of St. Helena.

Napoleon said to his companions in exile that "the Due d'Enghien's death must be attributed either to an excess of zeal for him (Napoleon), to private views, or to mysterious intrigues. He had been blindly urged on; he was, if he might say so, taken by surprise. The measure was precipitated, and the result predetermined."

This he might have said; but if he did so express himself, how are we to reconcile such a declaration with the statement of O'Meara? How give credit to assertions so very opposite?

Napoleon said to M. de Las Casas:

"One day when alone, I recollect it well, I was taking my coffee, half seated on the table at which I had just dined, when suddenly information was brought to me that a new conspiracy had been discovered. I was warmly urged to put an end to these enormities; they represented to me that it was time at last to give a lesson to those who had been day after day conspiring against my life; that this end could only be attained by shedding the blood of one of them; and that the Due d'Enghien, who might now be convicted of forming part of this new conspiracy, and taken in the very act, should be that one. It was added that he had been seen at Strasburg; that it was even believed that he had been in Paris; and that the plan was that he should enter France by the east at the moment of the explosion, whilst the Due de Berri was disembarking in the west. I should tell you," observed the Emperor, "that I did not even know precisely who the Due d'Enghien was (the Revolution having taken place when I was yet a very young man, and I having never been at Court), and that I was quite in the dark as to where he was at that moment. Having been informed on those points I exclaimed that if such were the case the Duke ought to be arrested, and that orders should be given to that effect. Everything had been foreseen and prepared; the different orders

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were already drawn up, nothing remained to be done but to sign them, and the fate of the young Prince was thus decided."

Napoleon next asserts that in the Duke's arrest and condemnation all the usual forms were strictly observed. But he has also declared that the death of that unfortunate Prince will be an eternal reproach to those who, carried away by a criminal zeal, waited not for their Sovereign's orders to execute the sentence of the court-martial. He would, perhaps, have allowed the Prince to live; but yet he said, "It is true I wished to make an example which should deter."

It has been said that the Due d'Enghien addressed a letter to Napoleon, which was not delivered till after the execution. This is false and absurd! How could that Prince write to Bonaparte to offer him his services and to solicit the command of an army? His interrogatory makes no mention of this letter, and is in direct opposition to the sentiments which that letter would attribute to him. The truth is, no such letter ever existed. The individual who was with the Prince declared he never wrote it. It will never be believed that any one would have presumed to withhold from Bonaparte a letter on which depended the fate of so august a victim.

In his declarations to his companions in exile Napoleon endeavoured either to free himself of this crime or to justify it. His fear or his susceptibility was such, that in discoursing with strangers he merely said, that had he known of the Prince's letter, which was not delivered to him.—God knows why!—until after he had breathed his last, he would have pardoned him. But at a subsequent date he traced, with his own hand, his last thoughts, which he supposed would be consecrated in the minds of his contemporaries, and of posterity. Napoleon, touching on the subject which he felt would be one of the most important attached to his memory, said that if the thing were to do again he would act as he then did. How does this declaration tally with his avowal, that if he had received the Prince's letter he should have lived? This is irreconcilable. But if we compare all that Napoleon said at St. Helena, and which has been transmitted to us by his faithful followers; if we consider his contradictions when speaking of the Due d'Enghien's death to strangers, to his friends, to the public, or to posterity, the question ceases to be doubtful Bonaparte wished to strike a blow which would terrify his enemies. Fancying that the Duc de Berri was ready to land in France, he despatched his aide de camp Savary, in disguise, attended by gendarmes, to watch the Duke's landing at Biville, near Dieppe. This turned out a fruitless mission. The Duke was warned in time not to attempt the useless and dangerous enterprise, and Bonaparte, enraged to see one prey escape him, pounced upon another. It is well known that Bonaparte often, and in the presence even of persons whom he conceived to have maintained relations with the partisans of the Bourbons

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at Paris, expressed himself thus: “I will put an end to these conspiracies. If any of the emigrants conspire they shall be shot. I have been told that Cobentzel harbours some of them. I do not believe this; but if it be true, Cobentzel shall be arrested and shot along with them. I will let the Bourbons know I am not to be trifled with.” The above statement of facts accounts for the suppositions respecting the probable influence of the Jacobins in this affair. It has been said, not without some appearance of reason, that to get the Jacobins to help him to ascend the throne Bonaparte consented to sacrifice a victim of the blood royal, as the only pledge capable of ensuring them against the return of the proscribed family. Be this as it may, there are no possible means of relieving Bonaparte from his share of guilt in the death of the Due d’Enghien.

To the above facts, which came within my own knowledge, I may add the following curious story, which was related to me by an individual who himself heard it from the secretary of General Davoust.

Davoust was commanding a division in the camp of Boulogne, and his secretary when proceeding thither to join him met in the diligence a man who seemed to be absorbed in affliction. This man during the whole journey never once broke silence but by some deep sighs, which he had not power to repress. General Davoust’s secretary observed him with curiosity and interest, but did not venture to intrude upon his grief by any conversation. The concourse of travellers from Paris to the camp was, however, at that time very great, and the inn at which the diligence stopped in the evening was so crowded that it was impossible to assign a chamber to each traveller. Two, therefore, were put into one room, and it so happened that the secretary was lodged with his mysterious travelling companion.

When they were alone he addressed him in a torso of interest which banished all appearance of intrusion. He inquired whether the cause of his grief was of a nature to admit of any alleviation, and offered to render him any assistance in his power. “Sir,” replied the stranger, “I am much obliged for the sympathy you express for me—I want nothing. There is no possible consolation for me. My affliction can end only with my life. You shall judge for yourself, for the interest you seem to take in my misfortune fully justifies my confidence. I was quartermaster in the select gendarmerie, and formed part of a detachment which was ordered to Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms, and at daybreak was ordered down to the moat with six men. An execution was to take place. The prisoner was brought out, and I gave the word to fire. The man fell, and after the execution I learned that we had shot the Due d’Enghien. Judge of my horror! . . . I knew the prisoner only by the name of the brigand of La Vendee! . . . I could no longer remain in the service—I obtained my discharge, and am about to retire to my family. Would that I had done so sooner!” The above has been related to me and other persons by Davoust’s secretary, whom I shall not name.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

1804.

General Ordener's mission—Arrest of the Due d'Enghien—Horrible night-scene—-Harrel's account of the death of the Prince—Order for digging the grave—The foster-sister of the Duo d'Enghien—Reading the sentence—The lantern—General Savary—-The faithful dog and the police—My visit to Malmaison—Josephine's grief— The Duc d'Enghien's portrait and lock of hair—Savary's emotion— M. de Chateaubriand's resignation—M. de Chateaubriand's connection with Bonaparte—Madame Bacciocchi and M. de Fontanes—Cardinal Fesch —Dedication of the second edition of the 'Genie du Christianisme' —M. de Chateaubriand's visit to the First Consul on the morning of the Due d'Enghien's death—Consequences of the Duo d'Enghien's death—Change of opinion in the provinces—The Gentry of the Chateaus—Effect of the Due d'Enghien's death on foreign Courts— Remarkable words of Mr. Pitt—Louis XVIII. sends back the insignia of the Golden Fleece to the King of Spain.

I will now narrate more fully the sanguinary scene which took place at Vincennes. General Ordener, commanding the mounted grenadiers of the Guard, received orders from the War Minister to proceed to the Rhine, to give instructions to the chiefs of the gendarmerie of New Brissac, which was placed at his disposal. General Ordener sent a detachment of gendarmerie to Ettenheim, where the Due d'Enghien was arrested on the 15th of March. He was immediately conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained till the 18th, to give time for the arrival of orders from Paris. These orders were given rapidly, and executed promptly, for the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate Prince arrived at the barrier at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th, where it remained for five hours, and afterwards proceeded by the exterior boulevards on the road to Vincennes, where it arrived at night. Every scene of this horrible drama was acted under the veil of night: the sun did not even shine upon its tragical close. The soldiers received orders to proceed to Vincennes at night. It was at night that the fatal gates of the fortress were closed upon the Prince. At night the Council assembled and tried him, or rather condemned him without trial. When the clock struck six in the morning the orders were given to fire, and the Prince ceased to exist.

Here a reflection occurs to me. Supposing one were inclined to admit that the Council held on the 10th of March had some connection with the Due d'Enghien's arrest, yet as no Council was held from the time of the Duke's arrival at the barrier to the moment of his execution, it could only be Bonaparte himself who issued the orders which were too punctually obeyed. When the dreadful intelligence of the Duc d'Enghien's death was spread in Paris it excited a feeling of consternation which recalled the recollection of the Reign of Terror. Could Bonaparte have seen the gloom which pervaded Paris, and compared it with the joy which prevailed on the day when he returned victorious from

the field of Marengo, he would have felt that he had tarnished his glory by a stain which could never be effaced.

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About half-past twelve on the 22d of March I was informed that some one wished to speak with me. It was Harrel.

—[Harrel, who had been unemployed till the plot of Arena and Ceracchi on the 18th Vendemiairean IX (10th October 1800) which he had feigned to join, and had then revealed to the police (see ante), had been made Governor of Vincennes.]—

I will relate word for word what he communicated to me. Harrel probably thought that he was bound in gratitude to acquaint me with these details; but he owed me no gratitude, for it was much against my will that he had encouraged the conspiracy of Ceracchi, and received the reward of his treachery in that crime. The following is Harrel's statement:—

"On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the Prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, No—that there were only my apartments and the Council-chamber. I was told to prepare instantly a room in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard.

—[This fact must be noted. Harrel is told to dig a trench before the sentence. Thus it was known that they had come to kill the Duc d'Enghien. How can this be answered? Can it possibly be supposed that anyone, whoever it was, would have dared to give each an order in anticipation if the order had not been the carrying out of a formal command of Bonaparte? That is incredible.—Bourrienne.]—

"I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The Prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently aired, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The Prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. 'What do they mean to do with me?' But these questions betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove, closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognised the Prince, whose foster-sister she was, and whose family had given her a pension before the Revolution.

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“The Prince hastened to bed, but before he could have fallen asleep the judges sent to request his presence in the Council-chamber. I was not present at his examination; but when it was concluded he returned to his chamber, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him that on descending the staircase leading to the moat he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the Prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase he pressed my arm and said, ‘Are they going to put me into a dungeon?’”

The rest is known. I can yet see Harrel shuddering while thinking of this action of the Prince’s.

Much has been said about a lantern which it is pretended was attached to one of the Due d’Enghien’s button-holes. This is a pure invention. Captain Dautancourt, whose sight was not very good, took the lantern out of Harrel’s hand to read the sentence to the victim, who had been condemned with as little regard to judicial forms as to justice. This circumstance probably gave rise to the story about the lantern to which I have just alluded. The fatal event took place at six o’clock on the morning of the 21st of March, and it was then daylight.

General Savary did not dare to delay the execution of the sentence, although the Prince urgently demanded to have an interview with the First Consul. Had Bonaparte seen the prince there can be little doubt but that he would have saved his life. Savary, however, thought himself bound to sacrifice his own opinions to the powerful faction which then controlled the First Consul; and whilst he thought he was serving his master, he was in fact only serving the faction to which, I must say, he did not belong. The truth is, that General Savary can only be reproached for not having taken upon himself to suspend the execution, which very probably would not have taken place had it been suspended. He was merely an instrument, and regret on his part would, perhaps, have told more in his favour than his vain efforts to justify Bonaparte. I have just said that if there had been any suspension there would have been no execution; and I think this is almost proved by the uncertainty which must have existed in the mind of the First Consul. If he had made up his mind all the measures would have been taken in advance, and if they had been, the carriage of the Duke would certainly not have been kept for five hours at the barriers. Besides, it is certain that the first intention was to take the Prince to the prison of the Temple.

From all that I have stated, and particularly from the non-suspension of the execution, it appears to me as clear as day that General Savary had received a formal order from Bonaparte for the Due d’Enghien’s death, and also a formal order that it should be so managed as to make it impossible to speak to Bonaparte again on the subject until all should be over. Can there be a more evident, a more direct proof of this than the digging of the grave beforehand? I have repeated Harrel’s story just as he related it to

me. He told it me without solicitation, and he could not invent a circumstance of this nature.

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General Savary was not in the moat during the execution, but on the bank, from whence he could easily see all that passed. Another circumstance connected with the Due d'Enghien's death has been mentioned, which is true. The Prince had a little dog; this faithful animal returned incessantly to the fatal spot in the moat. There are few who have not seen that spot. Who has not made a pilgrimage to Vincennes and dropped a tear where the victim fell? The fidelity of the poor dog excited so much interest that the police prevented any one from visiting the fatal spot, and the dog was no longer heard to howl over his master's grave.

I promised to state the truth respecting the death of the Due d'Enghien, and I have done so, though it has cost me some pain. Harrel's narrative, and the shocking circumstance of the grave being dug beforehand, left me no opportunity of cherishing any doubts I might have wished to entertain; and everything which followed confirmed the view I then took of the subject. When Harrel left me on the 22d I determined to go to Malmaison to see Madame Bonaparte, knowing, from her sentiments towards the House of Bourbon, that she would be in the greatest affliction. I had previously sent to know whether it would be convenient for her to see me, a precaution I had never before observed, but which I conceived to be proper upon that occasion. On my arrival I was immediately introduced to her boudoir, where she was alone with Hortense and Madame de Remusat. They were all deeply afflicted. "Bourrienne," exclaimed Josephine, as soon as she perceived me, "what a dreadful event! Did you but know the state of mind Bonaparte is in! He avoids, he dreads the presence of every one! Who could have suggested to him such an act as this?" I then acquainted Josephine with the particulars which I had received from Harrel. "What barbarity!" she resumed. "But no reproach can rest upon me, for I did everything to dissuade him from this dreadful project. He did not confide the secret to me, but I guessed it, and he acknowledged all. How harshly he repelled my entreaties! I clung to him! I threw myself at his feet! 'Meddle with what concerns you!' he exclaimed angrily. 'This is not women's business! Leave me!' And he repulsed me with a violence which he had never displayed since our first interview after your return from Egypt. Heavens! what will become of us?"

I could say nothing to calm affliction and alarm in which I participated, for to my grief for the death of the Due d'Enghien was added my regret that Bonaparte should be capable of such a crime. "What," said Josephine, "can be thought of this in Paris? He must be the object of universal, imprecation, for even here his flatterers appear astounded when they are out of his presence. How wretched we have been since yesterday; and he!.... You know what he is when he is dissatisfied with himself. No one dare speak to him, and all is mournful around us.

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What a commission he gave to Savary! You know I do not like the general, because he is one of those whose flatteries will contribute to ruin Bonaparte. Well! I pitied Savary when he came yesterday to fulfil a commission which the Due d'Enghien had entrusted to him. Here," added Josephine, "is his portrait and a lock of his hair, which he has requested me to transmit to one who was dear to him. Savary almost shed tears when he described to me the last moments of the Duke; then, endeavouring to resume his self-possession, he said: 'It is in vain to try to be indifferent, Madame! It is impossible to witness the death of such a man unmoved!'"

Josephine afterwards informed me of the only act of courage which occurred at this period—namely, the resignation which M. de Chateaubriand had sent to Bonaparte. She admired his conduct greatly, and said: "What a pity he is not surrounded by men of this description! It would be the means of preventing all the errors into which he is led by the constant approbation of those about him." Josephine thanked me for my attention in coming to see her at such an unhappy juncture; and I confess that it required all the regard I cherished for her to induce me to do so, for at that moment I should not have wished to see the First Consul, since the evil was irreparable. On the evening of that day nothing was spoken of but the transaction of the 21st of March, and the noble conduct of M. de Chateaubriand. As the name of that celebrated man is for ever written in characters of honour in the history of that period, I think I may with propriety relate here what I know respecting his previous connection with Bonaparte.

I do not recollect the precise date of M. de Chateaubriand's return to France; I only know that it was about the year 1800, for we were, I think, still at the Luxembourg: However, I recollect perfectly that Bonaparte began to conceive prejudices against him; and when I one day expressed my surprise to the First Consul that M. de Chateaubriand's name did not appear on any of the lists which he had ordered to be presented to him for filling up vacant places, he said: "He has been mentioned to me, but I replied in a way to check all hopes of his obtaining any appointment. He has notions of liberty and independence which will not suit my system. I would rather have him my enemy than my forced friend. At all events, he must wait awhile; I may, perhaps, try him first in a secondary place, and, if he does well, I may advance him."

The above is, word for word, what Bonaparte said the: first time I conversed with him about M. de Chateaubriand. The publication of 'Atala' and the 'Genie du Christianisme' suddenly gave Chateaubriand celebrity, and attracted the attention of the First Consul. Bonaparte who then meditated the restoration of religious worship: in France, found himself wonderfully supported by the publication of a book which excited the highest interest, and whose superior

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merit led the public mind to the consideration of religious topics. I remember Madame Bacciocchi coming one day to visit her brother with a little volume in her hand; it was 'Atala'. She presented it to the First Consul, and begged he would read it. "What, more romances!" exclaimed he. "Do you think I have time to read all your fooleries?" He, however, took the book from his sister and laid it down on my desk. Madame Bacciocchi then solicited the erasure of M. de Chateaubriand's name from the list of emigrants. "Oh! oh!" said Bonaparte, "it is Chateaubriand's book, is it? I will read it, then. Bourrienne, write to Fouche to erase his name from the list."

Bonaparte, at that time paid so little attention to what was doing in the literary world that he was not aware of Chateaubriand being the author of 'Atala'. It was on the recommendation of M. de Fontanel that Madame Bacciocchi tried this experiment, which was attended by complete success. The First Consul read 'Atala', and was much pleased with it. On the publication of the 'Genie du Christianisme' some time after, his first prejudices were wholly removed. Among the persons about him there were many who dreaded to see a man of de Chateaubriand's talent approach the First Consul, who knew how to appreciate superior merit when it did not exite his envy.

Our relations with the Court of the Vatican being renewed, and Cardinal Fesch appointed Ambassador to the Holy See, Bonaparte conceived the idea of making M. de Chateaubriand first secretary to the Embassy, thinking that the author of the 'Genie du Christianisme' was peculiarly fitted to make up for his uncle's deficiency of talent in the capital of the Christian world, which was destined to become the second city of the Empire.

It was not a little extraordinary to let a man, previously, a stranger to diplomatic business; stepping over all the intermediate degrees; and being at once invested with the functions of first secretary to an important Embassy. I oftener than once heard the First Consul congratulate himself on having made the appointment. I knew, though Bonaparte was not aware of the circumstance at the time, that Chateaubriand at first refused the situation, and that he was only induced to accept it by the entreaties of the head of the clergy, particularly of the Abby Emery, a man of great influence. They represented to the author of the' Genie du Christianisme that it was necessary he should accompany the uncle of the First Consul to Rome; and M. de Chateaubriand accordingly resolved to do so.

However, clouds, gathered; I do not know from what cause, between the ambassador and his secretary. All I know is, that on Bonaparte being informed of the circumstance he took the part of the Cardinal, and the friends of M. de Chateaubriand expected to see him soon deprived of his appointment, when, to the great astonishment of every one, the secretary to the Roman Embassy, far from being disgraced, was raised by the First

Consul to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais, with leave to travel in Switzerland and Italy, together with the promise of the first vacant Embassy.

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This favour excited a considerable sensation at the Tuileries; but as it was known to be the will and pleasure of the First Consul all expression of opinion on the subject was confined to a few quiet murmurs that Bonaparte had done for the name of Chateaubriand what, in fact, he had done only on account of his talent. It was during the continuance of this favour that the second edition of the 'Genie du Christianisme' was dedicated to the First Consul.

M. de Chateaubriand returned to France previously to entering on the fulfilment of his new mission. He remained for some months in Paris, and on the day appointed for his departure he went to take leave of the First Consul. By a singular chance it happened to be the fatal morning of the 21st of March, and consequently only a few hours after the Duc d'Enghien had been shot. It is unnecessary to observe that M. de Chateaubriand was ignorant of the fatal event. However, on his return home he said to his friends that he had remarked a singular change in the appearance of the First Consul, and that there was a sort of sinister expression in his countenance. Bonaparte saw his new minister amidst the crowd who attended the audience, and several times seemed inclined to step forward to speak to him, but as often turned away, and did not approach him the whole morning. A few hours after, when M. de Chateaubriand mentioned his observations to some of his friends; he was made acquainted with the cause of that agitation which, in spite of all his strength of mind and self-command, Bonaparte could not disguise.

M. de Chateaubriand instantly resigned his appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Valais. For several days his friends were much alarmed for his safety, and they called every morning early to ascertain whether he had not been carried off during the night. Their fears were not without foundation. I must confess that I, who knew Bonaparte well, was somewhat surprised that no serious consequence attended the anger he manifested on receiving the resignation of the man who had dedicated his work to him. In fact, there was good reason for apprehension, and it was not without considerable difficulty that Elisa succeeded in averting the threatened storm. From this time began a state of hostility between Bonaparte and Chateaubriand which only terminated at the Restoration.

I am persuaded, from my knowledge of Bonaparte's character, that though he retained implacable resentment against a returned emigrant who had dared to censure his conduct in so positive a manner, yet, his first burst of anger being soothed, that which was the cause of hatred was at the same time the ground of esteem. Bonaparte's animosity was, I confess, very natural, for he could not disguise from himself the real meaning of a resignation made under such circumstances. It said plainly, "You have committed a crime, and I will not serve your Government, which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!" I can therefore very well imagine that Bonaparte could never pardon the only man who dared to give him such a lesson in the midst of the plenitude of his power. But, as I have often had occasion to remark, there was no unison between Bonaparte's feelings and his judgment.

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I find a fresh proof of this in the following passage, which he dictated to M. de Montholon at St. Helena (Memoires, tome iv. p 248). "If," said he, "the royal confidence had not been placed in men whose minds were unstrung by too important circumstances, or who, renegade to their country, saw no safety or glory for their master's throne except under the yoke of the Holy Alliance; if the Duc de Richelieu, whose ambition was to deliver his country from the presence of foreign bayonets; if Chateaubriand, who had just rendered valuable services at Ghent; if they had had the direction of affairs, France would have emerged from these two great national crises powerful and redoubtable. Chateaubriand had received from Nature the sacred fire-his works show it! His style is not that of Racine but of a prophet. Only he could have said with impunity in the chamber of peers, 'that the redingote and cocked hat of Napoleon, put on a stick on the coast of Brest, would make all Europe run to arms.'"

The immediate consequences of the Duc d'Enghien's death were not confined to the general consternation which that unjustifiable stroke of state policy produced in the capital. The news spread rapidly through the provinces and foreign countries, and was everywhere accompanied by astonishment and sorrow. There is in the departments a separate class of society, possessing great influence, and constituted entirely of persons usually called the "Gentry of the Chateaux," who may be said to form the provincial Faubourg St. Germain, and who were overwhelmed by the news. The opinion of the Gentry of the Chateaux was not hitherto unfavourable to the First Consul, for the law of hostages which he repealed had been felt very severely by them. With the exception of some families accustomed to consider themselves, in relation to the whole world, what they were only within the circle of a couple of leagues; that is to say, illustrious personages, all the inhabitants of the provinces, though they might retain some attachment to the ancient order of things, had viewed with satisfaction the substitution of the Consular for the Directorial government, and entertained no personal dislike to the First Consul. Among the Chateaux, more than anywhere else, it had always been the custom to cherish Utopian ideas respecting the management of public affairs, and to criticise the acts of the Government. It is well known that at this time there was not in all France a single old mansion surmounted by its two weathercocks which had not a systems of policy peculiar to itself, and in which the question whether the First Consul would play the part of Cromwell or Monk was not frequently canvassed. In those innocent controversies the little news which the Paris papers were allowed to publish was freely discussed, and a confidential letter from Paris sometimes furnished food for the conversation of a whole week.

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While I was with Bonaparte he often talked to me about the life in the Chateaux, which he considered as the happiest for men with sufficient income and exempt from ambition. He knew and could appreciate this sort of life, for he often told me the period of his life which he remembered. with the greatest pleasure was that which he had passed in a Chateau of the family of Boulat du Colombier near Valence. Bonaparte set great value on the opinion of the Chateaux, because while living in the country he had observed the moral influence which their inhabitants exercise over their neighbourhood. He had succeeded to a great degree in conciliating them, but the news of the death of the Due d'Enghien alienated from him minds which were still wavering, and even those which had already declared in his favour. That act of tyranny dissolved the charm which had created hope from his government and awakened affections which had as yet only slumbered. Those to whom this event was almost indifferent also joined in condemning it; for there are certain aristocratic ideas which are always fashionable in a certain class of society. Thus for different causes this atrocity gave a retrograde direction to public opinion, which had previously been favourably disposed to Bonaparte throughout the whole of France.

The consequences were not less important, and might have been disastrous with respect to foreign Courts. I learned, through a channel which does not permit me to entertain any doubt of the correctness of my information, that as soon as the Emperor Alexander received the news it became clear that England might conceive a well-founded hope of forming a new coalition against France. Alexander openly expressed his indignation. I also learned with equal certainty that when Mr. Pitt was informed of the death of the French Prince he said, "Bonaparte has now done himself more mischief than we have done him since the last declaration of war."

—[The remark made on this murder by the astute cold-blooded Fouche is well known. He said, "It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder!"—Editor of 1836 Edition.]—

Pitt was not the man to feel much concern for the death of any one; but he understood and seized all the advantages afforded to him by this great error of policy committed by the most formidable enemy of England. In all the Treasury journals published in London Bonaparte was never spoken of under any other name than that of the "assassin of the Duc d'Enghien." The inert policy of the Cabinet of Vienna prevented the manifestation of its displeasure by remonstrances, or by any outward act. At Berlin, in consequence of the neighbourhood of the French troops in Hanover, the commiseration for the death of the Due d'Enghien was also confined to the King's cabinet, and more particularly to the salons of the Queen of Prussia; but it is certain that that transaction almost everywhere changed the disposition of sovereigns towards the First Consul,

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and that if it did not cause, it at least hastened the success of the negotiations which England was secretly carrying on with Austria and Prussia. Every Prince of Germany was offended by the violation of the Grand Duke of Baden's territory, and the death of a Prince could not fail everywhere to irritate that kind of sympathy of blood and of race which had hitherto always influenced the crowned heads and sovereign families of Europe; for it was felt as an injury to all of them.

When Louis XVIII. learned the death of the Due d'Enghien he wrote to the King of Spain, returning him the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece (which had also been conferred on Bonaparte), with the accompanying letter:

Sire, *monsieur*, *and dear cousin*—It is with regret that I send back to you the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece which his Majesty, your father, of glorious memory conferred upon me. There can be nothing in common between me and the great criminal whom audacity and fortune have placed on my throne, since he has had the barbarity to stain himself with the blood of a Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien.

> Religion might make me pardon an assassin, but the tyrant of my people must always be my enemy.
>
> In the present age it is more glorious to merit a sceptre than to possess one.
>
> Providence, for incomprehensible reasons, may condemn me to end my days in exile, but neither my contemporaries nor posterity shall ever have to say, that in the period of adversity I showed my self unworthy of occupying the throne of my ancestors.
>
> *Louis*

The death of the Due d'Enghien was a horrible episode in the proceedings of the great trial which was then preparing, and which was speedily followed by the accession of Bonaparte to the Imperial dignity. It was not one of the least remarkable anomalies of the epoch to see the judgment by which criminal enterprises against the Republic were condemned pronounced in the name of the Emperor who had so evidently destroyed that Republic. This anomaly certainly was not removed by the subtlety, by the aid of which he at first declared himself Emperor of the Republic, as a preliminary to his proclaiming himself Emperor of the French. Setting aside the means, it must be acknowledged that it is impossible not to admire the genius of Bonaparte, his tenacity in advancing towards his object, and that adroit employment of suppleness and audacity which made him sometimes dare fortune, sometimes avoid difficulties which he found insurmountable, to arrive, not merely at the throne of Louis XVI., but at the reconstructed throne of Charlemagne.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1804.

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Pichegru betrayed—His arrest—His conduct to his old aide de camp— Account of Pichegru's family, and his education at Brienne— Permission to visit M. Carbonnet—-The prisoners in the Temple— Absurd application of the word "brigand"—Moreau and the state of public opinion respecting him—Pichegru's firmness—Pichegru strangled in prison—Public opinion at the time—Report on the death of Pichegru.

I shall now proceed to relate what I knew at the time and what I have since learnt of the different phases of the trial of Georges, Pichegru, Moreau and the other persons accused of conspiracy,—a trial to all the proceedings of which I closely attended. From those proceedings I was convinced that Moreau was no conspirator, but at the same time I must confess that it is very probable the First Consul might believe that he had been engaged in the plot, and I am also of opinion that the real conspirators believed Moreau to be their accomplice and their chief; for the object of the machinations of the police agents was to create a foundation for such a belief, it being important to the success of their scheme.

It has been stated that Moreau was arrested on the day after the confessions made by Bouvet de Lozier; Pichegru was taken by means of the most infamous treachery that a man can be guilty of. The official police had at last ascertained that he was in Paris, but they could not learn the place of his concealment. The police agents had in vain exerted all their efforts to discover him, when an old friend, who had given him his last asylum, offered to deliver him up for 100,000 crowns. This infamous fellow gave an enact description of the chamber which Pichegru occupied in the Rue de Chabanais, and in consequence of his information Comminges, commissary of police, proceeded thither, accompanied by some determined men. Precautions were necessary, because it was known that Pichegru was a man of prodigious bodily strength, and that hesides, as he possessed the means of defence, he would not allow himself to be taken without making a desperate resistance. The police entered his chamber by using false keys, which the man who had sold him had the baseness to get made for them. A light was burning on his night table. The party of police, directed by Comminges, overturned the table, extinguished the light, and threw themselves on the general, who struggled with all his strength, and cried out loudly. They were obliged to bind him, and in this state the conqueror of Holland was removed to the Temple, out of which he was destined never to come alive.

It must be owned that Pichegru was far from exciting the same interest as Moreau. The public, and more especially the army, never pardoned him for his negotiations with the Prince de Conde prior to the 18th Fructidor. However, I became acquainted with a trait respecting him while he was in Paris which I think does him much honour. A son of M. Lagrenee, formerly director of the French Academy

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at Rome, had been one of Pichegru's aides de camp. This young man, though he had obtained the rank of captain, resigned on the banishment of his general, and resumed the pencil, which he had lad aside for the sword. Pichegru, while he was concealed in Paris; visited his former aide de camp, who insisted upon giving him an asylum; but Pichegru positively refused to accept M. Lagrenee's offer, being determined not to commit a man who had already given him so strong a proof of friendship. I learned this fact by a singular coincidence. At this period Madame de Bourrienne wished to have a portrait of one of our children; she was recommended to M. Lagrenee, and he related the circumstance to her.

It was on the night of the 22d of February that Pichegru was arrested in the manner I have described. The deceitful friend who gave him up was named Le Blanc, and he went to settle at Hamburg with the reward of his treachery, I had entirely lost sight of Pichegru since we left Brienne, for Pichegru was also a pupil of that establishment; but, being older than either Bonaparte or I, he was already a tutor when we were only scholars, and I very well recollect that it was he who examined Bonaparte in the four first rules of arithmetic.

Pichegru belonged to an agricultural family of Franche-Comte. He had a relation, a minim,' in that country. The minim, who had the charge of educating the pupils of the Military School of Brienne, being very poor, and their poverty not enabling them to hold out much inducement to other persons to assist them, they applied to the minims of Franche-Comte. In consequence of this application Pichegru's relation, and some other minims, repaired to Brienne. An aunt of Pichegru, who was a sister of the order of charity, accompanied them, and the care of the infirmary was entrusted to her. This good woman took her nephew to Brienne with her, and he was educated at the school gratuitously. As soon as his age permitted, Pichegru was made a tutor; but all, his ambition was to become a minim. He was, however, dissuaded from that pursuit by his relation, and he adopted the military profession. There is this further remarkable circumstance in the youth of Pichegru, that, though he was older by several years than Bonaparte, they were both made lieutenants of artillery at the same time. What a difference in their destiny! While the one was preparing to ascend a throne the other was a solitary prisoner in the dungeon of the Temple.

I had no motive to induce me to visit either the Temple or La Force, but I received at the time circumstantial details of what was passing in those prisons, particularly in the former; I went, however, frequently to St. Pelagie, where M. Carbonnet was confined. As soon as I knew that he was lodged in that prison I set about getting an admission from Real, who smoothed all difficulties. M. Carbonnet was detained two months in solitary confinement. He was several times examined, but the interrogatories produced no result, and, notwithstanding the desire to implicate him in consequence of the known

intimacy between him and Moreau, it was at last found impossible to put him on trial with the other parties accused.

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The Temple had more terrors than St. Pelagie, but not for the prisoners who were committed to it, for none of those illustrious victims of police machination displayed any weakness, with the exception of Bouvet de Lozier, who, being sensible of his weakness, wished to prevent its consequences by death. The public, however, kept their attention riveted on the prison in which Moreau was confined. I have already mentioned that Pichegru was conveyed thither on the night of the 22d of February; a fortnight later Georges was arrested, and committed to the same prison.

Either Real or Desmarets, and sometimes both together, repaired to the Temple to examine the prisoners. In vain the police endeavoured to direct public odium against the prisoners by placarding lists of their names through the whole of Paris, even before they were arrested. In those lists they were styled “brigands,” and at the head of “the brigands,” the name of General Moreau shone conspicuously. An absurdity without a parallel. The effect produced was totally opposite to that calculated on; for, as no person could connect the idea of a brigand with that of a general who was the object of public esteem, it was naturally concluded that those whose names were placarded along with his were no more brigands than he.

Public opinion was decidedly in favour of Moreau, and every one was indignant at seeing him described as a brigand. Far from believing him guilty, he was regarded as a victim fastened on because his reputation embarrassed Bonaparte; for Moreau had always been looked up to as capable of opposing the accomplishment of the First Consul’s ambitious views. The whole crime of Moreau was his having numerous partisans among those who still clung to the phantom of the Republic, and that crime was unpardonable in the eyes of the First Consul, who for two years had ruled the destinies of France as sovereign master. What means were not employed to mislead the opinion of the public respecting Moreau? The police published pamphlets of all sorts, and the Comte de Montgaillard was brought from Lyons to draw up a libel implicating him with Pichegru and the exiled Princes. But nothing that was done produced the effect proposed.

The weak character of Moreau is known. In fact, he allowed himself to be circumvented by a few intriguers, who endeavoured to derive advantage from the influence of his name. But he was so decidedly opposed to the reestablishment of the ancient system that he replied to one of the agents who addressed’ him, “I cannot put myself at the head of any movement for the Bourbons, and such an attempt would not succeed. If Pichegru act on another principle—and even in that case I have told him that the Consuls and the Governor of Paris must disappear—I believe that I have a party strong enough in the Senate to obtain possession of authority, and I will immediately make use of it to protect his friends; public opinion will then dictate what may be fit to be done, but I will promise nothing in writing.” Admitting these words attributed to Moreau to be true, they prove that he was dissatisfied with the Consular Government, and that he wished a change; but there is a great difference between a conditional wish and a conspiracy.

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The commander of the principal guard of the Temple was General Savory, and he had reinforced that guard by his select gendarmerie. The prisoners did not dare to communicate one with another for fear of mutual injury, but all evinced a courage which created no little alarm as to the consequences of the trial. Neither offers nor threats produced any confessions in the course of the interrogatories. Pichegru, in particular, displayed an extraordinary firmness, and Real one day, on leaving the chamber where he had been examining him, said aloud in the presence of several persons, “What a man that Pichegru is!”

Forty days elapsed after the arrest of General Pichegru when, on the morning of the 6th of April, he was found dead in the chamber he occupied in the Temple. Pichegru had undergone ten examinations; but he had made no confessions, and no person was committed by his replies.

All his declarations, however, gave reason to believe that he would speak out, and that too in a lofty and energetic manner during the progress of the trial. “When I am before my judges,” said he, “my language shall be conformable to truth and the interests of my country.” What would that language have been? Without doubt there was no wish that it should be heard. Pichegru would have kept his promise, for he was distinguished for his firmness of character above everything, even above his qualities as a soldier; differing in this respect from Moreau, who allowed himself to be guided by his wife and mother-in-law, both of whom displayed ridiculous pretensions in their visits to Madame Bonaparte.

The day on which Real spoke before several persons of Pichegru in the way I have related was the day of his last examination. I afterwards learned, from a source on which I can rely, that during his examination Pichegru, though careful to say nothing which could affect the other prisoners, showed no disposition to be tender of him who had sought and resolved his death, but evinced a firm resolution to unveil before the public the odious machinery of the plot into which the police had drawn him. He also declared that he and his companions had no longer any object but to consider of the means of leaving Paris, with the view of escaping from the snares laid for them when their arrest took place. He declared that they had all of them given up the idea of overturning the power of Bonaparte, a scheme into which they had been enticed by shameful intrigues. I am convinced the dread excited by his manifestation of a resolution to speak out with the most rigid candour hastened the death of Pichegru. M. Real, who is still living, knows better than any one else what were Pichegru’s declarations, as he interrogated him. I know not whether that gentleman will think fit, either at the present or some future period, to raise the veil of mystery which hangs over these events, but of this I am sure, he will be unable to deny anything I advance. There is evidence almost amounting

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to demonstration that Pichegru was strangled in prison, and consequently all idea of suicide must be rejected as inadmissible. Have I positive and substantive proof of what I assert? I have not; but the concurrence of facts and the weight of probabilities do not leave me in possession of the doubts I should wish to entertain on that tragic event. Besides, there exists a certain popular instinct, which is rarely at fault, and it must be in the recollection of many, not only that the general opinion favoured the notion of Pichegru's assassination, but that the pains taken to give that opinion another direction, by the affected exhibition of the body, only served to strengthen it. He who spontaneously says, I have not committed such or such a crime, at least admits there is room for suspecting his guilt.

The truth is, the tide of opinion never set in with such force against Bonaparte as during the trial of Moreau; nor was the popular sentiment in error on the subject of the death of Pichegru, who was clearly strangled in the Temple by secret agents. The authors, the actors, and the witnesses of the horrible prison scenes of the period are the only persons capable of removing the doubts which still hang over the death of Pichegru; but I must nevertheless contend that the preceding circumstances, the general belief at the time, and even probability, are in contradiction with any idea of suicide on the part of Pichegru. His death was considered necessary, and this necessity was its real cause.

CHAPTER XXV.

1804.

Arrest of Georges—The fruiterer's daughter of the Rue de La Montagne—St. Genevieve—Louis Bonaparte's visit to the Temple— General Lauriston—Arrest of Villeneuve and Barco—Villeneuve wounded—Moreau during his imprisonment—Preparations for leaving the Temple—Remarkable change in Georges—Addresses and congratulations—Speech of the First Consul forgotten—Secret negotiations with the Senate—Official proposition of Bonaparte's elevation to the Empire—Sitting of the Council of State—Interference of Bonaparte—Individual votes—Seven against twenty— His subjects and his people—Appropriateness of the title of Emperor—Communications between Bonaparte and the Senate—Bonaparte first called Sire by Cambaceres—First letter signed by Napoleon as Emperor—Grand levee at the Tuileries—Napoleon's address to the Imperial Guard—Organic 'Senatus-consulte'—Revival of old formulas and titles—-The Republicanism of Lucien—The Spanish Princess— Lucien's clandestine marriage—Bonaparte's influence on the German Princes—Intrigues of England—Drake at Munich—Project for overthrowing Bonaparte's Government—Circular from the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the members of the Diplomatic Body—Answers to that circular.

Georges was arrested about seven o’clock, on the evening of the 9th of March, with another conspirator, whose name, I think, was Leridan. Georges was

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stopped in a cabriolet on the Place de l'Odeon, whither he had no doubt been directed by the police agent, who was constantly about him. In not seizing him at his lodgings, the object, probably, was to give more publicity to his arrest, and to produce an effect upon the minds of the multitude. This calculation cost the life of one man, and had well-nigh sacrificed the lives of two, for Georges, who constantly carried arms about him, first shot dead the police officer who seized the horse's reins, and wounded another who advanced to arrest him is the cabriolet. Besides his pistols there was found upon him a poniard of English manufacture.

Georges lodged with a woman named Lemoine, who kept a fruiterer's shop in the Rue de la Montagne St. Genevieve, and on the evening of the 9th of March he had just left his lodging to go, it was said, to a perfumer's named Caron. It is difficult to suppose that the circumstance of the police being on the spot was the mere effect of chance. The fruiterer's daughter was putting into the cabriolet a parcel belonging to Georges at the moment of his arrest. Georges, seeing the officers advance to seize him, desired the girl to get out of the way, fearing lest he should shoot her when he fired on the officers. She ran into a neighbouring house, taking the parcel along with her. The police, it may readily be supposed, were soon after her. The master of the house in which she had taken refuge, curious to know what the parcel contained, had opened it, and discovered, among other things, a bag containing 1000 Dutch sovereigns, from which he acknowledged he had abstracted a considerable sum. He and his wife, as well as the fruiterer's daughter, were all arrested; as to Georges, he was taken that same evening to the Temple, where he remained until his removal to the Conciergerie when the trial commenced.

During the whole of the legal proceedings Georges and the other important prisoners were kept in solitary confinement. Immediately on Pichegru's death the prisoners were informed of the circumstance. As they were all acquainted with the general, and none believed the fact of his reported suicide, it may easily be conceived what consternation and horror the tragical event excited among them. I learned, and I was sorry to hear of it, that Louis Bonaparte, who was an excellent man, and, beyond all comparison, the best of the family, had the cruel curiosity to see Georges in his prison a few days after the death of Pichegru, and when the sensation of horror excited by that event in the interior of the Temple was at its height, Louis repaired to the prison, accompanied by a brilliant escort of staff-officers, and General Savary introduced him to the prisoners. When Louis arrived, Georges was lying on his bed with his hands strongly bound by manacles. Lauriston, who accompanied Louis, related to me some of the particulars of this visit, which, in spite of his sincere devotedness to the first Consul, he assured me had been very painful to him.

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After the arrest of Georges there were still some individuals marked out as accomplices in the conspiracy who had found means to elude the search of the police. The persons last arrested were, I think, Villeneuve, one of the principal confidants of Georges, Burban Malabre, who went by the name of Barco, and Charles d'Hozier. They were not taken till five days after the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien. The famous Commissioner Comminges, accompanied by an inspector and a detachment of gendarmes d'Elite, found Villeneuve and Burban Malabre in the house of a man named Dubuisson, in the Rue Jean Robert.

This Dubuisson and his wife had sheltered some of the principal persons proscribed by the police. The Messieurs de Polignac and M. de Riviere had lodged with them. When the police came to arrest Villeneuve and Burban Malabre the people with whom they lodged declared that they had gone away in the morning. The officers, however, searched the house, and discovered a secret door within a closet. They called, and receiving no answer, the gendarmerie had recourse to one of those expedients which were, unfortunately, too familiar to them. They fired a pistol through the door. Villeneuve, who went by the name of Joyau, was wounded in the arm, which obliged him and his companion to come from the place of their concealment, and they were then made prisoners.

Moreau was not treated with the degree of rigour observed towards the other prisoners. Indeed, it would not have been safe so to treat him, for even in his prison he received the homage and respect of all the military, not excepting even those who were his guards. Many of these soldiers had served under him, and it could not be forgotten how much he was beloved by the troops he had commanded. He did not possess that irresistible charm which in Bonaparte excited attachment, but his mildness of temper and excellent character inspired love and respect. It was the general opinion in Paris that a single word from Moreau to the soldiers in whose custody he was placed would in a moment have converted the gaoler-guard into a guard of honour, ready to execute all that might be required for the safety of the conqueror of Hohenlinden. Perhaps the respect with which he was treated and the indulgence of daily seeing his wife and child were but artful calculations for keeping him within the limits of his usual character. Besides, Moreau was so confident of the injustice of the charge brought against him that he was calm and resigned, and showed no disposition to rouse the anger of an enemy who would have been happy to have some real accusation against him. To these causes combined I always attributed the resignation; and I may say the indifference, of Moreau while he was in prison and on his trial.

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When the legal preparations for the trial were ended the prisoners of the Temple were permitted to communicate with each other, and, viewing their fate with that indifference which youth, misfortune, and courage inspired, they amused themselves with some of those games which usually serve for boyish recreation. While they were thus engaged the order arrived for their removal to the Conciergerie. The firmness of all remained unshaken, and they made their preparations for departure as if they were going about any ordinary business. This fortitude was particularly remarkable in Georges, in whose manner a change had taken place which was remarked by all his companions in misfortune.

For some time past the agents of Government throughout France had been instructed to solicit the First Consul to grant for the people what the people did not want, but what Bonaparte wished to take while he appeared to yield to the general will, namely, unlimited sovereign authority, free from any subterfuge of denomination. The opportunity of the great conspiracy just discovered, and in which Bonaparte had not incurred a moment's danger, as he did at the time of the infernal machine, was not suffered to escape; that opportunity was, on the contrary, eagerly seized by the authorities of every rank, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, and a torrent of addresses, congratulations, and thanksgivings inundated the Tuileries. Most of the authors of these addressee did not confine themselves to mere congratulations; they entreated Bonaparte to consolidate his work, the true meaning of which was that it was time he should make himself Emperor and establish hereditary succession. Those who on other occasions had shown an officious readiness to execute Bonaparte's commands did not now fear to risk his displeasure by opposing the opinion he had expressed in the Council of State on the discussion of the question of the Consulate for life. Bonaparte then said, "Hereditary succession is absurd. It is irreconcilable with the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and impossible in France."

In this scene of the grand drama Bonaparte played his part with his accustomed talent, keeping himself in the background and leaving to others the task of preparing the catastrophe. The Senate, who took the lead in the way of insinuation, did not fail, while congratulating the First Consul on his escape from the plots of foreigners, or, as they were officially styled, the daggers of England, to conjure him not to delay the completion of his work. Six days after the death of the Due d'Enghien the Senate first expressed this wish. Either because Bonaparte began to repent of a useless crime, and felt the ill effect it must produce on the public mind, or because he found the language of the Senate somewhat vague, he left the address nearly a month unanswered, and then only replied by the request that the intention of the address might be more completely expressed.

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These negotiations between the Senate and the Head of the Government were not immediately published. Bonaparte did not like publicity except for what had arrived at a result; but to attain the result which was the object of his ambition it was necessary that the project which he was maturing should be introduced in the Tribunate, and the tribune Curee had the honour to be the first to propose officially, on the 30th of April 1804, the conversion of the Consular Republic into an Empire, and the elevation of Bonaparte to the title of Emperor; with the rights of hereditary succession.

If any doubts could exist respecting the complaisant part which Curee acted on this occasion one circumstance would suffice to remove them; that is, that ten days before the development of his proposition Bonaparte had caused the question of founding the Empire and establishing hereditary succession in his family to be secretly discussed in the Council of State. I learned from one of the Councillors of State all that passed on that occasion, and I may remark that Cambaceres showed himself particularly eager in the Council of State, as well as afterwards in the Senate, to become the exalted subject of him who had been his first colleague in the Consulate.

About the middle of April, the Council of State being assembled as for an ordinary sitting, the First Consul, who was frequently present at the sittings, did not appear. Cambaceres arrived and took the Presidency in his quality of Second Consul, and it was remarked that his air was more solemn than usual, though he at all times affected gravity.

The partisans of hereditary succession were the majority, and resolved to present an address to the First Consul. Those of the Councillors who opposed this determined on their part to send a counter-address; and to avoid this clashing of opinions Bonaparte signified his wish that each member of the Council should send him his opinion individually, with his signature affixed. By a singular accident it happened to be Berlier's task to present to the First Consul the separate opinions of the Council. Out of the twenty-seven Councillors present only seven opposed the question. Bonaparte received them all most graciously, and told them, among other things, that he wished for hereditary power only for the benefit of France; that the citizens would never be his subjects, and that the French people would never be his people. Such were the preliminaries to the official proposition of Curee to the Tribunate, and upon reflection it was decided that, as all opposition would be useless and perhaps dangerous to the opposing party, the minority should join the majority. This was accordingly done.

The Tribunate having adopted the proposition of Curee, there was no longer any motive for concealing the overtures of the Senate. Its address to the First Consul was therefore published forty days after its date: the pear was then ripe. This period is so important that I must not omit putting together the most remarkable facts which either

came within my own observation, or which I have learned since respecting the foundation of the Empire.

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Bonaparte had a long time before spoken to me of the title of Emperor as being the most appropriate for the new sovereignty which he wished to found in France. This, he observed, was not restoring the old system entirely, and he dwelt much on its being the title which Caesar had borne. He often said, “One may be the Emperor of a republic, but not the King of a republic, those two terms are incongruous.”

In its first address the Senate had taken as a test the documents it had received from the Government in relation to the intrigues of Drake, who had been sent from England to Munich. That text afforded the opportunity for a vague expression of what the Senate termed the necessities of France. To give greater solemnity to the affair the Senate proceeded in a body to the Tuileries, and one thing which gave a peculiar character to the preconcerted advances of the Senate was that Cambaceres, the Second Consul, fulfilled his functions of President on this occasion, and delivered the address to the First Consul.

However, the First Consul thought the address of the Senate, which, I have been informed, was drawn up by Francois de Neufchateau, was not expressed with sufficient clearness; he therefore, after suffering a little interval to elapse, sent a message to the Senate signed by himself, in which he said, “Your address has been the object of my earnest consideration.” And though the address contained no mention of hereditary succession, he added, “You consider the hereditary succession of the supreme magistracy necessary to defend the French people against the plots of our enemies and the agitation arising from rival ambition. At the same time several of our institutions appear to you to require improvement so as to ensure the triumph of equality and public liberty, and to offer to the nation and the Government the double guarantee they require.” From the subsequent passages of the message it will be sufficient to extract the following: “We have been constantly guided by this great truth: that the sovereignty dwells with the French people, and that it is for their interest, happiness, and glory that the Supreme Magistracy, the Senate, the Council of State, the Legislative Body, the Electoral Colleges, and the different branches of the Government, are and must be instituted.” The omission of the Tribunate in this enumeration is somewhat remarkable. It announced a promise which was speedily realised.

The will of Bonaparte being thus expressed in his message to the—Senate, that body, which was created to preserve the institutions consecrated by the Constitution of the year VIII., had no alternative but to submit to the intentions manifested by the First Consul. The reply to the message was, therefore, merely a counterpart of the message itself. It positively declared that hereditary government was essential to the happiness, the glory, and the prosperity of France, and that that government could be confided

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only to Bonaparte and his family. While the Senate so complaisantly played its part in this well-get-up piece, yet, the better to impose on the credulity of the multitude, its reply, like Bonaparte's message, resounded with the words liberty and equality. Indeed, it was impudently asserted in that reply that Bonaparte's accession to hereditary power would be a certain guarantee for the liberty of the press, a liberty which Bonaparte held in the greatest horror, and without which all other liberty is but a vain illusion.

By this reply of the Senate the most important step was performed. There now remained merely ceremonies to regulate and formulas to fill up. These various arrangements occasioned a delay of a fortnight. On the 18th of May the First Consul was greeted for the first time by the appellation of Sire by his former colleague, Cambaceres, who at the head of the Senate went to present to Bonaparte the organic 'Senatus-consulte' containing the foundation of the Empire. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, whither the Senate proceeded in state. After the speech of Cambaceres, in which the old designation of Majesty was for the first time revived, the *emperor* replied:—

All that can contribute to the welfare of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title which you believe to be conducive to the glory of the nation. I submit to the sanction of the people the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent the honours she may confer on my family. At all events, my spirit will not be with my posterity when they cease to merit the confidence and love of the great nation.

Cambaceres next went to congratulate the Empress, and then was realised to Josephine the prediction which I had made to her three years before at Malmaison.

—[In the original motion as prepared by Curee, the Imperial dignity was to be declared hereditary in the family of Napoleon. Previous to being formerly read before the Tribunate, the First Consul sent for the document, and when it was returned it was found that the word family was altered to descendants. Fabre, the President of the Tribunate, who received the altered document from Maret, seeing the effect the alteration would have on the brothers of Napoleon, and finding that Maret affected to crest the change as immaterial, took on himself to restore the original form, and in that shape it was read by the unconscious Curee to the Tribunals. On this curious, passage see Miot de Melito, tome ii, p. 179. As finally settled the descent of the crown in default of Napoleon's children was limited to Joseph and Louis and their descendants, but the power of adoption was given to Napoleon. The draft of the 'Senates-consulte' was heard by the Council of State in silence, and Napoleon tried in vain to get even the most talkative of the members now to speak. The Senate were not unanimous in rendering the 'Senatus-consulte'.

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The three votes given against it were said to have been Gregoire, the former constitutional Bishop of Blois, Carat, who as Minister of Justice had read to Louis XVI. the sentence of death, and Lanjuinais, one of the very few survivors of the Girondists, Thiers says there was only one dissentient voice. For the fury of the brothers of Napoleon, who saw the destruction of all their ambitions hopes in any measure for the descent of the crown except in the family, see Miot, tome ii. p.. 172, where Joseph is described as cursing the ambition of his brother, and desiring his death as a benefit for France and his family.]—

Bonaparte's first act as Emperor, on the very day of his elevation to the Imperial throne, was the nomination of Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector, with the title of Imperial Highness. Louis was raised to the dignity of Constable, with the same title, and Cambaceres and Lebrun were created Arch-Chancellor and Arch-Treasurer of the Empire. On the same day Bonaparte wrote the following letter to Cambaceres, the first which he signed as Emperor, and merely with the name of Napoleon:—

Citizen consul Cambaceres—Your title has changed; but your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity with which you are now invested you will continue to manifest, as you have hitherto done in that of Consul, that wisdom and that distinguished talent which entitle you to so important a share in all the good which I may have effected. I have, therefore, only to desire the continuance of the sentiments you cherish towards the State and me.

Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, 28th Floreal, an XII.
(18th May 1804).
(Signed) *Napoleon*.

By the Emperor.
H. B. *Maret*.

I have quoted this first letter of the Emperor because it is characteristic of Bonaparte's art in managing transitions. It was to the Citizen Consul that the Emperor addressed himself, and it was dated according to the Republican calendar. That calendar, together with the delusive inscription on the coin, were all that now remained of the Republic. Next day the Emperor came to Paris to hold a grand levee at the Tuileries, for he was not the man to postpone the gratification that vanity derived from his new dignity and title. The assembly was more numerous and brilliant than on any former occasion. Bessieres having addressed the Emperor on the part of the Guards, the Emperor replied in the following terms: "I know the sentiments the Guards cherish towards me. I repose perfect confidence in their courage and fidelity. I constantly see, with renewed pleasure, companions in arms who have escaped so many dangers, and are covered with so many honourable wounds. I experience a sentiment of satisfaction when I look

at the Guards, and think that there has not, for the last fifteen years, in any of the four quarters of the world, been a battle in which some of them have not taken part."

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On the same day all the generals and colonels in Paris were presented to the Emperor by Louis Bonaparte, who had already begun to exercise his functions of Constable. In a few days everything assumed a new aspect; but in spite of the admiration which was openly expressed the Parisians secretly ridiculed the new courtiers. This greatly displeased Bonaparte, who was very charitably informed of it in order to check his prepossession in favour of the men of the old Court, such as the Comte de Segur, and at a later period Comte Louis de Narbonne.

To give all possible solemnity to his accession Napoleon ordered that the Senate itself should proclaim in Paris the organic 'Senates-consulte', which entirely changed the Constitution of the State. By one of those anomalies which I have frequently had occasion to remark, the Emperor fixed for this ceremony Sunday, the 30th Floral. That day was a festival in all Paris, while the unfortunate prisoners were languishing in the dungeons of the Temple.

On the day after Bonaparte's accession the old formulae were restored. The Emperor determined that the French Princes and Princesses should receive the title of Imperial Highness; that his sisters should take the same title; that the grand dignitaries of the Empire should be called Serene Highnesses; that the Princes and titularies of the grand dignitaries should be addressed by the title of Monseigneur; that M. Maret, the Secretary of State, should have the rank of Minister; that the ministers should retain the title of Excellency, to which should be added that of Monseigneur in the petitions addressed to them; and that the title of Excellency should be given to the President of the Senate.

At the same time Napoleon appointed the first Marshals of the Empire, and determined that they should be called Monsieur le Marechal when addressed verbally, and Monseigneur in writing. The following are the names of these sons of the Republic transformed into props of the Empire: Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, and Besaieres. The title of Marshal of the Empire was also granted to the generals Kellerman, Lefebvre, Perignon, and Serrurier, as having served as commander-in-chief.

The reader cannot have failed to observe that the name of Lucien has not been mentioned among the individuals of Bonaparte's family on whom dignities were conferred. The fact is, the two brothers were no longer on good terms with each other. Not, as it has been alleged, because Lucien wished to play the part of a Republican, but because he would not submit to the imperious will of Napoleon in a circumstance in which the latter counted on his brother's docility to serve the interests of his policy. In the conferences which preceded the great change in the form of government it was not Lucien but Joseph who, probably for the sake of sounding opinion, affected an opposition, which was by some mistaken for Republicanism.

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With regard to Lucien, as he had really rendered great services to Napoleon on the 19th Brumaire at St. Cloud, and as he himself exaggerated the value of those services, he saw no reward worthy of his ambition but a throne independent of his brother. It is certain that when at Madrid he had aspired to win the good graces of a Spanish Infanta, and on that subject reports were circulated with which I have nothing to do, because I never had any opportunity of ascertaining their truth. All I know is that, Lucien's first wife being dead, Bonaparte, wished him to marry a German Princess, by way of forming the first great alliance in the family. Lucien, however, refused to comply with Napoleon's wishes, and he secretly married the wife of an agent, named, I believe, Joubertou, who for the sake of convenience was sent to the West Indies, where he: died shortly after. When Bonaparte heard of this marriage from the priest by whom it had been clandestinely performed, he fell into a furious passion, and resolved not to confer on Lucien the title of French Prince, on account of what he termed his unequal match. Lucien, therefore, obtained no other dignity than that of Senator.
—[According to Lucien himself, Napoleon wished him to marry the Queen of Etruria Maria-Louise, daughter of Charles *iv*. of Spain, who had married, 1795 Louie de Bourbon, Prince of Parma, son of the Duke of Parma, to whom Napoleon had given Tuscany in 1801 as the Kingdom of, Etruria. Her husband had died in May 1808, and she governed in the name of her son. Lucien, whose first wife, Anne Christine Boyer, had died in 1801, had married his second wife, Alexandrine Laurence de Bleschamps, who had married, but who had divorced, a M. Jonberthon. When Lucien had been ambassador in Spain in 1801, charged among other things with obtaining Elba, the Queen, he says, wished Napoleon should marry an Infanta,—Donna Isabella, her youngest daughter, afterwards Queen of Naples, an overture to which Napoleon seems not to have made any answer. As for Lucien, he objected to his brother that the Queen was ugly, and laughed at Napoleon's representations as to her being "propre": but at last he acknowledged his marriage with Madame Jouberthon. This made a complete break between the brothers, and on hearing of the execution of the Due d'Enghien, Lucien said to his wife, "Alexandrine, let us go; he has tasted blood." He went to Italy, and in 1810 tried to go to the United States. Taken prisoner by the English, he was detained first at Malta, and then in England, at Ludlow Castle and at Thorngrove, till 1814, when he went to Rome. The Pope, who ever showed a kindly feeling towards the Bonapartes, made the ex-"Brutus" Bonaparte Prince de Canino and Due de Musignano. In 1815 he joined Napoleon and on the final fall of the Empire he was interned at Rome till the death of his brother.]—

Jerome, who pursued an opposite line of conduct, was afterwards made a King. As to Lucien's Republicanism, it did not survive the 18th Brumaire, and he was always a warm partisan of hereditary succession.

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But I pass on to relate what I know respecting the almost incredible influence which, on the foundation of the Empire, Bonaparte exercised over the powers which did not yet dare to declare war against him. I studied Bonaparte's policy closely, and I came to this conclusion on the subject, that he was governed by ambition, by the passion of dominion, and that no relations, on a footing of equality, between himself and any other power, could be of long duration. The other States of Europe had only to choose one of two things—submission or war. As to secondary States, they might thenceforth be considered as fiefs of the French Government; and as they could not resist, Bonaparte easily accustomed them to bend to his yoke. Can there be a stronger proof of this arbitrary influence than what occurred at Carlsruhe, after the violation of the territory of Baden, by the arrest of the Due d'Enghien? Far from venturing to make any observation on that violation, so contrary to the rights of nations, the Grand Duke of Baden was obliged to publish, in his own State, a decree evidently dictated by Bonaparte. The decree stated, that many individuals formerly belonging to the army of Conde having come to the neighbourhood of Carlsruhe, his Electoral Highness had felt it his duty to direct that no individual coming from Conde's army, nor indeed any French emigrant, should, unless he had permission previously to the place, make a longer sojourn than was allowed to foreign travellers. Such was already the influence which Bonaparte exercised over Germany, whose Princes, to use an expression which he employed in a later decree, were crushed by the grand measures of the Empire.

But to be just, without however justifying Bonaparte, I must acknowledge that the intrigues which England fomented in all parts of the Continent were calculated to excite his natural irritability to the utmost degree. The agents of England were spread over the whole of Europe, and they varied the rumours which they were commissioned to circulate, according to the chances of credit which the different places afforded. Their reports were generally false; but credulity gave ear to them, and speculators endeavoured, each according to his interest, to give them support. The headquarters of all this plotting was Munich, where Drake, who was sent from England, had the supreme direction. His correspondence, which was seized by the French Government, was at first placed amongst the documents to be produced on the trial of Georges, Moreau, and the other prisoners; but in the course of the preliminary proceedings the Grand Judge received directions to detach them, and make them the subject of a special report to the First Consul, in order that their publication beforehand might influence public opinion, and render it unfavourable to those who were doomed to be sacrificed. The instructions given by Drake to his agents render it impossible to doubt that England wished to overthrow the Government of Bonaparte. Drake wrote as follows to a man who was appointed to travel through France:—

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The principal object of your journey being the overthrow of the existing Government, one of the means of effecting it is to acquire a knowledge of the enemy's plans. For this purpose it is of the highest importance to begin, in the first place, by establishing communications with persons who may be depended upon in the different Government offices in order to obtain exact information of all plans with respect to foreign or internal affairs. The knowledge of these plans will supply the best means of defeating them; and failure is the way to bring the Government into complete discredit—the first and most important step towards the end proposed. Try to gain over trustworthy agents in the different Government departments. Endeavour, also, to learn what passes in the secret committee, which is supposed to be established at St Cloud, and composed of the friends of the First Consul. Be careful to furnish information of the various projects which Bonaparte may entertain relative to Turkey and Ireland. Likewise send intelligence respecting the movements of troops, respecting vessels and ship-building, and all military preparations.

Drake, in his instructions, also recommended that the subversion of Bonaparte's Government should, for the time, be the only object in view, and that nothing should be said about the King's intentions until certain information could be obtained respecting his views; but most of his letters and instructions were anterior to 1804. The whole bearing of the seized documents proved what Bonaparte could not be ignorant of, namely, that England was his constant enemy; but after examining them, I was of opinion that they contained nothing which could justify the belief that the Government of Great Britain authorised any attempt at assassination.

When the First Consul received the report of the Grand Judge relative to Drake's plots' against his Government he transmitted a copy of it to the Senate, and it was in reply to this communication that the Senate made those first overtures which Bonaparte thought vague, but which, nevertheless, led to the formation of the Empire. Notwithstanding this important circumstance, I have not hitherto mentioned Drake, because his intrigues for Bonaparte's overthrow appeared to me to be more immediately connected with the preliminaries of the trial of Georges and Moreau, which I shall notice in my next chapter.

—[These were not plots for assassination. Bonaparte, in the same way, had his secret agents in every country of Europe, without excepting England. Alison (chap. xxxvii. par. 89) says on this matter of Drake that, though the English agents were certainly attempting a counter-revolution, they had no idea of encouraging the assassination of Napoleon, while "England was no match for the French police agents in a transaction of this description, for the publication of Regular revealed the mortifying fact that the whole correspondence

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both of Drake and Spencer Smith had been regularly transmitted, as fast as it took place, to the police of Paris, and that their principal corresponded in that city, M. Mehu de la Tonche, was himself an agent of the police, employed to tempt the British envoys into this perilous enterprise."]—

At the same time that Bonaparte communicated to the Senate the report of the Grand Judge, the Minister for Foreign Affairs addressed the following circular letter to the members of the Diplomatic Body:

The First Consul has commanded me to forward to your Excellency a copy of a report which has been presented to him, respecting a conspiracy formed in France by Mr. Drake, his Britannic Majesty's Minister at the Court of Munich, which, by its object as well as its date, is evidently connected with the infamous plot now in the course of investigation.

> The printed copy of Mr. Drake's letters and authentic documents is annexed to the report. The originals will be immediately sent, by order of the First Consul, to the Elector of Bavaria.

Such a prostitution of the most honourable function which can be intrusted to a man is unexampled in the history of civilised nations. It will astonish and afflict Europe as an unheard of crime, which hitherto the most perverse Governments have not dared to meditate. The First Consul is too well acquainted with sentiments of the Diplomatic Body accredited to him not to be fully convinced that every one of its members will behold, with profound regret, the profanation of the sacred character of Ambassador, basely transformed into a minister of plots, snares, and corruption.

All the ambassadors, ministers, plenipotentiaries, envoys, ordinary or extraordinary, whatever might be their denomination, addressed answers to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which they expressed horror and indignation at the conduct of England and Drake's machinations. These answers were returned only five days after the Duc d'Enghien's death; and here one cannot help admiring the adroitness of Bonaparte, who thus compelled all the representatives of the European Governments to give official testimonies of regard for his person and Government.

CHAPTER XXYI.

1804.

Trial of Moreau, Georges, and others—Public interest excited by Moreau—Arraignment of the prisoners—Moreau's letter to Bonaparte— Violence of the President of the Court towards the prisoners— Lajolais and Rolland—Examinations intended to criminate

Moreau— Remarkable observations—Speech written by M. Garat—Bonaparte's opinion of Garat's eloquence—General Lecourbe and Moreau's son— Respect shown to Moreau by the military—Different sentiments excited by Georges and Moreau—Thoriot and 'Tui-roi'—Georges' answers to the interrogatories—He refuses an offer of pardon—Coster St. Victor—Napoleon

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and an actress—Captain Wright— M. de Riviere and the medal of the Comte d'Artois—-Generous struggle between *mm*. de Polignac—Sentence on the prisoners—-Bonaparte's remark—Pardons and executions.

On the 28th of May, about ten days after Napoleon had been declared Emperor, the trials of Moreau and others commenced. No similar event that has since occurred can convey an idea of the fermentation which then prevailed in Paris. The indignation excited by Moreau's arrest was openly manifested, and braved the observation of the police. Endeavours had been successfully made to mislead public opinion with respect to Georges and some others among the accused, who were looked upon as assassins in the pay of England, at least by that numerous portion of the public who lent implicit faith to declarations presented to them as official. But the case was different with regard to those individuals who were particularly the objects of public interest,—viz. *Mm*. de Polignac, de Riviere, Charles d'Hozier, and, above all, Moreau. The name of Moreau towered above all the rest, and with respect to him the Government found itself not a little perplexed. It was necessary on the one hand to surround him with a guard sufficiently imposing, to repress the eagerness of the people and of his friends, and yet on the other hand care was required that this guard should not be so strong as to admit of the possibility of making it a rallying-point, should the voice of a chief so honoured by the army appeal to it for defence. A rising of the populace in favour of Moreau was considered as a very possible event,—some hoped for it, others dreaded it. When I reflect on the state of feeling which then prevailed, I am certain that a movement in his favour would infallibly have taken place had judges more complying than even those who presided at the trial condemned Moreau to capital punishment.

It is impossible to form an idea of the crowd that choked up the avenues of the Palace of Justice on the day the trials commenced. This crowd continued during the twelve days the proceedings lasted, and was exceedingly great on the day the sentence was pronounced. Persons of the highest class were anxious to be present.

I was one of the first in the Hall, being determined to watch the course of these solemn proceedings. The Court being assembled, the President ordered the prisoners to be brought in. They entered in a file, and ranged themselves on the benches each between two gendarmes. They appeared composed and collected, and resignation was depicted on the countenances of all except Bouvet de Lozier, who did not dare to raise his eyes to his companions in misfortune, whom his weakness, rather than his will, had betrayed. I did not recognise him until the President proceeded to call over the prisoners, and to put the usual questions respecting their names, professions, and places of abode. Of the forty-nine prisoners, among whom were several females, only two were personally known to me; namely, Moreau, whose presence on the prisoner's bench seemed to wring every heart, and Georges, whom I had seen at the Tuileries in the First Consul's cabinet.

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The first sitting of the Court was occupied with the reading of the act of accusation or indictment, and the voices of the ushers, commanding silence, could scarce suppress the buzz which pervaded the Court at the mention of Moreau's name. All eyes were turned towards the conqueror of Hohenlinden, and while the Procureur Imperial read over the long indictment and invoked the vengeance of the law on an attempt against the head of the Republic, it was easy to perceive how he tortured his ingenuity to fasten apparent guilt on the laurels of Moreau. The good sense of the public discerned proofs of his innocence in the very circumstances brought forward against him. I shall never forget the effect produced—so contrary to what was anticipated by the prosecutors—by the reading of a letter addressed by Moreau from his prison in the Temple to the First Consul, when the judges appointed to interrogate him sought to make his past conduct the subject of accusation, on account of M. de Klinglin's papers having fallen into his hands. He was reproached with having too long delayed transmitting these documents to the Directory; and it was curious to see the Emperor Napoleon become the avenger of pretended offences committed against the Directory which he had overthrown.

In the letter here alluded to Moreau said to Bonaparte, then First Consul—

"In the short campaign of the year V. (from the 20th to the 23d of March 1797) we took the papers belonging to the staff of the enemy's army, and a number of documents were brought to me which General Desaix, then wounded, amused himself by perusing. It appeared from this correspondence that General Pichegru had maintained communications with the French Princes. This discovery was very painful, and particularly to me, and we agreed to say nothing of the matter. Pichegru, as a member of the Legislative Body, could do but little to injure the public cause, since peace was established. I nevertheless took every precaution for protecting the army against the ill effects of a system of espionage. . . . The events of the 18th Fructidor occasioned so much anxiety that two officers, who knew of the existence of the correspondence, prevailed on me to communicate it to the Government. . . . I felt that, as a public functionary, I could no longer remain silent. . . . During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, distant overtures have been made to me, with the view of drawing me into connection with the French Princes. This appeared so absurd that I took no notice of these overtures. As to the present conspiracy, I can assure you I have been far from taking any share in it. I repeat to you, General, that whatever proposition to that effect was made me, I rejected it, and regarded it as the height of madness. When it was represented to me that the invasion of England would offer a favourable opportunity for effecting a change in the French Government, I invariably answered that the Senate was

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the authority to which the whole of France would naturally cling in the time of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under its orders. To such overtures made to a private individual, who wished to preserve no connection either with the army, of whom nine-tenths have served under me, or any constituted authority, the only possible answer was a refusal. Betrayal of confidence I disdained. Such a step, which is always base, becomes doubly odious when the treachery is committed against those to whom we owe gratitude, or have been bound by old friendship.“This, General, is all I have to tell you respecting my relations with Pichegru, and it must convince you that very false and hasty inferences have been drawn from conduct which, though perhaps imprudent, was far from being criminal.”

Moreau fulfilled his duty as a public functionary by communicating to the Directory the papers which unfolded a plot against the Government, and which the chances of war had thrown into his hands. He fulfilled his duty as a man of honour by not voluntarily incurring the infamy which can never be wiped from the character of an informer. Bonaparte in Moreau’s situation would have acted the same part, for I never knew a man express stronger indignation than himself against informers, until he began to consider everything a virtue which served his ambition, and everything a crime which opposed it.

The two facts which most forcibly obtruded themselves on my attention during the trial were the inveterate violence of the President of the Court towards the prisoners and the innocence of Moreau.

> —[It is strange that Bourrienne does not acknowledge that he was charged by Napoleon with the duty of attending this trial of Moreau, and of sending in a daily report of the proceedings.]—

But, in spite of the most insidious examinations which can be conceived, Moreau never once fell into the least contradiction. If my memory fail me not, it was on the fourth day that he was examined by Thuriot, one of the judges. The result, clear as day to all present, was, that Moreau was a total stranger to all the plots, all the intrigues which had been set on foot in London. In fact, during the whole course of the trial, to which I listened with as much attention as interest, I did not discover the shadow of a circumstance which could in the least commit him, or which had the least reference to him. Scarcely one of the hundred and thirty-nine witnesses who were heard for the prosecution knew him, and he himself declared on the fourth sitting, which took place on the 31st of May, that there was not an individual among the accused whom he knew,—-not one whom he had ever seen. In the course of the long proceedings, notwithstanding the manifest efforts of Thuriot to extort false admissions and force contradictions, no fact of any consequence was elicited to the prejudice of Moreau. His appearance was as calm as his

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conscience; and as he sat on the bench he had the appearance of one led by curiosity to be present at this interesting trial, rather than of an accused person, to whom the proceedings might end in condemnation and death. But for the fall of Moreau in the ranks of the enemy,—but for the foreign cockade which disgraced the cap of the conqueror of Hohenlinden, his complete innocence would long since have been put beyond doubt, and it would have been acknowledged that the most infamous machinations were employed for his destruction. It is evident that Lajolais, who had passed from London to Paris, and from Paris to London, had been acting the part of an intriguer rather than of a conspirator; and that the object of his missions was not so much to reconcile Moreau and Pichegru as to make Pichegru the instrument of implicating Moreau. Those who supposed Lajolais to be in the pay of the British Government were egregiously imposed on. Lajolais was only in the pay of the secret police; he was condemned to death, as was expected, but he received his pardon, as was agreed upon. Here was one of the disclosures which Pichegru might have made; hence the necessity of getting him out of the way before the trial. As to the evidence of the man named Rolland, it was clear to everybody that Moreau was right when he said to the President, “In my opinion, Rolland is either a creature of the police, or he has given his evidence under the influence of fear.” Rolland made two declarations the first contained nothing at all; the second was in answer to the following observations: “You see you stand in a terrible situation; you must either be held to be an accomplice in the conspiracy, or you must be taken as evidence. If you say nothing, you will be considered in the light of an accomplice; if you confess, you will be saved.” This single circumstance may serve to give an idea of the way the trials were conducted so as to criminate Moreau. On his part the general repelled the attacks, of which he was the object, with calm composure and modest confidence, though flashes of just indignation would occasionally burst from him. I recollect the effect he produced upon the Court and the auditors at one of the sittings, when the President had accused him of the design of making himself Dictator. He exclaimed, “I Dictator! What, make myself Dictator at the head of the partisans of the Bourbons! Point out my partisans! My partisans would naturally be the soldiers of France, of whom I have commanded nine-tenths, and saved more than fifty thousand. These are the partisans I should look to! All my aides de camp, all the officers of my acquaintance, have been arrested; not the shadow of a suspicion could be found against any of them, and they have been set at liberty. Why, then, attribute to me the madness of aiming to get myself made Dictator by the aid of the adherents of the old French Princes, of persons who have fought in their cause since 1792? You allege that these men, in the space of four-and-twenty hours, formed the project of raising me to the Dictatorship! It is madness to think of it! My fortune and my pay have been alluded to; I began the world with nothing; I might have had by this time fifty millions; I have merely a house and a bit of ground; as to my pay, it is forty thousand francs. Surely that sum will not be compared with my services.”

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During the trial Moreau delivered a defence, which I knew had been written by his friend Garat, whose eloquence I well remember was always disliked by Bonaparte. Of this I had a proof on the occasion of a grand ceremony which took place in the Place des Victoires, on laying the first stone of a monument which was to have been erected to the memory of Desaix, but which was never executed. The First Consul returned home in very ill-humour, and said to me, “Bourrienne, what a brute that Garat is! What a stringer of words! I have been obliged to listen to him for three-quarters of an hour. There are people who never know when to hold their tongues!”

Whatever might be the character of Garat’s eloquence or Bonaparte’s opinion of it, his conduct was noble on the occasion of Moreau’s trial; for he might be sure Bonaparte would bear him a grudge for lending the aid of his pen to the only man whose military glory, though not equal to that of the First Consul, might entitle him to be looked upon as his rival in fame. At one of the sittings a circumstance occurred which produced an almost electrical effect. I think I still see General Lecourbe, the worthy friend of Moreau, entering unexpectedly into the Court, leading a little boy. Raising the child in his arms, he exclaimed aloud, and with considerable emotion, “Soldiers, behold the son of your general!”

—[This action of Lecourbe, together with the part played in this trial by his brother, one of the judges, was most unfortunate, not only for Lecourbe but for France, which consequently lost the services of its best general of mountain warfare. His campaigns of Switzerland in 1799 on the St. Gothard against Suwarrow are well known. Naturally disgraced for the part he took with Moreau, he was not again employed till the Cent Jours, when he did good service, although he had disapproved of the defection of Ney from the Royalist cause. He died in 1816; his brother, the judge, had a most furious reception from Napoleon, who called him a prevaricating judge, and dismissed him from his office (Remusat, tome ii. p. 8).]—

At this unexpected movement all the military present spontaneously rose and presented arms; while a murmur of approbation from the spectators applauded the act. It is certain that had Moreau at that moment said but one word, such was the enthusiasm in his favour, the tribunal would have been broken up and the prisoners liberated. Moreau, however, was silent, and indeed appeared the only unconcerned person in Court. Throughout the whole course of the trial Moreau inspired so much respect that when he was asked a question and rose to reply the gendarmes appointed to guard him rose at the same time and stood uncovered while he spoke.

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Georges was far from exciting the interest inspired by Moreau. He was an object of curiosity rather than of interest. The difference of their previous conduct was in itself sufficient to occasion a great contrast in their situation before the Court. Moreau was full of confidence and Georges full of resignation. The latter regarded his fate with a fierce kind of resolution. He occasionally resumed the caustic tone which he seemed to have renounced when he harangued his associates before their departure from the Temple. With the most sarcastic bitterness he alluded to the name and vote of Thuriot, one of the most violent of the judges, often terming him 'Tue-roi';

> —[Thuriot and the President Hemart both voted for the death of the King. Merlin, the imperial Procureur-General, was one of the regicides.—Bourrienne.]—

and after pronouncing his name, or being forced to reply to his interrogatories, he would ask for a glass of brandy to wash his mouth.

Georges had the manners and bearing of a rude soldier; but under his coarse exterior he concealed the soul of a hero. When the witnesses of his arrest had answered the questions of the President Hemart, this judge turned towards the accused, and inquired whether he had anything to say in reply.—"No."—"Do you admit the facts?"—"Yes." Here Georges busied himself in looking over the papers which lay before him, when Hemart warned him to desist, and attend to the questions. The following dialogue then commenced. "Do you confess having been arrested in the place designated by the witness?"—"I do not know the name of the place."—"Do you confess having been arrested?"—"Yes."—"Did you twice fire a pistol?"—"Yes."—"Did you kill a man?"—-"Indeed I do not know."— "Had you a poniard?"—"Yes."—"And two pistols?"—"Yes."—-"Who was in company with you?"—"I do not know the person."—"Where did you lodge in Paris?"—"Nowhere."—"At the time of your arrest did you not reside in the house of a fruiterer in the Rue de la Montagne St. Genevieve?"— "At the time of my arrest I was in a cabriolet. I lodged nowhere."— "Where did you sleep on the evening of your arrest?"—"Nowhere."—"What were you doing in Paris?"—"I was walking about."—-"Whom have you seen in Paris?"—"I shall name no one; I know no one."

From this short specimen of the manner in which Georges replied to the questions of the President we may judge of his unshaken firmness during the proceedings. In all that concerned himself he was perfectly open; but in regard to whatever tended to endanger his associates he maintained the most obstinate silence, notwithstanding every attempt to overcome his firmness.

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That I was not the only one who justly appreciated the noble character of Georges is rendered evident by the following circumstance. Having accompanied M. Carbonnet to the police, where he went to demand his papers, on the day of his removal to St. Pelagic, we were obliged to await the return of M. Real, who was absent. M. Desmarets and several other persons were also in attendance. M. Real had been at the Conciergerie, where he had seen Georges Cadoudal, and on his entrance observed to M. Desmarets and the others, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard by M. Carbonnet and myself, “I have had an interview with Georges who is an extraordinary man. I told him that I was disposed to offer him a pardon if he would promise to renounce the conspiracy and accept of employment under Government. But to my arguments and persuasions he only replied, ’My comrades followed me to France, and I shall fellow them, to death.’” In this he kept his word.

Were we to judge these memorable proceedings from the official documents published in the Moniteur and other journals of that period, we should form a very erroneous opinion. Those falsities were even the object of a very serious complaint on the part of Cosier St. Victor, one of the accused.

After the speech of M. Gauthier, the advocate of Coster St. Victor, the President inquired of the accused whether he had anything further to say in his defence, to which he replied, “I have only to add that the witnesses necessary to my exculpation have not yet appeared. I must besides express my surprise at the means which have been employed to lead astray public opinion, and to load with infamy not only the accused but also their intrepid defenders. I have read with pain in the journals of to-day that the proceedings—” Here the President interrupting, observed that “these were circumstances foreign to the case.”—“Not in the least,” replied Cosier St. Victor; “on the contrary, they bear very materially on the cause, since mangling and misrepresenting our defence is a practice assuredly calculated to ruin us in the estimation of the public. In the journals of to-day the speech of M. Gauthier is shamefully garbled, and I should be deficient in gratitude were I not here to bear testimony to the zeal and courage which he has displayed in my defence. I protest against the puerilities and absurdities which have been put into his mouth, and I entreat him not to relax in his generous efforts. It is not on his account that I make this observation; he does not require it at my hands; it is for ’myself, it is for the accused, whom such arts tend to injure in the estimation of the public.”

Coster St. Victor had something chivalrous in his language and manners which spoke greatly in his favour; he conveyed no bad idea of one of the Fiesco conspirators, or of those leaders of the Fronds who intermingled gallantry with their politics.

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An anecdote to this effect was current about the period of the trial. Coster St. Victor, it is related, being unable any longer to find a secure asylum in Paris, sought refuge for a single night in the house of a beautiful actress, formerly in the good graces of the First Consul; and it is added that Bonaparte, on the same night, having secretly arrived on a visit to the lady, found himself unexpectedly in the presence of Coster St. Victor, who might have taken his life; but that only an interchange of courtesy took place betwixt the rival gallants.

This ridiculous story was doubtless intended to throw additional odium on the First Consul, if Cosier St. Victor should be condemned and not obtain a pardon, in which case malignity would not fail to attribute his execution to the vengeance of a jealous lover.

I should blush to relate such stories, equally destitute of probability and truth, had they not obtained some credit at the time. Whilst I was with Bonaparte he never went abroad during the night; and it was not surely at a moment when the saying of Fouche, “The air is full of poniards,” was fully explained that he would have risked such nocturnal adventures.

Wright was heard in the sixth sitting, on the 2d of June, as the hundred and thirty-fourth witness in support of the prosecution. He, however, refused to answer any interrogatories put to him, declaring that, as a prisoner of war, he considered himself only amenable to his own Government.

The Procureur-General requested the President to order the examinations of Captain Wright on the 21st of May’ and at a later period to be read over to him; which heing done, the witness replied, that it was omitted to be stated that on these occasions the questions had been accompanied with the threat of transferring him to a military tribunal, in order to be shot, if he did not betray the secrets of his country.

In the course of the trial the most lively interest was felt for *mm*. de Polignac—

—[The eldest of the Polignacs, Armand (1771-1847), condemned to death, had that penalty remitted, but was imprisoned in Ham till permitted to escape m 1813. He became Duc de Richelieu in 1817. His younger brother, Jules (1780-1847) was also imprisoned and escaped. In 1814 he was one of the first to display the white flag in Paris. In 1829 he became Minister of Charles X. and was responsible for the ordinances which oust his master his throne in 1830. Imprisoned, nominally for life, he was released in 1836, and after passing some time in England returned to France. The remission of the sentence of death on Prince Armand was obtained by the Empress Josephine. Time after time, urged on by Madame de Remusat, she implored mercy from Napoleon, who at last consented to see the wife of the Prince. Unlike the Bourbon Louis XVIII., who could see Madame de Lavalette only to refuse the wretched woman’s prayer for her husband, for Napoleon to grant the interview

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was to concede the pardon. The Prince escaped death, and his wife who had obtained the interview by applying to Madame de Remusat, when she met her benefactress in the times of the Restoration, displayed a really grand forgetfulness of what had passed (see Remusat, tome ii. chap. i.).]—

Charles d'Hozier, and de Riviere. So short a period had elapsed since the proscription of the nobility that, independently of every feeling of humanity, it was certainly impolitic to exhibit before the public the heirs of an illustrious name, endowed with that devoted heroism which could not fail to extort admiration even from those who condemned their opinions and principles.

The prisoners were all young, and their situation create universal sympathy. The greatest number of them disdained to have recourse to a denial, and seemed less anxious for the preservation of their own lives than for the honour of the cause in which they had embarked, not with the view of assassination, as had been demonstrated, but for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of the public feeling, which had been represented by some factious intriguers as favourable to the Bourbons. Even when the sword of the law was suspended over their heads the faithful adherents of the Bourbons displayed on every occasion their attachment and fidelity to the royal cause. I recollect that the Court was dissolved in tears when the President adduced as a proof of the guilt of M. de Riviere his having worn a medal of the Comte d'Artois, which the prisoner requested to examine; and, on its being handed to him by an officer, M. de Riviere pressed it to his lips and his heart, then returning it, he said that he only wished to render homage to the Prince whom he loved.

The Court was still more deeply affected on witnessing the generous fraternal struggle which took place during the last sitting between the two De Polignacs. The emotion was general when the eldest of the brothers, after having observed that his always going out alone and during the day did not look like a conspirator anxious for concealment, added these remarkable words which will remain indelibly engraven on my memory: "I have now only one wish, which is that, as the sword is suspended over our heads, and threatens to cut short the existence of several of the accused, you would, in consideration of his youth if not of his innocence, spare my brother, and shower down upon me the whole weight of your vengeance." It was during the last sitting but one, on Friday the 8th of June, that M. Armand de Polignac made the above affecting appeal in favour of his brother. The following day, before the fatal sentence was pronounced, M. Jules de Polignac addressed the judges, saying, "I was so deeply affected yesterday, while my brother was speaking, as not fully to have attended to what I read in my own defence: but being now perfectly tranquil, I entreat, gentlemen, that you will not regard what he urged in my behalf. I

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repeat, on the contrary, and with most justice, if one of us must fall a sacrifice, if there be yet time, save him, restore him to the tears of his wife; I have no tie like him, I can meet death unappalled;—too young to have tasted the pleasures of the world, I cannot regret their loss."—"No, no," exclaimed his brother, "you are still in the outset of your career; it is I who ought to fall."

At eight in the morning the members of the Tribunal withdrew to the council-chamber. Since the commencement of the proceedings the crowd, far from diminishing, seemed each day to increase; this morning it was immense, and, though the sentence was not expected to be pronounced till a late hour, no one quitted the Court for fear of not being able to find a place when the Tribunal should resume its sitting.

Sentence of death was passed upon Georges Caudoudal, Bouvet de Lozier, Rusillon, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, De Riviere, Louis Ducorps, Picot, Lajolais, Roger, Coster St. Victor, Deville, Gaillard, Joyaub, Burban; Lemercier, Jean Cadudol, Lelan, and Merille; while Lies de Polignac, Leridant, General Moreau,—-[General Moreau's sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go to America.]—-Rolland, and Hisay were only condemned to two years' imprisonment.

This decree was heard with consternation by the assembly, and soon spread throughout Paris. I may well affirm it to have been a day of public mourning; even though it was Sunday every place of amusement was nearly deserted. To the horror inspired by a sentence of death passed so wantonly, and of which the greater number of the victims belonged to the most distinguished class of society, was joined the ridicule inspired by the condemnation of Moreau; of the absurdity of which no one seemed more sensible than Bonaparte himself, and respecting which he expressed himself in the most pointed terms. I am persuaded that every one who narrowly watched the proceedings of this celebrated trial must have been convinced that all means were resorted to in order that Moreau, once accused, should not appear entirely free from guilt.

Bonaparte is reported to have said, "Gentlemen, I have no control over your proceedings; it is your duty strictly to examine the evidence before presenting a report to me. But when it has once the sanction of your signatures, woe to you if an innocent man be condemned." This remark is in strict conformity with his usual language, and bears a striking similarity to the conversation I held with him on the following Thursday; but though this language might be appropriate from the lips of a sovereign whose ministers are responsible, it appears but a lame excuse in the mouth of Bonaparte, the possessor of absolute power.

The condemned busied themselves in endeavouring to procure a repeal of their sentence, the greatest number of them yielded in this respect to the entreaties of their friends, who lost no time in taking the steps requisite to obtain the pardon of those in

whom they were most interested. Moreau at first also determined to appeal; but he relinquished his purpose before the Court of Cessation commenced its sittings.

BOOKRAGS

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As soon as the decree of the special Tribunal was delivered, Murat, Governor of Paris, and brother-in-law to the Emperor, sought his presence and conjured him in the most urgent manner to pardon all the criminals, observing that such an act of clemency would redound greatly to his honour in the opinion of France and all Europe, that it would be said the Emperor pardoned the attempt against the life of the First Consul, that this act of mercy would shed more glory over the commencement of his reign than any security which could accrue from the execution of the prisoners. Such was the conduct of Murat; but he did not solicit, as has been reported, the pardon of any one in particular.

Those who obtained the imperial pardon were Bouvet de Lozier, who expected it from the disclosures he had made; Rusillon, de Riviere, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, d'Hozier, Lajolais, who had beforehand received a promise to that effect, and Armand Gaillard.

The other ill-fated victims of a sanguinary police underwent their sentence on the 25th of June, two days after the promulgation of the pardon of their associates.

Their courage and resignation never forsook them even for a moment, and Georges, knowing that it was rumoured he had obtained a pardon, entreated that he might die the first, in order that his companions in their last moments might be assured he had not survived them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1804.

Clavier and Hemart—Singular Proposal of Corvisart-M. Desmaisons— Project of influencing the judges—Visit to the Tuileries—Rapp in attendance—Long conversation with the Emperor—His opinion on the trial of Moreau—English assassins and Mr. Fox —Complaints against the English Government—Bonaparte and Lacuee—Affectionate behaviour—Arrest of Pichegru—Method employed by the First Consul to discover his presence in Paris—Character of Moreau—Measures of Bonaparte regarding him—-Lauriston sent to the Temple—Silence respecting the Duc d'Enghien—Napoleon's opinion of Moreau and Georges—Admiration of Georges—Offers of employment and dismissal— Recital of former vexations—Audience of the Empress—Melancholy forebodings—What Bonaparte said concerning himself—Marks of kindness.

The judges composing the Tribunal which condemned Moreau were not all like Thuriot and Hemart. History has recorded an honourable contrast to the general meanness of the period in the reply given by M. Clavier, when urged by Hemart to vote for the condemnation of Moreau. "Ah, Monsieur, if we condemn him, how shall we be able to acquit ourselves?" I have, besides, the best reason for asserting that the judges were tampered with, from, a circumstance which occurred to myself.

Bonaparte knew that I was intimately connected with M. Desmaisons, one of the members of the Tribunal, and brother in-law to Corvisart; he also knew that Desmaisons was inclined to believe in Moreau's innocence, and favourable to his acquittal. During the progress of the trial Corvisart arrived at my house one morning at a very early hour, in a state of such evident embarrassment that, before he had time to utter a word, I said to him, "What is the matter? Have you heard any bad news?"

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“No,” replied Corvisart, “but I came by the Emperor’s order. He wishes you to see my brother-in-law. ‘He is,’ said he to me, ’the senior judge, and a man of considerable eminence; his opinion will carry with it great weight, and I know that he is favourable to Moreau; he is in the wrong. Visit Bourrienne, said the Emperor, and concert with him respecting the best method of convincing Desmaisons of his error, for I repeat he is wrong, he is deceived.’ This is the mission with which I am entrusted.”

“How,” said I, with thorough astonishment, “how came you to be employed in this affair? Could you believe for one moment that I would tamper with a magistrate in order to induce him to exercise an unjust rigour?”

“No, rest assured,” replied Corvisart, “I merely visited you this morning in obedience to the order of the Emperor; but I knew beforehand in what manner you would regard the proposition with which I was charged. I knew your opinions and your character too well to entertain the smallest doubt in this respect, and I was convinced that I ran no risk in becoming the bearer of a commission which would be attended with no effect. Besides, had I refused to obey the Emperor, it would have proved prejudicial to your interest, and confirmed him in the opinion that you were favourable to the acquittal of Moreau. For myself,” added Corvisart, “it is needless to affirm that I have no intention of attempting to influence the opinion of my brother-in-law; and if I had, you know him sufficiently well to be convinced in what light he would regard such a proceeding.”

Such were the object and result of Corvisart’s visit, and I am thence led to believe that similar attempts must have been made to influence other members of the Tribunal.

—["The judges had been pressed and acted on in a thousand ways by the hangers on of the Palace and especially by Real, the natural intermediary between justice and the Government. Ambition, servility, fear, every motive capable of influencing them, had been used: even their humane scruples were employed” (Lanfrey tome iii. p. 193, who goes on to say that the judges were urged to sentence Moreau to death in order that the Emperor might fully pardon him).]

But however this may be, prudence led me to discontinue visiting M. Desmaisons, with whom I was in habits of the strictest friendship.

About this period I paid a visit which occupies an important place in my recollections. On the 14th of June 1804, four days after the condemnation of Georges and his accomplices, I received a summons to attend the Emperor at St. Cloud. It was Thursday, and as I thought on the great events and tragic scenes about to be acted, I was rather uneasy respecting his intentions.

But I was fortunate enough to find my friend Rapp in waiting, who said to me as I entered, “Be not alarmed; he is in the best of humours at present, and wishes to have some conversation with you.”

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Rapp then announced me to the Emperor, and I was immediately admitted to his presence. After pinching my ear and asking his usual questions, such as, “What does the world say? How are your children? What are you about? *etc*.,” he said to me, “By the by, have you attended the proceedings against Moreau?”—“Yes, Sire, I have not been absent during one of the sittings.”—“Well, Bourrienne, are you of the opinion that Moreau is innocent?”—“Yes, Sire; at least I am certain that nothing has come out in the course of the trial tending to criminate him; I am even surprised how he came to be implicated in this conspiracy, since nothing has appeared against him which has the most remote connexion with the affair.”—“I know your opinion on this subject; Duroc related to me the conversation you held with him at the Tuileries; experience has shown that you were correct; but how could I act otherwise? You know that Bouvet de Lozier hanged himself in prison, and was only saved by accident. Real hurried to the Temple in order to interrogate him, and in his first confessions he criminated Moreau, affirming that he had held repeated conferences with Pichegru. Real immediately reported to me this fact, and proposed that Moreau should be arrested, since the rumours against him seemed to be well founded; he had previously made the same proposition. I at first refused my sanction to this measure; but after the charge made against him by Bouvet de Lozier, how could I act otherwise than I did? Could I suffer such open conspiracies against the Government? Could I doubt the truth of Bouvet de Lozier’s declaration, under the circumstances in which it was made? Could I foresee that he would deny his first declaration when brought before the Court? There was a chain of circumstances which human sagacity could not penetrate, and I consented to the arrest of Moreau when it was proved that he was in league with Pichegru. Has not England sent assassins?”—“Sire,” said I, “permit me to call to your recollection the conversation you had in my presence with Mr. Fox, after which you said to me, ’Bourrienne, I am very happy at having heard from the mouth of a man of honour that the British Government is incapable of seeking my life; I always wish to esteem my enemies.”—“Bah! you are a fool! Parbleu! I did not say that the English Minister sent over an assassin, and that he said to him, ’Here is gold and a poniard; go and kill the First Consul.’ No, I did not believe that; but it cannot be denied that all those foreign conspirators against my Government were serving England, and receiving pay from that power. Have I agents in London to disturb the Government of Great Britain? I have waged with it honourable warfare; I have not attempted to awaken a remembrance of the Stuarts amongst their old partisans. Is not Wright, who landed Georges and his accomplices at Dieppe, a captain in the British navy? But rest assured that, with the exception of a few babblers,

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whom I can easily silence, the hearts of the French people are with me; everywhere public opinion has been declared in my favour, so that I have nothing to apprehend from giving the greatest publicity to these plots, and bringing the accused to a solemn trial. The greater number of those gentlemen wished me to bring the prisoners before a military commission, that summary judgment might be obtained; but I refused my consent to this measure. It might have been said that I dreaded public opinion; and I fear it not. People may talk as much as they please, well and good, I am not obliged to hear them; but I do not like those who are attached to my person to blame what I have done."

As I could not wholly conceal an involuntary emotion, in which the Emperor saw something more than mere surprise, he paused, took me by the ear, and, smiling in the most affectionate manner, said, "I had no reference to you in what I said, but I have to complain of Lacuee. Could you believe that during the trial he went about clamouring in behalf of Moreau? He, my aide de camp—a man who owes everything to me! As for you, I have said that you acted very well in this affair."—"I know not, Sire, what has either been done or said by Lacuee,—whom I have not seen for a long time; what I said to Duroc is what history teaches in every page."—"By the by," resumed the Emperor, after a short silence, "do you know that it was I myself who discovered that Pichegru was in Paris. Everyone said to me, Pichegru is in Paris; Fouche, Real, harped on the same string, but could give me no proof of their assertion. 'What a fool you are,' said I to Real, when in an instant you may ascertain the fact. Pichegru has a brother, an aged ecclesiastic, who resides in Paris; let his dwelling be searched, and should he be absent, it will warrant a suspicion that Pichegru is here; if, on the contrary, his brother should be at home, let him be arrested: he is a simple-minded man, and in the first moments of agitation will betray the truth. Everything happened as I had foreseen, for no sooner was he arrested than, without waiting to be questioned, he inquired if it was a crime to have received his brother into his house. Thus every doubt was removed, and a miscreant in the house in which Pichegru lodged betrayed him to the police. What horrid degradation to betray a friend for the sake of gold."

Then reverting to Moreau, the Emperor talked a great deal respecting that general. "Moreau," he said, "possesses many good qualities; his bravery is undoubted; but he has more courage than energy; he is indolent and effeminate. When with the army he lived like a pasha; he smoked, was almost constantly in bed, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the table. His dispositions are naturally good; but he is too indolent for study; he does not read, and since he has been tied to his wife's apronstrings is fit for nothing. He sees only with the eyes of his wife and her mother, who have

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had a hand in all these late plots; and then, Bourrienne, is it not very strange that it was by my advice that he entered into this union? I was told that Mademoiselle Hulot was a creole, and I believed that he would find in her a second Josephine; how greatly was I mistaken! It is these women who have estranged us from each other, and I regret that he should have acted so unworthily. You must remember my observing to you more than two years ago that Moreau would one day run his head against the gate of the Tuileries; that he has done so was no fault of mine, for you know how much I did to secure his attachment. You cannot have forgotten the reception I gave him at Malmaison. On the 18th Brumaire I conferred on him the charge of the Luxembourg, and in that situation he fully justified my, choice. But since that period he has behaved towards me with the utmost ingratitude—entered into all the silly cabala against me, blamed all my measures, and turned into ridicule the Legion of Honour. Have not some of the intriguers put it into his head that I regard him with jealousy? You must be aware of that. You must also know as well as I how anxious the members of the Directory were to exalt the reputation of Moreau. Alarmed at my success in Italy, they wished to have in the armies a general to serve as a counterpoise to my renown. I have ascended the throne and he is the inmate of a prison! You are aware of the incessant clamouring raised against me by the whole family, at which I confess I was very much displeased; coming from those whom I had treated so well! Had he attached himself to me, I would doubtless have conferred on him the title of First Marshal of the Empire; but what could I do? He constantly depreciated my campaigns and my government. From discontent to revolt there is frequently only one step, especially when a man of a weak character becomes the tool of popular clubs; and therefore when I was first informed that Moreau was implicated in the conspiracy of Georges I believed him to be guilty, but hesitated to issue an order for his arrest till I had taken the opinion of my Council. The members having assembled, I ordered the different documents to be laid before them, with an injunction to examine them with the utmost care, since they related to an affair of importance, and I urged them candidly to inform me whether, in their opinion, any of the charges against Moreau were sufficiently strong to endanger his life. The fools! their reply was in the affirmative; I believe they were even unanimous! Then I had no alternative but to suffer the proceedings to take their course. It is unnecessary to affirm to you, Bourrienne, that Moreau never should have perished on a scaffold! Most assuredly I would have pardoned him; but with the sentence of death hanging over his head he could no longer have proved dangerous; and his name would have ceased to be a rallying-point for disaffected Republicans or imbecile Royalists. Had the Council expressed any doubts respecting his

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guilt I would have intimated to him that the suspicions against him were so strong as to render any further connection between us impossible; and that the best course he could pursue would be to leave France for three years, under the pretext of visiting some of the places rendered celebrated during the late wars; but that if he preferred a diplomatic mission I would make a suitable provision for his expenses; and the great innovator, Time, might effect great changes during the period of his absence. But my foolish Council affirmed to me that his guilt, as a principal, being evident, it was absolutely necessary to bring him to trial; and now his sentence is only that of a pickpocket. What think you I ought to do? Detain him? He might still prove a rallying-point. No. Let him sell his property and quit? Can I confine him in the Temple? It is full enough without him. Still, if this had been the only great error they had led me to commit—"

"Sire, how greatly you have been deceived."

"Oh yes, I have been so; but I cannot see everything with my own eyes."

At this part of our conversation, of which I have suppressed my own share as much as possible, I conceived that the last words of Bonaparte alluded to the death of the Duc d'Enghien; and I fancied he was about to mention that event but he again spoke of Moreau.

"He is very much mistaken," resumed the Emperor, "if he conceives I bore any ill-will towards him. After his arrest I sent Lauriston to the Temple, whom I chose because he was of an amiable and conciliating disposition; I charged him to tell Moreau to confess he had only seen Pichegru, and I would cause the proceedings against him to be suspended. Instead of receiving this act of generosity as he ought to have done, he replied to it with great haughtiness, so much was he elated that Pichegru had not been arrested; he afterwards, however, lowered his tone. He wrote to me a letter of excuse respecting his anterior conduct, which I caused to be produced on the trial. He was the author of his own ruin; besides, it would have required men of a different stamp from Moreau to conspire against me. Amoung, the conspirators, for example, was an individual whose fate I regret; this Georges in my hands might have achieved great things. I can duly appreciate the firmness of character he displayed, and to which I could have given a proper direction. I caused Real to intimate to him that, if he would attach himself to me, not only should he be pardoned, but that I would give him the command of a regiment. Perhaps I might even have made him my aide de camp. Complaints would have been made, but, parbleu, I should not have cared. Georges refused all my offers; he was as inflexible as iron. What could I do? he underwent his fate, for he was a dangerous man; circumstances rendered his death a matter of necessity. Examples of severity were called for, when England was pouring into France the whole offscouring of the emigration;

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but patience, patience! I have a long arm, and shall be able to reach them, when necessary. Moreau regarded Georges merely as a ruffian—I viewed him in a different light. You may remember the conversation I had with him at the Tuileries—you and Rapp were in an adjoining cabinet. I tried in vain to influence him—some of his associates were affected at the mention of country and of glory; he alone stood cold and unmoved. I addressed myself to his feelings, but in vain; he was insensible to everything I said. At that period Georges appeared to me little ambitious of power; his whole wishes seemed to centre in commanding the Vendeans. It was not till I had exhausted every means of conciliation that I assumed the tone and language of the first magistrate. I dismissed him with a strong injunction to live retired—to be peaceable and obedient—not to misinterpret the motives of my conduct towards himself—nor attribute to weakness what was merely the result of moderation and strength. 'Rest assured,' I added, 'and repeat to your associates, that while I hold the reins of authority there will be neither chance nor salvation for those who dare to conspire against me: How he conformed to this injunction the event has shown. Real told me that when Moreau and Georges found themselves in the presence of Pichegru they could not come to any understanding, because Georges would not act against the Bourbons. Well, he had a plan, but Moreau had none; he merely wished for my overthrow, without having formed any ulterior views whatever. This showed that he was destitute of even common sense. Apropos, Bourrienne, have you seen Corvisart?"—"Yes, Sire."—"Well!" "He delivered to me the message with which you entrusted him."—"And Desmaisons!—I wager that you have not spoken to him in conformity to my wishes."—"Sire, the estimation in which I hold Desmaisons deterred me from a course so injurious to him; for in what other light could he have considered what I should have said to him? I have never visited at his house since the commencement of the trial."—"Well! well! Be prudent and discreet, I shall not forget you." He then waved a very gracious salute with his hand, and withdrew into his cabinet.

The Emperor had detained me more than an hour. On leaving the audience-chamber I passed through the outer salon, where a number of individuals were waiting; and I perceived that an observance of etiquette was fast gaining ground, though the Emperor had not yet adopted the admirable institution of Court Chamberlains.

I cannot deny that I was much gratified with my reception; besides I was beginning to be weary of an inactive life, and was anxious to obtain a place, of which I stood in great need, from the losses I had sustained and the unjust resumption which Bonaparte had made of his gifts. Being desirous to speak of Napoleon with the strictest impartiality, I prefer drawing my conclusions from those actions in which I had no personal concern. I shall therefore only relate

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here, even before giving an account of my visit to the Empress on leaving the audience-chamber, the former conduct of Napoleon towards myself and Madame de Bourrienne, which will justify the momentary alarm with which I was seized when summoned to the Tuileries, and the satisfaction I felt at my reception. I had a proof of what Rapp said of the Emperor being in good-humour, and was flattered by the confidential manner in which he spoke to me concerning some of the great political secrets of his Government. On seeing me come out Rapp observed, “You have had a long audience.”—“Yes, not amiss;” and this circumstance procured for me a courtly salutation from all persons waiting in the antechamber.’

I shall now relate how I spent the two preceding years. The month after I tendered my resignation to the First Consul, and which he refused to accept, the house at St. Cloud belonging to Madame Deville was offered to me; it was that in which the Due d’Angouleme and the Due de Berri were inoculated. I visited this mansion, thinking it might be suitable for my family; but, notwithstanding the beauty of its situation, it seemed far too splendid either for my taste or my fortune. Except the outer walls, it was in a very dilapidated state, and would require numerous and expensive repairs. Josephine, being informed that Madame de Bourrienne had set her face against the purchase, expressed a wish to see the mansion, and accompanied us for that purpose. She was so much delighted with it that she blamed my wife for starting any objections to my becoming, its possessor. “With regard to the expense,” Josephine replied to her, “ah, we shall arrange that.” On our return to Malmaison she spoke of it in such high terms that Bonaparte said to me, “Why don’t you purchase it, Bourrienne, since the price is so reasonable?”

The house was accordingly purchased. An outlay of 20,000 francs was immediately required to render it habitable. Furniture was also necessary for this large mansion, and orders for it were accordingly given. But no sooner were repairs begun than everything crumbled to pieces, which rendered many additional expenses necessary.

About this period Bonaparte hurried forward the works at St. Cloud, to which place he immediately removed. My services being constantly required, I found it so fatiguing to go twice or thrice a day from Ruel to St. Cloud that I took possession of my new mansion, though it was still filled with workmen. Scarcely eight days had elapsed from this period when Bonaparte intimated that he no longer had occasion for my services. When my wife went to take leave Napoleon spoke to her in a flattering manner of my good qualities, my merit, and the utility of my labours, saying that he was himself the most unfortunate of the three, and that my loss could never be replaced. He then added, “I shall be absent for a month, but Bourrienne may be quite easy; let him remain in retirement, and on my return I shall reward his services, should I even create a place on purpose for him.”

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Madame de Bourrienne then requested leave to retain the apartments appropriated to her in the Tuileries till after her accouchement, which was not far distant, to which he replied, “You may keep them as long as you please; for it will be some time before I again reside in Paris.”

Bonaparte set out on his journey, and shortly afterwards I went with my family to visit Madame de Coubertin, my cousin-german, who received us with her usual kindness. We passed the time of the First Consul’s absence at her country seat, and only returned to St. Cloud on the day Bonaparte was expected.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed after his arrival when I received an intimation to give up, in twenty-four hours, the apartments in the Tuileries, which he had promised my wife should retain till after her confinement. He reclaimed at the same time the furniture of Ruel, which he presented to me two years before, when I purchased that small house on purpose to be near him.

I addressed several memorials to him on this subject, stating that I had replaced the worn-out furniture with new and superior articles; but this he wholly disregarded, compelling me to give up everything, even to the greatest trifle. It may be right to say that on his return the Emperor found his table covered with information respecting my conduct in Paris, though I had not held the smallest communication with any one in the capital, nor once entered it during his absence.

After my departure for Hamburg, Bonaparte took possession of my stables and coach-house, which he filled with horses. Even the very avenues and walks were converted into stabling. A handsome house at the entrance to the park was also appropriated to similar purposes; in fact, he spared nothing. Everything was done in the true military style; I neither had previous intimation of the proceedings nor received any remuneration for my loss. The Emperor seemed to regard the property as his own; but though he all but ordered me to make the purchase, he did not furnish the money that was paid for it. In this way it was occupied for more than four years.

The recollection of those arbitrary and vexatious proceedings on the part of Bonaparte has led me farther than I intended. I shall therefore return to the imperial residence of St. Cloud. On leaving the audience-chamber, as already stated, I repaired to the apartments of the Empress, who, knowing that I was in the Palace, had intimated her wishes for my attendance. No command could have been more agreeable to me, for every one was certain of a gracious reception from Josephine. I do not recollect which of the ladies in waiting was in attendance when my name was announced; but she immediately retired, and left me alone with Josephine. Her recent elevation had not changed the usual amenity of her disposition. After some conversation respecting the change in her situation, I gave her an account of what had passed between the Emperor and myself.

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I faithfully related all that he had said of Moreau, observing that at one moment I imagined he was about to speak of the Due d'Enghien, when he suddenly reverted to what he had been saying, and never made the slightest allusion to the subject.

Madame Bonaparte replied to me, "Napoleon has spoken the truth respecting Moreau. He was grossly deceived by those who believed they could best pay their court to him by calumniating that general. His silence on the subject of the Due d'Enghien does not surprise me; he says as little respecting it as possible, and always in a vague manner, and with manifest repugnance. When you see Bonaparte again be silent on the subject, and should chance bring it forward, avoid every expression in the smallest degree indicative of reproach; he would not suffer it; you would ruin yourself for ever in his estimation, and the evil is, alas! without remedy. When you came to Malmaison I told you that I had vainly endeavoured to turn him from his fatal purpose, and how he had treated me. Since then he has experienced but little internal satisfaction; it is only in the presence of his courtiers that he affects a calm and tranquil deportment; but I perceive his sufferings are the greater from thus endeavouring to conceal them. By the by, I forgot to mention that he knew of the visit you paid me on the day after the catastrophe. I dreaded that your enemies, the greater number of whom are also mine, might have misrepresented that interview; but, fortunately, he paid little attention to it. He merely said, 'So you have seen Bourrienne? Does he sulk at me? Nevertheless I must do something for him.' He has again spoken in the same strain, and repeated nearly the same expressions three days ago; and since he has commanded your presence to-day, I have not a doubt but he has something in view for your advantage."—"May I presume to inquire what it is?"—"I do not yet know; but I would recommend to you, in the meantime, to be more strictly on your guard than ever; he is so suspicious, and so well informed of all that is done or said respecting himself. I have suffered so much since I last saw you; never can I forget the unkind manner in which he rejected my entreaties! For several days I laboured under a depression of spirits which greatly irritated him, because he clearly saw whence it proceeded. I am not dazzled by the title of Empress; I dread some evil will result from this step to him, to my children, and to myself. The miscreants ought to be satisfied; see to what they have driven us! This death embitters every moment of my life. I need not say to you, Bourrienne, that I speak this in confidence."—"You cannot doubt my prudence."—"No, certainly not, Bourrienne. I do not doubt it. My confidence in you is unbounded. Rest assured that I shall never forget what you have done for me, under various circumstances, and the devotedness you evinced to me on your return from Egypt.—Adieu, my friend. Let me see you soon again."

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It was on the 14th of June 1804 that I had this audience of the Emperor, and afterwards attended the Empress.

On my return home I spent three hours in making notes of all that was said to me by these two personages; and the substance of these notes I have now given to the reader.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1804.

Curious disclosures of Fouche—Remarkable words of Bonaparte respecting the protest of Louis XVIII—Secret document inserted in the Moniteur—Announcement from Bonaparte to Regnier—Fouche appointed Minister of Police—Error of Regnier respecting the conspiracy of Georges—Undeserved praise bestowed on Fouche—Indication of the return of the Bourbons—Variation between the words and conduct of Bonaparte—The iron crown—Celebration of the 14th of July—Church festivals and loss of time—Grand ceremonial at the Invalides—Recollections of the 18th Brumaire—New oath of the Legion of Honour—General enthusiasm—Departure for Boulogne—Visits to Josephine at St. Cloud and Malmaison—Josephine and Madame de Remusat—-Pardons granted by the Emperor—Anniversary of the 14th of July—Departure for the camp of Boulogne—General error respecting Napoleon's designs—Caesar's Tower—-Distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour—The military throne—Bonaparte's charlatanism —Intrepidity of two English sailors—The decennial prizes and the Polytechnic School—Meeting of the Emperor and Empress—First negotiation with the Holy Sea—The Prefect of Arras and Comte Louis de Narbonne—Change in the French Ministry.

Louis XVIII., being at Warsaw when he was informed of the elevation of Napoleon to the Imperial dignity, addressed to the sovereigns of Europe a protest against that usurpation of his throne. Fouche, being the first who heard of this protest, immediately communicated the circumstance to the Emperor, observing that doubtless the copies would be multiplied and distributed amongst the enemies of his Government, in the Faubourg St. Germain, which might produce the worst effects, and that he therefore deemed it his duty to inform him that orders might be given to Regnier and Real to keep a strict watch over those engaged in distributing this document.

"You may judge of my surprise," added Fouche, "you who know so well that formerly the very mention of the Bourbons rendered Bonaparte furious, when, after perusing the protest, he returned it to me, saying, 'Ah, ah, so the Comte de Lille makes his protest! Well, well, all in good time. I hold my right by the voice of the French nation, and while I wear a sword I will maintain it! The Bourbons ought to know that I do not fear them; let them, therefore, leave me in tranquillity. Did you say that the fools of the Faubourg St.

Germain would multiply the copies of this protest of Comte de Lille? well, they shall read it at their ease. Send it to the Moniteur, Fouche; and let it be inserted to-morrow morning.'" This passed on the 30th of June, and the next day the protest of Louis XVIII. did actually appear in that paper.

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Fouche was wholly indifferent respecting the circulation of this protest; he merely wished to show the Emperor that he was better informed of passing events than Regnier, and to afford Napoleon another proof of the inexperience and inability of the Grand Judge in police; and Fouche was not long in receiving the reward which he expected from this step. In fact, ten days after the publication of the protest, the Emperor announced to Regnier the re-establishment of the Ministry of General Police.

The formula, I Pray God to have you in His holy keeping, with which the letter to Regnier closed, was another step of Napoleon in the knowledge of ancient usages, with which he was not sufficiently familiar when he wrote Cambaceres on the day succeeding his elevation to the Imperial throne; at the same time it must be confessed that this formula assorted awkwardly with the month of “Messidor,” and the “twelfth year of the Republic!”

The errors which Regnier had committed in the affair of Georges were the cause which determined Bonaparte to re-establish the Ministry of Police, and to bestow it on a man who had created a belief in the necessity of that measure, by a monstrous accumulation of plots and intrigues. I am also certain that the Emperor was swayed by the probability of a war breaking out, which would force him to leave France; and that he considered Fouche as the most proper person to maintain the public tranquillity during his absence, and detect any cabala that might be formed in favour of the Bourbons.

At this period, when Bonaparte had given the finishing blow to the Republic, which had only been a shadow since the 19th Brumaire, it was not difficult to foresee that the Bourbons would one day remount the throne of their ancestors; and this presentiment was not, perhaps, without its influence in rendering the majority greater in favour of the foundation of the Empire than for the establishment of a Consulate for life. The reestablishment of the throne was a most important step in favour of the Bourbons, for that was the thing most difficult to be done. But Bonaparte undertook the task; and, as if by the aid of a magic rod, the ancient order of things was restored in the twinkling of an eye. The distinctions of rank—orders—titles, the noblesse—decorations—all the baubles of vanity—in short, all the burlesque tattooing which the vulgar regard as an indispensable attribute of royalty, reappeared in an instant. The question no longer regarded the form of government, but the individual who should be placed at its head. By restoring the ancient order of things, the Republicans had themselves decided the question, and it could no longer be doubted that when an occasion presented itself the majority of the nation would prefer the ancient royal family, to whom France owed her civilisation, her greatness, and her power, and who had exalted her to such a high degree of glory and prosperity.

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It was not one of the least singular traits in Napoleon's character that during the first year of his reign he retained the fete of the 14th of July. It was not indeed strictly a Republican fate, but it recalled the recollection of two great popular triumphs,—the taking of the Bastille and the first Federation. This year the 14th of July fell on a Saturday, and the Emperor ordered its celebration to be delayed till the following day, because it was Sunday; which was in conformity with the sentiments he delivered respecting the Concordat. "What renders me," he said, "most hostile to the re-establishment of the Catholic worship is the number of festivals formerly observed. A saint's day is a day of indolence, and I wish not for that; the people must labour in order to live. I consent to four holidays in the year, but no more; if the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with this, they may take their departure."

The loss of time seemed to him so great a calamity that he seldom failed to order an indispensable solemnity to be held on the succeeding holiday. Thus he postponed the Corpus Christi to the following Sunday.

On Sunday, the 15th of July 1804, the Emperor appeared for the first time before the Parisians surrounded by all the pomp of royalty. The members of the Legion of Honour, then in Paris, took the oath prescribed by the new Constitution, and on this occasion the Emperor and Empress appeared attended for the first time by a separate and numerous retinue.

The carriages in the train of the Empress crossed the garden of the Tuileries, hitherto exclusively appropriated to the public; then followed the cavalcade of the Emperor, who appeared on horseback, surrounded by his principal generals, whom he had created Marshals of the Empire. M. de Segur, who held the office of Grand Master of Ceremonies, had the direction of the ceremonial to be observed on this occasion, and with, the Governor received the Emperor on the threshold of the Hotel des Invalides. They conducted the Empress to a tribune prepared for her reception, opposite the Imperial throne which Napoleon alone occupied, to the right of the altar. I was present at this ceremony, notwithstanding the repugnance I have to such brilliant exhibitions; but as Duroc had two days before presented me with tickets, I deemed it prudent to attend on the occasion, lest the keen eye of Bonaparte should have remarked my absence if Duroc had acted by his order.

I spent about an hour contemplating the proud and sometimes almost ludicrous demeanour of the new grandees of the Empire; I marked the manoeuvring of the clergy, who, with Cardinal Belloy at their head, proceeded to receive the Emperor on his entrance into the church. What a singular train of ideas was called up to my mind when I beheld my former comrade at the school of Brienne seated upon an elevated throne, surrounded by his brilliant staff, the great dignitaries of his Empire—his Ministers and Marshals! I involuntarily recurred to the 19th Brumaire, and all this splendid scene vanished; when I thought of Bonaparte stammering to such a degree that I was obliged to pull the skirt of his coat to induce him to withdraw.

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It was neither a feeling of animosity nor of jealousy which called up such reflections; at no period of our career would I have exchanged my situation for his; but whoever can reflect, whoever has witnessed the unexpected elevation of a former equal, may perhaps be able to conceive the strange thoughts that assailed my mind, for the first time, on this occasion.

When the religious part of the ceremony terminated, the church assumed, in some measure, the appearance of a profane temple. The congregation displayed more devotion to the Emperor than towards the God of the Christians,—more enthusiasm than fervour. The mass had been heard with little attention; but when M. de Lacepede, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, after pronouncing a flattering discourse, finished the call of the Grand Officers of the Legion, Bonaparte covered, as did the ancient kings of France when they held a bed of justice. A profound silence, a sort of religious awe, then reigned throughout the assembly, and Napoleon, who did not now stammer as in the Council of the Five Hundred, said in a firm voice:

“Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers; swear upon your honour to devote yourselves to the service of the Empire—to the preservation of the integrity of the French territory—to the defence of the Emperor, of the laws of the Republic, and of the property which they have made sacred—to combat by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorise every attempt to reestablish the feudal system; in short, swear to concur with all your might in maintaining liberty and equality, which are the bases of all our institutions. Do you swear?”

Each member of the Legion of Honour exclaimed, “I swear;” adding, “Vive l’Empereur!” with an enthusiasm it is impossible to describe, and in which all present joined.

What, after all, was this new oath? It only differed from that taken by the Legion of Honour, under the Consulate, in putting the defence of the Emperor before that of the laws of the Republic; and this was not merely a form. It was, besides, sufficiently laughable and somewhat audacious, to make them swear to support equality at the moment so many titles and monarchical distinctions had been re-established.

On the 18th of July, three days after this ceremony, the Emperor left Paris to visit the camp at Boulogne. He was not accompanied by the Empress on this journey, which was merely to examine the progress of the military operations. Availing myself of the invitation Josephine had given me, I presented myself at St. Cloud a few days after the departure of Napoleon; as she did not expect my visit, I found her surrounded by four or five of the ladies in waiting, occupied in examining some of the elegant productions of the famous Leroi and Madame Despeaux; for amidst the host of painful feelings experienced by Josephine she was too much of a woman not to devote some attention to the toilet.

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On my introduction they were discussing the serious question of the costume to be worn by the Empress on her journey to Belgium to meet Napoleon at the Palace of Lacken, near Brussels. Notwithstanding those discussions respecting the form of hats, the colour and shape of dresses, *etc*., Josephine received me in her usual gracious manner. But not being able to converse with me, she said, without giving it an appearance of invitation but in a manner sufficiently evident to be understood, that she intended to pass the following morning at Malmaison.

I shortened my visit, and at noon next day repaired to that delightful abode, which always created in my mind deep emotion. Not an alley, not a grove but teemed with interesting recollections; all recalled to me the period when I was the confidant of Bonaparte. But the time was past when he minutely calculated how much a residence at Malmaison would cost, and concluded by saying that an income of 30,000 livres would be necessary.

When I arrived Madame Bonaparte was in the garden with Madame de Remusat, who was her favourite from the similarity of disposition which existed between them.

Madame de Remusat was the daughter of the Minister Vergennes, and sister to Madame de Nansouty, whom I had sometimes seen with Josephine, but not so frequently as her elder sister. I found the ladies in the avenue which leads to Ruel, and saluted Josephine by inquiring respecting the health of Her Majesty. Never can I forget the tone in which she replied: "Ah! Bourrienne, I entreat that you will suffer me, at least here, to forget that I am an Empress." As she had not a thought concealed from Madame de Remusat except some domestic vexations, of which probably I was the only confidant, we conversed with the same freedom as if alone, and it is easy to define that the subject of our discourse regarded Bonaparte.

After having spoken of her intended journey to Belgium, Josephine said tome, "What a pity, Bourrienne, that the past cannot be recalled! He departed in the happiest disposition: he has bestowed some pardons and I am satisfied that but for those accursed politics he would have pardoned a far greater number. I would have said much more, but I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin because the slightest contradiction only renders him the more obstinate. Now, when in the midst of his army, he will forget everything. How much have I been afflicted that I was not able to obtain a favourable answer to all the petitions which were addressed to me. That good Madame de Monteason came from Romainville to St. Cloud to solicit the pardon of *mm*. de Riviere and de Polignac; we succeeded in gaining an audience for Madame de Polignac; . . . how beautiful she is! Bonaparte was greatly affected on beholding her; he said to her, 'Madame, since it was only my life your husband menaced, I may pardon him.' You know Napoleon, Bourrienne; you know that he is not naturally cruel; it is his counsellors and flatterers

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who have induced him to commit so many villainous actions. Rapp has behaved extremely well; he went to the Emperor, and would not leave him till he had obtained the pardon of another of the condemned, whose name I do not recollect. How much these Polignacs have interested me! There will be then at least some families who will owe him gratitude! Strive, if it be possible, to throw a veil over the past; I am sufficiently miserable in my anticipations of the future. Rest assured, my dear Bourrienne, that I shall not fail to exert myself during our stay in Belgium in your behalf, and inform you of the result. Adieu!”

During the festival in celebration of the 14th of July, which I have already alluded to, the Emperor before leaving the Hotel des Invalides had announced that he would go in person to distribute the decorations of the Legion of Honour to the army assembled in the camp of Boulogne. He was not long before he fulfilled his promise. He left St. Cloud on the 18th and travelled with such rapidity that the next morning, whilst every one was busy with preparations for his reception, he was already at that port, in the midst of the labourers, examining the works. He seemed to multiply himself by his inconceivable activity, and one might say that he was present everywhere.

At the Emperor’s departure it was generally believed at Paris that the distribution of the crosses at the camp of Boulogne was only a pretext, and that Bonaparte had at length gone to carry into execution the project of an invasion of England, which every body supposed he contemplated. It was, indeed, a pretext. The Emperor wished to excite more and more the enthusiasm of the army—to show himself to the military invested in his new dignity, to be present at some grand manoeuvres, and dispose the army to obey the first signal he might give. How indeed, on beholding such great preparations, so many transports created, as it were, by enchantment, could any one have supposed that he did not really intend to attempt a descent on England? People almost fancied him already in London; it was known that all the army corps echelloned on the coast from Maples to Ostend were ready to embark. Napoleon’s arrival in the midst of his troops inspired them, if possible, with a new impulse. The French ports on the Channel had for a long period been converted into dockyards and arsenals, where works were carried on with that inconceivable activity which Napoleon knew so well how to inspire. An almost incredible degree of emulation prevailed amongst the commanders of the different camps, and it descended from rank to rank to the common soldiers and even to the labourers.

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As every one was eager to take advantage of the slightest effects of chance, and exercised his ingenuity in converting them into prognostics of good fortune for the Emperor, those who had access to him did not fail to call his attention to some remains of a Roman camp which had been discovered at the Tour d'Ordre, where the Emperor's tent was pitched. This was considered an evident proof that the French Caesar occupied the camp which the Roman Caesar had formerly constructed to menace Great Britain. To give additional force to this allusion, the Tour d'Ordre resumed the name of Caesar's Tower. Some medals of William the Conqueror, found in another spot, where, perhaps, they had been buried for the purpose of being dug up, could not fail to satisfy the most incredulous that Napoleon must conquer England.

It was not far from Caesar's Tower that 80,000 men of the camps of Boulogne and Montreuil, under the command of Marshal Soult, were assembled in a vast plain to witness the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour impressed with the Imperial effigy. This plain, which I saw with Bonaparte in our first journey to the coast, before our departure to Egypt, was circular and hollow; and in the centre was a little hill. This hill formed the Imperial throne of Bonaparte in the midst of his soldiers. There he stationed himself with his staff and around this centre of glory the regiments were drawn up in lines and looked like so many diverging rays. From this throne, which had been erected by the hand of nature, Bonaparte delivered in a loud voice the same form of oath which he had pronounced at the Hotel des Invalides a few days before. It was the signal for a general burst of enthusiasm, and Rapp, alluding to this ceremony, told me that he never saw the Emperor appear more pleased. How could he be otherwise? Fortune then seemed obedient to his wishes. A storm came on during this brilliant day, and it was apprehended that part of the flotilla would have suffered.

Bonaparte quitted the hill from which he had distributed the crosses and proceeded to the port to direct what measures should be taken, when upon his arrival the storm—

—[The following description of the incident when Napoleon nearly occasioned the destruction of the Boulogne flotilla was forwarded to the 'Revue Politique et Litteraire' from a private memoir. The writer, who was an eye-witness, says—One morning, when the Emperor was mounting his horse, he announced that he intended to hold a review of his naval forces, and gave the order that the vessels which lay in the harbour should alter their positions, as the review was to be held on the open sea. He started on his usual ride, giving orders that everything should be arranged on his return, the time of which he indicted. His wish was communicated to Admiral Bruix, who responded with imperturbable coolness that he was very sorry, but that the review could not take place that day.

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Consequently not a vessel was moved. On his return back from his ride the Emperor asked whether all was ready. He was told what the Admiral had said. Twice the answer had to be repeated to him before he could realise its nature, and then, violently stamping his foot on the ground, he sent for the Admiral. The Emperor met him halfway. With eyes burning with rage, he exclaimed in an excited voice, “Why have my orders not been executed?” With respectful firmness Admiral Bruix replied, “Sire, a terrible storm is brewing. Your Majesty may convince yourself of it; would you without need expose the lives of so many men?” The heaviness of the atmosphere and the sound of thunder in the distance more than justified the fears of the Admiral. “Sir, said the Emperor, getting more and more irritated, “I have given the orders once more; why have they not been executed? The consequences concern me alone. Obey!” ‘Sire, I will not obey,’ replied the Admiral. “You are insolent!” And the Emperor, who still held his riding-whip in his hand, advanced towards the admiral with a threatening gesture. Admiral Bruix stepped back and put his hand on the sheath of his sword and said, growing very pale, “sire, take care!” The whole suite stood paralysed with fear. The Emperor remained motionless for some time, his hand lifted up, his eyes fixed on the Admiral, who still retained his menacing attitude. At last the Emperor threw his whip on the floor. M. Bruix took his hand off his sword, and with uncovered head awaited in silence the result of the painful scene. Rear-Admiral Magon was then ordered to see that the Emperor’s orders were instantly executed. “As for you, sir,” said the Emperor, fixing his eyes on Admiral Bruix, you leave Boulogne within twenty-four hours and depart for Holland. Go!” M. Magon ordered the fatal movement of the fleet on which the Emperor had insisted. The first arrangements had scarcely been made when the sea because very high. The black sky was pierced by lightning, the thunder rolled and every moment the line of vessels was broken by the wind, and shortly after, that which the Admiral had foreseen came to pass, and the most frightful storm dispersed the vessels in each a way that it seamed impossible to save them. With bent head, arms crossed, and a sorrowful look in his face, the Emperor walked up and down on the beach, when suddenly the most terrible cries were heard. More than twenty gunboats filled with soldiers and sailors were being driven towards the shore, and the unfortunate men were vainly fighting against the furious waves, calling for help which nobody could give them. Deeply touched by the spectacle and the heart-rending cries and lamentations of the multitude which had assembled on the beach, the Emperor, seeing his generals and officers tremble with horror, attempted to set an example of devotion, and, in spite of all efforts to keep him back, he threw himself into a boat, saying, “Let me go! let me go! they must be brought out of this.” In a moment

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the boat was filled with water. The waves poured over it again and again, and the Emperor was drenched. One wave larger than the others almost threw him overboard and his hat was carried sway. Inspired by so much courage, officers, soldiers, seamen, and citizens tried to succour the drowning, some in boats, some swimming. But, alas! only a small number could be saved of the unfortunate men. The following day more than 200 bodies were thrown ashore, and with them the hat of the conqueror of Marengo. That sad day was one of desolation for Boulogne and for the camp. The Emperor groaned under the burden of an accident which he had to attribute solely to his own obstinacy. Agents were despatched to all parts of the town to subdue with gold the murmurs which ware ready to break out into a tumult.]—

—ceased as if by enchantment. The flotilla entered the port safe and sound and he went back to the camp, where the sports and amusements prepared for the soldiers commenced, and in the evening the brilliant fireworks which were let off rose in a luminous column, which was distinctly seen from the English coast.—[It appears that Napoleon was so well able to cover up this fiasco that not even Bourrienne ever heard the true story. D.W.]

When he reviewed the troops he asked the officers, and often the soldiers, in what battles they had been engaged, and to those who had received serious wounds he gave the cross. Here, I think, I may appropriately mention a singular piece of charlatanism to which the Emperor had recourse, and which powerfully contributed to augment the enthusiasm of his troops. He would say to one of his aides decamp, “Ascertain from the colonel of such a regiment whether he has in his corps a man who has served in the campaigns of Italy or the campaigns of Egypt. Ascertain his name, where he was born, the particulars of his family, and what he has done. Learn his number in the ranks, and to what company he belongs, and furnish me with the information.”

On the day of the review Bonaparte, at a single glance, could perceive the man who had been described to him. He would go up to him as if he recognised him, address him by his name, and say, “Oh! so you are here! You area brave fellow—I saw you at Aboukir—how is your old father? What! have you not got the Cross? Stay, I will give it you.” Then the delighted soldiers would say to each other, “You see the Emperor knows us all; he knows our families; he knows where we have served.” What a stimulus was this to soldiers, whom he succeeded in persuading that they would all some time or other become Marshals of the Empire!

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Lauriston told me, amongst other anecdotes relating to Napoleon's sojourn at the camp at Boulogne, a remarkable instance of intrepidity on the part of two English sailors. These men had been prisoners at Verdun, which was the most considerable depot of English prisoners in France at the rupture of the peace of Amiens. They effected their escape from Verdun, and arrived at Boulogne without having been discovered on the road, notwithstanding the vigilance with which all the English were watched They remained at Boulogne for some time, destitute of money, and without being able to effect their escape. They had no hope of getting aboard a boat, on account of the strict watch that was kept upon vessels of every kind. These two sailors made a boat of little pieces of wood, which they put together as well as they could, having no other tools than their knives. They covered it with a piece of sail-cloth. It was only three or four feet wide, and not much longer, and was so light that a man could easily carry it on his shoulders,—so powerful a passion is the love of home and liberty! Sure of being shot if they were discovered, almost equally sure of being drowned if they effected their escape, they, nevertheless, resolved to attempt crossing the Channel in their fragile skiff. Perceiving an English frigate within sight of the coast, they pushed off and endeavoured to reach her. They had not gone a hundred toises from the shore when they were perceived by the custom-house officers, who set out in pursuit of them, and brought them back again. The news of this adventure spread through the camp, where the extraordinary courage of the two sailors was the subject of general remark. The circumstance reached the Emperor's ears. He wished to see the men, and they were conducted to his presence, along with their little boat. Napoleon, whose imagination was struck by everything extraordinary, could not conceal his surprise at so bold a project, undertaken with such feeble means of execution. "Is it really true," said the Emperor to them, "that you thought of crossing the sea in this?"—"Sire," said they, "if you doubt it, give us leave to go, and you shall see us depart."—"I will. You are bold and enterprising men—I admire courage wherever I meet it. But you shall not hazard your lives. You are at liberty; and more than that, I will cause you to be put on board an English ship. When you return to London tell how I esteem brave men, even when they are my enemies." Rapp, who with Lauriaton, Duroc, and many others were present at this scene, were not a little astonished at the Emperor's generosity. If the men had not been brought before him, they would have been shot as spies, instead of which they obtained their liberty, and Napoleon gave several pieces of gold to each. This circumstance was one of those which made the strongest impression on Napoleon, and he recollected it when at St. Helena, in one of his conversations with M. de Las Casas.

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No man was ever so fond of contrasts as Bonaparte. He liked, above everything, to direct the affairs of war whilst seated in his easy chair, in the cabinet of St. Cloud, and to dictate in the camp his decrees relative to civil administration. Thus, at the camp of Boulogne, he founded the decennial premiums, the first distribution of which he intended should take place five years afterwards, on the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, which was an innocent compliment to the date of the foundation of the Consular Republic. This measure also seemed to promise to the Republican calendar a longevity which it did not attain. All these little circumstances passed unobserved; but Bonaparte had so often developed to me his theory of the art of deceiving mankind that I knew their true value. It was likewise at the camp of Boulogne that, by a decree emanating from his individual will, he destroyed the noblest institution of the Republic, the Polytechnic School, by converting it into a purely military academy. He knew that in that sanctuary of high study a Republican spirit was fostered; and whilst I was with him he had often told me it was necessary that all schools, colleges, and establishments for public instruction should be subject to military discipline. I frequently endeavoured to controvert this idea, but without success.

It was arranged that Josephine and the Emperor should meet in Belgium. He proceeded thither from the camp of Boulogne, to the astonishment of those who believed that the moment for the invasion of England had at length arrived. He joined the Empress at the Palace of Lacken, which the Emperor had ordered to be repaired and newly furnished with great magnificence.

The Emperor continued his journey by the towns bordering on the Rhine. He stopped first in the town of Charlemagne, passed through the three bishoprics,

—[There are two or three little circumstances in connection with this journey that seem worth inserting here:

Mademoiselle Avrillion was the ‘femme de chambre’ of Josephine, and was constantly about her person from the time of the first Consulship to the death of the Empress in 1814. In all such matters as we shall quote from them, her memoirs seem worthy of credit. According to Mademoiselle, the Empress during her stay at Aix-la- Chapelle, drank the waters with much eagerness and some hope. As the theatre there was only supplied with some German singers who were not to Josephine’s taste, she had part of a French operatic company sent to her from Paris. The amiable creole had always a most royal disregard of expense. When Bonaparte joined her, he renewed his old custom of visiting his wife now and then at her toilet, and according to Mademoiselle Avrillion, he took great interest in the subject of her dressing. She says, “It was a most extraordinary thing for us to see the man whose head was filled with such vast affairs enter into the most minute details of

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the female toilet and of what dresses, what robes, and what jewels the Empress should wear on such and such an occasion. One day he daubed her dress with ink because he did not like it, and wanted her to put on another. Whenever he looked into her wardrobe he was sure to throw everything topsy-turvy."
This characteristic anecdote perfectly agrees with what we have heard from other persons. When the Neapolitan Princess di----- was at the Tuileries as 'dame d'honneur' to Bonaparte's sister Caroline Murat, then Queen of Naples, on the grand occasion of the marriage with Maria Louisa, the, Princess, to her astonishment, saw the Emperor go up to a lady of the Court and address her thus: "This is the same gown you wore the day before yesterday! What's the meaning of this, madame? This is not right, madame!"
Josephine never gave him a similar cause of complaint, but even when he was Emperor she often made him murmur at the profusion of her expenditure under this head. The next anecdote will give some idea of the quantity of dresses which she wore for a day or so, and then gave away to her attendants, who appear to have carried on a very active trade in them."While we were at Mayence the Palace was literally besieged by Jews, who continually brought manufactured and other goods to show to the followers of the Court; and we had the greatest difficulty to avoid buying them. At last they proposed that we should barter with them; and when Her Majesty had given us dresses that were far too rich for us to wear ourselves, we exchanged them with the Jews for piecegoods. The robes we thus bartered did not long remain in the hands of the Jews, and there must have been a great demand for them among the belles of Mayence, for I remember a ball there at which the Empress might have seen all the ladies of a quadrille party dressed in her cast-off clothes.—I even saw German Princesses wearing them" (Memoires de Mademoiselle Avrillion).]

—on his way Cologne and Coblentz, which the emigration had rendered so famous, and arrived at Mayence, where his sojourn was distinguished by the first attempt at negotiation with the Holy See, in order to induce the Pope to come to France to crown the new Emperor, and consolidate his power by supporting it with the sanction of the Church. This journey of Napoleon occupied three months, and he did not return to St. Cloud till October. Amongst the flattering addresses which the Emperor received in the course of his journey I cannot pass over unnoticed the speech of M. de la Chaise, Prefect of Arras, who said, "God made Bonaparte, and then rested." This occasioned Comte Louis de Narbonne, who was not yet attached to the Imperial system, to remark "That it would have been well had God rested a little sooner."

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During the Emperor's absence a partial change took place in the Ministry. M. de Champagny succeeded M. Chaptal as Minister of the Interior. At the camp of Boulogne the pacific Joseph found himself, by his brother's wish, transformed into a warrior, and placed in command of a regiment of dragoons, which was a subject of laughter with a great number of generals. I recollect that one day Lannes, speaking to me of the circumstance in his usual downright and energetic way, said, "He had better not place him under my orders, for upon the first fault I will put the scamp under arrest."

CHAPTER XXIX.

1804.

England deceived by Napoleon—Admirals Missiessy and Villeneuve— Command given to Lauriston—Napoleon's opinion of Madame de Stael— Her letters to Napoleon—Her enthusiasm converted into hatred— Bonaparte's opinion of the power of the Church—-The Pope's arrival at Fontainebleau—Napoleon's first interview with Pius *vii*.— The Pope and the Emperor on a footing of equality—Honours rendered to the Pope—His apartments at the Tuileries—His visit to the Imperial printing office—Paternal rebuke—-Effect produced in England by the Pope's presence in Paris—Preparations for Napoleon's coronation—Votes in favour of hereditary succession—Convocation of the Legislative Body—The presidents of cantons—Anecdote related by Michot the actor—-Comparisons—Influence of the Coronation on the trade of Paris—The insignia of Napoleon and the insignia of Charlemagne—The Pope's mule—Anecdote of the notary Raguideau— Distribution of eagles in the Champ de Mars—Remarkable coincidence.

England was never so much deceived by Bonaparte as during the period of the encampment at Boulogne. The English really believed that an invasion was intended, and the Government exhausted itself in efforts for raising men and money to guard against the danger of being taken by surprise. Such, indeed, is the advantage always possessed by the assailant. He can choose the point on which he thinks it most convenient to act, while the party which stands on the defence, and is afraid of being attacked, is compelled to be prepared in every point. However, Napoleon, who was then in the full vigour of his genius and activity, had always his eyes fixed on objects remote from those which surrounded him, and which seemed to absorb his whole attention. Thus, during the journey of which I have spoken, the ostensible object of which was the organisation of the departments on the Rhine, he despatched two squadrons from Rochefort and Boulogne, one commanded by Missiessy, the other by Villeneuve—I shall not enter into any details about those squadrons; I shall merely mention with respect to them that, while the Emperor was still in Belgium, Lauriston paid me a sudden and unexpected visit. He was on his way to Toulon to take command of the troops which were to be embarked on Villeneuve's squadron, and he was not much pleased with the service to which he had been appointed.

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Lauriston's visit was a piece of good fortune for me. We were always on friendly terms, and I received much information from him, particularly with respect to the manner in which the Emperor spent his time. "You can have no idea," said he, "how much the Emperor does, and the sort of enthusiasm which his presence excites in the army. But his anger at the contractors is greater than ever, and he has been very severe with some of them." These words of Lauriaton did not at all surprise me, for I well knew Napoleon's dislike to contractors, and all men who had mercantile transactions with the army. I have often heard him say that they were a curse and a leprosy to nations; that whatever power he might attain, he never would grant honours to any of them, and that of all aristocracies, theirs was to him the most insupportable. After his accession to the Empire the contractors were no longer the important persons they had been under the Directory, or even during the two first years of the Consulate. Bonaparte sometimes acted with them as he had before done with the Beya of Egypt, when he drew from them forced contributions.

—[Lauriston, one of Napoleon's aides de camp, who was with him at the Military School of Paris, and who had been commissioned in the artillery at the same time as Napoleon, considered that he should have had the post of Grand Ecuyer which Caulaincourt had obtained. He had complained angrily to the Emperor, and after a stormy interview was ordered to join the fleet of Villeneuve—In consequence he was at Trafalgar. On his return after Austerlitz his temporary disgrace was forgotten, and he was sent as governor to Venice. He became marshal under the Restoration.]—

I recollect another somewhat curious circumstance respecting the visit of Lauriston, who had left the Emperor and Empress at Aix-la-Chapelle. Lauriston was the best educated of the aides de camp, and Napoleon often conversed with him on such literary works as he chose to notice. "He sent for me one day," said Lauriston, "when I was on duty at the Palace of Lacken, and spoke to me of the decennial prizes, and the tragedy of 'Carion de Nisas', and a novel by Madame de Stael, which he had just read, but which I had not seen, and was therefore rather embarrassed in replying to him. Respecting Madame de Stael and her Delphine, he said some remarkable things. 'I do not like women,' he observed, 'who make men of themselves, any more than I like effeminate men. There is a proper part for every one to play in the world. What does all this flight of imagination mean? What is the result of it? Nothing. It is all sentimental metaphysics and disorder of the mind. I cannot endure that woman; for one reason, that I cannot bear women who make a set at me, and God knows how often she has tried to cajole me!'"

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The words of Lauriston brought to my recollection the conversations I had often had with Bonaparte respecting Madame de Stael, of whose advances made to the First Consul, and even to the General of the Army of Italy, I had frequently been witness. Bonaparte knew nothing at first of Madame de Stael but that she was the daughter of M. Necker, a man for whom, as I have already shown, he had very little esteem. Madame de Stael had not been introduced to him, and knew nothing more of him than what fame had published respecting the young conqueror of Italy, when she addressed to him letters full of enthusiasm. Bonaparte read some passages of them to me, and, laughing, said, “What do you think, Bourrienne, of these extravagances. This woman is mad.” I recollect that in one of her letters Madame de Stael, among other things, told him that they certainly were created for each other—that it was in consequence of an error in human institutions that the quiet and gentle Josephine was united to his fate—-that nature seemed to have destined for the adoration of a hero such as he, a soul of fire like her own. These extravagances disgusted Bonaparte to a degree which I cannot describe. When he had finished reading these fine epistles he used to throw them into the fire, or tear them with marked ill-humour, and would say, “Well, here is a woman who pretends to genius—a maker of sentiments, and she presumes to compare herself to Josephine! Bourrienne, I shall not reply to such letters.”

I had, however, the opportunity of seeing what the perseverance of a woman of talent can effect. Notwithstanding Bonaparte’s prejudices against Madame de Stael, which he never abandoned, she succeeded in getting herself introduced to him; and if anything could have disgusted him with flattery it would have been the admiration, or, to speak more properly, the worship, which she paid him; for she used to compare him to a god descended on earth,—a kind of comparison which the clergy, I thought, had reserved for their own use. But, unfortunately, to please Madame de Stael it would have been necessary that her god had been Plutua; for behind her eulogies lay a claim for two millions, which M. Necker considered still due to him on account of his good and worthy services. However, Bonaparte said on this occasion that whatever value he might set on the suffrage of Madame de Stael, he did not think fit to pay so dear for it with the money of the State. The conversion of Madame de Stael’s enthusiasm into hatred is well known, as are also the petty vexations, unworthy of himself, with which the Emperor harassed her in her retreat at Coppet.

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Lauriston had arrived at Paris, where he made but a short stay, some days before Caffarelli, who was sent on a mission to Rome to sound the Papal Court, and to induce the Holy Father to come to Paris to consecrate Bonaparte at his coronation. I have already described the nature of Bonaparte's ideas on religion. His notions on the subject seemed to amount to a sort of vague feeling rather than to any belief founded on reflection. Nevertheless, he had a high opinion of the power of the Church; but not because he considered it dangerous to Governments, particularly to his own. Napoleon never could have conceived how it was possible that a sovereign wearing a crown and a sword could have the meanness to kneel to a Pope, or to humble his sceptre before the keys of St. Peter. His spirit was too great to admit of such a thought. On the contrary, he regarded the alliance between the Church and his power as a happy means of influencing the opinions of the people, and as an additional tie which was to attach them to a Government rendered legitimate by the solemn sanction of the Papal authority. Bonaparte was not deceived. In this, as well as in many other things, the perspicacity of his genius enabled him to comprehend all the importance of a consecration bestowed on him by the Pope; more especially as Louis XVIII., without subjects, without territory, and wearing only an illusory crown, had not received that sacred unction by which the descendants of Hugh Capet become the eldest sons of the Church.

As soon as the Emperor was informed of the success of Caffarelli's mission, and that the Pope, in compliance with his desire, was about to repair to Paris to confirm in his hands the sceptre of Charlemagne, nothing was thought of but preparations for that great event, which had been preceded by the recognition of Napoleon as Emperor of the French on the part of all the States of Europe, with the exception of England.

On the conclusion of the Concordat Bonaparte said to me, "I shall let the Republican generals exclaim as much as they like against the Mass. I know what I am about; I am working for posterity." He was now gathering the fruits of his Concordat. He ordered that the Pope should be everywhere treated in his journey through the French territory with the highest distinction, and he proceeded to Fontainebleau to receive his Holiness. This afforded an opportunity for Bonaparte to re-establish the example of those journeys of the old Court, during which changes of ministers used formerly to be made. The Palace of Fontainebleau, now become Imperial, like all the old royal chateaux, had been newly furnished with a luxury and taste corresponding to the progress of modern art. The Emperor was proceeding on the road to Nemours when courtiers informed him of the approach of Pius *vii*. Bonaparte's object was to avoid the ceremony which had been previously settled. He had therefore made the pretext of going on a hunting-party, and was in the way as it

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were by chance when the Pope's carriage was arriving. He alighted from horseback, and the Pope came out of his carriage. Rapp was with the Emperor, and I think I yet hear him describing, in his original manner and with his German accent, this grand interview, upon which, however, he for his part looked with very little respect. Rapp, in fact, was among the number of those who, notwithstanding his attachment to the Emperor, preserved independence of character, and he knew he had no reason to dissemble with me. "Fancy to yourself," said he, "the amusing comedy that was played." After the Emperor and the Pope had well embraced they went into the same carriage; and, in order that they might be upon a footing of equality, they were to enter at the same time by opposite doors. All that was settled; but at breakfast the Emperor had calculated how he should manage, without appearing to assume anything, to get on the righthand side of the Pope, and everything turned out as he wished. "As to the Pope," said Rapp, "I must own that I never saw a man with a finer countenance or more respectable appearance than Pius *vii*."

After the conference between the Pope and the Emperor at Fontainebleau, Pius *vii*. set off for Paris first. On the road the same honours were paid to him as to the Emperor. Apartments were prepared for him in the Pavilion de Flore in the Tuileries, and his bedchamber was arranged and furnished in the same manner as his chamber in the Palace of Monte-Cavallo, his usual residence in Rome. The Pope's presence in Paris was so extraordinary a circumstance that it was scarcely believed, though it had some time before been talked of. What, indeed, could be more singular than to see the Head of the Church in a capital where four years previously the altars had been overturned, and the few faithful who remained had been obliged to exercise their worship in secret!

The Pope became the object of public respect and general curiosity. I was exceedingly anxious to see him, and my wish was gratified on the day when he went to visit the Imperial printing office, then situated where the Bank of France now is.

A pamphlet, dedicated to the Pope, containing the "Pater Noster," in one hundred and fifty different languages, was struck off in the presence of his Holiness. During this visit to the printing office an ill-bred young man kept his hat on in the Pope's presence. Several persons, indignant at this indecorum, advanced to take off the young man's hat. A little confusion arose, and the Pope, observing the cause of it, stepped up to the young man and said to him, in a tone of kindness truly patriarchal, "Young man, uncover, that I may give thee my blessing. An old man's blessing never yet harmed any one." This little incident deeply affected all who witnessed it. The countenance and figure of Pope Pius *vii*. commanded respect. David's admirable portrait is a living likeness of him.

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The Pope's arrival at Paris produced a great sensation in London, greater indeed there than anywhere else, notwithstanding the separation of the English Church from the Church of Rome. The English Ministry now spared no endeavours to influence public opinion by the circulation of libels against Bonaparte. The Cabinet of London found a twofold advantage in encouraging this system, which not merely excited irritation against the powerful enemy of England, but diverted from the British Government the clamour which some of its measures were calculated to create. Bonaparte's indignation against England was roused to the utmost extreme, and in truth this indignation was in some degree a national feeling in France.

Napoleon had heard of the success of Caffarelli's negotiations previous to his return to Paris, after his journey to the Rhine. On arriving at St. Cloud he lost no time in ordering the preparations for his coronation. Everything aided the fulfilment of his wishes. On 28th November the Pope arrived at Paris, and two days after, *viz*. on the 1st of December, the Senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the people for the establishment of hereditary succession in his family: for as it was pretended that the assumption of the title of Emperor was no way prejudicial to the Republic, the question of hereditary succession only had been proposed for public sanction. Sixty thousand registers had been opened in different parts of France,—at the offices of the ministers, the prefects, the mayors of the communes, notaries, solicitors, *etc*. France at that time contained 108 departments, and there were 3,574,898 voters. Of these only 2569 voted against hereditary succession. Bonaparte ordered a list of the persons who had voted against the question to be sent to him, and he often consulted it. They proved to be not Royalist, but for the most part staunch Republicans. To my knowledge many Royalists abstained from voting at all, not wishing to commit themselves uselessly, and still less to give their suffrages to the author of the Duo d'Enghien's death. For my part, I gave my vote in favour of hereditary succession in Bonaparte's family; my situation, as may well be imagined, did not allow me to do otherwise.

Since the month of October the Legislative Body had been convoked to attend the Emperor's coronation. Many deputies arrived, and with them a swarm of those presidents of cantons who occupied a conspicuous place in the annals of ridicule at the close of the year 1804. They became the objects of all sorts of witticisms and jests. The obligation of wearing swords made their appearance very grotesque. As many droll, stories were told of them as were ten years afterwards related of those who were styled the voltigeurs of Louis *xiv*. One of these anecdotes was so exceedingly ludicrous that, though it was probably a mere invention, yet I cannot refrain from relating it. A certain number of these presidents

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were one day selected to be presented to the Pope; and as most of them were very poor they found it necessary to combine economy with the etiquette necessary to be observed under the new order of things. To save the expense of hiring carriages they therefore proceeded to the Pavilion de Flore on foot, taking the precaution of putting on gaiters to preserve their white silk stockings from the mud which covered the streets, for it was then the month of December. On arriving at the Tuileries one of the party put his gaiters into his pocket. It happened that the Pope delivered such an affecting address that all present were moved to tears, and the unfortunate president who had disposed of his gaiters in the way just mentioned drew them out instead of his handkerchief and smeared his face over with mud. The Pope is said to have been much amused at this mistake. If this anecdote should be thought too puerile to be repeated here, I may observe that it afforded no small merriment to Bonaparte, who made Michot the actor relate it to the Empress at Paris one evening after a Court performance.

Napoleon had now attained the avowed object of his ambition; but his ambition receded before him like a boundless horizon. On the 1st of December; the day on which the Senate presented to the Emperor the result of the votes for hereditary succession, Francois de Neufchateau delivered an address to him, in which there was no want of adulatory expressions. As President of the Senate he had had some practice in that style of speechmaking; and he only substituted the eulogy of the Monarchical Government for that of the Republican Government ‘a sempre bene’, as the Italians say.

If I wished to make comparisons I could here indulge in some curious ones. Is it not extraordinary that Fontainebleau should have witnessed, at the interval of nearly ten years, Napoleon’s first interview with the Pope, and his last farewell to his army, and that the Senate, who had previously given such ready support to Bonaparte, should in 1814 have pronounced his abdication at Fontainebleau.

The preparations for the Coronation proved very advantageous to the trading classes of Paris. Great numbers of foreigners and people from the provinces visited the capital, and the return of luxury and the revival of old customs gave occupation to a variety of tradespeople who could get no employment under the Directory or Consulate, such as saddlers, carriage-makers, lacemen, embroiderers, and others. By these positive interests were created more partisans of the Empire than by opinion and reflection; and it is but just to say that trade had not been so active for a dozen years before. The Imperial crown jewels were exhibited to the public at Biennais the jeweller’s. The crown was of a light form, and, with its leaves of gold, it less resembled the crown of France than the antique crown of the Caesars. These things were afterwards placed in the public treasury, together with the imperial

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insignia of Charlemagne, which Bonaparte had ordered to be brought from Aix-la-Chapelle. But while Bonaparte was thus priding himself in his crown and his imagined resemblance to Charlemagne, Mr. Pitt, lately recalled to the Ministry, was concluding at Stockholm a treaty with Sweden, and agreeing to pay a subsidy to that power to enable it to maintain hostilities against France. This treaty was concluded on the 3d of December, the day after the Coronation.
—[The details of the preparation for the Coronation caused many stormy scenes between Napoleon and his family. The Princesses, his sisters and sisters-in-law, were especially shocked at having to carry the train of the Imperial mantle of Josephine, and even when Josephine was actually moving from the altar to the throne the Princesses evinced their reluctance so plainly that Josephine could not advance and an altercation took place which had to be stopped by Napoleon himself. Joseph was quite willing himself give up appearing in a mantle with a train, but he wished to prevent his wife bearing the mantle of the Empress; and he opposed his brother on so many points that Napoleon ended by calling on him to either give up his position and retire from all politics, or else to fully accept the imperial regime. How the economical Camberceres used up the ermine he could not wear will be seen in Junot tome iii. p. 196. Josephine herself was in the greatest anxiety as to whether the wish of the Bonaparte family that she should be divorced would carry the day with her husband. When she had gained her cause for the time and after the Pope had engaged to crown her, she seems to have most cleverly managed to get the Pope informed that she was only united to Napoleon by a civil marriage. The Pope insisted on a religious marriage. Napoleon was angry, but could not recede, and the religions rite was performed by Cardinal Fesch the day, or two days, before the Coronation. The certificate of the marriage was carefully guarded from Napoleon by Josephine, and even placed beyond his reach at the time of the divorce. Such at least seems to be the most probable account of this mysterious and doubtful matter.The fact that Cardinal Fesch maintained that the religious rite had been duly performed, thirteen of the Cardinals (not, however including Fesch) were so convinced of the legality of the marriage that they refused to appear at the ceremony of marriage with Marie Louise, thus drawing down the wrath of the Emperor, and becoming the “Cardinals Noirs,” from being forbidden; to wear their own robes, seems to leave no doubt that the religious rite had been performed. The marriage was only pronounced to be invalid in 1809 by the local canonical bodies, not by the authority of the pope.]—

It cannot be expected that I should enter into a detail of the ceremony which took place on the 2d of December. The glitter of gold, the waving plumes, and richly-caparisoned horses of the Imperial procession; the mule which preceded the Pope’s cortege, and occasioned so much merriment. to the Parisians, have already been described over and over again. I may, however, relate an anecdote connected with the Coronation, told me by Josephine, and which is exceedingly characteristic of Napoleon.

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When Bonaparte was paying his addresses to Madame de *beauharnais*, neither the one nor the other kept a carriage; and therefore Bonaparte frequently accompanied her when she walked out. One day they went together to the notary Raguideau, one of the shortest men I think I ever saw in my life, Madame de Beauharnais placed great confidence, in him, and went there on purpose to acquaint him of her intention to marry the young general of artillery,—the protege of Barras. Josephine went alone into, the notary's cabinet, while Bonaparte waited for her in an adjoining room. The door of Raguideau's cabinet did not shut close, and Bonaparte plainly heard him dissuading Madame de Beauharnais from her projected marriage. "You are going to take a very wrong step," said he, "and you will be sorry for it, Can you be so mad as to marry a young man who has nothing but his cloak and his sword?" Bonaparte, Josephine told me, had never mentioned this to her, and she never supposed that he had heard what fell from Raguideau. "Only think, Bourrienne," continued she, "what was my astonishment when, dressed in the Imperial robes on the Coronation day, he desired that Raguideau might be sent for, saying that he wished to see him immediately; and when Raguidesu appeared; he said to him, 'Well, sir! have I nothing but my cloak and my sword now?'"

Though Bonaparte had related to me almost all the circumstances of his life, as they occurred to his memory, he never once mentioned this affair of Raguideau, which he only seemed to have suddenly recollected on his Coronation day.

The day after the Coronation all the troops in Paris were assembled in the Champ de Mars the Imperial eagles might be distributed to each regiment, in lieu of the national flags. I has stayed away from the Coronation in the church of Notre Dame, but I wished to see the military fete in the Champ de Mars because I took real pleasure in seeing Bonaparte amongst his soldiers. A throne was erected in front of the Military School, which, though now transformed into a barrack, must have recalled, to Bonaparte's mind some singular recollections of his boyhood. At a given signal all the columns closed and approached the throne. Then Bonaparte, rising, gave orders for the distribution of the eagles, and delivered the following address to the deputations of the different corps of the army:

"Soldiers, Soldiers! behold your colours. These eagles will always be your rallying-point! They will always be where your Emperor may thank them necessary for the defence of his throne and of his people. Swear to sacrifice your lives to defend them, and by your courage to keep them constantly in the path of victory.—Swear!"

It would be impossible to describe the acclamations which followed this address; there is something so seductive in popular enthusiasm that even indifferent persons cannot help yielding to its influence. And yet the least reflection would have shown how shamefully Napoleon forswore the declaration he made to the Senate, when the organic 'Senatus-consulte' for the foundation of the Empire was presented to him at St: Cloud: On that occasion he said; "The French people shall never be *my* people!" And yet the

day after his Coronation his eagles were to be carried wherever they might be necessary for the defence of his people.

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By a singular coincidence, while on the 2d of December 1804 Bonaparte was receiving from the head of the Church the Imperial crown of France, Louis XVIII., who was then at Colmar, prompted as it were by an inexplicable presentiment, drew up and signed a declaration to the French people, in which he declared that he then, swore never to break the sacred bond which united his destiny to theirs, never to renounce the inheritance of his ancestors, or to relinquish his rights.

CHAPTER XXX.

1805

My appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary at Hamburg—My interview with Bonaparte at Malmaison—Bonaparte's designs respecting Italy— His wish to revisit Brienne—-Instructions for my residence in Hamburg—Regeneration of European society—-Bonaparte's plan of making himself the oldest sovereign in Europe—Amedee Jaubert's mission—Commission from the Emperor to the Empress—My conversation with Madame Bonaparte.

I must now mention an event which concerns myself personally, namely, my appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary, to the Dukes of Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and to the Hanse towns.

This appointment took place on the 22d of March 1806. Josephine, who had kindly promised to apprise me of what the Emperor intended to do for me, as soon as she herself should know his intentions, sent a messenger to acquaint me with my appointment, and to tell me that the Emperor wished to see me. I had not visited Josephine since her departure for Belgium. The pomp and ceremonies of the Coronation had, I may say, dazzled me, and deterred me from presenting myself at the Imperial Palace, where I should have been annoyed by the etiquette which had been observed since the Coronation. I cannot describe what a disagreeable impression this parade always produced on me. I could not all at once forget the time when I used without ceremony to go into Bonaparte's chamber and wake him at the appointed hour. As to Bonaparte I had not seen him since he sent for me after the condemnation of Georges, when I saw that my candour relative to Moreau was not displeasing to him. Moreau had since quitted France without Napoleon's subjecting him to the application of the odious law which has only been repealed since the return of the Bourbons, and by virtue of which he was condemned to the confiscation of his property. Moreau sold his estate of Gros Bois to Bertlier, and proceeded to Cadiz, whence he embarked for America. I shall not again have occasion to speak of him until the period of the intrigues into which he was drawn by the same influence which ruined him in France.

On the evening of the day when I received the kind message from Josephine I had an official invitation to proceed the next day to Malmaison, where the Emperor then was. I

was much pleased at the idea of seeing him there rather than at the Tuileries, or even at St. Cloud. Our former intimacy at Malmaison made me feel more at my ease respecting an interview of which my knowledge of Bonaparte's character led me to entertain some apprehension. Was I to be received by my old comrade of Brienne, or by His Imperial Majesty? I was received by my old college companion.

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On my arrival at Malmaison I was ushered into the tentroom leading to the library. How I was astonished at the good-natured familiarity with which he received me! This extraordinary man displayed, if I may employ the term, a coquetry towards me which surprised me, notwithstanding my past knowledge of his character. He came up to me with a smile on his lips, took my hand (which he had never done since he was Consul), pressed it affectionately, and it was impossible that I could look upon him as the Emperor of France and the future King of Italy. Yet I was too well aware of his fits of pride to allow his familiarity to lead me beyond the bounds of affectionate respect. "My dear Bourrienne," said he, "can you suppose that the elevated rank I have attained has altered my feelings towards you? No. I do not attach importance to the glitter of Imperial pomp; all that is meant for the people; but I must still be valued according to my deserts. I have been very well satisfied with your services, and I have appointed you to a situation where I shall have occasion for them. I know that I can rely upon you." He then asked with great warmth of friendship what I was about, and inquired after my family, *etc*. In short, I never saw him display less reserve or more familiarity and unaffected simplicity; which he did the more readily, perhaps, because his greatness was now incontestable.

"You know," added Napoleon, "that I set out in a week for Italy. I shall make myself King; but that is only a stepping-stone. I have greater designs respecting Italy.

"It must be a kingdom comprising all the Transalpine States, from Venice to the Maritime Alps. The union of Italy with France can only be temporary; but it is necessary, in order to accustom the nations of Italy to live under common laws. The Genoese, the Piedmontese, the Venetians, the Milanese, the inhabitants of Tuscany, the Romans, and the Neapolitans, hate each other. None of them will acknowledge the superiority of the other, and yet Rome is, from the recollections connected with it, the natural capital of Italy. To make it so, however, it is necessary that the power of the Pope should be confined within limits purely spiritual. I cannot now think of this; but I will reflect upon it hereafter. At present I have only vague ideas on the subject, but they will be matured in time, and then all depends on circumstances. What was it told me, when we were walking like two idle fellows, as we were, in the streets of Paris, that I should one day be master of France—my wish—merely a vague wish. Circumstances have done the rest. It is therefore wise to look into the future, and that I do. With respect to Italy, as it will be impossible with one effort to unite her so as to form a single power, subject to uniform laws, I will begin by making her French. All these little States will insensibly become accustomed to the same laws, and when manners shall be assimilated and enmities extinguished, then there will be an Italy, and I will give her independence. But for that I must have twenty years, and who can count on the future? Bourrienne, I feel pleasure in telling you all this. It was locked up in my mind. With you I think aloud."

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I do not believe that I have altered two words of what Bonaparte said to me respecting Italy, so perfect, I may now say without vanity, was my memory then, and so confirmed was my habit of fixing in it all that he said to me. After having informed me of his vague projects Bonaparte, with one of those transitions so common to him, said, “By the by, Bourrienne, I have something to tell you. Madame de Brienne has begged that I will pass through Brienne, and I promised that I will. I will not conceal from you that I shall feel great pleasure in again beholding the spot which for six years was the scene of our boyish sports and studies.” Taking advantage of the Emperor’s good humour I ventured to tell him what happiness it would give me if it were possible that I could share with him the revival of all recollections which were mutually dear to us. But Napoleon, after a moment’s pause, said with extreme kindness, “Hark ye, Bourrienne, in your situation and mine this cannot be. It is more than two years since we parted. What would be said of so sudden a reconciliation? I tell you frankly that I have regretted you, and the circumstances in which I have frequently been placed have often made me wish to recall you. At Boulogne I was quite resolved upon it. Rapp, perhaps, has informed you of it. He liked you, and he assured me that he would be delighted at your return. But if upon reflection I changed my mind it was because, as I have often told you, I will not have it said that I stand in need of any one. No. Go to Hamburg. I have formed some projects respecting Germany in which you can be useful to me. It is there I will give a mortal blow to England. I will deprive her of the Continent,—besides, I have some ideas not yet matured which extend much farther. There is not sufficient unanimity amongst the nations of Europe. European society must be regenerated—a superior power must control the other powers, and compel them to live in peace with each other; and France is well situated for that purpose. For details you will receive instructions from Talleyrand; but I recommend you, above all things, to keep a strict watch on the emigrants. Woe to them if they become too dangerous! I know that there are still agitators,—among them all the ‘Marquis de Versailles’, the courtiers of the old school. But they are moths who will burn themselves in the candle. You have been an emigrant yourself, Bourrienne; you feel a partiality for them, and you know that I have allowed upwards of two hundred of them to return upon your recommendation. But the case is altered. Those who are abroad are hardened. They do not wish to return home. Watch them closely. That is the only particular direction I give you. You are to be Minister from France to Hamburg; but your place will be an independent one; besides your correspondence with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, I authorise you to write to me personally, whenever you have anything particular to communicate. You will likewise correspond with Fouche.”

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Here the Emperor remained silent for a moment, and I was preparing to retire, but he detained me, saying in the kindest manner, “What, are you going already, Bourrienne? Are you in a hurry? Let, us chat a little longer. God knows, when we may see each other again!” Then after two or three moments’ silence he said, “The more I reflect on our situation, on our former intimacy, and our subsequent separation, the more I see the necessity of your going to Hamburg. Go, then, my dear fellow, I advise you. Trust me. When do you think of setting out?” “In May.”—“In May? . . . Ah, I shall be in Milan then, for I wish to stop at Turin. I like the Piedmontese; they are the best soldiers in Italy.”—-“Sire, the King of Italy will be the junior of the Emperor of France!”

—[I alluded to a conversation which I had with Napoleon when we first went to the Tuileries. He spoke to me about his projects of royalty, and I stated the difficulties which I thought he would experience in getting himself acknowledged by the old reigning families of Europe. “If it comes to that,” he replied. “I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them.”—Bourrienne.]—

—“Ah! so you recollect what I said one day at the Tuileries; but, my dear fellow, I have yet a devilish long way to go before I gain my point.”—“At the rate, Sire, at which you are going you will not be long in reaching it.”—“Longer than you imagine. I see all the obstacles in my way; but they do not alarm me. England is everywhere, and the struggle is between her and me. I see how it will be. The whole of Europe will be our instruments; sometimes serving one, sometimes the other, but at bottom the dispute is wholly between England and France.

“A propos,” said the Emperor, changing the subject, for all who knew him are aware that this ‘a propos’ was his favourite, and, indeed, his only mode of transition; a propos, Bourrienne, you surely must have heard of the departure of Jaubert,

—[Amedee Jaubart had been with Napoleon in Egypt, and was appointed to the cabinet of the Consul as secretary interpreter of Oriental languages. He was sent on several missions to the East, and brought back, is 1818, goats from Thibet, naturalising in France the manufacture of cashmeres. He became a peer of France under the Monarchy of July.]—

and his mission. What is said on the subject?”—“Sire, I have only heard it slightly alluded to. His father, however, to whom he said nothing respecting the object of his journey, knowing I was intimate with Jaubert, came to me to ascertain whether I could allay his anxiety respecting a journey of the duration of which he could form no idea. The precipitate departure of his son had filled him with apprehension I told him the truth, *viz*., that Jaubert had said no more to me on the subject than to him.”—“Then you do not know where he is gone?”—“I beg your pardon, Sire; I know very well.”—“How,

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the devil!" said Bonaparte, suddenly turning on me a look of astonishment. "No one, I, declare, has ever told me; but I guessed it. Having received a letter from Jaubert dated Leipsic, I recollected what your Majesty had often told me of your views respecting Persia and India. I have not forgotten our conversation in Egypt, nor the great projects which you enfolded to me to relieve the solitude and sometimes the weariness of the cabinet of Cairo. Besides, I long since knew your opinion of Amedee, of his fidelity, his ability, and his courage. I felt convinced, therefore, that he had a mission to the Shah of Persia."—"You guessed right; but I beg of you, Bourrienne, say nothing of this to any person whatever. Secrecy on this point is of grew importance. The English would do him an ill turn, for they are well aware that my views are directed against their possessions and their influence in the East."—"I think, Sire, that my answer to Anedee's worthy father is a sufficient guarantee for my discretion. Besides, it was a mere supposition on my part, and I could have stated nothing with certainty before your Majesty had the kindness to inform me of the fact. Instead of going to Hamburg, if your Majesty pleases, I will join Jaubert, accompany him to Persia, and undertake half his mission."— "How! would you go with him?"—"Yes, Sire; I am much attached to him. He is an excellent man, and I am sure that he would not be sorry to have me with him."—-"But . . . Stop, Bourrienne, . . . this, perhaps, would not be a bad idea. You know a little of the East. You are accustomed to the climate. You could assist Jaubert. . . . But. . . . No! Daubert must be already far off—I, fear you could not overtake him. And besides you have a numerous family. You will be more useful to me in Germany. All things considered, go to Hamburg—you know the country, and, what is better you speak the language."

I could see that Bonaparte still had something to say to me. As we were walking up and down the room he stopped; and looking at me with an expression of sadness, he said, "Bourrienne, you must, before I proceed to Italy, do me a service. You sometimes visit my wife, and it is right; it is fit you should. You have been too long one of the family not to continue your friendship with her. Go to her.

—[This employment of Bourrienne to remonstrate with Josephine is a complete answer to the charge sometimes made that Napoleon, while scolding, really encouraged the foolish expenses of his wife, as keeping her under his control. Josephine was incorrigible. "On the very day of her death," says Madame de Remusat "she wished to put on a very pretty dressing-gown because she thought the Emperor of Russia would perhaps come to see her. She died all covered with ribbons and rose-colored satin." "One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead!" As for Josephine's great fault—her failure to give Napoleon an heir—he did not always wish for one. In 1802, on his

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brother Jerome jokingly advising Josephine to give the Consul a little Caesar. Napoleon broke out, “Yea, that he may end in the same manner as that of Alexander? Believe me, Messieurs, that at the present time it is better not to have children: I mean when one is condemned to rule nations.” The fate of the King of Rome shows that the exclamation was only too true!]—

“Endeavour once more to make her sensible of her mad extravagance. Every day I discover new instances of it, and it distresses me. When I speak to her—on the subject I am vexed; I get angry—she weeps. I forgive her, I pay her bills—she makes fair promises; but the same thing occurs over and over again. If she had only borne me a child! It is the torment of my life not to have a child. I plainly perceive that my power will never be firmly established until I have one. If I die without an heir, not one of my brothers is capable of supplying my place. All is begun, but nothing is ended. God knows what will happen! Go and see Josephine, and do not forget my injunctions..”

Then he resumed the gaiety which he had exhibited at intervals during our conversation, far clouds driven by the wind do not traverse the horizon with such rapidity as different ideas and sensations succeeded each other m Napoleon’s mind. He dismissed me with his usual nod of the head, and seeing him in such good humour I said on departing, “well, Sire, you are going to hear the old bell of Brienne. I have no doubt it will please you better than the bells of Ruel.” He replied, “That’s tree—you are right. Adieu!”

Such are my recollections of this conversation, which lasted for more than an hour and a half. We walked about all the time, for Bonaparte was indefatigable in audiences of this sort, and would, I believe, have walked and talked for a whole day without being aware of it. I left him, and, according to his desire, went to see Madame Bonaparte, which indeed I had intended to do before he requested it.

I found Josephine with Madame de la Rochefoucauld, who had long been in her suite, and who a short time before had obtained the title of lady of honour to the Empress. Madame de la Rochefoucauld was a very amiable woman, of mild disposition, and was a favourite with Josephine. When I told the Empress that I had just left the Emperor, she, thinking that I would not speak freely before a third person, made a sign to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to retire. I had no trouble in introducing the conversation on the subject concerning which Napoleon had directed me to speak to Josephine, for; after the interchange of a few indifferent remarks, she herself told me of a violent scene, which had occurred between her and the Emperor two days before. “When I wrote to you yesterday,” said she, “to announce your appointment, and to tell you that Bonaparte would recall you, I hoped that you would come to see me on quitting him, but I did not think that he would have sent for you so soon. Ah! how I wish that you were still with him, Bourrienne; you could make him hear reason. I know not who takes pleasure in

bearing tales to him; but really I think there are persons busy everywhere in finding out my debts, and telling him of them."

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These complaints, so gently uttered by Josephine rendered less difficult the preparatory mission with which I commenced the exercise of my diplomatic functions. I acquainted Madame Bonaparte with all that the Emperor had said to me. I reminded her of the affair of the 1,200,000 francs which we had settled with half that sum. I even dropped some allusions to the promises she had made.

“How can I help it?” Said she. “Is it my fault?” Josephine uttered these words in a tone of sincerity which was at once affecting and ludicrous. “All sorts of beautiful things are brought to me,” she continued; “they are praised up; I buy them—I am not asked for the money, and all of a sudden, when I have got none, they come upon me with demands for payment. This reaches Napoleon’s ears, and he gets angry. When I have money, Bourrienne you know how I employ it. I give it principally to the unfortunate who solicit my assistance, and to poor emigrants. But I will try to be more economical in future. Tell him so if you see him again, But is it not my duty to bestow as much in charity as I can?”—“Yes, Madame; but permit me to say that nothing requires greater discernment than the distribution of charity. If you had always sat upon a throne you might have always supposed that your bounty always fall into the hands of the deserving; but you cannot be ignorant that it oftener falls to the lot of intrigue than to the meritorious needy. I cannot disguise from you that the Emperor was very earnest when he spoke on this subject; and he desired me to tell you so.”—“Did he reproach me with nothing else?”—-“No Madame. You know the influence you have over him with respect to everything but what relates to politics. Allow a faithful and sincere friend to prevail upon you seriously not to vex him on this point.”—“Bourrienne, I give you my word. Adieu! my friend.”

In communicating to Josephine what the Emperor had said to me I took care not to touch a chord which would have awakened feelings far more painful to her than even the Emperor’s harsh reproof on account of her extravagance. Poor Josephine! how I should have afflicted her had I uttered a word of Bonaparte’s regret at not having a child. She always had a presentiment of the fate that one day awaited her. Besides, Josephine told the truth in assuring me that it was not her fault that, she spent as she did; at least all the time I was with both of them, order and economy were no more compatible with her than moderation and—patience with Napoleon. The sight of the least waste put him beside himself, and that was a sensation his wife hardly ever spared him. He saw with irritation the eagerness of his family to gain riches; the more he gave, the more insatiable they appeared, with the exception of Louis, whose inclinations were always upright, and his tastes moderate. As for the other members of his family, they annoyed him so much by their importunity that one day he said, “Really to listen to them it would be thought that I had wasted the heritage of our father.”

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CHAPTER XXXI.

1805

Napoleon and Voltaire—Demands of the Holy See—Coolness between the pope and the Emperor—Napoleon's departure for Italy—Last interview between the Pope and the Emperor at Turin—Alessandria—The field of Marengo—The last Doge of Genoa—-Bonaparte's arrival at Milan—Union of Genoa to the French Empire—Error in the Memorial of St. Helen— Bonaparte and Madam Grassini—Symptoms of dissatisfaction on the part of Austria and Russia—Napoleon's departure from Milan— Monument to commemorate the battle of Marengo—Napoleon's arrival in Paris and departure for Boulogne—Unfortunate result of a naval engagement—My visit to Fouche's country seat—Sieyes, Barras, the Bourbons, and Bonaparte—Observations respecting Josephine.

Voltaire says that it is very well to kiss the feet of Popes provided their hands are tied. Notwithstanding the slight estimation in which Bonaparte held Voltaire, he probably, without being aware of this irreverent satire, put it into practice. The Court of Rome gave him the opportunity of doing so shortly after his Coronation. The Pope, or rather the Cardinals, his advisers' conceiving that so great an instance of complaisance as the journey of His Holiness to Paris ought not to go for nothing; demanded a compensation, which, had they been better acquainted with Bonaparte's character and policy, they would never have dreamed of soliciting. The Holy see demanded the restitution of Avignon, Bologna, and some parts of the Italian territory which had formerly been subject to the Pope's dominion. It may be imagined how such demands were received by Napoleon, particularly after he had obtained all he wanted from the Pope. It was, it must be confessed, a great mistake of the Court of Rome, whose policy is usually so artful and adroit, not to make this demand till after the Coronation. Had it been made the condition of the Pope's journey to France perhaps Bonaparte would have consented to give up, not Avignon, certainly, but the Italian territories, with the intention of taking them back again. Be this as it may, these tardy claims, which were peremptorily rejected, created an extreme coolness between Napoleon and Pius *vii*. The public did not immediately perceive it, but there is in the public an instinct of reason which the most able politicians never can impose upon; and all eyes were opened when it was known that the Pope, after having crowned Napoleon as Emperor of France, refused to crown him as sovereign of the regenerated kingdom of Italy.

Napoleon left Paris on the 1st of April to take possession of the Iron Crown at Milan. The Pope remained some time longer in the French capital. The prolonged presence of His Holiness was not without its influence on the religious feelings of the people, so great was the respect inspired by the benign countenance and mild manners of the Pope. When the period of his persecutions arrived it would have been well for Bonaparte had Pius *vii*. never been seen in Paris, for it was impossible to view in any

other light than as a victim the man whose truly evangelic meekness had been duly appreciated.

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Bonaparte did not evince great impatience to seize the Crown of Italy, which he well knew could not escape him. He stayed a considerable time at Turin, where he resided in the Stupinis Palace, which may be called the St. Cloud of the Kings of Sardinia. The Emperor cajoled the Piedmontese. General Menou, who was made Governor of Piedmont, remained there till Napoleon founded the general government of the Transalpine departments in favour of his brother-in-law, the Prince Borghese, of whom he would have, found it difficult to make anything else than a Roman Prince. Napoleon was still at Turin when the Pope passed through that city on his return to Rome. Napoleon had a final interview with His Holiness to whom he now affected to show the greatest personal deference. From Turin Bonaparte proceeded to Alessandria, where he commenced those immense works on which such vast sums were expended. He had many times spoken to me of his projects respecting Alessandria, as I have already observed, all his great measures as Emperor were merely the execution of projects conceived at a time when his future elevation could have been only a dream of the imagination. He one day said to Berthier, in my presence, during our sojurn at Milan after the battle of Marengo, “With Alessandria in my possession I should always be master of Italy. It might be made the strongest fortress in the world; it is capable of containing a garrison of 40,000 men, with provisions for six months. Should insurrection take place, should Austria send a formidable force here, the French troops might retire to Alessandria, and stand a six months’ siege. Six months would be more than sufficient, wherever I might be, to enable me to fall upon Italy, rout the Austrians, and raise the siege of Alessandria!”

As he was so near the field of Marengo the Emperor did not fail to visit it, and to add to this solemnity he reviewed on the field all the corps of French troops which were in Italy. Rapp told me afterwards that the Emperor had taken with him from Paris the dress and the hat which he wore on the day of that memorable battle, with the intention of wearing them on the field where it was fought. He afterwards proceeded by the way of Casal to Milan.

There the most brilliant reception he had yet experienced awaited him. His sojourn at Milan was not distinguished by outward demonstrations of enthusiasm alone. M. Durszzo, the last Doge of Genoa, added another gem to the Crown of Italy by supplicating the Emperor in the name of the Republic, of which he was the representative, to permit Genoa to exchange her independence for the honour of becoming a department of France. This offer, as may be guessed, was merely a plan contrived beforehand. It was accepted with an air of protecting kindness, and at the same moment that the country of Andrea Doria was effaced from the list of nations its last Doge was included among the number of French Senators. Genoa, which formerly prided herself in her surname, the Superb, became the chief station of the twenty-seventh military division. The Emperor went to take possession of the city in person, and slept in the Doria Palace, in the bed where Charles V. had lain. He left M. le Brun at Genoa as Governor-General.

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At Milan the Emperor occupied the Palace of Monza. The old Iron Crown of the Kings of Lombardy was brought from the dust in which it had been buried, and the new Coronation took place in the cathedral at Milan, the largest in Italy, with the exception of St. Peter's at Rome. Napoleon received the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, and placed it on his head, exclaiming, "Dieu me l'a donnee, gare a qui la touche." This became the motto of the Order of the Iron Crown, which the Emperor founded in commemoration of his being crowned King of Italy.

Napoleon was crowned in the month of May 1805: and here I cannot avoid correcting some gross and inconceivable errors into which Napoleon must have voluntarily fallen at St. Helena. The Memorial states "that the celebrated singer Madame Grasaini attracted his attention at the time of the Coronation." Napoleon alleges that Madame Grassini on that occasion said to him, "When I was in the prime of my beauty and talent all I wished was that you would bestow a single look upon me. That wish was not fulfilled, and now you notice me when I am no longer worthy your attention."

I confess I am at a loss to conceive what could induce Napoleon to invent such a story. He might have recollected his acquaintance with Madame Grassini at Milan before the battle of Marengo. It was in 1800, and not in 1805, that I was first introduced to her, and I know that I several times took tea with her and Bonaparte in the General's apartments I remember also another circumstance, which is, that on the night when I awoke Bonaparte to announce to him the capitulation of Genoa, Madame Grassini also awoke. Napoleon was charmed with Madame Grasaini's delicious voice, and if his imperious duties had permitted it he would have listened with ecstasy to her singing for hours together. Whilst Napoleon was at Milan, priding himself on his double sovereignty, some schemes were set on foot at Vienna and St. Petersburg which I shall hereafter have occasion to notice. The Emperor, indeed, gave cause for just complaint by the fact of annexing Genoa to the Empire within four months after his solemn declaration to the Legislative Body, in which he pledged himself in the face of France and Europe not to seek any aggrandisement of territory. The pretext of a voluntary offer on the part of Genoa was too absurd to deceive any one. The rapid progress of Napoleon's ambition could not escape the observation of the Cabinet of Vienna, which hegan to allow increased symptoms of hostility. The change which was effected in the form of the Government of the Cisalpine Republic was likewise an act calculated to excite remonstrance on the part of all the powers who were not entirely subject to the yoke of France. He disguised the taking of Genoa under the name of a gift, and the possession of Italy under the appearance of a mere change of denomination. Notwithstanding these flagrant outrages the exclusive apologists of

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Napoleon have always asserted that he did not wish for war, and he himself maintained that assertion at St. Helena. It is said that he was always attacked, and hence a conclusion is drawn in favour of his love of peace. I acknowledge Bonaparte would never have fired a single musket-shot if all the powers of Europe had submitted to be pillaged by him one after the other without opposition. It was in fact declaring war against them to place them under the necessity of breaking a peace, during the continuance of which he was augmenting his power, and gratifying his ambition, as if in defiance of Europe. In this way Napoleon commenced all the wars in which he was engaged, with the exception of that which followed the peace of Marengo, and which terminated in Moreau's triumph at Hohenlinden. As there was no liberty of the press in France he found it easy to deceive the nation. He was in fact attacked, and thus he enjoyed the pleasure of undertaking his great military expeditions without being responsible in the event of failure.

During the Emperor's stay in the capital of the new kingdom of Italy he received the first intelligence of the dissatisfaction of Austria and Russia. That dissatisfaction was not of recent date. When I entered on my functions at Hamburg I learned some curious details (which I will relate in their proper place) respecting the secret negotiations which had been carried on for a considerable time previously to the commencement of hostilities. Even Prussia was no stranger to the dissatisfaction of Austria and Russia; I do not mean the King, but the Cabinet of Berlin, which was then under the control of Chancellor Hardenberg; for the King of Prussia had always personally declared himself in favour of the exact observance of treaties, even when their conditions were not honourable. Be that as it may, the Cabinet of Berlin, although dissatisfied in 1806 with the rapid progress of Napoleon's ambition, was nevertheless constrained to conceal its discontent, owing to the presence of the French troops in Hanover.

On returning from Milan the Emperor ordered the erection, of a monument on the Great St. Bernard in commemoration of the victory of Marengo. M. Denon who accompanied Napoleon, told me that he made a use less search to discover the body of Desaix, which Bonaparte wished to be buried beneath the monument and that it was at length found by General Savary. It is therefore certain that the ashes of the brave Desaix repose on the summit of the Alps.

The Emperor arrived in Paris about the end of June and instantly set off for the camp at Boulogne. It was now once more believed that the project of invading England would be accomplished. This idea obtained the greater credit because Bonaparte caused some experiments for embarkation to be made, in his presence. These experiments, however, led to no result. About this period a fatal event but too effectually contributed to strengthen the opinion

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of the inferiority of our navy. A French squadron consisting of fifteen ships, fell in with the English fleet commanded by Admiral Calder, who had only nine vessels under his command, and in an engagement, which there was every reason to expect would terminate in our favour, we had the misfortune to lose two ships. The invasion of England was as little the object of this as of the previous journey to Boulogne; all Napoleon had in view was to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops, and to hold out those threats against England when conceived necessary for diverting attention from the real motive of his hostile preparations, which was to invade Germany and repulse the Russian troops, who had begun their march towards Austria. Such was the true object of Napoleons last journey to Boulogne.

I had been some time at Hamburg when these events took place, and it was curious to observe the effect they produced. But I must not forget one circumstance in which I am personally concerned, and which brings me back to the time when I was in Paris. My new title of Minister Plenipotentiary obliged me to see a little more of society than during the period when prudence required me to live as it were in retirement. I had received sincere congratulations from Duroc, Rape, and Lauriston, the three friends who had shown the greatest readiness to serve my interests with the Emperor; and I had frequent occasion to see M. Talleyrand, as my functions belonged to his department. The Emperor, on my farewell audience, having informed me that I was to correspond directly with the Minister of the General Police, I called on Fouche, who invited me to spend some days at his estate of Pont-Carre. I accepted the invitation because I wanted to confer with him, and I spent Sunday and Monday, the 28th and 29th of April, at Pont-Carre.

Fouche, like the Emperor, frequently revealed what he intended to conceal; but he had such a reputation for cunning that this sort of indiscretion was attended by no inconvenience to him. He was supposed to be such a constant dissembler that those who did not know him well looked upon the truth when he spoke it merely as an artful snare laid to entrap them. I, however, knew that celebrated person too well to confound his cunning with his indiscretion. The best way to get out of him more than he was aware of was to let him talk on without interruption. There were very few visitors at Pont-Carre, and during the two days I spent there I had several conversations with Fouche. He told me a great deal about the events of 1804, and he congratulated himself on having advised Napoleon to declare himself Emperor—“I have no preference,” says Fouche, “for one form of government more than another. Forms signify nothing. The first object of the Revolution was not the overthrow of the Bourbons, but merely the reform of abuses and the destruction of prejudices. However, when it was discovered that Louis XVI. had neither firmness to refuse what he did not wish to

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grant, nor good faith to grant what his weakness had led him to promise, it was evident that the Bourbons could no longer reign over France and things were carried to such a length that we were under the necessity of condemning Louis XVI. and resorting to energetic measures. You know all that passed up to the 18th Brumaire, and after. We all perceived that a Republic could not exist in France; the question, therefore, was to ensure the perpetual removal of the Bourbons; and I behaved the only means for so doing was to transfer the inheritance of their throne to another family. Some time before the 18th Brumaire I had a conversation with Sieyes and Barras, in which it was proposed, in case of the Directory being threatened, to recall the Duke of Orleans; and I could see very well that Barras favoured that suggestion, although he alluded to it merely as a report that was circulated about, and recommended me to pay attention to it. Sieyes said nothing, and I settled the question by observing, that if any such thing had been agitated I must have been informed of it through the reports of my agents. I added, that the restoration of the throne to a collateral branch of the Bourbons would be an impolitic act, and would but temporarily change the position of those who had brought about the Revolution. I rendered an account of this interview with Barras to General Bonaparte the first time I had an opportunity of conversing with him after your return from Egypt. I sounded him; and I was perfectly convinced that in the state of decrepitude into which the Directory had fallen he was just the man we wanted. I therefore adopted such measures with the police as tended to promote his elevation to the First Magistracy. He soon showed himself ungrateful, and instead of giving me all his confidence he tried to outwit me. He put into the hands of a number of persons various matters of police which were worse than useless. Most of their agents, who were my creatures, obeyed my instructions in their reports; and it often happened that the First Consul thought he had discovered, through the medium of others, information that came from me, and of the falsehood of which I easily convinced him. I confess I was at fault on the 3d Nivoise; but are there any human means of preventing two men, who have no accomplices, from bringing a plot to execution? You saw the First Consul on his return from the opera; you heard all his declamations. I felt assured that the infernal machine was the work of the Royalists. I told the Emperor this, and he was, I am sure, convinced of it; but he, nevertheless, proscribes a number of men on the mere pretence of their old opinions. Do you suppose I am ignorant of what he said of me and of my vote at the National Convention? Most assuredly it ill becomes him to reproach the Conventionists. It was that vote which placed the crown upon his head. But for the situation in which we were placed by that event, which circumstances had rendered inevitable,

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what should we have cared for the chance of seeing the Bourbons return? You must have remarked that the Republicans, who were not Conventionists, were in general more averse than we to the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire, as, for example, Bernadotte and Moreau. I know positively that Moreau was averse to the Consulate; and that it was only from irresolution that he accepted the custody of the Directory. I know also that he excused himself to his prisoners for the duty which had devolved upon him. They themselves told me this."

Fouche entered further into many details respecting his conduct, and the motives which had urged him to do what he did in favour of the First Consul. My memory does not enable me to report all he told me, but I distinctly recollect that the impression made on my mind by what fell from him was, that he had acted merely with a view to his own interests. He did not conceal his satisfaction at having outwitted Regnier, and obliged Bonaparte to recall him, that he set in motion every spring calculated to unite the conspirators, or rather to convert the discontented into conspirators, is evident from the following remarks which fell from him: "With the information I possessed, had I remained in office it is probable that I might have prevented the conspiracy, but Bonaparte would still have had to fear the rivalry of Moreau. He would not have been Emperor; and we should still have had to dread the return of the Bourbons, of which, thank God, there is now no fear."

During my stay at Pont-Carry I said but little to Fouche about my long audience with the Emperor. However, I thought I might inform him that I was authorised to correspond directly with his Majesty. I thought it useless to conceal this fact, since he would soon learn it through his agents. I also said a few words about Bonaparte's regret at not having children. My object was to learn Fouche's opinion on this subject, and it was not without a feeling of indignation that I heard him say, "It is to be hoped the Empress will soon die. Her death will remove many difficulties. Sooner or later he must take a wife who will bear him a child; for as long as he has no direct heir there is every chance that his death will be the signal for a Revolution. His brothers are perfectly incapable of filling his place, and a new party would rise up in favour of the Bourbons; which must be prevented above all things. At present they are not dangerous, though they still have active and devoted agents. Altona is full of them, and you will be surrounded by them. I beg of you to keep a watchful eye upon them, and render me a strict account of all their movements, and even of their most trivial actions. As they have recourse to all sorts of disguises, you cannot be too vigilant; therefore it will be advisable, in the first place, to establish a good system of espionage; but have a care of the spies who serve both sides, for they swarm in Germany."

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This is all I recollect of my, conversations with Fouche at Pont-Carre. I returned to Paris to make preparations for my journey to Hamburg.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1805.

Capitulation of Sublingen—Preparations for war—Utility of commercial information—My instructions—Inspection of the emigrants and the journals—A pamphlet by Kotzebue—-Offers from the Emperor of Russia to Moreau—Portrait of Gustavus Adolphus by one of his ministers—Fouche's denunciations—Duels at Hamburg—M. de Gimel —The Hamburg Correspondent—Letter from Bernadotte.

I left Paris on the 20th of May 1805. On the 5th of June following I delivered my credentials to the Senate of Hamburg, which was represented by the Syndic Doormann and the Senator Schutte. M. Reinhart, my predecessor, left Hamburg on the 12th of June.

The reigning Dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Brunswick, to whom I had announced my arrival as accredited Minister to them, wrote me letters recognising me in that character. General Walmoden had just signed the capitulation of Sublingen with Marshal Mortier, who had the command in Hanover. The English Government refused to ratify this, because it stipulated that the troops should be prisoners of war. Bonaparte had two motives for relaxing this hard condition. He wished to keep Hanover as a compensation for Malta, and to assure the means of embarrassing and attacking Prussia, which he now began to distrust. By advancing upon Prussia he would secure his left, so that when convenient he might march northward. Mortier, therefore, received orders to reduce the conditions of the capitulation to the surrender of the arms, baggage, artillery, and horses. England, which was making great efforts to resist the invasion with which she thought herself threatened, expended considerable sums for the transport of the troops from Hanover to England. Her precipitation was indescribable, and she paid the most exorbitant charges for the hire of ships. Several houses in Hamburg made fortunes on this occasion. Experience has long since proved that it is not at their source that secret transactions are most readily known. The intelligence of an event frequently resounds at a distance, while the event itself is almost entirely unknown in the place of its occurrence. The direct influence of political events on commercial speculations renders merchants exceedingly attentive to what is going on. All who are engaged in commercial pursuits form a corporation united by the strongest of all bonds, common interest; and commercial correspondence frequently presents a fertile field for observation, and affords much valuable information, which often escapes the inquiries of Government agents.

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I resolved to form a connection with some of the mercantile houses which maintained extensive and frequent communications with the Northern States. I knew that by obtaining their confidence I might gain a knowledge of all that was going on in Russia, Sweden, England, and Austria. Among the subjects upon which it was desirable to obtain information I included negotations, treaties, military measures—such as recruiting troops beyond the amount settled for the peace establishment, movements of troops, the formation of camps and magazines, financial operations, the fitting-out of ships, and many other things, which, though not important in themselves, frequently lead to the knowledge of what is important.

I was not inclined to place reliance on all public reports and gossiping stories circulated on the Exchange without close investigation; for I wished to avoid transmitting home as truths what might frequently be mere stock-jobbing inventions. I was instructed to keep watch on the emigrants, who were exceedingly numerous in Hamburg and its neighbourhood, Mecklenburg, Hanover, Brunswick, and Holstein; but I must observe that my inspection was to extend only to those who were known to be actually engaged in intrigues and plots.

I was also to keep watch on the state of the public mind, and on the journals which frequently give it a wrong direction, and to point out those articles in the journals which I thought censurable. At first I merely made verbal representations and complaints, but I could not always confine myself to this course. I received such distinct and positive orders that, in spite of myself, inspection was speedily converted into oppression. Complaints against the journals filled one-fourth of my despatches.

As the Emperor wished to be made acquainted with all that was printed against him, I sent to Paris, in May 1805, and consequently a very few days after my arrival in Hamburg, a pamphlet by the celebrated Kotzebue, entitled ‘Recollections of my Journey to Naples and Rome’. This publication, which was printed at Berlin, was full of indecorous attacks and odious allusions on the Emperor.

I was informed at that time, through a certain channel, that the Emperor Alexander had solicited General Moreau to enter his service, and take the command of the Russian infantry. He offered him 12,000 roubles to defray his travelling expenses. At a subsequent period Moreau unfortunately accepted these offers, and died in the enemy’s ranks.

On the 27th of June M. Bouligny arrived at Hamburg. He was appointed to supersede M. d’Ocariz at Stockholm. The latter minister had left Hamburg on the 11th of June for Constantinople, where he did not expect to stay three months. I had several long conversations with him before his departure, and he did not appear to be satisfied with his destination. We frequently spoke of the King of Sweden, whose conduct M. d’Ocariz blamed. He was, he said, a

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young madman, who, without reflecting on the change of time and circumstances, wished to play the part of Gustavus Adolphus, to whom he bore no resemblance but in name. M. d'Ocariz spoke of the King of Sweden's camp in a tone of derision. That Prince had returned to the King of Prussia the cordon of the Black Eagle because the order had been given to the First Consul. I understood that Frederick William was very much offended at this proceeding, which was as indecorous and absurd as the return of the Golden Fleece by Louis XVII. to the King of Spain was dignified and proper. Gustavus Adolphus was brave, enterprising, and chivalrous, but inconsiderate and irascible. He called Bonaparte Monsieur Napoleon. His follies and reverses in Hanover were without doubt the cause of his abdication. On the 31st of October 1805 he published a declaration of war against France in language highly insulting to the Emperor.

Fouche overwhelmed me with letters. If I had attended to all his instructions I should have left nobody unmolested. He asked me for information respecting a man named Lazoret, of the department of Gard, a girl, named Rosine Zimbenni, having informed the police that he had been killed in a duel at Hamburg. I replied that I knew but of four Frenchmen who had been killed in that way; one, named Clement, was killed by Tarasson; a second, named Duparc, killed by Lezardi; a third, named Sadremont, killed by Revel; and a fourth, whose name I did not know, killed by Lafond. This latter had just arrived at Hamburg when he was killed, but he was not the man sought for.

Lafond was a native of Brabant, and had served in the British army. He insulted the Frenchman because he wore the national cockade—A duel was the consequence, and the offended party fell. M. Reinhart, my predecessor wished to punish Lafond, but the Austrian Minister having claimed him as the subject of his sovereign, he was not molested. Lafond took refuge in Antwerp, where he became a player.

During the first months which succeeded my arrival in Hamburg I received orders for the arrest of many persons, almost all of whom were designated as dangerous and ill disposed men. When I was convinced that the accusation was groundless I postponed the arrest. The matter was then forgotten, and nobody complained.

A title, or a rank in foreign service, was a safeguard against the Paris inquisition. Of this the following is an instance. Count Gimel, of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak more at length, set out about this time for Carlsbad. Count Grote the Prussian Minister, frequently spoke to me of him. On my expressing apprehension that M. de Gimel might be arrested, as there was a strong prejudice against him, M. Grote replied, "Oh! there is no fear of that. He will return to Hamburg with the rauk of an English colonel."

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On the 17th of July there appeared in the Correspondent an article exceedingly insulting to France. It had been inserted by order of Baron Novozilzow, who was at Berlin, and who had become very hostile to France, though it was said he had been sent from St. Petersburg on a specific mission to Napoleon. The article in question was transmitted from Berlin by an extraordinary courier, and Novozilzow in his note to the Senate said it might be stated that the article was inserted at the request of His Britannic Majesty. The Russian Minister at Berlin, M. Alopaeus, despatched also an 'estafette' to the Russian charge d'affaires at Hamburg, with orders to apply for the insertion of the article, which accordingly appeared. In obedience to the Emperor's instructions, I complained of it, and the Senate replied that it never opposed the insertion of an official note sent by any Government; that insults would redound against those from whom they came; that the reply of the French Government would be published; and that the Senate had never deviated from this mode of proceeding.

I observed to the Senate that I did not understand why the Correspondent should make itself the trumpet of M. Novozilzow; to which the Syndic replied, that two great powers, which might do them much harm, had required the insertion of the article, and that it could not be refused.

The hatred felt by the foreign Princes, which the death of the Duc d'Enghien had considerably increased; gave encouragement to the publication of everything hostile to Napoleon. This was candidly avowed to me by the Ministers and foreigners of rank whom I saw in Hamburg. The King of Sweden was most violent in manifesting the indignation which was generally excited by the death of the Due d'Enghien. M. Wetterstadt, who had succeeded M. La Gerbielske in the Cabinet of Stockholm, sent to the Swedish Minister at Hamburg a long letter exceedingly insulting to Napoleon. It was in reply to an article inserted in the 'Moniteur' respecting the return of the Black Eagle to the King of Prussia. M. Peyron, the Swedish Minister at Hamburg, who was very far from approving all that his master did, transmitted to Stockholm some very energetic remarks on the ill effect which would be produced by the insertion of the article in the 'Correspondent'. The article was then a little modified, and M. Peyron received formal orders to get it inserted. However; on my representations the Senate agreed to suppress it, and it did not appear.

Marshal Bernadotte, who had the command of the French troops in Hanover, kept up a friendly correspondence with me unconnected with the duties of our respective functions.

On the occupation of Hanover Mr. Taylor, the English Minister at Cassel, was obliged to leave that place; but he soon returned in spite of the opposition of France. On this subject the marshal furnished me with the following particulars:

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I have just received, my dear Bourrienne, information which leaves no doubt of what has taken place at Cassel with respect to Mr. Taylor. That Minister has been received in spite of the representations of M. Bignon, which, however, had previously been merely verbal. I know that the Elector wrote to London to request that Mr. Taylor should not return. In answer to this the English Government sent him back. Our Minister has done everything he could to obtain his dismissal; but the pecuniary interests of the Elector have triumphed over every other consideration. He would not risk quarrelling with the Court from which he expects to receive more than 12,000,000 francs. The British Government has been written to a second time, but without effect. The Elector himself, in a private letter, has requested the King of England to recall Mr. Taylor, but it is very probable that the Cabinet of London will evade this request.Under these circumstances our troops have approached nearer to Cassel. Hitherto the whole district of Gottingen had been exempt from quartering troops. New arrangements, tendered necessary by the scarcity of forage, have obliged me to send a squadron of 'chasseurs de cheval' to Munden, a little town four leagues from Cassel. This movement excited some alarm in the Elector, who expressed a wish to see things restored to the same footing as before. He has requested M. Bignon to write to me, and to assure me again that he will be delighted to become acquainted with me at the waters of Nemidorff, where he intends to spend some time. But on this subject I shall not alter the determination I have already mentioned to you. —Yours, *etc*.,

(Signed) *Bernadotte*.

Stade, 10th Thermidor (29th July, 1805).

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1805.

Treaty of alliance between England and Russia—Certainty of an approaching war—M. Forshmann, the Russian Minister—Duroc's mission to Berlin—New project of the King of Sweden—Secret mission to the Baltic—Animosity against France—Fall of the exchange between Hamburg and Paris—Destruction of the first Austrian army—Taking of Ulm—The Emperor's displeasure at the remark of a soldier—Battle of Trafalgar—-Duroc's position at the Court of Prussia—Armaments in Russia—Libel upon Napoleon in the Hamburg 'Corespondent'— Embarrassment of the Syndic and Burgomaster of Hamburg—The conduct of the Russian Minister censured by the Swedish and English Ministers.

At the beginning of August 1805 a treaty of alliance between Russia and England was spoken of. Some persons of consequence, who had the means of knowing all that was going on in the political world, had read this treaty, the principal points of which were communicated to me.

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Article 1st stated that the object of the alliance was to restore the balance of Europe. By art. 2d the Emperor of Russia was to place 36,000 men at the disposal of England. Art. 3d stipulated that neither of the two powers would consent to treat with France, nor to lay down arms until the King of Sardinia should either be restored to his dominions or receive an equivalent indemnity in the northeast of Italy. By art. 4th Malta was to be evacuated by the English, and occupied by the Russians. By art. 5th the two powers were to guarantee the independence of the Republic of the Ionian Isles, and England was to pledge herself to assist Russia in her war against Persia. If this plan of a treaty, of the existence of which I was informed on unquestionable authority, had been brought to any result it is impossible to calculate what might have been its consequences.

At that time an immediate Continental war was confidently expected by every person in the north of Europe; and it is very certain that, had not Napoleon taken the hint in time and renounced his absurd schemes at Boulogne, France would have stood in a dangerous situation.

M. Forshmann, the Russian charge d'affaires, was intriguing to excite the north of Europe against France. He repeatedly received orders to obtain the insertion of irritating articles in the 'Correspondent'. He was an active, intriguing, and spiteful little man, and a declared enemy of France; but fortunately his stupidity and vanity rendered him less dangerous than he wished to be. He was universally detested, and he would have lost all credit but that the extensive trade carried on between Russia and Hamburg forced the inhabitants and magistrates of that city to bear with a man who might have done them, individually, considerable injury.

The recollection of Duroc's successful mission to Berlin during the Consulate induced Napoleon to believe that that general might appease the King of Prussia, who complained seriously of the violation of the territory of Anspach, which hernadotte, in consequence of the orders he received, had not been able to respect. Duroc remained about six weeks in Berlin.

The following letter from Duroc will show that the facility of passing through Hesse seemed to excuse the second violation of the Prussian territory; but there was a great difference between a petty Prince of Hesse and the King of Prussia.

I send you, my dear Bourrienne, two despatches, which I have received for you. M. de Talleyrand, who sends them, desires me to request that you will transmit General Victor's by a sure conveyance.I do not yet know whether I shall stay long in Berlin. By the last accounts I received the Emperor is still in Paris, and numerous forces are assembling on the Rhine. The hopes of peace are vanishing every day, and Austria does everything to promote war.

I have received accounts from Marshal Bernadotte. He has effected his passage through Hesse. Marshal Bernadotte was much pleased with the courtesy he experienced from the Elector.

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The junction of the corps commanded by Bernadotte with the army of the Emperor was very important, and Napoleon therefore directed the Marshal to come up with him as speedily as possible, and by the shortest road. It was necessary he should arrive in time for the battle of Austerlitz. Gustavus, King of Sweden, who was always engaged in some enterprise, wished to raise an army composed of Swedes, Prussians, and English; and certainly a vigorous attack in the north would have prevented Bernadotte from quitting the banks of the Elbe and the Weser, and reinforcing the Grand Army which was marching on Vienna. But the King of Sweden's coalition produced no other result than the siege of the little fortress of Hameln.

Prussia would not come to a rupture with France, the King of Sweden was abandoned, and Bonaparte's resentment against him increased. This abortive project of Gustavus contributed not a little to alienate the affections of his subjects, who feared that they might be the victims of the revenge excited by the extravagant plans of their King, and the insults he had heaped upon Napoleon, particularly since the death of the Due d'Enghien.

On the 13th of September 1805 I received a letter from the Minister of Police soliciting information about Swedish Pomerania.

Astonished at not obtaining from the commercial Consuls at Lubeck and Stettin any accounts of the movements of the Russians, I had sent to those ports, four days before the receipt of the Police Minister's letter, a confidential agent, to observe the Baltic: though we were only 64 leagues from Stralsund the most uncertain and contradictory accounts came to hand. It was, however, certain that a landing of the Russians was expected at Stralsund, or at Travemtinde, the port of Lubeck, at the mouth of the little river Trave. I was positively informed that Russia had freighted a considerable number of vessels for those ports.

The hatred of the French continued to increase in the north of Europe. About the end of September there appeared at Kiel, in Denmark, a libellous pamphlet, which was bought and read with inconceivable avidity. This pamphlet, which was very ably written, was the production of some fanatic who openly preached a crusade against France. The author regarded the blood of millions of men as a trifling sacrifice for the great object of humiliating France and bringing her back to the limits of the old monarchy. This pamphlet was circulated extensively in the German departments united to France, in Holland, and in Switzerland. The number of incendiary publications which everywhere abounded indicated but too plainly that if the nations of the north should be driven back towards the Arctic regions they would in their turn repulse their conquerors towards the south; and no man of common sense could doubt that if the French eagles were planted in foreign capitals, foreign standards would one day wave over Paris.

On the 30th of September 1805 I received, by an 'estafette', intelligence of the landing at Stralsund of 6000 Swedes, who had arrived from Stockholm in two ships of war.

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About the end of September the Hamburg exchange on Paris fell alarmingly. The loss was twenty per cent. The fall stopped at seventeen below par. The speculation for this fall of the exchange had been made with equal imprudence and animosity by the house of Osy and Company.

The head of that house, a Dutch emigrant, who had been settled at Hamburg about six years, seized every opportunity of manifesting his hatred of France. An agent of that rich house at Rotterdam was also very hostile to us, a circumstance which shows that if many persons sacrifice their political opinions to their interests there are others who endanger their interests for the triumph of their opinions.

On the 23d of October 1805 I received official intelligence of the total destruction of the first Austrian army: General Barbou, who was in Hanover, also informed me of that event in the following terms: "The first Austrian army has ceased to exist." He alluded to the brilliant affair of Ulm. I immediately despatched twelve estafettes to different parts; among other places to Stralsund and Husum. I thought that these prodigies, which must have been almost incredible to those who were unacquainted with Napoleon's military genius, might arrest the progress of the Russian troops, and produces some change in the movements of the enemy's forces. A second edition of the 'Correspondent' was published with this intelligence, and 6000 copies were sold at four times the usual price.

I need not detain the reader with the details of the capitulation of Ulm, which have already been published, but I may relate the following anecdote, which is not generally known. A French general passing before the ranks of his men said to them, "Well, comrades, we have prisoners enough here."—"yes indeed," replied one of the soldiers, "we never saw so many . . . collected together before." It was stated at the time, and I believe it, that the Emperor was much displeased when he heard of this, and remarked that it was "atrocious to insult brave men to whom the fate of arms had proved unfavourable."

In reading the history of this period we find that in whatever place Napoleon happened to be, there was the central point of action. The affairs of Europe were arranged at his headquarters in the same manner as if he had been in Paris. Everything depended on his good or bad fortune. Espionage, seduction, false promises, exactions,—all were put in force to promote the success of his projects; but his despotism, which excited dissatisfaction in France, and his continual aggressions, which threatened the independence of foreign States, rendered him more and more unpopular everywhere.

The battle of Trafalgar took place while Napoleon was marching on Vienna, and on the day after the capitulation of Ulm. The southern coast of Spain then witnessed an engagement between thirty-one French and about an equal number of English ships, and in spite of this equality of force the French fleet was destroyed.—[The actual forces

present were 27 English ships of the line and 38 Franco-Spanish ships of the line; see James' Naval History, vol. iii. p. 459.]

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This great battle afforded another proof of our naval inferiority. Admires Calder first gave us the lesson which Nelson completed, but which cost the latter his life. According to the reports which Duroc transmitted to me, courage gave momentary hope to the French; but they were at length forced to yield to the superior naval tactics of the enemy. The battle of Trafalgar paralysed our naval force, and banished all hope of any attempt against England.

The favour which the King, of Prussia had shown to Duroc was withdrawn when his Majesty received intelligence of the march of Bernadotte's troops through the Margravate of Anspach. All accounts concurred respecting the just umbrage which that violation of territory occasioned to the King of Prussia. The agents whom I had in that quarter overwhelmed me with reports of the excesses committed by the French in passing through the Margravate. A letter I received from Duroc contains the following remarks on this subject:

The corps of Marshal Bernadotte has passed through Anapach and by some misunderstanding this has been regarded at Berlin as an insult to the King, a violence committed upon his neutrality. How can it be supposed, especially under present circumstances, that the Emperor could have any intention of insulting or committing violence upon his friend? Besides, the reports have been exaggerated, and have been made by persons who wish to favour our enemies rather than us. However, I am perfectly aware that Marshal Bernadotte's 70,000 men are not 70,000 virgins. Be this as it may, the business might have been fatal, and will, at all events, be very injurious to us. Laforeat and I are treated very harshly, though we do not deserve it. All the idle stories that have been got up here must have reached you. Probably Prussia will not forget that France was, and still may be, the only power interested in her glory and aggrandisement.

At the end of October the King of Prussia, far from thinking of war, but in case of its occurrence wishing to check its disasters as far as possible, proposed to establish a line of neutrality. This was the first idea of the Confederation of the North. Duroc, fearing lest the Russians should enter Hamburg, advised me, as a friend, to adopt precautions. But I was on the spot; I knew all the movement the little detached corps, and I was under no apprehension.

The editor of the Hamburg 'Correspondent' sent me every evening a proof of the number which was to appear next day,—a favour which was granted only to the French Minister. On the 20th of November I received the proof as usual, and saw nothing objectionable in it. How great, therefore, was my astonishment when next morning I read in the same journal an article personally insulting to the Emperor, and in which the legitimate sovereigns of Europe were called upon to undertake a crusade against the usurper *etc*. I immediately sent for M.

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Doormann, first Syndic of the Senate of Hamburg. When he appeared his mortified look sufficiently informed me that he knew what I had to say to him. I reproached him sharply, and asked him how, after all I had told him of the Emperor's susceptibility, he could permit the insertion of such an article. I observed to him that this indecorous diatribe had no official character, since it had no signature; and that, therefore, he had acted in direct opposition to a decree of the Senate, which prohibited the insertion in the journals of any articles which were not signed. I told him plainly that his imprudence might be attended with serious consequences. M. Doormann did not attempt to justify himaelt but merely explained to me how the thing had happened.

On the 20th of November, in the evening, M. Forshmann, the Russian charge d'affaires who had in the course of the day arrived from the Russian headquarters presented to the editor of the Correspondent the article in question. The editor, after reading the article, which he thought exceedingly indecorous, observed to M. Forshmann that his paper was already made up, which was the fact, for I had seen a proof. M. Forshmann, however, insisted on the insertion of the article. The editor then told him that he could not admit it without the approbation of the Syndic Censor. M. Forshmann immediately waited upon M. Doormann, and when the latter begged that he would not insist on the insertion of the article, M. Forshmann produced a letter written in French, which, among other things, contained the following: "You will get the enclosed article inserted in the Correspondent without suffering a single word to be altered. Should the censor refuse, you must apply to the directing Burgomaster, and, in case of his refusal, to General Tolstoy, who will devise some means of rendering the Senate more complying, and forcing it to observe an impartial deference."

M. Doorman, thinking he could not take upon himself to allow the insertion of the article, went, accompanied by M. Forshmann, to wait upon M. Von Graffen, the directing Burgomaster. *Mm*. Doorman and Von Graffen earnestly pointed out the impropriety of inserting the article; but M. Forshmann referred to his order, and added that the compliance of the Senate on this point was the only means of avoiding great mischief. The Burgomaster and the Syndic, finding themselves thus forced to admit the article, entreated that the following passage at least might be suppressed: "I know a certain chief, who, in defiance of all laws divine and human,—in contempt of the hatred he inspires in Europe, as well as among those whom he has reduced to be his subjects, keeps possession of a usurped throne by violence and crime. His insatiable ambition would subject all Europe to his rule. But the time is come for avenging the rights of nations . . . ." M. Forshmann again referred to his orders, and with some degree of violence insisted on the insertion of the article in its complete form. The Burgomaster then authorised the editor of the Correspondent to print the article that night, and M. Forshmann, having obtained that authority, carried the article to the office at half-past eleven o'clock.

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Such was the account given me by M. Doormann. I observed that I did not understand how the imaginary apprehension of any violence on the part of Russia should have induced him to admit so insolent an attack upon the most powerful sovereign in Europe, whose arms would soon dictate laws to Germany. The Syndic did not dissemble his fear of the Emperor's resentment, while at the same time he expressed a hope that the Emperor would take into consideration the extreme difficulty of a small power maintaining neutrality in the extraordinary circumstances in which Hamburg was placed, and that the articles might be said to have been presented almost at the point of the Cossacks' spears. M. Doormann added that a refusal, which world have brought Russian troops to Hamburg, might have been attended by very unpleasant consequences to me, and might have committed the Senate in a very different way. I begged of him, once for all, to set aside in these affairs all consideration of my personal danger: and the Syndic, after a conversation of more than two hours, departed more uneasy in his mind than when he arrived, and conjuring me to give a faithful report of the facts as they had happened.

M. Doormann was a very worthy man, and I gave a favourable representation of his excuses and of the readiness which he had always evinced to keep out of the Correspondent articles hostile to France; as, for example, the commencement of a proclamation of the Emperor of Germany to his subjects, and a complete proclamation of the King of Sweden. As it happened, the good Syndic escaped with nothing worse than a fright; I was myself astonished at the success of my intercession. I learned from the Minister for Foreign Affairs that the Emperor was furiously indignant on reading the article, in which the French army was outraged as well as he. Indeed, he paid but little attention to insults directed against himself personally. Their eternal repetition had inured him to them; but at the idea of his army being insulted he was violently enraged, and uttered the most terrible threats.

It is worthy of remark that the Swedish and English Ministers, as soon as they read the article, waited upon the editor of the Correspondent, and expressed their astonishment that such a libel should have been published. "Victorious armies," said they, "should be answered by cannonballs and not by insults as gross as they are ridiculous." This opinion was shared by all the foreigners at that time in Hamburg.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1805

Difficulties of my situation at Hamburg—Toil and responsibility— Supervision of the emigrants—Foreign Ministers—Journals—Packet from Strasburg—Bonaparte fond of narrating Giulio, an extempore recitation of a story composed by the Emperor.

The brief detail I have given in the two or three preceding chapters of the events which occurred previously

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to and during the campaign of Austerlitz, with the letters of Duroc and Bernadotte, may afford the reader some idea of my situation during the early part of my residence in Hamburg. Events succeeded each other with such incredible rapidity as to render my labour excessive. My occupations were different, but not less laborious, than those which I formerly performed when near the Emperor; and, besides, I was now loaded with a responsibility which did not attach to me as the private secretary of General Bonaparte and the First Consul. I had, in fact, to maintain a constant watch over the emigrants in Altona, which was no easy matter—to correspond daily with the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Police—to confer with the foreign Ministers accredited at Hamburg—to maintain active relations with the commanders of the French army—to interrogate my secret agents, and keep a strict surveillance over their proceedings; it was, besides, necessary to be unceasingly on the watch for scurrilous articles against Napoleon in the Hamburg 'Corespondent'. I shall frequently have occasion to speak of all these things, and especially of the most marked emigrants, in a manner less irregular, because what I have hitherto said may, in some sort, be considered merely as a summary of all the facts relating to the occurrences which daily passed before my eyes.

In the midst of these multifarious and weighty occupations I received a packet with the Strasburg postmark at the time the Empress was in that city. This packet had not the usual form of a diplomatic despatch, and the superscription announced that it came from the residence of Josephine. My readers, I venture to presume, will not experience less gratification than I did on a perusal of its contents, which will be found at the end of this chapter; but before satisfying the curiosity to which I have perhaps given birth, I may here relate that one of the peculiarities of Bonaparte was a fondness of extempore narration; and it appears he had not discontinued the practice even after he became Emperor.

In fact, Bonaparte, during the first year after his elevation to the Imperial throne, usually passed those evenings in the apartments of the Empress which he could steal from public business. Throwing himself on a sofa, he would remain absorbed in gloomy silence, which no one dared to interrupt. Sometimes, however, on the contrary, he would give the reins to his vivid imagination and his love of the marvelous, or, to speak more correctly, his desire to produce effect, which was perhaps one of his strongest passions, and would relate little romances, which were always of a fearful description and in unison with the natural turn of his ideas. During those recitals the ladies-in-waiting were always present, to one of whom I am indebted for the following story, which she had written nearly in the words of Napoleon. "Never," said this lady in her letter to me, "did the Emperor appear more extraordinary. Led away by

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the subject, he paced the salon with hasty strides; the intonations of his voice varied according to the characters of the personages he brought on the scene; he seemed to multiply himself in order to play the different parts, and no person needed to feign the terror which he really inspired, and which he loved to see depicted in the countenances of those who surrounded him." In this tale I have made no alterations, as can be attested by those who, to my knowledge, have a copy of it. It is curious to compare the impassioned portions of it with the style of Napoleon in some of the letters addressed to Josephine.

VOLUME III. — 1805-1807

CHAPTER I.

1805.

Abolition of the Republican calendar—Warlike preparations in Austria—Plan for re-organizing the National Guard—Napoleon in Strasburg—General Mack—Proclamation —Captain Bernard's reconnoitering mission—The Emperor's pretended anger and real satisfaction—Information respecting Ragusa communicated by Bernard —Rapid and deserved promotion—General Bernard's retirement to the United States of America.

I had been three months at Hamburg when I learned that the Emperor had at last resolved to abolish the only remaining memorial of the Republic, namely, the revolutionary calendar. That calendar was indeed an absurd innovation, for the new denominations of the months were not applicable in all places, even in France; the corn of Provence did not wait to be opened by the sun of the month of Messidor. On the 9th of September a 'Senates-consulte' decreed that on the 1st of January following the months and days should resume their own names. I read with much interest Laplace's report to the Senate, and must confess I was very glad to see the Gregorian calendar again acknowledged by law, as it had already been acknowledged in fact. Frenchmen in foreign countries experienced particular inconvenience from the adoption of a system different from all the rest of the world.

A few days after the revival of the old calendar the Emperor departed for the army. When at Hamburg it may well be supposed that I was anxious to obtain news, and I received plenty from the interior of Germany and from some friends in Paris. This correspondence enables me to present to my readers a comprehensive and accurate picture of the state of public affairs up to the time when Napoleon took the field. I have already mentioned how artfully he always made it appear that he was anxious for peace, and that he was always the party attacked; his, conduct previous to the first conquest of Vienna affords a striking example of this artifice. It was pretty evident that

the transformation of the Cisalpine Republic into the kingdom of Italy, and the union of Genoa to France were infractions of treaties; yet the Emperor, nevertheless, pretended that all the infractions were committed by Austria. The truth is, that Austria was raising levies as secretly as possible, and collecting her troops on the frontiers of Bavaria. An Austrian corps even penetrated into some provinces of the Electorate; all this afforded Napoleon a pretest for going to the aid of his allies.

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In the memorable sitting preceding his departure the Emperor presented a project of a ‘Senatus-consulte’ relative to the re-organisation of the National Guard. The Minister for Foreign Affairs read an explanation of the reciprocal conduct of France and Austria since the peace of Luneville, in which the offences of France were concealed with wonderful skill. Before the sitting broke up the Emperor addressed the members, stating that he was about to leave the capital to place himself at the head of the army to afford prompt succour to his allies, and defend the dearest interests of his people. He boasted of his wish to preserve peace, which Austria and Russia, as he alleged, had, through the influence of England, been induced to disturb.

This address produced a very powerful impression in Hamburg. For my part, I recognised in it Napoleon’s usual boasting strain; but on this occasion events seemed bent on justifying it. The Emperor may certainly have performed more scientific campaigns than that of Austerlitz, but never any more glorious in results. Everything seemed to partake of the marvellous, and I have often thought of the secret joy which Bonaparte must have felt on seeing himself at last an the point of commencing a great war in Germany, for which he had so often expressed an ardent desire. He proceeded first to Strasburg, whither Josephine accompanied him.

All the reports that I received agreed with the statements of my private correspondence in describing the incredible enthusiasm which prevailed in the army on learning that it was to march into Germany. For the first time Napoleon had recourse to an expeditious mode of transport, and 20,000 carriages conveyed his army, as if by enchantment, from the shores of the Channel to the banks of the Rhine. The idea of an active campaign fired the ambition of the junior part of the army. All dreamed of glory, and of speedy promotion, and all hoped to distinguish themselves before the eyes of a chief who was idolised by his troops. Thus during his short stay at Strasburg the Emperor might with reason prophesy the success which crowned his efforts under the walls of Vienna.

Rapp, who accompanied him, informed me that on leaving Strasburg he observed, in the presence of several persons, “It will be said that I made Mack’s plan of campaign for him. The Caudine Forks are at Ulm.”

> —[This allusion to the Caudine Forks was always in Napoleon’s mouth when he saw an enemy’s army concentrated on a point, and foresaw its defeat—Bourrienne.]—

Experience proved that Bonaparte was not deceived; but I ought on this occasion to contradict a calumnious report circulated at that time, and since maliciously repeated. It has been said that there existed an understanding between Mack and Bonaparte, and that the general was bought over to deliver up the gates of Ulm. I have received positive proof that this assertion is a scandalous falsehood; and the only thing that could give it weight was Napoleon’s intercession after the campaign that Mack might not be put on his trial. In this intercession Napoleon was actuated only by humanity.

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On taking the field Napoleon placed himself at the head of the Bavarians, with whom be opposed the enemy's army before the arrival of his own troops. As soon as they were assembled he published the following proclamation, which still further excited the ardour of the troops.

Soldiers—The war of the third coalition is commenced. The Austrian army has passed the Inn, violated treaties, attacked and driven our ally from his capital. You yourselves have been obliged to hasten, by forced marches, to the defence of our frontiers. But you have now passed the Rhine; and we will not stop till we have secured the independence of the Germanic body, succoured our allies, and humbled the pride of our unjust assailants. We will not again make peace without a sufficient guarantee! Our generosity shall not again wrong our policy. Soldiers, your Emperor is among you! You are but the advanced guard of the great people. If it be necessary they will all rise at my call to confound and dissolve this new league, which has been created by the malice and the gold of England. But, soldiers, we shall have forced marches to make, fatigues and privations of every kind to endure. Still, whatever obstacles may be opposed to us, we will conquer them; and we will never rest until we have planted our eagles on the territory of our enemies!

In the confidential notes of his diplomatic agents, in his speeches, and in his proclamations, Napoleon always described himself as the attacked party, and perhaps his very earnestness in so doing sufficed to reveal the truth to all those who had learned to read his thoughts differently from what his words expressed them.

At the commencement of the campaign of Austerlitz a circumstance occurred from which is to be dated the fortune of a very meritorious man. While the Emperor was at Strasburg he asked General Marescot, the commander-in-chief of the engineers, whether he could recommend from his corps a brave, prudent, and intelligent young officer, capable of being entrusted with an important reconnoitering mission. The officer selected by General Marescot was a captain in the engineers, named Bernard, who had been educated in the Polytechnic School. He set off on his mission, advanced almost to Vienna, and returned to the headquarters of the Emperor at the capitulation of Ulm.

Bonaparte interrogated him himself, and was well satisfied with his replies; but, not content with answering verbally the questions put by Napoleon, Captain Bernard had drawn up a report of what he observed, and the different routes which might be taken. Among other things he observed that it would be a great advantage to direct the whole army upon Vienna, without regard to the fortified places; for that, once master of the capital of Austria, the Emperor might dictate laws to all the Austrian monarchy. "I was present," said Rapp to me, "at this young officer's interview with the Emperor. After reading the report, would you believe that the Emperor flew into a furious passion? 'How!' cried he, 'you are very bold, very presumptuous! A young officer to take the liberty of tracing out a plan of campaign for me! Begone, and await my orders.'"

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This, and some other circumstances which I shall have to add respecting Captain Bernard, completely reveal Napoleon's character. Rapp told me that as soon as the young officer had left the Emperor all at once changed his tone. "That," said he, "is a clever young man; he has taken a proper view of things. I shall not expose him to the chance of being shot. Perhaps I shall sometime want his services. Tell Berthier to despatch an order for his departure for Elyria."

This order was despatched, and Captain Bernard, who, like his comrades, was ardently looking forward to the approaching campaign, regarded as a punishment what was, on the Emperor's part, a precaution to preserve a young man whose merit he appreciated. At the close of the campaign, when the Emperor promoted those officers who had distinguished themselves, Bernard, who was thought to be in disgrace, was not included in Berthier's list among the captains of engineers whom he recommended to the rank of chef de bataillon; but Napoleon himself inscribed Bernard's name before all the rest. However, the Emperor forgot him for some time; and it was only an accidental circumstance that brought him to his recollection. I never had any personal acquaintance with Bernard, but I learned from Rapp, how he afterwards became his colleague as aide de camp to the Emperor; a circumstance which I shall now relate, though it refers to a later period.

Before the Emperor left Paris for the campaign of 1812 he wished to gain precise information respecting Ragusa and Elyria. He sent for Marmont, but was not satisfied with his answers. He then interrogated several other generals, but the result of his inquiries always was, "This is all very well; but it is not what I want. I do not know Ragusa." He then sent for General Dejean, who had succeeded M. de Marescot as first inspector of the Engineers.

"Have you any one among your officers," he asked, "who is well acquainted with Ragusa?" Dejean, after a little reflection, replied, "Sire, there is a chef de bataillon who has been a long time forgotten, but who knows Elyria perfectly."—"What's his name?"—-"Bernard."—"Ah! stop . . . Bernard! I remember that name. Where is he?"—"At Antwerp, Sire, employed on the fortifications."—"Let a telegraphic despatch be immediately, transmitted,—[by semaphore arms.]—desiring him to mount his horse and come with all speed to Paris."

The promptitude with which the Emperor's orders were always executed is well known. A few days after Captain Bernard was in the Emperor's cabinet in Paris. Napoleon received him very graciously. The first thing he said was, "Talk to me about Ragusa." This was a favourite mode of interrogation with him in similar cases, and I have heard him say that it was a sure way of drawing out all that a man had observed in any country that he had visited. Be that as it may, he was perfectly satisfied with M. Bernard's information respecting Elyria; and

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when the chef de bataillon had finished speaking Napoleon said, “Colonel Bernard, I am now acquainted with Ragusa.” The Emperor afterwards conversed familiarly with him, entered into details respecting the system of fortification adopted at Antwerp, referred to the plan of the works, criticised it, and showed how he would, if he besieged the town, render the means of defence unavailing. The new Colonel explained so well how he would defend the town against the Emperor’s attack that Bonaparte was delighted, and immediately bestowed upon, the young officer a mark of distinction which, as far as I know, he never granted but upon that single occasion. The Emperor was going to preside at the Council of State, and desired Colonel Bernard to accompany him, and many times during the sittings be asked him for his opinion upon the points which were under discussion. On leaving the Council Napoleon said, “Bernard, you are in future my aide de camp.” After the campaign he was made General of Brigade, soon after General of Division, and now he is acknowledged to be one of the ablest engineer officers in existence. Clarke’s silly conduct deprived France of this distinguished man, who refused the brilliant offers of several sovereigns of Europe for the sake of retiring to the United States of America, where he commands the Engineers, and has constructed fortifications on the coast of the Floridas which are considered by engineers to be masterpieces of military art.

CHAPTER II.

1805.

Rapidity of Napoleon’s victories—Murat at Wertingen—Conquest of Ney’s duchy—The French army before Ulm—The Prince of Liechtenstein at the Imperial headquarters—-His interview with Napoleon described by Rapp—Capitulation of Ulm signed by Berthier and Mack—Napoleon before and after a victory—His address to the captive generals—The Emperor’s proclamation—Ten thousand prisoners taken by Murat— Battle of Caldiero in Italy—Letter from Duroc—Attempts to retard the Emperor’s progress—-Fruitless mission of M. de Giulay—The first French eagles taken by the Russians—Bold adventure of Lannes and Murat—The French enter Vienna—Savary’s mission to the Emperor Alexander.

To convey an idea of the brilliant campaign of 1805 from an abstract of the reports and letters I received at Hamburg I should, like the almanac-makers, be obliged to note down a victory for every day. Was not the rapidity of the Emperor’s first operations a thing hitherto unprecedented? He departed from Paris on the 24th of September, and hostilities commenced on the 2d of October. On the 6th and 7th the French passed the Danube, and turned the enemy’s army. On the 8th Murat, at the battle of Wertingen, on the Danube, took 2000 Austrian prisoners, amongst whom, besides other general

officers, was Count Auffemberg. Next day the Austrians fell back upon Gunsburg, retreating before our victorious legions, who, pursuing their

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triumphal course, entered Augsburg on the 10th, and Munich on the 12th. When I received my despatches I could have fancied I was reading a fabulous narrative. Two days after the French entered Munich—that is to say, on the 14th—an Austrian corps of 6000 men surrendered to Marshal Soult at Memingen, whilst Ney conquered, sword in hand, his future Duchy of Elchingen. Finally, on the 17th of October, came the famous capitulation of General Mack at Ulm,' and on the same day hostilities commenced in Italy between the French and Austrians, the former commanded by Massena and the latter by Prince Charles.

—[Prince Maurice Liechtenstein was sent by General Mack as a flag of truce to the Imperial headquarters before Ulm. He was, according to custom, led blindfold on horseback. Rapp, who was present, together with several of Napoleon's aides de camp, afterwards spoke to me of the Prince's interview with the Emperor. I think he told me that herthier was present likewise. "Picture to yourself," said Rapp, "the astonishment, or rather confusion, of the poor Prince when the bandage was removed from his eyes. He knew nothing of what had been going on, and did not even suspect that the Emperor had yet joined the army. When he understood that he was in the presence of Napoleon he could not suppress an exclamation of surprise, which did not escape the Emperor, and he ingenuously acknowledged that General Mack had no idea he was before the walls of Ulm." Prince Liechtenstein proposed to capitulate on condition that the garrison of Ulm should be allowed to return into Austria. This proposal, in the situation in which the garrison stood, Rapp said, made the Emperor smile. "How can you expect," said Napoleon, "that I can accede to such a proposition? What shall I gain by it? Eight days. In eight days you will be in my power without any condition. Do you suppose I am not acquainted with everything? . . You expect the Russians? . . . At the nearest they are in Bohemia. Were I to allow you to march out, what security can I have that you will not join them, and afterwards fight against me? Your generals have deceived me often enough, and I will no longer be duped. At Marengo I was weak enough to allow the troops of Melas to march out of Alessandria. He promised to treat for peace. What happened? Two months after Moreau had to fight with the garrison of Alessandria. Besides, this war is not an ordinary war. After the conduct of your Government I am not bound to keep any terms with it. I have no faith in its promises. You have attacked me. If I should agree to what you ask, Mack would pledge his word, I know. But, even relying on his good faith, would be he able to keep his promise? As far as regards himself—yes; but as regards his army—no. If the Archduke Ferdinand were still with you I could rely upon his word, because he would be responsible for the conditions, and he would not disgrace himself; but I know he has quitted Ulm and passed the Danube.

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I know how to reach him, however."Rapp said it was impossible to imagine the embarrassment of Prince Liechtenstein whilst the Emperor was speaking. He, however, somewhat regained his self-possession, and observed that, unless the conditions which he proposed were granted the army would not capitulate. "If that be the case," said Napoleon. "you may as well go back to Mack, for I will never grant such conditions. Are you jesting with me? Stay; here is the capitulation of Memingen—show it to your General—let him surrender on the same conditions—I will consent to no others. Your officers may return to Austria, but the soldiers must be prisoners. Tell him to be speedy, for I have no time to lose. The more he delays the worse he will render his own condition and yours. To-morrow I shall have here the corps to which Memingen capitulated, and then we shall see what is to be done. Make Mack clearly understand that he has no alternative but to conform to my will."The imperious tones which Napoleon employed towards his enemies almost always succeeded, and it produced the accustomed effect upon Mack. On the same day that Prince Liechtenstein had been at our headquarters Mack wrote to the Emperor, stating that he would not have treated with any other on such terms; but that he yielded to the ascendency of Napoleon's fortune; and on the following day Berthier was sent into Ulm, from whence he returned with the capitulation signed. Thus Napoleon was not mistaken respecting the Caudine Forks of the Austrian army. The garrison of Ulm marched out with what are called the honours of war, and were led prisoners into France.—Bourrienne.]—

Napoleon, who was so violently irritated by any obstacle which opposed him, and who treated with so much hauteur everybody who ventured to resist his inflexible will, was no longer the same man when, as a conqueror, he received the vanquished generals at Ulm. He condoled with them on their misfortune; and this, I can affirm, was not the result of a feeling of pride concealed beneath a feigned generosity. Although he profited by their defeat he pitied them sincerely. How frequently has he observed to me, "How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle." He had himself experienced this misfortune when he was obliged to raise the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. At that moment he would, I believe, have strangled Djezzar; but if Djezzar had surrendered, he would have treated him with the same attention which he showed to Mack and the other generals of the garrison of Ulm. These generals were seventeen in number, and among them was Prince Liechtenstein. There were also General Klenau (Baron de Giulay), who had acquired considerable military reputation in the preceding wars, and General Fresnel, who stood in a more critical situation than his companions in misfortune, for he was a Frenchman, and an emigrant.

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Rapp told me that it was really painful to see these generals. They bowed respectfully to the Emperor, having Mack at their head. They preserved a mournful silence, and Napoleon was the first to speak, which he did in the following terms: "Gentlemen, I feel sorry that such brave men as you are should be the victims of the follies of a Cabinet which cherishes insane projects, and which does not hesitate to commit the dignity of the Austrian nation by trafficking with the services of its generals. Your names are known to me—they are honourably known wherever you have fought. Examine the conduct of those who have committed you. What could be more iniquitous than to attack me without a declaration of war? Is it not criminal to bring foreign invasion upon a country? Is it not betraying Europe to introduce Asiatic barbarities into her disputes? If good policy had been followed the Aulic Council, instead of attacking me, would have sought my alliance in order to drive back the Russians to the north. The alliance which your Cabinet has formed will appear monstrous in history. It is the alliance of dogs, shepherds, and wolves against sheep—such a scheme could never have been planned in the mind of a statesman. It is fortunate for you that I have not been defeated in the unjust struggle to which I have been provoked; if I had, the Cabinet of Vienna would have soon perceived its error, for which, perhaps, it will yet one day pay dearly."

What a change fifteen days of success, crowned by the capture of Ulm, had made in affairs! At Hamburg I knew through my agents to what a degree of folly the hopes of Napoleon's enemies had risen before he began the campaign. The security of the Cabinet of Vienna was really inexplicable; not only did they not dream of the series of victories which made Napoleon master of all the Austrian monarchy, but the assistants of Drake and all the intriguers of that sort treated France already as a conquered country, and disposed of some of our provinces. In the excess of their folly, to only give one instance, they promised the town of Lyons to the King of Sardinia, to recompense him for the temporary occupation of Piedmont.

> —[In the treaties and declarations (see Martens and Thiers, tome v. p. 355) there is rather a tendency to sell the skin of the bear before killing him.]—

While Napoleon flattered his prisoners at the expense of their Government he wished to express satisfaction at the conduct of his own army, and with this view he published a remarkable proclamation, which in some measure presented an abstract of all that had taken place since the opening of the campaign.

This proclamation was as follows:—

Soldiers of the grand army—In a fortnight we have finished an entire campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have driven the Austrian troops from Bavaria, and restored our ally to the sovereignty of his dominions.

That army, which, with equal presumption and imprudence, marched upon our frontiers, is annihilated.

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> But what does this signify to England? She has gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidy will be neither more nor less.
>
> Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army, sixty thousand are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labours of agriculture.
>
> Two hundred pieces of cannon, the whole park of artillery, ninety flags, and all their generals are in our power. Fifteen thousand men only have escaped.

Soldiers! I announced to you the result of a great battle; but, thanks to the ill-devised schemes of the enemy, I was enabled to secure the wished-for result without incurring any danger, and, what is unexampled in the history of nations, that result has been gained at the sacrifice of scarcely fifteen hundred men killed and wounded.

> Soldiers! this success is due to your unlimited confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in enduring fatigues and privations of every kind, and to your singular courage and intrepidity.
>
> But we will not stop here. You are impatient to commence another campaign!
>
> The Russian army, which English gold has brought from the extremities of the universe, shall experience the same fate as that which we have just defeated.

In the conflict in which we are about to engage the honour of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall now see another decision of the question which has already been determined in Switzerland and Holland; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or the second in Europe.

> Among the Russians there are no generals in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are, my children.

This proclamation always appeared to me a masterpiece of military eloquence. While he lavished praises on his troops, he excited their emulation by hinting that the Russians were capable of disputing with them the first rank among the infantry of Europe, and he concluded his address by calling them his children.

The second campaign, to which Napoleon alleged they so eagerly looked forward, speedily ensued, and hostilities were carried on with a degree of vigour which fired the enthusiasm of the army. Heaven knows what accounts were circulated of the Russians,

who, as Bonaparte solemnly stated in his proclamation, had come from the extremity of the world. They were represented as half-naked savages, pillaging, destroying and burning wherever they went. It was even asserted that they were cannibals, and had been seen to eat children. In short, at that period was introduced the denomination of northern barbarians which has since been so generally applied to the Russians. Two days after the capitulation of Ulm Murat obtained the capitulation of Trochtelfingen

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from General Yarneck, and made 10,000 prisoners, so that, without counting killed and wounded, the Austrian army had sustained a diminution of 50,000 men after a campaign of twenty days. On the 27th of October the French army crossed the Inn, and thus penetrated into the Austrian territory. Salzburg and Brannan were immediately taken. The army of Italy, under the command of Massena, was also obtaining great advantages. On the 30th of October, that is to say, the very day on which the Grand Army took the above-mentioned fortresses, the army of Italy, having crossed the Adige, fought a sanguinary battle at Caldiero, and took 5000 Austrian prisoners.

In the extraordinary campaign, which has been distinguished by the name of “the Campaign of Austerlitz,” the exploits of our troops succeeded each other with the rapidity of thought. I confess I was equally astonished and delighted when I received a note from Duroc, sent by an extraordinary courier, and commencing laconically with the words, “We are in Vienna; the Emperor is well.”

Duroc’s letter was dated the 13th November, and the words, “We are in Vienna,” seemed to me the result of a dream. The capital of Austria, which from time immemorial had not been occupied by foreigners—the city which Sobieski had saved from Ottoman violence, had become the prey of the Imperial eagle of France, which, after a lapse of three centuries, avenged the humiliations formerly imposed upon Francis I. by the ’Aquila Grifagna’ of Charles V. Duroc had left the Emperor before the camp of Boulogne was raised; his mission to Berlin being terminated, he rejoined the Emperor at Lintz.

—[As soon as Bonaparte became Emperor he constituted himself the avenger of all the insults given to the sovereigns, whom he styled his predecessors. All that related to the honour of France was sacred to him. Thus he removed the column of Rosbach from the Prussian territory.—Bourrienne.]—

Before I noticed the singular mission of M. Haugwitz to the Emperor Napoleon, and the result of that mission, which circumstances rendered diametrically the reverse of its object, I will relate what came to my knowledge respecting some other negotiations on the part of Austria, the evident intent of which was to retard Napoleon’s progress, and thereby to dupe him. M. de Giulay, one of the generals included in the capitulation of Ulm, had returned home to acquaint his sovereign with the disastrous event. He did not conceal, either from the Emperor Francis or the Cabinet of Vienna, the destruction of the Austrian army, and the impossibility of arresting the rapid advance of the French. M. de Giulay was sent with a flag of truce to the headquarters of Napoleon, to assure him of the pacific intentions of the Emperor of Austria, and to solicit an armistice. The snare was too clumsy not to be immediately discovered by so crafty a man as Napoleon.

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—[Metternich (tome ii. p. 346, compare French edition, tome ii. p. 287) says, “Let us hold always the sword in one hand and the olive branch in the other; always ready to negotiate, but only negotiating while advancing.” Here is Napoleons system.]—

He had always pretended a love for peace, though he was overjoyed at the idea of continuing a war so successfully commenced, and he directed General Giulay to assure the Emperor of Austria that he was not less anxious for peace than he, and that he was ready to treat for it, but without suspending the course of his operations. Bonaparte, indeed, could not, without a degree of imprudence of which he was incapable, consent to an armistice; for M. de Giulay, though entrusted with powers from Austria, had received none from Russia. Russia, therefore, might disavow the armistice and arrive in time to defend Vienna, the occupation of which was so important to the French army. The Russians, indeed, were advancing to oppose us, and the corps of our army, commanded by Mortier on the left bank of the Danube, experienced in the first engagement a check at Dirnstein, which not a little vexed the Emperor. This was the first reverse of fortune we had sustained throughout the campaign. It was trivial, to be sure, but the capture by the Russians of three French eagles, the first that had fallen into the hands of the enemy, was very mortifying to Napoleon, and caused him to prolong for some days his staff at St. Folten, where he then was.

The rapid occupation of Vienna was due to the successful temerity of Lannes and Murat, two men alike distinguished for courage and daring spirit. A bold artifice of these generals prevented the destruction of the Thabor bridge at Vienna, without which our army would have experienced considerable difficulty in penetrating into the Austrian capital. This act of courage and presence of mind, which had so great an influence on the events of the campaign, was described to me by Lannes, who told the story with an air of gaiety, unaccompanied by any self-complacency, and seemed rather pleased with the trick played upon the Austrians than proud of the brilliant action which had been performed. Bold enterprises were so natural to Lannes that he was frequently the only person who saw nothing extraordinary in his own exploits. Alas! what men were sacrificed to Napoleon’s ambition!

The following is the story of the Bridge of Thabor as I heard it from Lannes:—

—[I was one day walking with Murat, on the right bank of the Danube, and we observed on the left bank, which was occupied by the Austrians, some works going on, the evident object of which was to blow up the bridge on the approach of our troops. The fools had the impudence to make these preparations under our very noses; but we gave them a good lesson. Having arranged our plan, we returned to give orders, and I entrusted the command of my column of grenadiers to an officer

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on whose courage and intelligence I could rely. I then returned to the bridge, accompanied by Murat and two or three other officers. We advanced, unconcernedly, and entered into conversation with the commander of a post in the middle of the bridge. We spoke to him about an armistice which was to be speedily concluded: While conversing with the Austrian officers we contrived to make them turn their eyes towards the left bank, and then, agreeably to the orders we had given, my column of grenadiers advanced on the bridge. The Austrian cannoneers, on the left bank, seeing their officers in the midst of us, did not dare to fire, and my column advanced at a quick step. Murat and I, at the head of it, gained the left bank. All the combustibles prepared for blowing up the bridge were thrown into the river, and my men took possession of the batteries erected for the defence of the bridge head. The poor devils of Austrian officers were perfectly astounded when I told them they were my prisoners.]—

Such, as well as I can recollect, was the account given by Lannes, who laughed immoderately in describing the consternation of the Austrian officers when they discovered the trick that had been played upon them. When Lannes performed this exploit he had little idea of the, important consequences which would attend, it. He had not only secured to the remainder of the French army a sure and easy entrance to Vienna, but, without being aware of it, he created an insurmountable impediment to the junction of the Russian army with the Austrian corps, commanded by Prince Charles, who, being pressed by Massena, hastily advanced into the heart of the Hereditary States, where he fully expected a great battle would take place.

As soon as the corps of Murat and Lannes had taken possession of Vienna the Emperor ordered all the divisions of the army to march upon that capital.

—[The story to told in much the same way in Theirs (tome vi, p. 260), Rupp (p. 57), and Savory (tome ii. p. 162), but as Erreurs (tome i. p. 814) points out, Bourrienne makes an odd mistake in believing the Thabor Bridge gave the French access to Vienna. The capital is on the right bank, and was already in their power. The possession of the bridge enabled them to pass over to the left bank, and to advance towards Austerlitz before the Archduke Charles, coming from Italy, could make his junction with the allied army. See plan 48 of Thiers' Atlas, or 58 of Alison's. The immediate result of the success of this rather doubtful artifice would have been the destruction of the corps of Kutusoff; but Murat in his turn was deceived by Bagration into belief in an armistice. In fact, both sides at this time fell into curious errors.]—

Napoleon established his headquarters at Schoenbrunn, where he planned his operations for compelling the corps of Prince Charles to retire to Hungary, and also for advancing his own forces to meet the Russians. Murat and Lannes always commanded the advanced guard during the forced marches ordered by Napoleon, which were executed in a way truly miraculous.

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To keep up the appearance of wishing to conclude peace as soon as reasonable propositions should be made to him, Napoleon sent for his Minister for foreign Affairs, who speedily arrived at Vienna, and General Savary was sent on a mission to the Emperor Alexander. The details of this mission I have learned only from the account of it given by the Duc de Rovigo in his apologetic Memoirs. In spite of the Duke's eagerness to induce a belief in Napoleon's pacific disposition, the very facts on which he supports his argument lead to the contrary conclusion. Napoleon wished to dictate his conditions before the issue of a battle the success of which might appear doubtful to the young Emperor of Russia, and these conditions were such as he might impose when victory should be declared in favour of our eagles. It must be clear to every reflecting person that by always proposing what he knew could not be honourably acceded to, he kept up the appearance of being a pacificator, while at the same time he ensured to himself the pleasure of carrying on the war.

CHAPTER III.

1805.

My functions at Hamburg—The King of Sweden at Stralsund— My bulletin describing the situation of the Russian armies—Duroc's recall from Berlin—General Dumouriez—-Recruiting of the English in Hanover—The daughter of M. de Marbeof and Napoleon—-Treachery of the King of Naples—The Sun of Austerlitz—Prince Dolgiorouki Rapp's account of the battle of Austerlitz—Gerard's picture— Eugene's marriage.

I must now relate how, in conformity with my instructions, I was employed in Hamburg in aiding the success of the French army. I had sent an agent to observe the Russian troops, which were advancing by forced marches to the banks of the Elbe. This agent transmitted to me from Gadbusch an account of the routes taken by the different columns. It was then supposed that they would march upon Holland by the way of Bremen and Oldenburg. On the receipt of thus intelligence the Electorate of Hanover was evacuated by the French, and General Barbou, who had commanded there concentrated his forces in Hamelin.

On the 2d of November 1805 the King of Sweden arrived at Stralsund. I immediately intimated to our Government that this circumstance would probably give a new turn to the operations of the combined army, for hitherto the uncertainty of its movements and the successive counter-orders afforded no possibility of ascertaining any determined plan. The intention seemed to be, that all the Swedo-Russian troops should cross the Elbe at the same point; *viz*., Lauenburg, six miles from Hamburg.

There was not on the 5th of November a single Russian on the southern bank of the Elbe.

The first column of the grand Russian army passed through Warsaw on the 1st of November, and on the 2d the Grand-Duke Constantine was expected with the Guards. This column, which amounted to 6000 men, was the first that passed through Prussian Poland.

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At this time we momentarily expected to see the Hanoverian army landed on the banks of the Weser or the Elbe, augmented by some thousands of English. Their design apparently was either to attack Holland, or to attempt some operation on the rear of our Grand Army.

The French Government was very anxious to receive accurate accounts of the march of the Swedo-Russian troops through Hanover, and of the Russian army through Poland. My agents at Warsaw and Stralsund, who were exceedingly active and intelligent, enabled me to send off a bulletin describing the state of Hanover, the movements of the Russians and Swedes, together with information of the arrival of English troops in the Elbe, and a statement of the force of the combined army in Hanover, which consisted of 15,000 Russians, 8000 Swedes, and 12,000 English; making in all 35,000 men.

It was probably on account of this bulletin that Napoleon expressed to Duroc his satisfaction with my services. The Emperor on recalling Duroc from Berlin did not manifest the least apprehension respecting Prussia. Duroc wrote to me the following letter on the occasion of his recall:

> *My dear Bourrienne*—The Emperor having thought my services necessary to the army has recalled me. I yesterday had a farewell audience of the King and Queen, who treated me very graciously. His Majesty presented me with his portrait set in diamonds. The Emperor Alexander will probably depart to morrow, and the Archduke Anthony vary speedily. We cannot but hope that their presence here will facilitate a good understanding.
>
> (Signed) *Duroc*.

Whenever foreign armies were opposing France the hopes of the emigrants revived. They falsely imagined that the powers coalesced against Napoleon were labouring in their cause; and many of them entered the Russian and Austrian armies. Of this number was General Dumouriez. I received information that he had landed at Stade on the 21st of November; but whither he intended to proceed was not known. A man named St. Martin, whose wife lived with Dumouriez, and who had accompanied the general from England to Stade, came to Hamburg, where he observed great precautions for concealment, and bought two carriages, which were immediately forwarded to Stade. St, Martin himself immediately proceeded to the latter place. I was blamed for not having arrested this man; but he had a commission attesting that he was in the English service, and, as I have before mentioned; a foreign commission was a safeguard; and the only one which could not be violated in Hamburg.

In December 1805 the English recruiting in Hanover was kept up without interruption, and attended with extraordinary success. Sometimes a hundred men were raised in a day. The misery prevailing in Germany, which had been ravaged by the war, the hatred

against the French, and the high bounty that was offered enabled the English to procure as many men as they wished.

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The King of Sweden, meditating on the stir he should make in Hanover, took with him a camp printing-press to publish the bulletins of the grand Swedish army.—The first of these bulletins announced to Europe that his Swedish Majesty was about to leave Stralsund; and that his army would take up its position partly between Nelsen and Haarburg, and partly between Domitz and the frontiers of Hamburg.

Among the anecdotes of Napoleon connected with this campaign I find in my notes the following, which was related to me by Rapp. Some days before his entrance into Vienna Napoleon, who was riding on horseback along the road, dressed in his usual uniform of the chasseurs of the Guard, met an open carriage, in which were seated a lady and a priest. The lady was in tears, and Napoleon could not refrain from stopping to ask her what was the cause of her distress. "Sir," she replied, for she did not know the Emperor, "I have been pillaged at my estate, two leagues from hence, by a party of soldiers, who have murdered my gardener. I am going to seek your Emperor, who knows my family, to whom he was once under great obligations."—"What is your name?" inquired Napoleon.—"De Bunny," replied the lady. "I am the daughter of M de Marbeuf, formerly Governor of Corsica."—"Madame," exclaimed Napoleon, "I am the Emperor. I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you."—"You cannot conceive," continued Rapp, "the attention which the Emperor showed Madame de Bunny. He consoled her, pitied her, almost apologised for the misfortune she had sustained. 'Will you have the goodness, Madame,' said he, 'to go and wait for me at my head-quarters? I will join you speedily; every member of M. de Marbeuf's family has a claim on my respect.' The Emperor immediately gave her a picquet of chasseurs of his guard to escort her. He saw her again during the day, when he loaded her with attentions, and liberally indemnified her for the losses she had sustained."

For some time previous to the battle of Austerlitz the different corps of the army intersected every part of Germany and Italy, all tending towards Vienna as a central point. At the beginning of November the corps commanded by Marshal Bernadotte arrived at Saltzburg at the moment when the Emperor had advanced his headquarters to Braunau, where there were numerous magazines of artillery and a vast quantity of provisions of every kind. The junction of the corps commanded by Bernadotte in Hanover with the Grand Army was a point of such high importance that Bonaparte had directed the Marshal to come up with him as speedily as possible, and to take the shortest road. This order obliged Bernadotte to pass through the territory of the two Margravates.

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At that time we were at peace with Naples. In September the Emperor had concluded with Ferdinand *iv*. a treaty of neutrality. This treaty enabled Carra St. Cyr, who occupied Naples, to evacuate that city and to join Massena in Upper Italy; both reached the Grand Army on the 28th of November. But no sooner had the troops commanded by Carra St. Cyr quitted the Neapolitan territory than the King of Naples, influenced by his Ministers, and above all by Queen Caroline, broke the treaty of neutrality, ordered hostile preparations against France, opened his ports to the enemies of the Emperor, and received into his States 12,000 Russians and 8000 English. It was on the receipt of this news that Bonaparte, in one of his most violent bulletins, styled the Queen of Naples a second Fredegonda. The victory of Austerlitz having given powerful support to his threats, the fall of Naples was decided, and shortly after his brother Joseph was seated on the Neapolitan throne.

At length came the grand day when, to use Napoleon's expression, the Sun of Austerlitz rose. All our forces were concentrated on one point, at about 40 leagues beyond Vienna. There remained nothing but the wreck of the Austrian army, the corps of Prince Charles being by scientific manoeuvres kept at a distance from the line of operations; but the Russians alone were superior to us in numbers, and their army was almost entirely composed of fresh troops. The most extraordinary illusion prevailed in the enemy's camp. The north of Europe has its Gascons as well as the south of France, and the junior portion of the Russian army at this period assumed an absurd braggadocio tone. On the very eve of the battle the Emperor Alexander sent one of his aides de camp, Prince Dolgorouki, as a flag of truce to Napoleon. The Prince could not repress his self-sufficiency even in the presence of the Emperor, and Rapp informed me that on dismissing him the Emperor said, "If you were on 'the heights of Montmartre,' I would answer such impertinence only by cannon-balls." This observation was very remarkable, inasmuch as subsequent events rendered it a prophecy.

As to the battle itself, I can describe it almost as well as if I had witnessed it, for some time after I had the pleasure of seeing my friend Rapp, who was sent an a mission to Prussia. He gave me the following account:

"When we arrived at Austerlitz the Russians were not aware of the scientific plans which the Emperor had laid for drawing them upon the ground he had marked out; and seeing our advanced guards fall back before theirs they already considered themselves conquerors. They supposed that their Guard alone would secure an easy triumph. But the action commenced, and they experienced an energetic resistance on all points. At one o'clock the victory was yet uncertain, for they fought admirably. They wished to make a last effort by directing close masses against our centre. Their Imperial Guard deployed; their artillery,

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cavalry, and infantry marched upon a bridge which they attacked, and this movement, which was concealed by the rising and falling of the ground, was not observed by Napoleon. I was at that moment near the Emperor, awaiting his orders. We heard a well-maintained firing of musketry. The Russians were repulsing one of our brigades. The Emperor ordered me to take some of the Mamelukes, two squadrons of chasseurs, and one of grenadiers of the Guard, and to go and reconnoitre the state of things. I set off at full gallop, and soon discovered the disaster. The Russian cavalry had penetrated our squares, and was sabring our men. I perceived in the distance some masses of cavalry and infantry; which formed the reserve of the Russians. At that moment the enemy advanced to meet us, bringing with him four pieces of artillery, and ranged himself in order of battle. I had the brave Morland on my left, and General D'Allemagne on my right. 'Forward, my lads!' exclaimed I to my troop. 'See how your brothers and friends are being cut to pieces. Avenge them! avenge our flag! Forward!' These few words roused my men. We advanced as swiftly as our horses could carry us upon the artillery, which was taken. The enemy's cavalry, which awaited us firmly, was repulsed by the same shock, and fled in disorder, galloping as we did over the wrecks of our squares. The Russians rallied but a squadron of horse grenadiers came up to reinforce me, and thus enabled me to hold ground against the reserves of the Russian Guard. We charged again, and this charge was terrible. The brave Morland was killed by my, side. It was downright butchery. We were opposed man to man, and were so mingled together that the infantry of neither one nor the other side could venture to fire for fear of killing its own men. At length the intrepidity of our troops overcame every obstacle, and the Russians fled in disorder, in sight of the two Emperors of Russia and Austria, who had stationed themselves on a height in order to witness the battle. They saw a desperate one," said Rapp, "and I trust they were satisfied. For my part, my dear friend, I never spent so glorious a day. What a reception the Emperor gave me when I returned to inform him that we had won the battle! My sword was broken, and a wound which I received on my head was bleeding copiously, so that I was covered with blood! He made me a General of Division. The Russians did not return to the charge; we had taken all their cannon and baggage, and Prince Repnin was among the prisoners."

Thus it was that Rapp related to me this famous battle of which he was the hero, as Kellerman had been the hero of Marengo. What now remains of Austerlitz? The recollection, the glory, and the magnificent picture of Gerard, the idea of which was suggested to the Emperor by the sight of Rapp with the blood streaming from his wound.

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I cannot forbear relating here a few particulars which I learned from Rapp respecting his mission after the cure of his wound; and the marriage of Prince Eugene to the Princess Augusta of Bavaria. The friendship which Rapp cherished for me was of the most sincere kind. During my disgrace he did not even conceal it from Napoleon; and whoever knows anything of the Emperor's Court will acknowledge that that was a greater mark of courage than the carrying of a redoubt or making the most brilliant charge of cavalry. Rapp possessed courage of every kind, an excellent heart, and a downright frankness, which for a time brought him into disgrace with Napoleon. The only thing for which Rapp could be reproached was his extreme prejudice against the nobility, which I am convinced was the sole reason why he was not created a Duke. The Emperor made him a Count because he wished that all his aides de camp should have titles.

"He had been a fortnight at Schoenbrunn," said Rapp to me, "and I had not yet resumed my duties, when the Emperor sent for me. He asked me whether I was able to travel, and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, 'Go then, and give an account of the battle of Austerlitz to Marmont, and vex him for not having been at it.' I set off, and in conformity with the instructions I had received from the Emperor I proceeded to Gratz, where I found Marmont, who was indeed deeply mortified at not having had a share in the great battle. I told him, as the Emperor had directed me, that the negotiations were commenced, but that nothing was yet concluded, and that therefore, at all events, he must hold himself in readiness. I ascertained the situation of his army in Styria, and the amount of the enemy's force before him: The Emperor wished him to send a number of spies into Hungary, and to transmit to him a detailed report from their communications. I next proceeded to Laybach, where I found Massena at the head of the eighth corps, and I informed him that the Emperor wished him to march in all haste upon Vienna, in case he should hear of the rupture of the negotiations. I continued the itinerary marked out for me until I reached Venice, and thence till I met the troops of Carra St. Cyr, who had received orders to march back upon Naples as soon as the Emperor heard of the treachery of the King of Naples and the landing of the English and Russians. Having fulfilled these different missions I proceeded to Klagenfurth, where I saw Marshal Ney, and I afterwards rejoined the Emperor at Munich. There I had the pleasure of finding our friends assembled, and among them Josephine, still as affable and amiable as ever. How delighted I was when, an my arrival, I learned that the Emperor had adopted Eugene. I was present at his marriage with the Princess Augusta of Bavaria. As to me, you know I am not very fond of fetes, and the Emperor might have dispensed with my performing the duties of Chamberlain; Eugene had no idea of what was going on when the Emperor

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sent to desire his presence at Munich with all possible speed. He, too, remains unchanged; he is still our old comrade. At first he was not much pleased with the idea of a political marriage; but when he saw his bride he was quite enchanted; and no wonder, for I assure you she is a very charming woman."

CHAPTER IV.

1805.

Depreciation of the Bank paper—Ouvrard—His great discretion— Bonaparte's opinion of the rich—Ouvrard's imprisonment—His partnership with the King of Spain—His connection with Waalenberghe and Desprez—Bonaparte's return to Paris after the campaign of Vienna—Hasty dismissal of M. Barbe Marbois.

At the moment when the Emperor had reason to hope that the news of his extraordinary success would animate public spirit he was informed that considerable disquietude prevailed, and that the Bank of France was assailed by demands for the payment of its paper, which had fallen, more than 5 per cent. I was not ignorant of the cause of this decline. I had been made acquainted, through the commercial correspondence between Hamburg and Paris, with a great financial operation, planned by M. Ouvrard, in consequence of which he was to obtain piastres from Spanish America at a price much below the real value; and I had learned that he was obliged to support this enterprise by the funds which he and his partners previously employed in victualling the forces. A fresh investment of capital was therefore necessary for this service, which, when on a large scale, requires extensive advances, and the tardy payment of the Treasury at that period was well known.

I was well acquainted with M. Ouvrard, and in what I am about to say I do not think there will be found anything offensive or disagreeable to him. I observed the greater number of the facts to which I shall refer in their origin, and the rest I learned from M. Ouvrard himself, who, when he visited Hamburg in 1808, communicated to me a variety of details respecting his immense transaction with the King of Spain. Among other things I recollect he told me that hefore the 18th Brumaire he was possessed of 60,000,000, without owing a franc to any person.

This celebrated financier has been the object of great public attention. The prodigious variations of fortune which he has experienced, the activity of his life, the immense commercial operations in which he has been engaged; the extent and the boldness of his enterprises, render it necessary, in forming a judgment of M. Ouvrard, to examine his conduct with due care and deliberation. The son of a stationer, who was able merely through his own resources to play so remarkable a part, could be no ordinary man. It may be said of M. Ouvrard what Beaumarchais said of himself, that his life was

really a combat. I have known him long, and I saw much of him in his relations with Josephine. He always appeared to

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me to possess great knowledge of the world, accompanied by honourable principles, and a high degree of generosity, which added greatly to the value of his prudence and discretion. No human power, no consideration, not even the ingratitude of those whom he had obliged, could induce him to disclose any sacrifice which he had made at the time when, under the Directory, the public revenue may be said to have been always at the disposal of the highest bidder, and when no business could be brought to a conclusion except by him who set about it with his hands full of money. To this security, with which M. Ouvrard impressed all official persons who rendered him services, I attribute the facility with which he obtained the direction of the numerous enterprises in which he engaged, and which produced so many changes in his fortune. The discretion of M. Ouvrard was not quite agreeable to the First Consul, who found it impossible to extract from him the information he wanted. He tried every method to obtain from him the names of persons to whom he had given those kind of subsidies which in vulgar language are called sops in the pan, and by ladies pin money. Often have I seen Bonaparte resort to every possible contrivance to gain his object. He would sometimes endeavour to alarm M. Ouvrard by menaces, and at other times to flatter him by promises, but he was in no instance successful.

While we were at the Luxembourg, on, as I recollect, the 25th of January 1800, Bonaparte said to me during breakfast, “Bourrienne, my resolution is taken. I shall have Ouvrard arrested.”—“General, have you proofs against him?”—“Proofs, indeed! He is a money-dealer, a monopoliser; we must make him disgorge. All the contractors, the provision agents, are rogues. How have they made their fortunes? At the expense of the country, to be sure. I will not suffer such doings. They possess millions, they roll in an insolent luxury, while my soldiers have neither bread nor shoes! I will have no more of that! I intend to speak on the business to-day in the Council, and we shall see what can be done.”

I waited with impatience for his return from the Council to know what had passed. “Well, General?” said I “The order is given.” On hearing this I became anxious about the fate of M. Ouvrard, who was thus to be treated more like a subject of the Grand Turk than a citizen of the Republic; but I soon learned that the order had not been executed because he could not be found.

Next day I learned that a person, whom I shall not name, who was present at the Council, and who probably was under obligations to Ouvrard, wrote him a note in pencil to inform him of the vote for his arrest carried by the First Consul. This individual stepped out for a moment and despatched his servant with the note to Ouvrard. Having thus escaped the writ of arrest, Ouvrard, after a few days had passed over, reappeared, and surrendered himself prisoner. Bonaparte was at first furious on learning that he

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had got out of the way; but on hearing that Ouvrard had surrendered himself he said to me, “The fool! he does not know what is awaiting him! He wishes to make the public believe that he has nothing to fear; that his hands are clean. But he is playing a bad game; he will gain nothing in that way with me. All talking is nonsense. You may be sure, Bourrienne, that when a man has so much money he cannot have got it honestly, and then all those fellows are dangerous with their fortunes. In times of revolution no man ought to have more than 3,000,000 francs, and that is a great deal too much.”

Before going to prison Ouvrard took care to secure against all the searches of the police any of his papers which might have committed persons with whom he had dealings; and I believe that there were individuals connected with the police itself who had good reason for not regretting the opportunity which M. Ouvrard had taken for exercising this precaution. Seals, however, were put upon his papers; but on examining them none of the information Bonaparte so much desired to obtain was found. Nevertheless on one point his curiosity was satisfied, for on looking over the documents he found from some of them that Madame Bonaparte had been borrowing money from Ouvrard.

As Ouvrard had a great number of friends they bestirred themselves to get some person of influence to speak to the First Consul in his favour. But this was a commission no one was willing to undertake; because, prejudiced as Bonaparte was, the least hint of the kind would have appeared to him to be dictated by private interest. Berthier was very earnestly urged to interfere, but he replied, “That is impossible. He would say that it was underhand work to get money for Madame Visconti.”

I do not recollect to what circumstance Ouvrard was indebted for his liberty, but it is certain that his captivity did not last long. Sometime after he had left his prison Bonaparte asked him for 12,000,000, which M. Ouvrard refused.

On his accession to the Consulate Bonaparte found M. Ouvrard contractor for supplying the Spanish fleet under the command of Admiral Massaredo. This business introduced him to a correspondence with the famous Godoy, Prince of the Peace. The contract lasted three years, and M. Ouvrard gained by it a net profit of 15,000,000. The money was payable in piastres, at the rate of 3 francs and some centimes each, though the piastre was really worth 5 francs 40 centimes. But to recover it at this value it was necessary for M. Ouvrard to go and get the money in Mexico. This he was much inclined to do, but he apprehended some obstacle on the part of the First Consul, and, notwithstanding his habitual shrewdness, he became the victim of his over-precaution. On his application M. de Talleyrand undertook to ask the First Consul for authority to give him a passport. I was in the cabinet at the time, and I think I still hear the dry and decided “No,” which was

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all the answer M. de Talleyrand obtained. When we were alone the First Consul said to me, “Do you not see, Bourrienne, this Ouvrard must have made a good thing of his business with the Prince of the Peace? But the fool! Why did he get Talleyrand to ask me for a passport? That is the very thing that raised my suspicion. Why did he not apply for a passport as every one else does? Have I the giving of them? He is an ass; so much the worse for him.”

I was sorry for Ouvrard’s disappointment, and I own none the less so because he had intimated his willingness to give me a share in the business he was to transact its Spain; and which was likely to be very profitable. His brother went to Mexico in his stead.

In 1802 a dreadful scarcity afflicted France. M. Ouvrard took upon himself, in concert with Wanlerberghe, the task of importing foreign grain to prevent the troubles which might otherwise have been expected. In payment of the grain the foreign houses who sent it drew upon Ouvrard and Wanlerberghe for 26,000,000 francs in Treasury bills, which, according to the agreement with the Government, were to be paid. But when the bills of the foreign houses became due there was no money in the Treasury, and payment was refused. After six months had elapsed payment was offered, but on condition that the Government should retain half the profit of the commission! This Ouvrard and Wanlerberghe refused, upon which the Treasury thought it most economical to pay nothing, and the debt remained unsettled. Notwithstanding this transaction Ouvrard and Wanlerberghe engaged to victual the navy, which they supplied for six years and three months. After the completion of these different services the debt due to them amounted to 68,000,000.

In consequence of the long delay of, payment by the Treasury the disbursements for supplies of grain amounted at least to more than 40,000,000; and the difficulties which arose had a serious effect on the credit of the principal dealers with those persons who supplied them. The discredit spread and gradually reached the Treasury, the embarrassments of which augmented with the general alarm. Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and Seguin were the persons whose capital and credit rendered them most capable of relieving the Treasury, and they agreed to advance for that purpose 102,000,000, in return for which they were allowed bonds of the Receivers-General to the amount of 150,000,000. M. Desprez undertook to be the medium through which the 102,000,000 were to be paid into the Treasury, and the three partners transferred the bands to him.

Spain had concluded a treaty with France, by which she was bound to pay a subsidy of 72,000,000 francs, and 32,000,000 had become due without any payment being made: It was thought advisable that Ouvrard should be sent to Madrid to obtain a settlement, but he was afraid that his business in Paris would suffer during his absence, and especially the transaction in which he was engaged with Desprez. The Treasury satisfied him on this point by agreeing to sanction the bargain with Desprez, and

Ouvrard proceeded to Madrid. It was on this occasion he entered into the immense speculation for trading with Spanish America.

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Spain wished to pay the 32,000,000 which were due to France as soon as possible, but her coffers were empty, and goodwill does not ensure ability; besides, in addition to the distress of the Government, there was a dreadful famine in Spain. In this state of things Ouvrard proposed to the Spanish Government to pay the debt due to France, to import a supply of corn, and to advance funds for the relief of the Spanish Treasury. For this he required two conditions. (1.) The exclusive right of trading with America. (2.) The right of bringing from America on his own account all the specie belonging to the Crown, with the power of making loans guaranteed and payable by the Spanish Treasuries.

About the end of July 1805 the embarrassment which sometime before had begun to be felt in the finances of Europe was alarmingly augmented. Under these circumstances it was obviously the interest of Ouvrard to procure payment as soon as possible of the 32,000,000 which he had advanced for Spain to the French Treasury. He therefore redoubled his efforts to bring his negotiation to a favourable issue, and at last succeeded in getting a deed of partnership between himself and Charles *iv*. which contained the following stipulation:—"Ouvrard and Company are authorised to introduce into the ports of the New World every kind of merchandise and production necessary for the consumption of those countries, and to export from the Spanish Colonies, during the continuance of the war with England; all the productions and all specie derivable from them." This treaty was only to be in force during the war with England, and it was stipulated that the profits arising from the transactions of the Company should be equally divided between Charles *iv*. and the rest of the Company; that is to say, one-half to the King and the other half to his partners.

The consequences of this extraordinary partnership between a King and a private individual remain to be stated. On the signing of the deed Ouvrard received drafts from the Treasury of Madrid to the extent of 52,500,000 piastres; making 262,500,000 francs; but the piastres were to be brought from America, while the terms of the treaty required that the urgent wants of the Spanish Government should be immediately supplied, and, above all, the progress of the famine checked. To accomplish this object fresh advances to an enormous amount were necessary, for M. Ouvrard had to begin by furnishing 2,000,000 of quintals of grain at the rate of 26 francs the quintal. Besides all this, before he could realise a profit and be reimbursed for the advances he had made to the Treasury of Paris, he had to get the piastres conveyed from America to Europe. After some difficulty the English Government consented to facilitate the execution of the transaction by furnishing four frigates for the conveyance of the piastres.

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Ouvrard had scarcely completed the outline of his extraordinary enterprise when the Emperor suddenly broke up his camp at Boulogne to march to Germany. It will readily be conceived that Ouvrard's interests then imperatively required his presence at Madrid; but he was recalled to Paris by the Minister of the Treasury, who wished to adjust his accounts. The Emperor wanted money for the war on which he was entering, and to procure it for the Treasury Ouvrard was sent to Amsterdam to negotiate with the House of Hope. He succeeded, and Mr. David Parish became the Company's agent.

Having concluded this business Ouvrard returned in all haste to Madrid; but in the midst of the most flattering hopes and most gigantic enterprises he suddenly found himself threatened with a dreadful crisis. M. Desprez, as has been stated, had, with the concurrence of the Treasury, been allowed to take upon himself all the risk of executing the treaty, by which 150,000,000 were to be advanced for the year 1804, and 400,000,000 for the year 1805. Under the circumstances which had arisen the Minister of the Treasury considered himself entitled to call upon Ouvrard to place at his disposal 10,000,000 of the piastres which he had received from Spain. The Minister at the same time informed him that he had made arrangements on the faith of this advance, which he thought could not be refused at so urgent a moment.

The embarrassment of the Treasury, and the well-known integrity of the Minister, M. de Barbe Marbois, induced Ouvrard to remit the 10,000,000 piastres. But a few days after he had forwarded the money a Commissioner of the Treasury arrived at Madrid with a ministerial despatch, in which Ouvrard was requested to deliver to the Commissioner all the assets he could command, and to return immediately to Paris.

The Treasury was then in the greatest difficulty, and a general alarm prevailed. This serious financial distress was occasioned by the following circumstances. The Treasury had, by a circular, notified to the Receivers-General that Desprez was the holder of their bonds. They were also authorised to transmit to him all their disposable funds, to be placed to their credit in an account current. Perhaps the giving of this authority was a great error; but, be that as it may, Desprez, encouraged by the complaisance of the Treasury, desired the Receivers-General to transmit to him all the sums they could procure for payment of interest under 8 per cent., promising to allow them a higher rate of interest. As the credit of the house of Desprez stood high, it may be easily conceived that on such conditions the Receivers-General, who were besides secured by the authority of the Treasury, would enter eagerly into the proposed plan. In short, the Receivers-General soon transmitted very considerable sums. Chests of money arrived daily from every point of France. Intoxicated by this success, Desprez engaged in speculations which in his situation

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were extremely imprudent. He lent more than 50,000,000 to the merchants of Paris, which left him no command of specie. Being obliged to raise money, he deposited with the Bank the bonds of the Receivers-General which had been consigned to him, but which were already discharged by the sums transmitted to their credit in the account current. The Bank, wishing to be reimbursed for the money advanced to Desprez, applied to the Receivers-General whose bonds were held an security. This proceeding had become necessary on the part of the Bank, as Desprez, instead of making his payments in specie, sent in his acceptances. The Directors of the Bank, who conducted that establishment with great integrity and discretion, began to be alarmed, and required Desprez to explain the state of his affairs. The suspicions of the Directors became daily stronger, and were soon shared by the public. At last the Bank was obliged to stop payment, and its notes were soon at a discount of 12 per cent.

The Minister of the Treasury, dismayed, as well may be supposed, at such a state of things during the Emperor's absence, convoked a Council, at which Joseph Bonaparte presided, and to which Desprez and Wanlerberghe were summoned. Ouvrard being informed of this financial convulsion made all possible haste from Madrid, and on his arrival at Paris sought assistance from Amsterdam. Hope's house offered to take 15,000,000 piastres at the rate of 3 francs 75 centimes each. Ouvrard having engaged to pay the Spanish Government only 3 francs, would very willingly have parted with them at that rate, but his hasty departure from Madrid, and the financial events at Paris, affected his relations with the Spanish Treasury, and rendered it impossible for him to afford any support to the Treasury of France; thus the alarm continued, until the news of the battle of Austerlitz and the consequent hope of peace tranquillised the public mind. The bankruptcy of Desprez was dreadful; it was followed by the failure of many houses, the credit of which was previously undoubted.

To temper the exultation which victory was calculated to excite, the news of the desperate situation of the Treasury and the Bank reached the Emperor on the day after the battle of Austerlitz. The alarming accounts which he received hastened his return to France; and on the very evening on which he arrived in Paris he pronounced, while ascending the stairs of the Tuileries, the dismissal of M. de Barbs Marbois. This Minister had made numerous enemies by the strict discharge of his duty, and yet, notwithstanding his rigid probity, he sunk under the accusation of having endangered the safety of the State by weakness of character. At this period even Madame de Stael said, in a party where the firmness of M. Barbs Marbois was the topic of conversation—-"What, he inflexible? He is only a reed bronzed!" But whatever may be the opinion entertained of the character of this Minister, it is certain that Napoleon's rage against him was unbounded. Such was the financial catastrophe which occurred during the campaign of Vienna; but all was not over with Ouvrard, and in so great a confusion of affairs it was not to be expected that the Imperial hand, which was not always the hand of justice, should not make itself somewhere felt.

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In the course of the month of February 1806 the Emperor issued two decrees, in which he declared Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and Michel, contractors for the service of 1804, and Desprez their agent, debtors to the amount of 87,000,000, which they had misapplied in private speculations, and in transactions with Spain “for their personal interests.” Who would not suppose from this phrase that Napoleon had taken no part whatever in the great financial operation between Spain and South America? He was, however, intimately acquainted with it, and was himself really and personally interested. But whenever any enterprise was unsuccessful he always wished to deny all connection with it. Possessed of title-deeds made up by himself—that is to say, his own decrees—-the Emperor seized all the piastres and other property belonging to the Company, and derived from the transaction great pecuniary advantage,—though such advantage never could be regarded by a sovereign as any compensation for the dreadful state into which the public credit had been brought.

CHAPTER V

1805-1806.

Declaration of Louis XVIII.—Dumouriez watched—News of a spy— Remarkable trait of courage and presence of mind—Necessity of vigilance at Hamburg—The King of Sweden—His bulletins—Doctor Gall —Prussia covets Hamburg—Projects on Holland —Negotiations for peace—Mr. Fox at the head of the British Cabinet—Intended assassination of Napoleon—Propositions made through Lord Yarmouth —Proposed protection of the Hanse towns—Their state— Aggrandisement of the Imperial family—-Neither peace nor war— Sebastiani’s mission to Constantinople—Lord Lauderdale at Paris, and failure of the negotiations—Austria despoiled—Emigrant pensions—-Dumouriez’s intrigues—Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin— Loizeau.

I have been somewhat diffuse respecting the vast enterprises of M. Ouvrard, and on the disastrous state of the finances during the campaign of Vienna. Now, if I may so express myself, I shall return to the Minister Plenipotentiary’s cabinet, where several curious transactions occurred. The facts will not always be given in a connected series, because there was no more relation between the reports which I received on a great variety of subjects than there is in the pleading of the barristers who succeed each other in a court of justice.

On the 2d of January 1806 I learned that many houses in Hamburg had received by post packets, each containing four copies of a declaration of Louis XVIII. Dumouriez had his carriage filled with copies of this declaration when he passed through Brunswick; and in that small town alone more than 3000 were distributed. The size of this declaration rendered its transmission by post very easy, even in France.

All my letters from the Minister recommended that I should keep a strict watch over the motions of Dumouriez; but his name was now as seldom mentioned as if he had ceased to exist. The part he acted seemed to be limited to disseminating pamphlets more or less insignificant.

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It is difficult to conceive the great courage and presence of mind sometimes found in men so degraded as are the wretches who fill the office of spies. I had an agent amongst the Swedo-Russians, named Chefneux, whom I had always found extremely clever and correct. Having for a long time received no intelligence from him I became very anxious,—an anxiety which was not without foundation. He had, in fact, been arrested at Lauenburg, and conducted, bound, tied hand and foot, by some Cossacks to Luneburg. There was found on him a bulletin which he was about to transmit to me, and he only escaped certain death by having in his possession a letter of recommendation from a Hamburg merchant well known to M. Alopaeus, the Russian Minister in that city. This precaution, which I had taken before he set out, saved his life. M. Alopaeus replied to the merchant that, in consequence of his recommendation the spy should be sent back safe and sound, but that another time neither the recommended nor the recommender should escape so easily. Notwithstanding this, Chefneux would certainly have paid with his head for the dangerous business in which he was embarked but for the inconceivable coolness he displayed under the most trying circumstances. Though the bulletin which was found upon him was addressed to M. Schramm, merchant, they strongly suspected that it was intended for me. They demanded of the prisoner whether he knew me; to which he boldly replied that he had never seen me. They endeavoured, by every possible means, to extort a confession from him, but without success. His repeated denials, joined to the name of M. Schramm, created doubts in the minds of his interrogators; they hesitated lest they should condemn an innocent man. They, however, resolved to make a last effort to discover the truth, and Chefneux, condemned to be shot, was conducted to the plain of Luneburg. His eyes were bandaged, and he heard the command of preparation given to the platoon, which was to fire upon him; at that moment a man approaching him whispered in his ear, in a tone of friendship and compassion, “They are going to fire; but I am your friend; only acknowledge that you know M. de Bourrienne and you are safe.”—“No,” replied Chefneux in a firm tone; “if I said so I should tell a falsehood.” Immediately the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he was set at liberty. It would be difficult to cite a more extraordinary instance of presence of mind.

Much as I execrate the system of espionage I am nevertheless compelled to admit that the Emperor was under the necessity of maintaining the most unremitting vigilance amidst the intrigues which were going forward in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, especially when the English, Swedes, and Russians were in arms, and there were the strongest grounds for suspecting the sincerity of Prussia.

On the 5th of January 1806 the King of Sweden arrived before the gates of Hamburg. The Senate of that city, surrounded on all sides by English, Swedish, and Russian troops, determined to send a deputation to congratulate the Swedish monarch, who, however, hesitated so long about receiving this homage that fears were entertained lest his refusal should be followed by some act of aggression. At length, however, the deputies were admitted, and they returned sufficiently well satisfied with their reception.

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The King of Sweden then officially declared, “That all the arrangements entered into with relation to Hanover had no reference to hint, as the Swedish army was under the immediate command of its august sovereign.”

The King, with his 6000 men, seemed inclined to play the part of the restorer of Germany, and to make himself the Don Quixote of the treaty of Westphalia. He threatened the Senate of Hamburg with the whole weight of his anger, because on my application the colours which used to be suspended over the door of the house for receiving Austrian recruits had been removed. The poor Senate of Hamburg was kept in constant alarm by so dangerous a neighbour.

The King of Sweden had his headquarters at Boetzenburg, on the northern bank of the Elbe. In order to amuse himself he sent for Dr. Gall, who was at Hamburg, where he delivered lectures on his system of phrenology, which was rejected in the beginning by false science and prejudice, and afterwards adopted in consequence of arguments, in my opinion, unanswerable. I had the pleasure of living some time with Dr. Gall, and I owe to the intimacy which subsisted between us the honour he conferred on me by the dedication of one of his works. I said to him, when he departed for the headquarters of the King of Sweden, “My dear doctor, you will certainly discover the bump of vanity.” The truth is, that had the doctor at that period been permitted to examine the heads of the sovereigns of Europe they would have afforded very curious craniological studies.

It was not the King of Sweden alone who gave uneasiness to Hamburg; the King of Prussia threatened to seize upon that city, and his Minister publicly declared that it would very soon belong to his master. The Hamburgers were deeply afflicted at this threat; in fact, next to the loss of their independence, their greatest misfortune would have been to fall under the dominion of Prussia, as the niggardly fiscal system of the Prussian Government at that time would have proved extremely detrimental to a commercial city. Hanover, being evacuated by the French troops, had become a kind of recruiting mart for the British army, where every man who presented himself was enrolled, to complete the Hanoverian legion which was then about to be embodied. The English scattered gold by handfuls. One hundred and fifty carriages, each with six horses, were employed in this service, which confirmed me in the belief I had previously entertained, that the English were to join with the Russians in an expedition against Holland. The aim of the Anglo-Russians was to make a diversion which might disconcert the movements of the French armies in Germany, the allies being at that time unacquainted with the peace concluded at Presburg. Not a moment was therefore to be lost in uniting the whole of our disposable force for the defence of Holland; but it is not of this expedition that I mean to speak at present. I only mention it to afford some idea of our situation at Hamburg, surrounded, as we then were, by Swedish, English, and Russian troops. At this period the Russian Minister at Hamburg, M. Forshmann, became completely insane; his conduct had been more injurious than advantageous to his Government. He was replaced by M. Alopcous, the Russian Minister at Berlin; and they could not have exchanged a fool for a more judicious and able diplomatist.

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I often received from the Minister of Marine letters said packets to transmit to the Isle of France,(Mauritius) of which the Emperor was extremely anxious to retain possession; and I had much trouble in finding any vessels prepared for that colony by which I could forward the Minister's communications. The death of Pitt and the appointment of Fox as his successor had created a hope of peace. It was universally known that Mr. Fox, in succeeding to his office, did not inherit the furious hatred of the deceased Minister against France and her Emperor. There moreover existed between Napoleon and Mr. Fox a reciprocal esteem, and the latter had shown himself really disposed to treat. The possibility of concluding a peace had always been maintained by that statesman when he was in opposition to Mr. Pitt; and Bonaparte himself might have been induced, from the high esteem he felt for Mr. Fox, to make concessions from which he would before have recoiled. But there were two obstacles, I may say almost insurmountable ones. The first was the conviction on the part of England that any peace which might be made would only be a truce, and that Bonaparte would never seriously relinquish his desire of universal dominion. On the other side, it was believed that Napoleon had formed the design of invading England. Had he been able to do so it would have been less with the view of striking a blow at her commerce and destroying her maritime power, than of annihilating the liberty of the press, which he had extinguished in his own dominions. The spectacle of a free people, separated only by six leagues of sea, was, according to him, a seductive example to the French, especially to those among them who bent unwillingly under his yoke.

At an early period of Mr. Fox's ministry a Frenchman made the proposition to him of assassinating the Emperor, of which information was immediately transmitted to M. de Talleyrand. In this despatch the Minister said that, though the laws of England did not authorise the permanent detention of any individual not convicted of a crime, he had on this occasion taken it on himself to secure the miscreant till such time as the French Government could be put on its guard against his attempts. Mr. Fox said in his letter that he had at first done this individual "the honour to take him for a spy," a phrase which sufficiently indicated the disgust with which the British Minister viewed him.

This information was the key which opened the door to new negotiations. M. de Talleyrand was ordered to express, in reply to the communication of Mr. Fox, that the Emperor was sensibly affected at the index it afforded of the principles by which the British Cabinet was actuated. Napoleon did not limit himself to this diplomatic courtesy; he deemed it a favourable occasion to create a belief that he was actuated by a sincere love of peace. He summoned to Paris Lord Yarmouth, one of the most distinguished amongst the English who had been so unjustly detained

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prisoners at Verdun on the rupture of the peace of Amiens. He gave his lordship instructions to propose to the British Government a new form of negotiations, offering to guarantee to England the Cape of Good Hope and Malta. Some have been inclined from this concession to praise the moderation of Bonaparte; others to blame him for offering to resign these two places, as if the Cape and Malta could be put in competition with the title of Emperor, the foundation of the Kingdom of Italy, the acquisition of Genoa and of all the Venetian States, the dethronement of the King of Naples and the gift of his kingdom to Joseph, and finally, the new partition of Germany. These transactions, of which Bonaparte said not a word, and from which he certainly had no intention of departing, were all long after the treaty of Amiens.

Every day brought with it fresh proofs of insatiable ambition. In fact, Napoleon longed to obtain possession of the Hanse Towns. I was, however, in the first place, merely charged to make overtures to the Senates of each of these towns, and to point out the advantages they would derive from the protection of Napoleon in exchange for the small sacrifice of 6,000,000 francs in his favour. I had on this subject numerous conferences with the magistrates: they thought the sum too great, representing, to me that the city was not so rich as formerly, because their commerce had been much curtailed by the war; in short, the Senate declared that, with the utmost goodwill, their circumstances would not permit them to accept the “generous proposal” of the Emperor.

I was myself, indeed, at a loss to conceive how the absurdity of employing me to make such a proposition was overlooked, for I had, really no advantage to offer in return to the Hanse Towns. Against whom did Bonaparte propose to protect them? The truth is, Napoleon then wished to seize these towns by direct aggression, which, however, he was not able to accomplish until four years afterwards.

During five years I witnessed the commercial importance of these cities, and especially of Hamburg. Its geographical situation, on a great river navigable by large vessels to the city, thirty leagues from the mouth of the Elbe; the complete independence it enjoyed; its municipal regulations and paternal government, were a few amongst the many causes which had raised Hamburg to its enviable height of prosperity. What, in fact, was the population of these remnants of the grand Hanseatic League of the Middle Ages? The population of Hamburg when I was there amounted to 90,000, and that of its small surrounding territory to 25,000. Bremen had 36,000 inhabitants, and 9000 in its territory; the city of Lubeck, which is smaller and its territory a little more extensive than that of Bremen, contained a population of 24,000 souls within and 16,000 without the walls. Thus the total population of the Hanse Towns amounted to only 200,000 individuals; and yet this handful of men carried on an extensive commerce, and their ships ploughed every sea, from the shores of India to the frozen regions of Greenland.

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The Emperor arrived at Paris towards the end of January 1806. Having created kings in Germany he deemed the moment favourable for surrounding his throne with new princes. It was at this period that he created Murat, Grand Duke of Cleves and Berg; Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte-Corvo; M. de Talleyrand, Duke of Benevento; and his two former colleagues, Cambaceres and Lebrun, Dukes of Parma and Piacenza. He also gave to his sister Pauline, a short time after her second marriage with the Prince Borghese, the title of Duchess of Guastalla. Strange events! who could then have foreseen that the duchy of Cambaceres would become the refuge of a Princess of Austria, the widowed wife of Napoleon Bonaparte? In the midst of the prosperity of the Imperial family, when the eldest of the Emperor's brothers had ascended the throne of Naples, when Holland was on the eve of being offered to Louis, and Jerome had exchanged his legitimate wife for the illegitimate throne of Westphalia, the Imperial pillow was still far from being free from anxiety. Hostilities did not actually exist with the Continental powers; but this momentary state of repose lacked the tranquillity of peace. France was at war with Russia and England, and the aspect of the Continent presented great uncertainty, while the treaty of Vienna had only been executed in part. In the meantime Napoleon turned his eyes towards the East. General Sebastiani was sent to Constantinople. The measures be pursued and his judicious conduct justified the choice of the Emperor. He was adroit and conciliating, and peace with Turkey was the result of his mission. The negotiations with England did not terminate so happily, although, after the first overtures made to Lord Yarmouth, the Earl of Lauderdale had been sent to Paris by Mr. Fox. In fact, these negotiations wholly failed. The Emperor had drawn enormous sums from Austria, without counting the vases, statues, and pictures. With which he decorated the Louvre, and the bronze with which he clothed the column of the Place Vendome,—in my opinion the finest monument of his reign and the most beautiful one in Paris. As Austria was exhausted all the contributions imposed on her could not be paid in cash, and they gave the Emperor bills in payment. I received one for about 7,000,000 on Hamburg on account of the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg.

The affairs of the Bourbon Princes became more and more unfavourable, and their finances, as well as their chances of success, were so much diminished that about this period it was notified to the emigrants in Brunswick that the pretender (Louis XVIII.) had no longer the means of continuing their pensions. This produced great consternation amongst those emigrants, many of whom had no other means of existence; and notwithstanding their devotion to the cause of royalty they found a pension very useful in strengthening their zeal.

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—[When Louis XVIII. returned to France, and Fouche was his Minister of Police, the King asked Fouche whether during his (the King's) exile, had not set spies over him, and who they were. Fouche hesitated to reply, but the King insisting he said: "If your Majesty presses for an answer, it was the Due de Blacas to whom this matter was confided."—"And how much did you pay him?" said the King. "Deux cents mille livres de rents, Sire."—"Ah, so!" said the King, "then he has played fair; we went halves."—-Henry Greville's Diary, p. 430.]—

Amongst those emigrants was one whose name will occupy a certain place in history; I mean Dumouriez, of whom I have already spoken, and who had for some time employed himself in distributing pamphlets. He was then at Stralsund; and it was believed that the King of Sweden would give him a command. The vagrant life of this general, who ran everywhere hegging employment from the enemies of his country without being able to obtain it, subjected him to general ridicule; in fact, he was everywhere despised.

To determine the difficulties which had arisen with regard to Holland, which Dumouriez dreamed of conquering with an imaginary army, and being discontented besides with the Dutch for not rigorously excluding English vessels from their ports, the Emperor constituted the Batavian territory a kingdom under his brother Louis. When I notified to the States of the circle of Lower Saxony the accession of Louis Bonaparte to the throne of Holland, and the nomination of Cardinal Fesch as coadjutor and successor of the Arch-chancellor of the Germanic Empire, along with their official communications, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was the only member of the circle who forebore to reply, and I understood he had applied to the Court of Russia to know "whether" and "how" he should reply. At the same time he made known to the Emperor the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte Frederica, with Prince Christian Frederick of Denmark.

At this period it would have been difficult to foresee the way in which this union would terminate. The Prince was young and handsome, and of an amiable disposition, which seemed to indicate that he would prove a good husband. As for the Princess, she was as beautiful as love; but she was heedless and giddy; in fact, she was a spoiled child. She adored her husband, and during several years their union proved happy. I had the honour of knowing them at the period when the Duke of Mecklenburg, with his family, sought refuge at Altona. Before leaving that town the Duchess of Mecklenburg, a Princess of Saxony, paid a visit to Madame de Bourrienne and loaded her with civilities. This Princess was perfectly amiable, and was therefore generally regretted when, two years afterwards, death snatched her from her family. Before leaving Altona the Duke of Mecklenburg gave some parties by way of bidding adieu to Holstein, where he had been so kindly received; and I can never forget the distinguished reception and many kindnesses Madame de Bourrienne and myself received from that illustrious family.

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It consisted of the hereditary Prince, so distinguished by his talents and acquirements (he was at that time the widower of a Grand Duchess of Russia, a sister of the Emperor Alexander), of Prince Gustavus, so amiable and graceful, and of Princess Charlotte and her husband, the Prince Royal of Denmark.

This happy couple were far from foreseeing that in two years they would be separated for ever. The Princess was at this period in all the splendour of her beauty; several fetes were given on her account on the banks of the Elbe, at which the Prince always opened the ball with Madame de Bourrienne. Notwithstanding her amiability the Princess Charlotte was no favourite at the Danish Court. Intrigues were formed against her. I know not whether any foundation existed for the calumnies spread to her disadvantage, but the Court dames accused her of great levity of conduct, which, true or false, obliged her husband to separate from her; and at the commencement of 1809 he sent her to Altona, attended by a chamberlain and a maid of honour. On her arrival she was in despair; hers was not a silent grief, for she related her story to every one. This unfortunate woman really attracted pity, as she shed tears for her son, three years of age, whom she was doomed never again to behold. But her natural levity returned; she did not always maintain the reserve suitable to her rank, and some months afterwards was sent into Jutland, where I believe she still lives.

The enemies of the French Government did not confine themselves to writing and publishing invectives against it. More than one wretch was ready to employ daggers against the Emperor. Among this number was a man named Louis Loizeau, recently arrived from London. He repaired to Altona, there to enjoy the singular privilege which that city afforded of sheltering all the ruffians, thieves, and bankrupts who fled from the justice of their own Governments. On the 17th of July Loizeau presented himself to Comte de Gimel, who resided at Altona, as the agent of the Comte de Lille. He offered to repair to Paris and assassinate the Emperor. Comte de Gimel rejected the proposal with indignation; and replied, that if he had no other means of serving the Bourbons than cowardly assassination he might go elsewhere and find confederates. This fact, which was communicated to me by a friend of M. de Gimel, determined me to arrest Loizeau. Not being warranted, however, to take this step at Altona, I employed a trusty agent to keep watch, and draw him into a quarrel the moment he should appear on the Hamburg side of a public walk which divides that city from Altona, and deliver him up to the nearest Hamburg guard-house. Loizeau fell into the snare; but finding that he was about to be conducted from the guardhouse to the prison of Hamburg, and that it was at my request he had been arrested, he hastily unloosed his cravat, and tore with his teeth the papers it contained, part of which he swallowed. He also endeavoured to tear some

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other papers which were concealed under his arm, but was prevented by the guard. Furious at this disappointment, he violently resisted the five soldiers who had him in custody, and was not secured until he had been slightly wounded. His first exclamation on entering prison was, “I am undone!” Loizeau was removed to Paris, and, though I am ignorant of the ultimate fate of this wretch, I am pretty certain that Fouche would take effectual means to prevent him from doing any further mischief.

CHAPTER VI.

1806.

Menaces of Prussia—Offer for restoring Hanover to England—Insolent ultimatum—-Commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia— Battle of Auerstadt—Death of the Duke of Brunswick—Bernadotte in Hamburg—Davonet and Bernadotte—The Swedes at Lubeck—Major Amiel— Service rendered to the English Minister at Hamburg —My appointment of Minister for the King of Naples—New regulation of the German post-office—The Confederation of the North—Devices of the Hanse Towns—-Occupation of Hamburg in the name of the Emperor—Decree of Berlin—The military governors of Hamburg—Brune, Michaud, and Bernadotte.

The moment now approached when war was about to be renewed in Germany, and in proportion as the hopes of peace diminished Prussia redoubled her threats, which were inspired by the recollection of the deeds of the great Frederick. The idea of peace was hateful to Prussia. Her measures, which till now had been sufficiently moderate, suddenly assumed a menacing aspect on learning that the Minister of the King of England had declared in Parliament that France had consented to the restitution of Hanover. The French Ministry intimated to the Prussian Government that this was a preliminary step towards a general peace, and that a large indemnity would be granted in return. But the King of Prussia, who was well informed, and convinced that the House of Hanover clung to this ancient domain, which gave to England a certain preponderance in Germany, considered himself trifled with, and determined on war.

Under these circumstances Lord Lauderdale was recalled from Paris by his Government. War continued with England, and was about to commence with Prussia. The Cabinet of Berlin sent an ultimatum which could scarcely be regarded in any other light than a defiance, and from the well-known character of Napoleon we may judge of his irritation at this ultimatum.

—[The severity with which Bonaparte treated the press may be inferred from the case of Palm the publisher. In 1808 Johann Phillip Palm, of Nuremberg, was shot by Napoleon’s order for issuing a pamphlet against the rule of the French in Germany.]—

The Emperor, after his stay of eight months in Paris passed in abortive negotiations for peace, set out on the 25th of September for the Rhine.

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Hostilities commenced on the 10th of October 1806 between France and Prussia, and I demanded of the Senate that a stop should be put to the Prussians recruiting. The news of a great victory gained by the Emperor over the Prussians on the 14th of October reached Hamburg on the 19th, brought by some fugitives, who gave such exaggerated accounts of the loss of the French army that it was not until the arrival of the official despatches on the 28th of October that we knew whether to mourn or to rejoice at the victory of Jena.

The Duke of Brunswick, who was dangerously wounded at the battle of Auerstadt, arrived on the 29th of October at Altona.—[This Prince was in the seventy-second year of his age, and extremely infirm.]—His entrance into that city afforded a striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune. That Prince entered Altona on a wretched litter, borne by ten men, without officers, without domestics, followed by a troop of vagabonds and children, who were drawn together by curiosity. He was lodged in a wretched inn, and so much worn out by fatigue and the pain of his eyes that on the day after his arrival a report of his death very generally prevailed. Doctor Unzer was immediately sent for to attend the unfortunate Duke, who, during the few days that he survived his wounds, saw no one else except his wife, who arrived on the 1st of November. He expired on the 10th of the same month.

—[For the mistimed but rather pathetic belief of the old dying Duke in the courtesy with which he and his States would be treated by the French, see Beugnot, tome 1. p. 80: "I feel sure that there is a courier of the Emperor's on the road to know how I am."]—

At this juncture Bernadotte returned to Hamburg. I asked him how I was to account for his conduct while he was with Davoust, who had left Nuremberg to attack the Prussian army; and whether it was true that he had refused to march with that general, and afterwards to aid him when he attacked the Prussians on the Weimar road. "The letters I received," observed I, "state that you took no part in the battle of Auerstadt; that I did not believe, but I suppose you saw the bulletin which I received a little after the battle, and which stated that Bonaparte said at Nuremberg, in the presence of several officers, 'Were I to bring him before a court-martial he would be shot. I shall say nothing to him about it, but I will take care he shall know what I think of his behaviour. He has too keen a sense of honour not to be aware that he acted disgracefully."—"I think him very likely," rejoined Bernadotte, "to have made these observations. He hates me because he knows I do not like him; but let him speak to me and he shall have his answer. If I am a Gascon, he is a greater one. I might have felt piqued at receiving something like orders from Davoust, but I did my duty."

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—[The complaints of Bernadotte's conduct on the 14th of October 1806. when he gave no assistance to Davoust in repulsing the main body of the Prussians at Aneratadt, are well known. Jomini says that Davoust proposed to Bernadotte to march with him, and even offered him the command of the two corps. Bernadotte refused, and marched away to Dornburg, where he was of no use, "his obstinacy, difficult to explain, nearly compromised both Davoust and the success of the battle;" See also Thiers (tome vii. p. 172), who attributes Bernadotte's conduct to a profound aversion for Davoust conceived on the most frivolous grounds. Bernadotte had frequently given cause of complaint to Napoleon in the two campaigns of 1806 and 1806. In the movement on Vienna Napoleon considered he showed want of activity and of zeal. These complaints seem to have been made in good faith, for in a letter to Bernadotte's brother-in-law, Joseph, Napoleon suggests that health may have been the causes (Du Cases, tome i. p. 322). Bernadotte was equally unfortunate in putting in his appearance too late at Eylan (see Due de Rovigo's Memoirs, tome ii. p. 48), and also incurred the displeasure of Napoleon at Wagram (see later on).]—

In the beginning of November the Swedes entered Lubeck; but on the 8th of that month the town was taken by assault, and the Swedes, as well as the rest of the corps which had escaped from Jena, were made prisoners.

A troop of Prussians had advanced within four leagues of Hamburg, and that town had already prepared for a vigorous resistance, in case they should attempt an entrance, when Major Amiel attacked them at Zollenspieker and made some prisoners. Hamburg was, however, threatened with another danger, for Major Amiel expressed his intention of entering with all his prisoners, notwithstanding the acknowledged neutrality of the town. Amiel was a partisan leader in the true sense of the word; he fought rather on his own account than with the intention of contributing to the success of the operations of the army. His troop did not consist of more than forty men, but that was more than sufficient to spread terror and devastation in the surrounding villages. He was a bold fellow, and when, with his handful of men, he threw himself upon Hamburg, the worthy inhabitants thought he had 20,000 troops with him. He had pillaged every place through which he passed, and brought with him 300 prisoners, and a great many horses he had taken on his road. It was night when he presented himself at the gates of the city, which he entered alone, having left his men and booty at the last village. He proceeded to the French Embassy. I was not there at the time, but I was sent for, and about seven o'clock in the evening I had my first interview with the Major. He was the very, beau ideal of a bandit, and would have been an admirable model for a painter. I was not at all surprised to hear that on his arrival his wild appearance and huge mustachios

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had excited some degree of terror among those who were in the salon. He described his exploits on the march, and did not disguise his intention of bringing his troops into Hamburg next day. He talked of the Bank and of pillage. I tried for some time to divert him from this idea, but without effect, and at length said to him, “Sir, you know that this is not the way the Emperor wishes to be served. During the seven years that I have been about him, I have invariably heard him express his indignation against those who aggravate the misery which war naturally brings in her train. It is the express wish of the Emperor that no damage, no violence whatever, shall be committed on the city or territory of Hamburg.” These few words produced a stronger effect than any entreaties I could have used, for the mere name of the Emperor made even the boldest tremble, and Major Amiel next thought of selling his booty. The Senate were so frightened at the prospect of having Amiel quartered upon them that to get rid of him they determined to purchase his booty at once, and even furnished him with guards for his prisoners. I did not learn till some time afterwards that among the horses Major Amiel had seized upon the road were those of the Countess Walmoden. Had I known this fact at the time I should certainly have taken care to have had them restored to her. Madame Walmoden was then a refugee at Hamburg, and between her and my family a close intimacy existed. On the very day, I believe, of the Major’s departure the Senate wrote me a letter of thanks for the protection I afforded the town.

Before the commencement of the Prussian campaign, while anxiety was entertained respecting the designs of the Cabinet of Berlin, my task was not an easy one. I exerted all my efforts to acquaint the French Government with what was passing on the Spree. I announced the first intelligence of an unexpected movement which had taken place among the Prussian troops cantoned in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. They suddenly evacuated Lauenburg, Platzburg, Haarburg, Stade, Twisenfelth, and Cuxhaven. This extraordinary movement gave rise to a multitude of surmises. I was not wrong when I informed the French Government that, according to every probability, Prussia was about to declare hostilities against France, and to enter into an alliance with England.

I much regretted that my situation did not allow me more frequent opportunities of meeting Mr. Thornton, the English Minister to the circle of Lower Saxony. However; I saw him sometimes, and had on two different occasions the opportunity of rendering him some service. Mr. Thornton had requested me to execute a little private business for him, the success of which depended on the Emperor. I made the necessary communication to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, adding in my letter that Mr. Thornton’s conduct towards the French who had come in any way in contact with him had ever been just and liberal, and that I should receive great pleasure in being able to announce to him the success of his application. His request was granted.

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On another occasion Mr. Thornton applied to me for my services, and I had once more the pleasure of rendering them. He wished to procure some information respecting an Englishman named Baker, who had gone to Terracina, in the Campagna di Roma, for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was there arrested, without any cause assigned, by order of the commandant of the French troops in Terracina. The family of Mr. Baker, not having heard from him for some months, became very uneasy respecting him, for they had not the least idea of his arrest. His relations applied to Mr. Thornton, and that gentleman, notwithstanding the circumstances which, as I have stated, prevented our frequent intercourse, hesitated not a moment in requesting me to furnish him with some information respecting his countryman. I lost no time in writing to M. Alquier, our Ambassador at Rome, and soon enabled Mr. Thornton to ease the apprehension of Mr. Baker's friends.

I had every opportunity of knowing what was passing in Italy, for I had just been invested with a new dignity. As the new King of Naples, Joseph, had no Minister in Lower Saxony, he wished that I should discharge the function of Minister Plenipotentiary for Naples. His Ministers accordingly received orders to correspond with me upon all business connected with his government and his subjects. The relations between Hamburg and Naples were nearly nil, and my new office made no great addition to my labours.

I experienced, however, a little more difficulty in combining all the post-offices of Hamburg in the office of the Grand Duchy of Berg, thus detaching them from the offices of Latour and Taxis, so named after the German family who for a length of time had had the possession of them, and who were devoted to Austria.

After some days of negotiation I obtained the suppression of these offices, and their union with the postoffice of the Grand Due de Berg (Murat), who thus received letters from Italy, Hungary, Germany, Poland, part of Russia, and the letters from England for these countries.

The affair of the post-offices gained for me the approbation of Napoleon. He expressed his satisfaction through the medium of a letter I received from Duroc, who at the same time recommended me to continue informing the Emperor of all that was doing in Germany with relation to the plans of the Confederation of the North. I therefore despatched to the Minister for Foreign Affairs a detailed letter, announcing that Baron Grote, the Prussian Minister at Hamburg, had set off on a visit to Bremen and Lubeck. Among those who accompanied him on this excursion was a person wholly devoted to me; and I knew that Baron Grote's object was to offer to these towns verbal propositions for their union with the Confederation of the North, which the King of Prussia wished to form as a counterpoise to the Confederation of the Rhine, just created by Napoleon. Baron Grote observed the strictest secrecy in all his movements. He showed, in confidence, to those to whom he addressed himself, a letter from M. Haugwitz, the Minister of the King of Prussia,

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—[In July 1806, after Austerlitz, Napoleon had formed the “Confederation du Rhin.” to include the smaller States of Germany, who threw off all connection with the German Empire, and formed a Confederation furnishing a considerable army.]——[The Emperor of Germany, Francis *il*, had already in 1804, on Napoleon taking the title of Emperor, declared himself Hereditary Emperor of Austria. After the formation of the Rhenish Confederation and Napoleon’s refusal to acknowledge the German Empire any longer, he released the States of the Holy Roman Empire from their allegiance, declared the Empire dissolved, and contented himself with the title of Emperor of Austria, as Francis I.]—

who endeavoured to point out to the Hanse Towns how much the Confederation of the North would turn to their advantage, it being the only means of preserving their liberty, by establishing a formidable power. However, to the first communication only an evasive answer was returned. M. Van Sienen, the Syndic of Hamburg, was commissioned by the Senate to inform the Prussian Minister that the affair required the concurrence of the burghers, and that before he could submit it to them it would be necessary to know its basis and conditions. Meanwhile the Syndic Doormann proceeded to Lubeck, where there was also a deputy from Bremen. The project of the Confederation, however, never came to anything.

I scrupulously discharged the duties of my functions, but I confess I often found it difficult to execute the orders I received, and more than once I took it upon myself to modify their severity. I loved the frank and generous character of the Hamburgers, and I could not help pity the fate of the Hanse Towns, heretofore so happy, and from which Bonaparte had exacted such immense sacrifices.

On the principal gate of the Hanse Towns is inscribed the following motto, well expressing the pacific spirit of the people: ’Da nobis pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris’. The paternal and elected government, which did everything to secure the happiness of these towns, was led to believe that the sacrifices imposed on them would be recompensed by the preservation of their neutrality. No distrust was entertained, and hope was kept alive by the assurances given by Napoleon. He published in the Moniteur that the Hanse Towns could not be included in any particular Confederation. He thus strangled in its birth the Confederation of the North, to which those feeble States would otherwise have been obliged to consent. When in 1806 Napoleon marched against Prussia, he detached Marshal Mortier from the Grand Army when it had passed the Rhine, and directed him to invade the Electorate of Hesse, and march on Hamburg. On the 19th of November the latter town was occupied by the French army in the name of the Emperor, amidst the utmost order and tranquillity.

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I must acknowledge that I was under much apprehension as to this event. At the intelligence of the approach of the French army consternation was great and universal in Hamburg, which was anxious to maintain its neutrality unimpaired. At the urgent request of the magistrates of the city I assumed functions more than diplomatic, and became, in some respects, the first magistrate of the town. I went to meet Marshal Mortier to endeavour to dissuade him from entering. I thought I should by this means better serve the interests of France than by favouring the occupation of a neutral town by our troops. But all my remonstrances were useless. Marshal Mortier had received formal orders from the Emperor.

No preparations having been made at Hamburg for the reception of Marshal Mortier, he quartered himself and his whole staff upon me. The few troops he had with him were disposed of in my courtyard, so that the residence of a Minister of peace was all at once converted into headquarters. This state of things continued until a house was got ready for the Marshal.

Marshal Mortier had to make very rigorous exactions, but my representations suspended for a while Napoleon's orders for taking possession of the Bank of Hamburg. I am here bound to bear testimony to the Marshal's honourable principles and integrity of character. The representations which I had sent to Marshal Mortier were transmitted by the latter to the Emperor at Berlin; and Mortier stated that he had suspended the execution of the orders until he should receive others. The Emperor approved of this. It was, indeed, a happy event for France and for Europe, even more so than for Hamburg. Those who suggested to the Emperor the idea of pillaging that fine establishment must have been profoundly ignorant of its importance. They thought only of the 90,000,000 of marks banco deposited in its cellars.

By the famous decree of Berlin, dated 21st November 1806, Mortier was compelled to order the seizure of all English merchandise in the Hanse Towns, but he enforced the decree only so far as to preserve the appearance of having obeyed his orders.

Mortier, on leaving Hamburg for Mecklenburg, was succeeded by General Michaud, who in his turn was succeeded by Marshal Brune in the beginning of 1807. I am very glad to take the present opportunity of correcting the misconceptions which arose through the execution of certain acts of Imperial tyranny. The truth is, Marshal Brune, during his government, constantly endeavoured to moderate, as far as he could, the severity of the orders he received. Bernadotte became Governor of Hamburg when the battle of Jena rendered Napoleon master of Prussia and the north of Germany.

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The Prince of Ponte-Corvo lightened, as far as possible, the unjust burdens and vexations to which that unfortunate town was subject. He never refused his assistance to any measures which I adopted to oppose a system of ruin and persecution. He often protected Hamburg against exorbitant exactions, The Hanse Towns revived a little under his government, which continued longer than that of Mortier, Michaud, and Brune. The memory of Bernadotte will always be dear to the Hamburgers; and his name will never be pronounced without gratitude. His attention was especially directed to moderate the rigour of the custom-houses; and perhaps the effect which his conduct produced on public opinion may be considered as having, in some measure, led to the decision which, four years after, made him Hereditary Prince of Sweden.

CHAPTER VII.

1806.

Ukase of the Emperor of Russia—Duroc's mission to Weimar— Napoleon's views defeated—Triumphs of the French armies—Letters from Murat—False report respecting Murat—Resemblance between Moreau and M. Billand—Generous conduct of Napoleon —His interview with Madame Hatzfeld at Berlin—Letter from Bonaparte to Josephine— Blucher my prisoner—His character—His confidence in the future fate of Germany—- Prince Paul of Wurtemberg taken prisoner—His wish to enter the French service—- Distinguished emigrants at Altona— Deputation of the Senate to the Emperor at Berlin —The German Princes at Altona—Fauche-Boiel and the Comte de Gimel.

In September 1806 it became very manifest that, as soon as war should break out between France and Prussia, Russia would not be slow in forming an alliance with the latter power. Peace had, however, been reestablished between Napoleon and Alexander by virtue of a treaty just signed at Paris. By that treaty Russia was to evacuate the Bouches du Cattaro,—[The Bouches do Cattaro, on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, had formed part of the Dalmatian possessions of Venice.]—a condition with which she was in no hurry to comply. I received a number of the Court Gazette of St. Petersburg, containing a ukase of the Emperor of Russia, in which Alexander pointed out the danger which again menaced Europe, showed the necessity of adopting precautions for general tranquillity and the security of his own Empire, and declared his determination of not only completing but augmenting his army. He therefore ordered a levy of four men out of every 500 inhabitants.

Before the commencement of hostilities Duroc was sent to the King of Prussia with the view of discovering whether there was any possibility of renewing negotiations; but affairs were already too much embarrassed. All Duroc's endeavours were in vain, and perhaps it was no longer in the power of the King of Prussia to avoid war with France. Besides, he had just grounds of offence against the Emperor. Although the latter had given him Hanover in exchange for the two Margravates, he had, nevertheless, offered

to England the restoration of that province as one of the terms of the negotiations commenced with Mr. Fox. This underhand work was not unknown to the Berlin Cabinet, and Napoleon's duplicity rendered Duroc's mission useless. At this time the King of Prussia was at Weimar.

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Victory everywhere favoured the French arms. Prince Hohenlohe, who commanded a corps of the Prussian army, was forced to capitulate at Prentzlau. After this capitulation General Blucher took the command of the remains of the corps, to which he joined the troops whose absence from Prentzlau exempted them from the capitulation. These corps, added to those which Blucher had at Auerstadt, were then almost the only ramparts of the Prussian monarchy. Soult and Bernadotte received orders from Murat to pursue Blucher, who was using all his efforts to draw from Berlin the forces of those two generals. Blucher marched in the direction of Lubeck.

General Murat pursued the wreck of the Prussian army which had escaped from Saxony by Magdeburg. Blucher was driven upon Lubeck. It was very important to the army at Berlin that this numerous corps should be destroyed, commanded as it was by a skillful and brave general, who drew from the centre of the military operations numerous troops, with which he might throw himself into Hanover, or Hesse, or even Holland, and by joining the English troops harass the rear of the Grand Army. The Grand Duke of Berg explained to me his plans and expectations, and soon after announced their fulfilment in several letters which contained, among other things, the particulars of the taking of Lubeck.

In two of these letters Murat, who was probably deceived by his agents, or by some intriguer, informed me that General Moreau had passed through Paris on the 12th of October, and had arrived in Hamburg on the 28th of October. The proof which Murat possessed of this circumstance was a letter of Fauche-Borel, which he had intercepted. I recollect a curious circumstance which serves to show the necessity of mistrusting the vague intelligence furnished to persons in authority. A fortnight before I received Murat's first letter a person informed me that General Moreau was in Hamburg. I gave no credit to this intelligence, yet I endeavoured to ascertain whether it had any foundation, but without effect. Two days later I was assured that an individual had met General Moreau, that he had spoken to him, that he knew him well from having served under him—together with various other circumstances, the truth of which there appeared no reason to doubt. I immediately sent for the individual in question, who told me that he knew Moreau, that he had met him, that the General had inquired of him the way to the Jungfersteige (a promenade at Hamburg), that he had pointed it out to him, and then said, "Have I not the honour to speak to General Moreau?" upon which the General answered, "Yes, but say nothing about having seen me; I am here incognito." All this appeared to me so absurd that, pretending not to know Moreau, I asked the person to describe him to me. He described a person bearing little resemblance to Moreau, and added that he wore a braided French coat and the national cockade in his hat. I instantly perceived the whole was a mere scheme

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for getting a little money. I sent the fellow about his business. In a quarter of an hour after I had got rid of him M. la Chevardiere called on me, and introduced M. Billaud, the French Consul at Stettin. This gentleman wore a braided coat and the national cockade in his hat. He was the hero of the story I had heard from the informer. A slight personal resemblance between the Consul and the General had caused several persons to mistake them for each other.

During the Prussian campaign nothing was talked of throughout Germany but Napoleon's generous conduct with respect to Prince Hatzfeld. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of a letter which the Emperor wrote to Josephine on the subject, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. In conformity with the inquisitorial system which too frequently characterised the Emperor's government, and which he extended to every country of which he had military possession, the first thing done on entering a town was to take possession of the post-office, and then, Heaven knows how little respect was shown to the privacy of correspondence. Among the letters thus seized at Berlin and delivered to Napoleon was one addressed to the King of Prussia by Prince Hatzfeld, who had imprudently remained in the Prussian capital. In this letter the Prince gave his Sovereign an account of all that had occurred in Berlin since he had been compelled to quit at; and at the same time he informed him of the force and situation of the corps of the French army. The Emperor, after reading this letter, ordered that the Prince should be arrested, and tried by a court-martial on the charge of being a spy.

The Court was summoned, and little doubt could be entertained as to its decision when Madame Hatzfeld repaired to Duroc, who on such occasions was always happy when he could facilitate communication with the Emperor. On that day Napoleon had been at a review. Duroc knew Madame Hatzfeld, whom he had several times seen on his visits to Berlin. When Napoleon returned from the review he was astonished to see Duroc at the palace at that hour, and inquired whether he had brought any news. Duroc answered in the affirmative, and followed the Emperor into his Cabinet, where he soon introduced Madame Hatzfeld. The remainder of the scene is described in Napoleon's letter. It may easily be perceived that this letter is an answer to one from Josephine reproaching him for the manner in which he spoke of women, and very probably of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, respecting whom he had expressed himself with too little respect in one of his bulletins. The following is Napoleon's letter:—

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I have received your letter, in which you seem to reproach me for speaking ill of women. It is true that I dislike female intriguers above all things. I am used to kind, gentle, and conciliatory women. I love them, and if they have spoiled me it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have done an act of kindness to one deserving woman. I allude to Madame de Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter she stood weeping, and in a tone of mingled grief and ingenuousness said, "It is indeed his writing!" This went to my heart, and I said, "Well, madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband." She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband now is safe: two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are simple, gentle, and amiable; because they alone resemble you.

November 6, 1806, 9 o'clock P.M.

When Marshal Bernadotte had driven Blucher into Lubeck and made him prisoner, he sent to inform me of the circumstance; but I was far from, expecting that the prisoner would be confided to my charge. Such, however, was the case. After his capitulation he was sent to Hamburg, where he had the whole city for his prison.

I was curious to become acquainted with this celebrated man, and I saw him very frequently. I found that he was an enthusiastic Prussian patriot—a brave man, enterprising even to rashness, of limited education, and almost to an incredible degree devoted to pleasure, of which he took an ample share while he remained in Hamburg. He sat an enormous time at table, and, notwithstanding his exclusive patriotism, he rendered full justice to the wines of France. His passion for women was unbounded, and one of his most favourite sources of amusement was the gaming-table, at which he spent a considerable portion of his time. Blucher was of an extremely gay disposition; and considered merely as a companion he was very agreeable. The original style of his conversation pleased me much. His confidence in the deliverance of Germany remained unshaken in spite of the disasters of the Prussian army. He often said to me, "I place great reliance on the public spirit of Germany—on the enthusiasm which prevails in our universities. The events of war are daily changing, and even defeats con tribute to nourish in a people sentiments of honour and national glory. You may depend upon it that when a whole nation is determined to shake off a humiliating yoke it will succeed. There is no doubt but we shall end by having a landwehr very different from any militia to which the subdued spirit of the French people could give birth. England will always lend us the support of her navy and her subsidies, and we will renew alliances with Russia and Austria. I can pledge myself to the truth of a fact of which I have certain knowledge, and you may rely upon it; namely, that none of the allied powers engaged in

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the present war entertain views of territorial aggrandisement. All they unanimously desire is to put an end to the system of aggrandisement which your Emperor has established and acts upon with such alarming rapidity. In our first war against France, at the commencement of your Revolution, we fought for questions respecting the rights of sovereigns, for which, I assure you, I care very little; but now the case is altered, the whole population of Prussia makes common cause with its Government. The people fight in defence of their homes, and reverses destroy our armies without changing the spirit of the nation. I rely confidently on the future because I foresee that fortune will not always favour your Emperor. It is impossible; but the time will come when all Europe, humbled by his exactions, and impatient of his depredations, will rise up against him. The more he enslaves nations, the more terrible will be the reaction when they break their chains. It cannot be denied that he is tormented with an insatiable desire of acquiring new territories. To the war of 1805 against Austria and Russia the present war has almost immediately succeeded. We have fallen. Prussia is occupied; but Russia still remains undefeated. I cannot foresee what will be the termination of the war; but, admitting that the issue should be favourable to you, it will end only to break out again speedily. If we continue firm, France, exhausted by her conquests, must in the end fall. You may be certain of it. You wish for peace. Recommend it! By so doing You will give strong proofs of love for your country."

In this strain Blucher constantly spoke to me; and as I never thought it right to play the part of the public functionary in the drawing-room I replied to him with the reserve necessary in my situation. I could not tell him how much my anticipations frequently coincided with his; but I never hesitated to express to him how much I wished to see a reasonable peace concluded.

Blucher's arrival at Hamburg was preceded by that of Prince Paul of Wutrtemberg, the second son of one of the two kings created by Napoleon, whose crowns were not yet a year old. This young Prince, who was imbued with the ideas of liberty and independence which then prevailed in Germany, had taken a headlong step. He had quitted Stuttgart to serve in the Prussian campaign without having asked his father's permission, which inconsiderate proceeding might have drawn Napoleon's anger upon the King of Wurtemberg. The King of Prussia advanced Prince Paul to the rank of general, but he was taken prisoner at the very commencement of hostilities. Prince Paul was not, as has been erroneously stated, conducted to Stuttgart by a captain of gendarmerie. He came to Hamburg, where I received many visits from him. He did not yet possess very definite ideas as to what he wished; for after he was made prisoner he expressed to me his strong desire to enter the French service, and often asked me to solicit for him an interview with the Emperor. He obtained this interview, and remained for a long time in Paris, where I know he has frequently resided since the Restoration.

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The individuals whom I had to observe in Hamburg gave me much less trouble than our neighbours at Altona. The number of the latter had considerably augmented, since the events of the war had compelled a great number of emigrants who had taken refuge at Munster to leave that town. They all proceeded to Altona. Conquered countries became as dangerous to them as the land which they had forsaken. The most distinguished amongst the individuals assembled at Altona were Vicomte de Sesmaisons, the Bailly d'Hautefeuille, the Duchess of Luxembourg, the Marquis de Bonnard, the Due d'Aumont (then Due de Villequier), the wife of Marshal de Brogue and her daughter, Cardinal de Montmorency, Madame de Cosse, her two daughters and her son (and a priest), and the Bishop of Boulogne.

Bonaparte stayed long enough at Berlin to permit of the arrival of a deputation from the French Senate to congratulate him on his first triumphs. I learned that in this instance the Senatorial deputation, departing from its accustomed complaisance, ventured not to confine itself to compliments and felicitations, but went so far as to interfere with the Emperor's plan of the campaign, to speak of the danger that might be incurred and finally to express a desire to in passing the Oder, see peace concluded. Napoleon received this communication with a very bad grace. He thought the Senators very bold to meddle with his affairs, treated the conscript fathers of France as if they had been inconsiderate youths, protested, according to custom, his sincere love of peace, and told the deputation that it was Prussia, backed by Russia, and not he, who wished for war!

All the German Princes who had taken part against Napoleon fled to Altona after the battle of Jena with as much precipitation as the emigrants themselves. The Hereditary Prince of Weimar, the Duchess of Holstein, Prince Belmonte-Pignatelli, and a multitude of other persons distinguished for rank and fortune, arrived there almost simultaneously. Among the persons who took refuge in Altona were some intriguers, of whom Fauche-Borel was one. I remember receiving a report respecting a violent altercation which Fauche had the audacity to enter into with Comte de Gimel because he could not extort money from the Count in payment of his intrigues. Comte de Gimel had only funds for the payment of pensions, and, besides, he had too much sense to suppose there was any utility in the stupid pamphlets of Fauche-Borel, and therefore he dismissed him with a refusal. Fauche was insolent, which compelled Comte de Gimel to send him about his business as he deserved. This circumstance, which was first communicated to me in a report, has since been confirmed by a person who witnessed the scene. Fauche-Borel merely passed through Hamburg, and embarked for London on board the same ship which took Lord Morpeth back to England.

—[Louis Fauche-Borel (1762-1829), a Swiss who devoted himself to the cause of the Royalists. As Louis stepped on the shore of France in 1814, Fauche-Borel was ready to assist him from the boat, and was met with the gracious remark that he was always at hand when a service was required. His services were however left unrewarded]—

CHAPTER VIII.

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1806.

Alarm of the city of Hamburg—The French at Bergdorf—Favourable orders issued by Bernadotte—Extortions in Prussia—False endorsements—Exactions of the Dutch—-Napoleon's concern for his wounded troops—Duroc's mission to the King of Prussia—-Rejection of the Emperor's demands—My negotiations at Hamburg—Displeasure of the King of Sweden—M. Netzel and M. Wetteratedt.

At this critical moment Hamburg was menaced on all sides; the French even occupied a portion of its territory. The French troops, fortunately for the country, were attached to the corps commanded by the Prince de Ponte-Corvo. This military occupation alarmed the town of Hamburg, to which, indeed, it proved very injurious. I wrote to Marshal Bernadotte on the subject. The grounds on which the Senate appealed for the evacuation of their territory were such that hernadotte could not but acknowledge their justice. The prolonged stay of the French troops in the bailiwick of Bergdorf, which had all the appearance of an occupation, might have led to the confiscation of all Hamburg property in England, to the laying an embargo on the vessels of the Republic, and consequently to the ruin of a great part of the trade of France and Holland, which was carried on under the flag of Hamburg. There was no longer any motive for occupying the bailiwick of Bergdorf when there were no Prussians in that quarter. It would have been an absurd misfortune that eighty men stationed in that bailiwick should, for the sake of a few louis and a few ells of English cloth, have occasioned the confiscation of Hamburg, French, and Dutch property to the amount of 80,000,000 francs.

Marshal Bernadotte replied to me on the 16th of November, and said, "I hasten to inform you that I have given orders for the evacuation of the bailiwick of Bergdorf and all the Hamburg territory. If you could obtain from the Senate of Hamburg, by the 19th of this month, two or three thousand pairs of shoes, you would oblige me greatly. They shall be paid for in goods or in money."

I obtained what Bernadotte required from the Senate, who knew his integrity, while they were aware that that quality was not the characteristic of all who commanded the French armies! What extortions took place during the occupation of Prussia! I will mention one of the means which, amongst others, was employed at Berlin to procure money. Bills of exchange were drawn, on which endorsements were forged, and these bills were presented to the bankers on whom they were purported to be drawn. One day some of these forged bills to a large amount were presented to Messrs. Mathiesen and Silleine of Hamburg, who, knowing the endorsement to be forged, refused to cash them. The persons who presented the bills carried their impudence so far as to send for the gendarmes, but the bankers persisted in their refusal. I was informed of this almost incredible scene, which had drawn together a great number of people.

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Indignant at such audacious robbery, I instantly proceeded to the spot and sent away the gendarmes, telling them it was not their duty to protect robbers, and that it was my business to listen to any just claims which might be advanced. Under Clarke's government at Berlin the inhabitants were subjected to all kinds of oppression and exaction. Amidst these exactions and infamous proceedings, which are not the indispensable consequences of war, the Dutch generals distinguished themselves by a degree of rapacity which brought to mind the period of the French Republican peculations in Italy. It certainly was not their new King who set the example of this conduct. His moderation was well known, and it was as much the result of his disposition as of his honest principles. Louis Bonaparte, who was a King in spite of himself, afforded an example of all that a good man could suffer upon a usurped throne.

When the King of Prussia found himself defeated at every point he bitterly repented having undertaken a war which had delivered his States into Napoleon's power in less time than that in which Austria had fallen the preceding year. He wrote to the Emperor, soliciting a suspension of hostilities. Rapp was present when Napoleon received the King of Prussia's letter. "It is too late," said he; "but, no matter, I wish to stop the effusion of blood; I am ready to agree to anything which is not prejudicial to the honour or interests of the nation." Then calling Duroc, he gave him orders to visit the wounded, and see that they wanted for nothing. He added, "Visit every man on my behalf; give them all the consolation of which they stand in need; afterwards find the King of Prussia, and if he offers reasonable proposals let me know them."

Negotiations were commenced, but Napoleon's conditions were of a nature which was considered inadmissible. Prussia still hoped for assistance from the Russian forces. Besides, the Emperor's demands extended to England, who at that moment had no reason to accede to the pretensions of France. The Emperor wished England to restore to France the colonies which she bad captured since the commencement of the war, that Russia should restore to(o) the Porte Moldavia and Wallachia, which she then occupied; in short, he acted upon the advice which some tragedy-king gives to his ambassador: "Demand everything, that you may obtain nothing." The Emperor's demands were, in fact, so extravagant that it was scarcely possible he himself could entertain the hope of their being accepted. Negotiations, alternately resumed and abandoned, were carried on with coldness on both sides until the moment when England prevailed on Russia to join Prussia against France; they then altogether ceased: and it was for the sake of appearing to wish for their renewal, on bases still more favourable to France, that Napoleon sent Duroc to the King of Prussia. Duroc found the King at Osterode, on the other side of the Vistula. The only answer he received from His Majesty was, "The time is passed;" which was very much like Napoleon's observation; "It is too late."

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Whilst Duroc was on his mission to the King of Prussia I was myself negotiating at Hamburg. Bonaparte was very anxious to detach Sweden from the coalition, and to terminate the war with her by a separate treaty. Sweden, indeed, was likely to be very useful to him if Prussia, Russia, and England should collect a considerable mass of troops in the north. Denmark was already with us, and by gaining over Sweden also the union of those two powers might create a diversion, and give serious alarm to the coalition, which would be obliged to concentrate its principal force to oppose the attack of the grand army in Poland. The opinions of M. Peyron, the Swedish Minister at Hamburg, were decidedly opposed to the war in which his sovereign was engaged with France. I was sorry that this gentleman left Hamburg upon leave of absence for a year just at the moment I received my instructions from the Emperor upon this subject. M. Peyron was succeeded by M. Netzel, and I soon had the pleasure of perceiving that his opinions corresponded in every respect with those of his predecessor.

As soon as he arrived M. Netzel sought an interview to speak to me on the subject of the Swedes, who had been taken prisoners on the Drave. He entreated me to allow the officers to return to Sweden on their parole. I was anxious to get Netzel's demand acceded to, and availed myself of that opportunity to lead him gradually to the subject of my instructions. I had good reason to be satisfied with the manner in which he received my first overtures. I said nothing to him of the justice of which he was not previously convinced. I saw he understood that his sovereign would have everything to gain by a reconciliation with France, and he told me that all Sweden demanded peace. Thus encouraged, I told him frankly that I was instructed to treat with him. M. Netzel assured me that M. de Wetterstedt, the King of Sweden's private secretary, with whom he was intimate, and from whom he showed me several letters, was of the same opinion on the subject as himself. He added, that he had permission to correspond with the King, and that he would; write the same evening to his sovereign and M.. de Wetterstedt to acquaint them with our conversation.

It will be perceived, from what I have stated, that no negotiation was ever commenced under more favourable auspices; but who could foresee what turn the King of Sweden would take? That unlucky Prince took M. Netzel's letter in very ill part, and M. de Wetterstedt himself received peremptory orders to acquaint M. Netzel with his sovereign's displeasure at his having presumed to visit a French Minster, and, above all, to enter into a political conversation with him, although it was nothing more than conversation. The King did not confine himself to reproaches; M. Netzel came in great distress to inform me he had received orders to quit Hamburg immediately, without even awaiting the arrival of his successor. He regarded his disgrace as complete. I had the pleasure of seeing M. Netzel again in 1809 at Hamburg, where he was on a mission from King Charles XIII.

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CHAPTER IX.

1806

The Continental system—General indignation excited by it—Sale of licences by the French Government—Custom-house system at Hamburg— My letter to the Emperor—-Cause of the rupture with Russia— Bernadotte's visit to me—Trial by court-martial for the purchase of a sugar-loaf—Davoust and the captain "rapporteur"—Influence of the Continental system on Napoleon's fall.

I have a few remarks to make on the famous Continental system, which was a subject of such engrossing interest. I had, perhaps, better opportunities than any other person of observing the fraud and estimating the fatal consequences of this system. It took its rise during the war in 1806, and was brought into existence by a decree; dated from Berlin. The project was conceived by weak counsellors, who; perceiving the Emperor's just indignation at the duplicity of England, her repugnance to enter, into negotiations with him, and her constant endeavours to raise enemies against France, prevailed upon him to issue the decree, which I could only regard as an act of madness and tyranny. It was not a decree, but fleets, that were wanting. Without a navy it was ridiculous to declare the British Isles in a state of blockade, whilst the English fleets were in fact blockading all the French ports. This declaration was, however, made in the Berlin Decree. This is what was called the Continental system! which, in plain terms, was nothing but a system of fraud and pillage.

One can now scarcely conceive how Europe could for a single day endure that fiscal tyranny which extorted exorbitant prices for articles which the habits of three centuries had rendered indispensable to the poor as well as to the rich. So little of truth is there in the pretence that this system had for its sole and exclusive object to prevent the sale of English goods, that licences for their disposal were procured at a high price by whoever was rich enough to pay for them. The number and quality of the articles exported from France were extravagantly exaggerated. It was, indeed, necessary to take out some of the articles is compliance with the Emperor's wishes, but they were only thrown into the sea. And yet no one had the honesty to tell the Emperor that England sold on the continent but bought scarcely anything. The speculation in licences was carried to a scandalous extent only to enrich a few, and to satisfy the short-sighted views of the contrivers of the system.

This system proves what is written in the annals of the human heart and mind, that the cupidity of the one is insatiable, and the errors of the other incorrigible. Of this I will cite an example, though it refers to a period posterior to the origin of the Continental system. In Hamburg, in 1811, under Davoust's government, a poor man had well-nigh been shot for having introduced into the department of the Elbe a small loaf of sugar for

the use of his family, while at the same moment Napoleon was perhaps signing a licence for the importation of a million of sugar-loaves.

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—[In this same year (1811) Murat, as King of Naples, not only winked at the infringement of the Continental system, but almost openly broke the law himself. His troops in Calabria and all round his immense line sea coast, carried on an active trade with Sicilian and English smugglers. This was so much the case that an officer never set out from Naples to join, without, being, requested by his wife, his relations or friends, to bring them some English muslins, some sugar and coffee, together with a few needles, pen-knives, and razors. Some of the Neapolitan officers embarked in really large commercial operations, going shares with the custom house people who were there to enforce the law, and making their soldiers load and unload the contraband vessels. The Comte de -----, a French officer on Murat's staff, was very noble, but very poor, and excessively extravagant. After making several vain efforts to set him up in the world, the King told him one day he would give him the command of the troops round the Gulf of Salerno; adding that the devil was in it if he could not make a fortune in such a capital smuggling district, in a couple of years.—The Count took the hint, and did make a fortune.—Editor 1836 edition.]—

Smuggling on a small scale was punished with death, whilst the Government themselves carried it on extensively. The same cause filled the Treasury with money, and the prisons with victims:

The custom-house laws of this period, which waged open war against rhubarb, and armed the coasts of the Continent against the introduction of senna, did not save the Continental system from destruction. Ridicule attended the installation of the odious prevotal courts. The president of the Prevotal Court at Hamburg, who was a Frenchman, delivered an address, in which he endeavoured to prove that in the time of the Ptolemies there had existed extraordinary fiscal tribunals, and that it was to those Egypt owed her prosperity. Terror was thus introduced by the most absurd folly. The ordinary customhouse officers, formerly so much abhorred in Hamburg, declared with reason that they would soon be regretted, and than the difference between them and the prevotal courts would soon be felt. Bonaparte's counsellors led him to commit the folly of requiring that a ship which had obtained a licence should export merchandise equivalent to that of the colonial produce to be imported under the authority of the licence. What was the consequence? The speculators bought at a low price old stores of silk-which change of fashion had made completely unsaleable, and as those articles were prohibited in England they were thrown into the sea without their loss being felt. The profits of the speculation made ample amends for the sacrifice. The Continental system was worthy only of the ages of ignorance and barbarism, and had it been admissible in theory, was impracticable in application.

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—[Sydney Smith was struck with the, ridiculous side of the war of tariffs: “We are told that the Continent is to be reconquered by the want of rhubarb and plums.” (Essays of Sydney Smith, p. 533, edition of 1861).]—

It cannot be sufficiently stigmatised. They were not the friends of the Emperor who recommended a system calculated to rouse the indignation of Europe, and which could not fail to create reaction. To tyrannize over the human species, and to exact uniform admiration and submission, is to require an impossibility. It would seem that fate, which had still some splendid triumphs in store for Bonaparte, intended to prepare beforehand the causes which were to deprive him of all his triumphs at once, and plunge him into reverses even greater than the good fortune which had favoured his elevation.

The prohibition of trade, the habitual severity in the execution of this odious system, made it operate like a Continental impost. I will give a proof of this, and I state nothing but what came under my own observation. The fiscal regulations were very rigidly enforced at Hamburg, and along the two lines of Cuxhaven and Travemunde. M. Eudel, the director of that department, performed his duty with zeal and disinterestedness. I feel gratified in rendering him this tribute. Enormous quantities of English merchandise and colonial produce were accumulated at Holstein, where they almost all arrived by way of Kiel and Hudsum, and were smuggled over the line at the expense of a premium of 33 and 40 per cent. Convinced of this fact by a thousand proofs, and weary of the vexations of the preventive system, I took upon myself to lay my opinions on the subject before the Emperor. He had given me permission to write to him personally, without any intermediate agency, upon everything that I might consider essential to his service. I sent an extraordinary courier to Fontainebleau, where he then was, and in my despatch I informed him that, notwithstanding his preventive guard, every prohibited article was smuggled in because the profits on the sale in Germany, Poland, Italy, and even France, into which the contrabrand goods found their way, were too considerable not to induce persons to incur all risks to obtain them. I advised him, at the very time he was about to unite the Hanse Towns to the French Empire, to permit merchandise to be imported subject to a duty of 33 per cent., which was about equal to the amount of the premium for insurance. The Emperor adopted my advice without hesitation, and in 1811 the regulation produced a revenue of upwards of 60,000,000 francs in Hamburg alone.

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This system, however, embroiled us with Sweden and Russia, who could not endure that Napoleon should enact a strict blockade from them, whilst he was himself distributing licences in abundance. Bernadotte, on his way to Sweden, passed through Hamburg in October 1810. He stayed with me three days, during which time he scarcely saw any person but myself. He asked my opinion as to what he should do in regard to the Continental system. I did not hesitate to declare to him, not as a French Minister, but as a private individual to his friend, that in his place, at the head of a poor nation, which could only subsist by the exchange of its territorial productions with England, I would open my ports, and give the Swedes gratuitously that general licence which Bonaparte sold in detail to intrigue and cupidity.

The Berlin decree could not fail to cause a reaction against the Emperor's fortune by raising up whole nations against him. The hurling of twenty kings from their thrones would have excited less hatred than this contempt for the wants of nations. This profound ignorance of the maxims of political economy caused general privation and misery, which in their turn occasioned general hostility. The system could only succeed in the impossible event of all the powers of Europe honestly endeavouring to carry it into effect. A single free port would have destroyed it. In order to ensure its complete success it was necessary to conquer and occupy all countries, and never to evacuate them. As a means of ruining England it was contemptible. It was necessary that all Europe should be compelled by force of arms to join this absurd coalition, and that the same force should be constantly employed to maintain it. Was this possible? The captain "rapporteur" of a court-martial allowed a poor peasant to escape the punishment due to the offence of having bought a loaf of sugar beyond the custom-house barrier. This officer was some time afterwards at a dinner given by Marshal Davoust; the latter said to him, "You have a very scrupulous conscience, sir; go to headquarters and you will find an order there for you." This order sent him eighty leagues from Hamburg. It is necessary to have witnessed, as I have, the numberless vexations and miseries occasioned by the unfortunate Continental system to understand the mischief its authors did in Europe, and how much that mischief contributed to Napoleon's fall.

—[The so-called Continental system was framed by Napoleon in revenge for the English very extended system of blockades, after Trafalgar had put it out of his power to attempt to keep the seas. By these decrees all ports occupied by the French were closed to the English, and all English goods were to be destroyed wherever found in any country occupied by the French. All States under French influence had to adopt this system. It must be remembered that Napoleon eventually held or enforced his system on all the coastlines of Europe, except that of Spain and Turkey;

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but as Bourrienne shows the plan of giving licences to break his own system was too lucrative to be resisted by him, or, still more, by his officers. For the working of the system in the occupied lands, Laffite the banker told Savary it was a grand idea, but impracticable (Savary, tome v. p. 110). The Emperor Alexander is reported to have said, after visiting England in 1814, that he believed the system would have reduced England if it had lasted another year. The English, who claimed the right of blockading any coast with but little regard to the effectiveness of the blockade, retaliated by orders in Council, the chief of which are dated 7th January 1807, and 11th November 1807, by which no ships of any power were allowed to trade between any French ports, or the ports of any country closed to England. Whatever the real merits of the system, and although it was the cause of war between the United States and England, its execution did most to damage France and Napoleon, and to band all Europe against it. It is curious that even in 1831 a treaty had to be made to settle the claims of the United States on France for unjust seizures under these decrees.]—

CHAPTER X.

1806-1807.

New system of war—Winter quarters—The Emperor's Proclamation— Necessity of marching to meet the Russians—Distress in the Hanse Towns—Order for 50,000 cloaks —Seizure of Russian corn and timber— Murat's entrance into Warsaw—Re-establishment of Poland—Duroc's accident—M. de Talleyrand's carriage stopped by the mud—Napoleon's power of rousing the spirit of his troops—His mode of dictating— The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—His visits to Hamburg—The Duke of Weimar—His letter and present—Journey of the Hereditary Prince of Denmark to Paris—Batter, the English spy—Traveling clerks—Louis Bonaparte and the Berlin decree—Creation of the Kingdom of Saxony— Veneration of Germany for the King of Saxony—The Emperor's uncertainty respecting Poland—Fetes and reviews at Warsaw—The French Government at the Emperor's head quarters—Ministerial portfolios sent to Warsaw.—-Military preparations during the month of January—Difference of our situation daring the campaigns of Vienna and Prussia—News received and sent—Conduct of the Cabinet of Austria similar to that of the Cabinet of Berlin—Battle of Eylau—Unjust accusation against Bernadotte—Death of General d'Hautpoult—Te Deum chanted by the Russians —Gardanne's mission to Persia

Bonaparte was not only beyond all comparison the greatest captain of modern times, but he may be said to have wrought a complete change in the art of war. Before his time the most able generals regulated the fighting season by the almanac. It was customary in Europe to brave the cannon's mouth only from the first fine days of spring to the last fine days of autumn; and the months of rain, snow, and frost were passed in what were called winter quarters.

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Pichegru, in Holland, had set the example of indifference to temperature. At Austerlitz, too, Bonaparte had braved the severity of winter; this answered his purpose well, and he adopted the same course in 1806. His military genius and activity seemed to increase, and, proud of his troops, he determined to commence a winter campaign in a climate more rigorous than any in which he had yet fought. The men, chained to his destiny, were now required to brave the northern blast, as they had formerly braved the vertical sun of Egypt. Napoleon, who, above all generals, was remarkable for the choice of his fields of battle, did not wish to wait tranquilly until the Russian army, which was advancing towards Germany, should come to measure its strength with him in the plains of conquered Prussia; he resolved to march to meet it, and to reach it before it should arose the Vistula; but before he left Berlin to explore and conqueror, Poland and the confines of Russia; he addressed a proclamation to his troops, in which he stated all that had hitherto been achieved by the French army, and at the same time announced his future intentions. It was especially advisable that he should march forward, for, had he waited until the Russians had passed the Vistula, there could probably have been no winter campaign, and he would have been obliged either to take up miserable winter quarters between the Vistula and the Oder, or to recross the Oder to combat the enemy in Prussia. Napoleon's military genius and indefatigable activity served him admirably on this occasion, and the proclamation just alluded to, which was dated from Berlin before his departure from Charlottenburg; proves that he did not act fortuitously, as he frequently did, but that his calculations were well-made.
—[Before leaving the capital of Prussia Bonaparte stole from the monument, of Frederick the Great his sword and military orders. He also plundered the galleries of Berlin and Potsdam of their best pictures and statues, thus continuing the system he had began is Italy. All those things he sent to Paris as trophies of victory and glory.—-Editor of as 1836 edition.]

A rapid and immense impulse given to great masses of men by the, will of a single individual may produce transient lustre and dazzle the eyes of the multitude; but when, at a distance from the theatre of glory, we flee only the melancholy results which have been produced. The genius of conquest can only be regarded as the genius of destruction. What a sad picture was often presented to my eyes! I was continually doomed to hear complaints of the general distress, and to execute orders which augmented the immense sacrifices already made by the city of Hamburg. Thus, for example, the Emperor desired me to furnish him with 50,000 cloaks which I immediately did. I felt the importance of such an order with the approach of winter, and in a climate —the rigour of which our troops had not yet encountered. I also received orders to seize at Lubeck (Which town, as I have already stated, had been alternately taken and retaken try Blucher and Bernadotte) 400,000 lasts of corn,—[A last weighs 2000 kilogrammes]—and to send them to Magdeburg. This corn belonged to Russia. Marshal Mortier, too, had seized some timber for building, which also belonged to Russia; and which was estimated at 1,400,000 francs.

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Meanwhile our troops continued to advance with such rapidity that before the end of November Murat arrived at Warsaw, at the head of the advanced guard of the Grand Army, of which, he had the command. The Emperor's headquarters, were then at Posen, and, he received deputations from all parts soliciting the re-establishment and independence of the Kingdom of Poland.

Rapp informed me that after receiving the deputation from Warsaw the Emperor said to him, "I love the Poles; their enthusiastic character pleases me; I should like to make them independent, but that is a difficult matter. Austria, Russia, and Prussia have all had a slice of the cake; when the match is once kindled who knows where, the conflagration may stop? My first duty, is towards France, which I must not sacrifice to Poland; we must refer this matter to the sovereign of all things—Time, he will presently show us what we must do." Had Sulkowsky lived Napoleon might have recollected what he had said to him in Egypt, and, in all probability he would have raised up a power, the dismemberment of which; towards the close of the last century, began to overturn the political equilibrium which had subsisted in Europe since the peace of Westphalia in 1648.

It was at the headquarters at Posen that Duroc rejoined the Emperor after his mission to the King of Prussia. His carriage overturned on the way, and he had the misfortune to break his collar-bone. All the letters I received were nothing but a succession of complaints on the bad state of the roads. Our troops were absolutely fighting in mud, and it was with extreme difficulty that the artillery and caissons of the army could be moved along. M. de Talleyrand had been summoned to headquarters by the Emperor, in the expectation of treating for peace, and I was informed that his carriage stuck in the mud and he was detained on his journey for twelve hours. A soldier having asked one of the persons in M. de Talleyrand's suite who the traveller was, was informed that he was the Minister for Foreign Affairs. "Ah! bah!" said the soldier, "why does he come with his diplomacy to such a devil of a country as this?"

The Emperor entered Warsaw on the 1st of January 1807. Most of the reports which he had received previous to his entrance had concurred in describing the dissatisfaction of the troops, who for some time had had to contend with bad roads, bad weather, and all aorta of privations.' Bonaparte said to the generals who informed him that the enthusiasm of his troops had been succeeded by dejection and discontent, "Does their spirit fail them when they come in sight of the enemy?"—"No, Sire."— "I knew it; my troops are always the same." Then turning to Rapp he said, "I must rouse them;" and he dictated the following proclamation:

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Soldiers—It is a year this very hour since you were on the field of Austerlitz, where the Russian battalions fled in disorder, or surrendered up their arms to their conquerors. Next day proposals, of peace were talked of; but they were deceptive. No sooner had the Russians escaped, by perhaps, blamable generosity from the disasters of the third coalition than they contrived a fourth. But the ally on whose tactics they founded their principal hope was no more. His capital, his fortresses; his magazines; his arsenals, 280 flags, and 700 field-pieces have fallen into our power. The Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, and the inclemency of the season have not for a moment retarded your progress. You have braved all; surmounted all; every obstacle has fled at your approach. The Russians have in vain endeavoured to defend the capital of ancient and illustrious Poland. The French eagle hovers over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Poles, on beholding you, fancied they saw the legions of Sobieski, returning from their memorable expedition.Soldiers, we will not lay down our arms until a general peace has secured the power of our allies and restored to us our colonies and our freedom of trade. We have gained on the Elbe and the Oder, Pondicherry, our Indian establishments, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Why should the Russians have the right of opposing destiny and thwarting our just designs? They and we are still the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz.

Rapp thus describes the entrance of the French into Warsaw, and adds a few anecdotes connected with that event:

“At length we entered the Polish capital. The King of Naples had preceded us, and had driven the Russians from the city. Napoleon was received with enthusiasm. The Poles thought that the moment of their regeneration had arrived, and that their wishes were fulfilled. It would be difficult to describe the joy thus evinced, and the respect with which they treated us. The French troops, however, were not quite so well pleased; they manifested the greatest repugnance to crossing the Vistula. The idea of want and bad weather had inspired them with the greatest aversion to Poland, and they were inexhaustible, in their jokes on the country.”

When Bonaparte dictated his proclamations—and how many have I not written from his dictation!—he was for the moment inspired, and he evinced all the excitement which distinguishes the Italian improvisatori. To follow him it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. When I have read over to him what he has dictated I have often known him to smile triumphantly at the effect which he expected any particular phrase would produce. In general his proclamations turned on three distinct points—(1) Praising his soldiers for what they had done; (2) pointing out to them what they had yet to do; and (3) abusing his enemies. The proclamation to which I have just

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now alluded was circulated profusely through Germany, and it is impossible to conceive the effect it produced. on the whole army. The corps stationed in the rear burned too pass, by forced marches, the space which still separated them from headquarters; and those who were nearer the Emperor forgot their fatigues and privations and were only anxious to encounter the enemy. They frequently could not understand what Napoleon said in these proclamations; but no matter for that, they would have followed him cheerfully barefooted and without provisions. Such was the enthusiasm, or rather the fanaticism, which Napoleon could inspire among his troops when he thought proper to rouse them, as he termed it.

When, on a former occasion, I spoke of the Duke of, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and his family, I forgot a circumstance respecting my intercourse with him which now occurs to my memory. When, on his expulsion from his States, after the battle of Jena, he took refuge in Altona, he requested, through the medium of his Minister at Hamburg, Count von Plessen, that I would give him permission occasionally to visit that city. This permission I granted without hesitation; but the Duke observed no precaution in his visits, and I made some friendly observations to him on the subject. I knew the object of his visits. It was a secret connection in Hamburg; but in consequence of my observations he removed the lady to Altona, and assured me that he adopted that determination to avoid committing me. He afterwards came very seldom to Hamburg; but as we were on the best understanding with Denmark I frequently saw his daughter, and son-in-law, who used to visit me at a house I had in Holstein, near Altona.

There I likewise saw, almost every day, the Duke of Weimar, an excellent old man. I had the advantage of being on such terms of intimacy with him that my house was in some measure his. He also had lost his States. I was so happy as to contribute to their restitution, for my situation enabled me to exercise some influence on the political indulgences or severities of the Government. I entertained a sincere regard for the Duke of Weimar, and I greatly regretted his departure. No sooner had he arrived in Berlin than he wrote me a letter of, thanks, to which he added the present of a diamond, in token of his grateful remembrance of me. The Duke of Mecklenburg was not so fortunate as the Duke of Weimar, in spite of his alliance with the reigning family of Denmark. He was obliged to remain at Altona until the July following, for his States were restored only by the Treaty of Tilsit. As soon as it was known that the Emperor had returns to Paris the Duke’s son, the Hereditary Prince, visited me in Hamburg, and asked me whether I thought he could present himself to the Emperor, for the purpose of expressing his own and his father’s gratitude. He was a very well-educated young man. He set out, accompanied by M. Oertzen and Baron von Brandstaten. Some time afterwards I saw his name in the Moniteur, in one of the lists of presentations to Napoleon, the collection of which, during the Empire, might be regarded as a general register of the nobility of Europe.

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It is commonly said that we may accustom ourselves to anything, but to me this remark is subject to an exception; for, in spite of the necessity to which I was reduced of employing spies, I never could surmount the disgust I felt at them, especially when I saw men destined to fill a respectable rank in society degrade themselves to that infamous profession. It is impossible to conceive the artifices to which these men resort to gain the confidence of those whom they wish to betray. Of this the following example just now occurs to my mind.

One of those wretches who are employed in certain circumstances, and by all parties, came to offer his services to me. His name was Butler, and he had been sent from England to the Continent as a spy upon the French Government. He immediately came to me, complaining of pretended enemies and unjust treatment. He told me he had the greatest wish to serve the Emperor, and that he would make any sacrifice to prove his fidelity. The real motive of his change of party was, as it is with all such men, merely the hope of a higher reward. Most extraordinary were the schemes he adopted to prevent his old employers from suspecting that he was serving new ones. To me he continually repeated how happy he was to be revenged on his enemies in London. He asked me to allow him to go to Paris to be examined by the Minister of Police. The better to keep up the deception he requested that on his arrival in Paris he might be confined in the Temple, and that there might be inserted in the French journals an announcement in the following terms:

> “John Butler, commonly called Count Butler, has just been arrested and sent to Paris under a good escort by the French Minister at Hamburg.”

At the expiration of a few weeks Butler, having received his instruction’s, set out for London, but by way of precaution he said it would be well to publish in the journals another announcement; which was as follows:

“John Butler, who has been arrested in Hamburg as an English agent, and conveyed to Paris, is ordered to quit France and the territories occupied by the French armies and their allies, and not to appear there again until the general peace.”

In England Butler enjoyed the honours of French prosecution. He was regarded as a victim who deserved all the confidence of the enemies of France. He furnished Fouche with a considerable amount of information, and he was fortunate enough to escape being hanged.

Notwithstanding the pretended necessity of employing secret agents, Bonaparte was unwilling that, even under that pretext, too many communications should be established between France and England: Fouche, nevertheless, actively directed the evolutions of his secret army. Ever ready to seize on anything that could give importance to the police and encourage the suspicions of the Emperor, Fouche wrote to me that the

government had received certain—information that many Frenchmen traveling for commercial houses in France were at Manchester purchasing articles of English manufacture. This was true; but how was it to be prevented? These traveling clerks passed through Holland, where they easily procured a passage to England.

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Louis Bonaparte, conceiving that the King of Holland ought to sacrifice the interests of his new subjects to the wishes of his brother, was at first very lenient as to the disastrous Continental system. But at this Napoleon soon manifested his displeasure, and about the end of the year 1806 Louis was reduced to the necessity of ordering the strict observance of the blockade. The facility with which the travelers of French commercial houses passed from Holland to England gave rise to other alarms on the part of the French Government. It was said that since Frenchmen could so easily pass from the Continent to Great Britain, the agents of the English Cabinet might, by the same means, find their way to the Continent. Accordingly the consuls were directed to keep a watchful eye, not only upon individuals who evidently came from England, but upon those who might by any possibility come from that country. This plan was all very well, but how was it to be put into execution ? . . . The Continent was, nevertheless, inundated with articles of English manufacture, for this simple reason, that, however powerful may be the will of a sovereign, it is still less powerful and less lasting than the wants of a people. The Continental system reminded me of the law created by an ancient legislator, who, for a crime which he conceived could not possibly be committed, condemned the person who should be guilty of it to throw a bull over Mount Taurus.

It is not my present design to trace a picture of the state of Europe at the close of 1806. I will merely throw together a few facts which came to my knowledge at the time, and which I find in my correspondence. I have already mentioned that the Emperor arrived at Warsaw on the 1st of January. During his stay at Posen he had, by virtue of a treaty concluded with the Elector of Saxony, founded a new kingdom, and consequently extended his power in Germany, by the annexation of the new Kingdom of Saxony to the Confederation of the Rhine. By the terms of this treaty Saxony, so justly famed for her cavalry, was to furnish the Emperor with a contingent of 20,000 men and horses.

It was quite a new spectacle to the Princes of Germany, all accustomed to old habits of etiquette, to see an upstart sovereign treat them as subjects, and even oblige them to consider themselves as such. Those famous Saxons, who had made Charlemagne tremble, threw themselves on the protection of the Emperor; and the alliance of the head of the House of Saxony was not a matter of indifference to Napoleon, for the new King was, on account of his age, his tastes, and his character, more revered than any other German Prince.

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From the moment of Napoleon's arrival at Warsaw until the commencement of hostilities against the Russians he was continually solicited to reestablish the throne of Poland, and to restore its chivalrous independence to the ancient empire of the Jagellons. A person who was at that time in Warsaw told me that the Emperor was in the greatest uncertainty as to what he should do respecting Poland. He was entreated to reestablish that ancient and heroic kingdom; but he came to no decision, preferring, according to custom, to submit to events, that he might appear to command them. At Warsaw, indeed, the Emperor passed a great part of his time in fetes and reviews, which, however, did not prevent him from watching, with his eagle eye, every department of the public service, both interior and exterior. He himself was in the capital of Poland, but his vast influence was present everywhere. I heard Duroc say, when we were conversing together about the campaign of Tilsit, that Napoleon's activity and intelligence were never more conspicuously developed.

One very remarkable feature of the imperial wars was, that, with the exception of the interior police, of which Fouche was the soul, the whole government of France was at the headquarters of the Emperor. At Warsaw Napoleon's attention was not only occupied with the affairs of his army, but he directed the whole machinery of the French Government just the same as if he had been in Paris. Daily estafettes, and frequently the useless auditors of the Council of State, brought him reports more or less correct, and curious disclosures which were frequently the invention of the police. The portfolios of the Ministers arrived every week, with the exception of those of the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Minister of the War Department; the former had first stopped at Mayence with the Empress, but had been called on to Warsaw; and the latter, Clarke, was, for the misfortune of Berlin, governor of that city. This state of things lasted during the ten months of the Emperor's absence from Paris. Louis *xiv*. said, "I am myself the State." Napoleon did not say this; but, in fact, under his reign the Government of France was always at his headquarters. This circumstance had well-nigh proved fatal to him, on the occasion of the extraordinary conspiracy of Malet, with some points of which I alone, perhaps, am thoroughly acquainted. The Emperor employed the month of January in military preparations for the approaching attack of the Russians, but at the same time he did not neglect the business of the cabinet: with him nothing was suffered to linger in arrear.

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While Napoleon was at Warsaw a battle was not the only thing to be thought about; affairs were much more complicated than during the campaign of Vienna. It was necessary, on the one hand, to observe Prussia, which was occupied; and on the other to anticipate the Russians, whose movements indicated that they were inclined to strike the first blow. In the preceding campaign Austria, before the taking of Vienna, was engaged alone. The case was different now: Austria had had only soldiers; and Prussia, as Blucher declared to me, was beginning to have citizens. There was no difficulty in returning from Vienna, but a great deal in returning from Warsaw, in case of failure, notwithstanding the creation of the Kingdom of Saxony, and the provisional government given to Prussia, and to the other States of Germany which we had conquered. None of these considerations escaped the penetration of Napoleon: nothing was omitted in the notes, letters, and official correspondence which came to me from all quarters. Receiving, as I did, accurate information from my own correspondents of all that was passing in Germany, it often happened that I transmitted to the Government the same news which it transmitted to me, not supposing that I previously knew it. Thus, for example, I thought I was apprising the Government of the arming of Austria, of which I received information from headquarters a few days after.

During the Prussian campaign Austria played precisely the same waiting game which Prussia had played clueing the campaign of Austria. As Prussia had, before the battle of Austerlitz, awaited the success or defeat of the French to decide whether she should remain neutral or declare herself against France, so Austria, doubtless supposing that Russia would be more fortunate as the ally of Prussia than she had been as her ally, assembled a corps of 40,000 men in Bohemia. That corps was called an army of observation; but the nature of these armies of observation is well known; they belong to the class of armed neutralities, like the ingenious invention of sanitary cordons. The fact is, that the 40,000 men assembled in Bohemia were destined to aid and assist the Russians in case they should be successful (and who can blame the Austrian Government for wishing to wash away the shame of the Treaty of Presburg?). Napoleon had not a moment to lose, but this activity required no spur; he had hastened the battle of Austerlitz to anticipate Prussia, and he now found it necessary to anticipate Russia in order to keep Austria in a state of indecision.

The Emperor, therefore, left Warsaw about the end of January, and immediately gave orders for engaging the Russian army in the beginning of February; but, in spite of his desire of commencing the attack, he was anticipated. On the 8th of February, at seven in the morning, he was attacked by the Russians, who advanced during a terrible storm of snow, which fell in large flakes. They approached Preussich-Eylau,

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where the Emperor was, and the Imperial Guard stopped the Russian column. Nearly the whole French army was engaged in that battle-one of the most sanguinary ever fought in Europe. The corps commanded by Bernadotte was not engaged, in the contest; it had been stationed on the left at Mohrungen, whence it menaced Dantzic. The issue of the battle would have been very different had the four, divisions of infantry and the two of cavalry composing Bernadotte's corps arrived in time; but unfortunately the officer instructed to convey orders to Bernadotte to march without delay on Preussich-Eylau was taken by a body of Cossacks; Bernadotte, therefore, did not arrive. Bonaparte, who always liked to throw blame on some one if things did not turn out exactly as he wished, attributed the doubtful success of the day to the absence of Bernadotte; in this he was right; but to make his absence a reproach to that Marshal was a gross injustice. Bernadotte was accused of not having been willing to march on Preussich-Eylau, though, as it was alleged, General d'Hautpoult had informed him of the necessity of his presence. But how can that fact be ascertained, since General d'Hautpoult was killed on that same day? Who can assure us that that General had been able to communicate with the Marshal?

Those who knew Bonaparte, his cunning, and the artful advantage he would sometimes take of words which he attributed to the dead, will easily solve the enigma. The battle of Eylau was terrible. Night came on—Bernadotte's corps was instantly, but in vain, expected; and after a great loss the French army had the melancholy honour of passing the night on the field of battle. Bernadotte at length arrived, but too late. He met the enemy, who were retreating without the fear of being molested towards Konigsberg, the only capital remaining to Prussia. The King of Prussia was then at Memel, a small port on the Baltic, thirty leagues from Konigsberg.

After the battle of Eylau both sides remained stationary, and several days elapsed without anything remarkable taking place. The offers of peace made by the Emperor, with very little earnestness it is true, were disdainfully rejected, as if a victory disputed with Napoleon was to be regarded as a triumph. The battle of Eylau seemed to turn the heads of the Russians, who chanted Te Deum on the occasion. But while the Emperor was making preparations to advance, his diplomacy was taking effect in a distant quarter, and raising up against Russia an old and formidable enemy. Turkey declared war against her. This was a powerful diversion, and obliged Russia to strip her western frontiers to secure a line of defence on the south.

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Some time after General Gardanne set out on the famous embassy to Persia; for which the way had been paved by the success of the mission of my friend, Amedee Jaubert. This embassy was not merely one of those pompous legations such as Charlemagne, Louis *xiv*., and Louis XVI. received from the Empress Irene, the King of Siam, and Tippoo Saib. It was connected with ideas which Bonaparte had conceived at the very dawn of his power. It was, indeed, the light from the East which fast enabled him to see his greatness in perspective; and that light never ceased to fix his attention and dazzle his imagination. I know well that Gardanne's embassy was at first conceived on a much grander scale than that on which it was executed. Napoleon had resolved to send to the Shah of Persia 4000 infantry, commanded by chosen and experienced officers, 10,000 muskets, and 50 pieces, of cannon; and I also know that orders were given for the execution of this design. The avowed object of the Emperor was to enable the Shah of Persia to make an important diversion, with 80,000 men, in, the eastern provinces of Russia. But there was likewise another, an old and constant object, which was always, uppermost in Napoleon's mind, namely the wish to strike at England in the very heart of her Asiatic possessions. Such was the principal motive of Gardanne's mission, but circumstances did not permit the Emperor, to, give, it, all the importance he desired. He contented himself with sending a few officers of engineers and artillery, to Persia, who, on their arrival, were astonished at the number of English they found there.

CHAPTER XI.

1807

Abuse of military power—Defence of diplomatic rights—Marshal Brune —Army supplies —English cloth and leather—Arrest on a charge of libel—Dispatch from M. Talleyrand —A page of Napoleon's glory— Interview between the two Emperors at Tilsit,—Silesia restored to the Queen of Prussia—Unfortunate situation in Prussia— Impossibility of reestablishing Poland in 1807—Foundation of the Kingdom of Westphalia—The Duchy of Warsaw and the King of Saxony.

Meanwhile the internal affairs of the towns over which my diplomatic jurisdiction extended soon gave me more employment than ever. The greatest misfortune of the Empire was, perhaps, the abuse of the right arrogated by the wearers of epaulettes. My situation gave me an opportunity of observing all the odious character of a military government. Another in my place could not have done all that I did. I say this confidently, for my, situation was a distinct and independent one, as Bonaparte had told me: Being authorised to correspond directly with the Emperor; the military chiefs feared, if they did not yield to my just representations, that I would made private reports; this apprehension was wonderfully useful in enabling me to maintain the rights of the towns, which had adopted me as their first citizen.

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A circumstance occurred in which I had to defend the rights of the diplomatic and commercial agents against the pretensions of military power. Marshal Brune during his government at Hamburg, went to Bremman. to watch the strict execution of the illusive blockade against England. The Marshal acting no doubt, in conformity with the instructions of Clarke, then Minister of War and Governor of Berlin, wished to arrogate the right of deciding on the captures made by our cruisers.

He attempted to prevent the Consul Lagau from selling the confiscated ships in order to sell them himself. Of this M. Lagau complained to me. The more I observed a disposition to encroach on the part of the military authorities, the more I conceived it necessary to maintain the rights of the consuls, and to favour their influence, without which they would have lost their consideration. To the complaints of M. Lagau I replied, “That to him alone belonged the right of deciding, in the first instance, on the fate of the ships; that he could not be deprived of that right without changing the law; that he was free to sell the confiscated Prussian ships; that Marshall Brune was at Bremen only for the execution of the decree respecting the blockade of England, and that he ought not to interfere in business unconnected with that decree.” Lagau showed this letter to Brune, who then allowed him to do as he wished; but it was an affair of profit, and the Marshal for a long time owed me a grudge.

Bernadotte was exceedingly disinterested, but he loved to be talked about. The more the Emperor endeavoured to throw accusations upon him, the more he was anxious to give publicity to all his actions. He sent to me an account of the brilliant affair of Braunsburg, in which a division of the first corps had been particularly distinguished. Along with this narrative he sent me a note in the following terms:—“I send you, my dear. Minister, an account of the affair of Braunsburg. You will, perhaps, think proper to publish it. In that case I shall be obliged by your getting it inserted in the Hamburg journals,” I did so. The injustice of the Emperor, and the bad way in which he spoke of Bernadotte, obliged the latter,—for the sake of his own credit, to make the truth known to the world.

I have already mentioned that I received an order from the Emperor to supply 50,000 cloaks for the army. With this order, which was not the only one I received of the same kind, some circumstances were connected which I may take the present opportunity of explaining.

The Emperor gave me so many orders for army clothing that all that could be supplied by the cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck would have been insufficient for executing the commissions. I entered into a treaty with a house in Hamburg, which I authorised, in spite of the Berlin decree, to bring cloth and leather from England. Thus I procured these articles in a sure and cheap way. Our troops might have perished of cold had the Continental system and the absurd mass of inexecutable decrees relative to English merchandise been observed.

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The Director of the Customs at Hamburg got angry, but I held firm: my cloths and my leather arrived; cloaks, coats; boots, all were promptly made, and our soldiers thus were sheltered from the severity of the season. To preserve peace with the Imperial Custom-house I wrote to M. Collie, then Director-General, that M. Eudel having wished to put in execution the law of the 10th Brumaire and complaints had been made on every side. Marshal Brune asked for my opinion on this matter, and I gave it to him. I declared to M. Collie that the full execution of the decree of 31st October 1796 was impracticable, injurious to France, and to the Hanseatic Towns, without doing harm to England. Indeed, what said article 5 of this law? "All goods imported from foreign countries, whatever may be their origin, are to be considered as coming from English manufacturers." According to this article France was a foreign country for the Hanseatic Towns, and none of the objects enumerated in this article ought to enter Hamburg! But the town received from England a large quantity of fine cloths, buttons; ironmongery, toys, china; and from France only clocks, bronzes, jewellery, ribbons, bonnets, gauzes and gloves. "Let," said I to M. Eudel, "the Paris Duane be asked what that town alone exports in matters of this sort and it will be seen how important it is not to stop a trade all the more profitable to France, as the workmanship forms the greatest part of the price of the goods which make up this trade. What would happen if the importation of these goods were absolutely prohibited in Hamburg? The consignments would cease, and one of the most productive sources of trade for France, and especially for Paris would be cut off."

At this time neither Hamburg nor its territory had any manufacture of cloth. All woollen stuffs were prohibited, according to M. Eudel, and still my duty was to furnish, and I had furnished, 50,000 cloaks for the Grand Army. In compliance with a recent Imperial decree I had to have made without delay 16,000 coats, 37,000 waistcoats, and the Emperor required of me 200,000 pairs of boots, besides the 40,000 pairs I had sent in. Yet M. Eudel said that tanned and worked leather ought not to enter Hamburg! If such a ridiculous application of the law of 1796 had been made it would have turned the decree of 21st November 1796 against France, without fulfilling its object.

These reflections, to which I added other details, made the Government conclude that I was right, and I traded with England to the great advantage of the armies, which were well clothed and shod. What in the world can be more ridiculous than commercial laws carried out to one's own detriment?

At the beginning of 1807 my occupations at Hamburg were divided between the furnishing of supplies for the army and the inspection of the emigrants, whom Fouche pretended to dread in order to give greater importance to his office.

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I never let slip an opportunity of mitigating the rigour of Fouche's orders, which, indeed, were sometimes so absurd that I did not attempt to execute them. Of this an instance occurs to my recollection. A printer at Hamburg had been arrested on the charge of having printed a libel in the German language. The man was detained in prison because, very much to his honour, he would not disclose the name of the writer of the pamphlet. I sent for him and questioned him. He told me, with every appearance of sincerity, that he had never but once seen the man who had brought him the manuscript. I was convinced of the truth of what he said, and I gave an order for his liberation. To avoid irritating the susceptibility of the Minister of Police I wrote to him the following few lines:—"The libel is the most miserable rhapsody imaginable. The author, probably with the view of selling his pamphlet in Holstein, predicts that Denmark will conquer every other nation and become the greatest kingdom in the world. This alone will suffice to prove to you how little clanger there is in rubbish written in the style of the Apocalypse."

After the battle of Eylau I received a despatch from M. de Talleyrand, to which was added an account in French of that memorable battle, which was more fatal to the conqueror than to the other party,—I cannot say the conquered in speaking of the Russians, the more especially when I recollect the precautions which were then taken throughout Germany to make known the French before the Russian version. The Emperor was exceedingly anxious that every one should view that event as he himself viewed it. Other accounts than his might have produced an unfavourable impression in the north. I therefore had orders to publish that account. I caused 2000 copies of it to be issued, which were more than sufficient for circulation in the Hanse Towns and their territories.

The reader will perhaps complain that I have been almost silent with respect to the grand manoeuvres of the French army from the battle of Eylau to that of Friedland, where, at all events, our success was indisputable. There was no necessity for printing favourable versions of that event, and, besides, its immense results were soon felt throughout Europe. The interview at Tilsit is one of the culminating points of modern history, and the waters of the Niemen reflected the image of Napoleon at the height of his glory. The interview between the two Emperors at Tilsit, and the melancholy situation of the King of Prussia, are generally known. I was made acquainted with but few secret details relative to those events, for Rapp had gone to Dantzic, and it was he who most readily communicated to me all that the Emperor said and did, and all that was passing around him.—

—[Savory gives the following account of the interview between Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit.

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“The Emperor Napoleon, whose courtesy was manifest in all his actions, ordered a large raft to be floated in the middle of the river, upon which was constructed a room well covered in and elegantly decorated having two doors on opposite aides, each of which opened into an antechamber. The work could not have been better executed in Paris. The roof was surmounted by two weathercocks: one displaying the eagle of Russia, and the other the eagle of France. The two outer doors were also surmounted by the eagles of the two countries.

> “The raft was precisely in the middle of the river, with the two doors of the salon facing the two opposite banks.

“The two sovereigns appeared on the banks of the river, and embarked at the same moment But the Emperor Napoleon having a good boat, manned by marines of the Guard, arrived first on the raft, entered the room, and went to the opposite door, which he opened, and then stationed himself on the edge of the raft to receive the Emperor Alexander, who had not yet arrived, not having each good rowers as the Emperor Napoleon.“The two Emperors met in the most amicable way, et least to all appearance. They remained together for a considerable time, and then took leave of each other with as friendly an air as that with which they had met.“Next day the Emperor of Russia established himself at Tilsit with a battalion of his Guard. Orders were given for evacuating that part of the town where he and his battalion were to be quartered; and, though we were very much pressed for room, no encroachment on the space allotted to the Russians was thought of.“On the day the Emperor Alexander, entered Tilsit the whole army was under arms. The Imperial Guard was drawn out in two lines of three deep from the landing-place to the Emperor Napoleon’s quarters, and from thence to the quarters of the Emperor of Russia. A salute of 100 guns was fired the moment Alexander stepped ashore on the spot where the Emperor Napoleon was waiting to receive him. The latter carried his attention to his visitor so far as to send from his quarters the furniture for Alexander’s bedchamber. Among the articles sent was a camp-bed belonging to the Emperor, which he presented to Alexander, who appeared much pleased with the gift.“This meeting; the first which history records of the same kind and of equal importance, attracted visitors to Tilsit from 100 leagues round. M. de Talleyrand arrived, and after the observance of the usual ceremonies business began to be discussed.” (Memoirs of the Due de Rovigo, tome iii. p. 117).“When,” said Napoleon, “I was at Tilsit with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely ‘au fait’ as to the number of buttons there

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ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually tormented me about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, although, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found that he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs; on which were hung fifty or sixty jackets of different patterns. Every day he changed his fashion and put on a different one. He attached more importance to this than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom." (O'Meara's Napoleon in Exile.)]—

I, however, learned one circumstance peculiarly worthy of remark which occurred in the Emperor's apartments at Tilsit the first time he received a visit from the King of Prussia. That unfortunate monarch, who was accompanied by Queen Louisa, had taken refuge in a mill beyond the town. This was his sole habitation, whilst the Emperors occupied the two portions of the town, which is divided by the Niemen. The fact I am about to relate reached me indirectly through the medium of an offices of the Imperial Guard, who was on duty in Napoleon's apartments and was an eye-witness of it. When the Emperor Alexander visited Napoleon they continued for a long time in conversation on a balcony below, where as immense crowd hailed their meeting with enthusiastic shouts. Napoleon commenced the conversation, as he did the year preceding with the Emperor of Austria, by speaking of the uncertain fate of war. Whilst they were conversing the King of Prussia was announced. The King's emotion was visible, and may easily be imagined; for as hostilities were suspended, and his territory in possession of the French, his only hope was in the generosity of the conqueror. Napoleon himself, it is said, appeared moved by his situation, and invited him, together with the Queen, to dinner. On sitting down to table Napoleon with great gallantry told the beautiful Queen that he would restore to her Silesia, a province which she earnestly wished should be retained in the new arrangements which were necessarily about to take place.

—[Las Cases mentions that at the time of the treaty of Tilsit
Napoleon wrote to the Empress Josephine as follows:

"'The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coquetting with me; but do not be jealous: I am like oilcloth, along which everything of this sort elides without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant'"On this subject an anecdote was related in the salon of Josephine. It was said that the Queen of Prussia one day had a beautiful

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rose in her hand, which the Emperor asked her to give him. The Queen hesitated for a few moments, and then presented it to him, saying, 'Why should I so readily grant what you request, while you remain deaf to all my entreaties?' (She alluded to the fortress of Magdeburg, which she had earnestly solicited)." (Memorial de St. Helene).]—

The treaty of peace concluded at Tilsit between France and Russia, on the 7th of July, and ratified two days after, produced no less striking a change in the geographical division of Europe than had been effected the year preceding by the Treaty of Presburg. The treaty contained no stipulation dishonourable to Russia, whose territory was preserved inviolate; but how was Prussia treated? Some historians, for the vain pleasure of flattering by posthumous praises the pretended moderation of Napoleon, have almost reproached him for having suffered some remnants of the monarchy of the great Frederick to survive. There is, nevertheless, a point on which Napoleon has been wrongfully condemned, at least with reference to the campaign of 1807. It has been said that he should at that period have re-established the kingdom of Poland; and certainly there is every reason to regret, for the interests of France and Europe, that it was not re-established. But when a desire, even founded on reason, is not carried into effect, should we conclude that the wished-for object ought to be achieved in defiance of all obstacles? At that time, that is to say, during the campaign of Tilsit, insurmountable obstacles existed.

If, however, by the Treaty of Tilsit, the throne of Poland was not restored to serve as a barrier between old Europe and the Empire of the Czars, Napoleon founded a Kingdom of Westphalia, which he gave to the young 'ensigne de vaisseau' whom he had scolded as a schoolboy, and whom he now made a King, that he might have another crowned prefect under his control. The Kingdom of Westphalia was composed of the States of Hesse-Cassel, of a part of the provinces taken from Prussia by the moderation of the Emperor, and of the States of Paderborn, Fulda, Brunswick, and a part of the Electorate of Hanover. Napoleon, at the same time, though he did not like to do things by halves, to avoid touching the Russian and Austrian provinces of old Poland, planted on the banks of the Vistula the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which he gave to the King of Saxony, with the intention of increasing or destroying it afterwards as he might find convenient. Thus he allowed the Poles to hope better things for the future, and ensured to himself partisans in the north should the chances of fortune call him thither. Alexander, who was cajoled even more than his father had been by what I may call the political coquetry of Napoleon, consented to all these arrangements, acknowledged 'in globo' all the kings crowned by the Emperor, and accepted some provinces which had belonged to his despoiled ally, the King of Prussia, doubtless by way of consolation for not having been able to get more restored to Prussia. The two Emperors parted the best friends in the world; but the Continental system was still in existence.

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CHAPTER XII.

1807.

Effect produced at Altona by the Treaty of Tilsit—The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin's departure from Hamburg—English squadron in the Sound—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Perfidy of England—Remark of Bonaparte to M. Lemercier—Prussia erased from the map—Napoleon's return to Paris—Suppression of the Tribunate—-Confiscation of English merchandise—Nine millions gained to France—M. Caulaincourt Ambassador to Russia—Repugnance of England to the intervention of Russia—Affairs of Portugal—Junot appointed to command the army— The Prince Regent's departure for the Brazils—The Code Napoleon— Introduction of the French laws into Germany—-Leniency of Hamburg Juries—The stolen cloak and the Syndic Doormann.

The Treaty of Tilsit, as soon as it was known at Altona, spread consternation amongst the emigrants. As to the German Princes, who were awaiting the issue of events either at Altolna or Hamburg, when they learned that a definitive treaty of peace had been signed between France and Russia, and that two days after the Treaty of Tilsit the Prussian monarchy was placed at the mercy of Napoleon, every courier that arrived threw them into indescribable agitation. It depended on the Emperor's will whether they were to be or not to be. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin had not succeeded in getting himself re-established in his states, by an exceptional decision, like the Duke of Weimar; but at length he obtained the restitution of his territory at the request of the Emperor Alexander, and on the 28th of July he quitted Hamburg to return to his Duchy.

The Danish charge d'affaires communicated to me about the same time an official report from his Government. This report announced that on Monday, the 3d of August, a squadron consisting of twelve ships of the line and twelve frigates, commanded by Admiral Gambier, had passed the Sound. The rest of the squadron was seen in the Categat. At the same time the English troops which were in the island of Rugen had reembarked. We could not then conceive what enterprise this considerable force had been sent upon. But our uncertainty was soon at an end. M. Didelot, the French Ambassador at Copenhagen, arrived at Hamburg, at nine o'clock in the evening of the 12th of August. He had been fortunate enough to pass through the Great Belt, though in sight of the English, without being stopped. I forwarded his report to Paris by an extraordinary courier.

The English had sent 20,000 men and twenty-seven vessels into the Baltic; Lord Cathcart commanded the troops. The coast of Zealand was blockaded by ninety vessels. Mr. Jackson, who had been sent by England to negotiate with Denmark, which she feared would be invaded by the French troops, supported the propositions he was charged to offer to Denmark by a reference to this powerful British force. Mr. Jackson's proposals had for their object nothing less than to induce the

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King of Denmark to place in the custody of England the whole of his ships and naval stores. They were, it is true, to be kept in deposit, but the condition contained the words, “until the conclusion of a general peace,” which rendered the period of their restoration uncertain. They were to be detained until such precautions should be no longer necessary. A menace and its execution followed close upon this demand. After a noble but useless resistance, and a terrific bombardment, Copenhagen surrendered, and the Danish fleet was destroyed. It would be difficult to find in history a more infamous and revolting instance of the abuse of power against weakness.

Sometime after this event a pamphlet entitled “Germania” appeared, which I translated and sent to the Emperor. It was eloquently written, and expressed the indignation which the conduct of England had excited in the author as in every one else.

—["That expedition,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “showed great energy on the part of your Ministers: but setting aside the violation of the laws of, nations which you committed—for in fact it was nothing but a robbery—I think that it was; injurious to your interests, as it made the Danish nation irreconcilable enemies to you, and in fact shut you out of the north for three years. When I heard of it I said, I am glad of it, as it will embroil England irrecoverably with the Northern Powers. The Danes being able to join me with sixteen sail of the line was of but little consequence. I had plenty of ships, and only wanted seamen, whom you did not take, and whom I obtained afterwards, while by the expedition your Ministers established their characters as faithless, and as persons with whom no engagements, no laws were binding.” (Voice from St. Helena.)]—

I have stated what were the principal consequences of the Treaty of Tilsit; it is more than probable that if the bombardment of Copenhagen had preceded the treaty the Emperor would have used Prussia even worse than he did. He might have erased her from the list of nations; but he did not do so, out of regard to the Emperor Alexander. The destruction of Prussia was no new project with Bonaparte. I remember an observation of his to M. Lemercier upon that subject when we first went to reside at Malmaison. M. Lemercier had been reading to the First Consul some poem in which Frederick the Great was spoken of. “You seem to admire him greatly,” said Bonaparte to M. Lemercier; “what do you find in him so astonishing? He is not equal to Turenne.”—“General,” replied M. Lemercier, “it is not merely the warrior that I esteem in Frederick; it is impossible to refrain from admiring a man who was a philosopher even on the throne.” To this the First Consul replied, in a half ill-humoured tone, “Certainly, Lemercier; but Frederick’s philosophy shall not prevent me from erasing his kingdom from the map of Europe.” The kingdom of Frederick the Great was not, however, obliterated from the map, because the Emperor of Russia would not basely abandon a faithful ally who had incurred with him the chances of fortune. Prussia then bitterly had to lament the tergiversations which had prevented her from declaring herself against France during the campaign of Austerlitz.

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Napoleon returned to Paris about the end of July after an absence of ten months, the longest he had yet made since he had been at the head of the French Government, whether as Consul or Emperor. The interview at Tilsit, the Emperor Alexander's friendship, which was spoken of everywhere in terms of exaggeration, and the peace established on the Continent, conferred on Napoleon a moral influence in public opinion which he had not possessed since his coronation. Constant in his hatred of deliberative assemblies, which he had often termed collections of babblers, ideologists, and phrasemongers, Napoleon, on his return to Paris, suppressed the Tribunate, which had been an annoyance to him ever since the first day of his elevation. The Emperor, who was 'skillful above all men in speculating on the favourable disposition of opinion, availed himself at this conjuncture of the enthusiasm produced by his interview on the Niemen. He therefore discarded from the fundamental institutions of the government that which still retained the shadow of a popular character. But it was necessary that he should possess a Senate merely to vote men; a mute Legislative Body to vote money; that there should be no opposition in the one and no criticism in the other; no control over him of any description; the power of arbitrarily doing whatever he pleased; an enslaved press;—this was what Napoleon wished, and this he obtained. But the month of March 1814 resolved the question of absolute power!

In the midst of these great affairs, and while Napoleon was dreaming of universal monarchy, I beheld in a less extensive sphere the inevitable consequences of the ambition of a single man. Pillage and robbery were carried on in all parts over which my diplomatic jurisdiction extended. Rapine seemed to be legally authorised, and was perpetrated with such fury, and at the same time with such ignorance, that the agents were frequently unacquainted with the value of the articles which they seized. Thus, for example, the Emperor ordered the seizure at Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck of all English merchandise, whatever might be its nature or origin. The Prince of Neufchatel (Berthier) wrote to me from the Emperor that I must procure 10,000,000 francs from the Hanse Towns. M. Daru, the Intendant-General, whose business it was to collect this sort of levy, which Napoleon had learned to make in Egypt, wrote to urge me to obtain a prompt and favourable decision. The unfortunate towns which I was thus enjoined to oppress had already suffered sufficiently. I had obtained, by means of negotiation, more than was demanded for the ransom of the English merchandise, which had been seized according to order. Before I received the letters of M. Darn and the Prince of Neufchatel I had obtained from Hamburg 16,000,000 instead of 10,000,000, besides nearly 3,000,000 from Bremen and Lubeck. Thus I furnished the Government with 9,000,000 more than had been required, and yet I had so managed that those

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enormous sacrifices were not overoppressive to those who made them. I fixed the value of the English merchandise because I knew that the high price at which it sold on the Continent would not only cover the proposed ransom but also leave a considerable profit. Such was the singular effect of the Continental system that when merchandise was confiscated, and when afterwards the permission to sell it freely was given, the price fetched at the sale was so large that the loss was covered, and even great advantage gained.

Peace being concluded with Russia it was necessary to make choice of an Ambassador, not only to maintain the new relations of amity between Napoleon and Alexander, but likewise to urge on the promised intervention of Russia with England,—-to bring about reconciliation and peace between the Cabinets of Paris and London. The Emperor confided this mission to Caulaincourt, with respect to whom there existed an unfounded prejudice relating to some circumstances which preceded the death of the Duc d'Enghien. This unfortunate and unjust impression had preceded Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg, and it was feared that he would not experience the reception due to the French Ambassador and to his own personal qualities. I knew at the time, from positive information, that after a short explanation with Alexander that monarch retained no suspicion unfavourable to our Ambassador, for whom he conceived and maintained great esteem and friendship.

Caulaincourt's mission was not, in all respects, easy of fulfilment, for the invincible repugnance and reiterated refusal of England to enter into negotiations with France through the medium of Russia was one of the remarkable circumstances of the period of which I am speaking. I knew positively that England was determined never to allow Napoleon to possess himself of the whole of the Continent,—a project which he indicated too undisguisedly to admit of any doubt respecting it. For two years he had indeed advanced with rapid strides; but England was not discouraged. She was too well aware of the irritation of the sovereigns and the discontent of the people not be certain that when she desired it, her lever of gold would again raise up and arm the Continent against the encroaching power of Napoleon. He, on his part, perceiving that all his attempts were fruitless, and that England would listen to no proposals, devised fresh plans for raising up new enemies against England.

It probably is not forgotten that in 1801 France compelled Portugal to make common cause with her against England. In 1807 the Emperor did again what the First Consul had done. By an inexplicable fatality Junot obtained the command of the troops which were marching against Portugal. I say against Portugal, for that was the fact, though France represented herself as a protector to deliver Portugal from the influence of England. Be that as it may, the choice which the Emperor made of a commander astonished everybody. Was Junot,

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a compound of vanity and mediocrity, the fit man to be entrusted with the command of an army in a distant country, and under circumstances in which great political and military talents were requisite? For my own part, knowing Junot's incapacity, I must acknowledge that his appointment astonished me. I remember one day, when I was speaking on the subject to Bernadotte, he showed me a letter he had received from Paris, in which it was said that the Emperor had sent Junot to Portugal only for the sake of depriving him of the government of Paris. Junot annoyed Napoleon by his bad conduct, his folly, and his incredible extravagance. He was alike devoid of dignity—-either in feeling or conduct. Thus Portugal was twice the place of exile selected by Consular and Imperial caprice: first, when the First Consul wished to get rid of the familiarity of Lannes; and next, when the Emperor grew weary of the misconduct of a favourite.

The invasion of Portugal presented no difficulty. It was an armed promenade and not a war; but how many events were connected with the occupation of that country! The Prince Regent of Portugal, unwilling to act dishonourably to England, to which he was allied by treaties; and unable to oppose the whole power of Napoleon, embarked for Brazil, declaring that all defence was useless. At the same time he recommended his subjects to receive the French troops in a friendly manner, and said that he consigned to Providence the consequences of an invasion which was without a motive. He was answered in the Emperor's name that, Portugal being the ally of England, we were only carrying on hostilities against, the latter country by invading his dominions.

It was in the month of November that the code of French jurisprudence, upon which the most learned legislators had indefatigably laboured, was established as the law of the State, under the title of the Code Napoleon. Doubtless this legislative monument will redound to Napoleon's honour in history; but was it to be supposed that the same laws would be equally applicable throughout so vast an extent as that comprised within the French Empire? Impossible as this was, as soon as the Code Napoleon way promulgated I received orders to establish it in the Hanse Towns.

—[This great code of Civil Law was drawn up under Napoleon's orders and personal superintendence. Much had been prepared under the Convention, and the chief merits of it were due to the labours of such men as Tronchet; Partatis, Bigot de Preameneu, Maleville, Cambaceres, *etc*. But it was debated under and by Napoleon, who took a lively interest in it. It was first called the "Code Civil," but is 1807 was named "Code Napoleon," or eventually "Les Cinq Codes de Napoleon." When completed in 1810 it included five Codes—the Code Civil, decreed March 1803; Code de Procedure Civile, decreed April 1806; Code de Commerce, decreed September 1807; Code d'Instruction Criminelle, decreed November 1808; and the Code Penal, decreed

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February 1810. It had to be retained by the Bourbons, and its principles have worked and are slowly working their way into the law of every nation. Napoleon was justly proud of this work. The Introduction of the Code into the conquered countries was, as Bourrienne says, made too quickly. Puymaigre, who was employed in the administration of Hamburg after Bourrienne left, says, “I shall always remember the astonishment of the Hamburgers when they were invaded by this cloud of French officials, who, under every form, made researches is their houses, and who came to apply the multiplied demands of the fiscal system. Like Proteus, the administration could take any shape. To only speak of my department, which certainly was not the least odious one, for it was opposed to the habits of the Hamburgers and annoyed all the industries, no idea can be formed of the despair of the inhabitants, subjected to perpetual visits, and exposed to be charged with contraventions of the law, of which they knew nothing.“Remembering their former laws, they used to offer to meet a charge of fraud by the proof of their oath, and could not imagine that such a guarantee could be repulsed. When they were independent they paid almost nothing, and such was the national spirit, that in urgent cases when money was wanted the senate taxed every citizen a certain proportion of his income, the tenth or twentieth. A donator presided over the recovery of this tax, which was done in a very strange manner. A box, covered with a carpet, received the offering of every citizen, without any person verifying the sum, and only on the simple moral guarantee of the honesty of the debtor, who himself judged the sum he ought to pay. When the receipt was finished the senate always obtained more than it had calculated on.” (Puymaigre, pp, 181.)]—

The long and frequent conversations I had on this subject with the Senators and the most able lawyers of the country soon convinced me of the immense difficulty I should have to encounter, and the danger of suddenly altering habits and customs which had been firmly established by time.

The jury system gave tolerable satisfaction; but the severe punishments assigned to certain offences by the Code were disapproved of. Hence resulted the frequent and serious abuse of men being acquitted whose guilt was evident to the jury, who pronounced them not guilty rather than condemn them to a punishment which was thought too severe. Besides, their leniency had another ground, which was, that the people being ignorant of the new law were not aware of the penalties attached to particular offences. I remember that a man who was accused of stealing a cloak at Hamburg justified himself on the ground that he committed the offence in a fit of intoxication. M. Von Einingen, one of the jury, insisted that the prisoner was not guilty, because, as he said, the Syndic Doormann, when dining with him one day, having

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drunk more wine than usual, took away his cloak. This defence per Baccho was completely successful. An argument founded on the similarity between the conduct of the Syndic and the accused, could not but triumph, otherwise the little debauch of the former would have been condemned in the person of the latter. This trial, which terminated so whimsically, nevertheless proves that the best and the gravest institutions may become objects of ridicule when suddenly introduced into a country whose habits are not prepared to receive them.

The Romans very wisely reserved in the Capitol a place for the gods of the nations they conquered. They wished to annex provinces and kingdoms to their empire. Napoleon, on the contrary, wished to make his empire encroach upon other states, and to realise the impossible Utopia of ten different nations, all having different customs and languages, united into a single State. Could justice, that safeguard of human rights, be duly administered in the Hanse Towns when those towns were converted into French departments? In these new departments many judges had been appointed who did not understand a word of German, and who had no knowledge of law. The presidents of the tribunals of Lilbeck, Stade, Bremerlehe, and Minden were so utterly ignorant of the German language that it was necessary to explain to them all the pleadings in the council-chamber. Was it not absurd to establish such a judicial system, and above all, to appoint such men in a country so important to France as Hamburg and the Hanse Towns? Add to this the impertinence of some favourites who were sent from Paris to serve official and legal apprenticeships in the conquered provinces, and it may be easily conceived what was the attachment of the people to Napoleon the Great.

CHAPTER XIII.

1807-1808.

Disturbed state of Spain—Godoy, Prince of the Peace—Reciprocal accusations between the King of Spain and his son—False promise of Napoleon—Dissatisfaction occasioned by the presence of the French troops—Abdication of Charles *iv*.—The Prince of the Peace made prisoner—Murat at Madrid—Important news transmitted by a commercial letter—Murat's ambition—His protection of Godoy— Charles *iv*, denies his voluntary abdication—The crown of Spain destined for Joseph—General disapprobation of Napoleon's conduct— The Bourbon cause apparently lost—Louis XVIII. after his departure from France—As Comte de Provence at Coblentz—He seeks refuge in Turin and Verona—Death of Louis XVII—Louis XVIII. refused an asylum in Austria, Saxony, and Prussia—His residence at Mittan and Warsaw—Alexander and Louis XVIII—The King's departure from Milan and arrival at Yarmouth—Determination of the King of England—M. Lemercier's prophecy to Bonaparte—Fouche's inquiries respecting

Comte de Rechteren—Note from Josephine—New demands on the Hanse Towns—-Order to raise 3000 sailors in Hamburg.

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The disorders of Spain, which commenced about the close of the year 1807, in a short time assumed a most complicated aspect. Though far from the theatre of events I obtained an intimate knowledge of all the important facts connected with the extraordinary transactions in the Peninsula. However, as this point of history is one of the most generally, though I cannot say the best, known, I shall omit in my notes and memoranda many things which would be but repetitions to the reading portion of the public. It is a remarkable fact that Bonaparte, who by turns cast his eyes on all the States of Europe, never directed his attention to Spain as long as his greatness was confined to mere projects. Whenever he spoke of his future destiny he alluded to Italy, Germany, the East, and the destruction of the English power; but never to Spain. Consequently, when he heard of the first symptoms of disorder in the Peninsula he paid but little attention to the business, and some time elapsed before he took any part in events which subsequently had so great an influence on his fate.

Godoy reigned in Spain under the name of the imbecile Charles *iv*. He was an object of execration to all who were not his creatures; and even those whose fate depended upon him viewed him with the most profound contempt. The hatred of a people is almost always the just reward of favourites. What sentiments, therefore, must have been inspired by a man who, to the knowledge of all Spain, owed the favour of the king only to the favours of the queen!

—[Manuel Godoy, originally a private in the guards, became the paramour of Charles *iv*.'s Queen; then a grandee; and then the supreme ruler of the State.—Editor of 1836 edition.]—

Godoy's ascendancy over the royal family was boundless; his power was absolute: the treasures, of America were at his command, and he made the most infamous use of them. In short, he had made the Court of Madrid one of those places to which the indignant muse of Juvenal conducts the mother of Britanicus. There is no doubt that Godoy was one of the principal causes of all the misfortunes which have overwhelmed Spain under so many various forms.

The hatred of the Spaniards against the Prince of the Peace was general. This hatred was shared by the Prince the Asturias,—[Afterwards Ferdinand *vii*.]—who openly declared himself the enemy of Godoy. The latter allied himself with France, from which he hoped to obtain powerful protection against his enemies. This alliance gave rise to great dissatisfaction in Spain, and caused France to be regarded with an unfavourable eye. The Prince of the Asturias was encouraged and supported by the complaints of the Spaniards, who wished to see the overthrow of Godoy's power. Charles *iv*., on his part, regarded all opposition to the Prince of the Peace as directed against himself, and in November 1807 he accused his son of wishing to dethrone him.

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The King of Spain did not confine himself to verbal complaints. He, or rather the Prince of the Peace, acting in his name, arrested the warmest partisans of the Prince of the Asturias. The latter, understanding the sentiments of his father, wrote to Napoleon, soliciting his support. Thus the father and son, at open war, were appealing one against another for the support of him who wished only to get rid of them both, and to put one of his brothers in their place, that he might have one junior more in the college of European kings: but, as I have already mentioned, this new ambition was not premeditated; and if he gave the throne of Spain to his brother Joseph it was only on the refusal of his brother Louis (King of Holland) to accept it.

The Emperor had promised to support Charles *iv* against his son; and, not wishing to take part in these family quarrels, he had not answered the first letters of the Prince of the Asturias. But finding that the intrigues of Madrid were taking a serious turn, he commenced provisionally by sending troops to Spain. This gave offence to the people, who were averse to the interference of France. In the provinces through which the French troops passed it was asked what was the object: of the invasion. Some attributed it to the Prince of the Peace, others to the Prince of the Asturias; but it excited general indignation, and troubles broke out at Madrid accompanied by all the violence peculiar to the Spanish character.

In these fearful circumstances Godoy proposed that Charles *iv*. should remove to Seville, where he would be the better enabled to visit the factious with punishment. A proposition from Godoy to his master was, in fact, a command, and Charles *iv*. accordingly resolved to depart. The people now looked upon Godoy as a traitor. An insurrection broke out, the palace was, surrounded, and the, Prince of the Peace was on the point of being massacred in an upper apartment, where he had taken refuge.

—[French troops had appeared in again some months before, on their way to Portugal, the conquest of which country by Junot was to be aided by Godoy and a Spanish force of 27,000 men, according to a treaty (more disgraceful to the Court of Spain than to Bonaparte) which had been ratified at Fontainebleau on the 27th of October 1807. Charles *iv*. was little better than an idiot, and Godoy and the French made him believe that Bonaparte world give part, or the whole of Portugal, to Spain. At the time of Junot's march on Lisbon a reserve of 40,000 French troops were assembled at Bayonne— a pretty clear indication, though the factious infatuated Court of Madrid would not see it, that Bonaparte intended to seize the whole of the Peninsula.—Editor of 1838 edition.]
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One of the mob had the presence of mind to invoke in his favour the name of the Prince of the Asturias: this saved his life.

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Charles *iv*. did not preserve his crown; he was easily intimidated, and advantage was taken of a moment of alarm to demand that abdication which he had not spirit to refuse. He surrendered up his rights to his son, and thus was overthrown the insolent power of the Prince of the Peace; the favourite was made prisoner, and the Spaniards, who, like all ignorant people, are easily excited, manifested their joy on the occasion with barbarous enthusiasm. Meanwhile the unfortunate King, who had escaped from imaginary rather than real dangers, and who was at first content with having exchanged the right of reigning for the right of living, no sooner found himself in safety than he changed, his mind. He wrote to the Emperor protesting against his abdication, and appealed. to him as the arbiter of his future fate.

During these internal dissensions the French army was continuing its march towards the Pyrenees. Those barriers were speedily crossed, and Murat entered Madrid in the beginning of April 1808. Before I received any despatch from our Government I learned that Murat's presence in Madrid, far from producing a good effect, had only increased the disorder. I obtained this information from a merchant of Lubeck who came to Hamburg on purpose to show me a letter he had received from his correspondent in Madrid. In this letter Spain was said to be a prey which Murat wished to appropriate to himself; and all that afterwards came to my knowledge served only to prove the accuracy of the writer's information. It was perfectly true that Murat wished to conquer Spain for himself, and it is not astonishing that the inhabitants of Madrid should have understood his designs, for he carried his indiscretion so far as openly to express his wish to become King of Spain. The Emperor was informed of this, and gave him to understand, in very significant terms, that the throne of Spain was not destined for him, but that he should not be forgotten in the disposal of other crowns.

However, Napoleon's remonstrances were not sufficient to restrain the imprudence of Murat; and if he did not gain the crown of Spain for himself he powerfully contributed to make Charles *iv*. lose it. That monarch, whom old habits attached to the Prince of the Peace, solicited the Emperor to liberate his favourite, alleging that he and his family would be content to live in any place of security provided Godoy were with them. The unfortunate Charles seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with greatness.

Both the King and Queen so earnestly implored Godoy's liberation that Murat, whose vanity was flattered by these royal solicitations, took the Prince of the Peace under his protection; but he at the same time declared that, in spite of the abdication of Charles *iv*., he would acknowledge none but that Prince as King of Spain until he should receive contrary orders from the Emperor. This declaration placed Murat in formal opposition to the Spanish people, who, through their hatred of Godoy, embraced the cause of the heir of the throne; in whose favour Charles *iv*. had abdicated.

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It has been remarked that Napoleon stood in a perplexing situation in this conflict between the King and his son. This is not correct. King Charles, though he afterwards said that his abdication had been forced from him by violence and threats, had nevertheless tendered it. By this act Ferdinand was King, but Charles declared it was done against his will, and he retracted. The Emperor's recognition was wanting, and he, could give or withhold it as he pleased.

In this state of things Napoleon arrived at Bayonne. Thither Ferdinand was also invited to go, under pretence of arranging with the Emperor the differences between his father and himself. It was some time before he could form his determination, but at length his ill-advised friends prevailed on him to set off, and he was caught in the snare. What happened to him, as well as to his father, who repaired to Bayonne with his inseparable friend the Prince of the Peace is well known. Napoleon, who had undertaken to be arbiter between the father and son, thought the best way of settling the difference was to give the disputed throne to his brother Joseph, thus verifying the fable of the "Two Lawyers and the Oyster." The insurrection in Madrid on the 2d of May accelerated the fate of Ferdinand, who was accused of being the author of it; at least this suspicion fell on his friends and adherents.

Charles *iv*., it was said, would not return to Spain, and solicited an asylum in France. He signed a renunciation of his rights to the crown of Spain, which renunciation was also signed by the Infantas.

Napoleon now issued a decree, appointing "his dearly beloved brother Joseph Napoleon, King of Naples and Sicily, to the crowns of Spain and the Indies." By a subsequent decree, 15th of July, he appointed "his dearly-beloved cousin, Joachim Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, to the throne of Naples and Sicily, which remained vacant by the accession of Joseph Napoleon to the kingdoms of Spain and the Indies." Both these documents are signed Napoleon, and countersigned by the Minister Secretary of State, Maret.

The Prince Royal of Sweden, who was at Hamburg at this time, and the Ministers of all the European power, loudly condemned the conduct of Napoleon with respect to Spain. I cannot say whether or not M. de Talleyrand advised the Emperor not to attempt the overthrow of a branch of the house of Bourbon; his good sense and elevated views might certainly have suggested that advice. But the general opinion was that, had he retained the portfolio of foreign affairs, the Spanish revolution would have terminated with more decorum and good faith than was exhibited in the tragi-comedy acted at Madrid and Bayonne.

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After the Treaty of Tilsit and the bonds of friendship which seemed likely to produce a permanent union between the Emperors of France and Russia, the cause of the Bourbons must have been considered irretrievably lost. Indeed, their only hope consisted in the imprudence and folly of him who had usurped their throne, and that hope they cherished. I will here relate what I had the opportunity of learning respecting the conduct of Louis XVIII. after his departure from France; this will naturally bring me to the end of November 1807, at which time I read in the Abeille du Nord published on the 9th of the same month, that the Comte de Lille and the Due d'Angouleme had set off for England.

The Comte de Provence, as Louis' title then went, left Paris on the 21st of June 1791. He constantly expressed his wish of keeping as near as possible to the frontiers of France. He at first took up his abode at Coblentz, and I knew from good authority that all the emigrants did not regard him with a favourable eye. They could not pardon the wise. principles he had professed at a period when there was yet time to prevent, by reasonable concession, the misfortunes which imprudent irritation brought upon France. When the emigrants, after the campaign of 1792, passed the Rhine, the Comte de Provence resided in the little town of Ham on the Lippe, where he remained until he was persuaded that the people of Toulon had called him to Provence. As he could not, of course, pass through France, Monsieur repaired to the Court of his father-in-law, the King of Sardinia, hoping to embark at Genoa, and from thence to reach the coast of Provence. But the evacuation of Toulon, where the name of Bonaparte was for the first time sounded by the breath of fame, having taken place before he was able to leave Turin, Monsieur remained there four months, at the expiration of which time his father-in-law intimated to him the impossibility of his remaining longer in the Sardinian States. He was afterwards permitted to reside at Verona, where he heard of Louis XVI.'s death. After remaining two years in that city the Senate of Venice forbade his presence in the Venetian States. Thus forced to quit Italy the Comte repaired to the army of Conde.

The cold and timid policy of the Austrian Cabinet afforded no asylum to the Comte de Provence, and he was obliged to pass through Germany; yet, as Louis XVIII. repeated over and over again, ever since the Restoration, "He never intended to shed French blood in Germany for the sake of serving foreign interests." Monsieur had, indeed, too much penetration not to see that his cause was a mere pretext for the powers at war with France. They felt but little for the misfortunes of the Prince, and merely wished to veil their ambition and their hatred of France under the false pretence of zeal for the House of Bourbon.

When the Dauphin died, Louis XVIII. took the title of King of France, and went to Prussia, where he obtained an asylum.

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—[His brother, Charles X., the youngest of the three grandsons of Louis XV. (Louis XVI., Louis XVIII. Charles X.), the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. emigrated in 1789, and went to Turin and Mantas for 1789 and 1790. In 1791 and 1792 he lived at Coblenta, Worms, Brussels, Vienna, and at Turin. From 1792 to 1812 he lived at Ham on the Lippe at Westphalia at London, and for most of the time at Holyrood, Edinburgh. During this time he visited Russia and Germany, and showed himself on the coast of France. In 1818 he went to Germany, and in 1814 entered France in rear of the allies. In risking his person in the daring schemes of the followers who were giving their lives for the cause of his family he displayed a circumspection which was characterised by them with natural warmth.

> "Sire, the cowardice of your brother has ruined all;" so Charette is said to have written to Louis XVIII.]—

But the pretender to the crown of France had not yet drained his cup of misfortune. After the 18th Fructidor the Directory required the King of Prussia to send away Louis XVIII., and the Cabinet of Berlin, it must be granted, was not in a situation to oppose the desire of the French Government, whose wishes were commands. In vain Louis XVIII. sought an asylum in the King of Saxony's States. There only remained Russia that durst offer a last refuge to the descendant of Louis *xiv*. Paul I., who was always in extremes, and who at that time entertained a violent feeling of hatred towards France, earnestly offered Louis XVIII., a residence at Mittau. He treated him with the honours of a sovereign, and loaded him with marks of attention and respect. Three years had scarcely passed when Paul was seized with mad enthusiasm for the man who twelve years later, ravaged his ancient capital, and Louis XVIII. found himself expelled from that Prince's territory with a harshness equal to the kindness with which he had at first been received.

It was during, his three, years' residence at Mittau that Louis XVIII., who was then known by the title of Comte de Lille, wrote to the First Consul those letters which have been referred to in these Memoirs. Prussia, being again solicited, at length consented that Louis XVIII. should reside at Warsaw; but on the accession of Napoleon to the Empire the Prince quitted that residence in order to consult respecting his new situation with the only sovereign who had not deserted him in his misfortune, *viz*. the King of Sweden. They met at Colmar, and from that city was dated the protest which I have already noticed. Louis XVIII. did not stay long in the States of the King of Sweden. Russia was now on the point of joining her eagles with those of Austria to oppose the new eagles of imperial France. Alexander offered to the Comte de Lille the asylum which Paul had granted to him and afterwards withdrawn. Louis XVIII. accepted the offer, but after the peace of Tilsit,

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fearing lest Alexander might imitate the second act of his father as well as the first, he plainly saw that he must give up all intention of residing on the Continent; and it was then that I read in the ‘Abeille du Nord’ the article before alluded to. There is, however, one fact upon which I must insist, because I know it to be true, *viz*. that it was of his own free will that Louis XVIII. quitted Mittau; and if he was afraid that Alexander would imitate his father’s conduct that fear was without foundation. The truth is, that Alexander was ignorant even of the King’s intention to go away until he heard from Baron von Driesen, Governor of Mittau, that he had actually departed. Having now stated the truth on this point I have to correct another error, if indeed it be only an error, into which some writers have fallen. It has been falsely alleged that the King left Mittau for the purpose of fomenting fresh troubles in France. The friends of Louis XVIII., who advised him to leave Mittau, had great hopes from the last war. They cherished still greater hopes from the new wars which Bonaparte’s ambition could not fail to excite, but they were not so ill-informed respecting the internal condition of France as to expect that disturbances would arise there, or even to believe in the possibility of fomenting them. The pear was not yet ripe for Louis XVIII.

On the 29th of November the contents of a letter which had arrived from London by way of Sweden were communicated to me. This letter was dated the 3d of November, and contained some particulars respecting the Comte de Lille’s arrival in England. That Prince had arrived at Yarmouth on the 31st of October 1807, and it was stated that the King was obliged to wait some time in the port until certain difficulties respecting his landing and the continuance of his journey should be removed. It moreover appeared from this letter that the King of England thought proper to refuse the Comte de Lille permission to go to London or its neighbourhood. The palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh was assigned as his place of residence; and Mr. Ross, secretary to Mr. Canning, conveyed the determination of the King of England to Louis XVIII., at Yarmouth.

The precaution of the English Ministry in not permitting the refugee King to go near London appeared to me remarkable, considering the relative position of the Governments of France and England, and I regarded it as a corroboration of what the Prince Wittgenstein had told me respecting Mr. Canning’s inclination for an amicable arrangement. But the moment was approaching when the affairs of Spain were to raise an invincible obstacle to peace, to complicate more than ever the interests of the powers of Europe, and open to Napoleon that vast career of ambition which proved his ruin. He did not allow the hopes of the emigrants to remain chimerical, and the year 1814 witnessed the realization of the prophetic remark made by M. Lemereier, in a conversation with Bonaparte a few days before the foundation of the Empire: “If you get into the bed of the Bourbons, General, you will not lie in it ten year.” Napoleon occupied it for nine years and nine months.

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Fouche, the grand investigator of the secrets of Europe, did not fail, on the first report of the agitations in Spain, to address to me question on question respecting the Comte de Rechteren, the Spanish Minister at Hamburg, who, however, had left that city, with the permission of his Court, four months after I had entered on my functions. This was going back very far to seek information respecting the affairs of the day. At the very moment when I transmitted a reply to Fouche which was not calculated to please him, because it afforded no ground for suspicion as to the personal conduct of M. de Rechteren, I received from the amiable Josephine a new mark of her remembrance. She sent me the following note:

“M. Milon, who is now in Hamburg, wishes me, my dear Bourrienne, to request that you will use your interest in his favour. I feel the more pleasure in making this request as it affords me an opportunity of renewing the assurance of my regard for you.”

Josephine’s letter was dated from Fontainebleau, whither the Emperor used to make journeys in imitation of the old Court of France. During these excursions he sometimes partook of the pleasures of the chase, but merely for the sake of reviving an old custom, for in that exercise he found as little amusement as Montaigne did in the game of chess,

At Fontainebleau, as everywhere else, his mind was engaged with the means of augmenting his greatness, but, unfortunately, the exactions he imposed on distant countries were calculated to alienate the affections of the people. Thus, for example, I received an order emanating from him, and transmitted to me by M. Daru, the Intendant-General of the army, that the pay of all the French troops stationed in the Hanse Towns should be defrayed by these towns. I lamented the necessity of making such a communication to the Senates of Bremen, Lubeck, and Hamburg; but my duty compelled me to do so, and I had long been accustomed to fulfil duties even more painful than this. I tried every possible means with the three States, not collectively but separately, to induce them to comply with the measure, in the hope that the assent of one would help me to obtain that of the two others. But, as if they, had been all agreed, I only received evasive expressions of regret.

Knowing as I did, and I may say better than any one else, the hopes and designs of Bonaparte respecting the north of Germany, it was not without pain, nor even without alarm, that I saw him doing everything calculated to convert into enemies the inhabitants of a country which would always have remained quiet had it only been permitted to preserve its neutrality. Among the orders I received were often many which could only have been the result of the profoundest ignorance. For example, I was one day directed to press 3000 seamen in the Hanse Towns. Three thousand seamen out of a population of 200,000! It was as absurd as to think of raising 500,000 sailors in France. This project being impossible, it was of course not executed; but I had some difficulty in persuading the Emperor that a sixth of the number demanded was the utmost the Hanse Towns could supply. Five hundred seamen were accordingly

furnished, but to make up that number it was necessary to include many men who were totally unfit for war service.

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CHAPTER—XIV.

1808.

Departure of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo—Prediction and superstition —Stoppage of letters addressed to the Spanish troops—La Romana and Romanillos—Illegible notifications—Eagerness of the German Princes to join the Confederation of the Rhine —Attack upon me on account of M. Hue—Bernadotte's successor in Hamburg—-Exactions and tyrannical conduct of General Dupas—Disturbance in Hamburg—Plates broken in a fit of rage—My letter to Bernadotte—His reply—Bernadotte's return to Hamburg, and departure of Dupas for Lubeck—Noble conduct of the 'aide de camp' Barrel.

In the spring of 1808 a circumstance occurred which gave, me much uneasiness; it was the departure of Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte-Corvo, who received orders to repair to Copenhagen. He left Hamburg on the 8th of March, as he was to reach his destination on the 14th of the same month. The Danish charge d'affaires also received orders to join the Prince, and discharge the functions of King's commissary. It was during his government at Hamburg and his stay in Jutland that hernadotte unconsciously paved his way to the throne of Sweden. I recollect that he had also his presages and his predestinations. In short, he believed in astrology, and I shall never forget the serious tone in which he one day said to me, "Would you believe, my dear friend, that it was predicted at Paris that I should be a King, but that I must cross the sea to reach my throne?" I could not help smiling with him at this weakness of mind, from which Bonaparte was not far removed. It certainly was not any supernatural influence which elevated Bernadotte to sovereign rank. That elevation was solely due to his excellent character. He had no other talisman than the wisdom of his government, and the promptitude which he always, showed to oppose unjust measures. This it was that united all opinions in his favour.

The bad state of the roads in the north prolonged Bernadotte's journey one day. He set out on the 8th of March; he was expected to arrive at Copenhagen on the 14th, but did not reach there till the 15th. He arrived precisely two hours before the death of Christian, King of Denmark, an event with which he made me acquainted by letter written two days after his arrival.

On the 6th of April following I received a second letter from Bernadotte, in which he desired me to order the Grand Ducal postmaster to keep back all letters addressed to the Spanish troops, who had been placed under his command, and of which the corps of Romana formed part. The postmaster was ordered to keep the letters until he received orders to forward them to their destinations. Bernadotte considered this step indispensable, to prevent the intrigues which he feared might be set on foot in order to shake the fidelity of the Spaniards he commanded. I saw from his despatch that he

feared the plotting of Romanillos, who, however, was not a person to cause much apprehension. Romanillos was as commonplace a man as could well be conceived; and his speeches, as well as his writings, were too innocent to create any influence on public opinion.

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In addition to the functions with which the Emperor at first invested me, I had to discharge the duties of French Consul-General at Hamburg, and in that character I was obliged to present to the Minister for Foreign Affairs a very singular request, *viz*. that the judicial notifications, which as Consul-General I had to make known to the people of Hamburg, might be written in a more legible hand. Many of these notifications had been disregarded on account of the impossibility of reading them: With respect to one of them it was declared that it was impossible to discover whether the writing was German, French, or Chinese.

I shall not record all the acts of spoliation committed by second-rate ambitious aspirants who hoped to come in for their share in the division of the Continent: The Emperor's lieutenants regarded Europe as a twelfthcake, but none of them ventured to dispute the best bit with Napoleon. Long would be the litany were I to enregister all the fraud and treachery which they committed, either to augment their fortunes or to win the favour of the chief who wished to have kings for his subjects. The fact is, that all the Princes of Germany displayed the greatest eagerness to range themselves under the protection of Napoleon, by, joining the Confederation of the Rhine. I received from those Princes several letters which served to prove at once the influence of Napoleon in Germany and the facility with which men bend beneath the yoke of a new power. I must say that among the emigrants who remained faithful to their cause there were some who evinced more firmness of character than the foreign Princes. I may mention, for example, M. Hue, the 'valet de chambre' of Louis XVI. I do not intend to deny the high regard I entertained for that faithful servant of the martyred King; but the attentions which I congratulate myself on having shown to an excellent man should not have subjected me to false imputations.

I have read the following statement in a publication:

"M. Hue retired to Hamburg, where he passed nine, months in perfect obscurity. He afterwards went to Holland, provided with a passport from Bourrienne, who was Napoleon's Minister, though in disgrace, and who, foreseeing what was to happen, sought to ingratiate himself in the favour of the Bourbons."

The above passage contains a falsehood in almost every line. M. Hue wished to reside in Hamburg, but he did not wish to conceal himself. I invited him to visit me, and assured him that he might remain in Hamburg without apprehension, provided he acted prudently. He wished to go to Holland, and I took upon myself to give him a passport. I left M. Hue in the free management of his business, the nature of which I knew very well, and which was very honourable; he was deputed to pay the pensions which Louis XVIII. granted to the emigrants. As for myself, I had tendered my resignation of private secretary to Bonaparte; and even admitting I was in disgrace

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in that character, I was not so as Minister and Consul-General at Hamburg. My situation, which was of little consequence at the time I was appointed to it, was later on rendered exceedingly important by circumstances. It was, in fact, a sort of watch-tower of the Government, whence all the movements of northern Germany were observed; and during my residence in the Hanse Towns I continually experienced the truth of what Bonaparte said to me at my farewell audience—"Yours is a place independent and apart."

It is absurd to say that the kindness I showed to M. Hue was an attempt to ingratiate myself with the Bourbons. My attentions to him were dictated solely by humanity, unaccompanied by any afterthought. Napoleon had given me his confidence, and by mitigating the verity of his orders I served him better than they who executed them in a way which could not fail to render the French Government odious. If I am accused of extending every possible indulgence to the unfortunate emigrants, I plead guilty; and, far from wishing to defend myself against the charge, I consider it honourable to me. But I defy any one of them to say that I betrayed in their favour the interests with which I was entrusted. They who urged Bonaparte to usurp the crown of France served, though perhaps unconsciously, the cause of the Bourbons. I, on the contrary, used all my endeavours to dissuade him from that measure, which I clearly saw must, in the end, lead to the restoration, though I do not pretend that I was sufficiently clear-sighted to guess that Napoleon's fall was so near at hand. The kindness I showed to M. Hue and his companions in misfortune was prompted by humanity, and not by mean speculation. As well might it be said that hernadotte, who, like myself, neglected no opportunity of softening the rigour of the orders he was deputed to execute, was by this means working his way to the throne of Sweden.

Bernadotte had proceeded to Denmark to take the command of the Spanish and French troops who had been removed from the Hanse Towns to occupy that kingdom, which was then threatened by the English. His departure was a great loss to me, for we had always agreed respecting the measures to be adopted, and I felt his absence the more sensibly when I was enabled to make a comparison between him and his successor. It is painful to me to detail the misconduct of those who injured the French name in Germany, but in fulfilment of the task I have undertaken, I am bound to tell the truth.

In April 1808 General Dupas came to take the command of Hamburg, but only under the orders of Bernadotte, who retained the supreme command of the French troops in the Hanse Towns. By the appointment of General Dupas the Emperor cruelly thwarted the wishes and hopes of the inhabitants of Lower Saxony. That General said of the people of Hamburg, "As long as I see those . . . driving in their carriages I can get money from them." It is, however, only just to add, that his dreadful exactions were not made on his own account, but for the benefit of another man to whom he owed his all, and to whom he had in some measure devoted his existence.

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I will state some particulars respecting the way in which the generals who commanded the French troops at Hamburg were maintained. The Senate of Hamburg granted to the Marshals thirty friederichs a day for the expenses of their table exclusive of the hotel in which they were lodged by the city. The generals of division had only twenty friederichs. General Dupas wished to be provided for on the same footing as the Marshals. The Senate having, with reason, rejected this demand, Dupas required that he should be daily served with a breakfast and a dinner of thirty covers. This was an inconceivable burden, and Dupas cost the city more than any of his predecessors.

I saw an account of his expenses, which during the twenty-one weeks he remained at Hamburg amounted to 122,000 marks, or about 183,000 francs. None but the most exquisite wines were drunk at the table of Dupas. Even his servants were treated with champagne, and the choicest fruits were brought from the fine hothouses of Berlin. The inhabitants were irritated at this extravagance, and Dupas accordingly experienced the resistance of the Senate.

Among other vexations there was one to which the people could not readily submit. In Hamburg, which had formerly been a fortified town, the custom was preserved of closing the gates at nightfall. On Sundays they were closed three-quarters of an hour later, to avoid interrupting the amusements of the people.

While General Dupas was Governor of Hamburg an event occurred which occasioned considerable irritation in the public mind, and might have been attended by fatal consequences. From some whim or other the General ordered the gates to be closed at seven in the evening, and consequently while it was broad daylight, for it was in the middle of spring; no exception was made in favour of Sunday, and on that day a great number of the inhabitants who had been walking in the outskirts of the city presented themselves at the gate of Altona for admittance. To their surprise they found the gate closed, though it was a greater thoroughfare than any other gate in Hamburg. The number of persons, requiring admittance increased, and a considerable crowd soon collected. After useless entreaties had been addressed to the chief officer of the post the people were determined to send to the Commandant for the keys. The Commandant arrived, accompanied by the General. When they appeared it was supposed they had come for the purpose of opening the gates, and they were accordingly saluted with a general hurrah! which throughout almost all the north is the usual cry for expressing popular satisfaction. General Dupas not understanding the meaning of this hurrah! supposed it to be a signal for sedition, and instead of ordering the gates to be opened he commanded the military to fire upon the peaceful citizens, who only wanted to return to their homes. Several persons were killed, and others more or less seriously wounded.

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Fortunately, after this first discharge the fury of Dupas was appeased; but still he persisted in keeping the gates closed at night. Next day an order was posted about the city prohibiting the cry of hurrah! under pain of a severe punishment. It was also forbidden that more than three persona should collect together in the streets. Thus it was that certain persons imposed the French yoke upon towns and provinces which were previously happy.

Dupas was as much execrated in the Hanse Towns as Clarke had been in Berlin when he was governor of that capital during the campaign of 1807. Clarke had burdened the people of Berlin with every kind of oppression and exaction. He, as well as many others, manifested a ready obedience in executing the Imperial orders, however tyrannical they might be; and Heaven knows what epithets invariably accompanied the name of Clarke when pronounced by the lips of a Prussian.

Dupas seemed to have taken Clarke as his model. An artillery officer, who was in Hamburg at the time of the disturbance I have just mentioned, told me that it was he who was directed to place two pieces of light-artillery before the gate of Altona. Having executed this order, he went to General Dupas, whom he found in a furious fit of passion, breaking and destroying everything within his reach. In the presence of the officer he broke more than two dozen plates which were on the table before him: these plates, of course, had cost him very little!

On the day after the disturbance which had so fatal a termination I wrote to inform the Prince of Porte-Corvo of what had taken place; and in my letter I solicited the suppression of an extraordinary tribunal which had been created by General Dupas. He returned me an immediate answer, complying with my request. His letter was as follows:

I have received your letter, my dear Minister: it forcibly conveys the expression of your right feeling, which revolts against oppression, severity, and the abase of power. I entirely concur in your view of the subject, and I am distressed whenever I see such acts of injustice committed. On an examination of the events which took place on the 19th it is impossible to deny that the officer who ordered the gates to be closed so soon was in the wrong; and next, it may be asked, why were not the gates opened instead of the, military being ordered to fire on the people? But, on the other hand, did not the people evince decided obstinacy and insubordination? were they not to blame in throwing stones at the guard, forcing the palisades, and even refusing to listen to the voice of the magistrates? It is melancholy that they should have fallen into these excesses, from which, doubtless, they would have refrained had they listened to the civil chiefs, who ought to be their first directors. Finally, my dear Minister, the Senator who distributed money at the gate of Altona to appease the multitude would have done better had he advised them to wait

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patiently until the gates were opened; and he might, I think, have gone to the Commandant or the General to solicit that concession.Whenever an irritated mob resorts to violence there is no safety for any one. The protecting power mast then exert its utmost authority to stop mischief. The Senate of ancient Rome, so jealous of its prerogatives, assigned to a Dictator, in times of trouble, the power of life and death, and that magistrate knew no other code than his own will and the axe of his lictors. The ordinary laws did not resume their course until the people returned to submission.

The event which took place in Hamburg produced a feeling of agitation of which evil-disposed persons might take advantage to stir up open insurrection. That feeling could only be repressed by a severe tribunal, which, however, is no longer necessary. General Dupas has, accordingly, received orders to dissolve it, and justice will resume her usual course.
J. *Bernadotte*
DENSEL, 4th May, 1808.

When Bernadotte returned to Hamburg he sent. Dupas to Lubeck. That city, which was poorer than Hamburg, suffered cruelly from the visitation of such a guest.

Dupas levied all his exactions in kind, and indignantly spurned every offer of accepting money, the very idea of which, he said, shocked his delicacy of feeling. But his demands became so extravagant that the city of Lubeck was utterly unable to satisfy them. Besides his table, which was provided in the same style of profusion as at Hamburg, he required to be furnished with plate, linen, wood, and candles; in short, with the most trivial articles of household consumption.

The Senate deputed to the incorruptible General Dupas M. Nolting, a venerable old man, who mildly represented to him the abuses which were everywhere committed in his name, and entreated that he would vouchsafe to accept twenty Louis a day to defray the expenses of his table alone. At this proposition General Dupes flew into a rage. To offer him money was an insult not to be endured! He furiously drove the terrified Senator out of the house, and at once ordered his ‘aide de camp’ Barrel to imprison him. M. de Barrel, startled at this extraordinary order, ventured to remonstrate with the General, but in vain; and, though against his heart, he was obliged to obey. The aide de camp accordingly waited upon the Senator Notting, and overcome by that feeling of respect which gray hairs involuntarily inspire in youth, instead of arresting him, he besought the old man not to leave his house until he should prevail on the General to retract his orders. It was not till the following day that M. de Barrel succeeded in getting these orders revoked—that is to say, he obtained M. Notting’s release from confinement; for Dupas would not be satisfied until he heard that the Senator had suffered at least the commencement of the punishment to which his capricious fury had doomed him.

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In spite of his parade of disinterestedness General Dupas yielded so far as to accept the twenty Louis a day for the expense of his table which M. Notting had offered him on the part of the Senate of Lubeck; but it was not without murmurings, complaints, and menaces that he made this generous concession; and he exclaimed more than once, “These fellows have portioned out my allowance for me.” Lubeck was not released from the presence of General Dupes until the month of March 1809, when he was summoned to command a division in the Emperor’s new campaign against Austria. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless the fact, that, oppressive as had been his presence at Lubeck, the Hanse Towns soon had reason to regret him.

CHAPTER XV.

1808.

Promulgation of the Code of Commerce—Conquests by Status-consulte— Three events in one day—Recollections—Application of a line of Voltaire—Creation of the Imperial nobility—Restoration of the university—Aggrandisement of the kingdom of Italy at the expense of Rome—Cardinal Caprara’a departure from Paris—The interview at Erfurt.

The year 1808 was fertile in remarkable events. Occupied as I was with my own duties, I yet employed my leisure hours in observing the course of those great acts by which Bonaparte seemed determined to mark every day of his life. At the commencement of 1808 I received one of the first copies of the Code of Commerce, promulgated on the 1st of January by the Emperor’s order. This code appeared to me an act of mockery; at least it was extraordinary to publish a code respecting a subject which it was the effect of all the Imperial decrees to destroy. What trade could possibly exist under the Continental system, and the ruinous severity of the customs? The line was already extended widely enough when, by a ‘Senatus-consulte’, it was still further widened. The Emperor, to whom all the Continent submitted, had recourse to no other formality for the purpose of annexing to the Empire the towns of Kehl, Cassel near Mayence, Wesel, and Flushing, with the territories depending on them.

—[A resolution of the senate, or a “Senatus-consulte” was the means invented by Napoleon for altering the imperial Constitutions, and even the extent of the Empire. By one of these, dated 21st January 1808, the towns of Kehl, Cassel, and Wesel, with Flushing, all already seized, were definitely united to France. The loss of Wesel, which helonged to Murat’s Grand Duchy of Berg, was a very sore point with Murat.]—

These conquests, gained by decrees and senatorial decisions, had at least the advantage of being effected without bloodshed. All these things were carefully communicated to me by the Ministers with whom I corresponded, for my situation at Hamburg had acquired such importance that it was necessary I should know everything.

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At this period I observed among the news which I received from different places a singular coincidence of dates, worthy of being noted by the authors of ephemrides. On the same day-namely, the 1st of February Paris, Lisbon, and Rome were the scenes of events of different kinds, but, as they all happened on one day, affording a striking example of the rapidity of movement which marked the reign of Bonaparte. At Paris the niece of Josephine, Mademoiselle de Tascher, whom Napoleon had lately exalted to the rank of Princess, was married to the reigning Prince of Ahremberg, while at the same time Junot declared to Portugal that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign, and French troops were, under the command of General Miollis, occupying Rome. This occupation was the commencement of prolonged struggles, during which Pins *vii*. expiated the condescension he had shown in going to Paris to crown Napoleon.

Looking over my notes, I see it was the day after these three events occurred that Bonaparte gave to his brother-in-law, Prince Borghese, the Governorship-General of the departments beyond the Alps which he had just founded; and of which he made the eighth Grand Dignitary of the Empire. General Menou, whom I had not seen since Egypt, was obliged by this appointment to leave Turin, where he had always remained. Bonaparte, not wishing to permit him to come to Paris, sent Menou to preside over the Junta of Tuscany, of which he soon afterwards made another General-Governorship, which he entrusted to the care of his sister Elisa.

—[Prince Camille Philippe Louis Borghese (1755-1832), an Italian, had married, 6th November 1808, Pauline Bonaparte, the sister of Napoleon, and the widow of General Leclerc. He had been made Prince and Duke of Guastalla when that duchy was given to his wife, 30th Marsh 1806. He separated from his wife after a few years. Indeed Pauline was impossible as a wife if half of the stories about her are true. It was she who, finding that a lady was surprised at her having sat naked while a statue of her was being modelled for Canova, believed she had satisfactorily explained matters by saying, “but there was a fire in the room."]—

My correspondence relative to what passed in the south of France and of Europe presented to me, if I may so express myself, merely an anecdotal interest. Not so the news which came from the north. At Hamburg I was like the sentinel of an advanced post, always on the alert. I frequently informed the Government of what would take place before the event actually happened. I was one of the first to hear of the plans of Russia relative to Sweden. The courier whom I sent to Paris arrived there at the very moment when Russia made the declaration of war. About the end of February the Russian troops entered Swedish Finland, and occupied also the capital of that province, which had at all times been coveted by the Russian Government. It has been said that at the interview at Erfurt Bonaparte consented to the usurpation of that province by Alexander in return for the complaisance of the latter in acknowledging Joseph as King of Spain and the Indies.

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The removal of Joseph from the throne of Naples to the throne of Madrid belongs, indeed, to that period respecting which I am now throwing together a few recollections. Murat had succeeded Joseph at Naples, and this accession of the brother-in-law of Napoleon to one of the thrones of the House of Bourbon gave Bonaparte another junior in the college of kings, of which he would have infallibly become the senior if he had gone on as he began.

I will relate a little circumstance which now occurs to me respecting the kings manufactured by Napoleon. I recollect that during the King of Etruria's stay in Paris—-the First Consul went with that Prince to the Comedie Francaise, where Voltaire's 'OEdipus' was performed. This piece, I may observe, Bonaparte liked better than anything Voltaire ever wrote. I was in the theatre, but not in the First Consul's box, and I observed, as all present must have done, the eagerness with which the audience applied to Napoleon and the King of Etruria the line in which Philoctetes says—

"J'ai fait des souverains et n'ai pas voulu l'etre."

["I have made sovereigns, but have not wished to be one myself."]

The application was so marked that it could not fail to become the subject of conversation between the First Consul and me. "You remarked it, Bourrienne?" . . . "Yes, General." . . "The fools! . . . They shall see! They shall see!" We did indeed see. Not content with making kings, Bonaparte, when his brow was encircled by a double crown, after creating princes at length realised the object he had long contemplated, namely, to found a new nobility endowed with hereditary rights. It was at the commencement of March 1808 that he accomplished this project; and I saw in the 'Moniteur' a long list of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights of the Empire; there were wanting only viscounts and marquises.

At the same time that Bonaparte was founding a new nobility he determined to raise up the old edifice of the university, but on a new foundation. The education of youth had always been one of his ruling ideas, and I had an opportunity of observing how he was changed by the exercise of sovereign power when I received at Hamburg the statutes of the new elder daughter of the Emperor of the French, and compared them with the ideas which Bonaparte, when General and First Consul, had often expressed to me respecting the education which ought to be given youth. Though the sworn enemy of everything like liberty, Bonaparte had at first conceived a vast system of education, comprising above all the study of history, and those positive sciences, such as geology and astronomy, which give the utmost degree of development to the human mind. The Sovereign, however, shrunk from the first ideas of the man of genius, and his university, confided to the elegant suppleness of M. de Fontaines, was merely a school capable of producing educated subjects but not enlightened men.

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Before taking complete possession of Rome, and making it the second city of the Empire, the vaunted moderation of Bonaparte was confined to dismembering from it the legations of Ancona, Urbino, Macerata, and Camerino, which were divided into three departments; and added to the Kingdom of Italy. The patience of the Holy See could no longer hold out against this act of violence, and Cardinal Caprara, who had remained in Paris since the coronation, at last left that capital. Shortly afterwards the Grand Duchies of Parma and Piacenza were united to the French Empire, and annexed to the government of the departments beyond the Alps. These transactions were coincident with the events in Spain and Bayonne before mentioned.

After the snare laid at Bayonne the Emperor entered Paris on the 14th of August, the eve of his birthday. Scarcely had he arrived in the capital when he experienced fresh anxiety in consequence of the conduct of Russia, which, as I have stated, had declared open war with Sweden, and did not conceal the intention of seizing Finland. But Bonaparte, desirous of actively carrying on the war in Spain, felt the necessity of removing his troops from Prussia to the Pyrenees. He then hastened the interview at Erfurt, where the two Emperors of France and Russia had agreed to meet. He hoped that this interview would insure the tranquillity of the Continent, while he should complete the subjection of Spain to the sceptre of Joseph. That Prince had been proclaimed on the 8th of June; and on the 21st of the same month he made his entry into Madrid, but having received, ten days after, information of the disaster at Baylen, he was obliged to leave the Spanish capital.

—[The important battle of Daylen, where the French, under General Dupont, were beaten by the Spaniards, was fought on the 19th of July 1808.]—

Bonaparte's wishes must at this time have been limited to the tranquillity of the Continent, for the struggle between him and England was more desperate than ever. England had just sent troops to Portugal under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley. There was no longer any hope of a reconciliation with Great Britain: The interview at Erfurt having been determined on, the Emperor, who had returned from Bayonne to Paris, again left the capital about the end of September, and arrived at Metz without stopping, except for the purpose of reviewing the regiments which were echeloned on his route, and which were on their march from the Grand Army to Spain.

I had heard some time previously of the interview which was about to take place, and which was so memorable in the life of Napoleon. It excited so much interest in Germany that the roads were covered with the equipages of the Princes who were going to Erfurt to witness the meeting. The French Emperor arrived there before Alexander, and went forward three leagues to meet him. Napoleon was on horseback, Alexander in a carriage. They embraced, it is said, in a manner expressive of the most cordial friendship. This interview was witnessed by most of the sovereign Princes of Germany. However, neither the King of Prussia nor the Emperor of Austria was

present. The latter sovereign sent a letter to Napoleon, of which I obtained a copy. It was as follows:

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Sire, *my brother*,—My Ambassador in Paris informs me that your Majesty is about to proceed to Erfurt to meet the Emperor Alexander. I eagerly seize the opportunity of your approach to my frontier to renew those testimonials of friendship and esteem which I have pledged to you; and I send my Lieutenant-General, Baron Vincent, to convey to you the assurance of my unalterable sentiments. If the false accounts that have been circulated respecting the internal institutions which I have established in my monarchy should for a moment have excited your Majesty's doubts as to my intentions, I fatter myself that the explanations given on that subject by Count Metternich to your Minister will have entirely removed them. Baron Vincent is enabled to confirm to your Majesty all that has been said by Count Metternich on the subject, and to add any further explanations, you may wish for. I beg that your Majesty will grant him the same gracious reception he experienced at Paris and at Warsaw. The renewed marks of favour you may bestow on him will be an unequivocal pledge of the reciprocity of your sentiments, and will seal that confidence which will render our satisfaction mutual.

Deign to accept the assurance of the unalterable affection and
respect with which I am, Sire, my Brother, Your imperial and royal
Majesty's faithful brother and friend,
(Signed) *Francis*.
Presburg, 8th September 1808.

This letter appears to be a model of ambiguity, by which it is impossible Napoleon could have been imposed upon. However, as yet he had no suspicion of the hostility of Austria, which speedily became manifest; his grand object then was the Spanish business, and, as I have before observed, one of the secrets of Napoleon's genius was, that he did not apply himself to more than one thing at a time.

At Erfurt Bonaparte attained the principal object he had promised himself by the meeting. Alexander recognized Joseph in his new character of King of Spain and the Indies. It has been said that as the price of this recognition Napoleon consented that Alexander should have Swedish Finland; but for the truth of this I cannot vouch. However, I remember that when, after the interview at Erfurt, Alexander had given-orders to his ambassador to Charles *iv*. to continue his functions under King Joseph, the Swedish charge d'affaires at Hamburg told me that confidential letters received by him from Erfurt led him to fear that the Emperor Alexander had communicated to Napoleon his designs on Finland, and that Napoleon had given his consent to the occupation. Be this as it may, as soon as the interview was over Napoleon returned to Paris, where he presided with much splendour at the opening of the Legislative Body, and set out in the month of November for Spain.

CHAPTER XVI.

1808.

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The Spanish troops in Hamburg—Romana's siesta—His departure for Funen—-Celebration of Napoleon's birthday—Romana's defection— English agents and the Dutch troops—Facility of communication between England and the Continent—Delay of couriers from Russia— Alarm and complaints—The people of Hamburg—Montesquieu and the Minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany—Invitations at six months— Napoleon's journey to Italy—Adoption of Eugene—Lucien's daughter and the Prince of the Asturias —M. Auguste de Stael's interview with Napoleon.

Previous to the interview at Erfurt an event took place which created a strong interest in Hamburg and throughout Europe, an event which was planned and executed with inconceivable secrecy. I allude to the defection of the Marquis de la Romans, which I have not hitherto noticed, in order that I might not separate the different facts which came to my knowledge respecting that defection and the circumstances which accompanied it.

The Marquis de la Romans had come to the Hanse Towns at the head of an army corps of 18,000 men, which the Emperor in the preceding campaign claimed in virtue of treaties previously concluded with the Spanish Government. The Spanish troops at first met with a good reception in the Hanse Towns. The difference of language, indeed, occasionally caused discord, but when better acquainted the inhabitants and their visitors became good friends. The Marquis de la Romans was a little swarthy man, of unprepossessing and rather common appearance; but he had a considerable share of talent and information. He had travelled in almost every part of Europe, and as he had been a close observer of all he saw his conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive.

During his stay at Hamburg General Romans spent almost every evening at my house, and invariably fell asleep over a game at whist. Madame de Bourrienne was usually his partner, and I recollect he perpetually offered apologies for his involuntary breach of good manners. This, however, did not hinder him from being guilty of the same offence the next evening. I will presently explain the cause of this regular siesta.

On the King of Spain's birthday the Marquis de la Romans gave a magnificent entertainment. The decorations of the ballroom consisted of military emblems. The Marquis did the honours with infinite grace, and paid particular attention to the French generals. He always spoke of the Emperor in very respectful terms, without any appearance of affectation, so that it was impossible to suspect him of harbouring disaffection. He played his part to the last with the utmost address. At Hamburg we had already received intelligence of the fatal result of the battle of the Sierra Morena, and of the capitulation of Dupont, which disgraced him at the very moment when the whole army marked him out as the man most likely next to receive the baton of Marshal of France.

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Meanwhile the Marquis de la Romans departed for the Danish island of Funen, in compliance with the order which Marshal Bernadotte had transmitted to him. There, as at Hamburg, the Spaniards were well liked, for their general obliged them to observe the strictest discipline. Great preparations were made in Hamburg on the approach of Saint Napoleon's day, which was then celebrated with much solemnity in every town in which France had representatives. The Prince de Ponte-Corvo was at Travemunde, a small seaport near Lubeck, but that did not prevent him from giving directions for the festival of the 15th of August. The Marquis de la Romana, the better to deceive the Marshal, despatched a courier, requesting permission to visit Hamburg on the day of the fete in order to join his prayers to those of the French, and to receive, on the day of the fete, from the hands of the Prince, the grand order of the Legion of Honour, which he had solicited, and which Napoleon had granted him. Three days after Bernadotte received intelligence of the defection of de la Romana. The Marquis had contrived to assemble a great number of English vessels on the coast, and to escape with all his troops except a depot of 600 men left at Altona. We afterwards heard that he experienced no interruption on his passage, and that he landed with his troops at Corunna. I now knew to what to attribute the drowsiness which always overcame the Marquis de la Romana when he sat down to take a hand at whist. The fact was, he sat up all night making preparations for the escape which he had long meditated, while to lull suspicion he showed himself everywhere during the day, as usual.

On the defection of the Spanish troops I received letters from Government requiring me to augment my vigilance, and to seek out those persons who might be supposed to have been in the confidence of the Marquis de la Romans. I was informed that English agents, dispersed through the Hanse Towns, were endeavouring to foment discord and dissatisfaction among the King of Holland's troops. These manoeuvres were connected with the treason of the Spaniards and the arrival of Danican in Denmark. Insubordination had already broken out, but it was promptly repressed. Two Dutch soldiers were shot for striking their officers, but notwithstanding this severity desertion among the troops increased to an alarming degree. Indefatigable agents in the pay of the English Government laboured incessantly to seduce the soldiers of King Louis (of Holland) from their duty. Some of these agents being denounced to me were taken almost in the act, and positive proof being adduced of their guilt they were condemned to death.

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These indispensable examples of severity did not check the manoeuvres of England, though they served to cool the zeal of her agents. I used every endeavour to second the Prince of Ponte-Corvo in tracing out the persons employed by England. It was chiefly from the small island of Heligoland that they found their way to the Continent. This communication was facilitated by the numerous vessels scattered about the small islands which lie along that coast. Five or six pieces of gold defrayed the expense of the passage to or from Heligoland. Thus the Spanish news, which was printed and often fabricated at London, was profusely circulated in the north of Germany. Packets of papers addressed to merchants and well-known persons in the German towns were put into the post-offices of Embden, Kuipphausen, Varel, Oldenburg, Delmenhorst, and Bremen. Generally speaking, this part of the coast was not sufficiently well watched to prevent espionage and smuggling; with regard to smuggling, indeed, no power could have entirely prevented it. The Continental system had made it a necessity, so that a great part of the population depended on it for subsistence.

In the beginning of December 1808 we remarked that the Russian courier who passed through Konigsberg and Berlin, was regularly detained four, five, and even six hours on his way to Hamburg. The trading portion of the population, always suspicious, became alarmed at this chance in the courier's hours, into which they inquired and soon discovered the cause. It was ascertained that two agents had been stationed by the postmaster of the Grand Duchy of Berg at Hamburg, in a village called Eschburg belonging to the province of Lauenburg. There the courier from Berlin was stopped, and his packets and letters opened. As soon as these facts were known in Hamburg there was a general consternation among the trading class-that is to say, the influential population of the city. Important and well-grounded complaints were made. Some letters had been suppressed, enclosures had been taken from one letter and put into another, and several bills of exchange had gone astray. The intelligence soon reached the ears of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo, and was confirmed by the official report of the commissioner for the Imperial and Royal Post-office, who complained of the delay of the courier, of the confusion of the packets, and of want of confidence in the Imperial Post-office. It was impolitic to place such agents in a village where there was not even a post-office, and where the letters were opened in an inn without any supervision. This examination of the letters, sometimes, perhaps, necessary, but often dangerous, and always extremely delicate, created additional alarm, on account of the persons to whom the business was entrusted. If the Emperor wished to be made acquainted with the correspondence of certain persons in the north it would have been natural to entrust the business to his agents and his commissioner at

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Hamburg, and not to two unknown individuals—another inconvenience attending black cabinets. At my suggestion the Prince of Ponte-Corvo gave orders for putting a stop to the clandestine business at Eschburg. The two agents were taken to Hamburg and their conduct inquired into. They were severely punished. They deserved this, however, less than those who had entrusted them with such an honourable mission; but leaders never make much scruple about abandoning their accomplices in the lower ranks.

But for the pain of witnessing vexations of this sort, which I had not always power to prevent, especially after Bernadotte's removal, my residence at Hamburg would have been delightful. Those who have visited that town know the advantages it possesses from its charming situation on the Elbe, and above all, the delightful country which surrounds it like a garden, and extends to the distance of more than a league along the banks of the Eyder. The manners and customs of the inhabitants bear the stamp of peculiarity; they are fond of pursuing their occupations in the open air. The old men are often seen sitting round tables placed before their doors sipping tea, while the children play before them, and the young people are at their work. These groups have a very picturesque effect, and convey a gratifying idea of the happiness of the people. On seeing the worthy citizens of Hamburg assembled round their doors I could not help thinking of a beautiful remark of Montesquieu. When he went to Florence with a letter of recommendation to the Prime Minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany he found him sitting at the threshold of his door, inhaling the fresh air and conversing with some friends. "I see," said Montesquieu, "that I am arrived among a happy people, since their Prime Minister can enjoy his leisure moments thus."

A sort of patriarchal simplicity characterises the manners of the inhabitants of Hamburg. They do not visit each other much, and only by invitation; but on such occasions they display great luxury beneath their simple exterior. They are methodical and punctual to an extraordinary degree. Of this I recollect a curious instance. I was very intimate with Baron Woght, a man of talent and information, and exceedingly amiable manners. One day he called to make us a farewell visit as he intended to set out on the following day for Paris. On Madame de Bourrienne expressing a hope that he would not protract his absence beyond six months, the period he had fixed upon, he replied, "Be assured, madame, nothing shall prevent me getting home on the day I have appointed, for I have invited a party of friends to dine with me on the day after my return." The Baron returned at the appointed time, and none of his guests required to be reminded of his invitation at six months' date.

Napoleon so well knew the effect which his presence produced that after a conquest he loved to show himself to the people whose territories he added to the Empire. Duroc, who always accompanied him when he was not engaged on missions, gave me a

curious account of Napoleon’s journey in 1807 to Venice and the other Italian provinces, which, conformably with the treaty of Presburg, were annexed to the Kingdom of Italy.

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In this journey to the Kingdom of Italy Napoleon had several important objects in view. He was planning great alliances; and he loaded Eugene with favours for the purpose of sounding him and preparing him for his mother's divorce. At the same time he intended to have an interview with his brother Lucien, because, wishing to dispose of the hand of his brother's daughter, he thought of making her marry the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand), who before the Spanish war, when the first dissensions between father and son had become manifest, had solicited an alliance with the Emperor in the hope of getting his support. This was shortly after the eldest son of Louis had died in Holland of croup. It has been wrongly believed that Napoleon had an affection for this child beyond that of an uncle for a nephew. I have already said the truth about this.

However this may be, it is certain that Napoleon now seriously contemplated a divorce from Josephine. If there had been no other proof of this I, who from long habit knew how to read Napoleon's thoughts by his acts, found a sufficient one in the decree issued at Milan by which Napoleon adopted Eugene as his son and successor to the crown of Italy, in default of male and legitimate children directly descended from him. Lucien went to Mantua on his brother's invitation, and this was the last interview they had before the Cent Tours. Lucien consented to give his daughter to the Prince of the Asturias, but this marriage did not take place. I learned from Duroc to what a height the enmity of Lucien towards the Beauharnais family, an enmity which I have often had occasion to speak of, had been renewed on this occasion. Lucien could not pardon Josephine for the rebuff of the counsels which he had given her, and which she had rejected with such proper indignation. Lucien had besides another special reason for giving his daughter to the Prince of the Asturias. He particularly wished to prevent that Prince marrying Mademoiselle de Tascher, the niece of Josephine, a marriage for which M. de Beauharnais, then Ambassador of France at Madrid, was working with all his might. Lucien also, with his Republican stolidity, submitted without too much scruple to the idea of having a Bourbon King as son-in-law. It was also during this journey of Napoleon that he annexed Tuscany to the Empire.

Bonaparte returned to Paris on the 1st of January 1808. On his way he stopped for a short time at Chambery, where a young man had been waiting for him several days. This was Madame de Stael's son, who was then not more than seventeen years of age. M. Auguste de Stael lodged at the house of the postmaster of Chambery, and as the Emperor was expected in the course of the night, he gave orders that he should be called up on the arrival of the first courier. The couriers, who had been delayed on the road, did not arrive until six in the morning, and were almost immediately followed by the Emperor himself, so that M, de Stael was awakened by the cries

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of Vive l'Empereur! He had just time to dress himself hastily, and fly to meet Napoleon, to whom he delivered a letter, which he had prepared beforehand for the purpose of soliciting an audience. Lauriston, the aide de camp on duty, took the letter, it being his business to receive all the letters and petitions which were presented to Napoleon on his way. Before breakfast the Emperor opened the letters which Lauriston had laid on the table; he merely looked at the signatures, and then laid them aside. On opening M. de Stael's letter he said, "Ah! ah! what have we here? a letter from M. de Stael! . . . He wishes to see me: . . . What can he want? . . . Can there be anything in common between me and the refugees of Geneva?"— "Sire," observed Lauriston, "he is a very young man; and, as well as I could judge from the little I saw of him, there is something very prepossessing in his appearance."—"A very young man, say you? . . . Oh, then I will see him. . . . Rustan, tell him to come in." M. de Stael presented himself to Napoleon with modesty, but without any unbecoming timidity. When he had respectfully saluted the Emperor a conversation ensued between them, which Duroc described to me in nearly the following manner.

As M. de Stael advanced towards the Emperor the latter said, "Whence do you come?"—"From Geneva, Sire."—"Where is your mother?"—"She is either in Vienna or will soon be there."—"At Vienna! . . . Well, that is where she ought to be; and I suppose she is happy. . . . She will now have a good opportunity of learning German."—"Sire, how can you imagine my mother is happy when she is absent from her country and her friends? If I were permitted to lay before your Majesty my mother's confidential letter you would see how unhappy she is in her exile."— "Ah, bah! your mother unhappy, indeed! . . . However, I do not mean to say she is altogether a bad woman. . . . She has talent—perhaps too much; and hers is an unbridled talent. She was educated amidst the chaos of the subverted monarchy and the Revolution; and out of these events she makes an amalgamation of her own! All this might become very dangerous. Her enthusiasm is likely to make proselytes. I must keep watch upon her. She does not like me; and for the interests of those whom she would endanger I must prohibit her coming to Paris."

Young De Stael stated that his object in seeking the interview with the Emperor was to petition for his mother's return to Paris. Napoleon having listened without impatience to the reasons he urged in support of his request, said, "But supposing I were to permit your mother to return to Pairs, six months would not elapse before I should be obliged to send her to the Bicetre or to the Temple. This I should be sorry to do, because the affair would make a noise, and injure me in public opinion. Tell your mother that my determination is formed, that my decision is irrevocable. She shall never set foot in Paris as long as I live."—

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“Sire, I cannot believe that you would arbitrarily imprison my mother if she gave you no reason for such severity.”—“She would give me a dozen! . . . I know her well.”—“Sire, permit me to say that I am certain my mother would live in Paris in a way that would afford no ground of reproach; she would live retired, and would see only a very few friends. In spite of your Majesty’s refusal I venture to entreat that you will give her a trial, were it only for six weeks or a month. Permit her, Sire, to pass that time in Paris, and I conjure you to come to no final decision beforehand.”—“Do you think I am to be deceived by these fair promises? . . . I tell you it cannot be. She would serve as a rallying point for the Faubourg St. Germain. She see nobody, indeed! Could she make that sacrifice? She would visit and receive company. She would be guilty of a thousand follies. She would be saying things which she may consider as very good jokes, but which I should take seriously. My government is no joke: I wish this to be well known by everybody.”— “Sire, will your Majesty permit me to repeat that my mother has no wish whatever to mingle in society? She would confine herself to the circle of a few friends, a list of whom she would give to your Majesty. You, Sire, who love France so well, may form some idea of the misery my mother suffers in her banishment. I conjure your Majesty to yield to my entreaties, and let us be included in the number of your faithful subjects.”—“You!”—“Yes, Sire; or if your Majesty persist in your refusal, permit a son to inquire what can have raised your displeasure against his mother. Some say that it was my grandfather’s last work; but I can assure your Majesty that my mother had nothing to do with that.”— “Yes, certainly,” added Napoleon, with more ill-humour than he had hitherto manifested. “Yes, certainly, that work is very objectionable. Your grandfather was an ideologist, a fool, an old lunatic. At sixty years of age to think of forming plans to overthrow my constitution! States would be well governed, truly, under such theorists, who judge of men from books and the world from the map.”—“Sire, since my grandfather’s plans are, in your Majesty’s eyes, nothing but vain theories, I cannot conceive why they should so highly excite your displeasure. There is no political economist who has not traced out plans of constitutions.”—“Oh! as to political economists, they are mere-visionaries, who are dreaming of plans of finance while they are unfit to fulfil the duties of a schoolmaster in the most insignificant village in the Empire. Your grandfather’s work is that of an obstinate old man who died abusing all governments.”—“Sire, may I presume to suppose, from the way in which you speak of it, that your Majesty judges from the report of malignant persons, and that you have not yourself read it.”

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“That is a mistake. I have read it myself from beginning to end.”— “Then your Majesty must have seen how my grandfather renders justice to your genius.”—“Fine justice, truly! . . . He calls me the indispensable man, but, judging from his arguments, the best thing that could be done would be to cut my throat! Yes, I was indeed indispensable to repair the follies of your grandfather, and the mischief he did to France. It was he who overturned the monarchy and led Louis XVI. to the scaffold.”—“Sire, you seem to forget that my grandfather’s property was confiscated because he defended the King.”—-“Defended the King! A fine defence, truly! You might as well say that if I give a man poison and present him with an antidote when he is in the agonies of death I wish to save him! Yet that is the way your grandfather defended Louis XVI..... As to the confiscation you speak of, what does that prove? Nothing. Why, the property of Robespierre was confiscated! And let me tell you that Robespierre himself, Marat, and Danton did much less mischief to France than M. Necker. It was he who brought about the Revolution. You, Monsieur de Stael, did not see this; but I did. I witnessed all that passed in those days of terror and public calamity. But as long as I live those days shall never return. Your speculators trace their Utopian schemes upon paper; fools read and believe them. All are babbling about general happiness, and presently the people have not bread to eat; then comes a revolution. Such is usually the fruit of all these fine theories! Your grandfather was the cause of the saturnalia which desolated France. He is responsible for all the blood shed in the Revolution!”

Duroc informed me that the Emperor uttered these last words in a tone of fury which made all present tremble for young De Stael. Fortunately the young man did not lose his self-possession in the conflict, while the agitated expression of his countenance evidently showed what was passing in his mind. He was sufficiently master of himself to reply to the Emperor in a calm though rather faltering voice: “Sire, permit me to hope that posterity will judge of my grandfather more favourably than your Majesty does. During his administration he was ranked by the side of Sully and Colbert; and let me repeat again that I trust posterity will render him justice.”—“Posterity will, probably, say little about him.”— “I venture to hope the contrary, Sire.”

Then, added Duroc, the Emperor turning to us said with a smile, “After all, gentlemen, it is not for me to say too much against the Revolution since I have gained a throne by it.” Then again turning to M. de Stael he said, “The reign of anarchy is at au end. I must have subordination. Respect the sovereign authority, since it comes from God. You are young, and well educated, therefore; follow a better course, and avoid those bad principles which endanger the welfare of society.”—“Sire, since your Majesty does me the honour to think me well educated, you ought not to condemn the principles of my grandfather and my mother, for it is in those principles that I have been brought up.”—-“Well, I advise you to keep right in politics, for I will not pardon any offences of the Necker kind. Every one should keep right in politics.”

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This conversation, Duroc informed me, had continued the whole time of breakfast, and the Emperor rose just as he pronounced these last words: "Every one should keep right in politics." At that moment young De Stael again renewed his solicitations for his mother's recall from exile. Bonaparte then stepped up to him and pinched his ear with that air of familiarity which was customary to him when he was in good humour or wished to appear so.

"You are young," said he; "if you had my age and experience you would judge of things more correctly. I am far from being displeased with your frankness. I like to see a son plead his mother's cause. Your mother has given you a difficult commission, and you have executed it cleverly. I am glad I have had this opportunity of conversing with you. I love to talk with young people when they are unassuming and not too fond of arguing. But in spite of that I will not hold out false hopes to you. Murat has already spoken to me on the subject, and I have told him, as I now tell you, that my will is irrevocable. If your mother were in prison I should not hesitate to liberate her, but nothing shall induce me to recall her from exile."—"But, Sire, is she not as unhappy in being banished from her country and her friends as if she were in prison?"— "Oh! these are your mother's romantic ideas. She is exceedingly unhappy, and much to be pitied, no doubt! . . . With the exception of Paris she has all Europe for her prison."—"But, Sire, her friends are in Paris."—"With her talents she may make friends anywhere. After all, I cannot understand why she should be so anxious to come to Paris. Why should she wish to place herself immediately within the reach of my tyranny? Can she not go to Rome, to Berlin, to Vienna, to Milan, or to London? Yes, let her go to London; that is the place for her. There she may libel me as much as she pleases. In short, she has my full liberty to be anywhere but in Paris. You see, Monsieur de Stael, that is the place of my residence, and there I will have only those who are attached to me. I know from experience that if I were to allow your mother to come to Paris she would spoil everybody about me. She would finish the spoiling of Garat. It was she who ruined the Tribunate. I know she would promise wonders; but she cannot refrain from meddling with politics."—"I can assure your Majesty that my mother does not now concern herself about politics. She devotes herself exclusively to the society of her friends and to literature."—"Ah, there it is! . . . Literature! Do you think I am to be imposed upon by that word? While discoursing on literature, morals, the fine arts, and such matters, it is easy to dabble in politics. Let women mind their knitting. If your mother were in Paris I should hear all sorts of reports about her. Things might, indeed, be falsely attributed to her; but, be that as it may, I will have nothing of the kind going on in the capital in which I reside.

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All things considered, advise your mother to go to London. That is the best place for her. As for your grandfather, I have not spoken too severely of him. M. Necker knew nothing of the art of government. I have learned something of the matter during the last twenty years."—"All the world, Sire, renders justice to your Majesty's genius, and there is no one but acknowledges that the finances of France are now more prosperous than ever they were before your reign. But permit me to observe that your Majesty must, doubtless, have seen some merit in the financial regulations of my grandfather, since you have adopted some of them in the admirable system you have established."—"That proves nothing; for two or three good ideas do not constitute a good system. Be that as it may, I say again, I will never allow your mother to return to Paris."—"But, Sire, if sacred interests should absolutely require her presence there for a few days would not —"—"How! Sacred interests! What do you mean?"—"Yes, Sire, if you do not allow her to return I shall be obliged to go there, unaided by her advice, in order to recover from your Majesty's Government the payment of a sacred debt."—"Ah! bah! Sacred! Are not all the debts of the State sacred?"—"Doubtless, Sire; but ours is attended with circumstances which give it a peculiar character."—"A peculiar character! Nonsense! Does not every State creditor say the same of his debt? Besides, I know nothing of your claim. It does not concern me, and I will not meddle with it. If you have the law on your side so much the better; but if you want favour I tell you I will not interfere. If I did, I should be rather against you than otherwise."—"Sire, my brother and myself had intended to settle in France, but how can we live in a country where our mother cannot visit us?"—"I do not care for that. I do not advise you to come here. Go to England. The English like wrangling politicians. Go there, for in France, I tell you candidly, that I should be rather against you than for you."

"After this conversation," added Duroc, "the Emperor got into the carriage with me without stopping to look to the other petitions which had been presented to him. He preserved unbroken silence until he got nearly opposite the cascade, on the left of the road, a few leagues from Chambery. He appeared to be absorbed in reflection. At length he said, 'I fear I have been somewhat too harsh with this young man. . . . But no matter, it will prevent others from troubling me. These people calumniate everything I do. They do not understand me, Duroc; their place is not in France. How can Necker's family be for the Bourbons, whose first duty, if ever they returned to France, would be to hang them all.'"

This conversation, related to me by Duroc, interested me so much that I noted it down on paper immediately after my interview.

CHAPTER XVII.

1808.

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The Republic of Batavia—The crown of Holland offered to Louis— Offer and refusal of the crown of Spain—Napoleon's attempt to get possession of Brabant—Napoleon before and after Erfart— A remarkable letter to Louis—Louis summoned to Paris—His honesty and courage—His bold language—Louis' return to Holland, and his letter to Napoleon—Harsh letter from Napoleon to Louis—Affray at Amsterdam—Napoleon's displeasure and last letter to his brother— Louis' abdication in favour of his son—Union of Holland to the French Empire—Protest of Louis against that measure—Letter from M. Otto to Louis.

When Bonaparte was the chief of the French Republic he had no objection to the existence of a Batavian Republic in the north of France, and he equally tolerated the Cisalpine Republic in the south. But after the coronation all the Republics, which were grouped like satellites round the grand Republic, were converted into kingdoms subject to the Empire, if not avowedly, at least in fact. In this respect there was no difference between the Batavian and Cisalpine Republics. The latter having been metamorphosed into the Kingdom of Italy, it was necessary to find some pretext for transforming the former into the Kingdom of Holland. The government of the Republic of Batavia had been for some time past merely the shadow of a government, but still it preserved, even in its submission to France, those internal forms of freedom which console a nation for the loss of independence. The Emperor kept up such an extensive agency in Holland that he easily got up a deputation soliciting him to choose a king for the Batavian Republic. This submissive deputation came to Paris in 1806 to solicit the Emperor, as a favour, to place Prince Louis on the throne of Holland. The address of the deputation, the answer of Napoleon, and the speech of Louis on being raised to the sovereign dignity, have all been published.

Louis became King of Holland much against his inclination, for he opposed the proposition as much as he dared, alleging as an objection the state of his health, to which certainly the climate of Holland was not favourable; but Bonaparte sternly replied to his remonstrance, "It is better to die a king than live a prince." He was then obliged to accept the crown. He went to Holland accompanied by Hortense, who, however, did mot stay long there. The new King wanted to make himself beloved by his subjects, and as they were an entirely commercial people the best way to win their affections was not to adopt Napoleon's rigid laws against commercial intercourse with England. Hence the first coolness between the two brothers, which ended in the abdication of Louis.

I know not whether Napoleon recollected the motive assigned by Louis for at first refusing the crown of Holland, namely, the climate of the country, or whether he calculated upon greater submission in another of his brothers; but this is certain, that Joseph was not called from the throne of Naples to the throne of Spain until after the refusal of Louis. I have in my possession a copy of a letter written to him by Napoleon on the subject. It is without date of time or place, but its contents prove it to have been written in March or April 1808. It is as follows:—

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Brother:—The King of Spain, Charles *iv*., has just abdicated. The Spanish people loudly appeal to me. Certain of obtaining no solid peace with England unless I cause a great movement on the Continent, I have determined to place a French King on the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not agree with you; besides, Holland cannot rise from her rains. In the whirlwind of events, whether we have peace or not, there is no possibility of her maintaining herself. In this state of things I have thought of the throne of Spain for you. Give me your opinions categorically on this measure. If I were to name you King of Spain would you accept the offer? May I count on you? Answer me these two questions. Say, "I have received your letter of such a day, I answer Yes," and then I shall count on your doing what I wish; or say "No" if you decline my proposal. Let no one enter into your confidence, and mention to no one the object of this letter. The thing must be done before we confess having thought about it.

(signed) *Napoleon*.

Before finally seizing Holland Napoleon formed the project of separating Brabant and Zealand from it in exchange for other provinces, the possession of which was doubtful, but Louis successfully resisted this first act of usurpation. Bonaparte was, too intent on the great business in Spain to risk any commotion in the north, where the declaration of Russia against Sweden already sufficiently occupied him. He therefore did not insist upon, and even affected indifference to, the proposed augmentation of the territory of the Empire. This at least may be collected from another letter, dated St. Cloud, 17th August, written upon hearing from M. Alexandre de la Rochefoucauld, his Ambassador in Holland, and from his brother himself, the opposition of Louis to his project.

The letter was as follows:—

Brother—I have received your letter relating to that of the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld. He was only authorised to make the proposals indirectly. Since the exchange does not please you, let us think no more about it. It was useless to make a parade of principles, though I never said that you ought not to consult the nation. The well-informed part of the Dutch people had already acknowledged their indifference to the loss of Brabant, which is connected with France rather than with Holland, and interspersed with expensive fortresses; it might have been advantageously exchanged for the northern provinces. But, once for all, since you do not like this arrangement, let no more be said about it. It was useless even to mention it to me, for the Sieur de la Rochefoucauld was instructed merely to hint the matter.

Though ill-humour here evidently peeps out beneath affected condescension, yet the tone of this letter is singularly moderate,—I may even say kind, in comparison with other letters which Napoleon addressed to Louis. This letter, it is true,

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was written previously to the interview at Erfurt, when Napoleon, to avoid alarming Russia, made his ambition appear to slumber. But when he got his brother Joseph recognised, and when he had himself struck an important blow in the Peninsula, he began to change his tone to Louis. On the 20th of December he wrote a very remarkable letter, which exhibits the unreserved expression of that tyranny which he wished to exercise over all his family in order to make them the instruments of his despotism. He reproached Louis for not following his system of policy, telling him that he had forgotten he was a Frenchman, and that he wished to become a Dutchman. Among other things he said:

Your Majesty has done more: you took advantage of the moment when I was involved in the affairs of the Continent to renew the relations between Holland and England—to violate the laws of the blockade, which are the only means of effectually destroying the latter power. I expressed my dissatisfaction by forbidding you to come to France, and I have made you feel that even without the assistance of my armies, by merely closing the Rhine, the Weser, the Scheldt, and the Meuse against Holland, I should have placed her in a situation more critical than if I had declared war against her. Your Majesty implored my generosity, appealed to my feelings as brother, and promised to alter your conduct. I thought this warning would be sufficient. I raised my custom-house prohibitions, but your Majesty has returned to your old system.Your Majesty received all the American ships that presented themselves in the ports of Holland after having been expelled from those of France. I have been obliged a second time to prohibit trade with Holland. In this state of things we may consider ourselves really at war. In my speech to the Legislative Body I manifested my displeasure; for I will not conceal from you that my intention is to unite Holland with France. This will be the most severe blow I can aim against England, and will deliver me from the perpetual insults which the plotters of your Cabinet are constantly directing against me. The mouths of the Rhine and of the Meuse ought, indeed, to belong to me. The principle that the ‘Thalweg’ (towing-path) of the Rhine is the boundary of France is a fundamental principle. Your Majesty writes to me on the 17th that you are sure of being able to prevent all trade between Holland and England. I am of opinion that your Majesty promises more than you can fulfil. I shall, however, remove my custom-house prohibitions whenever the existing treaties may be executed. The following are my conditions:—First, The interdiction of all trade and communication with England. Second, The supply of a fleet of fourteen sail-of the line, seven frigates and seven brigs or corvettes, armed and manned. Third, An army of 25,000 men. Fourth, The suppression of the rank of marshals. Fifth, The abolition of all the privileges of nobility which are contrary

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to the constitution which I have given and guaranteed. Your Majesty may negotiate on these bases with the Due de Cadore, through the medium of your Minister; but be assured that on the entrance of the first packetboat into Holland I will restore my prohibitions, and that the first Dutch officer who may presume to insult my flag shall be seized, and hanged at the mainyard. Your Majesty will find in me a brother if you prove yourself a Frenchman; but if you forget the sentiments which attach you to our common country you cannot think it extraordinary that I should lose sight of those which nature created between us. In short, the union of Holland and France will be of all things, most useful to France, to Holland, and the whole Continent, because it will be most injurious to England. This union must be effected willingly or by force. Holland has given me sufficient reason to declare war against her. However, I shall not scruple to consent to an arrangement which will secure to me the limit of the Rhine, and by which Holland will pledge herself to fulfil the conditions stipulated above.—[Much of the manner in which Napoleon treated occupied countries such as Holland is explained by the spirit of his answer when Beugnot complained to him of the harm done to the Grand Duchy of Berg by the monopoly of tobacco. “It is extraordinary that you should not have discovered the motive that makes me persist in the establishment of the monopoly of tobacco in the Grand Duchy. The question is not about your Grand Duchy but about France. I am very well aware that it is not to your benefit, and that you very possibly lose by it, but what does that signify if it be for the good of France? I tell you, then, that in every country where there is a monopoly of tobacco, but which is contiguous to one where the sale is free, a regular smuggling infiltration must be reckoned on, supplying the consumption for twenty or twenty-five miles into the country subject to the duty. That is what I intend to preserve France from. You must protect yourselves as well as you can from this infiltration. It is enough for me to drive it back more than twenty or twenty-five miles from my frontier.” (Beugnot, vol. ii. p. 26).]—

Here the correspondence between the two brothers was suspended for a time; but Louis still continued exposed to new vexations on the part of Napoleon. About the end of 1809 the Emperor summoned all the sovereigns who might be called his vassals to Paris. Among the number was Louis, who, however, did not show himself very willing to quit his States. He called a council of his Ministers, who were of opinion that for the interest of Holland he ought to make this new sacrifice. He did so with resignation. Indeed, every day passed on the throne was a sacrifice made by Louis.

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He lived very quietly in Paris, and was closely watched by the police, for it was supposed that as he had come against his will he would not protract his stay so long as Napoleon wished. The system of espionage under which he found himself placed, added to the other circumstances of his situation, inspired him with a degree of energy of which he was not believed to be capable; and amidst the general silence of the servants of the Empire, and even of the Kings and Princes assembled in the capital, he ventured to say, “I have been deceived by promises which were never intended to be kept. Holland is tired of being the sport of France.” The Emperor, who was unused to such language as this, was highly incensed at it. Louis had now no alternative but to yield to the incessant exactions of Napoleon or to see Holland united to France. He chose the latter, though not before he had exerted all his feeble power in behalf of the subjects whom Napoleon had consigned to him; but he would not be the accomplice of the man who had resolved to make those subjects the victims of his hatred against England. Who, indeed, could be so blind as not to see that the ruin of the Continent would be the triumph of British commerce?

Louis was, however, permitted to return to his States to contemplate the stagnating effect of the Continental blockade on every branch of trade and industry formerly so active in Holland. Distressed at witnessing evils to which he could apply no remedy, he endeavoured by some prudent remonstrances to avert the utter, ruin with which Holland was threatened. On the 23d of March 1810 he wrote the following letter to Napoleon: —

If you wish to consolidate the present state of France, to obtain maritime peace, or to attack England with advantage, those objects are not to be obtained by measures like the blockading system, the destruction of a kingdom raised by yourself, or the enfeebling of your allies, and setting at defiance their most sacred rights and the first principles of the law of nations. You should, on the contrary, win their affections for France, and consolidate and reinforce your allies, making them like your brothers, in whom you may place confidence. The destruction of Holland, far from being the means of assailing England, will serve only to increase her strength, by all the industry and wealth which will fly to her for refuge. There are, in reality, only three ways of assailing England, namely, by detaching Ireland, getting possession of the East Indies, or by invasion. These two latter modes, which would be the most effectual, cannot be executed without naval force. But I am astonished that the first should have been so easily relinquished. That is a more secure mode of obtaining peace on good conditions than the system of injuring ourselves for the sake of committing a greater injury upon the enemy.

(Signed) *louis*.

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Written remonstrances were no more to Napoleon's taste than verbal ones at a time when, as I was informed by my friends whom fortune chained to his destiny, no one presumed to address a word to him except in answer to his questions. Cambaceres, who alone had retained that privilege in public as his old colleague in the Consulate, lost it after Napoleon's marriage with the daughter of Imperial Austria. His brother's letter highly roused his displeasure. Two months after he received it, being on a journey in the north, he replied from Ostend by a letter which cannot be read without a feeling of pain, since it serves to show how weak are the most sacred ties of blood in comparison with the interests of an insatiable policy. This letter was as follows:

Brother—In the situation in which we are placed it is best to speak candidly. I know your secret sentiments, and all that you can say to the contrary can avail nothing. Holland is certainly in a melancholy situation. I believe you are anxious to extricate her from her difficulties: it is you; and you alone, who can do this.When you conduct yourself in such a way as to induce the people of Holland to believe that you act under my influence, that all your measures and all your sentiments are conformable with mine, then you will be loved, you will be esteemed, and you will acquire the power requisite for re-establishing Holland: when to be my friend, and the friend of France, shall become a title of favour at your court, Holland will be in her natural situation. Since your return from Paris you have done nothing to effect this object. What will be the result of your conduct? Your subjects, bandied about between France and England, will throw themselves into the arms of France, and will demand to be united to her. You know my character, which is to pursue my object unimpeded by any consideration. What, therefore, do you expect me to do? I can dispense with Holland, but Holland cannot dispense with my protection. If, under the dominion of one of my brothers, but looking to me alone for her welfare, she does not find in her sovereign my image, all confidence in your government is at an end; your sceptre is broken. Love France, love my glory—-that is the only way to serve Holland: if you had acted as you ought to have done that country, having becoming a part of my Empire, would have been the more dear to me since I had given her a sovereign whom I almost regarded as my son. In placing you on the throne of Holland I thought I had placed a French citizen there. You have followed a course diametrically opposite to what I expected. I have been forced to prohibit you from coming to France, and to take possession of a part of your territory. In proving yourself a bad Frenchman you are less to the Dutch than a Prince of Orange, to whose family they owe their rank as a nation, and a long succession of prosperity and glory. By your banishment from

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France the Dutch are convinced that they have lost what they would not have lost under a Schimmelpenninek or a Prince of Orange. Prove yourself a Frenchman, and the brother of the Emperor, and be assured that thereby you will serve the interests of Holland. But you seem to be incorrigible, for you would drive away the few Frenchmen who remain with you. You must be dealt with, not by affectionate advice, but by threats and compulsion. What mean the prayers and mysterious fasts you have ordered? Louis, you will not reign long. Your actions disclose better than your confidential letters the sentiments of your mind. Return to the right course. Be a Frenchman in heart, or your people will banish you, and you will leave Holland an object of ridicule.—[It was, on the contrary, became Louis made himself a Dutchman that his people did not banish him, and that he carried away with him the regret of all that portion of his subjects who could appreciate his excellent qualities and possessed good sense enough to perceive that he was not to blame for the evils that weighed upon Holland.—Bourrienne. The conduct of Bonaparte to Murat was almost a counterpart to this. When Murat attempted to consult the interests of Naples he was called a traitor to France.—Editor of 1836 edition.]—

> States must be governed by reason and policy, and not by the weakness produced by acrid and vitiated humours.

(Signed) *Napoleon*.

A few days after this letter was despatched to Louis, Napoleon heard of a paltry affray which had taken place at Amsterdam, and to which Comte de la Rochefoucauld gave a temporary diplomatic importance, being aware that he could not better please his master than by affording him an excuse for being angry. It appeared that the honour of the Count's coachman had been put in jeopardy by the insult of a citizen of Amsterdam, and a quarrel had ensued, which, but for the interference of the guard of the palace, might have terminated seriously since it assumed the character of a party affair between the French and the Dutch. M. de la Rochefoucauld immediately despatched to the Emperor, who was then at Lille, a full report of his coachman's quarrel, in which he expressed himself with as much earnestness as the illustrious author of the "Maxims" evinced when he waged war against kings. The consequence was that Napoleon instantly fulminated the following letter against his brother Louis:

Brother—At the very moment when you were making the fairest protestations I learn that the servants of my Ambassador have been ill-treated at Amsterdam. I insist that those who were guilty of this outrage be delivered up to me, in order that their punishment may serve as an example to others. The Sieur Serrurier has informed me how you conducted yourself at the diplomatic audiences. I have, consequently, determined that the Dutch Ambassador shall not remain in Paris;

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and Admiral Yerhuell has received orders to depart within twenty-four hours. I want no more phrases and protestations. It is time I should know whether you intend to ruin Holland by your follies. I do not choose that you should again send a Minister to Austria, or that you should dismiss the French who are in your service. I have recalled my Ambassador as I intend only to have a charge d'affaires in Holland. The Sieur Serrurier, who remains there in that capacity, will communicate my intentions. My Ambassador shall no longer be exposed to your insults. Write to me no more of those set phrases which you have been repeating for the last three years, and the falsehood of which is proved every day.

This is the last letter I will ever write to you as long as I live.

(Signed) *Napoleon*.

Thus reduced to the cruel alternative of crushing Holland with his own hands, or leaving that task to the Emperor, Louis did not hesitate to lay down his sceptre. Having formed this resolution, he addressed a message to the Legislative Body of the Kingdom of Holland explaining the motives of his abdication. The French troops entered Holland under the command of the Duke of Reggio, and that marshal, who was more a king than the King himself, threatened to occupy Amsterdam. Louis then descended from his throne, and four years after Napoleon was hurled from his.

In his act of abdication Louis declared that he had been driven to that step by the unhappy state of his Kingdom, which he attributed to his brother's unfavourable feelings towards him. He added that he had made every effort and sacrifice to put an end to that painful state of things, and that, finally, he regarded himself as the cause of the continual misunderstanding between the French Empire and Holland. It is curious that Louis thought he could abdicate the crown of Holland in favour of his son, as Napoleon only four years after wished to abdicate his crown in favour of the King of Rome.

Louis bade farewell to the people of Holland in a proclamation, after the publication of which he repaired to the waters at Toeplitz. There he was living in tranquil retirement when he learned that his brother had united Holland to the Empire. He then published a protest, of which I obtained a copy, though its circulation was strictly prohibited by the police. In this protest Louis said:

The constitution of the state guaranteed by the Emperor, my brother, gave me the right of abdicating in favour of my children. That abdication was made in the form and terms prescribed by the constitution. The Emperor had no right to declare war against Holland, and he has not done so.

There is no act, no dissent, no demand of the Dutch nation that can authorise the pretended union.

My abdication does not leave the throne vacant. I have abdicated only in favour of my children.

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As that abdication left Holland for twelve years under a regency, that is to say, under the direct influence of the Emperor, according to the terms of the constitution, there was no need of that union for executing every measure he might have in view against trade and against England, since his will was supreme in Holland.But I ascended the throne without any other conditions except those imposed upon me by my conscience, my duty, and the interest and welfare of my subjects. I therefore declare before God and the independent sovereigns to whom I address myself—First, That the treaty of the 16th of March 1810, which occasioned the separation of the province of Zealand and Brabant from Holland, was accepted by compulsion, and ratified conditionally by me in Paris, where I was detained against my will; and that, moreover, the treaty was never executed by the Emperor my brother. Instead of 6000 French troops which I was to maintain, according to the terms of the treaty, that number has been more than doubled; instead of occupying only the mouths of the rivers and the coasts, the French custom-horses have encroached into the interior of the country; instead of the interference of France being confined to the measures connected with the blockade of England, Dutch magazines have been seized and Dutch subjects arbitrarily imprisoned; finally, none of the verbal promises have been kept which were made in the Emperor's name by the Due de Cadore to grant indemnities for the countries ceded by the said treaty and to mitigate its execution, if the King would refer entirely to the Emperor, *etc*. I declare, in my name, in the name of the nation and my son, the treaty of the 16th of March 1810 to be null and void.Second, I declare that my abdication was forced by the Emperor, my brother, that it was made only as the last extremity, and on this one condition—that I should maintain the rights of Holland and my children. My abdication could only be made in their favour.

> Third, In my name, in the name of the King my son, who is as yet a minor, and in the name of the Dutch nation, I declare the pretended union of Holland to France, mentioned in the decree of the Emperor, my brother, dated the 9th of July last, to be null, void, illegal, unjust, and arbitrary in the eyes of God and man, and that the nation and the minor King will assert their just rights when circumstances permit them.
>
> (Signed)*louis*.
>
> August 1, 1810.

Thus there seemed to be an end of all intercourse between these two brothers, who were so opposite in character and disposition. But Napoleon, who was enraged that Louis should have presumed to protest, and that in energetic terms, against the union of his Kingdom with the Empire, ordered him to return to France, whither he was summoned in his character of Constable and French Prince. Louis, however, did not think proper to obey this summons, and Napoleon, mindful of his promise of never writing to him again, ordered the following letter to be addressed to him by M. Otto, who had been Ambassador from France to Vienna since the then recent marriage of the Emperor with Maria Louisa—

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Sire:—The Emperor directs me to write to your Majesty as follows:— “It is the duty of every French Prince, and every member of the Imperial family, to reside in France, whence they cannot absent themselves without the permission of the Emperor. Before the union of Holland to the Empire the Emperor permitted the King to reside at Toeplitz, is Bohemia. His health appeared to require the use of the waters, but now the Emperor requires that Prince Louis shall return, at the latest by the 1st of December next, under pain of being considered as disobeying the constitution of the Empire and the head of his family, and being treated accordingly.”I fulfil, Sire, word for word the mission with which I have been entrusted, and I send the chief secretary of the embassy to be assured that this letter is rightly delivered. I beg your Majesty to accept the homage of my respect, *etc*.

(Signed)*Otto*.

—[The eldest son of Louis, one of the fruits of his unhappy marriage with Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine, the wife of his brother Napoleon, was little more than six years of age when his father abdicated the crown of Holland in his favour. In 1830-31 this imprudent young man joined the ill-combined mad insurrection in the States of the Pope. He was present in one or two petty skirmishes, and was, we believe, wounded; but it was a malaria fever caught in the unhealthy Campagna of Rome that carried him to the grave in the twenty-seventh year of his age.—Editor of 1836 edition.— The first child of Louis and of Hortense had died in 1807. The second son, Napoleon Louis (1804-1831) in whose favour he abdicated had been created Grand Due de Berg et de Cleves by Napoleon in 1809. He married to 1826 Charlotte, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and died in 1831, while engaged in a revolutionary movement in Italy. On his death his younger brother Charles Louis Napoleon, the future Napoleon *iii*., first came forward as an aspirant.]—

What a letter was this to be addressed by a subject to a prince and a sovereign. When I afterwards saw M. Otto in Paris, and conversed with him on the subject, he assured me how much he had been distressed at the necessity of writing such a letter to the brother of the Emperor. He had employed the expressions dictated by Napoleon in that irritation which he could never command when his will was opposed.

—[With regard to Louis and his conduct in Holland Napoleon thus spoke at St. Helena:

“Louis is not devoid of intelligence, and has a good heart, but even with these qualifications a man may commit many errors, and do a great deal of mischief. Louis is naturally inclined to be capricious and fantastical, and the works of Jean Jacques Rousseau have contributed to increase this disposition. Seeking to obtain a reputation for sensibility and beneficence, incapable by himself

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of enlarged views, and, at most, competent to local details, Louis acted like a prefect rather than a King.“No sooner had he arrived in Holland than, fancying that nothing could be finer than to have it said that he was thenceforth a true Dutchman, he attached himself entirely to the party favourable to the English, promoted smuggling, and than connived with our enemies. It became necessary from that moment watch over him, and even threaten to wage war against him. Louis then seeking a refuge against the weakness of his disposition in the most stubborn obstinacy, and mistaking a public scandal for an act of glory, fled from his throne, declaiming against me and against my insatiable ambition, my intolerable tyranny, *etc*. What then remained for me to do? Was I to abandon Holland to our enemies? Ought I to have given it another King? But is that case could I have expected more from him than from my own brother? Did not all the Kings that I created act nearly in the same manner? I therefore united Holland to the Empire, and this act produced a most unfavourable impression in Europe, and contributed not a little to lay the foundation of our misfortunes” (Memorial de Sainte Helene)]—

CHAPTER XVIII.

1809.

Demands for contingents from some of the small States of Germany— M. Metternich—-Position of Russia with respect to France—Union of Austria and Russia—Return of the English to Spain—Soult King of Portugal, and Murat successor to the Emperor—First levy of the landwehr in Austria—Agents of the Hamburg ’Correspondent’— Declaration of Prince Charles—Napoleon’s march to Germany—His proclamation—Bernadotte’s departure for the army—Napoleon’s dislike of Bernadotte—Prince Charles’ plan of campaign—The English at Cuxhaven—Fruitlessness of the plots of England—Napoleon wounded—Napoleon’s prediction realised—Major Schill—Hamburg threatened and saved—Schill in Lubeck—His death, and destruction of his band—Schill imitated by the Duke of Brunswick-Oels— Departure of the English from Cuxhaven.

Bonaparte, the foundations of whose Empire were his sword and his. victories, and who was anxiously looking forward to the time when the sovereigns of Continental Europe should be his juniors, applied for contingents of troops from the States to which I was accredited. The Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was to furnish a regiment of 1800 men, and the other little States, such as Oldenburg and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, were to furnish regiments of less amount. All Europe was required to rise in arms to second the gigantic projects of the new sovereign. This demand for contingents, and the positive way in which the Emperor insisted upon them, gave rise to an immense correspondence, which, however, was unattended by any result. The notes and orders remained in the portfolios, and the contingents stayed at home.

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M. Metternich, whose talent has since been so conspicuously displayed, had been for upwards of a year Ambassador from Austria to Paris. Even then he excelled in the art of guiding men's minds, and of turning to the advantage of his policy his external graces and the favour he acquired in the drawing-room. His father, a clever man, brought up in the old diplomatic school of Thugut and Kaunitz, had early accustomed him to the task of making other Governments believe, by means of agents, what might lead them into error and tend to the advantage of his own Government. His manoeuvres tended to make Austria assume a discontented and haughty tone; and wishing, as she said, to secure her independence, she publicly declared her intention of protecting herself against any enterprise similar to those of which she had so often been the victim. This language, encouraged by the complete evacuation of Germany, and the war in Spain, the unfortunate issue of which was generally foreseen, was used—in time of peace between the two empires, and when France was not threatening war to Austria.

—[Metternich arrived in Paris as Ambassador on 4th August 1806, after Austria had been vanquished at Austerlitz. It does not seem probable, either from his views or his correspondence, that he advised the rash attempt of Austria to attack Napoleon by herself; compare Metternich tome 1. p. 69, on the mistake of Prussia in 1805 and 1806; see also tome ii. p. 221, "To provoke a war with France would be madness" (1st July 1808). On the other hand, the tone of his correspondence in 1808 seams calculated to make Austria believe that war was inevitable, and that her forces, "so inferior to those of France before the insurrection in Spain, will at least be equal to them immediately after that event" (tome ii. p. 808). What is curious is that Metternich's conduct towards Napoleon while Ambassador had led even such men as Duke Dalberg to believe that he was really so well disposed towards Napoleon as to serve his cause more than that of Austria.

M. Metternich, who had instructions from his Court, gave no satisfactory explanation of those circumstances to Napoleon, who immediately raised a conscription, and brought soldiers from Spain into Germany.

It was necessary, also, to come to an understanding with Russia, who, being engaged with her war in Finland and Turkey, appeared desirous neither to enter into alliance with Austria nor to afford her support. What, in fact, was the Emperor Alexander's situation with respect to France? He had signed a treaty of peace at Tilsit which he felt had been forced upon him, and he knew that time alone would render it possible for him to take part in a contest which it was evident would again be renewed either with Prussia or Austria.

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Every person of common sense must have perceived that Austria, in taking up arms, reckoned, if not on the assistance, at least on the neutrality of Russia. Russia was then engaged with two enemies, the Swedes and the Turks, over whom she hoped to triumph. She therefore rejoiced to see France again engage in a struggle with Austria, and there was no doubt that she would take advantage of any chances favourable to the latter power to join her in opposing the encroachments of France. I never could conceive how, under those circumstances, Napoleon could be so blind as to expect assistance from Russia in his quarrel with Austria. He must, indeed, have been greatly deceived as to the footing on which the two Courts stood with reference to each other —their friendly footing and their mutual agreement to oppose the overgrowing ambition of their common enemy.

The English, who had been compelled to quit Spain, now returned there. They landed in Portugal, which might be almost regarded as their own colony, and marched against Marshal Soult, who left Spain to meet them. Any other man than Soult would perhaps have been embarrassed by the obstacles which he had to surmount. A great deal has been said about his wish to make himself King of Portugal. Bernadotte told me, when he passed through Hamburg, that the matter had been the subject of much conversation at headquarters after the battle of Wagram. Bernadotte placed no faith in the report, and I am pretty sure that Napoleon also disbelieved it. However, this matter is still involved in the obscurity from which it will only be drawn when some person acquainted with the intrigue shall give a full explanation of it.

Since I have, with reference to Soult, touched upon the subject of his supposed ambition, I will mention here what I know of Murat's expectation of succeeding the Emperor. When Romanzow returned from his useless mission of mediation to London the Emperor proceeded to Bayonne. Bernadotte, who had an agent in Paris whom he paid highly, told me one day that he had received a despatch informing him that Murat entertained the idea of one day succeeding the Emperor. Sycophants, expecting to derive advantage from it, encouraged Murat in this chimerical hope. I know not whether Napoleon was acquainted with this circumstance, nor what he said of it, but Bernadotte spoke of it to me as a certain fact. It would, however, have been very wrong to attach great importance to an expression which, perhaps, escaped Murat in a moment of ardour, for his natural temperament sometimes betrayed him into acts of imprudence, the result of which, with a man like Napoleon, was always to be dreaded.

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It was in the midst of the operations of the Spanish war, which Napoleon directed in person, that he learned Austria had for the first time raised the landwehr. I obtained some very curious documents respecting the armaments of Austria from the Editor of the Hamburg 'Correspondent'. This paper, the circulation of which amounted to not less than 60,000, paid considerable sums to persons in different parts of Europe who were able and willing to furnish the current news. The Correspondent paid 6000 francs a year to a clerk in the war department at Vienna, and it was this clerk who supplied the intelligence that Austria was preparing for war, and that orders had been issued in all directions to collect and put in motion all the resources of that powerful monarchy. I communicated these particulars to the French Government, and suggested the necessity of increased vigilance and measures of defence. Preceding aggressions, especially that of 1805, were not to be forgotten. Similar information probably reached the French Government from many quarters. Be that as it may, the Emperor consigned the military operations in Spain to his generals, and departed for Paris, where he arrived at the end of January 1809. He had been in Spain only since the beginning of November 1808,' and his presence there had again rendered our banners victorious. But though the insurgent troops were beaten the inhabitants showed themselves more and more unfavourable to Joseph's cause; and it did not appear very probable that he could ever seat himself tranquilly on the throne of Madrid.

—[The successes obtained by Napoleon during his stay of about three months in Spain were certainly very great, and mainly resulted from his own masterly genius and lightning-like rapidity. The Spanish armies, as yet unsupported by British troops, were defeated at Gomenal, Espinosa, Reynosa, Tudela, and at the pass of the Somo sierra Mountains, and at an early hour of the morning of the 4th December Madrid surrendered. On the 20th of December Bonaparte marched with far superior forces against the unfortunate Sir John Moore, who had been sent to advance into Spain both by the wrong route and at a wrong time. On the 29th, from the heights of Benevento, his eyes were delighted by seeing the English in full retreat. But a blow struck him from another quarter, and leaving Soult to follow up Moore he took the road to Paris.]—

The Emperor Francis, notwithstanding his counsellors, hesitated about taking the first step; but at length, yielding to the solicitations of England and the secret intrigues of Russia, and, above all, seduced by the subsidies of Great Britain, Austria declared hostilities, not at first against France, but against her allies of the Confederation of the Rhine. On the 9th of April Prince Charles, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the Austrian troops, addressed a note to the commander-in-chief of the French army in Bavaria, apprising him of the declaration of war.

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A courier carried the news of this declaration to Strasburg with the utmost expedition, from whence it was transmitted by telegraph to Paris. The Emperor, surprised but not disconcerted by this intelligence, received it at St. Cloud on the 11th of April, and two hours after he was on the road to Germany. The complexity of affairs in which he was then involved seemed to give a new impulse to his activity. When he reached the army neither his troops nor his Guard had been able to come up, and under those circumstances he placed himself at the head of the Bavarian troops, and, as it were, adopted the soldiers of Maximilian. Six days after his departure from Paris the army of Prince Charles, which had passed the Inn, was threatened. The Emperor's headquarters were at Donauwerth, and from thence he addressed to his soldiers one of those energetic and concise proclamations which made them perform so many prodigies, and which was soon circulated in every language by the public journals. This complication of events could not but be fatal to Europe and France, whatever might be its result, but it presented an opportunity favourable to the development of the Emperor's genius. Like his favourite poet Ossian, who loved best to touch his lyre midst the howlings of the tempest, Napoleon required political tempests for the display of his abilities.

During the campaign of 1809, and particularly at its commencement, Napoleon's course was even more rapid than it had been in the campaign of 1805. Every courier who arrived at Hamburg brought us news, or rather prodigies. As soon as the Emperor was informed of the attack made by the Austrians upon Bavaria orders were despatched to all the generals having troops under their command to proceed with all speed to the theatre of the war. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo was summoned to join the Grand Army with the Saxon troops under his command and for the time he resigned the government of the Hanse Towns. Colonel Damas succeeded him at Hamburg during that period, but merely as commandant of the fortress; and he never gave rise to any murmur or complaint. Bernadotte was not satisfied with his situation, and indeed the Emperor, who was never much disposed to bring him forward, because he could not forgive him for his opposition on the 18th Brumaire, always appointed him to posts in which but little glory was to be acquired, and placed as few troops as possible under his command.

It required all the promptitude of the Emperor's march upon Vienna to defeat the plots which were brewing against his government, for in the event of his arms being unsuccessful, the blow was ready to be struck. The English force in the north of Germany amounted to about 10,000 men: The Archduke Charles had formed the project of concentrating in the middle of Germany a large body of troops, consisting of the corps of General Am Eude, of General Radizwowitz, and of the English, with whom were to be joined the people who were expected to revolt. The English

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would have wished the Austrian troops to advance a little farther. The English agent made some representations on this subject to Stadion, the Austrian Minister; but the Archduke preferred making a diversion to committing the safety of the monarchy by departing from his present inactivity and risking the passage of the Danube, in the face of an enemy who never suffered himself to be surprised, and who had calculated every possible event: In concerting his plan the Archduke expected that the Czar would either detach a strong force to assist his allies, or that he would abandon them to their own defence. In the first case the Archduke would have had a great superiority, and in the second, all was prepared in Hesse and in Hanover to rise on the approach of the Austrian and English armies.

At the commencement of July the English advanced upon Cuxhaven with a dozen small ships of war. They landed 400 or 600 sailors and about 50 marines, and planted a standard on one of the outworks. The day after this landing at Cuxhaven the English, who were in Denmark evacuated Copenhagen, after destroying a battery which they had erected there. All the schemes of England were fruitless on the Continent, for with the Emperor's new system of war, which consisted in making a push on the capitals, he soon obtained negotiations for peace. He was master of Vienna before England had even organised the expedition to which I have just alluded. He left Paris on the 11th of April, was at Donauwerth on the 17th, and on the 23d he was master of Ratisbon. In the engagement which preceded his entrance into that town Napoleon received a slight wound in the heel. He nevertheless remained on the field of battle. It was also between Donauwerth and Ratisbon that Davoust, by a bold manoeuvre, gained and merited the title of Prince of Eckmuhl.

—[The great battle of Eckmuhl, where 100,000 Austrians were driven from all their positions, was fought on the 22d of April.-Editor of 1836 edition.]—

At this period fortune was not only bent on favouring Napoleon's arms, but she seemed to take pleasure in realising even his boasting predictions; for the French troops entered Vienna within a month after a proclamation issued by Napoleon at Ratisbon, in which he said he would be master of the Austrian capital in that time.

But while he was thus marching from triumph to triumph the people of Hamburg and the neighbouring countries had a neighbour who did not leave them altogether without inquietude. The famous Prussian partisan, Major Schill, after pursuing his system of plunder in Westphalia, came and threw himself into Mecklenburg, whence, I understood, it was his intention to surprise Hamburg. At the head of 600 well-mounted hussars and between 1500 and 2000 infantry badly armed, he took possession of the little fort of Domitz, in Mecklenburg, on the 15th of May, from whence he despatched parties who levied contributions on both banks of the Elbe. Schill inspired terror

wherever he went. On the 19th of May a detachment of 30 men belonging to Schill's corps entered Wismar. It was commanded by Count Moleke, who had formerly been in the Prussian service, and who had retired to his estate in Mecklenburg, where the Duke had kindly given him an appointment. Forgetting his duty to his benefactor, he sent to summon the Duke to surrender Stralsund.

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Alarmed at the progress of the partisan Schill, the Duke of Mecklenburg and his Court quitted Ludwigsburg, their regular residence, and retired to Doberan, on the seacoast. On quitting Mecklenburg Schill advanced to Bergdorf, four leagues from Hamburg. The alarm then increased in that city. A few of the inhabitants talked of making a compromise with Schill and sending him money to get him away. But the firmness of the majority imposed silence on this timid council. I consulted with the commandant of the town, and we determined to adopt measures of precaution. The custom-house chest, in which there was more than a million of gold, was sent to Holstein under a strong escort. At the same time I sent to Schill a clever spy, who gave him a most alarming account of the means of defence which Hamburg possessed. Schill accordingly gave up his designs on that city, and leaving it on his left, entered Lubeck, which was undefended.

Meanwhile Lieutenant-General Gratien, who had left Berlin by order of the Prince de Neufchatel, with 2500 Dutch and 3000 Swedish troops, actively pursued Schill, and tranquillity was soon restored throughout all the neighbouring country, which had been greatly agitated by his bold enterprise. Schill, after wandering for some days on the shores of the Baltic, was overtaken by General Gratien at Stralsund, whence he was about to embark for Sweden. He made a desperate defence, and was killed after a conflict of two hours. His band was destroyed. Three hundred of his hussars and 200 infantry, who had effected their escape, asked leave to return to Prussia, and they were conducted to the Prussian general commanding a neighbouring town. A war of plunder like that carried on by Schill could not be honourably acknowledged by a power having, any claim to respect. Yet the English Government sent Schill a colonel's commission, and the full uniform of his new rank, with the assurance that all his troops should thenceforth be paid by England.

Schill soon had an imitator of exalted rank. In August 1809 the Duke of Brunswick-OEls sought the dangerous honour of succeeding that famous partisan. At the head of at most 2000 men he for some days disturbed the left bank of the Elbe, and on the 5th entered Bremen. On his approach the French Vice-Consul retired to Osterhulz. One of the Duke's officers presented himself at the hones of the Vice-Consul and demanded 200 Louis. The agent of the Vice-Consul, alarmed at the threat of the place being given up to pillage, capitulated with the officer, and with considerable difficulty got rid of him at the sacrifice of 80 Louis, for which a receipt was presented to him in the name of the Duke. The Duke, who now went by the name of "the new Schill," did not remain long in Bremen.

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Wishing to repair with all possible speed to Holland he left Bremen on the evening of the 6th, and proceeded to Dehnenhorst, where his advanced guard had already arrived. The Westphalian troops, commanded by Reubell, entered Bremen on the 7th, and not finding the Duke of Brunswick, immediately marched in pursuit of him. The Danish troops, who occupied Cuxhaven, received orders to proceed to Bremerlehe, to favour the operations of the Westphalians and the Dutch. Meanwhile the English approached Cuxhaven, where they landed 3000 or 4000 men. The persons in charge of the custom-house establishment, and the few sailors who were in Cuxhaven, fell back upon Hamburg. The Duke of Brunswick, still pursued crossed Germany from the frontiers of Bohemia to Elsfleth, a little port on the left bank of the Weser, where he arrived on the 7th, being one day in advance of his pursuers. He immediately took possession of all the transports at Elsfleth, and embarked for Heligoland.

The landing which the English effected at Cuxhaven while the Danes, who garrisoned that port, were occupied in pursuing the Duke of Brunswick, was attended by no result. After the escape of the Duke the Danes returned to their post which the English immediately evacuated.

CHAPTER XIX.

1809.

The castle of Diernstein—Richard Coeur de Lion and Marshal Lannes, —The Emperor at the gates of Vienna—The Archduchess Maria Louisa— Facility of correspondence with England—Smuggling in Hamburg—Brown sugar and sand—Hearses filled with sugar and coffee—Embargo on the publication of news—Supervision of the 'Hamburg Correspondant'— Festival of Saint Napoleon—Ecclesiastical adulation—The King of Westphalia's journey through his States—Attempt to raise a loan— Jerome's present to me—The present returned—Bonaparte's unfounded suspicions.

Rapp, who during the campaign of Vienna had resumed his duties as aide de camp, related to me one of those observations of Napoleon which, when his words are compared with the events that followed them, seem to indicate a foresight into his future destiny. When within some days' march of Vienna the Emperor procured a guide to explain to him every village and ruin which he observed on the road. The guide pointed to an eminence on which were a few decayed vestiges of an old fortified castle. "Those," said the guide, "are the ruins of the castle of Diernstein." Napoleon suddenly stopped, and stood for some time silently contemplating the ruins, then turning to Lannes, who was with him, he raid, "See! yonder is the prison of Richard Coeur de Lion. He, like us, went to Syria and Palestine. But, my brave Lannes, the Coeur de Lion was not braver than you. He was more fortunate than I at St. Jean d'Acre. A Duke of Austria sold him to an Emperor of Germany, who imprisoned him in that castle. Those were the days of barbarism. How different from the civilisation of modern times!

Europe has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have made prisoner—and I would treat him so again. I claim no credit for this. In the present age crowned heads must be respected. A conqueror imprisoned!"

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A few days after the Emperor was at the gates of Vienna, but on this occasion his access to the Austrian capital was not so easy as it had been rendered in 1805 by the ingenuity and courage of Lannes and Murat. The Archduke Maximilian, who was shut up in the capital, wished to defend it, although the French army already occupied the principal suburbs. In vain were flags of truce sent one after the other to the Archduke. They were not only dismissed unheard, but were even ill-treated, and one of them was almost killed by the populace. The city was then bombarded, and would speedily have been destroyed but that the Emperor, being informed that one of the Archduchesses remained in Vienna on account of ill-health, ordered the firing to cease. By a singular caprice of Napoleon's destiny this Archduchess was no other than Maria Louisa. Vienna at length opened her gates to Napoleon, who for some days took up his residence at Schoenbrunn.

The Emperor was engaged in so many projects at once that they could not all succeed. Thus, while he was triumphant in the Hereditary States his Continental system was experiencing severe checks. The trade with England on the coast of Oldenburg was carped on as uninterruptedly as if in time of peace. English letters and newspapers arrived on the Continent, and those of the Continent found their way into Great Britain, as if France and England had been united by ties of the firmest friendship. In short, things were just in the same state as if the decree for the blockade of the British Isles had not existed. When the custom-house officers succeeded in seizing contraband goods they were again taken from them by main force. On the 2d of July a serious contest took place at Brinskham between the custom-house officers and a party of peasantry, in which the latter remained masters of eighteen wagons laden with English goods: many were wounded on both sides.

If, however, trade with England was carried on freely along a vast extent of coast, it was different in the city of Hamburg, where English goods were introduced only by fraud; and I verily believe that the art of smuggling and the schemes of smugglers were never before carried to such perfection. Above 6000 persons of the lower orders went backwards and forwards, about twenty times a day, from Altona to Hamburg, and they carried on their contraband, trade by many ingenious stratagems, two of which were so curious that they are worth mentioning here.

On the left of the road leading from Hamburg to Altona there was a piece of ground where pits were dug for the purpose of procuring sand used for building and for laying down in the streets. At this time it was proposed to repair the great street of Hamburg leading to the gate of Altona. The smugglers overnight filled the sandpit with brown sugar, and the little carts which usually conveyed the sand into Hamburg were filled with the sugar, care being taken to cover it with a layer of sand about an inch thick.

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This trick was carried on for a length of time, but no progress was made in repairing the street. I complained greatly of the delay, even before I was aware of its cause, for the street led to a country-house I had near Altona, whither I went daily. The officers of the customs at length perceived that the work did not proceed, and one fine morning the sugar-carts were stopped and seized. Another expedient was then to be devised.

Between Hamburg and Altona there was a little suburb situated on the right bank of the Elbe. This suburb was inhabited, by sailors, labourers of the port, and landowners. The inhabitants were interred in the cemetery of Hamburg. It was observed that funeral processions passed this way more frequently than usual. The customhouse officers, amazed at the sudden mortality of the worthy inhabitants of the little suburb, insisted on searching one of the vehicles, and on opening the hearse it was found to be filled with sugar, coffee, vanilla, indigo, *etc*. It was necessary to abandon this expedient, but others were soon discovered.

Bonaparte was sensitive, in an extraordinary degree, to all that was said and thought of him, and Heaven knows how many despatches I received from headquarters during the campaign of Vienna directing me not only to watch the vigilant execution of the custom-house laws, but to lay an embargo on a thing which alarmed him more than the introduction of British merchandise, *viz*. the publication of news. In conformity with these reiterated instructions I directed especial attention to the management of the 'Correspondant'. The importance of this journal, with its 60,000 readers, may easily be perceived. I procured the insertion of everything I thought desirable: all the bulletins, proclamations, acts of the French Government, notes of the 'Moniteur', and the semi-official articles of the French journals: these were all given 'in extenso'. On the other hand, I often suppressed adverse news, which, though well known, would have received additional weight from its insertion in so widely circulated a paper. If by chance there crept in some Austrian bulletin, extracted from the other German papers published in the States of the Confederation of the Rhine, there was always given with it a suitable antidote to destroy, or at least to mitigate, its ill effect. But this was not all. The King of Wurtemberg having reproached the 'Correspondant', in a letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, with publishing whatever Austria wished should be made known, and being conducted in a spirit hostile to the good cause, I answered these unjust reproaches by making the Syndic censor prohibit the Hamburg papers from inserting any Austrian order of the day, any Archduke's bulletins, any letter from Prague; in short, anything which should be copied from the other German journals unless those articles had been inserted in the French journals.

My recollections of the year 1809 at Hamburg carry me back to the celebration of Napoleon's fete, which was on the 15th of August, for he had interpolated his patron saint in the Imperial calendar at the date of his birth. The coincidence of this festival with the Assumption gave rise to adulatory rodomontades of the most absurd

description. Certainly the Episcopal circulars under the Empire would form a curious collection.

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—[It will perhaps scarcely be believed that the following words were actually delivered from the pulpit: “God in his mercy has chosen Napoleon to be his representative on earth. The Queen of Heaven has marked, by the most magnificent of presents, the anniversary of the day which witnessed his glorious entrance into her domains. Heavenly Virgin! as a special testimony of your love for the French, and your all-powerful influence with your son, you have connected the first of your solemnities with the birth of the great Napoleon. Heaven ordained that the hero should spring from your sepulchre.”—Bourrienne.]—

Could anything be more revolting than the sycophancy of those Churchmen who declared that “God chose Napoleon for his representative upon earth, and that God created Bonaparte, and then rested; that he was more fortunate than Augustus, more virtuous than Trajan; that he deserved altars and temples to be raised to him!” *etc*.

Some time after the Festival of St. Napoleon the King of Westphalia made a journey through his States. Of all Napoleon’s brothers the King of Westphalia was the one with whom I was least acquainted, and he, it is pretty well known, was the most worthless of the family. His correspondence with me is limited to two letters, one of which he wrote while he commanded the ‘Epervier’, and another seven years after, dated 6th September 1809. In this latter he said:

“I shall be in Hannover on the 10th. If you can make it convenient to come there and spend a day with me it will give me great pleasure. I shall then be able to smooth all obstacles to the loan I wish to contract in the Hanse Town. I flatter myself you will do all in your power to forward that object, which at the present crisis is very important to my States. More than ample security is offered, but the money will be of no use to me if I cannot have it at least for two years.”

Jerome wanted to contract at Hamburg a loan of 3,000,000 francs. However, the people did not seem to think like his Westphalian Majesty, that the contract presented more than ample security. No one was found willing to draw his purse-strings, and the loan was never raised.

Though I would not, without the Emperor’s authority, exert the influence of my situation to further the success of Jerome’s negotiation, yet I did my best to assist him. I succeeded in prevailing on the Senate to advance one loan of 100,000 francs to pay a portion of the arrears due to his troops, and a second of 200,000 francs to provide clothing for his army, *etc*. This scanty supply will cease to be wondered at when it is considered to what a state of desolation the whole of Germany was reduced at the time, as much in the allied States as in those of the enemies of France. I learnt at the time that the King of Bavaria said to an officer of the Emperor’s household in whom he had great confidence, “If this continues we shall have to give up, and put the key under the door.” These were his very words.

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As for Jerome, he returned to Cassel quite disheartened at the unsuccessful issue of his loan. Some days after his return to his capital I received from him a snuffbox with his portrait set in diamonds, accompanied by a letter of thanks for the service I had rendered him. I never imagined that a token of remembrance from a crowned head could possibly be declined. Napoleon, however, thought otherwise. I had not, it is true, written to acquaint our Government with the King of Westphalia's loan, but in a letter, which I addressed to the Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 22d of September, I mentioned the present Jerome had sent me. Why Napoleon should have been offended at this I know not, but I received orders to return Jerome's present immediately, and these orders were accompanied with bitter reproaches for my having accepted it without the Emperor's authority. I sent back the diamonds, but kept the portrait. Knowing Bonaparte's distrustful disposition, I thought he must have suspected that Jerome had employed threats, or at any rate, that he had used some illegal influence to facilitate the success of his loan. At last, after much correspondence, Napoleon saw clearly that everything was perfectly regular; in a word, that the business had been transacted as between two private persons. As to the 300,000 francs which the Senate had lent to Jerome, the fact is, that but little scruple was made about it, for this simple reason, that it was the means of removing from Hamburg the Westphalian division, whose presence occasioned a much greater expense than the loan.

CHAPTER XX.

1809.

Visit to the field of Wagram.—Marshal Macdonald—Union of the Papal States with the Empire—The battle of Talavera—Sir Arthur Wellesley—English expedition to Holland—-Attempt to assassinate the Emperor at Schoenbrunn—Staps Interrogated by Napoleon —Pardon offered and rejected—Fanaticism and patriotism—Corvisart's examination of Staps—Second interrogatory—Tirade against the illuminati—Accusation of the Courts of Berlin and Weimar—Firmness and resignation of Staps—Particulars respecting his death— Influence of the attempt of Staps on the conclusion of peace— M. de Champagny.

Napoleon went to inspect all the corps of his army and the field of Wagram, which a short time before had been the scene of one of those great battles in which victory was the more glorious in proportion as it had been valiantly contested.

—[The great battle of Wagram was fought on the 6th of July 1809. The Austrians, who committed a mistake in over-extending their line, lost 20,000 men as prisoners, besides a large number in killed and wounded. There was no day, perhaps, on which Napoleon showed more military genius or more personal courage. He was in the hottest of the fight, and for a long time exposed to showers of grapeshot.— Editor of 1836 edition.]—

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On that day [the type] of French honour, Macdonald, who, after achieving a succession of prodigies, led the army of Italy into the heart of the Austrian States, was made a marshal on the field of battle. Napoleon said to him, “With us it is for life and for death.” The general opinion was that the elevation of Macdonald added less to the marshal’s military reputation than it redounded to the honour of the Emperor. Five days after the bombardment of Vienna, namely, on the 17th of May, the Emperor had published a decree, by virtue of which the Papal States were united to the French Empire, and Rome was declared an Imperial City. I will not stop to inquire whether this was good or bad in point of policy, but it was a mean usurpation on the part of Napoleon, for the time was passed when a Julius *ii*. laid down the keys of St. Peter and took up the sword of St. Paul. It was, besides, an injustice, and, considering the Pope’s condescension to Napoleon, an act of ingratitude. The decree of union did not deprive the Pope of his residence, but he was only the First Bishop of Christendom, with a revenue of 2,000,000.

Napoleon while at Vienna heard of the affair of Talavera de la Reyna. I was informed, by a letter from headquarters, that he was much affected at the news, and did not conceal his vexation. I verily believe that he was bent on the conquest of Spain, precisely on account of the difficulties he had to surmount. At Talavera commenced the celebrity of a man who, perhaps, would not have been without some glory even if pains had not been taken to build him up a great reputation. That battle commenced the career of Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose after-success, however, has been attended by such important consequences.

—[The battle of Talavera took place on the 28th of July, twenty-two days after the fatal defeat of the Austrians at Wagram.]—

Whilst we experienced this check in Spain the English were attempting an expedition to Holland, where they had already made themselves masters of Walcheren. It is true they were obliged to evacuate it shortly after; but as at that time the French and Austrian armies were in a state of inaction, in consequence of the armistice concluded at Znaim, in Moravia, the news unfavourable to Napoleon had the effect of raising the hopes of the Austrian negotiators, who paused in the expectation that fresh defeats would afford them better chances.

It was during these negotiations, the termination of which seemed every day to be farther distant, that Napoleon was exposed to a more real danger than the wound he had received at Ratisbon. Germany was suffering under a degree of distress difficult to be described. Illuminism was making great progress, and had filled some youthful minds with an enthusiasm not less violent than the religious fanaticism to which Henry *iv*. fell a victim. A young man formed the design of assassinating Napoleon in order to rid Germany of one whom he considered her scourge. Rapp and Berthier were with the Emperor when the assassin was arrested, and in relating what I heard from them I feel

assured that I am giving the most faithful account of all the circumstances connected with the event.

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“We were at Schoenbrunn,” said Rapp, “when the Emperor had just reviewed the troops. I observed a young man at the extremity of one of the columns just as the troops were about to defile. He advanced towards the Emperor, who was then between Berthier and me. The Prince de Neufchatel, thinking he wanted to present a petition, went forward to tell him that I was the person to receive it as I was the aide de camp for the day. The young man replied that he wished to speak with Napoleon himself, and Berthier again told him that he must apply to me. He withdrew a little, still repeating that he wanted to speak with Napoleon. He again advanced and came very near the Emperor; I desired him to fall back, telling him in German to wait till after the parade, when, if he had anything to say, it would be attended to. I surveyed him attentively, for I began to think his conduct suspicious. I observed that he kept his right hand in the breast pocket of his coat; out of which a piece of paper appeared. I know not how it was, but at that moment my eyes met his, and I was struck with his peculiar look and air of fixed determination. Seeing an officer of gendarmerie on the spot, I desired him to seize the young man, but without treating him with any severity, and to convey him to the castle until the parade was ended.

“All this passed in less time than I have taken to tell it, and as every one’s attention was fixed on the parade the scene passed unnoticed. I was shortly afterwards told that a large carving-knife had been found on the young man, whose name was Staps. I immediately went to find Duroc, and we proceeded together to the apartment to which Staps had been taken. We found him sitting on a bed, apparently in deep thought, but betraying no symptoms of fear. He had beside him the portrait of a young female, his pocket-book, and purse containing only two pieces of gold. I asked him his name, but he replied that he would tell it to no one but Napoleon. I then asked him what he intended to do with the knife which had been found upon him? But he answered again, ’I shall tell only Napoleon.’—’Did you mean to attempt his life?’—’Yes.’—’Why?’—’I can tell no one but Napoleon.’

“This appeared to me so strange that I thought right to inform the Emperor of it. When I told him what had passed he appeared a little agitated, for you know how he was haunted with the idea of assassination. He desired that the young man should be taken into his cabinet; whither he was accordingly conducted by two gens d’armes. Notwithstanding his criminal intention there was something exceedingly prepossessing in his countenance. I wished that he would deny the attempt; but how was it possible to save a man who was determined to sacrifice himself? The Emperor asked Staps whether he could speak French, and he answered that he could speak it very imperfectly, and as you know (continued Rapp) that next to you I am the best German scholar in Napoleon’s Court, I was appointed interpreter on this occasion. The Emperor put the following questions to Staps, which I translated, together with the answers:

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“’Where do you come from?’—’From Narremburgh.’—’What is your father?’— ’A Protestant minister.’—’How old are you?’—’Eighteen.’—’What did you intend to do with your knife?’—’To kill you.’—’You are mad, young man; you are one of the illuminati?’—’I am not mad; I know not what is meant by the illuminati!’—’You are ill, then?’—’I am not; I am very well.’—’Why did you wish to kill me?’—’Because you have ruined my country.’—’Have I done you any harm?’—’Yes, you have harmed me as well as all Germans.’—’By whom were you sent? Who urged you to this crime?’— ’No one; I was urged to it by the sincere conviction that by killing you I should render the greatest service to my country.’—’Is this the first time you have seen me?’—’I saw you at Erfurt, at the time of your interview with the Emperor of Russia.’—’Did you intend to kill me then?’—’No; I thought you would not again wage war against Germany. I was one of your greatest admirers.’—’How long have you been in Vienna?’— ’Ten days.’—’Why did you wait so long before you attempted the execution of your project?’—’I came to Schoenbrunn a week ago with the intention of killing you, but when I arrived the parade was just over; I therefore deferred the execution of my design till today.’—’I tell you, young man, you are either mad or in bad health.’

“The Emperor here ordered Corvisart to be sent for. Staps asked who Corvisart was? I told him that he was a physician. He then said, ‘I have no need of him.’ Nothing further was said until the arrival of the doctor, and during this interval Steps evinced the utmost indifference. When Corvisart arrived Napoleon directed him to feel the young man’s pulse, which he immediately did; and Staps then very coolly said, ‘Am I not well, sir?’ Corvisart told the Emperor that nothing ailed him. ‘I told you so,’ said Steps, pronouncing the words with an air of triumph.

“I was really astonished at the coolness and apathy of Staps, and the Emperor seemed for a moment confounded by the young man’s behaviour.—After a few moments’ pause the Emperor resumed the interrogatory as follows:

“’Your brain is disordered. You will be the ruin of your family. I will grant you your life if you ask pardon for the crime you meditated, and for which you ought to be sorry.’—’I want no pardon. I only regret having failed in my attempt.’—’Indeed! then a crime is nothing to you?’— ’To kill you is no crime: it is a duty.’—’Whose portrait is that which was found on you?’—’It is the portrait of a young lady to whom I am attached.’—’She will doubtless be much distressed at your adventure?’— ’She will only be sorry that I have not succeeded. She abhors you as much as I do.’—’But if I were to pardon you would you be grateful for my mercy?’—’I would nevertheless kill you if I could.’

“I never,” continued Rapp, “saw Napoleon look so confounded. The replies of Staps and his immovable resolution perfectly astonished him. He ordered the prisoner to be removed; and when he was gone Napoleon said, ’This is the result of the secret societies which infest Germany. This is the effect of fine principles and the light of reason. They make young men assassins. But what can be done against illuminism? A sect cannot be destroyed by cannon-balls.’

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“This event, though pains were taken to keep it secret, became the subject of conversation in the castle of Schoenbrunn. In the evening the Emperor sent for me and said, ’Rapp, the affair of this morning is very extraordinary. I cannot believe that this young man of himself conceived the design of assassinating me. There is something under it. I shall never be persuaded that the intriguers of Berlin and Weimar are strangers to the affair.’—’Sire, allow me to say that your suspicions appear unfounded. Staps has had no accomplice; his placid countenance, and even his fanaticism, are easiest proofs of that.’—’I tell you that he has been instigated by women: furies thirsting for revenge. If I could only obtain proof of it I would have them seized in the midst of their Court.’—’Ah, Sire, it is impossible that either man or woman in the Courts of Berlin or Weimar could have conceived so atrocious a design.’— ’I am not sure of that. Did not those women excite Schill against us while we were at peace with Prussia; but stay a little; we shall see.’— ‘Schill’s enterprise; Sire, bears no resemblance to this attempt.’ You know how the Emperor likes every one to yield to his opinion when he has adopted one which he does not choose to give up; so he said, rather changing his tone of good-humoured familiarity, ’All you say is in vain, Monsieur le General: I am not liked either at Berlin or Weimar.’ There is no doubt of that, Sire; but because you are not liked in these two Courts, is it to be inferred that they would assassinate you?’—’I know the fury of those women; but patience. Write to General Lauer: direct him to interrogate Staps. Tell him to bring him to a confession.’

“I wrote conformably with the Emperor’s orders, but no confession was obtained from Staps. In his examination by General Lauer he repeated nearly what he had said in the presence of Napoleon. His resignation and firmness never forsook him for a moment; and he persisted in saying that he was the sole author of the attempt, and that no one else was aware of it. Staps’ enterprise made a deep impression on the Emperor. On the day when we left Schoenbrunn we happened to be alone, and he said to me, ’I cannot get this unfortunate Staps out of my mind. The more I think on the subject the more I am perplexed. I never can believe that a young man of his age, a German, one who has received a good education, a Protestant too, could have conceived and attempted such a crime. The Italians are said to be a nation of assassins, but no Italian ever attempted my life. This affair is beyond my comprehension. Inquire how Staps died, and let me know.’

“I obtained from General Lauer the information which the Emperor desired. I learned that Staps, whose attempt on the Emperor’s life was made on the 23d of October; was executed at seven o’clock in the morning of the 27th, having refused to take any sustenance since the 24th. When any food was brought to him he rejected it, saying, ’I shall be strong enough to walk to the scaffold.’ When he was told that peace was concluded he evinced extreme sorrow, and was seized with trembling. On reaching the place of execution he exclaimed loudly, ’Liberty for ever! Germany for ever! Death to the tyrant!’”

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Such are the notes which I committed to paper after conversing with Rapp, as we were walking together in the garden of the former hotel of Montmorin, in which Rapp resided. I recollect his showing me the knife taken from Staps, which the Emperor had given him; it was merely a common carving-knife, such as is used in kitchens. To these details may be added a very remarkable circumstance, which I received from another but not less authentic source. I have been assured that the attempt of the German Mutius Scaevola had a marked influence on the concessions which the Emperor made, because he feared that Staps, like him who attempted the life of Porsenna, might have imitators among the illuminati of Germany.

It is well known that after the battle of Wagram conferences were open at Raab. Although peace was almost absolutely necessary for both powers, and the two Emperors appeared to desire it equally, it was not, however, concluded. It is worthy of remark that the delay was occasioned by Bonaparte. Negotiations were therefore suspended, and M. de Champagny had ceased for several days to see the Prince of Lichtenstein when the affair of Staps took place. Immediately after Napoleon's examination of the young fanatic he sent for M. de Champagny: "How are the negotiations going on?" he inquired. The Minister having informed him, the Emperor added, "I wish them to be resumed immediately: I wish for peace; do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded from Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion: I refer it all to you." The Minister lost no time in writing to the Prince of Lichtenstein: on the same night the two negotiators met at Raab, and the clauses of the treaty which had been suspended were discussed, agreed upon, and signed that very night. Next morning M. de Champagny attended the Emperor's levee with the treaty of peace as it had been agreed on. Napoleon, after hastily examining it, expressed his approbation of every particular, and highly complimented his Minister on the speed with which the treaty had been brought to a conclusion.

—[This definitive treaty of peace, which is sometimes called the Treaty of Vienna, Raab, or Schoenbrunn, contained the following articles:

1. Austria ceded in favour of the Confederation of the Rhine (these fell to Bavaria), Salzburg, Berchtolsgaden, and a part of Upper Austria.

2. To France directly Austria ceded her only seaport, Trieste, and all the countries of Carniola, Friuli, the circle of Vilach, with parts of Croatia end Dalmatia. (By these cessions Austria was excluded from the Adriatic Sea, and cut off from all communication with the navy of Great Britain.) A small lordship, en enclave in the, territories of the Grieve League, was also gives up.3. To the constant ally of Napoleon, to the King of Saxony, in that character Austria

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ceded some Bohemian enclaves in Saxony end, in his capacity of Grand Duke of Warsaw, she added to his Polish dominions the ancient city of Cracow, and all Western Galicia.4. Russia, who had entered with but a lukewarm zeal into the war as an ally of France, had a very moderate share of the spoils of Austria. A portion of Eastern Galicia, with a population of 400,000 souls, was allotted to her, but in this allotment the trading town of Brody (almost the only thing worth having) was specially excepted. This last circumstance gave no small degree of disgust to the Emperor Alexander, whose admiration of Napoleon was not destined to have a long duration.—Editor of 1836 edition.]—

CHAPTER XXI.

1809.

The Princess Royal of Denmark—Destruction of the German Empire— Napoleons visit to the Courts of Bavaria and Wurtemberg—His return to France—First mention of the divorce—Intelligence of Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa—Napoleon's quarrel with Louis—Journey of the Emperor and Empress into Holland—Refusal of the Hanse Towns to pay the French troops—Decree for burning English merchandise— M. de Vergennes—Plan for turning an inevitable evil to the best account—Fall on the exchange of St Petersburg

About this time I had the pleasure of again seeing the son of the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose arrival in the Hanse Towns was speedily followed by that of his sister, Princess Frederica Charlotte of Mecklenburg, married to the Prince Royal of Denmark, Christian Frederick. In November the Princess arrived at Altana from Copenhagen, the reports circulated respecting her having compelled her husband to separate from her. The history of this Princess, who, though perhaps blamable, was nevertheless much pitied, was the general subject of conversation in the north of Germany at the time I was at Hamburg. The King of Denmark, grieved at the publicity of the separation, wrote a letter on the subject to the Duke of Mecklenburg. In this letter, which I had an opportunity of seeing, the King expressed his regret at not having been able to prevent the scandal; for, on his return from a journey to Kiel, the affair had become so notorious that all attempts at reconciliation were vain. In the meantime it was settled that the Princess was to remain at Altona until something should be decided respecting her future condition.

It was Baron Plessen, the Duke of Mecklenburg's Minister of State, who favoured me with a sight of the King of Denmark's letters. M. Plessen told me, likewise, at the time that the Duke had formed the irrevocable determination of not receiving his daughter. A few days after her arrival the Princess visited Madame de Bourrienne. She invited us to her parties, which were very brilliant, and several times did us the honour of being

present at ours. But; unfortunately, the extravagance of her conduct, which was very unsuitable to her situation, soon became the subject of general animadversion.

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I mentioned at the close of the last chapter how the promptitude of M. de Champagny brought about the conclusion of the treaty known by the name of the Treaty of Schoenbrunn. Under this the ancient edifice of the German Empire was overthrown, and Francis *ii*. of Germany became Francis I., Emperor of Austria. He, however, could not say, like his namesake of France, 'Tout est perdu fors l'honneur'; for honour was somewhat committed, even had nothing else been lost. But the sacrifices Austria was compelled, to make were great. The territories ceded to France were immediately united into a new general government, under the collective denomination of the Illyrian Provinces. Napoleon thus became master of both sides of the Adriatic, by virtue of his twofold title of Emperor of France and King of Italy. Austria, whose external commerce thus received a check, had no longer any direct communication with the sea. The loss of Fiume, Trieste, and the sea-coast appeared so vast a sacrifice that it was impossible to look forward to the duration of a peace so dearly purchased.

The affair of Staps, perhaps, made Napoleon anxious to hurry away from Schoenbrunn, for he set off before he had ratified the preliminaries of the peace, announcing that he would ratify them at Munich. He proceeded in great haste to Nymphenburg, where he was expected on a visit to the Court of Bavaria. He next visited the King of Wurtemberg, whom he pronounced to be the cleverest sovereign in Europe, and at the end of October he arrived at Fontainebleau. From thence he proceeded on horseback to Paris, and he rode so rapidly that only a single chasseur of his escort could keep up with him, and, attended by this one guard, he entered the court of the Tuileries. While Napoleon was at Fontainebleau, before his return to Paris, Josephine for the first time heard the divorce mentioned; the idea had occurred to the Emperor's mind while he was at Schoenbrunn. It was also while at Fontainebleau that Napoleon appointed M. de Montalivet to be Minister of the Interior. The letters which we received from Paris at this period brought intelligence of the brilliant state of the capital during the winter of 1809, and especially of the splendour of the Imperial Court, where the Emperor's levees were attended by the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, all eager to evince their gratitude to the hero who had raised them to the sovereign rank.

I was the first person in Hamburg who received intelligence of Napoleon's projected marriage with the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The news was brought to me from Vienna by two estafettes. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by the anticipation of this event throughout the north of Germany.

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—["Napoleon often reflected on the best mode of making this communication to the Empress; still he was reluctant to speak to her. He was apprehensive of the consequences of her susceptibility of feeling; his heart was never proof against the shedding of tears. Ho thought, however, that a favourable opportunity offered for breaking the subject previously to his quitting Fontainebleau. He hinted at it in a few words which he had addressed to the Empress, but he did not explain himself until the arrival of the viceroy, whom he had ordered to join him. He was the first person who spoke openly to his mother and obtained her consent for that bitter sacrifice. He acted on the occasion like a kind son and a man grateful to his benefactor and devoted to his service, by sparing him the necessity of unpleasant explanations towards a partner whose removal was a sacrifice as painful to him as it was affecting: The Emperor, having arranged whatever related to the future condition of the Empress, upon whom he made a liberal settlement, urged the moment of the dissolution of the marriage, no doubt because he felt grieved at the condition of the Empress herself, who dined every day and passed her evenings in the presence of persons who were witnessing her descent from the throne. There existed between him and the Empress Josephine no other bond than a civil act, according to the custom which prevailed at the time of this marriage. Now the law had foreseen the dissolution of such marriage oontracts. A particular day having therefore been fixed upon, the Emperor brought together into his apartments those persons whose ministry was required in this case; amongst others, the Arch-Chancellor and M. Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely. The Emperor then declared in a loud voice his intention of annulling the marriage he had contracted with Josephine, who was present; the Empress also made the same declaration, which was interrupted by her repeated sobs. The Prince Arch-Chancellor having caused the article of the law to be read, he applied it to the cam before him, and declared the marriage to be dissolved." (Memoirs of ad Due de Rovigo).]—

From all parts the merchants received orders to buy Austrian stock, in which an extraordinary rise immediately took place. Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa was hailed with enthusiastic and general joy. The event was regarded as the guarantee of a long peace, and it was hoped there would be a lasting cessation of the disasters created by the rivalry of France and Austria. The correspondence I received showed that these sentiments were general in the interior of France, and in different countries of Europe; and, in spite of the presentiments I had always had of the return of the Bourbons to France, I now began to think that event problematic, or at least very remote.

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About the beginning of the year 1810 commenced the differences between Napoleon and his brother Louis, which, as I have already stated, ended in a complete rupture. Napoleon's object was to make himself master of the navigation of the Scheldt which Louis wished should remain free, and hence ensued the union of Holland with the French Empire. Holland was the first province of the Grand Empire which Napoleon took the new Empress to visit. This visit took place almost immediately after the marriage. Napoleon first proceeded to Compiegne, where he remained a week. He next set out for St. Quentin, and inspected the canal. The Empress Maria Louisa then joined him, and they both proceeded to Belgium. At Antwerp the Emperor inspected all the works which he had ordered, and to the execution of which he attached great importance. He returned by way of Ostend, Lille, and Normandy to St. Cloud, where he arrived on the 1st of June 1810. He there learned from my correspondence that the Hanse Towns-refused to advance money for the pay of the French troops. The men were absolutely destitute. I declared that it was urgent to put an end to this state of things. The Hanse towns had been reduced from opulence to misery by taxation and exactions, and were no longer able to provide the funds.

During this year Napoleon, in a fit of madness, issued a decree which I cannot characterise by any other epithet than infernal. I allude to the decree for burning all the English merchandise in France, Holland, the Grand Duchy of Berg, the Hanse Towns; in short, in all places subject to the disastrous dominion of Napoleon. In the interior of France no idea could possibly be formed of the desolation caused by this measure in countries which existed by commerce; and what a spectacle was it to, the, destitute inhabitants of those countries to witness the destruction of property which, had it been distributed, would have assuaged their misery!

Among the emigrants whom I was ordered to watch was M. de Vergennes, who had always remained at or near Hamburg Since April 1808. I informed the Minister that M. de Vergennes had presented himself to me at this time. I even remember that M. de Vergennes gave me a letter from M. de Remusat, the First Chamberlain of the Emperor. M. de Remusat strongly recommended to me his connection, who was called by matters of importance to Hamburg. Residence in this town was, however, too expensive, and he decided to live at Neumuhl, a little village on the Elbe, rather to the west of Altona. There he lived quietly in retirement with an opera dancer named Mademoiselle Ledoux, with whom he had become acquainted in Paris, and whom he had brought with him. He seemed much taken with her. His manner of living did not denote large means.

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One duty with which I was entrusted, and to which great importance was attached, was the application and execution of the disastrous Continental system in the north. In my correspondence I did not conceal the dissatisfaction which this ruinous measure excited, and the Emperor's eyes were at length opened on the subject by the following circumstance. In spite of the sincerity with which the Danish Government professed to enforce the Continental system, Holstein contained a great quantity of colonial produce; and, notwithstanding the measures of severity, it was necessary that that merchandise should find a market somewhere. The smugglers often succeeded in introducing it into Germany, and the whole would probably soon have passed the custom-house limits. All things considered, I thought it advisable to make the best of an evil that could not be avoided. I therefore proposed that the colonial produce then in Holstein, and which had been imported before the date of the King's edict for its prohibition, should be allowed to enter Hamburg on the payment of 30, and on some articles 40, per cent. This duty was to be collected at the custom-house, and was to be confined entirely to articles consumed in Germany. The colonial produce in Altona, Glnckstadt, Husum, and other towns of Holstein, lead been estimated, at about 30,000,000 francs, and the duty would amount to 10,000,000 or 12,000,000. The adoption of the plan I proposed would naturally put a stop to smuggling; for it could not be doubted that the merchants would give 30 or 33 per cent for the right of carrying on a lawful trade rather than give 40 per cent. to the smugglers, with the chance of seizure.

The Emperor immediately adopted my idea, for I transmitted my suggestions to the Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 18th of September, and on the 4th of October a decree was issued conformable to the plan I proposed. Within six weeks after the decree came into operation the custom-house Director received 1300 declarations from persons holding colonial produce in Holstein. It now appeared that the duties would amount to 40,000,000 francs, that is to say, 28,000,000 or 30,000,000 more than my estimate.

Bernadotte had just been nominated Prince Royal of Sweden. This nomination, with all the circumstances connected with it, as well as Bernadotte's residence in Hamburg, before he proceeded to Stockholm, will be particularly noticed in the next chapter. I merely mention the circumstance here to explain some events which took place in the north, and which were, more or less, directly connected with it. For example, in the month of September the course of exchange on St. Petersburg suddenly fell. All the letters which arrived in Hamburg from the capital of Russia and from Riga, attributed the fall to the election of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo as Prince Royal of Sweden. Of thirty letters which I received there was not one but described the consternation which the event had created in St. Petersburg. This consternation, however, might have been excited less by the choice of Sweden than by the fear that that choice was influenced by the French Government.

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CHAP XXII.

1809-1810.

Bernadotte elected Prince Royal of Sweden—Count Wrede's overtures to Bernadotte—-Bernadottes's three days' visit to Hamburg— Particulars respecting the battle of Wagram—Secret Order of the day—Last intercourse of the Prince Royal of Sweden with Napoleon— My advice to Bernadotte respecting the Continental system.

I now come to one of the periods of my life to which I look back with most satisfaction, the time when Bernadotte was with me in Hamburg. I will briefly relate the series of events which led the opposer of the 18th Brumaire to the throne of Sweden.

On the 13th of march 1809 Gustavus Adolphus was arrested, and his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, provisionally took the reins of Government. A few days afterwards Gustavus published his act of abdication, which in the state of Sweden it was impossible for him to refuse. In May following, the Swedish Diet having been convoked at Stockholm, the Duke of Sudermania was elected King. Christian Augustus, the only son of that monarch, of course became Prince Royal on the accession of his father to the throne. He, however, died suddenly at the end of May 1810, and Count Fersen (the same who at the Court of Marie Antoinette was distinguished by the appellation of 'le beau Fersen'), was massacred by the populace, who suspected, perhaps unjustly, that he had been accessory to the Prince's death.

—[Count Fereen, alleged to have been one of the favoured lovers of Marie Antoinette, and who was certainly deep in her confidence, had arranged most of the details of the attempted flight to Varennes in 1791, and he himself drove the Royal family their first stage to the gates of Paris.]—

On the 21st of August following Bernadotte was elected Prince Royal of Sweden.

After the death of the Prince Royal the Duke of Sudermania's son, Count Wrede, a Swede, made the first overtures to Bernadotte, and announced to him the intention entertained at Stockholm of offering him the throne of Sweden. Bernadotte was at that time in Paris, and immediately after his first interview with Count Wrede he waited on the Emperor at St. Cloud; Napoleon coolly replied that he could be of no service to him; that events must take their course; that he might accept or refuse the offer as he chose; that he (Bonaparte) would place no obstacles in his way, but that he could give him no advice. It was very evident that the choice of Sweden was not very agreeable to Bonaparte, and though he afterwards disavowed any opposition to it, he made overtures to Stockholm, proposing that the crown of Sweden should be added to that of Denmark.

Bernadotte then went to the waters of Plombieres, and on his return to Paris he sent me a letter announcing his elevation to the rank of Prince Royal of Sweden.

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On the 11th of October he arrived in Hamburg, where he stayed only three days. He passed nearly the whole of that time with me, and he communicated to me many curious facts connected with the secret history of the times, and among other things some particulars respecting the battle of Wagram. I was the first to mention to the new Prince Royal of Sweden the reports of the doubtful manner in which the troops under his command behaved. I reminded him of Bonaparte's dissatisfaction at these troops; for there was no doubt of the Emperor being the author of the complaints contained in the bulletins, especially as he had withdrawn the troops from Bernadotte's command. Bernadotte assured me that Napoleon's censure was unjust; during the battle he had complained of the little spirit manifested by the soldiers. "He refused to see me," added Bernadotte, "and I was told, as a reason for his refusal, that he was astonished and displeased to find that, notwithstanding his complaints, of which I must have heard, I had boasted of having gained the battle, and had publicly complimented the Saxons whom I commanded."

Bernadotte then showed me the bulletin he drew up after the battle of Wagram. I remarked that I had never heard of a bulletin being made by any other than the General who was Commander-in-Chief during a battle, and asked how the affair ended. He then handed to me a copy of the Order of the day, which Napoleon said he had sent only to the Marshals commanding the different corps.

Bernadotte's bulletin was printed along with Bonaparte's Order of the Day, a thing quite unparalleled.

Though I was much interested in this account of Bonaparte's conduct after the battle of Wagram; yet I was more curious to hear the particulars of Bernadotte's last communication with the Emperor. The Prince informed me that on his return from Plombieres he attended the levee, when the Emperor asked him, before every one present, whether he had received any recent news from Sweden.

He replied in the affirmative. "What is it?" inquired Napoleon. "Sire, I am informed that your Majesty's charge d'affaires at Stockholm opposes my election. It is also reported to those who choose to believe it that your Majesty gives the preference to the King of Denmark."—"At these words," continued Bernadotte, "the Emperor affected surprise, which you know he can do very artfully. He assured me it was impossible, and then turned the conversation to another subject.

"I know not what to think of his conduct in this affair. I am aware he does not like me;—-but the interests of his policy may render him favourable to Sweden. Considering the present greatness and power of France, I conceived it to be my duty to make every personal sacrifice. But I swear to Heaven that I will never commit the honour of Sweden. He, however, expressed himself in the best possible terms in speaking of Charles XIII. and me. He at first started no obstacle to my acceptance of the

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succession to the throne of Sweden, and he ordered the official announcement of my election to be immediately inserted in the Moniteur'. Ten days elapsed without the Emperor's saying a word to me about my departure. As I was anxious to be off, and all my preparations were made, I determined to go and ask him for the letters patent to relieve me from my oath of fidelity, which I had certainly kept faithfully in spite of all his ill-treatment of me. He at first appeared somewhat surprised at my request, and, after a little hesitation, he said, 'There is a preliminary condition to be fulfilled; a question has been raised by one of the members of the Privy Council.'—'What condition, Sire?'—'You must pledge yourself not to bear arms against me.'—'Does your Majesty suppose that I can bind myself by such an engagement? My election by the Diet of Sweden, which has met with your Majesty's assent, has made me a Swedish subject, and that character is incompatible with the pledge proposed by a member of the Council. I am sure it could never have emanated from your Majesty, and must proceed from the Arch-Chancellor or the Grand Judge, who certainly could not have been aware of the height to which the proposition would raise me.'—'What do you mean?'—'If, Sire, you prevent me accepting a crown unless I pledge myself not to bear arms against you, do you not really place me on a level with you as a General?'

"When I declared positively that my election must make me consider myself a Swedish subject he frowned, and seemed embarrassed. When I had done speaking he said, in a low and faltering voice, 'Well, go. Our destinies will soon be accomplished!' These words were uttered so indistinctly that I was obliged to beg pardon for not having heard what he said, and he repented, 'Go! our destinies will soon be accomplished!' In the subsequent conversations which I had with the Emperor I tried all possible means to remove the unfavourable sentiments he cherished towards me. I revived my recollections of history. I spoke to him of the great men who had excited the admiration of the world, of the difficulties and obstacles which they had to surmount; and, above all, I dwelt upon that solid glory which is founded on the establishment and maintenance of public tranquillity and happiness. The Emperor listened to me attentively, and frequently concurred in my opinion as to the principles of the prosperity and stability of States. One day he took my hand and pressed it affectionately, as if to assure me of his friendship and protection. Though I knew him to be an adept in the art of dissimulation, yet his affected kindness appeared so natural that I thought all his unfavourable feeling towards me was at an end. I spoke to persons by whom our two families were allied, requesting that they would assure the Emperor of the reciprocity of my sentiments, and tell him that I was ready to assist his great plans in any way not hostile to the interests of Sweden.

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“Would you believe, my dear friend, that the persons to whom I made these candid protestations laughed at my credulity? They told me that after the conversation in which the Emperor had so cordially pressed my hand. I had scarcely taken leave of him when he was heard to say that I had made a great display of my learning to him, and that he had humoured me like a child. He wished to inspire me with full confidence so as to put me off my guard; and I know for a certainty that he had the design of arresting me.

“But,” pursued Bernadotte, “in spite of the feeling of animosity which I know the Emperor has cherished against me since the 18th Brumaire, I do not think, when once I shall be in Sweden, that he will wish to have any differences with the Swedish Government. I must tell you, also he has given me 2,000,000 francs in exchange for my principality of Ponte-Corvo. Half the sum has been already paid, which will be very useful to me in defraying the expenses of my journey and installation. When I was about to step into my carriage to set off, an individual, whom you must excuse me naming, came to bid me farewell, and related to me a little conversation which had just taken place at the Tuileries. Napoleon said to the individual in question, ’Well, does not the Prince regret leaving France?’—’Certainly, Sire.’—’As to me, I should have been very glad if he had not accepted his election. But there is no help for it. . . . He does not like me.’—’Sire, I must take the liberty of saying that your Majesty labours under a mistake. I know the differences which have existed between you and General Bernadotte for the last six years. I know how he opposed the overthrow of the Directory; but I also know that the Prince has long been sincerely attached to you.’—’Well, I dare say you are right. But we have not understood each other. It is now too late. He has his interests and his policy, and I have mine.’”

“Such,” added the Prince, “were the Emperor’s last observations respecting me two hours before my departure. The individual to whom I have just alluded, spoke truly, my dear Bourrienne. I am indeed sorry to leave France; and I never should have left it but for the injustice of Bonaparte. If ever I ascend the throne of Sweden I shall owe my crown to his ill-treatment of me; for had he not persecuted me by his animosity my condition would have sufficed for a soldier of fortune: but we must follow our fate.”

During the three days the Prince spent with me I had many other conversations with him. He wished me to give him my advice as to the course he should pursue with regard to the Continental system. “I advise you,” said I, “to reject the system without hesitation. It may be very fine in theory, but it is utterly impossible to carry it into practice, and it will, in the end, give the trade of the world to England. It excites the dissatisfaction of our allies, who, in spite of themselves, will again become our enemies. But no other country,

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except Russia, is in the situation of Sweden. You want a number of objects of the first necessity, which nature has withheld from you. You can only obtain them by perfect freedom of navigation; and you can only pay for them with those peculiar productions in which Sweden abounds. It would be out of all reason to close your ports against a nation who rules the seas. It is your navy that would be blockaded, not hers. What can France do against you? She may invade you by land. But England and Russia will exert all their efforts to oppose her. By sea it is still more impossible that she should do anything. Then you have nothing to fear but Russia and England, and it will be easy for you to keep up friendly relations with these two powers. Take my advice; sell your iron, timber, leather, and pitch; take in return salt, wines, brandy, and colonial produce. This is the way to make yourself popular in Sweden. If, on the contrary, you follow the Continental system, you will be obliged to adopt laws against smuggling, which will draw upon you the detestation of the people."

Such was the advice which I gave to Bernadotte when he was about to commence his new and brilliant career. In spite of my situation as a French Minister I could not have reconciled it to my conscience to give him any other counsel, for if diplomacy has duties so also has friendship. Bernadotte adopted my advice, and the King of Sweden had no reason to regret having done so.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1810

Bernadotte's departure from Hamburg—The Duke of Holstein- Augustenburg—Arrival of the Crown Prince in Sweden— Misunderstandings between him and Napoleon—Letter from Bernadotte to the Emperor—Plot for kidnapping the Prince Royal of Sweden—Invasion of Swedish Pomerania—Forced alliance of Sweden with England and Russia—Napoleon's overtures to Sweden—Bernadotte's letters of explanation to the Emperor—The Princess Royal of Sweden —My recall to Paris—Union of the Hanse Towns with France— Dissatisfaction of Russia—Extraordinary demand made upon me by Bonaparte—Fidelity of my old friends—Duroc and Rapp—Visit to Malmaison, and conversation with Josephine.

While Bernadotte was preparing to fill the high station to which he had been called by the wishes of the people of Sweden, Napoleon was involved in his misunderstanding with the Pope,

—[It was about this time that, irritated at what he called the captive Pope's unreasonable obstinacy, Bonaparte conceived, and somewhat openly expressed, his notion of making France a Protestant country, and changing the religion of 30,000,000

of people by an Imperial decree. One or two of the good sayings of the witty, accomplished, and chivalrous Comte Louis de Narbonne have already been given in the course of these volumes. The following is another of them: “I tell you what I will do, Narbonne—I

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tell you how I will vent my spite on this old fool of a Pope, and the dotards who may succeed him said Napoleon one day at the Tuileries. “I will make a schism as great as that of Luther—I will make France a Protestant country!”“O Sire,” replied the Count, “I see difficulties in the way of this project. In the south, in the Vendee, in nearly all the west, the French are bigoted Catholics and even what little religion remains among us in our cities and great towns is of the Roman Church.”“Never mind, Narbonne—never mind!—I shall at least carry a large portion of the French people with me—I will make a division!” Sire, replied Narbonne, “I am afraid that there is not enough religion in all France to stand division!"-Editor of 1836 edition.]—

and in the affairs of Portugal, which were far from proceeding according to his wishes. Bernadotte had scarcely quitted Hamburg for Sweden when the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg arrived. The Duke was the brother of the last Prince Royal of Sweden, whom Bernadotte was called to succeed, and he came to escort his sister from Altona to Denmark. His journey had been retarded for some days on account of the presence of the Prince of Ponte-Gorvo in Hamburg: the preference granted to Bernadotte had mortified his ambition, and he was unwilling to come in contact with his fortunate rival. The Duke was favoured, by the Emperor of Russia.

As soon as he arrived in Sweden Bernadotte directed his aide de camp, General Lentil de St. Alphonse, to inform me of his safe passage. Shortly after I received a letter from Bernadotte himself, recommending one of his aides de camp, M. Villatte, who was the bearer of it. This letter contained the same sentiments of friendship as those I used to receive from General Bernadotte, and formed a contrast with the correspondence of King Jerome, who when he wrote to me assumed the regal character, and prayed that God would have me in his holy keeping. However, the following is the Prince Royal’s letter:

My dear Bourrienne—I have directed M. Villatte to see you on his way through Hamburg, and to bear my friendly remembrances to you. Lentil has addressed his letter to you, which I suppose you have already received. Adieu, care for me always, and believe in the inalterable attachment of yours,

(Signed)*Charles John*.

P.S.—I beg you will present my compliments to madame and all your family. Embrace my little cousin for me.

The little cousin, so called by Bernadotte, was one of my daughters, then a child, whom Bernadotte used to be very fond of while he was at Hamburg.

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Departing from the order of date, I will anticipate the future, and relate all I know respecting the real causes of the misunderstanding which arose between Bernadotte and Napoleon. Bonaparte viewed the choice of the Swedes with great displeasure, because he was well aware that Bernadotte had too much integrity and honour to serve him in the north as a political puppet set in motion by means of springs which he might pull at Paris or at his headquarters. His dissatisfaction upon this point occasioned an interesting correspondence, part of which, consisting of letters from Bernadotte to the Emperor, is in my possession. The Emperor had allowed Bernadotte to retain in his service, for a year at least, the French officers who were his aides de camp—but that permission was soon revoked, end the Prince Royal of Sweden wrote to Napoleon a letter of remonstrance.

Napoleon's dissatisfaction with the Prince Royal now changed to decided resentment. He repented having acceded to his departure from France, and he made no secret of his sentiments, for he said before his courtiers, "That he would like to send Bernadotte to Vincennes to finish his study of the Swedish language." Bernadotte was informed of this, but he could not believe that the Emperor had ever entertained such a design. However, a conspiracy was formed in Sweden against Bernadotte, whom a party of foreign brigands were hired to kidnap in the neighbourhood of Raga; but the plot was discovered, and the conspirators were compelled to embark without their prey. The Emperor having at the same time seized upon Swedish Pomerania, the Prince Royal wrote him a second letter in these terms:

From the papers which have just arrived I learn that a division of the army, under the command of the Prince of Eckmuhl, invaded Swedish Pomerania on the night of the 26th of January; that the division continued to advance, entered the capital of the Duchy, and took possession of the island of Rugen. The King expects that your Majesty will explain the reasons which have induced you to act in a manner so contrary to the faith of existing treaties. My old connection with your Majesty warrants me in requesting you to declare your motives without delay, in order that I may give my advice to the King as to the conduct which Sweden ought hereafter to adopt. This gratuitous outrage against Sweden is felt deeply by the nation, and still more, Sire, by me, to whom is entrusted the honour of defending it. Though I have contributed to the triumphs of France, though I have always desired to see her respected and happy; yet I can never think of sacrificing the interests, honour, and independence of the country which has adopted me. Your Majesty, who has so ready a perception of what is just, must admit the propriety of my resolution. Though I am not jealous of the glory and power which surrounds you, I cannot submit to the dishonour of being regarded as a vassal. Your Majesty governs

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the greatest part of Europe, but your dominion does not extend to the nation which I have been called to govern; my ambition is limited to the defence of Sweden. The effect produced upon the people by the invasion of which I complain may lead to consequences which it is impossible to foresee; and although I am not a Coriolanus, and do not command the Volsci, I have a sufficiently good opinion of the Swedes to assure you that they dare undertake anything to avenge insults which they have not provoked, and to preserve rights to which they are as much attached as to their lives.

I was in Paris when the Emperor received Bernadotte's letter on the occupation of Swedish Pomerania. When Bonaparte read it I was informed that he flew into a violent rage, and even exclaimed, "You shall submit to your degradation, or die sword in hand!" But his rage was impotent. The unexpected occupation of Swedish Pomerania obliged the King of Sweden to come to a decided rupture with France, and to seek other allies, for Sweden was not strong enough in herself to maintain neutrality in the midst of the general conflagration of Europe after the disastrous campaign of Moscow. The Prince Royal, therefore, declared to Russia and England that in consequence of the unjust invasion of Pomerania Sweden was at war with France, and he despatched Comte de Lowenhjelm, the King's aide de camp, with a letter explanatory of his views. Napoleon sent many notes to Stockholm, where M. Alquier, his Ambassador, according to his instructions, had maintained a haughty and even insulting tone towards Sweden. Napoleon's overtures, after the manifestations of his anger, and after the attempt to carry off the Prince Royal, which could be attributed only to him, were considered by the Prince Royal merely as a snare. But in the hope of reconciling the duties he owed to both his old and his new country he addressed to the Emperor a moderate letter:

This letter throws great light on the conduct of the Emperor with respect to Bernadotte; for Napoleon was not the man whom any one whatever would have ventured to remind of facts, the accuracy of which was in the least degree questionable. Such then were the relations between Napoleon and the Prince Royal of Sweden. When I shall bring to light some curious secrets, which have hitherto been veiled beneath the mysteries of the Restoration, it will be seen by what means Napoleon, before his fall, again sought to wreak his vengeance upon Bernadotte.

Oh the 4th of December I had the honour to see the Princess Royal of Sweden,—-[Madame Bernadotte, afterwards Queen of Sweden, was a Mademoiselle Clary, and younger sister to the wife of Joseph Bonaparte]—who arrived that day at Hamburg. She merely passed through the city on her way to Stockholm to join her husband, but she remained but a short time in Sweden,—two months, I believe, at most, not being able to reconcile herself to the ancient Scandinavia. As to the Prince Royal, he soon became inured to the climate, having been for many years employed in the north.

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After this my stay at Hamburg was not of long duration. Bonaparte's passion for territorial aggrandisement knew no bounds; and the turn of the Hanse Towns now arrived. By taking possession of these towns and territories he merely accomplished a design formed long previously. I, however, was recalled with many compliments, and under the specious pretext that the Emperor wished to hear my opinions respecting the country in which. I had been residing. At the beginning of December I received a letter from M. de Champagny stating that the Emperor wished to see me in order to consult with me upon different things relating to Hamburg. In this note I was told "that the information I had obtained respecting Hamburg and the north of Germany might be useful to the public interest, which must be the most gratifying reward of my labours." The reception which awaited me will presently be seen. The conclusion of the letter spoke in very flattering terms of the manner in which I had discharged my duties. I received it on the 8th of December, and next day I set out for Paris. When I arrived at Mayence I was enabled to form a correct idea of the fine compliments which had been paid me, and of the Emperor's anxiety to have my opinion respecting the Hanse Towns. In Mayence I met the courier who was proceeding to announce the union of the Hanse Towns with the French Empire. I confess that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired of Bonaparte's duplicity, or rather, of the infinite multiplicity of his artifices, he completely took me by surprise on that occasion.

On my arrival in Paris I did not see the Emperor, but the first 'Moniteur' I read contained the formula of a 'Senatus-consulte,' which united the Hanse Towns, Lauenburg, *etc*., to the French Empire by the right of the strongest. This new and important augmentation of territory could not fail to give uneasiness to Russia. Alexander manifested his dissatisfaction by prohibiting the importation of our agricultural produce and manufactures into Russia. Finally, as the Continental system had destroyed all trade by the ports of the Baltic, Russia showed herself more favourable to the English, and gradually reciprocal complaints of bad faith led to that war whose unfortunate issue was styled by M. Talleyrand "the beginning of the end."

I have now to make the reader acquainted with an extraordinary demand made upon me by the Emperor through the medium of M. de Champagny. In one of my first interviews with that Minister after my return to Paris he thus addressed me: "The Emperor has entrusted me with a commission to you which I am obliged to execute: 'When you see Bourrienne,' said the Emperor, 'tell him I wish him to pay 6,000,000 into your chest to defray the expense of building the new Office for Foreign Affairs.'" I was so astonished at this unfeeling and inconsiderate demand that I was utterly unable to make airy reply. This then was my recompense for having obtained money

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and supplies during my residence at Hamburg to the extent of nearly 100,000,000, by which his treasury and army had profited in moments of difficulty! M. de Champagny added that the Emperor did not wish to receive me. He asked what answer he should bear to his Majesty. I still remained silent, and the Minister again urged me to give an answer. "Well, then," said I, "tell him he may go to the devil." The Minister naturally wished to obtain some variation from this laconic answer, but I would give no other; and I afterwards learned from Duroc that M. de Champagny was compelled to communicate it to Napoleon. "Well," asked the latter, "have you seen Bourrienne?"—"Yes, Sire."—"Did you tell him I wished him to pay 6,000,000 into your chest?"—"Yes, Sire."—"And what did he say?"—"Sire, I dare not inform your Majesty."—"What did he say? I insist upon knowing."—"Since you insist on my telling you, Sire, M. de Bourrienne said your Majesty might go to the devil."—"Ah! ah! did he really say so?" The Emperor then retired to the recess of a window, where he remained alone for seven or eight minutes, biting his nails; in the fashion of Berthier, and doubtless giving free scope to his projects of vengeance. He then turned to the Minister and spoke to him of quite another subject: Bonaparte had so nursed himself in the idea of making me pay the 6,000,000 that every time he passed the Office for Foreign Affairs he said to those who accompanied hint; "Bourrienne must pay for that after all."
—[This demand of money from Bourrienne is explained in Erreurs (tome ii, p. 228) by the son of Davoust. Bourrienne had been suspected by Napoleon of making large sums at Hamburg by allowing breaches of the Continental system. In one letter to Davoust Napoleon speaks of an "immense fortune," and in another, that Bourrienne is reported to have gained seven or eight millions at Hamburg in giving licences or making arbitrary seizures.]—

Though I was not admitted to the honour of sharing the splendour of the Imperial Court; yet I had the satisfaction of finding that; in spite of my disgrace, those of my old friends who were worth anything evinced the same regard for me as heretofore. I often saw Duroc; who snatched some moments from his more serious occupations to come and chat with me respecting all that had occurred since my secession from Bonaparte's cabinet. I shall not attempt to give a verbatim account of my conversations with Duroc, as I have only my memory to guide me; but I believe I shall not depart from the truth in describing them as follows:

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On his return from the last Austrian campaign Napoleon; as I have already stated, proceeded to Fontainebleau, where he was joined by Josephine. Then, for the first time, the communication which had always existed between the apartments of the husband and wife was closed. Josephine was fully alive to the fatal prognostics which were to be deduced from this conjugal separation. Duroc informed me that she sent for him, and on entering her chamber, he found her bathed in tears. "I am lost!" she exclaimed in a tone of voice the remembrance of which seemed sensibly to affect Duroc even while relating the circumstance to me: "I am utterly lost! all is over now! You, Duroc, I know, have always been my friend, and so has Rapp. It is not you who have persuaded him to part from me. This is the work of my enemies Savary and Junot! But they are more his enemies than mine. And my poor Eugene I how will he be distressed when he learns I am repudiated by an ungrateful man! Yes Duroc, I may truly call him ungrateful, My God! my God! what will become of us?" . . . Josephine sobbed bitterly while she thus addressed Duroc.

Before I was acquainted with the singular demand which M. de Champagny was instructed to make to me I requested Duroc to inquire of the Emperor his reason for not wishing to see me. The Grand Marshal faithfully executed my commission, but he received only the following answer: "Do you think I have nothing better to do than to give Bourrienne an audience? that would indeed furnish gossip for Paris and Hamburg. He has always sided with the emigrants; he would be talking to me of past times; he was for Josephine! My wife, Duroc, is near her confinement; I shall have a son, I am sure!.... Bourrienne is not a man of the day; I have made giant strides since he left France; in short, I do not want to see him. He is a grumbler by nature; and you know, my dear Duroc, I do not like men of that sort."

I had not been above a week in Paris when Duroc related this speech to me. Rapp was not in France at the time, to my great regret. Much against his inclination he had been appointed to some duties connected with the Imperial marriage ceremonies, but shortly after, having given offence to Napoleon by some observation relating to the Faubourg St. Germain, he had received orders to repair to Dantzic, of which place he had already been Governor.

The Emperor's refusal to see me made my situation in Paris extremely delicate; and I was at first in doubt whether I might seek an interview with Josephine. Duroc, however, having assured me that Napoleon would have no objection to it, I wrote requesting permission to wait upon her. I received an answer the same day, and on the morrow I repaired to Malmaison. I was ushered into the tent drawing-room, where I found Josephine and Hortense. When I entered Josephine stretched out her hand to me, saying, "Ah! my friend!" These words she pronounced with deep emotion, and tears prevented her from continuing.

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She threw herself on the ottoman on the left of the fireplace, and beckoned me to sit down beside her. Hortense stood by the fireplace, endeavouring to conceal her tears. Josephine took my hand, which she pressed in both her own; and, after a struggle to overcome her feelings, she said, “My dear Bourrienne, I have drained my cup of misery. He has cast me off! forsaken me! He conferred upon me the vain title of Empress only to render my fall the more marked. Ah! we judged him rightly! I knew the destiny that awaited me; for what would he not sacrifice to his ambition!” As she finished these words one of Queen Hortense’s ladies entered with a message to her; Hortense stayed a few moments, apparently to recover from the emotion under which she was labouring, and then withdrew, so that I was left alone with Josephine. She seemed to wish for the relief of disclosing her sorrows, which I was curious to hear from her own lips; women have such a striking way of telling their distresses. Josephine confirmed what Duroc had told me respecting the two apartments at Fontainebleau; then, coming to the period when Bonaparte had declared to her the necessity of a separation, she said, “My dear Bourrienne; during all the years you were with us you know I made you the confidant of my thoughts, and kept you acquainted with my sad forebodings. They are now cruelly fulfilled. I acted the part of a good wife to the very last. I have suffered all, and I am resigned! . . . What fortitude did it require latterly to endure my situation, when, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to seem so in the eyes of the world! With what eyes do courtiers look upon a repudiated wife! I was in a state of vague uncertainty worse than death until the fatal day when he at length avowed to me what I had long before read in his looks! On the 30th of November 1809 we were dining together as usual, I had not uttered a word during that sad dinner, and he had broken silence only to ask one of the servants what o’clock it was. As soon as Bonaparte had taken his coffee he dismissed all the attendants, and I remained alone with him. I saw in the expression of his countenance what was passing in his mind, and I knew that my hour was come. He stepped up to me—he was trembling, and I shuddered; he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and after gazing at me for a few moments in silence he uttered these fatal words: ’Josephine! my dear Josephine! You know how I have loved you! . . . To you, to you alone, I owe the only moments of happiness I have tasted in this world. But, Josephine, my destiny is not to be controlled by my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.’—’Say no more,’ I exclaimed, ’I understand you; I expected this, but the blow is not the less mortal.’ I could not say another word,” continued Josephine; “I know not what happened after I seemed to lose my reason; I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself in my chamber. Your friend Corvisart and my poor daughter were with me. Bonaparte came to see me in the evening; and oh! Bourrienne, how can I describe to you what I felt at the sight of him; even the interest he evinced for me seemed an additional cruelty. Alas! I had good reason to fear ever becoming an Empress!”

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I knew not what consolation to offer: to Josephine; and knowing as I did the natural lightness of her character, I should have been surprised to find her grief so acute, after the lapse of a year, had I not been aware that there are certain chords which, when struck, do not speedily cease to vibrate in the heart of a woman. I sincerely pitied Josephine, and among all the things I said to assuage her sorrow, the consolation to which she appeared most sensible was the reprobation which public opinion had pronounced on Bonaparte's divorce, and on this subject I said nothing but the truth, for Josephine was generally beloved. I reminded her of a prediction I had made under happier circumstances, *viz*. on the day that she came to visit us in our little house at Ruel. "My dear friend," said she, "I have not forgotten it, and I have often thought of all you then said. For my part, I knew he was lost from the day he made himself Emperor. Adieu! Bourrienne, come and see me soon again; come often, for we have a great deal to talk about; you know how happy I always am to see you." Such was, to the best of my recollection, what passed at my first interview with Josephine after my return from Hamburg.

CHAPTER XXIV

1811

Arrest of La Sahla—My visit to him—His confinement at Vincennes—
Subsequent history of La Sahla—His second journey to France—
Detonating powder—Plot hatched against me by the Prince of Eckmuhl
—Friendly offices of the Due de Rovigo—Bugbears of the police—
Savary, Minister of Police.

I had been in Paris about two months when a young man of the name of La Sahla was arrested on the suspicion of having come from Saxony to attempt the life of the Emperor. La Sahla informed the Duo de Rovigo, then Minister of the Police, that he wished to see me, assigning as a reason for this the reputation I had left behind me in Germany. The Emperor, I presume, had no objection to the interview, for I received an invitation to visit the prisoner. I accordingly repaired to the branch office of the Minister of the Police, in the Rue des St. Peres, where I was introduced to a young man between seventeen and eighteen years of age.

My conversation with the young man, whose uncle was, I believe, Minister to the King of Saxony, interested me greatly in his behalf; I determined, if possible, to save La Sahla, and I succeeded. I proceeded immediately to the Duo de Rovigo, and I convinced him that under the circumstances of the case it was important to make it be believed that the young man was insane. I observed that if he were brought before a court he would repeat all that he had stated to me, and probably enter into disclosures which might instigate fresh attempts at assassination. Perhaps an avenger of La Sahla might rise up amongst the students of Leipzig, at which university he had spent his youth. These

reasons, together with others, had the success I hoped for. The Emperor afterwards acknowledged the prudent course which had been adopted respecting La Sahla; when speaking at St. Helena of the conspiracies against his life he said, “I carefully concealed all that I could.”

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In conformity with my advice La Sahla was sent to Vincennes, where he remained until the end of March 1814, He was then removed to the castle of Saumur, from which he was liberated at the beginning of April. I had heard nothing of him for three years, when one day, shortly after the Restoration, whilst sitting at breakfast with my family at my house in the Rue Hauteville, I heard an extraordinary noise in the antechamber, and before I had time to ascertain its cause I found myself in the arms. of a young man, who embraced me with extraordinary ardour. It was La Sahla. He was in a transport of gratitude and joy at his liberation, and at the accomplishment of the events which he had wished to accelerate by assassination. La Sahla returned to Saxony and I saw no more of him, but while I was in Hamburg in 1815, whither I was seat by Louis XVIII., I learned that on the 5th of June a violent explosion was heard in the Chamber of Representatives at Paris, which was at first supposed to be a clap of thunder, but was soon ascertained to have been occasioned by a young Samson having fallen with a packet of detonating powder in his pocket.

On receiving this intelligence I imagined, I know not why, that this young Saxon was La Sahla, and that he had probably intended to blow up Napoleon and even the Legislative Body; but I have since ascertained that I was under a mistake as to his intentions. My knowledge of La Sahla's candour induces me to believe the truth of his declarations to the police; and if there be any inaccuracies in the report of these declarations I do not hesitate to attribute them to the police itself, of which Fouche was the head at the period in question.

It is the latter part of the report which induced me to observe above, that if there were any inaccuracies in the statement they were more likely to proceed from Fouche's police than the false representations of young La Sahla. It is difficult to give credit without proof to such accusations. However, I decide nothing; but I consider it my duty to express doubts of the truth of these charges brought against the two Prussian ministers, of whom the Prince of Wittgenstein, a man of undoubted honour, has always spoken to me in the best of terms.

There is nothing to prove that La Sahla returned to France the second time with the same intentions as before. This project, however, is a mystery to me, and his detonating powder gives rise to many conjectures.

I had scarcely left Hamburg when the Prince of Eckmuhl (Marshal Davoust) was appointed Governor-General of that place on the union of the Hanse Towns with the Empire. From that period I was constantly occupied in contending against the persecutions and denunciations which he racked his imagination to invent. I cannot help attributing to those persecutions the Emperor's coolness towards me on my arrival in Paris. But as Davoust's calumnies were devoid of proof, he resorted to a scheme by which

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a certain appearance of probability might supply the place of truth. When I arrived in Paris, at the commencement of 1811, I was informed by an excellent friend I had left at Hamburg, M. Bouvier, an emigrant, and one of the hostages of Louis XVI., that in a few days I would receive a letter which would commit me, and likewise M. de Talleyrand and General Rapp. I had never had any connection on matters of business, with either of these individuals, for whom I entertained the most sincere attachment. They, like myself, were not in the good graces of Marshal Davoust, who could not pardon the one for his incontestable superiority of talent, and the other for his blunt honesty. On the receipt of M. Bouvier's letter I carried it to the Due de Rovigo, whose situation made him perfectly aware of the intrigues which had been carried on against me since I had left Hamburg by one whose ambition aspired to the Viceroyalty of Poland. On that, as on many other similar occasions, the Duc de Rovigo advocated my cause with Napoleon. We agreed that it would be best to await the arrival of the letter which M. Bouvier had announced. Three weeks elapsed, and the letter did not appear. The Duc de Rovigo, therefore, told me that I must have been misinformed. However, I was certain that M. Bouvier would not have sent me the information on slight grounds, and I therefore supposed that the project had only been delayed. I was not wrong in my conjecture, for at length the letter arrived. To what a depth of infamy men can descend! The. letter was from a man whom I had known at Hamburg, whom I had obliged, whom I had employed as a spy. His epistle was a miracle of impudence. After relating some extraordinary transactions which he said had taken place between us, and which all bore the stamp of falsehood, he requested me to send him by return of post the sum of 60,000 francs on account of what I had promised him for some business he executed in England by the direction of M. de Talleyrand, General Rapp, and myself. Such miserable wretches are often caught in the snares they spread for others. This was the case in the present instance, for the fellow had committed, the blunder of fixing upon the year 1802 as the period of this pretended business in England, that is to say, two years before my appointment as Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Hanse Towns. This anachronism was not the only one I discovered in the letter.

I took a copy of the letter, and immediately carried the original to the Duc de Rovigo, as had been agreed between us. When I waited on the Minister he was just preparing to go to the Emperor. He took with him the letter which I brought, and also the letter which announced its arrival. As the Duc de Rovigo entered the audience-chamber Napoleon advanced to meet him, and apostrophised him thus: "Well, I have learned fine things of your Bourrienne, whom you are always defending." The fact was, the Emperor had already received a copy of the letter, which had been opened at the Hamburg post-office. The Due de Rovigo told the Emperor that he had long known what his Majesty had communicated to him. He then entered into a full explanation of the intrigue, of which it was wished to render me the victim, and proved to him the more easily the falsehood of my accusers by reminding him that in 1802 I was not in Hamburg, but was still in his service at home.

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It may be supposed that I was too much interested in knowing what had passed at the Tuileries not to return to the Duc de Rovigo the same day. I learned from him the particulars which I have already related. He added that he had observed to the Emperor that there was no connection between Rapp and M. Talleyrand which could warrant the suspicion of their being concerned in the affair in question. “When Napoleon saw the matter in its true light,” said Savary, “when I proved to him the palpable existence of the odious machination, he could not find terms to express his indignation. ‘What baseness, what horrible villainy!’ he exclaimed; and gave me orders to arrest and bring to Paris the infamous writer of the letter; and you may rely upon it his orders shall be promptly obeyed.”

Savary, as he had said, instantly despatched orders for the arrest of the writer, whom he directed to be sent to France. On his arrival he was interrogated respecting the letter. He declared that he had written it at the instigation and under the dictation of Marshal Davoust, for doing which he received a small sum of money as a reward. He also confessed that when the letter was put into the post the Prince of Eckmuhl ordered the Director of the Post to open it, take a copy, then seal it again, and send it to its address —that is to say, to me—and the copy to the Emperor. The writer of the letter was banished to Marseilles, or to the Island of Hyeres, but the individual who dictated it continued a Marshal, a Prince, and a Governor-General, and still looked forward to the Viceroyalty of Poland! Such was the discriminating justice of the Empire; and Davoust continued his endeavours to revenge himself by other calumnies for my not having considered him a man of talent. I must do the Duc de Rovigo the justice to say that, though his fidelity to Napoleon was as it always had been, boundless, yet whilst he executed the Emperor’s orders he endeavoured to make him acquainted with the truth, as was proved by his conduct in the case I have just mentioned. He was much distressed by the sort of terror which his appointment had excited in the public, and he acknowledged to me that he intended to restore confidence by a more mild system than that of his predecessor. I had observed formerly that Savary did not coincide in the opinion I had always entertained of Fouche, but when once the Due de Rovigo endeavoured to penetrate the labyrinth of police, counter-police, inspections and hierarchies of espionage, he found they were all bugbears which Fouche had created to alarm the Emperor, as gardeners put up scarecrows among the fruit-trees to frighten away the sparrows. Thus, thanks to the artifices of Fouche, the eagle was frightened as easily as the sparrows, until the period when the Emperor, convinced that Fouche was maintaining a correspondence with England through the agency of Ouvrard, dismissed him.

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I saw with pleasure that Savary, the Minister of Police, wished to simplify the working of his administration, and to gradually diminish whatever was annoying in it, but, whatever might be his intentions, he was not always free to act. I acknowledge that when I read his Memoirs I saw with great impatience that in many matters he had voluntarily assumed responsibilities for acts which a word from him might have attributed to their real author. However this may be, what much pleased me in Savary was the wish he showed to learn the real truth in order to tell it to Napoleon. He received from the Emperor more than one severe rebuff. This came from the fact that since the immense aggrandisement of the Empire the ostensible Ministers, instead of rising in credit, had seen their functions diminish by degrees. Thus proposals for appointments to the higher grades of the army came from the cabinet of Berthier, and not from that of the Minister-of-War. Everything which concerned any part of the government of the Interior or of the Exterior, except for the administration of War and perhaps for that of Finance, had its centre in the cabinet of M. Maret, certainly an honest man, but whose facility in saying “All is right,” so much helped to make all wrong.

The home trade, manufactures, and particularly several of the Parisian firms were in a state of distress the more hurtful as it contrasted so singularly with the splendour of the Imperial Court since the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa. In this state of affairs a chorus of complaints reached the ears of the Duc de Rovigo every day. I must say that Savary was never kinder to me than since my disgrace; he nourished my hope of getting Napoleon to overcome the prejudices against me with which the spirit of vengeance had inspired him, and I know for certain that Savary returned to the charge more than once to manage this. The Emperor listened without anger, did not blame him for the closeness of our intimacy, and even said to him some obliging but insignificant words about me. This gave time for new machinations against me, and to fill him with fresh doubts when he had almost overcome his former, ideas.

CHAPTER XXV.

M. Czernischeff—Dissimulation of Napoleon—Napoleon and Alexander— Josephine’s foresight respecting the affairs of Spain—My visits to Malmaison—Grief of Josephine—-Tears and the toilet—Vast extent of the Empire—List of persons condemned to death and banishment in Piedmont—Observation of Alfieri respecting the Spaniards—-Success in Spain—Check of Massena in Portugal—Money lavished by the English—-Bertrand sent to Illyria, and Marmont to Portugal— Situation of the French army—-Assembling of the Cortes—Europe sacrificed to the Continental system—Conversation with Murat in the Champs Elysees—New titles and old names—Napoleon’s dislike of literary men—Odes, *etc*., on the marriage of Napoleon—Chateaubriand

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and Lemereier—Death of Chenier—Chateaubriand elected his successor —His discourse read by Napoleon—Bonaparte compared to Nero— Suppression of the 'Merceure'—M. de Chateaubriand ordered to leave Paris—*mm*. Lemercier and Esmenard presented to the Emperor—Birth of the King of Rome—France in 1811.

Since my return to France I had heard much of the intrigues of M. Czernischeff, an aide de camp of the Emperor of Russia, who, under the pretest of being frequently sent to compliment Napoleon on the part of the Emperor Alexander, performed, in fact, the office of a spy. The conduct of Napoleon with regard to M. Czernischeff at that period struck me as singular, especially after the intelligence which hefore my departure from Hamburg I had transmitted to him respecting the dissatisfaction of Russia and her hostile inclinations. It is therefore clear to me that Bonaparte was well aware of the real object of M. Czernischeffs mission, and that if he appeared to give credit to the increasing professions of his friendship it was only because he still wished, as he formerly did; that Russia might so far commit herself as to afford him a fair pretext for the commencement, of hostilities in the north.

M. Czernischeff first arrived in Paris shortly after the interview at Erfurt, and after that period was almost constantly on the road between Paris and St. Petersburg; it has been computed that in the space of less than four years he travelled more than 10,000 leagues. For a long time his frequent journeyings excited no surmises, but while I was in Paris Savary began to entertain suspicions, the correctness of which it was not difficult to ascertain, so formidable was still the system of espionage, notwithstanding the precaution taken by Fouche to conceal from his successor the names of his most efficient spies. It was known that M. Czernischeff was looking out for a professor of mathematics,—doubtless to disguise the real motives for his stay in Paris by veiling them under the desire of studying the sciences. The confidant of Alexander had applied to a professor connected with a public office; and from that time all the steps of M. Czerniseheff were known to the police. It was discovered that he was less anxious to question his instructor respecting the equations of a degree, or the value of unknown quantities, than to gain all the information he could about the different branches of the administration, and particularly the department of war. It happened that the professor knew some individuals employed in the public offices, who furnished him with intelligence, which he in turn communicated to M. Czernischeff, but not without making a report of it to the police; according to custom, instead of putting an end to this intrigue at once it was suffered fully to develop itself. Napoleon was informed of what was going on, and in this instance gave a new proof of his being an adept in the art of dissimulation, for, instead of testifying any displeasure

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against M. Czernischeff, he continued to receive him with the same marks of favour which he had shown to him during his former missions to Paris. Being, nevertheless, desirous to get rid of him, without evincing a suspicion that his clandestine proceedings had been discovered, he entrusted him with a friendly letter to his brother of Russia, but Alexander was in such haste to reply to the flattering missive of his brother of France that M. Czernischeff was hurried back to Paris, having scarcely been suffered to enter the gates of St. Petersburg. I believe I am correct in the idea that Napoleon was not really displeased at the intrigues of M. Czernischeff, from the supposition that they afforded an indication of the hostile intentions of Russia towards France; for, whatever he might say on this subject to his confidants, what reliance can we place on the man who formed the camp of Boulogne without the most distant intention of attempting a descent upon England, and who had deceived the whole world respecting that important affair without taking any one into his own confidence?

During the period of my stay in Paris the war with Spain and Portugal occupied much of the public attention; and it proved in the end an enterprise upon which the intuition of Josephine had not deceived her. In general she intermeddled little with political affairs; in the first place, because her doing so would have given offence to Napoleon; and next, because her natural frivolity led her to give a preference to lighter pursuits. But I may safely affirm that she was endowed with an instinct so perfect as seldom to be deceived respecting the good or evil tendency of any measure which Napoleon engaged in; and I remember she told me that when informed of the intention of the Emperor to bestow the throne of Spain on Joseph, she was seized with a feeling of indescribable alarm. It would be difficult to define that instinctive feeling which leads us to foresee the future; but it is a fact that Josephine was endowed with this faculty in a more perfect decree than any other person I have ever known, and to her it was a fatal gift, for she suffered at the same time under the weight of present and of future misfortunes.

I often visited her at Malmaison, as Duroc assured me that the Emperor had no objection to my doing so; yet he must have been fully aware that when Josephine and I were in confidential conversation he would not always be mentioned in terms of unqualified eulogy; and in truth, his first friend and his first wife might well be excused for sometimes commingling their complaints.

Though more than a twelvemonth had elapsed since the divorce grief still preyed on the heart of Josephine. “You cannot conceive, my friend,” she often said to me, “all the torments that I have suffered since that fatal day! I cannot imagine how I survived it. You cannot figure to yourself the pain I endure on seeing descriptions of his fetes everywhere. And the first time he came to visit

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me after his marriage, what a meeting was that! How many tears I shed! The days on which he comes are to me days of misery, for he spares me not. How cruel to speak of his expected heir. Bourrienne, you cannot conceive how heart-rending all this is to me! Better, far better to be exiled a thousand leagues from hence! However," added Josephine, "a few friends still remain faithful in my changed fortune, and that is now the only thing which affords me even temporary consolation." The truth is that she was extremely unhappy, and the most acceptable consolation her friends could offer her was to weep with her. Yet such was still Josephine's passion for dress, that after. having wept for a quarter of an hour she would dry her tears to give audience to milliners and jewellers. The sight of a new hat would call forth all Josephine's feminine love of finery. One day I remember that, taking advantage of the momentary serenity occasioned by an ample display of sparkling gewgaws, I congratulated her upon the happy influence they exercised over her spirits, when she said, "My dear friend, I ought, indeed, to be indifferent to all this; but it is a habit." Josephine might have added that it was also an occupation, for it would be no exaggeration to say that if the time she wasted in tears and at her toilet had been subtracted from her life its duration would have been considerably shortened.

The vast extent of the French Empire now presented a spectacle which resembled rather the dominion of the Romans and the conquests of Charlemagne than the usual form and political changes of modern Europe. In fact, for nearly two centuries, until the period of the Revolution, and particularly until the elevation of Napoleon, no remarkable changes had taken place in the boundaries of European States, if we except the partition of Poland, when two of the co-partitioners committed the error of turning the tide of Russia towards the west! Under Napoleon everything was overturned with astonishing rapidity: customs, manners, laws, were superseded

—[The so-called "French" armies of the time, drawn from all parts of the Empire and from the dependent States, represented the extraordinary fusion attempted by Napoleon. Thus, at the battle of Ocana there were at least troops of the following States, *viz*. Warsaw, Holland, Baden, Nassau, Hesse-Darmstadt, Frankfort, besides the Spaniards in Joseph's service. A Spanish division went to Denmark, the regiment from Isembourg was sent to Naples, while the Neapolitans crossed to Spain. Even the little Valais had to furnish a battalion. Blacks from San Domingo served in Naples, while sixteen nations, like so many chained dogs, advanced into Russia. Such troops could not have the spirit of a homogeneous army.Already, in 1808, Metternich had written from Paris to his Court, "It is no longer the nation that fights: the present war (Spain) is Napoleon's war; it is not even that of

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his army." But Napoleon himself was aware of the danger of the Empire from its own extent. In the silence of his cabinet his secretary Meneval sometimes heard him murmur, "L'arc est trop longtemps tendu."]—

by new customs, new manners, and new laws, imposed by force, and forming a heterogeneous whole, which could not fail to dissolve, as soon as the influence of the power which had created it should cease to operate. Such was the state of Italy that I have been informed by an individual worthy of credit that if the army of Prince Eugene, instead of being victorious, had been beaten on the Piava, a deeply-organised revolution would have broken out in Piedmont, and even in the Kingdom of Italy, where, nevertheless, the majority of the people fully appreciated the excellent qualities of Eugene. I have been also credibly informed that lists were in readiness designating those of the French who were to be put to death, as well as those by whom the severe orders of the Imperial Government had been mitigated, and who were only to be banished. In fact, revolt was as natural to the Italians as submission to the Germans, and as the fury of despair to the Spanish nation. On this subject I may cite an observation contained in one of the works of Alfieri, published fifteen years before the Spanish war. Taking a cursory view of the different European nations he regarded—the Spaniards as the only people possessed of "sufficient energy to struggle against foreign usurpation." Had I still been near the person of Napoleon I would most assuredly have resorted to an innocent artifice, which I had several times employed, and placed the work of Alfieri on his table open at the page I wished him to read. Alfieri's opinion of the Spanish people was in the end fully verified; and I confess I cannot think without shuddering of the torrents of blood which inundated the Peninsula; and for what? To make Joseph Bonaparte a King!

The commencement of 1811 was sufficiently favourable to the French arms in Spain, but towards the beginning of March the aspect of affairs changed. The Duke of Belluno, notwithstanding the valour of his troops, was unsuccessful at Chiclana; and from that day the French army could not make head against the combined forces of England and Portugal. Even Massena, notwithstanding the title of Prince of Eslingen (or Essling), which he had won under the walls of Vienna, was no longer "the favourite child of victory" as he had been at Zurich.

Having mentioned Massena I may observe that he did not favour the change of the French Government on the foundation of the Empire. Massena loved two things, glory and money; but as to what is termed honours, he only valued those which resulted from the command of an army; and his recollections all bound him to the Republic, because the Republic recalled to his mind the most brilliant and glorious events of his military career. He was, besides, among the number of the Marshals who wished to see a limit put to the

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ambition of Bonaparte; and he had assuredly done enough, since the commencement of the wars of the Republic, to be permitted to enjoy some repose, which his health at that period required. What could he achieve against the English in Portugal? The combined forces of England and Portugal daily augmented, while ours diminished. No efforts were spared by England to gain a superiority in the great struggle in which she was engaged; as her money was lavished profusely, her troops paid well wherever they went, and were abundantly supplied with ammunition and provisions: the French army was compelled, though far from possessing such ample means, to purchase at the same high rate, in order to keep the natives from joining the English party. But even this did not prevent numerous partial insurrections in different places, which rendered all communication with France extremely difficult. Armed bands continually carried off our dispersed soldiers; and the presence of the British troops, supported by the money they spent in the country, excited the inhabitants against us; for it is impossible to suppose that, unsupported by the English, Portugal could have held out a single moment against France. But battles, bad weather, and even want, had so reduced the French force that it was absolutely necessary our troops should repose when their enterprises could lead to no results. In this state of things Massena was recalled, because his health was so materially injured as to render it impossible for him to exert sufficient activity to restore the army to a respectable footing.

Under these circumstances Bonaparte sent Bertrand into Illyria to take the place of Marmont, who was ordered in his turn to relieve Massena and take command of the French army in Portugal Marmont on assuming the command found the troops in a deplorable state. The difficulty of procuring provisions was extreme, and the means he was compelled to employ for that purpose greatly heightened the evil, at the same time insubordination and want of discipline prevailed to such an alarming degree that it would be as difficult as painful to depict the situation of our army at this period, Marmont, by his steady conduct, fortunately succeeded in correcting the disorders which prevailed, and very soon found himself at the head of a well-organised army, amounting to 30,000 infantry, with forty pieces of artillery, but he had only a very small body of cavalry, and those ill-mounted.

Affairs in Spain at the commencement of 1811 exhibited an aspect not very different from those of Portugal. At first we were uniformly successful, but our advantages were so dearly purchased that the ultimate issue of this struggle might easily have been foreseen, because when a people fight for their homes and their liberties the invading army must gradually diminish, while at the same time the armed population, emboldened by success, increases in a still more marked progression. Insurrection was now regarded by the Spaniards as a holy and sacred duty, to which the recent meetings of the Cortes in the Isle of Leon had given, as it were, a legitimate character, since Spain found again, in the remembrance of her ancient privileges, at least the shadow of

a Government—a centre around which the defenders of the soil of the Peninsula could rally.

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—[Lord Wellington gave Massena a beating at Fuentes d'Onore on the 5th of May 1811. It was soon after this battle that Napoleon sent Marmont to succeed Massena. Advancing on the southern frontier of Portugal the skillful Soult contrived to take Badajoz from a wavering Spanish garrison. About this time, however, General Graham, with his British corps, sallied out of Cadiz, and beat the French on the heights of Barrosa, which lie in front of Cadiz, which city the French were then besieging. Encouraged by the successes of our regular armies, the Spanish Guerillas became more and more numerous and daring. By the end of 1811 Joseph Bonaparte found so many thorns in his usurped crown that he implored his brother to put it on some other head. Napoleon would not then listen to his prayer. In the course of 1811 a plan was laid for liberating Ferdinand from his prison in France and placing him at the head of affairs in Spain, but was detected by the emissaries of Bonaparte's police. Ferdinand's sister, the ex-Queen of Etruria, had also planned an escape to England. Her agents were betrayed, tried by a military commission, and shot—the Princess herself was condemned to close confinement in a Roman convent.—Editor of 1836 edition.]—

The Continental system was the cause, if not of the eventual fall, at least of the rapid fall of Napoleon. This cannot be doubted if we consider for a moment the brilliant situation of the Empire in 1811, and the effect simultaneously produced throughout Europe by that system, which undermined the most powerful throne which ever existed. It was the Continental system that Napoleon upheld in Spain, for he had persuaded himself that this system, rigorously enforced, would strike a death blow to the commerce of England; and Duroc besides informed me of a circumstance which is of great weight in this question. Napoleon one day said to him, "I am no longer anxious that Joseph should be King of Spain; and he himself is indifferent about it. I would give the crown to the first comer who would shut his ports against the English."

Murat had come to Paris on the occasion of the Empress' accouchement, and I saw him several times during his stay, for we had always been on the best terms; and I must do him the justice to say that he never assumed the King but to his courtiers, and those who had known him only as a monarch. Eight or ten days after the birth of the King of Rome, as I was one morning walking in the Champs Elysees, I met Murat. He was alone, and dressed in a long blue overcoat. We were exactly opposite the gardens of his sister-in-law, the Princess Borghese. "Well, Bourrienne," said Murat, after we had exchanged the usual courtesies, "well, what are you about now?" I informed him how I had been treated by Napoleon, who, that I might not be in Hamburg when the decree of union arrived there, had recalled me to Paris under a show of confidence. I think I still see the handsome

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and expressive countenance of Joachim when, having addressed him by the titles of Sire and Your Majesty, he said to me, “Pshaw! Bourrienne, are we not old comrades? The Emperor has treated you unjustly; and to whom has he not been unjust? His displeasure is preferable to his favour, which costs so dear! He says that he made us Kings; but did we not make him an Emperor? To you, my friend, whom I have known long and intimately, I can make my profession of faith. My sword, my blood, my life belong to the Emperor. When he calls me to the field to combat his enemies and the enemies of France I am no longer a King, I resume the rank of a Marshal of the Empire; but let him require no more. At Naples I will be King of Naples, and I will not sacrifice to his false calculations the life, the well-being, and the interests of my subjects. Let him not imagine that he can treat me as he has treated Louis! For I am ready to defend, even against him, if it must be so, the rights of the people over whom he has appointed me to rule. Am I then an advance-guard King?” These last words appeared to me peculiarly appropriate in the mouth of Murat, who had always served in the advance-guard of our armies, and I thought expressed in a very happy manner the similarity of his situation as a king and a soldier.

I walked with Murat about half an hour. In the course of our conversation he informed me that his greatest cause of complaint against the Emperor was his having first put him forward and then abandoned him. “Before I arrived in Naples,” continued he, “it was intimated to me that there was a design of assassinating me. What did I do? I entered that city alone, in full daylight, in an open carriage, for I would rather have been assassinated at once than have lived in the constant fear of being so. I afterwards made a descent on the Isle of Capri, which succeeded. I attempted one against Sicily, and am curtain it would have also been successful had the Emperor fulfilled his promise of sending the Toulon fleet to second my operations; but he issued contrary orders: he enacted Mazarin, and unshed me to play the part of the adventurous Duke of Guise. But I see through his designs. Now that he has a son, on whom he has bestowed the title of King of Rome, he merely wishes the crown of Naples to be considered as a deposit in my hands. He regards Naples as a future annexation to the Kingdom of Rome, to which I foresee it is his design to unite the whole of Italy. But let him not urge me too far, for I will oppose him, and conquer, or perish in the attempt, sword in hand.”

I had the discretion not to inform Murat how correctly he had divined the plans of the Emperor and his projects as to Italy, but in regard to the Continental system, which, perhaps, the reader will be inclined to call my great stalking-horse, I spoke of it as I had done to the Prince of Sweden, and I perceived that he was fully disposed to follow my advice, as experience has sufficiently proved. It was in fact the Continental system which separated the interests of Murat from those of the Emperor, and which compelled the new King of Naples to form alliances amongst the Princes at war with France. Different opinions have been entertained on this Subject; mine is, that the Marshal of the Empire was wrong, but the King of Naples right.

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The Princes and Dukes of the Empire must pardon me for so often designating them by their Republican names. The Marshals set less value on their titles of nobility than the Dukes and Counts selected from among the civilians. Of all the sons of the Republic Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely was the most gratified at being a Count, whilst, among the fathers of the Revolution no one could regard with greater disdain than Fouche his title of Duke of Otranto; he congratulated himself upon its possession only once, and that was after the fall of the Empire.

I have expressed my dislike of Fouche; and the reason of that feeling was, that I could not endure his system of making the police a government within a government. He had left Paris before my return thither, but I had frequent occasion to speak of that famous personage to Savary, whom, for the reason above assigned, I do not always term Duc de Rovigo. Savary knew better than any one the fallacious measures of Fouche's administration, since he was his successor. Fouche, under pretence of encouraging men of letters, though well aware that the Emperor was hostile to them, intended only to bring them into contempt by making them write verses at command. It was easily seen that Napoleon nourished a profound dislike of literary men, though we must not conclude that he wished the public to be aware of that dislike. Those, besides, who devoted their pens to blazon his glory and his power were sure to be received by him with distinction. On the other hand, as Charlemagne and Louis *xiv*. owed a portion of the splendour of their reigns to the lustre reflected on them by literature, he wished to appear to patronise authors, provided that they never discussed questions relating to philosophy, the independence of mankind, and civil and political rights. With regard to men of science it was wholly different; those he held in real estimation; but men of letters, properly so called, were considered by him merely as a sprig in his Imperial crown.

The marriage of the Emperor with an Archduchess of Austria had set all the Court poets to work, and in this contest of praise and flattery it must be confessed that the false gods were vanquished by the true God; for, in spite of their fulsome verses, not one of the disciples of Apollo could exceed the extravagance of the Bishops in their pastoral letters. At a time when so many were striving to force themselves into notice there still existed a feeling of esteem in the public mind for men of superior talent who remained independent amidst the general corruption; such was M. Lemercier, such was M. de Chateaubriand. I was in Paris in the spring of 1811, at the period of Chenier's death, when the numerous friends whom Chateaubriand possessed in the second class of the Institute looked to him as the successor of Chenier. This was more than a mere literary question, not only on account of the high literary reputation M. de Chateaubriand already possessed, but of the recollection of his noble conduct at the period of Duc d'Enghien's death, which was yet fresh in the memory of every one; and, besides, no person could be ignorant of the immeasurable difference of opinion between Chenier and M. de Chateaubriand.

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M. de Chateaubriand obtained a great majority of votes, and was elected a Member of the Institute. This opened a wide field for conjecture in Paris. Every one was anxious to see how the author of the Genie du Christianisme, the faithful defender of the Bourbons, would bend his eloquence to pronounce the eulogium of a regicide. The time for the admission of the new Member of the Institute arrived, but in his discourse, copies of which were circulated in Paris, he had ventured to allude to the death of Louis XVI., and to raise his voice against the regicides. This did not displease Napoleon; but M. de Chateaubriand also made a profession of faith in favour of liberty, which, he said, found refuge amongst men of letters when banished from the politic body. This was great boldness for the time; for though Bonaparte was secretly gratified at seeing the judges of Louis XVI. scourged by an heroic pen, yet those men held the highest situations under the Government. Cambaceres filled the second place in the Empire, although at a great distance from the first; Merlin de Douai was also in power; and it is known how much liberty was stifled and hidden beneath the dazzling illusion of what is termed glory. A commission was named to examine the discourse of Chateaubriand. *Mm*. Suard, de Segur, de Fontanes, and two or three other members of the same class of the Institute whose names I cannot recollect, were of opinion that the discourse should be read; but it was opposed by the majority.

When Napoleon was informed of what had passed he demanded a sight of the address, which was presented to him by M. Daru. After having perused it he exclaimed; “Had this discourse been delivered I would have shut the gates of the Institute, and thrown M. de Chateaubriand into a dungeon for life.” The storm long raged; at length means of conciliation were tried. The Emperor required M. de Chateaubriand to prepare another discourse, which the latter refused to do, in spite of every menace. Madame Gay applied to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d’Angely, who interested her husband in favour of the author of the Genie du Christianisme. M. de Montalivet and Savary also acted on this occasion in the most praiseworthy manner, and succeeded in appeasing the first transports of the Emperor’s rage. But the name of Chateaubriand constantly called to mind the circumstances which had occasioned him to give in his resignation; and, besides, Napoleon had another complaint against him. He had published in the ‘Merceure’ an article on a work of M. Alexandre de Laborde. In that article, which was eagerly read in Paris, and which caused the suppression of the ‘Merceure’, occurred the famous phrase which has been since so often repeated: “In vain a Nero triumphs: Tacitus is already born in his Empire.” This quotation leads me to repeat an observation, which, I believe, I have already made, *viz*. that it is a manifest misconception to compare Bonaparte to Nero. Napoleon’s

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ambition might blind his vision to political crimes, but in private life no man could evince less disposition to cruelty or bloodshed. A proof that he bore little resemblance to Nero is that his anger against the author of the article in question vented itself in mere words. "What!" exclaimed he, "does Chateaubriand think I am a fool, and that I do not know what he means? If he goes on this way I will have him sabred on the steps of the Tuileries." This language is quite characteristic of Bonaparte, but it was uttered in the first ebullition of his wrath. Napoleon merely threatened, but Nero would have made good his threat; and in such a case there is surely some difference between words and deeds.

The discourse of M. de Chateaubriand revived Napoleon's former enmity against him; he received an order to quit Paris: M. Daru returned to him the manuscript of his discourse, which had been read by Bonaparte, who cancelled some passages with a pencil. We can be sure that the phrase about liberty was not one of those spared by the Imperial pencil. However that may be, written copies were circulated with text altered and abbreviated; and I have even been told that a printed edition appeared, but I have never seen any copies; and as I do not find the discourse in the works of M. de Chateaubriand I have reason to believe that the author has not yet wished to publish it.

Such were the principal circumstances attending the nomination of Chateaubriand to the Institute. I shall not relate some others which occurred on a previous occasion, *viz*. on the election of an old and worthy visitor at Malmaison, M. Lemercier, and which will serve to show one of those strange inconsistencies so frequent in the character of Napoleon.

After the foundation of the Empire M. Lemercier ceased to present himself at the Tuileries, St. Cloud, or at Malmaison, though he was often seen in the salons of Madame Bonaparte while she yet hoped not to become a Queen. Two places were vacant at once in the second class of the Institute, which still contained a party favourable to liberty. This party, finding it impossible to influence the nomination of both members, contented itself with naming one, it being the mutual condition, in return for favouring the Government candidate, that the Government party should not oppose the choice of the liberals. The liberal party selected M. Lemercier, but as they knew his former connection with Bonaparte had been broken off they wished first to ascertain that he would do nothing to commit their choice. Chenier was empowered to inquire whether M. Lemercier would refuse to accompany them to the Tuileries when they repaired thither in a body, and whether, on his election, he would comply with the usual ceremony of being presented to the Emperor. M. Lemercier replied that he would do nothing contrary to the customs and usages of the body to which he might belong: he was accordingly elected. The Government candidate was M. Esmenard, who was

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also elected. The two new members were presented to the Emperor on the same day. On this occasion upwards of 400 persons were present in the salon, from one of whom I received these details. When the Emperor saw M. Lemercier, for whom he had long pretended great friendship, he said to him in a kind tone, “Well, Lemercier, you are now installed.” Lemercier respectfully bowed to the Emperor; but without uttering a word of reply. Napoleon was mortified at this silence, but without saying anything more to Lemercier he turned to Esmenard, the member who should have been most acceptable to him, and vented upon him the whole weight of his indignation in a manner equally unfeeling and unjust. “Well, Esmenard,” said he, “do you still hold your place in the police?” These words were spoken in so loud a tone as to be heard by all present; and it was doubtless this cruel and ambiguous speech which furnished the enemies of Esmenard with arms to attack his reputation as a man of honour, and to give an appearance of disgrace to those functions which he exercised with so much zeal and ability.

When, at the commencement of 1811, I left Paris I had ceased to delude myself respecting the brilliant career which seemed opening before me during the Consulate. I clearly perceived that since Bonaparte, instead of receiving me as I expected, had refused to see me at all, the calumnies of my enemies were triumphant, and that I had nothing to hope for from an absolute ruler, whose past injustice rendered him the more unjust. He now possessed what he had so long and ardently wished for,—a son of his own, an inheritor of his name, his power, and his throne. I must take this opportunity of stating that the malevolent and infamous rumours spread abroad respecting the birth of the King of Rome were wholly without foundation. My friend Corvisart, who did not for a single instant leave Maria Louisa during her long and painful labour, removed from my mind every doubt on the subject. It is as true that the young Prince, for whom the Emperor of Austria stood sponsor at the font, was the son of Napoleon and the Archduchess Maria Louisa as it is false that Bonaparte was the father of the first child of Hortense. The birth of the son of Napoleon was hailed with general enthusiasm. The Emperor was at the height of his power from the period of the birth of his son until the reverse he experienced after the battle of the Moskowa. The Empire, including the States possessed by the Imperial family, contained nearly 57,000,000 of inhabitants; but the period was fast approaching when this power, unparalleled in modern times, was to collapse under its own weight.

—[The little King of Rome, Napoleon Francis Bonaparte, was born on the 20th of March 1811. Editor of 1836 edition.]—

CHAPTER XXVI.

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My return to Hamburg—Government Committee established there— Anecdote of the Comte de Chaban—Napoleon's misunderstanding with the Pope—Cardinal Fesch—-Convention of a Council—Declaration required from the Bishops—Spain in 1811—-Certainty of war with Russia—Lauriston supersedes Caulaincourt at St. Petersburg—-The war in Spain neglected—Troops of all nations at the disposal of Bonaparte—Levy of the National Guard—Treaties with Prussia and Austria—Capitulation renewed with Switzerland—Intrigues with Czernischeff—Attacks of my enemies—Memorial to the Emperor—Ogier de la Saussaye and the mysterious box—Removal of the Pope to Fontainebleau—Anecdote of His Holiness and M. Denon—Departure of Napoleon and Maria Louisa for Dresden—Situation of affairs in Spain and Portugal—Rapp's account of the Emperor's journey to Dantzic— Mutual wish for war on the part of Napoleon and Alexander—Sweden and Turkey—Napoleon's vain attempt to detach Sweden from her alliance with Russia.

As I took the most lively interest in all that concerned the Hanse Towns, my first care on returning to Hamburg was to collect information from the most respectable sources concerning the influential members of the new Government. Davoust was at its head. On his arrival he had established in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, in Swedish Pomerania, and in Stralsund, the capital of that province, military posts and custom-houses, and that in a time of profound peace with those countries, and without any previous declaration. The omnipotence of Napoleon, and the terror inspired by the name of Davoust, overcame all obstacles which might have opposed those iniquitous usurpations. The weak were forced to yield to the strong.

At Hamburg a Government Committee was formed, consisting of the Prince of Eekmuhl as President, Comte de Chaban, Councillor of State, who superintended the departments of the Interior and Finance, and of M. Faure, Councillor of State, who was appointed to form and regulate the Courts of Law. I had sometimes met M. de Chaban at Malmaison. He was distantly related to Josephine, and had formerly been an officer in the French Guards. He was compelled to emigrate, having been subjected to every species of persecution during the Revolution.

M. de Chaban was among the first of the emigrants who returned to France after the 18th Brumaire. He was at first made Sub-Prefect of Vendome, but on the union of Tuscany with France Napoleon created him a member of the Junta appointed to regulate the affairs of Tuscany. He next became Prefect of Coblentz and Brussels, was made a Count by Bonaparte, and was afterwards chosen a member of the Government Committee at Hamburg. M. de Chaban was a man of upright principles, and he discharged his various functions in a way that commanded esteem and attachment.

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—[I recollect an anecdote which but too well depicts those disastrous times. The Comte de Chaban, being obliged to cross France during the Reign of Terror, was compelled to assume a, disguise. He accordingly provided himself with a smockfrock; a cart and horses, and a load of corn. In this manner he journeyed from place to place till he reached the frontiers. He stopped at Rochambeau, in the Vendomais, where he was recognised by the Marshal de Rochambeau, who to guard against exciting any suspicion among his servants, treated him as if he had really been a carman and said to him, “You may dine in the kitchen.”—Bourrienne.]—

The Hanseatic Towns, united to the Grand Empire professedly for their welfare, soon felt the blessings of the new organisation of a regenerating Government. They were at once presented with; the stamp-duty, registration, the lottery, the droits reunis, the tax on cards, and the ‘octroi’. This prodigality of presents caused, as we may be sure, the most lively gratitude; a tax for military quarters and for warlike supplies was imposed, but this did not relieve any one from laving not only officers and soldiers; but even all the chiefs of the administration and their officials billeted on them: The refineries, breweries, and manufactures of all sorts were suppressed. The cash chests of the Admiralty, of the charity houses, of the manufactures, of the savings-banks, of the working classes, the funds of the prisons, the relief meant for the infirm, the chests of the refuges, orphanages; and of the hospitals, were all seized.

More than 200,000 men, Italian, Dutch, and French soldiers came in turn to stay there, but only to be clothed and shod; and then they left newly clothed from head to foot. To leave nothing to be wished for, Davoust, from 1812, established military commissions in all the thirty-second. military division, before he entered upon the Russian campaign. To complete these oppressive measures he established at the same time the High Prevotal Court of the Customs. It was at this time that M. Eudes, the director of the ordinary customs, a strict but just man, said that the rule of the ordinary customs would be regretted, “for till now you have only been on roses..” The professed judgments of this court were executed without appeal and without delay. From what I have just said the situation and the misery of the north of Germany, and the consequent discontent, can be judged.

During my stay in Hamburg, which on this occasion was not very long, Napoleon’s attention was particularly engaged by the campaign of Portugal, and his discussions with the Pope. At this period the thunderbolts of Rome were not very alarming. Yet precautions were taken to keep secret the excommunication which Pius *vii*. had pronounced against Napoleon. The event, however, got reported about, and a party in favour of the Pope speedily rose up among the clergy, and more particularly among the fanatics. Napoleon

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sent to Savona the Archbishops of Nantes, Bourges, Treves, and Tours, to endeavour to bring about a reconciliation with His Holiness. But all their endeavours were unavailing, and after staying a month at Savona they returned to Paris without having done anything. But Napoleon was not discouraged by this first disappointment, and he shortly afterwards sent a second deputation, which experienced the same fate as the first. Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, took part with the Pope. For this fact I can vouch, though I cannot for an answer which he is said to have made to the Emperor. I have been informed that when Napoleon was one day speaking to his uncle about the Pope's obstinacy the Cardinal made some observations to him on his (Bonaparte's) conduct to the Holy Father, upon which Napoleon flew into a passion, and said that the Pope and he were two old fools. "As for the Pope," said he, "he is too obstinate to listen to anything. No, I am determined he shall never have Rome again. . . . He will not remain at Savona, and where does he wish I should send him?"—"To Heaven, perhaps," replied the Cardinal.

The truth is, the Emperor was violently irritated against Pius *vii*. Observing with uneasiness the differences and difficulties to which all these dissensions gave rise, he was anxious to put a stop to them. As the Pope would not listen to any propositions that were made to him, Napoleon convoked a Council, which assembled in Paris, and at which several Italian Bishops were present. The Pope insisted that the temporal and spiritual interests should be discussed together; and, however disposed a certain number of prelates, particularly the Italians, might be to separate these two points of discussion, yet the influence of the Church and well-contrived intrigues gradually gave preponderance to the wishes of the Pope. The Emperor, having discovered that a secret correspondence was carried on by several of the Bishops and Archbishops who had seats in the Council, determined to get rid of some of them, and the Bishops of Ghent, Troyes, Tournay, and Toulouse were arrested and sent to Vincennes. They were superseded by others. He wished to dissolve the Council, which he saw was making no advance towards the object he had in view, and, fearing that it might adopt some act at variance with his supreme wish, every member of the Council was individually required to make a declaration that the proposed changes were conformable to the laws of the Church. It was said at the time that they were unanimous in this individual declaration, though it is certain that in the sittings of the Council opinions were divided. I know not what His Holiness thought of these written opinions compared with the verbal opinions that had been delivered, but certain it is though still a captive at Savona, he refused to adhere to the concessions granted in the secret declarations.

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The conflicts which took place in Spain during the year 1811 were unattended by any decisive results. Some brilliant events, indeed, attested the courage of our troops and the skill of our generals. Such were the battle of Albufera and the taking of Tarragona, while Wellington was obliged to raise the siege of Badajoz. These advantages, which were attended only by glory, encouraged Napoleon in the hope of triumphing in the Peninsula, and enabled him to enjoy the brilliant fetes which took place at Paris in celebration of the birth of the King of Rome.

On his return from a tour in Holland at the end of October Napoleon clearly saw that a rupture with Russia was inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston as Ambassador to St. Petersburg to supersede Caulaincourt, who would no longer remain there: all the diplomatic skill in the world could effect nothing with a powerful Government which had already formed its determination. All the Cabinets in Europe were now unanimous in wishing for the overthrow of Napoleon's power, and the people no less, ardently wished for an order of things less fatal to their trade and industry. In the state to which Europe was reduced no one could counteract the wish of Russia and her allies to go to war with France—Lauriston no more than Caulaincourt.

The war for which Napoleon was now obliged to prepare forced him to neglect Spain, and to leave his interests in that country in a state of real danger. Indeed, his occupation of Spain and his well-known wish to maintain himself there were additional motives for inducing the powers of Europe to enter upon a war which would necessarily divide Napoleon's forces. All at once the troops which were in Italy and the north of Germany moved towards the frontiers of the Russian Empire. From March 1811 the Emperor had all the military forces of Europe at his disposal. It was curious to see this union of nations, distinguished by difference of manners,

—[It should be remarked that Napoleon was far from being anxious for the war with Russia. Metternich writing on 26th March 1811, says "Everything seems to indicate that the Emperor Napoleon is at present still far from desiring a war with Russia. But it is not less true that the Emperor Alexander has given himself over, 'nolens volens', to the war party, and that he will bring about war, because the time is approaching when he will no longer be able to resist the reaction of the party in the internal affairs of his Empire, or the temper of his army. The contest between Count Romanzov and the party opposed to that Minister seems on the point of precipitating a war between Russia and France." This, from Metternich, is strong evidence.]—

language, religion, and interests, all ready to fight for one man against a power who had done nothing to offend them. Prussia herself, though she could not pardon the injuries he had inflicted upon her, joined his alliance, but with the intention of breaking

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it on the first opportunity. When the war with Russia was first spoken of Savary and I had frequent conversations on the subject. I communicated to him all the intelligence I received from abroad respecting that vast enterprise. The Duc de Rovigo shared all my forebodings; and if he and those who thought like him had been listened to, the war would probably have been avoided. Through him I learnt who were the individuals who urged the invasion. The eager ambition with which they looked forward to Viceroyalties, Duchies, and endowments blinded them to the possibility of seeing the Cossacks in Paris.

The gigantic enterprise being determined on, vast preparations were made for carrying it into effect. Before his departure Napoleon, who was to take with him all the disposable troops, caused a 'Senatus-consulte' to be issued for levying the National Guards, who were divided into three corps. He also arranged his diplomatic affairs by concluding, in February 1812, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Prussia, by virtue of which the two contracting powers mutually guaranteed the integrity of their own possessions, and the European possessions of the Ottoman Porte, because that power was then at war with Russia. A similar treaty was concluded about the beginning of March with Austria, and about the end of the same month Napoleon renewed the capitulation of France and Switzerland. At length, in the month of April, there came to light an evident proof of the success which had attended M. Czernischeff's intrigues in Paris. It was ascertained that a clerk in the War Office, named Michel, had communicated to him the situation of the French forces in Germany. Michel was condemned to death, for the time was gone by when Bonaparte, confident in his genius and good fortune, could communicate his plans to the spy of General Melas.

In March 1812, when I saw that the approaching war would necessarily take Napoleon from France, weary of the persecutions and even threats by which I was every day assailed, I addressed to the Emperor a memorial explaining my conduct and showing the folly and wickedness of my accusers. Among them was a certain Ogier de la Saussaye, who had sent a report to the Emperor, in which the principal charge was, that I had carried off a box containing important papers belonging to the First Consul. The accusation of Ogier de la Saussaye terminated thus: "I add to my report the interrogatories of *mm*. Westphalen, Osy, Chapeau Rouge, Aukscher, Thierry, and Gumprecht-Mores. The evidence of the latter bears principally on a certain mysterious box, a secret upon which it is impossible to throw any light, but the reality of which we are bound to believe." These are his words. The affair of the mysterious box has been already explained. I have already informed the reader that I put my papers into a box, which I buried lest it should be stolen from me. But for that precaution I should not have been able to lay before the reader the autograph documents in my possession, and which I imagine form the most essential part of these volumes. In my memorial to the Emperor I said, in allusion to the passage above quoted, "This, Sire, is the most atrocious part of Ogier's report.

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“Gumprecht being questioned on this point replies that the accuser has probably, as well as himself, seen the circumstance mentioned in an infamous pamphlet which appeared seven or eight years, ago. It was, I think, entitled ‘Le Secret du Cabinet des Tuileries,’ and was very likely at the time of its appearance denounced by the police. In that libel it is stated, among a thousand other calumnies equally false and absurd, ’that when I left the First Consul I carried away a box full of important papers, that I was in consequence sent to the Temple, where your brother Joseph came to me and offered me my liberation, and a million of francs, if I would restore the papers, which I refused to do,’ *etc*. Ogier, instead of looking for this libel in Hamburg, where I read it, has the impudence to give credit to the charge, the truth of which could have been ascertained immediately: and he adds, ’This secret we are bound to believe.’ Your Majesty knows whether I was ever in the Temple, and whether Joseph ever made such an offer to me.” I entreated that the Emperor would do me the favour to bring me to trial; for certainly I should have regarded that as a favour rather than to remain as I was, exposed to vague accusations; yet all my solicitations were in vain. My letter to the Emperor remained unanswered; but though Bonaparte could not spare a few moments to reply to an old friend, I learned through Duroc the contempt he cherished for my accusers. Duroc advised me not to be uneasy, and that in all probability the Emperor’s prejudices against me would be speedily overcome; and I must say that if they were not overcome it was neither the fault of Duroc nor Savary, who knew how to rightly estimate the miserable intrigues just alluded to.

Napoleon was at length determined to extend the limits of his Empire, or rather to avenge the injuries which Russia had committed against his Continental system. Yet, before he departed for Germany, the resolute refusal of the Pope to submit to any arrangement urgently claimed his consideration. Savona did not appear to him a sufficiently secure residence for such a prisoner. He feared that when all his strength should be removed towards the Niemen the English might carry off the Pope, or that the Italians, excited by the clergy, whose dissatisfaction was general in Italy, would stir up those religious dissensions which are always fatal and difficult to quell. With the view, therefore, of keeping the Pope under his control he removed him to Fontainebleau, and even at one time thought of bringing him to Paris.

The Emperor appointed M. Denon to reside with the Pope at Fontainebleau; and to afford his illustrious prisoner the society of such a man was certainly a delicate mark of attention on the part of Napoleon. When speaking of his residence with Pius *vii*. M. Denon related to me the following anecdote. “The Pope,” said he, “was much attached to me. He always addressed me by the appellation

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‘my son,’ and he loved to converse with me, especially on the subject of the Egyptian expedition. One day he asked me for my work on Egypt, which he said he wished to read; and as you know it is not quite orthodox, and does not perfectly agree with the creation of the world according to Genesis, I at first hesitated; but the Pope insisted, and at length I complied with his wish. The Holy Father assured me that he had been much interested by the perusal of the book. I made some allusion to the delicate points; upon which he said, ’No matter, no matter, my son; all that is exceedingly curious, and I must confess entirely new to me.’ I then,” continued M. Denon, “told His Holiness why I hesitated to lend him the work, which, I observed, he had excommunicated, together with its author. ‘Excommunicated you, my son?’ resumed the Pope in a tone of affectionate concern. ’I am very sorry for it, and assure you I was far from being aware of any such thing.’”

When M. Denon related to me this anecdote he told me how greatly he had admired the virtues and resignation of the Holy Father; but he added that it would nevertheless have been easier to make him a martyr than to induce him to yield on any point until he should be restored to the temporal sovereignty of Rome, of which he considered himself the depositary, and which he would not endure the reproach of having willingly sacrificed. After settling the place of the Pope’s residence Napoleon set off for Dresden, accompanied by Maria Louisa, who had expressed a wish to see her father.

The Russian enterprise, the most gigantic, perhaps, that the genius of man ever conceived since the conquest of India by Alexander, now absorbed universal attention, and defied the calculations of reason. The Manzanares was forgotten, and nothing was thought of but the Niemen, already so celebrated by the raft of Tilsit. Thither, as towards a common centre, were moving men, horses, provisions, and baggage of every kind, from all parts of Europe. The hopes of our generals and the fears of all prudent men were directed to Russia. The war in Spain, which was becoming more and more unfortunate, excited but a feeble interest; and our most distinguished officers looked upon it as a disgrace to be sent to the Peninsula. In short, it was easy to foresee that the period was not far distant when the French would be obliged to recross the Pyrenees. Though the truth was concealed from the Emperor on many subjects, yet he was not deceived as to the situation of Spain in the spring of 1812. In February the Duke of Ragusa had frankly informed him that the armies of Spain and Portugal could not, without considerable reinforcements of men and money, hope for any important advantages since Ciudad-Rodrigo and Badajoz had fallen into the hands of the English.

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Before he commenced his great operations on the Niemen and the Volga Napoleon made a journey to Dantzic, and Rapp, who was then Governor of that city, informed me of some curious particulars connected with the Imperial visit. The fact is, that if Rapp's advice had been listened to, and had been supported by men higher in rank than himself, Bonaparte would not have braved the chances of the Russian war until those chances turned against him. Speaking to me of the Russians Rapp said, "They will soon be as wise as we are! Every time we go to war with them we teach them how to beat us." I was struck with the originality and truth of this observation, which at the time I heard it was new, though it has been often repeated since.

"On leaving Dresden," said Rapp to me, "Napoleon came to Dantzic. I expected a dressing; for, to tell you the truth, I had treated very cavalierly both his custom-house and its officers, who were raising up as many enemies to France as there were inhabitants in my Government. I had also warned him of all that has since happened in Russia, but I assure you I did not think myself quite so good a prophet. In the beginning of 1812 I thus wrote to him: 'If your Majesty should experience reverses you may depend on it that both Russians and Germans will rise up in a mass to shake off the yoke. There will be a crusade, and all your allies will abandon you. Even the King of Bavaria, on whom you rely so confidently, will join the coalition. I except only the King of Saxony. He, perhaps, might remain faithful to you; but his subjects will force him to make common cause with your enemies. The King of Naples," continued Rapp, "who had the command of the cavalry, had been to Dantzic before the Emperor. He did not seem to take a more favourable view of the approaching campaign than I did. Murat was dissatisfied that the Emperor would not consent to his rejoining him in Dresden; and he said that he would rather be a captain of grenadiers than a King such as he was."

Here I interrupted Rapp to tell him what had fallen from Murat when I met him in the Champs Elysees "Bah!" resumed Rapp, "Murat, brave as he was, was a craven in Napoleon's presence! On the Emperor's arrival in Dantzic the first thing of which he spoke to me was the alliance he had just then concluded with Prussia and Austria. I could not refrain from telling him that we did a great deal of mischief as allies; a fact of which I was assured from the reports daily transmitted to me respecting the conduct of our troops. Bonaparte tossed his bead, as you know he was in the habit of doing when he was displeased. After a moment's silence, dropping the familiar thee and thou, he said, 'Monsieur le General, this is a torrent which must be allowed to run itself out. It will not last long. I must first ascertain whether Alexander decidedly wishes for war.' Then, suddenly changing the subject of conversation, he said, 'Have you not lately observed something

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extraordinary in Murat? I think he is quite altered. Is he ill?'—'Sire,' replied I, 'Murat is not ill, but he is out of spirits.'—'Out of spirits! but why? Is he not satisfied with being a King?'—'Sire, Murat says he is no King.'—'That is his own fault. Why does he make himself a Neapolitan? Why is he not a Frenchman? When he is in his Kingdom he commits all sorts of follies. He favours the trade of England; that I will not suffer.'

"When," continued Rapp, "he spoke of the favour extended by Murat to the trade between Naples and England I thought my turn would come next; but I was deceived. No more was said on the subject, and when I was about to take my leave the Emperor said to me, as when in his best of humours, 'Rapp, you will sup with me this evening.' I accordingly supped that evening with the Emperor, who had also invited the King of Naples and Berthier. Next day the Emperor visited the fortress, and afterwards returned to the Government Palace, where he received the civil and military authorities. He again invited Murat, Berthier, and me to supper. When we first sat down to table we were all very dull, for the Emperor was silent; and, as you well know, under such circumstances not even Murat himself dared to be the first to speak to him. At length Napoleon, addressing me, inquired how far it was from Cadiz to Dantzic. 'Too far, Sire,' replied I. 'I understand you, Monsieur le General, but in a few months the distance will be still greater.'—'So much the worse, Sire!' Here there was another pause. Neither Murat nor Berthier, on whom the Emperor fixed a scrutinising glance, uttered a word, and Napoleon again broke silence, but without addressing any one of us in particular: 'Gentlemen,' said he in a solemn and rather low tone of voice, 'I see plainly that you are none of you inclined to fight again. The King of Naples does not wish to leave the fine climate of his dominions, Berthier wishes to enjoy the diversion of the chase at his estate of Gros Bois, and Rapp is impatient to be back to his hotel in Paris.' Would you believe it," pursued Rapp, "that neither Murat nor Berthier said a word in reply? and the ball again came to me. I told him frankly that what he said was perfectly true, and the King of Naples and the Prince of Neufchatel complimented me on my spirit, and observed that I was quite right in saying what I did. 'Well,' said I, 'since it was so very right, why did you not follow my example, and why leave me to say all?' You cannot conceive," added Rapp, "how confounded they both were, and especially Murat, though he was very differently situated from Berthier."

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The negotiations which Bonaparte opened with Alexander, when he yet wished to seem averse to war, resembled those oratorical paraphrases which do not prevent us from coming to the conclusion we wish. The two Emperors equally desired war; the one with the view of consolidating his power, and the other in the hope of freeing himself from a yoke which threatened to reduce him to a state of vassalage, for it was little short of this to require a power like Russia to close her ports against England for the mere purpose of favouring the interests of France. At that time only two European powers were not tied to Napoleon's fate—Sweden and Turkey. Napoleon was anxious to gain the alliance of these two powers. With respect to Sweden his efforts were vain; and though, in fact, Turkey was then at war with Russia, yet the Grand Seignior was not now, as at the time of Sebastiani's embassy, subject to the influence of France.

The peace, which was soon concluded at Bucharest, between Russia, and Turkey increased Napoleon's embarrassment. The left of the Russian army, secured by the neutrality of Turkey, was reinforced by Bagration's corps from Moldavia: it subsequently occupied the right of the Beresina, and destroyed the last hope of saving the wreck of the French army. It is difficult to conceive how Turkey could have allowed the consideration of injuries she had received from France to induce her to terminate the war with Russia when France was attacking that power with immense forces. The Turks never had a fairer opportunity for taking revenge on Russia, and, unfortunately for Napoleon, they suffered it to escape.

Napoleon was not more successful when he sought the alliance of a Prince whose fortune he had made, and who was allied to his family, but with whom he had never been on terms of good understanding. The Emperor Alexander had a considerable corps of troops in Finland destined to protect that country against the Sweden, Napoleon having consented to that occupation in order to gain the provisional consent of Alexander to the invasion of Spain. What was the course pursued by Napoleon when, being at war with Russia, he wished to detach Sweden from her alliance with Alexander? He intimated to Bernadotte that he had a sure opportunity of retaking Finland, a conquest which would gratify his subjects and win their attachment to him. By this alliance Napoleon wished to force Alexander not to withdraw the troops who were in the north of his Empire, but rather to augment their numbers in order to cover Finland and St. Petersburg. It was thus that Napoleon endeavoured to draw the Prince Royal into his coalition. It was of little consequence to Napoleon whether Bernadotte succeeded or not. The Emperor Alexander would nevertheless have been obliged to increase his force in Finland; that was all that Napoleon wished. In the gigantic struggle upon which France and Russia were about to enter the most trivial alliance was not to be neglected.

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In January 1812 Davoust invaded Swedish Pomerania without any declaration of war, and without any apparent motive. Was this inconceivable violation of territory likely to dispose the Prince Royal of Sweden to the proposed alliance, even had that alliance not been adverse to the interests of his country? That was impossible; and Bernadotte took the part which was expected of him. He rejected the offers of Napoleon, and prepared for coming events.

The Emperor Alexander wished to withdraw his force from Finland for the purpose of more effectively opposing the immense army which threatened his States. Unwilling to expose Finland to an attack on the part of Sweden, he had an interview on the 28th of August 1812, at Abo, with the Prince-Royal, to come to an arrangement with him for uniting their interests. I know that the Emperor of Russia pledged himself, whatever might happen, to protect Bernadotte against the fate of the new dynasties, to guarantee the possession of his throne, and promised that he should have Norway as a compensation for Finland. He even went so far as to hint that hernadotte might supersede Napoleon. Bernadotte adopted all the propositions of Alexander, and from that moment Sweden made common cause against Napoleon. The Prince Royal's conduct has been much blamed, but the question resolved itself into one of mere political interest. Could Bernadotte, a Swede by adoption, prefer the alliance of an ambitious sovereign whose vengeance he had to fear, and who had sanctioned the seizure of Finland to that of a powerful monarch, his formidable neighbour, his protector in Sweden, and where hostility might effectually support the hereditary claims of young Gustavus? Sweden, in joining France, would thereby have declared herself the enemy of England. Where, then, would have been her navy, her trade and even her existence?

CHAPTER XXVII.

1812.

Changeableness of Bonaparte's plans and opinions—Articles for the 'Moniteur' dictated by the First Consul—The Protocol of the Congress of Chatillon—Conversations with Davoust at Hamburg— Promise of the Viceroyalty of Poland—Hope and disappointment of the Poles—Influence of illusion on Bonaparte—The French in Moscow— Disasters of the retreat—Mallet's conspiracy—Intelligence of the affair communicated to Napoleon at Smolensko—Circumstances detailed by Rapp—Real motives of Napoleon's return to Paris—Murat, Ney, and Eugene—Power of the Italians to endure cold—Napoleon's exertions to repair his losses—Defection of General York—Convocation of a Privy Council—War resolved on—Wavering of the Pope—Useless negotiations with Vienna —Maria Louisa appointed Regent.

It may now he asked whether Bonaparte, previous to entering upon the last campaign, had resolved on restoring Poland to independence. The fact is that Bonaparte, as Emperor, never entertained any positive wish to

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reestablish the old Kingdom of Poland, though at a previous period he was strongly inclined to that re-establishment, of which he felt the necessity. He may have said that he would re-establish the Kingdom of Poland, but I beg leave to say that that is no reason for believing that he entertained any such design. He had said, and even sworn, that he would never aggrandise the territory of the Empire! The changeableness of Bonaparte's ideas, plans, and projects renders it difficult to master them; but they may be best understood when it is considered that all Napoleon's plans and conceptions varied with his fortunes. Thus, it is not unlikely that he might at one time have considered the reestablishment of Poland as essential to European policy, and afterwards have regarded it as adverse to the development of his ambition. Who can venture to guess what passed in his mind when dazzled by his glory at Dresden, and whether in one of his dreams he might not have regarded the Empire of the Jagellons as another gem in the Imperial diadem? The truth is that Bonaparte, when General-in-Chief of the army of Egypt and First Consul, had deeply at heart the avenging the dismemberment of Poland, and I have often conversed with him on this most interesting subject, upon which we entirely concurred in opinion. But times and circumstances were changed since we walked together on the terrace of Cairo and mutually deplored the death of young Sulkowski. Had Sulkowski lived Napoleon's favourable intentions with respect to Poland might perhaps have been confirmed. A fact which explains to me the coolness, I may almost say the indifference, of Bonaparte to the resurrection of Poland is that the commencement of the Consulate was the period at which that measure particularly occupied his attention. How often did he converse on the subject with me and other persons who may yet recollect his sentiments! It was the topic on which he most loved to converse, and on which he spoke with feeling and enthusiasm. In the 'Moniteur' of the period here alluded to I could point out more than one article without signature or official character which Napoleon dictated to me, and the insertion of which in that journal, considering the energy of certain expressions, sufficiently proves that they could have emanated from none but Bonaparte. It was usually in the evening that he dictated to me these articles. Then, when the affairs of the day were over, he would launch into the future, and give free scope to his vast projects. Some of these articles were characterised by so little moderation that the First Consul would very often destroy them in the morning, smiling at the violent ebullitions of the preceding night. At other times I took the liberty of not sending them to the 'Moniteur' on the night on which they were dictated, and though he might earnestly wish their insertion I adduced reasons good or bad, to account for the delay. He would then read over the article in question, and approve of my conduct; but he would sometimes add, "It is nevertheless true that with an independent Kingdom of Poland, and 150,000 disposable troops in the east of France, I should always be master of Russia, Prussia, and Austria."—"General," I would reply," I am entirely of your opinion; but wherefore awaken the suspicions of the interested parties. Leave all to time and circumstances."

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The reader may have to learn, and not, perhaps, without some surprise, that in the protocol of the sittings of the Congress of Chatillon Napoleon put forward the spoliation of Poland by the three principal powers allied against him as a claim to a more advantageous peace, and to territorial indemnities for France. In policy he was right, but the report of foreign cannon was already loud enough to drown the best of arguments.

After the ill-timed and useless union of the Hanse Towns to France I returned to Hamburg in the spring of 1811 to convey my family to France. I then had some conversation with Davoust. On one occasion I said to him that if his hopes were realised, and my sad predictions respecting the war with Russia overthrown, I hoped to see the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland. Davoust replied that that event was probable, since he had Napoleon's promise of the Viceroyalty of that Kingdom, and as several of his comrades had been promised starosties. Davoust made no secret of this, and it was generally known throughout Hamburg and the north of Germany.

But notwithstanding what Davoust said respecting. Napoleon's intentions I considered that these promises had been conditional rather than positive.

On Napoleon's arrival in Poland the Diet of Warsaw, assured, as there seemed reason to be, of the Emperor's sentiments, declared the Kingdom free and independent. The different treaties of dismemberment were pronounced to be null; and certainly the Diet had a right so to act, for it calculated upon his support. But the address of the Diet to Napoleon, in which these principles were declared, was ill received. His answer was full of doubt and indecision, the motive of which could not be blamed. To secure the alliance of Austria against Russia he had just guaranteed to his father-in-law the integrity of his dominions. Napoleon therefore declared that he could take no part in any movement or resolution which might disturb Austria in the possession of the Polish provinces forming a part of her Empire. To act otherwise, he said, would be to separate himself from his alliance with Austria, and to throw her into the arms of Russia. But with regard to the Polish-Russian provinces, Napoleon declared he would see what he could do, should Providence favour the good cause. These vague and obscure expressions did not define what he intended to do for the Poles in the event of success crowning his vast enterprises. They excited the distrust of the Poles, and had no other result. On this subject, however, an observation occurs which is of some force as an apology for Napoleon. Poland was successively divided between three powers, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, with each of which Napoleon had been at war, but never with all three at once. He had therefore never been able to take advantage of his victories to re-establish Poland without injuring the interests of neutral powers or of his allies. Hence it may be concluded not only that he never had the positive will which would have triumphed over all obstacles, but also that there never was a possibility of realising those dreams and projects of revenge in which he had indulged on the banks of the Nile, as it were to console the departed spirit of Sulkowski.

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Bonaparte's character presents many unaccountable incongruities. Although the most positive man that perhaps ever existed, yet there never was one who more readily yielded to the charm of illusion. In many circumstances the wish and the reality were to him one and the same thing. He never indulged in greater illusions than at the beginning of the campaign of Moscow. Even before the approach of the disasters which accompanied the most fatal retreat recorded in history, all sensible persons concurred in the opinion that the Emperor ought to have passed the winter of 1812-13 in Poland, and have resumed his vast enterprises in the spring. But his natural impatience impelled him forward as it were unconsciously, and he seemed to be under the influence of an invisible demon stronger than even his own strong will. This demon was ambition. He who knew so well the value of time, never sufficiently understood its power, and how much is sometimes gained by delay. Yet Caesar's Commentaries, which were his favourite study, ought to have shown him that Caesar did not conquer Gaul in one campaign. Another illusion by which Napoleon was misled during the campaign of Moscow, and perhaps past experience rendered it very excusable, was the belief that the Emperor Alexander would propose peace when he saw him at the head of his army on the Russian territory. The prolonged stay of Bonaparte at Moscow can indeed be accounted for in no other way than by supposing that he expected the Russian Cabinet would change its opinion and consent to treat for peace. However, whatever might have been the reason, after his long and useless stay in Moscow Napoleon left that city with the design of taking up his winter quarters in Poland; but Fate now frowned upon Napoleon, and in that dreadful retreat the elements seemed leagued with the Russians to destroy the most formidable army ever commanded by one chief. To find a catastrophe in history comparable to that of the Beresina we must go back to the destruction of the legions of Varus.

Notwithstanding the general dismay which prevailed in Paris that capital continued tranquil, when by a singular chance, on the very day on which Napoleon evacuated the burning city of Moscow, Mallet attempted his extraordinary enterprise. This General, who had always professed Republican principles, and was a man of bold decided character, after having been imprisoned for some time, obtained the permission of Government to live in Paris in a hospital house situated near the Barriere de Trove. Of Mallet's, conspiracy it is not necessary to say much after the excellent account given of it in the Memoirs of the Due de Rovigo. Mallet's plan was to make it be believed that Bonaparte had been killed at Moscow, and that a new Government was established under the authority of the Senate. But what could Mallet do? Absolutely nothing: and had his Government continued three days he would have experienced a more favourable chance than that which he ought reasonably

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to have expected than asserted that the Emperor was dead, but an estafette from Russia would reveal the truth, resuscitate Napoleon, and overwhelm with confusion Mallet and his proclamation. His enterprise was that of a madman. The French were too weary of troubles to throw themselves into the arms of, Mallet or his associate Lahorie, who had figured so disgracefully on the trial of Moreau., Yet, in spite of the evident impossibility of success, it must be confessed that considerable ingenuity and address marked the commencement of the conspiracy. On the 22d of October Mallet escaped from the hospital house and went to Colonel Soulier, who commanded the tenth cohort of the National Guard, whose barracks were situated exactly behind the hospital house. Mallet was loaded with a parcel of forged orders which he had himself prepared. He introduced himself to Soulier under the name of General La Motte, and said that he came from General Mallet.

Colonel Soulier on hearing of the Emperor's death was affected to tears. He immediately ordered the adjutant to assemble the cohort and obey the orders of General La Motte, to whom he expressed his regret for being himself too ill to leave his bed. It was then two o'clock in the morning, and the forged documents respecting the Emperor's death slid the new form of Government were read to the troops by lamplight. Mallet then hastily set off with 1200 men to La Force, and liberated the Sieurs Gudal and Laholze, who were confined there. Mallet informed them of the Emperor's death and of the change of Government; gave them some orders, in obedience to which the Minister and Prefect of Police were arrested in their hotel.

I was then at Courbevoie, and I went to Paris on that very morning to breakfast, as I frequently did, with the Minister of Police. My surprise may be imagined when

—[General Mallet gave out that the Emperor was killed under the walls of Moscow on the 8th of October; he could not take any other day without incurring the risk of being contradicted by the arrival of the regular courier. The Emperor being dead, he concluded that the Senate ought to be invested with the supreme authority, and he therefore resolved to address himself in the name of that body to the nation and the army. In a proclamation to the soldiers he deplored the death of the Emperor; in another, after announcing the abolition of the Imperial system and the Restoration of the Republic, he indicated the manner in which the Government was to be reconstructed, described the branches into which public authority was to be divided, and named the Directors. Attached to the different documents there appeared the signatures of several Senators whose names he recollected but with whom he had ceased to have any intercourse for a great number of years. These signatures were all written by Mallet, and he drew up a decree in the name of the Senate, and signed by the same Senators, appointing himself Governor of Paris,

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and commander of the troops of the first military division. He also drew up other decrees in the same form which purported to promote to higher ranks all the military officers he intended to make instruments in the execution of his enterprise.He ordered one regiment to close all the barriers of Paris, and allow no person to pass through them. This was done: so that in all the neighbouring towns from which assistance, in case of need, might have been obtained, nothing was known of the transactions in Paris. He sent the other regiments to occupy the Bank, the Treasury, and different Ministerial offices. At the Treasury some resistance was made. The minister of that Department was on the spot, and he employed the guard of his household in maintaining his authority. But in the whole of the two regiments of the Qnard not a single, objection was started to the execution of Mallet's orders (Memoirs of the Duc de Rivogo, tome vi. p. 20.)]—

I learned from the porter that the Due de Rovigo had been arrested and carried to the prison of La Force. I went into the house and was informed, to my great astonishment, that the ephemeral Minister was being measured for his official suit, an act which so completely denoted the character of the conspirator that it gave me an insight into the business.

Mallet repaired to General Hulin, who had the command of Paris. He informed him that he had been directed by the Minister of Police to arrest him and seal his papers. Hulin asked to see the order, and then entered his cabinet, where Mallet followed him, and just as Hulin was turning round to speak to him he fired a pistol in his face. Hulin fell: the ball entered his cheek, but the wound was not mortal. The most singular circumstance connected with the whole affair is, that the captain whom Mallet had directed to follow him, and who accompanied him to Hulin's, saw nothing extraordinary in all this, and did nothing to stop it. Mallet next proceeded, very composedly, to Adjutant-General Doucet's. It happened that one of the inspectors of the police was there. He recognised General Mallet as being a man under his supervision. He told him that he had no right to quit the hospital house without leave, and ordered him to be arrested. Mallet, seeing that all was over, was in the act of drawing a pistol from his pocket, but being observed was seized and disarmed. Thus terminated this extraordinary conspiracy, for which fourteen lives paid the forfeit; but, with the exception of Mallet, Guidal, and Lahorie, all the others concerned in it were either machines or dupes.

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This affair produced but little effect in Paris, for the enterprise and its result were make known simultaneously. But it was thought droll enough that the Minister and Prefect of Police should be imprisoned by the men who only the day before were their prisoners. Next day I went to see Savary, who had not yet recovered from the stupefaction caused by his extraordinary adventure. He was aware that his imprisonment; though it lasted only half an hour, was a subject of merriment to the Parisians. The Emperor, as I have already mentioned, left Moscow on the day when Mallet made his bold attempt, that is to say, the 19th of October. He was at Smolensko when he heard the news. Rapp, who had been wounded before the entrance into Moscow, but who was sufficiently recovered to return home, was with Napoleon when the latter received the despatches containing an account of what had happened in Paris. He informed me that Napoleon was much agitated on perusing them, and that he launched into abuse of the inefficiency of the police. Rapp added that he did not confine himself to complaints against the agents of his authority. “Is, then, my power so insecure,” said he, “that it may be put in peril by a single individual, and a prisoner? It would appear that my crown is not fixed very firmly on my head if in my own capital the bold stroke of three adventurers can shake it. Rapp, misfortune never comes alone; this is the complement of what is passing here. I cannot be everywhere; but I must go back to Paris; my presence there is indispensable to reanimate public opinion. I must have men and money. Great successes and great victories will repair all. I must set off.” Such were the motives which induced the Emperor to leave his army. It is not without indignation that I have heard his precipitate departure attributed to personal cowardice. He was a stranger to such feelings, and was never more happy than on the field of battle. I can readily conceive that he was much alarmed on hearing of Mallet’s enterprise. The remarks which he made to Rapp were those which he knew would be made by the public, and he well knew that the affair was calculated to banish those illusions of power and stability with which he endeavoured to surround his government.

On leaving Moscow Napoleon consigned the wrecks of his army to the care of his most distinguished generals to Murat who had so ably commanded the cavalry, but who abandoned the army to return to Naples; and to Ney, the hero, rather than the Prince of the Moskowa, whose name will be immortal in the annals of glory, as his death will be eternal in the annals of party revenge. Amidst the general disorder Eugene, more than any other chief, maintained a sort of discipline among the Italians; and it was remarked that the troops of the south engaged in the fatal campaign of Moscow had endured the rigour of the cold better than those troops who were natives of less genial climates.

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Napoleon's return from Moscow was not like his returns from the campaigns of Vienna and Tilsit when he came back crowned with laurels, and bringing peace as the reward of his triumphs. It was remarked that Napoleon's first great disaster followed the first enterprise he undertook after his marriage with Maria Louisa. This tended to confirm the popular belief that the presence of Josephine was favourable to his fortune; and superstitious as he sometimes was, I will not venture to affirm that he himself did not adopt this ides. He now threw off even the semblance of legality in the measures of his government: he assumed arbitrary power, under the impression that the critical circumstances in which he was placed would excuse everything. But, however inexplicable were the means to which the Emperor resorted to procure resources, it is but just to acknowledge that they were the consequence of his system of government, and that he evinced inconceivable activity in repairing his losses so as to place himself in a situation to resist his enemies, and restore the triumph of the French standard.

But in spite of all Napoleon's endeavours the disasters of the campaign of Russia were daily more and more sensibly felt. The King of Prussia had played a part which was an acknowledgment of his weakness in joining France, instead of openly declaring himself for the cause of Russia, which was also his. Then took place the defection of General York, who commanded the Prussian contingent to Napoleon's army. The King of Prussia, though no doubt secretly satisfied with the conduct of General York, had him tried and condemned; but shortly after that sovereign commanded in person the troops which had turned against ours. The defection of the Prussians produced a very ill effect, and it was easy to perceive that other defections would follow. Napoleon, foreseeing the fatal chances which this event was likely to draw upon him, assembled a privy council, composed of the Ministers and some of the great officers of his household. *Mm*. de Talleyrand and Cambaceres, and the President of the senate were present. Napoleon asked whether, in the complicated difficulties of our situation, it would be more advisable to negotiate for peace or to prepare for a new war. Cambaceres and Talleyrand gave their opinion in favour of peace, which however, Napoleon would not hear of after a defeat; but the Due de Feltre,—[Clarke]—knowing how to touch the susceptible chord in the mind of Bonaparte, said that he would consider the Emperor dishonoured if he consented to the abandonment of the smallest village which had been united to the Empire by a 'Senatus-consulte'. This opinion was adopted, and the war continued.

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On Napoleon's return to Paris the Pope, who was still at Fontainebleau, determined to accede to an arrangement, and to sign an act which the Emperor conceived would terminate the differences between them. But being influenced by some of the cardinals who had previously incurred the Emperor's displeasure Pius *vii*. disavowed the new Concordat which he had been weak enough to grant, and the Emperor, who then had more important affairs on his hands, dismissed the Holy Father, and published the act to which he had assented. Bonaparte had no leisure to pay attention to the new difficulties started by Pius *vii*.; his thoughts were wholly directed to the other side of the Rhine. He was unfortunate, and the powers with whom he was most intimately allied separated from him, as he might have expected, and Austria was not the last to imitate the example set by Prussia. In these difficult circumstances the Emperor, who for some time past had observed the talent and address of the Comte Louis de Narbonne, sent him to Vienna, to supersede M. Otto; but the pacific propositions of M. de Narbonne were not listened to. Austria would not let slip the fair opportunity of taking revenge without endangering herself.

Napoleon now saw clearly that since Austria had abandoned him and refused her contingent he should soon have all Europe arrayed against him. But this did not intimidate him.

Some of the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine still remained faithful to him; and his preparations being completed, he proposed to resume in person the command of the army which had been so miraculously reproduced. But before his departure Napoleon, alarmed at the recollection of Mallet's attempt, and anxious to guard against any similar occurrence during his absence, did not, as on former occasions, consign the reins of the National Government to a Council of Ministers, presided over by the Arch-Chancellor. Napoleon placed my successor with him, M. Meneval, near the Empress Regent as Secretaire des Commandemens (Principal Secretary), and certainly he could not have made a better choice. He made the Empress Maria Louisa Regent, and appointed a Council of Regency to assist her.

—[Meneval, who had held the post of Secretary to Napoleon from the time of Bourrienne's disgrace in 1802, had been nearly killed by the hardships of the Russian campaign, and now received an honourable and responsible but less onerous post. He remained with the Empress till 7th May 1815, when, finding that she would not return to her husband, he left her to rejoin his master.]—

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1813.

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Riots in Hamburg and Lubeck—Attempted suicide of M. Konning— Evacuation of Hamburg—Dissatisfaction at the conduct of General St. Cyr—The Cabinets of Vienna and the Tuileries—First appearance of the Cossacks—Colonel Tettenborn invited to occupy Hamburg—Cordial reception of the Russians—Depredations—Levies of troops — Testimonials of gratitude to Tettenborn—Napoleon's new army—Death of General Morand—Remarks of Napoleon on Vandamme—Bonaparte and Gustavus Adolphus—-Junction of the corps of Davoust and Vandamme— Reoccupation of Hamburg by the French—General Hogendorff appointed Governor of Hamburg—Exactions and vexatious contributions levied upon Hamburg and Lubeck—Hostages.

A considerable time before Napoleon left Paris to join the army, the bulk of which was in Saxony, partial insurrections occurred in many places. The interior of France proper was indeed still in a state of tranquillity, but it was not so in the provinces annexed by force to the extremities of the Empire, especially in the north, and in the unfortunate Hanse Towns, for which, since my residence at Hamburg, I have always felt the greatest interest. The intelligence I received was derived from such unquestionable sources that I can pledge myself for the truth of what I have to state respecting the events which occurred in those provinces at the commencement of 1813; and subsequently I obtained a confirmation of all the facts communicated by my correspondence when I was sent to Hamburg by Louis XVIII. in 1815.

M. Steuve, agent from the Court of Russia, who lived at Altona apparently as a private individual, profited by the irritation produced by the measures adopted at Hamburg. His plans were so well arranged that he was promptly informed of the route of the Grand Army from Moscow, and the approach of the Allied troops. Aided by the knowledge and activity of Sieur Hanft of Hamburg, M. Steuve profited by the discontent of a people so tyrannically governed, and seized the opportunity for producing an explosion. Between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February 1813 an occurrence in which the people were concerned was the signal for a revolt. An individual returning to Hamburg by the Altona gate would not submit to be searched by a fiscal agent, who in consequence maltreated him and wounded him severely. The populace instantly rose, drove away the revenue guard, and set fire to the guard-house. The people also, excited by secret agents, attacked other French posts, where they committed the same excesses. Surprised at this unexpected movement, the French authorities retired to the houses in which they resided. All the respectable inhabitants who were unconnected with the tumult likewise returned to their homes, and no person appeared out of doors.

General Carry St. Cyr had the command of Hamburg after the Prince of Eckmuhl's departure for the Russian campaign.

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—[General Carry St. Cyr is not to be conFused with the Marshal Gonvion de St. Cyr; he fell into disgrace for his conduct at Hamburg at this time, and was not again employed by Napoleon. Under the Restoration he became Governor of French Guiana.]—

At the first news of the revolt he set about packing up his papers, and Comte de Chaban, M. Konning, the Prefect of Hamburg, and M. Daubignosc, the Director of Police, followed his example. It was not till about four o'clock in the afternoon that a detachment of Danish hussars arrived at Hamburg, and the populace: was then speedily dispersed. All the respectable citizens and men of property assembled the next morning and adopted means for securing internal tranquillity, so that the Danish troops were enabled to return to Altona. Search was then made for the ringleaders of the disturbance. Many persons were arrested, and a military commission, ad hoc; was appointed to try them. The commission, however, condemned only one individual, who, being convicted of being one of the most active voters, was sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was carried into execution.

On the 26th February a similar commotion took place at Lubeck. Attempts were made to attack the French Authorities. The respectable citizens instantly assembled, protected them against outrage, and escorted them in safety to Hamburg, where they arrived on the 27th. The precipitate flight of these persons from Lubeck spread some alarm in Hamburg. The danger was supposed to be greater than it was because the fugitives were accompanied by a formidable body of troops.

But these were not the only attempts to throw off the yoke of French domination, which had become insupportable. All the left bank of the Elbe was immediately in a state of insurrection, and all the official persons took refuge in Hamburg. During these partial insurrections everything was neglected. Indecision, weakness, and cupidity were manifested everywhere. Instead of endeavours to soothe the minds of the people, which had been, long exasperated by intolerable tyranny, recourse was had to rigorous measures. The prisons were crowded with a host of persons declared to be suspected upon the mere representations of the agents of the police. On the 3d of March a special military commission condemned six householders of Hamburg and its neighbourhood to be shot on the glacis for no other offence than having been led, either by chance or curiosity, to a part of the town which was the scene of one of the riots. These executions excited equal horror and indignation, and General Carra St. Cyr was obliged to issue a proclamation for the dissolution of the military commission by whom the men had been sentenced.

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The intelligence of the march of the Russian and Prussian troops; who were descending the Elbe, increased the prevailing agitation in Westphalia, Hanover, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, and all the French troops cantoned between Berlin and Hamburg, including those who occupied the coast of the Baltic, fell back upon Hamburg. General Carra St. Cyr and Baron Konning, the Prefect of Hamburg, used to go every evening to Altona. The latter, worn out by anxiety and his unsettled state of life, lost his reason; and on his way to Hamburg, on the 5th of May, he attempted to cut his throat with a razor. His 'valet de chambre' saved his life by rushing upon him before he had time to execute his design. It was given out that he had broken a blood-vessel, and he was conveyed to Altona, where his wound was cured, and he subsequently recovered from his derangement. M. Konning, who was a native of Holland, was a worthy man, but possessed no decision of character, and but little ability.

At this juncture exaggerated reports were circulated respecting the approach of a Russian corps. A retreat was immediately ordered, and it was executed on the 12th of March. General Carra St. Cyr having no money for the troops, helped himself to 100,000 francs out of the municipal treasury. He left Hamburg at the head of the troops and the enrolled men of the custom-house service. He was escorted by the Burgher Guard, which protected him from the insults of the populace; and the good people of Hamburg never had any visitors of whom they were more happy to be rid.

This sudden retreat excited Napoleon's indignation. He accused General St. Cyr of pusillanimity, in an article inserted in the 'Moniteur', and afterwards copied by his order into all the journals. In fact, had General St. Cyr been better informed, or less easily alarmed, he might have kept Hamburg, and prevented its temporary occupation by the enemy, to dislodge whom it was necessary to besiege the city two months afterwards. St. Cyr had 3000 regular troops, and a considerable body of men in the custom-house service. General Morand could have furnished him with 5000 men from Mecklenburg. He might, therefore, not only have kept possession of Hamburg two months longer, but even to the end of the war, as General Lexnarrois retained possession of Magdeburg. Had not General St. Cyr so hastily evacuated the Elbe he would have been promptly aided by the corps which General Vandamme soon brought from the Wesel, and afterwards by the very, corps with which Marshal Davoust recaptured Hamburg.

The events just described occurred before Napoleon quitted Paris. In the month of August all negotiation was broken off with Austria, though that power, still adhering to her time-serving policy, continued to protest fidelity to the cause of the Emperor Napoleon until the moment when her preparations were completed and her resolution formed. But if there was duplicity at Vienna was there not folly, nay, blindness, in the

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Cabinet of the Tuileries? Could we reasonably rely upon Austria? She had seen the Russian army pass the Vistula and advance as far as the Saale without offering any remonstrance. At that moment a single movement of her troops, a word of declaration, would have prevented everything. As, therefore, she would not avert the evil when she might have done so with certainty and safety, there must have been singular folly and blindness in the Cabinet who saw this conduct and did not understand it.

I now proceed to mention the further misfortunes which occurred in the north of Germany, and particularly at Hamburg. At fifteen leagues east of Hamburg, but within its territory, is a village named Bergdorf. It was in that village that the Cossacks were first seen. Twelve or fifteen hundred of them arrived there under the command of Colonel Tettenborn. But for the retreat of the French troops, amounting to 3000, exclusive of men in the customhouse service, no attempt would have been made upon Hamburg; but the very name of the Cossacks inspired a degree of terror which must be fresh in the recollection of every one. Alarm spread in Hamburg, which, being destitute of troops and artillery, and surrounded with dilapidated fortifications, could offer no defence. The Senator Bartch and Doctor Know took upon themselves to proceed to Bergdorf to solicit Colonel Tettenborn to take possession of Hamburg, observing that they felt sure of his sentiments of moderation, and that they trusted they would grant protection to a city which had immense commercial relations with Russia. Tettenborn did not place reliance on these propositions because he could not suppose that there had been such a precipitate evacuation; he thought they were merely a snare to entrap him, and refused to accede to them. But a Doctor Von Hess, a Swede, settled in Hamburg some years, and known to Tettenborn as a decided partisan of England and Russia, persuaded the Russian Commander to comply with the wishes of the citizens of Hamburg. However, Tettenborn consented only on the following conditions:—That the old Government should be instantly re-established; that a deputation of Senators in their old costume should invite him to take possession of Hamburg, which he would enter only as a free and Imperial Hanse Town; that if those conditions were not complied with he would regard Hamburg as a French town, and consequently hostile. Notwithstanding the real satisfaction with which the Senators of Hamburg received those propositions they were restrained by the fear of a reverse of fortune. They, however, determined to accept them, thinking that whatever might happen they could screen themselves by alleging that necessity had driven them to the step they took. They therefore declared their compliance with the conditions, and that night and the following day were occupied in assembling the Senate, which had been so long dissolved, and in making the preparations which Tettenborn required.

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At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of March a picket of Cossacks, consisting of only forty men, took possession of a town recently flourishing, and containing a population of 124,000, but ruined and reduced to 80,000 inhabitants by the blessing of being united to the French Empire. On the following day, the 18th, Colonel Tettenborn entered Hamburg at the head of 1000 regular and 200 irregular Cossacks. I have described the military situation of Hamburg when it was evacuated on the 12th of March, and Napoleon's displeasure may be easily conceived. Tettenborn was received with all the honours usually bestowed upon a conqueror. Enthusiasm was almost universal. For several nights the people devoted themselves to rejoicing. The Cossacks were gorged with provisions and drink, and were not a little astonished at the handsome reception they experienced.

It was not until the expiration of three or four days that the people began to perceive the small number of the allied troops. Their amount gradually diminished. On the day after the arrival of the Cossacks a detachment was sent to Lubeck, where they were received with the same honours as at Hamburg. Other detachments were sent upon different places, and after four days' occupation there remained in Hamburg only 70 out of the 1200 Cossacks who had entered on the 18th March.

The first thing their commander did was to take possession of the post-office and the treasuries of the different public offices. All the movable effects of the French Government and its agents were seized and sold. The officers evinced a true Cossack disregard of the rights of private property. Counts Huhn, Buasenitz, and Venechtern, who had joined Tettenborn's staff, rendered themselves conspicuous by plundering the property of M. Pyonnier, the Director of the Customs, and M. Gonae, the Postmaster, and not a bottle of wine was left in their cellars. Tettenborn laid hands upon a sum of money, consisting of upwards of 4000 Louis in gold, belonging to M. Gonse, which had been lodged with M. Schwartz, a respectable banker in Hamburg, who filled the office of Prussian Consul. M. Schwartz, with whom this money had been deposited for the sake of security, had also the care of some valuable jewels belonging to Mesdames Carry St. Cyr and Daubignoac; Tettenborn carried off these as well as the money. M. Schwartz remonstrated in his character of Prussian Consul, Prussia being the ally of Russia, but he was considered merely as a banker, and could obtain no redress. Tettenborn, like most of the Cossack chiefs, was nothing but a man for blows and pillage, but the agent of Russia was M. Steuve, whose name I have already mentioned.

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Orders were speedily given for a levy of troops, both in infantry and cavalry, to be called Hanseatic volunteers. A man named Hanft, who had formerly been a butcher, raised at his own expense a company of foot and one of lancers, of which he took the command. This undertaking, which cost him 130,000 francs, may afford some idea of the attachment of the people of Hamburg to the French Government! But money, as well as men, was wanting, and a heavy contribution was imposed to defray the expense of enrolling a number of workmen out of employment and idlers, of various kinds. Voluntary donations were solicited, and enthusiasm was so general that even servant-maids gave their rings. The sums thus collected were paid into the chest of Tettenborn's staff, and became a prey to dishonest appropriation. With respect to this money a Sieur Oswald was accused of not having acted with the scrupulous delicacy which Madame de Stael attributes to his namesake in her romance of Corinne.

Between 8000 and 10,000 men were levied in the Hanse Towns and their environs, the population of which had been so greatly reduced within two years. These undisciplined troops, who had been for the most part levied from the lowest classes of society, committed so many outrages that they soon obtained the surname of the Cossacks of the Elbe; and certainly they well deserved it.

Such was the hatred which the French Government had inspired in Hamburg that the occupation of Tettenborn was looked upon as a deliverance. On the colonel's departure the Senate, anxious to give high a testimonial of gratitude, presented him with the freedom of the city, accompanied by 5000 gold fredericks (105,000 francs), with which he was doubtless much more gratified than with the honour of the citizenship.

The restored Senate of Hamburg did not long survive. The people of the Hanse Towns learned, with no small alarm, that the Emperor was making immense preparations to fall upon Germany, where his lieutenants could not fail to take cruel revenge on those who had disavowed his authority. Before he quitted Paris on the 15th of April Napoleon had recalled under the banners of the army 180,000 men, exclusive of the guards of honour, and it was evident that with such a force he might venture on a great game, and probably win it. Yet the month of April passed away without the occurrence of any event important to the Hanse Towns, the inhabitants of which vacillated between hope and fear. Attacks daily took place between parties of Russian and French troops on the territory between Lunenburg and Bremen. In one of these encounters General Morand was mortally wounded, and was conveyed to Lunenburg. His brother having been taken prisoner in the same engagement, Tettenborn, into whose hands he had fallen, gave him leave on parole to visit the General; but he arrived in Lunenburg only in time to see him die.

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The French having advanced as far as Haarburg took up their position on the plateau of Schwartzenberg, which commands that little town and the considerable islands situated in that part of the river between Haarburg and Hamburg. Being masters of this elevated point they began to threaten Hamburg and to attack Haarburg. These attacks were directed by Vandamme, of all our generals the most redoubtable in conquered countries. He was a native of Cassel, in Flanders, and had acquired a high reputation for severity. At the very time when he was attacking Hamburg Napoleon said of him at Dresden, “If I were to lose Vandamme I know not what I would give to have him back again; but if I had two such generals I should be obliged to shoot one of them.” It must be confessed that one was quite enough.

As soon as he arrived Vandamme sent to inform Tettenborn that if he did not immediately liberate the brother and brother-in-law of Morand, both of whom were his prisoners, he would burn Hamburg. Tettenborn replied that if he resorted to that extremity he would hang them both on the top of St. Michael’s Tower, where he might have a view of them. This energetic answer obliged Vandamme to restrain his fury, or at least to direct it to other objects.

Meanwhile the French forces daily augmented at Haarburg. Vandamme, profiting by the negligence of the new Hanseatic troops, who had the defence of the great islands of the Elbe, attacked them one night in the month of May. This happened to be the very night after the battle of Lutzsn, where both sides claimed the victory; and Te Deum was sung in the two hostile camps. The advance of the French turned the balance of opinion in favour of Napoleon, who was in fact really the conqueror on a field of battle celebrated nearly two centuries before by the victory and death of Gustavus Adolphus. The Cossacks of the Elbe could not sustain the shock of the French; Vandamme repulsed the troops who defended Wilhelmsburg, the largest of the two islands, and easily took possession of the smaller one, Fidden, of which the point nearest the right bank of the Elbe is not half a gunshot distant from Hamburg. The 9th of May was a fatal day to the people of Hamburg; for it was then that Davoust, having formed his junction with Vandamme, appeared at the head of a corps of 40,000 men destined to reinforce Napoleon’s Grand Army. Hamburg could not hold out against the considerable French force now assembled in its neighbourhood. Tettenborn had, it is true, received a reinforcement of 800 Prussians and 2000, Swedes, but still what resistance could he offer to Davoust’s 40,000 men? Tettenborn did not deceive himself as to the weakness of the allies on this point, or the inutility of attempting to defend the city. He yielded to the entreaties of the inhabitants, who represented to him that further resistance must be attended by certain ruin. He accordingly evacuated Hamburg on the 29th of May, taking with him his Hanseatic legions, which had not held out an hour in the islands of the Elbe, and accompanied by the Swedish Doctor Von Hess, whose imprudent advice was the chief cause of all the disasters to which the unfortunate city lied been exposed.

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Davoust was at Haarburg, where he received the deputies from Hamburg with an appearance of moderation; and by the conditions stipulated at this conference on the 30th of May a strong detachment of Danish troops occupied Hamburg in the name of the Emperor. The French made their entrance the same evening, and occupied the posts as quietly as if they had been merely changing guard. The inhabitants made not a shadow of resistance. Not a drop of blood was issued; not a threat nor an insult was interchanged. This is the truth; but the truth did not suit Napoleon. It was necessary to getup a pretext for revenge, and accordingly recourse was had to a bulletin, which proclaimed to France and Europe that Hamburg had been taken by main force, with a loss of some hundred men. But for this imaginary resistance, officially announced, how would it have been possible to justify the spoliations and exactions which ensued?

The Dutch General, Hogendorff, became Governor of Hamburg in lieu of Carra St. Cyr, who had been confined at Osnabruck since his precipitate retreat. General Hogendorff had been created one of the Emperor's aides de camp, but he was neither a Rapp, a Lauriston, nor a Duroc. The inhabitants were required to pay all the arrears of taxes due to the different public offices during the seventy days that the French had been absent; and likewise all the allowances that would have been paid to the troops of the garrison had they remained in Hamburg. Payment was also demanded of the arrears for the quartering of troops who were fifty leagues off. However, some of the heads of the government departments, who saw and understood the new situation of the French at Hamburg, did not enforce these unjust and vexatious measures. The duties on registrations were reduced. M. Pyonnier, Director of the Customs, aware of the peculiar difficulty of his situation in a country where the customs were held in abhorrence, observed great caution and moderation in collecting the duties: Personal examination, which is so revolting and indecorous, especially with respect to females, was suppressed. But these modifications did not proceed from the highest quarter; they were due to the good sense of the subordinate agents, who plainly saw that if the Empire was to fall it would not be owing to little infractions in the laws of proscription against coffee and rhubarb.

If the custom-house regulations became less vexatious to the inhabitants of Hamburg it was not the same with the business of the post-office. The old manoeuvres of that department were resumed more actively than ever. Letters were opened without the least reserve, and all the old post-office clerks who were initiated in these scandalous proceedings were recalled. With the exception of the registrations and the customs the inquisitorial system, which had so long oppressed the Hanse Towns, was renewed; and yet the delegates of the French Government were the first to cry out, "The people of Hamburg are traitors to Napoleon: for, in spite of all the blessings he has conferred upon them they do not say with the Latin poet, 'Deus nobis haec otia fecit."

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But all that passed was trifling in comparison with what was to come. On the 18th of June was published an Imperial decree, dated the 8th of the same month, by virtue of which were to be reaped the fruits of the official falsehood contained in the bulletin above mentioned. To expiate the crime of rebellion Hamburg was required to pay an extraordinary contribution of 48,000,000 francs, and Lubeck a contribution of 6,000,000. The enormous sum levied on Hamburg was to be paid in the short space of a month, by six equal instalments, either in money, or bills on respectable houses in Paris. In addition to this the new Prefect of Hamburg made a requisition of grain and provisions of every kind, wines, sailcloth, masts, pitch, hemp, iron, copper, steel, in short, everything that could be useful for the supply of the army and navy.

But while these exactions were made on property in Hamburg, at Dresden the liberties of individuals and even lives were attacked. On the 15th of June Napoleon, doubtless blinded by the false reports that were laid before him, gave orders for making out a list of the inhabitants of Hamburg who were absent from the city. He allowed them only a fortnight to return home, an interval too short to enable some of them to come from the places where they had taken refuge. They consequently remained absent beyond the given time. Victims were indispensable but assuredly it was not Bonaparte who conceived the idea of hostages to answer for the men whom prudence kept absent. Of this charge I can clear his memory. The hostages, were, however, taken, and were declared to be also responsible for the payment of the contribution of 48,000,000. In Hamburg they were selected from among the most respectable and wealthy men in the city, some of them far advanced in age. They were conveyed to the old castle of Haarburg on the left bank of the Elbe, and these men, who had been accustomed to all the comforts of life, were deprived even of necessaries, and had only straw to lie on. The hostages from Lubeck were taken to, Hamburg: they were placed between decks on board an old ship in the port: this was a worthy imitation of the prison hulks of England. On the 24th of July there was issued a decree which was published in the Hamburg Correspondent of the 27th. This decree consisted merely of a proscription list, on which were inscribed the names of some of the wealthiest men in the Hanse Towns, Hanover, and Westphalia.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1813.

Napoleon’s second visit to Dresden—Battle of Bantzen—The Congress at Prague—-Napoleon ill advised—Battle of Vittoria—General Moreau Rupture of the conferences at Prague—Defection of Jomini—Battles of Dresden and Leipsic—Account of the death of Duroc—An interrupted conversation resumed a year after—Particulars respecting Poniatowski—His extraordinary courage and death— His monument at Leipsic

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and tomb in the cathedral of Warsaw.

On the 2d of May Napoleon won the battle of Lutzen. A week after he was at Dresden, not as on his departure for the Russian campaign, like the Sovereign of the West surrounded by his mighty vassals: he was now in the capital of the only one of the monarchs of his creation who remained faithful to the French cause, and whose good faith eventually cost him half his dominions. The Emperor stayed only ten days in Dresden, and then went in pursuit of the Russian army, which he came up with on the 19th, at Bautzen. This battle, which was followed on the two succeeding days by the battles of Wurtchen and Oclikirchen, may be said to have lasted three days—a sufficient proof that it was obstinately disputed. It ended in favour of Napoleon, but he and France paid dearly for it: while General Kirschner and Duroc were talking together the former was killed by a cannon-ball, which mortally wounded the latter in the abdomen.

The moment had now arrived for Austria to prove whether or not she. intended entirely to desert the cause of Napoleon.

—[There is a running attack in Erreurs (tome, ii. pp, 289-325) on all this part of the Memoirs, but the best account of the negotiations between France, Austria, and the Allies will be found in Metternich, Vol. i. pp. 171-215. Metternich, with good reason, prides himself on the skill with which he gained from Napoleon the exact time, twenty days, necessary for the concentration of the Austrian armies. Whether the negotiations were consistent with good faith on the part of Austria is another matter; but, one thing seems clear—the Austrian marriage ruined Napoleon. He found it impossible to believe that the monarch who had given him his daughter would strike the decisive blow against him. Without this belief there can be no doubt that he would have attacked Austria before she could have collected her forces, and Metternich seems to have dreaded the result. “It was necessary, therefore to prevent Napoleon from carrying out his usual system of leaving an army of observation before the Allied armies, and himself turning to Bohemia to deal a great blow at us, the effect of which it would be impossible to foresee in the present depressed state of the great majority of our men” (Metternich, Vol. i, p. 177). With our knowledge of how Napoleon held his own against the three armies at Dresden we may safely assume that he would have crushed Austria if she had not joined him or disarmed. The conduct of Austria was natural and politic, but it was only successful because Napoleon believed in the good faith of the Emperor Francis, his father-in-law. It is to be noted that Austria only succeeded in getting Alexander to negotiate on the implied condition that the negotiations were not to end in a peace with France. See Metternich, Vol. i. p. 181, where, in answer to the Czar’s question as to what would become of their cause if Napoleon accepted the

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Austrian mediation, he says that if Napoleon declines Austria will join the Allies. If Napoleon accepts, “the negotiations will most certainly show Napoleon to be neither wise nor just, and then the result will be the same. In any case we shall have gained the necessary time to bring our armies into such positions that we need not again fear a separate attack on any one of them, and from which we may ourselves take the offensive."]—

All her amicable demonstrations were limited to an offer of her intervention in opening negotiations with Russia. Accordingly, on the 4th of June, an armistice was concluded at Pleiswitz, which was to last till the 8th of July, and was finally prolonged to the 10th of August.

The first overtures after the conclusion of the armistice of Pleiswitz determined the assembling of a Congress at Prague. It was reported at the time that the Allies demanded the restoration of all they had lost since 1805; that is to say, since the campaign of Ulm. In this demand Holland and the Hanse Towns, which had become French provinces, were comprehended. But we should still have retained the Rhine, Belgium, Piedmont, Nice, and Savoy. The battle of Vittoria,

—The news of this decisive battle increased the difficulty of the French plenipotentiaries at Prague, and raised the demands of the Allies. It also shook the confidence of those who remained faithful to us.—Bourrienne.]—

which placed the whole of Spain at the disposal of the English, the retreat of Suchet upon the Ebro, the fear of seeing the army of Spin annihilated, were enough to alter the opinions of those counsellors who still recommended war. Notwithstanding Napoleon’s opposition and his innate disposition to acquire glory by his victories, probably he would not have been inaccessible to the reiterated representations of sensible men who loved their country, France, therefore, has to reproach his advisers. At this juncture General Moreau arrived; it has been said that he came at the solicitation of Bernadotte. This is neither true nor probable. In the first place, there never was any intimacy between Bernadotte and Moreau; and, in the next, how can it be imagined that Bernadotte wished to see Moreau Emperor! But this question is at once put at rest by the fact, that in the interview at Abo the Emperor of Russia hinted to Bernadotte the possibility of his succeeding Napoleon. It was generally reported at the time, and I have since learnt that it was true, that the French Princes of the House of Bourbon had made overtures to Moreau through the medium of General Willot, who had been proscribed on the 18th Fructidor; and I have since learned from an authentic source that General Moreau, who was then at Baltimore, refused to support the Bourbon cause. Moreau yielded only to his desire of being revenged on Napoleon; and he found death where he could not find glory.

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At the end of July the proceedings of the Congress at Prague were no. further advanced than at the time of its assembling. Far from cheering the French with the prospect of a peace, the Emperor made a journey to Mayence; the Empress went there to see him, and returned to Paris immediately after the Emperor's departure. Napoleon went back to Dresden, and the armistice not being renewed, it died a natural death on the 17th of August, the day appointed for its expiration. A fatal event immediately followed the rupture of the conferences. On the 17th of August Austria, wishing to gain by war as she had before gained by alliances, declared that she would unite her forces with those of the Allies. On the very opening of this disastrous campaign General Jomini went over to the enemy. Jomini belonged to the staff of the unfortunate Marshal Ney, who was beginning to execute with his wonted ability, the orders he had received. There was much surprise at his eagerness to profit by a struggle, begun under such melancholy auspices, to seek a fresh fortune, which promised better than what he had tried under our flag. Public opinion has pronounced judgment on Jomini.

—[It was on the 11th of August, not the 17th, that Metternich announced to Caulaincourt, Napoleon's plenipotentiary at Prague, that Austria had joined the Allies and declared war with France; At midnight on 10th August Metternich had despatched the passports for the Comte Louis de Narbonne, Napoleon's Ambassador, and the war manifesto of the Emperor Francis; then he had the beacons lighted which had been prepared from Prague to the Silesian frontier, as a sign of the breech of the negotiations, and the right (i.e. power) of the Allied armies to cross the Silesian frontier (Metternich, vol. i, p. 199).]—

The first actions were the battle of Dresden, which took place seven days after the rupture of the armistice, and the battle in which Vandamme was defeated, and which rendered the victory of Dresden unavailing. I have already mentioned that Moreau was killed at Dresden. Bavaria was no sooner rid of the French troops than she raised the mask and ranged herself among our enemies.

In October the loss of the battle of Leipsic decided the fate of France. The Saxon army, which had long remained faithful to us, went over to the enemy during the battle. Prince Poniatowski perished at the battle of Leipsic in an attempt to pass the Aster.

I will here mention a fact which occurred before Duroc's departure for the campaign of 1812. I used often to visit him at the Pavilion Marsan, in the Tuileries, where he lodged. One forenoon, when I had been waiting for him a few minutes, he came from the Emperor's apartments, where he had been engaged in the usual business, He was in his court-dress. As soon as he entered he pulled off his coat and hat and laid them aside. "I have just had a conversation with the Emperor about you," said he. "Say

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nothing to anybody. Have patience, and you will be—" He had, no sooner uttered these words than a footman entered to inform him that the Emperor, wished to see him immediately. "Well," said Duroc, "I must go." No sooner was the servant gone than Duroc stamped violently on the floor, and exclaimed, "That ----- ----- never leaves me a moment's rest. If he finds I have five minutes to myself in the course of the morning he is sure to send for me." He then put on his coat and returned to the Emperor, saying, "Another time you shall hear what I have to tell you."

From that time I did not see Duroc until, the month of January 1813. He was constantly absent from Paris, and did not return until the end of 1812. He was much affected at the, result of the campaign, but his confidence in Napoleon's genius kept up his spirits. I turned the conversation from this subject and reminded him of his promise to tell me what had passed between the Emperor and himself relative tome. "You shall hear," said he. "The Emperor and I had been playing at billiards, and, between ourselves, he plays very badly. He is nothing at a game which depends on skill. While negligently rolling his balls about he muttered these words: 'Do you ever see Bourrienne now?'—'Yes, Sire, he sometimes dines with me on diplomatic reception-days, and he looks so droll in his old-fashioned court-dress, of Lyons manufacture, that you would laugh if you saw him.'—'What does he say respecting the new regulation for the court-dresses?'—'I confess he says it is very ridiculous; that it will have no other result than to enable the Lyons manufacturers to get rid of their old-fashioned goods; that forced innovations on the customs of a nation are never successful.'—'Oh, that is always the way with Bourrienne; he is never pleased with anything.'— 'Certainly, Sire, he is apt to grumble; but he says what he thinks.'— 'Do you know, Duroc, he served me very well at Hamburg. He raised a good deal of money for me. He is a man who understands business. I will not leave him unemployed. Time must hang heavily on his hands. I will see what I can do for him. He has many enemies.'—`And who has not, Sire?'— 'Many complaints against him were transmitted to me from Hamburg, but the letter which he wrote to me in his justification opened my eyes, and I begin to think that Savary had good motives for defending him. Endeavours are made to dissuade me from employing him, but I shall nevertheless do so at last. I remember that it was he who first informed me of the near approach of the war which we are now engaged in. I forget all that has been said against him for the last two years, and as soon as peace is concluded, and I am at leisure, I will think of him.'"

After relating to me this conversation Duroc said, "you must, of course, feel assured that I said all I think of you, and I will take an opportunity of reminding him of you. But we must we patient. Adieu, my dear friend; we must set off speedily, and Heaven knows when we shall be back again!" I wished him a successful campaign and a speedy return. Alas! I was doomed to see my excellent friend only once again.

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Next to the death of Duroc the loss most sincerely regretted during the campaign of 1813 was that of Prince Poniatowski. Joseph Poniatowaki, a nephew of Stanislas Augustus, King of Poland, was born at Warsaw on the 7th of May 1763: At an early age he was remarkable for his patriotic spirit; but his uncle's influence gave him an apparent irresolution, which rendered him suspected by some of the parties in Poland. After his uncle had acceded to the Confederation of Targowitz, Poniatowski left the service accompanied by most of his principal officers. But when, in 1794, the Poles endeavoured to repulse the Russians, he again repaired to the Polish camp and entered the army as a volunteer. His noble conduct obtained for him the esteem of his countrymen. Kosciusko gave him the command of a division, with which he rendered useful services during the two sieges of Warsaw. Immediately after the surrender of that capital Poniatowski went to Vienna. He refused the offers of Catherine and Paul to bear arms in the service of Russia.

Poniatowaki retired to his estate year Warsaw, where he lived like a private gentleman until the creation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw revived the hopes of the Polish patriots. He then became War Minister. The Archduke Ferdinand having come, in 1809, with Austrian troops to take possession of the Duchy of Warsaw, Poniatowski, who commanded the Polish troops, which were very inferior in numbers to the Austrian force, obliged the latter, rather by dint of skillful maneuvering than by fighting, to evacuate the Grand Duchy. He pursued them into Galicia as far as Cracow.

After this honourable campaign he continued to exercise his functions as Minister until 1812. The war against Russia again summoned him to the head of the Polish army. After taking part in all the events of that war, which was attended by such various chances, Poniatowaki was present at the battle of Leipsic. That battle, which commenced on the 14th of October, the anniversary of the famous battles of Ulm and of Jena, lasted four days, and decided the fate of Europe. Five hundred thousand men fought on a surface of three square leagues.

Retreat having become indispensable, Napoleon took leave at Leipsic of the King of Saxony and his family, whom he had brought with him from Dresden. The Emperor then exclaimed in a loud voice, "Adieu; Saxons," to the people who filled the market-place, where the King of Saxony resided. With some difficulty, and after passing through many turnings and windings, he gained the suburb of Runstadt and left Leipsic by the outer gate of that suburb which leads to the bridge of the Elster, and to Lindenau. The bridge was blown up shortly after he had passed it, and that event utterly prevented the retreat of the part of the army which was on the left bank of the Easter, and which fell into the power of the enemy. Napoleon was at the time accused of having ordered the destruction of the bridge immediately after he had himself passed it in order to secure his own personal retreat, as he was threatened by the active pursuit of the enemy. The English journals were unanimous on this point, and to counteract this opinion, which was very general, an article was inserted in the 'Moniteur'.

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Before passing the bridge of the Elster Napoleon had directed Poniatowski, in concert with Marshal Macdonald, to cover and protect the retreat, and to defend that part of the suburb of Leipsic which is nearest to the Borne road. For the execution of these orders he had only 2000 Polish infantry. He was in this desperate situation when he saw the French columns in full retreat and the bridge so choked up with their artillery and waggons that there was no possibility of passing it. Then drawing his sword, and turning to the officers who were near him, he said, “Here we must fall with honour!” At the head of a small party of cuirassiers and Polish officers he rushed on the columns of the Allies. In this action he received a ball in his left arm: he had already been wounded on the 14th and 16th. He nevertheless advanced, but he found the suburb filled with Allied troops.

—[The Allies were so numerous that they scarcely perceived the losses they sustained. Their masses pressed down upon us in every direction, and it was impossible that victory could fail to be with them. Their success, however, would have been less decisive had it not been for the defection of the Saxons. In the midst of the battle, these troops having moved towards the enemy, as if intending to make an attack, turned suddenly around, and opened a heavy fire of artillery and musketry on the columns by the aids of which they had a few moments before been fighting. I do not know to what page of history such a transaction is recorded. This event immediately produced a great difference in our affairs, which were before in a bad enough train. I ought here mention that hefore the battle the Emperor dismissed a Bavarian division which still remained with him. He spoke to the officers in terms which will not soon be effaced from their memory. He told them, that, “according to the laws of war, they were his prisoners, since their Government had taken part against him; but that he could not forget the services they had rendered him, and that they were therefore at liberty to return home.” These troops left the army, where they were much esteemed, and marched for Bavaria.]—

He fought his way through them and received another wound. He then threw himself into the Pleisse, which was the first river he came to. Aided by his officers, he gained the opposite bank, leaving his horse in the river. Though greatly exhausted he mounted another, and gained the Elster, by passing through M. Reichenbach’s garden, which was situated on the side of that river. In spite of the steepness of the banks of the Elster at that part, the Prince plunged with his horse into the river: both man and horse were drowned, and the same fate was shared by several officers who followed Poniatawski’s example. Marshal Macdonald was, luckily, one of those who escaped. Five days after a fisherman drew the body of the Prince, out of the water. On the 26th of October it was temporarily interred

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at Leipsic, with all the honours due to the illustrious deceased. A modest stone marks the spot where the body of the Prince was dragged from the river. The Poles expressed a wish to. erect a monument to the memory of their countryman in the garden of M. Reichenbach, but that gentleman declared he would do it at his own expense, which he did. The monument consists of a beautiful sarcophagus, surrounded by weeping willows. The body of the Prince, after bring embalmed, was sent in the following year to Warsaw, and in 1816 it was deposited in the cathedral, among the remains of the Kings and great men of Poland. The celebrated Thorwaldsen was commissioned to execute a monument for his tomb. Prince Poniatowski left no issue but a natural son, born in 1790. The royal race, therefore existed only in a collateral branch of King Stanislas, namely, Prince Stanislas, born in 1754.

CHAPTER XXX.

1813

Amount of the Allied forces against Napoleon—Their advance towards the Rhine—Levy of 280,000 men—Dreadful situation of the French at Mayence—Declaration of the Allies at Frankfort—Diplomatic correspondents—The Due de Bassano succeeded by the Duke of Vicenza —The conditions of the Allies vaguely accepted—Caulaincourt sent to the headquarters of the Allies—Manifesto of the Allied powers to the French people.—-Gift of 30,000,000 from the Emperor's privy purse—Wish to recall M. de Talleyrand—-Singular advice relative to Wellington—The French army recalled from Spain—The throne resigned Joseph—Absurd accusation against M. Laine—Adjournment of the Legislative Body—Napoleon's Speech to the Legislative Body—Remarks of Napoleon reported by Cambaceres.

When the war resumed its course after the disaster of Leipsic I am certain that the Allied sovereigns determined to treat with Napoleon only in his own capital, as he, four years before, had refused to treat with the Emperor of Austria except at Vienna. The latter sovereign now completely raised the mask, and declared to the Emperor that he would make common cause with Russia and Prussia against him. In his declaration he made rise of the singular pretext, that the more enemies there were against Napoleon there would be the greater chance of speedily obliging him to accede to conditions which would at length restore the tranquillity of which Europe stood so much in need. This declaration on the part of Austria was an affair of no little importance, for she had now raised an army of 260,000 men. An equal force was enrolled beneath the Russian banners, which were advancing towards the Rhine. Prussia had 200,000 men; the Confederation of the Rhine 150,000: in short, including the Swedes and the Dutch, the English troops in Spain and in the Netherlands, the Danes, who had abandoned us, the Spaniards and Portuguese, whose courage and hopes were revived by our reverses,

Napoleon had arrayed against him upwards of a million of armed men. Among them, too, were the Neapolitans, with Murat at their head!

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The month of November 1813 was fatal to the fortune of Napoleon. In all parts the French armies were repulsed and driven back upon the Rhine, while-in every direction, the Allied forces advanced towards that river. For a considerable time I had confidently anticipated the fall of the Empire; not because the foreign sovereigns had vowed its destruction, but because I saw the impossibility of Napoleon defending himself against all Europe, and because I knew that, however desperate might be his fortune, nothing would induce him to consent to conditions which he considered disgraceful. At this time every day was marked by a new defection. Even the Bavarians, the natural Allies of France, they whom the Emperor had led to victory at the commencement of the second campaign of Vienna, they whom he had, as it were, adopted on the field of battle, were now against us, and were the bitterest of our enemies.

Even before the battle of Leipsic, the consequences of which were so ruinous to Napoleon, he had felt the necessity of applying to France for a supply of troops; as if France had been inexhaustible. He directed the Empress Regent to make this demand; and accordingly Maria Louisa proceeded to the Senate, for the first time, in great state: but the glories of the Empire were now on the decline. The Empress obtained a levy of 280,000 troops, but they were no sooner enrolled than they were sacrificed. The defection of the Bavarians considerably augmented the difficulties which assailed the wreck of the army that had escaped from Leipsic. The Bavarians had got before us to Hanau, a town four leagues distant from Frankfort; there they established themselves, with the view of cutting off our retreat; but French valour was roused, the little town was speedily carried, and the Bavarians were repulsed with considerable loss. The French army arrived at Mayence; if, indeed, one may give the name of army to a few masses of men destitute, dispirited, and exhausted by fatigue and privation. On the arrival of the troops at Mayence no preparation had been made for receiving them: there were no provisions, or supplies of any kind; and, as the climax of misfortune, infectious epidemics broke out amongst the men. All the accounts I received concurred in assuring me that their situation was dreadful:

However; without counting the wreck which escaped from the disasters of Leipsic, and the ravages of disease; without including the 280,000 men which had been raised by a 'Senatus-consulte, on the application of Maria Louisa, the Emperor still possessed 120,000 good troops; but they were in the rear, scattered along the Elbe, shut up in fortresses such as Dantzic, Hamburg, Torgau, and Spandau. Such was the horror of our situation that if, on the one hand, we could not resolve to abandon them, it was at the same time impossible to aid them. In France a universal cry was raised for peace, at whatever price it could be purchased. In this state of things it may be said that the year 1813 was more fatal to Napoleon than the year 1812. The disasters of Moscow were repaired by his activity and the sacrifices of France; but the disasters of Leipsic were irreparable.

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I shall shortly speak of some negotiations in which, if I had chosen, I might have taken a part. After the battle of Leipsic, in which France lost, for the second time, a formidable army, all the powers allied against Napoleon declared at Frankfort, on the 9th of November, that they would never break the bonds which united them; that henceforth it was not merely a Continental peace, but a general peace, that would be demanded; and that any negotiation not having a general peace for its object would be rejected. The Allied powers declared that France was to be confined within her natural limits, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. This was all that was to remain of the vast Empire founded by Napoleon; but still it must be allowed it was a great deal, after the many disasters France had experienced, and when she was menaced with invasion by numerous and victorious armies. But Napoleon could not accede to such proposals, for he was always ready to yield to illusion when the truth was not satisfactory to him.

According to the proposals of the Allies at Frankfort, Germany; Italy, and Spain were to be entirely withdrawn from the dominion of France. England recognised the freedom of trade and navigation, and there appeared no reason to doubt the sincerity of her professed willingness to make great sacrifices to promote the object proposed by the Allies. But to these offers a fatal condition was added, namely, that the Congress should meet in a town, to be declared neutral, on the right bank of the Rhine, where the plenipotentiaries of all the belligerent powers were to assemble; but the course of the war was not to be impeded by these negotiations.

—[This, system of negotiating and advancing was a realization of Metternich's idea copying Napoleon's own former procedure. "Let us hold always the sword in one head, and the olive branch in the other; always ready to negotiate, but only negotiating whilst advancing. Here is Napoleon's system: may he find enemies who will carry on war . . . as he would carry it on himself." (Metternich vol. ii. p. 346).]—

The Due de Bassano (Maret), who was still Minister for Foreign Affairs, replied, by order of Napoleon, to the overtures wade by the Allies for a general Congress; and stated that the Emperor acceded to them, and wished Mannheim to be chosen as the neutral town. M. Metternich replied in a note, dated Frankfort, the 25th of November, stating that the Allies felt no difficulty in acceding to Napoleon's choice of Mannheim for the meeting of the Congress; but as M. de Bassano's letter contained no mention of the general and summary bases I have just mentioned, and which had been communicated to M. de St. Aignan at Frankfort, M. Metternich stated that the Allies wished the Emperor Napoleon to declare his determination respecting those bases, in order that insurmountable difficulties might not arrest the negotiations at their very outset. The Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt),

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who had just succeeded the Due de Bassano, received this letter. Trusting to the declaration of Frankfort he thought he would be justified in treating on those bases; he confidently relied on the consent of Napoleon. But the Allies had now determined not to grant the limits accorded by that declaration. Caulaincourt was therefore obliged to apply for fresh powers, which heing granted, he replied, on the 2d of December, that Napoleon accepted the fundamental and summary bases which had been communicated by M. de St. Aignan. To this letter M. Metternich answered that the Emperors of Russia and Austria were gratified to find that the Emperor of France recognised the bases judged necessary by the Allies; that the two sovereigns would communicate without delay the official document to their Allies, and that they were convinced that immediately on receiving their reply the negotiations might be opened without any interruption of the war.

We shall now see the reason why these first negotiations came to no result. In the month of October the Allies overthrew the colossal edifice denominated the French Empire. When led by victory to the banks of the Rhine they declared their wish to abstain from conquest, explained their intentions, and manifested an unalterable resolution to abide by them. This determination of the Allies induced the French Government to evince pacific intentions. Napoleon wished, by an apparent desire for peace, to justify, if I may so express myself, in the eyes of his subjects, the necessity of new sacrifices; which, according to his proclamations, he demanded only to enable him to obtain peace on as honourable conditions as possible. But the truth is, he was resolved not even to listen to the offers made at Frankfort. He always represented the limits of the Rhine as merely a compensation for the dismemberment of Poland and the immense aggrandisement of the English possessions in Asia. But he wanted to gain time, and, if possible, to keep the Allied armies on the right bank of the Rhine.

The immense levies made in France, one after the other, had converted the conscription into a sort of pressgang. Men employed in agriculture and manufactures were dragged from their labours; and the people began to express their dissatisfaction at the measures of Government more loudly than they had hitherto ventured to do; yet all were willing to make another effort, if they could have persuaded themselves that the Emperor would henceforth confine his thoughts to France alone. Napoleon sent Caulaincourt to the headquarters of the Allies; but that was only for the sake of gaining time, and inducing a belief that he was favourably disposed to peace.

The Allies having learned the immense levies of troops which Napoleon was making, and being well acquainted with the state of feeling in France, published the famous manifesto, addressed to the French people, which was profusely circulated, and may be referred to as a warning to subjects who trust to the promises of Governments.

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The good faith with which the promises in the manifesto were kept may be judged of from the Treaty of Paris. In the meantime the manifesto did not a little contribute to alienate from Napoleon those who were yet faithful to his cause; for, by believing in the declarations of the Allies, they saw in him the sole obstacle to that peace which France so ardently desired. On this point, too, the Allies were not wrong, and I confess that I did not see without great surprise that the Duc de Rovigo, in that part of his Memoirs where he mentions this manifesto, reproaches those who framed it for representing the Emperor as a madman, who replied to overtures of peace only by conscription levies: After all, I do not intend to maintain that the declaration was entirely sincere; with respect to the future it certainly was not. Switzerland was already tampered with, and attempts were made to induce her to permit the Allied troops to enter France by the bridge of Bale. Things were going on no better in the south of France, where the Anglo-Spanish army threatened our frontiers by the Pyrenees, and already occupied Pampeluna; and at the same time the internal affairs of the country were no less critical than its external position. It was in vain to levy troops; everything essential to an army was wanting. To meet the most pressing demands the Emperor drew out 30,000,000 from the immense treasure which he had accumulated in the cellars and galleries of the Pavillion Marsan, at the Tuileries. These 30,000,000 were speedily swallowed up. Nevertheless it was an act of generosity on the part of Napoleon, and I never could understand on what ground the Legislative Body complained of the outlay, because, as the funds did not proceed from the Budget, there needed no financial law to authorise their application. Besides, why did these rigid legislators, who, while fortune smiled on Bonaparte, dared not utter a word on the subject, demand, previously to the gratuitous gift just mentioned, that the 350,000,000 in the Emperor's privy puree should be transferred to the Imperial treasury and carried to the public accounts? Why did they wink at the accumulation in the Tuileries of the contributions and exactions levied in, conquered countries? The answer is plain: because there would have been danger in opposing it.

Amidst the difficulties which assailed the Emperor he cast his eyes on M. de Talleyrand. But it being required, as a condition of his receiving the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, that he should resign his office of Vice-Grand-Elector, M. de Talleyrand preferred a permanent post to a portfolio, which the caprice of a moment might withdraw. I have been informed that, in a conversation with the Emperor, M. de Talleyrand gave him the extraordinary advice of working upon the ambition of the English family of Wellesley, and to excite in the mind of Wellington, the lustre of whose reputation was now dawning, ambitious projects which would have embarrassed the coalition. Napoleon, however, did not adopt this proposition, the issue of which he thought too uncertain, and above all, too remote, in the urgent circumstances in which it stood. Caulaincourt was then made Minister for Foreign Affairs, in lieu of M. Maret, who was appointed Secretary of State, an office much better suited to him.

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Meanwhile the Emperor was wholly intent on the means of repelling the attack which was preparing against him. The critical circumstances in which he was placed seemed to restore the energy which time had in some measure robbed him of. He turned his eyes towards Spain, and resolved to bring the army from that country to oppose the Allies, whose movements indicated their intention of entering France by Switzerland. An event occurred connected with this subject calculated to have a decided influence on the affairs of the moment, namely, the renunciation by Joseph, King of Spain, of all right to the crown, to be followed by the return; as had been agreed on; of Ferdinand to his dominions. Joseph made this sacrifice at the instigation of his brother. The treaty was signed, but an inconceivable delay occurred in its execution, while the torrent, which was advancing upon France, rushed forward so rapidly that the treaty could not be carried into execution. Ferdinand, it is true, re-ascended his throne, but from other causes.

The Emperor was deeply interested in the march of the Allies. It was important to destroy the bridge of Bale, because the Rhine once crossed masses of the enemy would be thrown into France. At this time I had close relations with a foreign diplomat whom I am forbidden by discretion to name. He told me that the enemy was advancing towards the frontier, and that the bridge of Bale would not be destroyed, as it had been so agreed at Berne, where the Allies had gained the day. This astonished me, because I knew, on the other hand, from a person who ought, to have been equally well informed,—that it was hoped the bridge would be blown up. Being much interested in knowing the truth, I sent on my own account, an agent to Bale who on his return told me that the bridge would remain.

On the 19th of December the Legislative Body was convoked. It was on a Wednesday. M. Laine was Vice-President under M. Regnier. A committee was appointed to examine and report on the communications of the Emperor. The report and conclusions of the committee were not satisfactory; it was alleged that they betrayed a revolutionary tendency, of which M. Laine was absurdly accused of having been one of the promoters; but all who knew him must have been convinced of the falsehood of the charge. The Emperor ordered the report to be seized, and then adjourned the Legislative Body. Those who attentively observed the events of the time will recollect the stupor which prevailed in Paris on the intelligence of this seizure and of the adjournment of the Legislative Body. A thousand conjectures were started as to what new occurrences had taken place abroad, but nothing satisfactory was learned.

I considered this a great mistake. Who can doubt that if the Legislative Body had taken the frank and noble step of declaring that France accepted the conditions of Frankfort they would not have been listened to by the Allies? But the words, “You are dishonoured if you cede a single village acquired by a ’Senatus-consulte’,” always, resounded in Napoleon’s ears: they flattered his secret thoughts, and every pacific proposal was rejected.

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The members of the adjourned Legislative Body went as usual to take leave of the Emperor, who received them on a Sunday, and after delivering to them the speech, which is very well known, dismissed the rebels with great ill-humour, refusing to hear any explanation. “I have suppressed your address,” he began abruptly: “it was incendiary. I called you round me to do good—you have done ill. Eleven-twelfths of you are well-intentioned, the others, and above all M. Laine, are factious intriguers, devoted to England, to all my enemies, and corresponding through the channel of the advocate Deseze with the Bourbons. Return to your Departments, and feel that my eye will follow you; you have endeavoured to humble me, you may kill me, but you shall not dishonour me. You make remonstrances; is this a time, when the stranger invades our provinces, and 200,000 Cossacks are ready to overflow our country? There may have been petty abuses; I never connived at them. You, M. Raynouard, you said that. Prince Massena robbed a man at Marseilles of his house. You lie! The General took possession of a vacant house, and my Minister shall indemnify the proprietor. Is it thus that you dare affront a Marshal of France who has bled for his country, and grown gray in victory? Why did you not make your complaints in private to me? I would have done you justice. We should wash our dirty linen at home, and not drag it out before the world. You, call yourselves Representatives of the Nation. It is not true; you are only Deputies of the Departments; a small portion of the State, inferior to the Senate, inferior even to the Council of State. The Representatives of the People! I am alone the Representative of the People. Twice have 24,000,000 of French called me to the throne: which of you durst undertake such a burden? It had already overwhelmed (ecrase), your Assemblies, and your Conventions, your Vergniauds and your Guadets, your Jacobins and your Girondins. They are all dead! What, who are you? nothing—all authority is in the Throne; and what is the Throne? this wooden frame covered with velvet?—no, I am the Throne! You have added wrong to reproaches. You have talked of concessions—concessions that even my enemies dared not ask! I suppose if they asked Champaigne you would have had me give them La Brie besides; but in four months I will conquer peace, or I shall be dead! You advise! how dare you debate of such high matters (de si graves interets)! You have put me in the front of the battle as the cause of war—it is infamous (c’est une atrocite). In all your committees you have excluded the friends of Government— extraordinary commission—committee of finance —committee of the address, all, all my enemies. M. Laine, I repeat it, is a traitor; he is a wicked man, the others are mere intriguers. I do justice to the eleven-twelfths; but the factions I know, and will pursue. Is it, I ask again, is it while the enemy is in France that you should have done this?

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But nature has gifted me with a determined courage—nothing can overcome me. It cost my pride much too—I made that sacrifice; I—but I am above your miserable declamations—I was in need of consolation, and you would mortify me—but, no, my victories shall crush your clamours! In three months we shall have peace, and you shall repent your folly. I am one of those who triumph or die.

"Go back to your Departments if any one of you dare to print your address I shall publish it in the Moniteur with notes of my own. Go; France stands in more need of me than I do of France. I bear the eleven-twelfths of you in my heart—I shall nominate the Deputies to the two series which are vacant, and I shall reduce the Legislative Body to the discharge of its proper duties. The inhabitants of Alsace and Franche Comte have more spirit than you; they ask me for arms, I send them, and one of my aides de camp will lead them against the enemy."

In after conversations he said of the Legislative Body that "its members never came to Paris but to obtain some favours. They importuned the Ministers from morning till night, and complained if they were not immediately satisfied. When invited to dinner they burn with envy at the splendour they see before them." I heard this from Cambaceres, who was present when the Emperor made these remarks.

CHAPTER XXXI.

1813.

The flag of the army of Italy and the eagles of 1813—Entrance of the Allies into Switzerland—Summons to the Minister of Police— My refusal to accept a mission to Switzerland—Interviews with M. de Talleyrand and the Due de Picence—Offer of a Dukedom and the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour—Definitive refusal—The Duc de Vicence's message to me in 1815—Commencement of the siege of Hamburg—A bridge two leagues long—Executions at Lubeck—Scarcity of provisions in Hamburg—-Banishment of the inhabitants—Men bastinadoed and women whipped—Hospitality of the inhabitants of Altona.

I am now arrived at the most critical period in Napoleon's career. What reflections must he have made, if he had had leisure to reflect, in comparing the recollections of his rising glory with the sad picture of his falling fortune? What a contrast presents itself when we compare the famous flag of the army of Italy, which the youthful conqueror, Bonaparte, carried to the Directory, with those drooping eagles who had now to defend the aerie whence they had so often taken flight to spread their triumphant wings over Europe! Here we see the difference between liberty and absolute power! Napoleon, the son of liberty, to whom he owed everything, had disowned his mother, and was now

about to fall. Those glorious triumphs were now over when the people of Italy consoled themselves for defeat and submitted to the magical power of that liberty which preceded the Republican armies. Now, on the contrary, it was to free themselves from a despotic yoke that the nations of Europe had in their turn taken up arms and were preparing to invade France.

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With the violation of the Swiss territory by the Allied armies, after the consent of the Cantons, is connected a fact of great importance in my life, and which, if I had chosen, might have made a great difference in my destiny. On Tuesday, the 28th of December, I dined with my old friend, M. Pierlot, and on leaving home I was in the habit of saying where I might be found in case I should be wanted. At nine o'clock at night an express arrived from the Minister of Police desiring me to come immediately to his office. I confess, considering the circumstances of the times, and knowing the Emperor's prejudices against me, such a request coming at such an hour made me feel some uneasiness, and I expected nothing less then a journey to Vincennes. The Due de Rovigo, by becoming responsible for me, had as yet warded off the blow, and the supervision to which the Emperor had subjected me—thanks to the good offices of Davoust—consisted in going three times a week to show myself to Savory.

I accordingly, having first borrowed a night-cap, repaired to the hotel of the Minister of Police. I was ushered into a well-lighted room, and when I entered I found Savary waiting for me. He was in full costume, from which I concluded he had just come from the Emperor. Advancing towards me with an air which showed he had no bad news to communicate, he thus addressed me:

"Bourrienne, I have just come from the Emperor, who asked me where you were? I told him you were in Paris, and that I saw you often. 'Well,' continued the Emperor, 'bid him come to me, I want to employ him. It is three years since he has had anything to do. I wish to send him as Minister to Switzerland, but he must set off directly. He must go to the Allies. He understands German well. The King of Prussia expressed by letter satisfaction at his conduct towards the Prussians whom the war forced to retire to Hamburg. He knows Prince Witgenstein, who is the friend of the King of Prussia, and probably is at Lorrach. He will see all the Germans who are there. I confidently rely on him, and believe his journey will have a good result. Caulaincourt will give him his instructions."

Notwithstanding my extreme surprise at this communication I replied without hesitation that I could not accept the mission; that it was offered too late. "It perhaps is hoped;" said I, "that the bridge of Bale will be destroyed, and that Switzerland will preserve her neutrality. But I do not believe any such thing; nay, more, I know positively to the contrary. I can only repeat the offer comes much too late."—"I am very sorry for this resolution," observed Savory, "but Caulaincourt will perhaps persuade you. The Emperor wishes you to go the Duo de Vicence to-morrow at one o'clock; he will acquaint you with all the particulars, and give you your instructions."—"He may acquaint me with whatever he chooses, but I will not go to Lohraah."—"You know the Emperor better than I do, he wishes you to go,

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and he will not pardon your refusal."—"He may do as he pleases, but no consideration shall induce me to go to Switzerland."—"You are wrong: but you will reflect on the matter between this and tomorrow morning. Night will bring good counsel, At any rate, do not fail to go to-morrow at one o'clock to Caulaincourt, he expects you, and directions will be given to admit you immediately."

Next morning the first thing I did was to call on M. de Talleyrand. I told him what had taken place, and as he was intimately acquainted with Caulaincourt, I begged him to speak to that Minister in favour of my, resolution. M. de Talleyrand approved of my determination not to go to Switzerland, and at one o'clock precisely I proceeded to M. de Caulaincourt's. He told me all he had been instructed to say. From the manner in which he made the communication I concluded that he himself considered the proposed mission a disagreeable one, and unlikely to be attended by any useful result. I observed that he must have heard from Savory that I had already expressed my determination to decline the mission which the Emperor had been pleased to offer me. The Duc de Vicence then, in a very friendly way, detailed the reasons which ought to induce me to accept the offer, and did not disguise from me that by persisting in my determination I ran the risk of raising Napoleon's doubts as to my opinions and future intentions. I replied that, having lived for three years as a private individual, unconnected with public affairs, I should have no influence at the headquarters of the Allies, and that whatever little ability I might be supposed to possess, that would not counterbalance the difficulties of my situation, and the opinion that I was out of favour. I added that I should appear at the headquarters without any decoration, without even that of the Cordon of the Legion of Honour to which the Emperor attached so much importance, and the want of which would almost have the appearance of disgrace; and I said that these trifles, however slightly valued by reasonable men, were not, as he well knew, without their influence on the men with whom I should have to treat. "If that be all," replied. Caulaincourt, "the obstacle will speedily be removed. I am authorised by the Emperor to tell you that he will create you a Duke, and give you the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour."

After these words I thought I was dreaming, and I was almost inclined to believe that Caulaincourt was jesting with me. However, the offer was serious, and I will not deny that it was tempting; yet I nevertheless persisted in the refusal I had given. At length, after some further conversation, and renewed, but useless, entreaties on the part of M. de Caulaincourt, he arose, which was a signal that our interview was terminated. I acknowledge I remained for a moment in doubt how to act, for I felt we had come to no understanding. M. de' Caulaincourt advanced slowly towards the door of his cabinet: If I went

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away without knowing his opinion I had done nothing; addressing him, therefore, by his surname, “Caulaincourt;” said I, “you have frequently assured me that you would never forget the services I rendered to you and your family at a time when I possessed some influence. I know you, and therefore speak to you without disguise. I do not now address myself to the Emperor’s Minister, but to Caulaincourt. You are a man of honour, and I can open my heart to you frankly. Consider the embarrassing situation of France, which you know better than I do. I do not ask you for your secrets, but I myself know enough. I will tell you candidly that I am convinced the enemy will pass the Rhine in a few days. The Emperor has been deceived: I should not have time to reach my destination, and I should be laughed at. My correspondents in Germany have made me acquainted with every particular. Now, Caulaincourt, tell me honestly, if you were in my place, and I in yours, and I should make this proposition to you, what determination would you adopt?”

I observed from the expression of Caulaincourt’s countenance that my question had made an impression on him, and affectionately pressing my hand he said, “I would do as you do: Enough. I will arrange the business with the Emperor.” This reply seemed to remove a weight from my mind, and I left Caulaincourt with feelings of gratitude. I felt fully assured that he would settle the business satisfactorily, and in this conjecture I was not deceived, for I heard no more of the matter.

I must here go forward a year to relate another occurrence in which the Due de Vicence and I were concerned. When, in March 1815, the King appointed me Prefect of Police, M. de Caulaincourt sent to me a confidential person to inquire whether he ran any risk in remaining in Paris, or whether he had better remove. He had been told that his name was inscribed in a list of individuals whom I had received orders to arrest. Delighted at this proof of confidence, I returned the following answer by the Due de Vicence’s messenger: “Tell M. de Caulaincourt that I do not know where he lives. He need be under no apprehension: I will answer for him.”

During the campaign of 1813 the Allies, after driving the French out of Saxony and obliging them to retreat towards the Rhine, besieged Hamburg, where Davoust was shut up with a garrison of 30,000 men, resolutely determined to make it a second Saragossa. From the month of September every day augmented the number of the Allied troops, who were already making rapid progress on the left bank of the Elbe. Davoust endeavoured to fortify Hamburg an so extended a scale that, in the opinion of the most experienced military men, it would have required a garrison of 60,000 men to defend it in a regular and protracted siege. At the commencement of the siege Davoust lost Vandamme, who was killed in a sortie at the head of a numerous corps which was inconsiderately sacrificed.

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It is but justice to admit that Davoust displayed great activity in the defence, and began by laying in large supplies.

—[Vandamme fought under Grouchy in 1815, and died several years afterwards. This killing him at Hamburg is one of the curious mistakes seized on by the Bonapartists to deny the authenticity of these Memoirs.]—

General Bertrand was directed to construct a bridge to form a communication between Hamburg and Haarburg by joining the islands of the Elbe to the Continent along a total distance of about two leagues. This bridge was to be built of wood, and Davoust seized upon all the timber-yards to supply materials for its construction. In the space of eighty-three days the bridge was finished. It was a very magnificent structure, its length being 2529 toises, exclusive of the lines of junction, formed on the two islands.

The inhabitants were dreadfully oppressed, but all the cruel measures and precautions of the French were ineffectual, for the Allies advanced in great force and occupied Westphalia, which movement obliged the Governor of Hamburg to recall to the town the different detachments scattered round Hamburg.

At Lubeck the departure of the French troops was marked by blood. Before they evacuated the town, an old man, and a butcher named Prahl, were condemned to be shot. The butcher's crime consisted in having said, in speaking of the French, "Der teufel hohle sie" (the devil take them). The old man fortunately escaped his threatened fate, but, notwithstanding the entreaties and tears of the inhabitants, the sentence upon Prahl was carried into execution.

The garrison of Hamburg was composed of French, Italian, and Dutch troops. Their number at first amounted to 30,000, but sickness made great-havoc among them. From sixty to eighty perished daily in the hospitals. When the garrison evacuated Hamburg in May 1814 it was reduced to about 15,000 men. In the month of December provisions began to diminish, and there was no possibility of renewing the supply. The poor were first of all made to leave the town, and afterwards all persons who were not usefully employed. It is no exaggeration to estimate at 50,000 the number of persons who were thus exiled. The colonel commanding the gendarmerie at Hamburg notified to the exiled inhabitants that those who did not leave the town within the prescribed time would receive fifty blows with a cane and afterwards be driven out. But if penance may be commuted with priests so it may with gendarmes. Delinquents contrived to purchase their escape from the bastinado by a sum of money, and French gallantry substituted with respect to females the birch for the cane. I saw an order directing all female servants to be examined as to their health unless they could produce certificates from their masters. On the 25th of December the Government granted twenty-four hours longer to persons who were ordered to quit the town; and two days after

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this indulgence an ordinance was published declaring that those who should return to the town after once leaving it were to be considered as rebels and accomplices of the enemy, and as such condemned to death by a prevotal court. But this was not enough. At the end of December people, without distinction of sex or age, were dragged from their beds and conveyed out of the town on a cold night, when the thermometer was between sixteen or eighteen degrees; and it was affirmed that several old men perished in this removal. Those who survived were left on the outside of the Altona gates. At Altona they all found refuge and assistance. On Christmas-day 7000 of these unfortunate persons were received in the house of M. Rainville, formerly aide de camp to Dumouriez, and who left France together with that general. His house, which was at Holstein, was usually the scene of brilliant entertainments, but it was converted into the abode of misery, mourning, and death. All possible attention was bestowed on the unfortunate outlaws; but few profited by it, and what is worse, the inhabitants of Altona suffered for their generosity. Many of the unfortunate persons were affected with the epidemic disease which was raging in Hamburg, and which in consequence broke out at Altona.

All means of raising money in Hamburg being exhausted, a seizure was made of the funds of the Bank of that city, which yet contained from seven to eight millions of marks. Were those who ordered this measure not aware that to seize on the funds of some of the citizens of Hamburg was an injury to all foreigners who had funds in the Bank? Such is a brief statement of the vexations and cruelties which long oppressed this unfortunate city. Napoleon accused Hamburg of Anglomania, and by ruining her he thought to ruin England. Hamburg, feeble and bereft of her sources, could only complain, like Jerusalem when besieged by Titus: “Plorans, plorcatrit in nocte.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

1813-1814.

Prince Eugene and the affairs of Italy—The army of Italy on the frontiers of Austria—-Eugene’s regret at the defection of the Bavarians—Murat’s dissimulation and perfidy—-His treaty with Austria—Hostilities followed by a declaration of war—Murat abandoned by the French generals—Proclamation from Paris—Murat’s success—Gigantic scheme of Napoleon—Napoleon advised to join the Jacobins—His refusal—Armament of the National Guard—The Emperor’s farewell to the officers—The Congress of Chatillon—-Refusal of an armistice—Napoleon’s character displayed in his negotiations— Opening of the Congress—Discussions—Rupture of the Conferences.

I wars now proceed to notice the affairs of Italy and the principal events of the Viceroyalty of Eugene. In order to throw together all that I have to say about the Viceroy I must anticipate the order of time.

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After the campaign of 1812, when Eugene revisited Italy, he was promptly informed of the more than doubtful dispositions of Austria towards France. He then made preparations for raising an army capable of defending the country which the Emperor had committed to his safeguard. Napoleon was fully aware how much advantage he would derive from the presence on the northern frontiers of Italy of an army sufficiently strong to harass Austria, in case she should draw aside the transparent veil which still covered her policy. Eugene did all that depended on him to meet the Emperor's wishes; but in spite of his efforts the army of Italy was, after all; only an imaginary army to those who could compare the number of men actually enrolled with the numbers stated in the lists. When, in July 1813, the Viceroy was informed of the turn taken by the negotiations at the shadow of a Congress assembled at Prague, he had no longer any doubt of the renewal of hostilities; and foreseeing an attack on Italy he resolved as speedily as possible to approach the frontiers of Austria. He had succeeded in assembling an army composed of French and Italians, and amounting to 45,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry. On the renewal of hostilities the Viceroy's headquarters were at Udine. Down to the month of April 1814 he succeeded in maintaining a formidable attitude, and in defending the entrance of his kingdom by dint of that military talent which was to be expected in a man bred in the great school of Napoleon, and whom the army looked up to as one of its most skillful generals.

During the great and unfortunate events of 1813 all eyes had been fixed on Germany and the Rhine; but the defection of Murat for a time diverted attention to Italy. That event did not so very much surprise me, for I had not forgotten my conversation with the King of Naples in the Champs Elysees, with which I have made the reader acquainted. At first Murat's defection was thought incredible by every one, and it highly excited Bonaparte's indignation. Another defection which occurred about the same period deeply distressed Eugene, for although raised to the rank of a prince, and almost a sovereign, he was still a man, and an excellent man. He was united to the Princess Amelia of Bavaria, who was as amiable and as much beloved as he, and he had the deep mortification to count the subjects of his father-in-law among the enemies whom he would probably have to combat. Fearing lest he should be harassed by the Bavarians on the side of the Tyrol, Eugene commenced his retrograde movement in the autumn of 1813. He at first fell back on the Tagliamento, and successively on the Adige. On reaching that river the army of Italy was considerably diminished, in spite of all Eugene's care of his troops. About the end of November Eugene learned that a Neapolitan corps was advancing upon Upper Italy, part taking the direction of Rome, and part that of Ancona. The object of the King of Naples was to take advantage of the situation of Europe, and he was duped by the promises held out to him as the reward of his treason. Murat seemed to have adopted the artful policy of Austria; for not only had he determined to join the coalition, but he was even maintaining communications with England and Austria, while at the same time he was making protestations of fidelity to his engagements with Napoleon.

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When first informed of Murat's treason by the Viceroy the Emperor refused to believe it. "No," he exclaimed to those about him, "it cannot be! Murat, to whom I have given my sister! Murat, to whom I have given a throne! Eugene must be misinformed. It is impossible that Murat has declared himself against me!" It was, however, not only possible but true. Gradually throwing aside the dissimulation beneath which he had concealed his designs, Murat seemed inclined to renew the policy of Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the art of deceiving was deemed by the Italian Governments the most sublime effort of genius. Without any declaration of war, Murat ordered the Neapolitan General who occupied Rome to assume the supreme command in the Roman States, and to take possession of the country. General Miollis, who commanded the French troops in Rome, could only throw himself, with his handful of men, into the Castle of St. Angelo, the famous mole of Adrian, in which was long preserved the treasury of Sixtus V. The French General soon found himself blockaded by the Neapolitan troops, who also blockaded Civita Vecchia and Ancona.

The treaty concluded between Murat and Austria was definitively signed on the 11th of January 1814. As soon as he was informed of it the Viceroy, certain that he should soon have to engage with the Neapolitans, was obliged to renounce the preservation of the line of the Adige, the Neapolitan army being in the rear of his right wing. He accordingly ordered a retrograde movement to the other side of the Mincio, where his army was cantoned. In this position Prince Eugene, on the 8th of February, had to engage with the Austrians, who had come up with him, and the victory of the Mincio arrested, for some time, the invasion of the Austrian army and its junction with the Neapolitan troops.

It was not until eight days after that Murat officially declared war against the Emperor; and immediately several general and superior officers, and many French troops, who were in his service, abandoned him, and repaired to the headquarters of the Viceroy. Murat made endeavours to detain them; they replied, that as he had declared war against France, no Frenchman who loved his country could remain in his service. "Do you think," returned he, "that my heart is lees French than yours? On the contrary, I am much to be pitied. I hear of nothing but the disasters of the Grand Army. I have been obliged to enter into a treaty with the Austrians, and an arrangement with the English, commanded by Lord Bentinck, in order to save my Kingdom from a threatened landing of the English and the Sicilians, which would infallibly have excited an insurrection."

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There could not be a more ingenuous confession of the antipathy which Joachim knew the Neapolitans to entertain towards his person and government. His address to the French was ineffectual. It was easy to foresee what would ensue. The Viceroy soon received an official communication from Napoleon's War Minister, accompanied by an Imperial decree, recalling all the French who were in the service of Joachim, and declaring that all who were taken with arms in their hands should be tried by a courtmartial as traitors to their country. Murat commenced by gaining advantages which could not be disputed. His troops almost immediately took possession of Leghorn and the citadel of Ancona, and the French were obliged to evacuate Tuscany.

The defection of Murat overthrew one of Bonaparte's gigantic conceptions. He had planned that Murat and Eugene with their combined forces should march on the rear of the Allies, while he, disputing the soil of France with the invaders, should multiply obstacles to their advance; the King of Naples and the Viceroy of Italy were to march upon Vienna and make Austria tremble in the heart of her capital before the timid million of her Allies, who measured their steps as they approached Paris, should desecrate by their presence the capital of France. When informed of the vast project, which, however, was but the dream of a moment, I immediately recognised that eagle glance, that power of discovering great resources in great calamities, so peculiar to Bonaparte.

Napoleon was yet Emperor of France; but he who had imposed on all Europe treaties of peace no less disastrous than the wars which had preceded them, could not now obtain an armistice; and Caulaincourt, who was sent to treat for one at the camp of the Allies, spent twenty days at Luneville before he could even obtain permission to pass the advanced posts of the invading army. In vain did Caulaincourt entreat Napoleon to sacrifice, or at least resign temporarily, a portion of that glory acquired in so many battles, and which nothing could efface in history. Napoleon replied, "I will sign whatever you wish. To obtain peace I will exact no condition; but I will not dictate my own humiliation." This concession, of course, amounted to a determination not to sign or to grant anything.

In the first fortnight of January 1814 one-third of France was invaded, and it was proposed to form a new Congress, to be held at Chatillon-sur-Seine. The situation of Napoleon grew daily worse and worse. He was advised to seek extraordinary resources in the interior of the Empire, and was reminded of the fourteen armies which rose, as if by enchantment, to defend France at the commencement of the Revolution. Finally, a reconciliation with the Jacobins, a party who had power to call up masses to aid him, was recommended. For a moment he was inclined to adopt this advice. He rode on horseback through the surburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, courted the populace, affectionately

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replied to their acclamations, and he thought he saw the possibility of turning to account the attachment which the people evinced for him. On his return to the Palace some prudent persons ventured to represent to him that, instead of courting this absurd sort of popularity it would be more advisable to rely on the nobility and the higher classes of society. “Gentlemen,” replied he, “you may say what you please, but in the situation in which I stand my only nobility is the rabble of the faubourgs, and I know of no rabble but the nobility whom I have created.” This was a strange compliment to all ranks, for it was only saying that they were all rabble together.

At this time the Jacobins were disposed to exert every effort to serve him; but they required to have their own way, and to be allowed freely to excite and foster revolutionary sentiments. The press, which groaned under the most odious and intolerable censorship, was to be wholly resigned to them. I do not state these facts from hearsay. I happened by chance to be present at two conferences in which were set forward projects infected with the odour of the clubs, and these projects were supported with the more assurance because their success was regarded as certain. Though I had not seen Napoleon since my departure for Hamburg, yet I was sufficiently assured of his feeling towards the Jacobins to be convinced that he would have nothing to do with them. I was not wrong. On hearing of the price they set on their services he said, “This is too much; I shall have a chance of deliverance in battle, but I shall have none with these furious blockheads. There can be nothing in common between the demagogic principles of ’93 and the monarchy, between clubs of madmen and a regular Ministry, between a Committee of Public Safety and an Emperor, between revolutionary tribunals and established laws. If fall I must, I will not bequeath France to the Revolution from which I have delivered her.”

These were golden words, and Napoleon thought of a more noble and truly national mode of parrying the danger which threatened him. He ordered the enrolment of the National Guard of Paris, which was placed under the command of Marshal Moncey. A better choice could not have been made, but the staff of the National Guard was a focus of hidden intrigues, in which the defence of Paris was less thought about than the means of taking advantage of Napoleon’s overthrow. I was made a captain in this Guard, and, like the rest of the officers, I was summoned to the Tuileries, on the 23d of January, when the Emperor took leave of the National Guard previously to his departure from Paris to join the army.

Napoleon entered with the Empress. He advanced with a dignified step, leading by the hand his son, who was not yet three years old. It was long since I had seen him. He had grown very corpulent, and I remarked on his pale countenance an expression of melancholy and irritability.

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The habitual movement of the muscles of his neck was more decided and more frequent than formerly. I shall not attempt to describe what were my feelings during this ceremony, when I again saw, after a long separation, the friend of my youth, who had become master of Europe, and was now on the point of sinking beneath the efforts of his enemies. There was something melancholy in this solemn and impressive ceremony. I have rarely witnessed such profound silence in so numerous an assembly. At length Napoleon, in a voice as firm and sonorous as when he used to harangue his troops in Italy or in Egypt, but without that air of confidence which then beamed on his countenance, delivered to the assembled officers an address which was published in all the journals of the time. At the commencement of this address he said, “I set out this night to take the command of the army. On quitting the capital I confidently leave behind me my wife and my son, in whom so many hopes are centred.” I listened attentively to Napoleon’s address, and, though he delivered it firmly, he either felt or feigned emotion. Whether or not the emotion was sincere on his part, it was shared by many present; and for my own part I confess that my feelings were deeply moved when he uttered the words, “I leave you my wife and my son.” At that moment my eyes were fixed on the young Prince, and the interest with which he inspired me was equally unconnected with the splendour which surrounded and the misfortunes which threatened him. I beheld in the interesting child not the King of Rome but the son of my old friend. All day long afterwards I could not help feeling depressed while comparing the farewell scene of the morning with the day on which we took possession of the Tuileries. How many centuries seemed the fourteen years which separated the two events.

It may be worth while to remind those who are curious in comparing dates that Napoleon, the successor of Louis XVI., and who had become the nephew of that monarch by his marriage with the niece of Marie Antoinette, took leave of the National Guard of Paris on the anniversary of the fatal 21st of January, after twenty-five years of successive terror, fear, hope, glory, and misfortune.

Meanwhile, a Congress was opened at Chatillon-sur-Seine, at which were assembled the Duke of Vicenza on the part of France, Lords Aderdeen and Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart as the representatives of England, Count Razumowsky on the part of Russia, Count Stadion for Austria, and Count Humboldt for Prussia. Before the opening of the Congress, the Duke of Vicenza, in conformity with the Emperor’s orders, demanded an armistice, which is almost invariably granted during negotiations for peace; but it was now too late: the Allies had long since determined not to listen to any such demand. They therefore answered the Duke of Vicenza’s application by requiring that the propositions for peace should be immediately signed. But these were not the propositions of Frankfort. The Allies established as their bases the limits of the old French monarchy. They conceived themselves authorised in so doing by their success and by their situation.

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To estimate rightly Napoleon's conduct during the negotiations for peace which took place in the conferences at Chatillon it is necessary to bear in mind the organisation he had received from nature and the ideas with which that organisation had imbued him at an early period of life. If the last negotiations of his expiring reign be examined with due attention and impartiality it will appear evident that the causes of his fall arose out of his character. I cannot range myself among those adulators who have accused the persons about him with having dissuaded him from peace. Did he not say at St. Helena, in speaking of the negotiations at Chatillon, "A thunderbolt alone could have saved us: to treat, to conclude, was to yield foolishly to the enemy." These words forcibly portray Napoleon's character. It must also be borne in mind how much he was captivated by the immortality of the great names which history has bequeathed to our admiration, and which are perpetuated from generation to generation. Napoleon was resolved that his name should re-echo in ages to come, from the palace to the cottage. To live without fame appeared to him an anticipated death. If, however, in this thirst for glory, not for notoriety, he conceived the wish to surpass Alexander and Caesar, he never desired the renown of Erostratus, and I will say again what I have said before, that if he committed actions to be condemned, it was because he considered them as steps which helped him to place himself on the summit of immortality on which he wished to place his name. Witness what he wrote to his brother Jerome, "Better never, to have lived than to live without glory;" witness also what he wrote later to his brother Louis, "It is better to die as a King than to live as a Prince." How often in the days of my intimacy with Bonaparte has he not said to me, "Who knows the names of those kings who have passed from the thrones on which chance or birth seated them? They lived and died unnoticed. The learned, perhaps, may find them mentioned in old archives, and a medal or a coin dug from the earth may reveal to antiquarians the existence of a sovereign of whom they had never before heard. But, on the contrary, when we hear the names of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Henry *iv*., and Louis *xiv*., we are immediately among our intimate acquaintance." I must add, that when Napoleon thus spoke to me in the gardens of Malmaison he only repeated what had often fallen from him in his youth, for his character and his ideas never varied; the change was in the objects to which they were applied.

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From his boyhood Napoleon was fond of reading the history of the great men of antiquity; and what he chiefly sought to discover was the means by which those men had become great. He remarked that military glory secures more extended fame than the arts of peace and the noble efforts which contribute to the happiness of mankind. History informs us that great military talent and victory often give the power, which, in its tern, procures the means of gratifying ambition. Napoleon was always persuaded that that power was essential to him, in order to bend men to his will, and to stifle all discussions on his conduct. It was his established principle never to sign a disadvantageous peace. To him a tarnished crown was no longer a crown. He said one day to M. de Caulaincourt, who was pressing him to consent to sacrifices, “Courage may defend a crown, but infamy never.” In all the last acts of Napoleon’s career I can retrace the impress of his character, as I had often recognised in the great actions of the Emperor the execution of a thought conceived by the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.

On the opening of the Congress the Duke of Vicenza, convinced that he could no longer count on the natural limits of France promised at Frankfort by the Allies, demanded new powers. Those limits were doubtless the result of reasonable concessions, and they had been granted even after the battle of Leipsic; but it was now necessary that Napoleon’s Minister should show himself ready to make further concessions if he wished to be allowed to negotiate. The Congress was opened on the 5th of February, and on the 7th the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied powers declared themselves categorically. They inserted in the protocol that after the successes which had favoured their armies they insisted on France being restored to her old limits, such as they were during the monarchy before the Revolution; and that she should renounce all direct influence beyond her future limits.

This proposition appeared so extraordinary to M. de Caulaincourt that he requested the sitting might be suspended, since the conditions departed too far from his instructions to enable him to give an immediate answer. The Plenipotentiaries of the Allied powers acceded to his request, and the continuation of the sitting was postponed till eight in the evening. When it was resumed the Duke of Vicenza renewed his promise to make the greatest sacrifices for the attainment of peace. He added that the amount of the sacrifices necessarily depended on the amount of the compensations, and that he could not determine on any concession or compensation without being made acquainted with the whole. He wished to have a general plan of the views of the Allies, and he requested that their Plenipotentiaries would explain themselves decidedly respecting the number and description of the sacrifices and compensations to be demanded. It must be acknowledged that the Duke of Vicenza perfectly fulfilled the views of the Emperor in thus protracting and gaining time by subtle subterfuges, for all that he suggested had already been done.

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On the day after this sitting some advantages gained by the Allies, who took Chatillon-sur-Marne and Troves, induced Napoleon to direct Caulaincourt to declare to the Congress that if an armistice were immediately agreed on he was ready to consent to France being restored to her old limits. By securing this armistice Napoleon hoped that happy chances might arise, and that intrigues might be set on foot; but the Allies would not listen to any such proposition.

At the sitting of the 10th of March the Duke of Vicenza inserted in the protocol that the last courier he had received had been arrested and detained a considerable time by several Russian general officers, who had obliged him to deliver up his despatches, which had not been returned to him till thirty-six hours after at Chaumont. Caulaincourt justly complained of this infraction of the law of nations and established usage, which, he said, was the sole cause of the delay in bringing the negotiations to a conclusion. After this complaint he communicated to the Congress the ostensible instructions of Napoleon, in which he authorised his Minister to accede to the demands of the Allies. But in making this communication M. de Caulaincourt took care not to explain the private and secret instructions he had also received. The Allies rejected the armistice because it would have checked their victorious advance; but they consented to sign the definitive peace, which of all things was what the Emperor did not wish.

Napoleon at length determined to make sacrifices, and the Duke of Vicenza submitted new propositions to the Congress. The Allies replied, in the same sitting, that these propositions contained no distinct and explicit declaration on the project presented by them on the 17th of February; that, having on the 28th of the same month, demanded a decisive answer within the term of ton days, they were about to break up the negotiations Caulaincourt then declared verbally:

1st. That the Emperor Napoleon was ready to renounce all pretension or influence whatever in countries beyond the boundaries of France.

2d. To recognise the independence of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, and that as to England, France would make such concessions as might be deemed necessary in consideration of a reasonable equivalent.

Upon this the sitting was immediately broken up without a reply. It must be remarked that this singular declaration was verbal, and consequently not binding, and that the limits of France were mentioned without being specified. It cannot be doubted that Napoleon meant the limits conceded at Frankfort, to which he was well convinced the Allies would not consent, for circumstances were now changed. Besides, what could be meant by the reasonable equivalent from England? Is it astonishing that this obscurity and vagueness should have banished all confidence on the part of the Plenipotentiaries of the Allied powers? Three days after the sitting of the 10th of March they declared they could not even enter into a discussion of the verbal protocol of the French Minister. They requested that M. de Caulaincourt would declare whether he would accept or

reject the project of a treaty presented by the Allied Sovereigns, or offer a counter-project.

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The Duke of Vicenza, who was still prohibited, by secret instructions from coming to any conclusion on the proposed basis, inserted in the protocol of the sitting of the 13th of March a very ambiguous note. The Plenipotentiaries of the Allies; in their reply, insisted upon receiving another declaration from the French Plenipotentiary, which should contain an acceptance or refusal of their project of a treaty presented in the conference of the 7th of February, or a counter-project. After much discussion Caulaincourt agreed to draw up a counter-project, which he presented on the 15th, under the following title: "Project of a definitive Treaty between France and the Allies." In this extraordinary project, presented after so much delay, M. de Caulaincourt, to the great astonishment of the Allies, departed in no respect from the declarations of the 10th of March. He replied again to the ultimatum of the Allies, or what he wished to regard as such, by defending a multitude of petty interests, which were of no importance in so great a contest; but in general the conditions seemed rather those of a conqueror dictating to his enemies than of a man overwhelmed by misfortune: As may readily be imagined, they were, for the most part, received with derision by the Allies.

Everything tends to prove that the French Plenipotentiary had received no positive instructions from the 5th of February, and that, after all the delay which Napoleon constantly created, Caulaincourt never had it in his power to answer, categorically, the propositions of the Allies. Napoleon never intended to make peace at Chatillon on the terms proposed. He always hoped that some fortunate event would enable him to obtain more favourable conditions.

On the 18th of March, that is to say, three days after the presentation of this project of a treaty, the Plenipotentiaries of the Allies recorded in the protocol their reasons for rejecting the extraordinary project of the French Minister. For my part, I was convinced, for the reasons I have mentioned, that the Emperor would never agree to sign the conditions proposed in the ultimatum of the Allies, dated the 13th of March, and I remember having expressed that opinion to M. de Talleyrand. I saw him on the 14th, and found him engaged in perusing some intelligence he had just received from the Duke of Vicenza, announcing, as beyond all doubt, the early signature of peace. Caulaincourt had received orders to come to a conclusion. Napoleon, he said, had given him a carte blanche to save the capital, and avoid a battle, by which the last resources of the nation would be endangered. This seemed pretty positive, to be sure; but even this assurance did not, for a moment, alter my opinion. The better to convince me, M. de Talleyrand gave me Caulaincourt's letter to read. After reading it I confidently said, "He will never sign the conditions." M. de Talleyrand could not help thinking me very obstinate in my opinion, for

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he judged of what the Emperor would do by his situation, while I judged by his character. I told M. de Talleyrand that Caulaincourt might have received written orders to sign; for the sake of showing them to the Plenipotentiaries of the Allies, but that I had no doubt he had been instructed to postpone coming to a conclusion, and to wait for final orders. I added, that I saw no reason to change my opinion, and that I continued to regard the breaking up of the Congress as nearer than appearances seemed to indicate. Accordingly, three days afterwards, the Allies grew tired of the delay and the conferences were broken up. Thus Napoleon sacrificed everything rather than his glory. He fell from a great height, but he never, by his signature, consented to any dismemberment of France.

The Plenipotentiaries of the Allies, convinced that these renewed difficulties and demands had no other object but to gain time, stated that the Allied powers, faithful to their principles, and in conformity with their previous declarations, regarded the negotiations at Chatillon as terminated by the French Government. This rupture of the conferences took place on the 19th of March, six days after the presentation of the ultimatum of the Allied powers. The issue of these long discussions was thus left to be decided by the chances of war, which were not very favourable to the man who boldly contended against armed Europe. The successes of the Allies during the conferences at Chatillon had opened to their view the road to Paris, while Napoleon shrunk from the necessity of signing his own disgrace. In these circumstances was to be found the sole cause of his ruin, and he might have said, “Tout est perdu, fors la gloire.” His glory is immortal.

—[The conviviality and harmony that reigned between the Ministers made the society and Intercourse at Chatillon most agreeable. The diplomatists dined alternately with each other; M. de Caulaincourt liberally passing for all the Ministers, through the French advanced posts, convoys of all the good cheer in epicurean wises, *etc*., that Paris could afford; nor was female society wanting to complete the charm and banish ennui from the Chatillon Congress, which I am sure will be long recollected with sensations of pleasure by all the Plenipotentiaries there engaged (Memoirs of Lord Burghersh).]—

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1814

Curious conversation between General Reynier and the Emperor Alexander—Napoleon repulses the Prussians—The Russians at Fontainebleau—Battle of Brienne—Sketch of the campaign of France— Supper after the battle of Champ Aubert—Intelligence of the arrival of the Duc d’Angouleme and the Comte d’Artois in France—The battle of the

ravens and the eagle—Battle of Craonne—Departure of the Pope and the Spanish Princes—Capture of a convoy—Macdonald at the Emperor’s headquarters—The

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inverted cipher.

I was always persuaded, and everything I have since seen has confirmed my opinion, that the Allies entering France had no design of restoring the House of Bourbon, or of imposing any Government whatever on the French people. They came to destroy and not to found. That which they wished to destroy from the commencement of their success was Napoleon's supremacy, in order to prevent the future invasions with which they believed Europe would still be constantly threatened. If, indeed, I had entertained any doubt on this subject it would have been banished by the account I heard of General Reynier's conversation with the Emperor Alexander. That General, who was made prisoner at Leipsic, was exchanged, and returned to France. In the beginning of February 1814 he passed through Troves, where the Emperor Alexander then was. Reynier expressed a desire to be allowed to pay his respects to the Emperor, and to thank him for having restored him to liberty. He was received with that affability of manner which was sometimes affected by the Russian monarch.

On his arrival at Paris General Reynier called at the Duc de Rovigo's, where I had dined that day, and where he still was when I arrived. He related in my hearing the conversation to which I have alluded, and stated that it had all the appearance of sincerity on the Emperor's part. Having asked Alexander whether he had any instructions for Napoleon, as the latter, on learning that he had seen his Majesty would not fail to ask him many questions, he replied that he had nothing particular to communicate to him. Alexander added that he was Napoleon's friend, but that he had, personally, much reason—to complain of his conduct; that the Allies would have nothing more to do with him; that they had no intention of forcing any Sovereign upon France; but that they would no longer acknowledge Napoleon as Emperor of the French. "For my part," said Alexander, "I can no longer place any confidence in him. He has deceived me too often." In reply to this Reynier made some remarks dictated by his attachment and fidelity to Bonaparte. He observed that Napoleon was acknowledged as Sovereign of France by every treaty. "But," added Reynier, "if you should persist in forcing him to resign the supreme power, whom will you put in his place?"—"Did you not choose him; why then can you not choose some one else to govern you? I repeat that we do not intend to force any one upon you but we will have no more to do with Napoleon."

Several Generals were then named; and after Reynier had explained the great difficulties which would oppose any such choice, Alexander interrupted him saying, "But, General, there is Bernadotte.' Has he not been voluntarily chosen Prince Royal of Sweden; may he not also be raised to the same rank in France? He is your countryman; surely then you may choose him, since the Swedes took him, though a foreigner." General Reynier, who was a man of firm character, started some objections, which I thought at the time well founded; and Alexander put an end to the conversation

by saving, rather in a tone of dissatisfaction, “Well, General, the fate of arms will decide.”

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The campaign of France forced Napoleon to adopt a kind of operations quite new to him. He had been accustomed to attack; but he was now obliged to stand on his defence, so that, instead of having to execute a previously conceived plan, as when, in the Cabinet of the Tuileries, he traced out to me the field of Marengo, he had now to determine his movements according to those of his numerous enemies. When the Emperor arrived at Chalons-sur-Marne the Prussian army was advancing by the road of Lorraine. He drove it back beyond St. Dizier. Meanwhile the Grand Austro-Russian army passed the Seine and the Yonne at Montereau, and even sent forward a corps which advanced as far as Fontainebleau. Napoleon then made a movement to the right in order to drive back the troops which threatened to march on Paris, and by a curious chance he came up with the troops in the very place where he passed the boyish years in which he cherished what then seemed wild and fabulous dreams of his future fate. What thoughts and recollections must have crowded on his mind when he found himself an Emperor and a King, at the head of a yet powerful army, in the chateau of the Comte de Brienne, to whom he had so often paid his homage! It was at Brienne that he had said to me, thirty-four years before, “I will do these Frenchman all the harm I can.” Since then he had certainly changed his mind; but it might be said that fate persisted in forcing the man to realise the design of the boy in spite of himself. No sooner had Napoleon revisited Brienne as a conqueror than he was repulsed and hurried to his fall, which hecame every moment more certain.’

I shall not enter into any details of the campaign of France, because the description of battles forms no part of my plan. Still, I think it indispensable briefly to describe Napoleon’s miraculous activity from the time of his leaving Paris to the entrance of the Allies into the capital. Few successful campaigns have enabled our Generals and the French army to reap so much glory as they gained during this great reverse of fortune. For it is possible to triumph without honour, and to fall with glory. The chances of the war were not doubtful, but certainly the numerous hosts of the Allies could never have anticipated so long and brilliant a resistance. The theatre of the military operations soon approached so near to Paris that the general eagerness for news from the army was speedily satisfied, and when any advantage was gained by the Emperor his partisans saw the enemy already repulsed from the French territory. I was not for a moment deceived by these illusions, as I well knew the determination and the resources of the Allied sovereigns. Besides, events were so rapid and various in this war of extermination that the guns of the Invalides announcing a victory were sometimes immediately followed by the distant rolling of artillery, denoting the enemy’s near approach to the capital.

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The Emperor left Paris on the 25th of January, at which time the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia were assembled at Langres. Napoleon rejoined his Guard at Vitry-le-Francais. On the second day after his departure he drove before him the Prussian army, which he had forced to evacuate St. Dizier. Two days after this the battle of Brienne was fought, and on the 1st of February between 70,000 and 80,000 French and Allied troops stood face to face. On this occasion the commanders on both sides were exposed to personal danger, for Napoleon had a horse killed under him, and a Cossack fell dead by the side of Marshal Blucher.

A few days after this battle Napoleon entered Troves, where he stayed but a short time, and then advanced to Champaubert. At the latter place was fought the battle which hears its name. The Russians were defeated, General Alsufieff was made prisoner, and 2000 men and 30 guns fell into the hands of the French. After this battle the Emperor was under such a delusion as to his situation that while supping with Berthier, Marmont, and his prisoner, General Alsufieff, the Emperor said, “Another such victory as this, gentlemen, and I shall be on the Vistula.”

Finding that no one replied, and reading in the countenances of his Marshals that they did not share his hopes, “I see how it is,” he added, “every one is growing tired of war; there is no more enthusiasm. The sacred fire is extinct.” Then rising from the table, and stepping up to General Drouot, with the marked intention of paying him a compliment which should at the same time convey a censure on the Marshals, “General,” said he, patting him on the shoulder, “we only want a hundred men like you, and we should succeed.” Drouot replied, with great presence of mind and modesty, “Rather say a hundred thousand, Sire.” This anecdote was related to me by the two principal persons who were present on the occasion.

Napoleon soon began to have other subjects of disquietude besides the fate of battles. He was aware that since the beginning of February the Duc d’Angouleme had arrived at St. Jean de Luz, whence he had addressed s proclamation to the French armies in the name of his uncle, Louis XVIII.; and he speedily heard of the Comte d’Artois’ arrival at Yesoul, on the 21st of February, which place he did not leave until the 16th of March following.

Meanwhile hostilities were maintained with increased vigor over a vast line of operations. How much useless glory did not our soldiers gain in these conflicts! In spite of prodigies of valour the enemy’s masses advanced, and gradually concentrated, so that this war might be compared to the battles of the ravens and the eagle in the Alps. The eagle slays hundreds of his assailants—every blow of his beak is the death of an enemy, but still the vultures return to the charge, and press upon the eagle until they destroy him.

As the month of February drew to its close the Allies were in retreat on several points, but their retreat was not a rout. After experiencing reverses they fell back without

disorder, and retired behind the Aube, where they rallied and obtained numerous reinforcements, which daily arrived, and which soon enabled them to resume the offensive.

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Still Napoleon continued astonishing Europe, leagued as it was against him. At Craonne, on the 7th of March, he destroyed Blucher's corps in a severe action, but the victory was attended by great loss to the conqueror. Marshal Victor was seriously wounded, as well as Generals Grouchy and La Ferriere.

While Napoleon was resisting the numerous enemies assembled to destroy him it might be said that he was also his own enemy, either from false calculation or from negligence with respect to his illustrious prisoners, who, on his departure from Paris, had not yet been sent to their States. The Pope was then at Fontainebleau, and the Princes of Spain at Valencay. The Pope, however, was the first to be allowed to depart. Surely Bonaparte could never have thought of the service which the Pope might have rendered him at Rome, into which Murat's troops would never have dared to march had his Holiness been present there. With regard to the Spanish Princes Napoleon must have been greatly blinded by confidence in his fortune to have so long believed it possible to retain in France those useless trophies of defeated pretensions. It was, besides, so easy to get rid of the exiles of Valencay by sending them back to the place from whence they had been brought! It was so natural to recall with all speed the troops from the south when our armies in Germany began to be repulsed on the Rhine and even driven into France! With the aid of these veteran troops Napoleon and his genius might have again turned the scale of fortune. But Napoleon reckoned on the nation, and he was wrong, for the nation was tired of him. His cause had ceased to be the cause of France.

The latter days of March were filled up by a series of calamities to Napoleon. On the 23d the rear-guard of the French army suffered considerable loss. To hear of attacks on his rear-guard must indeed have been mortifying to Napoleon, whose advanced guards had been so long accustomed to open the path of victory! Prince Schwartzenberg soon passed the Aube and marched upon Vitry and Chalons. Napoleon, counting on the possibility of defending Paris, threw himself, with the velocity of the eagle, on Schwartzenberg's rear by passing by Doulevant and Bar-sur-Aube. He pushed forward his advanced guards to Chaumont, and there saw the Austrian army make a movement which he took to be a retreat; but it was no such thing. The movement was directed on Paris, while Blucher, who had re-occupied Chalons-sur-Maine, marched to meet Prince Schwartzenberg, and Napoleon, thinking to cut off their retreat, was himself cut off from the possibility of returning to Paris. Everything then depended on the defence of Paris, or, to speak more correctly, it seemed possible, by sacrificing the capital, to prolong for a few days the existence of the phantom of the Empire which was rapidly vanishing. On the 26th was fought the battle of Fere Champenoise, where, valour yielding to numbers, Marshals Marmont and Mortier were obliged to retire upon Sezanne after sustaining considerable loss.

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It was on the 26th of March, and I beg the reader to bear this date in mind, that Napoleon suffered a loss which, in the circumstances in which he stood, was irreparable. At the battle of Fere Champenoise the Allies captured a convoy consisting of nearly all the remaining ammunition and stores of the army, a vast quantity of arms, caissons, and equipage of all kinds. The whole became the prey of the Allies, who published a bulletin announcing this important capture. A copy of this order of the day fell into the hands of Marshal Macdonald, who thought that such news ought immediately to be communicated to the Emperor. He therefore repaired himself to the headquarters of Napoleon, who was then preparing to recover Vitre-le-Francais, which was occupied by the Prussians. The Marshal, with the view of dissuading the Emperor from what he considered a vain attempt, presented him with the bulletin.

This was on the morning of the 27th: Napoleon would not believe the news. “No!” said he to the Marshal, “you are deceived, this cannot be true.” Then perusing the bulletin with more attention. “Here,” said he, “look yourself. This is the 27th, and the bulletin is dated the 29th. You see the thing is impossible. The bulletin is forged!” The Marshal, who had paid more attention to the news than to its date, was astounded. But having afterwards shown the bulletin to Drouot, that General said, “Alas! Marshal, the news is but too true. The error of the date is merely a misprint, the 9 is a 6 inverted!” On what trifles sometimes depend the most important events. An inverted cipher sufficed to flatter Bonaparte’s illusion, or at least the illusions which he wished to maintain among his most distinguished lieutenants, and to delay the moment when they should discover that the loss they deplored was too certain. On that very day the Empress left Paris.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1814.

The men of the Revolution and the men of the Empire—The Council of Regency—-Departure of the Empress from Paris—Marmont and Mortier— Joseph’s flight—Meeting at Marmont’s hotel—Capitulation of Paris— Marmont’s interview with the Emperor at Fontainebleau—Colonels Fabvier and Denys—The Royalist cavalcade—Meeting at the hotel of the Comte de Morfontaine—M. de Chateaubriand and his pamphlet—Deputation to the Emperor Alexander—Entrance of the Allied sovereigns into Paris—-Alexander lodged in M. Talleyrand’s hotel— Meetings held there—The Emperor Alexander’s declaration— My appointment as Postmaster-General—Composition of the Provisional Government—Mistake respecting the conduct of the Emperor of Austria—-Caulaincourt’s mission from Napoleon—His interview with the Emperor Alexander—-Alexander’s address to the deputation of the Senate—M. de Caulaincourt ordered to quit the capital.

The grandees of the Empire and the first subjects of Napoleon were divided into two classes totally

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distinct from each other. Among these patronised men were many who had been the first patrons of Bonaparte and had favoured his accession to Consular power. This class was composed of his old friends and former companions-in-arms. The others, who may be called the children of the Empire, did not carry back their thoughts to a period which they had not seen. They had never known anything but Napoleon and the Empire, beyond which the sphere of their ideas did not extend, while among Napoleon's old brothers-in-arms it was still remembered that there was once a country, a France, before they had helped to give it a master. To this class of men France was not confined to the narrow circle of the Imperial headquarters, but extended to the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the two oceans.

On the other hand, numbers of ardent and adventurous young men, full of enthusiasm for Bonaparte, had passed from the school to the camp. They were entirely opposed to Napoleon's downfall, because with his power would vanish those dreams of glory and fortune which had captivated their imaginations. These young men, who belonged to the class which I have denominated children of the Empire, were prepared to risk and commit everything to prolong the political life of their Emperor.

The distinction I have drawn between what may be called the men of France and the men of the Empire was not confined to the army, but was equally marked among the high civil functionaries of the State. The old Republicans could not possibly regard Napoleon with the same eyes as those whose elevation dated only from Napoleon; and the members of assemblies anterior to the 18th Brumaire could not entertain the same ideas as those whose notions of national franchises and public rights were derived from their seats as auditors in the Council of State. I know not whether this distinction between the men of two different periods has been before pointed out, but it serves to explain the conduct of many persons of elevated rank during the events of 1814. With regard to myself, convinced as I was of the certainty of Napoleon's fall, I conceived that the first duty of every citizen was claimed by his country; and although I may incur censure, I candidly avow that Napoleon's treatment of me during the last four years of his power was not without some influence on my prompt submission to the Government which succeeded his. I, however, declare that this consideration was not the sole nor the most powerful motive of my conduct. Only those who were in Paris at the period of the capitulation can form an idea of the violence of party feeling which prevailed there both for and against Napoleon, but without the name of the Bourbons ever being pronounced. They were almost unknown to the new generation, forgotten by many of the old, and feared by the conventionalists; at that time they possessed only the frail support of the coteries of the Faubourg St. Germain, and some remains of the emigration. But as it is certain that the emigrants could offer only vain demonstrations and wishes in support of the old family of our Kings, they did little to assist the restoration of the Bourbons. Another thing equally certain is, that they alone, by their

follies and absurd pretensions, brought about the return of Bonaparte and the second exile of Louis XVIII. in the following year.

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On the 28th of March was convoked an extraordinary Council of Regency, at which Maria Louisa presided. The question discussed was, whether the Empress should remain in Paris or proceed to Blois. Joseph Bonaparte strongly urged her departure, because a letter from the Emperor had directed that in case of Paris being threatened the Empress-Regent and all the Council of Regency should retire to Blois. The Arch-Chancellor and the majority of the Council were of the same opinion, but one of the most influential members of the Council observed to Joseph that the letter referred to had been written under circumstances very different from those then existing, and that it was important the Empress should remain in Paris, where she would, of course, obtain from the Emperor her father and the Allied sovereigns, more advantageous conditions than if she were fifty leagues from Paris. The adoption of this opinion would only have retarded for a few days a change which had become inevitable; nevertheless it might have given rise to great difficulties. It must be admitted that for the interests of Napoleon it was the wisest counsel that could be suggested. However, it was overruled by Joseph's advice.

M. de Talleyrand, as a member of the Council of Regency, also received the order to quit Paris on the 30th of March. At this period I was at his house every day. When I went to him that day I was told he had started. However I went up, and remained some time in his hotel with several of his friends who had met there. We soon saw him return, and for my part I heard with satisfaction that they had not allowed him to pass the barriers. It was said then, and it has been repeated since, that M. de Talleyrand was not a stranger to the gentle violence used towards him. The same day of this visit to M. de Talleyrand I also went to see the Duc de Rovigo (Savary), with the friendly object of getting him to remain, and to profit by his position to prevent disturbances. He refused without hesitating, as he only thought of the Emperor. I found him by his fireside, where there was a large file, in which he was burning all the papers which might have compromised every one who had served his ministry (Police). I congratulated him sincerely on this loyal occupation: fire alone could purify the mass of filth and denunciations which encumbered the police archives.

On the departure of the Empress many persons expected a popular movement in favour of a change of Government, but the capital remained tranquil. Many of the inhabitants, indeed, thought of defence, not for the sake of preserving Napoleon's government, but merely from that ardour of feeling which helongs to our national character. Strong indignation was excited by the thought of seeing foreigners masters of Paris—a circumstance of which there had been no example since the reign of Charles *vii*. Meanwhile the critical moment approached. On the 29th of March Marshals Marmont and Mortier fell back to defend the approaches to Paris. During the night the barriers were consigned to the care of the National Guard, and not a foreigner, not even one of their agents, was allowed to enter the capital.

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At daybreak on the 30th of March the whole population of Paris was awakened by the report of cannon, and the plain of St. Denis was soon covered with Allied troops, who were debouching upon it from all points. The heroic valour of our troops was unavailing against such a numerical superiority. But the Allies paid dearly for their entrance into the French capital. The National Guard, under the command of Marshal Moncey, and the pupils of the Polytechnic School transformed into artillery men, behaved in a manner worthy of veteran troops. The conduct of Marmont on that day alone would suffice to immortalise him. The corps he commanded was reduced to between 7000 and 8000 infantry and 800 cavalry, with whom, for the space of twelve hours he maintained his ground against an army of 55,000 men, of whom it is said 14,000 were killed, wounded, and taken. Marshal Marmont put himself so forward in the heat of the battle that a dozen of men were killed by the bayonet at his side, and his hat was perforated by a ball. But what was to be done against overwhelming numbers!

In this state of things the Duke of Ragusa made known his situation to Joseph Bonaparte, who authorised him to negotiate.

Joseph's answer is so important in reference to the events which succeeded that I will transcribe it here.

If the Dukes of Ragusa and Treviso can no longer hold out, they are authorised to negotiate with Prince Schwartzenberg and the Emperor of Russia, who are before them.

They will fall back on the Loire.
(Signed) *Joseph*

Montmartre, 30th March 1814, 12 oclock

It was not until a considerable time after the receipt of this formal authority that Marmont and Mortier ceased to make a vigorous resistance against the Allied army, for the suspension of arms was not agreed upon until four in the afternoon. It was not waited for by Joseph; at a quarter past twelve—that is to say, immediately after he had addressed to Marmont the authority just alluded to Joseph repaired to the Bois de Boulogne to regain the Versailles road, and from thence to proceed to Rambouillet. The precipitate flight of Joseph astonished only those who did not know him. I know for a fact that several officers attached to his staff were much dissatisfied at his alacrity on this occasion.

In these circumstances what was to be done but to save Paris, which there was no possibility of defending two hours longer. Methinks I still see Marmont when, on the evening of the 30th of March, he returned from the field of battle to his hotel in the Rue de Paradis, where I was waiting for him, together with about twenty other persons, among whom were *mm*. Perregaua and Lafitte. When he entered he was scarcely

recognisable: he had a beard of eight days' growth; the greatcoat which covered his uniform was in tatters, and he was blackened with powder from head to foot. We considered what was best to be done, and all insisted on the necessity of signing

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a capitulation. The Marshal must recollect that the exclamation of every one about him was, “France must be saved.” *Mm*. Perregaus and Lafitte delivered their opinions in a very decided way, and it will readily be conceived how great was the influence of two men who were at the head of the financial world. They alleged that the general wish of the Parisians, which nobody had a better opportunity of knowing than themselves, was decidedly averse to a protracted conflict, and that France was tired of the yoke of Bonaparte. This last declaration gave a wider range to the business under consideration. The question was no longer confined to the capitulation of Paris, but a change in the government was thought of, and the name of the Bourbons was pronounced for the first time. I do not recollect which of us it was who, on hearing mention made of the possible recall of the old dynasty, remarked how difficult it would be to bring about a restoration without retrograding to the past. But I think I am perfectly correct in stating that M. Lafitte said, “Gentlemen, we shall have nothing to fear if we have a good constitution which will guarantee the rights of all.” The majority of the meeting concurred in this wise opinion, which was not without its influence on Marshal Marmont.

During this painful meeting an unexpected incident occurred. One of the Emperor’s aides de camp arrived at Marmont’s. Napoleon, being informed of the advance of the Allies on Paris, had marched with the utmost speed from the banks of the Marne on the road of Fontainebleau. In the evening he was in person at Froidmanteau, whence he despatched his envoy to Marshal Marmont. From the language of the aide de camp it was easy to perceive that the state of opinion at the Imperial headquarters was very different from that which prevailed among the population of Paris. The officer expressed indignation at the very idea of capitulating, and he announced with inconceivable confidence the approaching arrival of Napoleon in Paris, which he yet hoped to save from the occupation of the enemy. The officer informed us that Napoleon trusted to the people rising in spite of the capitulation, and that they would unpave the streets to stone the Allies on their entrance. I ventured to dissent from this absurd idea of defence, and I observed that it was madness to suppose that Paris could resist the numerous troops who were ready to enter on the following day; that the suspension of arms had been consented to by the Allies only to afford time for drawing up a more regular capitulation, and that the armistice could not be broken without trampling on all the laws of honour. I added that the thoughts of the people were directed towards a better future; that the French were tired of a despotic Government and of the distress to which continual war had reduced trade and industry; “for,” said I, “when a nation is sunk to such a state of misery its hopes can only be directed towards the

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future; it is natural they should be so directed, even without reflection." Most of the individuals present concurred in my opinion, and the decision of the meeting was unanimous. Marshal Marmont has since said to me, "I have been blamed, my dear Bourrienne: but you were with me on the 30th of March. You were a witness to the wishes expressed by a portion of the principal inhabitants of Paris. I acted as I was urged to do only because I considered the meeting to be composed of men entirely disinterested, and who had nothing to expect from the return of the Bourbons."

Such is a correct statement of the facts which some persons have perverted with the view of enhancing Napoleon's glory. With respect to those versions which differ from mine I have only one comment to offer, which is, that I saw and heard what I describe.

The day after the capitulation of Paris—Marmont went in the evening to see the Emperor at Fontainebleau. He supped with him. Napoleon praised his defence of Paris.. After supper the Marshal rejoined his corps at Essonne, and six hours after the Emperor arrived there to visit the lines. On leaving Paris Marmont had left Colonels Fabvier and Dent's to direct the execution of the capitulation. These officers joined the Emperor and the Marshal as they were proceeding up the banks of the river at Essonne. They did not disguise the effect which the entrance of the Allies had produced in Paris. At this intelligence the Emperor was deeply mortified, and he returned immediately to Fontainebleau, leaving the Marshal at Essonne.

At daybreak on the 31st of March Paris presented a novel and curious spectacle. No sooner had the French troops evacuated the capital than the principal streets resounded with cries of "Down with Bonaparte!"— "No conscription!"—"No consolidated duties (droits reunis)!" With these cries were mingled that of "The Bourbons for ever!" but this latter cry was not repeated so frequently as the others: in general I remarked that the people gaped and listened with a sort of indifference. As I had taken a very active part in all that had happened during some preceding days I was particularly curious to study what might be called the physiognomy of Paris. This was the second opportunity which had offered itself for such a study, and I now saw the people applaud the fall of the man whom they had received with enthusiasm after the 18th Brumaire. The reason was, that liberty was then hoped for, as it was hoped for in 1814. I went out early in the morning to see the numerous groups of people who had assembled in the streets. I saw women tearing their handkerchiefs and distributing the fragments as the emblems of the revived lily. That same morning I met on the Boulevards, and some hours afterwards on the Place Louis XV., a party of gentlemen who paraded the streets of the capital proclaiming the restoration of the Bourbons and shouting, "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive Louis XVIII!"

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At their head I recognised *mm*. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, Comte de Froissard, the Duc de Luxembourg, the Duc de Crussol, Seymour, *etc*. The cavalcade distributed white cockades in passing along, and was speedily joined by a numerous crowd, who repaired to the Place Vendome. The scene that was acted there is well known, and the enthusiasm of popular joy could scarcely excuse the fury that was directed against the effigy of the man whose misfortunes, whether merited or not, should have protected him from such outrages. These excesses served, perhaps more than is generally supposed, to favour the plans of the leaders of the Royalist party, to whom M. Nesselrode had declared that before he would pledge himself to further their views he must have proofs that they were seconded by the population of Paris.

I was afterwards informed by an eye-witness of what took place on the evening of the 31st of March in one of the principal meetings of the Royalists, which was held in the hotel of the Comte de Morfontaine, who acted as president on the occasion. Amidst a chaos of abortive propositions and contradictory motions M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld proposed that a deputation should be immediately sent to the Emperor Alexander to express to him the wish of the meeting. This motion was immediately approved, and the mover was chosen to head the deputation. On leaving the hotel the deputation met M. de Chateaubriand, who had that very day been, as it were, the precursor of the restoration, by publishing his admirable manifesto, entitled “Bonaparte and the Bourbons.” He was invited to join the deputation; but nothing could overcome his diffidence and induce him to speak. On arriving at the hotel in the Rue St. Florentin the deputation was introduced to Count Nesselrode, to whom M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld briefly explained its object; he spoke of the wishes of the meeting and of the manifest desire of Paris and of France. He represented the restoration of the Bourbons as the only means of securing the peace of Europe; and observed, in conclusion, that as the exertions of the day must have been very fatiguing to the Emperor, the deputation would not solicit the favour of being introduced to him, but would confidently rely on the good faith of his Imperial Majesty. “I have just left the Emperor,” replied M. Nesselrode, “and can pledge myself for his intentions. Return to the meeting and announce to the French people that in compliance with their wishes his Imperial Majesty will use all his influence to restore the crown to the legitimate monarch: his Majesty Louis XVIII. shall reascend the throne of France.” With this gratifying intelligence the deputation returned to the meeting in the Rue d’Anjou.

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There is no question that great enthusiasm was displayed on the entrance of the Allies into Paris. It may be praised or blamed, but the fact cannot be denied. I closely watched all that was passing, and I observed the expression of a sentiment which I had long anticipated when, after his alliance with the daughter of the Caesars, the ambition of Bonaparte increased in proportion as it was gratified: I clearly foresaw Napoleon's fall. Whoever watched the course of events during the last four years of the Empire must have observed, as I did, that from the date of Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa the form of the French Government became daily more and more tyrannical and oppressive. The intolerable height which this evil had attained is evident from the circumstance that at the end of 1813 the Legislative Body, throwing aside the mute character which it had hitherto maintained, presumed to give a lecture to him who had never before received a lecture from any one. On the 31st of March it was recollected what had been the conduct of Bonaparte on the occasion alluded to, and those of the deputies who remained in Paris related how the gendarmes had opposed their entrance into the hall of the Assembly. All this contributed wonderfully to irritate the public mind against Napoleon. He had become master of France by the sword, and the sword being sheathed, his power was at an end, for no popular institution identified with the nation the new dynasty which he hoped to found. The nation admired but did not love Napoleon, for it is impossible to love what is feared, and he had done nothing to claim the affections of France.

I was present at all the meetings and conferences which were held at M de Talleyrand's hotel, where the Emperor Alexander had taken up his residence. Of all the persons present at these meetings M. de Talleyrand was most disposed to retain Napoleon at the head of the Government, with restrictions on the exercise of his power. In the existing state of things it was only possible to choose one of three courses: first, to make peace with Napoleon, with the adoption of proper securities against him; second, to establish a Regency; and third, to recall the Bourbons.

On the 13th of March I witnessed the entrance of the Allied sovereigns into Paris, and after the procession had passed the new street of the Luxembourg I repaired straight to M. de Talleyrand's hotel, which I reached before the Emperor Alexander, who arrived at a quarter-past one. When his Imperial Majesty entered M. de Talleyrand's drawing-room most of the persons assembled, and particularly the Abbe de Pradt, the Abbe de Montesquieu, and General Dessolles, urgently demanded the restoration of the Bourbons. The Emperor did not come to any immediate decision. Drawing me into the embrasure of a window, which looked upon the street, he made some observations which enabled me to guess what would be his determination. "M. de Bourrienne," said he, "you have been the friend of Napoleon, and so have I. I was his sincere friend; but there is no possibility of remaining at peace with a man of such bad faith." These last words opened my eyes; and when the different propositions which were made came under discussion I saw plainly that Bonaparte, in making himself Emperor, had made up the bed for the Bourbons.

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A discussion ensued on the three possible measures which I have above mentioned, and which were proposed by the Emperor Alexander himself. I thought, if I may so express myself, that his Majesty was playing a part, when, pretending to doubt the possibility of recalling the Bourbons, which he wished above all things, he asked M. de Talleyrand what means he proposed to employ for the attainment of that object? Besides the French, there were present at this meeting the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwartzenberg, M. Nesselrode, M. Pozzo-di-Borgo, and Prince Liechtenstein. During the discussion Alexander walked about with some appearance of agitation. "Gentlemen," said, he, addressing us in an elevated tone of voice, "you know that it was not I who commenced the war; you know that Napoleon came to attack me in my dominions. But we are not drawn here by the thirst of conquest or the desire of revenge. You have seen the precautions I have taken to preserve your capital, the wonder of the arts, from the horrors of pillage, to which the chances of war would have consigned it. Neither my Allies nor myself are engaged in a war of reprisals; and I should be inconsolable if any violence were committed on your magnificent city. We are not waging war against France, but against Napoleon, and the enemies of French liberty. William, and you, Prince" (here the Emperor turned towards the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzenberg, who represented the Emperor of Austria), "you can both bear testimony that the sentiments I express are yours." Both bowed assent to this observation of Alexander, which his Majesty several times repeated in different words. He insisted that France should be perfectly free; and declared that as soon as the wishes of the country were understood, he and his Allies would support them, without seeking to favour any particular government.

The Abbe de Pradt then declared, in a tone of conviction, that we were all Royalists, and that the sentiments of France concurred with ours. The Emperor Alexander, adverting to the different governments which might be suitable to France, spoke of the maintenance of Bonaparte on the throne, the establishment of a Regency, the choice of Bernadotte, and the recall of the Bourbons. M. de Talleyrand next spoke, and I well remember his saying to the Emperor of Russia, "Sire, only one of two things is possible. We must either have Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. Bonaparte, if you can support him; but you cannot, for you are not alone.... We will not have another soldier in his stead. If we want a soldier, we will keep the one we have; he is the first in the world. After him any other who may be proposed would not have ten men to support him. I say again, Sire, either Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. Anything else is an intrigue." These remarkable words of the Prince de Benevento produced on the mind of Alexander all the effect we could hope for. Thus the question was simplified, being reduced now to only two alternatives; and as it was evident that Alexander would have nothing to do with either Napoleon or his family, it was reduced to the single proposition of the restoration of the Bourbons.

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On being pressed by us all, with the exception of M. de Talleyrand, who still wished to leave the question undecided between Bonaparte and Louis XVIII., Alexander at length declared that he would no longer treat with Napoleon. When it was represented to him that that declaration referred only to Napoleon personally, and did not extend to his family, he added, “Nor with any member of his family.” Thus as early as the 31st of March the restoration of the Bourbons might be considered as decided.

I cannot omit mentioning the hurry with which Laborie, whom M. de Talleyrand appointed Secretary to the Provisional Government, rushed out of the apartment as soon as he got possession of the Emperor Alexander’s declaration. He got it printed with such expedition that in the space of an hour it was posted on all the walls in Paris; and it certainly produced an extraordinary effect. As yet nothing warranted a doubt that Alexander would not abide by his word. The treaty of Paris could not be anticipated; and there was reason to believe that France, with a new Government, would obtain more advantageous conditions than if the Allies had, treated with Napoleon. But this illusion speedily vanished.

On the evening of the 31st of March I returned to M. de Talleyrand’s. I again saw the Emperor Alexander, who, stepping up to me, said, “M. de Bourrienne you must take the superintendence of the Post-office department.” I could not decline this precise invitation on the part of the Czar; and besides, Lavalette having departed on the preceding day, the business would have been for a time suspended; a circumstance which would have been extremely prejudicial to the restoration which we wished to favour.

I went at once to the hotel in the Rue J. J. Rousseau, where, indeed, I found that not only was there no order to send out the post next day, but that it had been even countermanded. I went that night to the administrators, who yielded to my requests and, seconded by them, next morning I got all the clerks to be at their post. I reorganised the service, and the post went out on the 1st of April as usual. Such are my remembrances of the 31st of March.

A Provisional Government was established, of which M. de Talleyrand was appointed President. The other members were General Beurnonville, Comte Francois de Jaucourt, the Due Dalberg, who had married one of Maria Louisa’s ladies of honour, and the Abby de Montesquieu. The place of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour was given to the Abbe de Pradt. Thus there were two abbes among the members of the Provisional Government, and by a singular chance they happened to be the same who had officiated at the mass which was performed in the Champ de Mars on the day of the first federation.

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Those who were dissatisfied with the events of the 31st of March now saw no hope but in the possibility that the Emperor of Austria would separate from his Allies, or at least not make common cause with them in favour of the re-establishment of the Bourbons. But that monarch had been brought up in the old policy of his family, and was imbued with the traditional principles of his Cabinet. I know for a fact that the sentiments and intentions of the Emperor of Austria perfectly coincided with those of his Allies. Anxious to ascertain the truth on this subject, I ventured, when in conversation with the Emperor Alexander, to hint at the reports I had heard relative to the cause of the Emperor of Austria's absence. I do not recollect the precise words of his Majesty's answer, but it enabled me to infer with certainty that Francis *ii*. was in no way averse to the overthrow of his son-in-law, and that his absence from the scene of the discussions was only occasioned by a feeling of delicacy natural enough in his situation.

Caulaincourt, who was sent by Napoleon to the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander, arrived there on the night of the 30th of March. He, however, did not obtain an interview with the Czar until after his Majesty had received the Municipal Council of Paris, at the head of which was M. de Chabrol. At first Alexander appeared somewhat surprised to see the Municipal Council, which he did not receive exactly in the way that was expected; but this coldness was merely momentary, and he afterwards addressed the Council in a very gracious way, though he dropped no hint of his ulterior intentions.

Alexander, who entertained a personal regard for Caulaincourt, received him kindly in his own character, but not as the envoy of Napoleon. "You have come too late," said the Czar. "It is all over. I can say nothing to you at present. Go to Paris, and I will see you there." These words perfectly enlightened Caulaincourt as to the result of his mission. His next interview with the Emperor Alexander at M. de Talleyrand's did not take place until after the declaration noticed in my last chapter. The conversation they had together remained a secret, for neither Alexander nor the Duke of Vicenza mentioned it; but there was reason to infer, from some words which fell from the Emperor Alexander, that he had received Caulaincourt rather as a private individual than as the ambassador of Napoleon, whose power, indeed, he could not recognise after his declaration. The Provisional Government was not entirely pleased with Caulaincourt's presence in Paris, and a representation was made to the Russian Emperor on the subject. Alexander concurred in the opinion of the Provisional Government, which was expressed through the medium of the Abbe de Pradt. M. de Caulaincourt, therefore, at the wish of the Czar, returned to the Emperor, then at Fontainebleau.

CHAPTER, XXXV.

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1814.

Situation of Bonaparte during the events of the 30th and 31st of March—His arrival at Fontainebleau—Plan of attacking Paris— Arrival of troops at Fontainebleau—The Emperor's address to the Guard—Forfeiture pronounced by the Senate—Letters to Marmont— Correspondence between Marmont and Schwartzenberg—Macdonald informed of the occupation of Paris—Conversation between the Emperor and Macdonald at Fontainebleau—Beurnonville's letter— Abdication on condition of a Regency—Napoleon's wish to retract his act of abdication—Macdonald Ney, and Caulaincourt sent to Paris— Marmont released from his promise by Prince Schwartzenberg.

On the morning of the 30th of March, while the battle before the walls of Paris was at its height, Bonaparte was still at Troyes. He quitted that town at ten o'clock, accompanied only by Bertrand, Caulaincourt, two aides de camp, and two orderly officers. He was not more than two hours in traveling the first ten leagues, and he and his slender escort performed the journey without changing horses, and without even alighting. They arrived at Sens at one o'clock in the afternoon. Everything was in such confusion that it was impossible to prepare a suitable mode of conveyance for the Emperor. He was therefore obliged to content himself with a wretched cariole, and in this equipage, about four in the morning, he reached Froidmanteau, about four leagues from Paris. It was there that the Emperor received from General Belliard, who arrived at the head of a column of artillery, the first intelligence of the battle of Paris. He heard the news with an air of composure, which was probably affected to avoid discouraging those about him. He walked for about a quarter of an hour on the high road, and it was after that promenade that he sent Caulaincourt to Paris. Napoleon afterwards went to the house of the postmaster, where he ordered his maps to be brought to him, and, according to custom, marked the different positions of the enemy's troops with pine, the heads of which were touched with wax of different colours. After this description of work, which Napoleon did every day, or sometimes several times a day, he repaired to Fontainebleau, where he arrived at six in the morning. He did not order the great apartments of the castle to be opened, but went up to his favourite little apartment, where he shut himself up, and remained alone during the whole of the 31st of March.

In the evening the Emperor sent for the Duke of Ragusa, who had just arrived at Essonne with his troops. The Duke reached Fontainebleau between three and four o'clock on the morning of the 1st of April. Napoleon then received a detailed account of the events of the 30th from Marmont, on whose gallant conduct before Paris he bestowed much praise.

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All was gloom and melancholy at Fontainebleau, yet the Emperor still retained his authority, and I have been informed that he deliberated for some time as to whether he should retire behind the Loire, or immediately hazard a bold stroke upon Paris, which would have been much more to his taste than to resign himself to the chances which an uncertain temporising might bring about. This latter thought pleased him; and he was seriously considering his plan of attack when the news of the 31st, and the unsuccessful issue of Caulaincourt's mission, gave him to understand that his situation was more desperate than he had hitherto imagined.

Meanwhile the heads of his columns, which the Emperor had left at Troves, arrived on the 1st of April at Fontainebleau, the troops having marched fifty leagues in less than three days, one of the most rapid marches ever performed. On the 2d of April Napoleon communicated the events of Paris to the Generals who were about him, recommending them to conceal the news lest it should dispirit the troops, upon whom he yet relied. That day, during an inspection of the troops, which took place in the court of the Palace, Bonaparte assembled the officers of his Guard, and harangued them as follows:

Soldiers! the enemy has stolen three marches upon us, and has made himself master of Paris. We must drive him thence. Frenchmen, unworthy of the name, emigrants whom we have pardoned, have mounted the white cockade, and joined the enemy. The wretches shall receive the reward due to this new crime. Let us swear to conquer or die, and to enforce respect to the tri-coloured cockade, which has for twenty years accompanied us on the path of glory and honour.

He also endeavoured to induce the Generals to second his mad designs upon Paris, by making them believe that he had made sincere efforts to conclude peace. He assured them that he had expressed to the Emperor Alexander his willingness to purchase it by sacrifices; that he had consented to resign even the conquests made during the Revolution, and to confine himself within the old limits of France. "Alexander," added Napoleon, "refused; and, not content with that refusal, he has leagued himself with a party of emigrants, whom, perhaps, I was wrong in pardoning for having borne arms against France. Through their perfidious insinuations Alexander has permitted the white cockade to be mounted on the capital. We will maintain ours, and in a few days we will march upon Paris. I rely on you."

When the boundless attachment of the Guards to the Emperor is considered it cannot appear surprising that these last words, uttered in an impressive tone, should have produced a feeling of enthusiasm, almost electrical, in all to whom they were addressed. The old companions of the glory of their chief exclaimed with one voice, "Paris! Paris!" But, fortunately, during the night, the Generals having deliberated with each other saw the frightful abyss into which they were about to precipitate France. They therefore resolved to intimate in discreet terms to the Emperor that they would not expose Paris to destruction, so that on the 3d of April, prudent ideas succeeded the inconsiderate enthusiasm of the preceding day.

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The wreck of the army assembled at Fontainebleau, which was the remnant of 1,000,000 of troops levied during fifteen months, consisted only of the corps of the Duke of Reggio (Oudinot), Ney, Macdonald, and General Gerard, which 'altogether did not amount to 25,000 men, and which, joined to the remaining 7000 of the Guard, did not leave the Emperor a disposable force of more than 32,000 men. Nothing but madness or despair could have suggested the thought of subduing, with such scanty resources, the foreign masses which occupied and surrounded Paris.

On the 2d of April the Senate published a 'Senatus-consulte', declaring that Napoleon had forfeited the throne, and abolishing the right of succession, which had been established in favour of his family. Furnished with this set, and without awaiting the concurrence of the Legislative Body, which was given next day, the Provisional Government published an address to the French armies. In this address the troops were informed that they were no longer the soldiers of Napoleon, and that the Senate released them from their oaths. These documents were widely circulated at the time, and inserted in all the public journals.

The address of the Senate was sent round to the Marshals, and was of course first delivered to those who were nearest the capital; of this latter number was Marmont, whose allegiance to the Emperor, as we have already seen, yielded only to the sacred interests of his country. Montessuis was directed by the Provisional Government to convey the address to Marmont, and to use such arguments as were calculated to strengthen those sentiments which had triumphed over his dearest personal affections. I gave Montessuis a letter to Marmont, in which I said:

"*My dear friend*—An old acquaintance of mine will convey to you the remembrances of our friendship. He will, I trust, influence your resolution: a single word will suffice to induce you to sacrifice all for the happiness of your country. To secure that object you, who are so good a Frenchman and so loyal a knight, will not fear either dangers or obstacles. Your friends expect you, long for you, and I trust will soon embrace you."

Montessuis also took one from General Dessolles, whom the Provisional Government had appointed Governor of the National Guard in the room of Marshal Moncey, who had left Paris on the occupation of the Allies. General Dessolles and I did not communicate to each other our correspondence, but when I afterwards saw the letter of Deasolles I could not help remarking the coincidence of our appeal to Marmont's patriotism. Prince Schwartzenberg also wrote to Marmont to induce him to espouse a clause which had now become the cause of France. To the Prince's letter Marmont replied, that he was disposed to concur in the union of the army and the people, which would avert all chance of civil war, and stop the effusion of French blood; and that he was ready with his troops to quit the army of the Emperor Napoleon on the condition that his troops might retire with the honours of war, and that the safety and liberty of the Emperor were guaranteed by the Allies.

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After Prince Schwartzenberg acceded to these conditions Marmont was placed in circumstances which obliged him to request that he might be released from his promise.

I happened to learn the manner in which Marshal Macdonald was informed of the taking of Paris. He had been two days without any intelligence from the Emperor, when he received an order in the handwriting of Berthier, couched in the following terms: "The Emperor desires that you halt wherever you may receive this order." After Berthier's signature the following words were added as a postscript: "You, of course, know that the enemy is in possession of Paris." When the Emperor thus announced, with apparent negligence, an event which totally changed the face of affairs, I am convinced his object was to make the Marshal believe that he looked upon, that event as less important than it really was. However, this object was not attained, for I recollect having heard Macdonald say that herthier's singular postscript, and the tone of indifference in which it was expressed, filled him with mingled surprise and alarm. Marshal Macdonald then commanded the rear-guard of the army which occupied the environs of Montereau. Six hours after the receipt of the order here referred to Macdonald received a second order directing him to put his troops in motion, and he learned the Emperor's intention of marching on Paris with all his remaining force.

On receiving the Emperor's second order Macdonald left his corps at Montereau and repaired in haste to Fontainebleau. When he arrived there the Emperor had already intimated to the Generals commanding divisions in the corps assembled at Fontainebleau his design of marching on Paris. Alarmed at this determination the Generals, most of whom had left in the capital their wives, children, and friends, requested that Macdonald would go with them to wait upon Napoleon and endeavour to dissuade him from his intention. "Gentlemen," said the Marshal, "in the Emperor's present situation such a proceeding may displease him. It must be managed cautiously. Leave it to me, gentlemen, I will go to the chateau."

Marshal Macdonald accordingly went to the Palace of Fontainebleau, where the following conversation ensued between him and the Emperor, and I beg the reader to bear in mind that it was related to me by the Marshal himself. As soon as he entered the apartment in which Napoleon was the latter stepped up to him and said, "Well, how are things going on?"— "Very badly, Sire."—"How? . . . badly! . . . What then are the feelings of your army?"—"My army, Sire, is entirely discouraged . . . appalled by the fate of Paris."—"Will not your troops join me in an advance on Paris?"—"Sire, do not think of such a thing. If I were to give such an order to my troops I should run the risk of being disobeyed."—"But what is to be done? I cannot remain as I am; I have yet resources and partisans. It is said that the Allies will no longer treat with me. Well! no matter. I will march on Paris. I will be revenged on the inconstancy of the Parisians and the baseness of the Senate. Woe to the members of the Government they have patched up for the return of their Bourbons; that is what they are looking forward to. But to-morrow I shall place myself at the head of my Guards, and to-morrow we shall be in the Tuileries."

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The Marshal listened in silence, and when at length Napoleon became somewhat calm he observed, “Sire, it appears, then, that you are not aware of what has taken place in Paris—of the establishment of a Provisional Government, and—“—“I know it all: and what then?”—“Sire,” added the Marshal, presenting a paper to Napoleon, “here is something which will tell you more than I can.” Macdonald then presented to him a letter from General Beurnonville, announcing the forfeiture of the Emperor pronounced by the Senate, and the determination of the Allied powers not to treat with Napoleon, or any member of his family. “Marshal,” said the Emperor, before he opened the letter, “may this be read aloud?”—“Certainly, Sire.” The letter was then handed to Barre, who read it. An individual who was present on the occasion described to me the impression which the reading of the letter produced on Napoleon. His countenance exhibited that violent contraction of the features which I have often remarked when his mind was disturbed. However, he did not lose his self-command, which indeed never forsook him when policy or vanity required that he should retain it; and when the reading of Beurnonville’s letter was ended he affected to persist in his intention of marching on Paris. “Sire,” exclaimed Macdonald, “that plan must be renounced. Not a sword would be unsheathed to second you in such an enterprise.” After this conversation between the Emperor and Macdonald the question of the abdication began to be seriously thought of. Caulaincourt had already hinted to Napoleon that in case of his abdicating personally there was a possibility of inducing the Allies to agree to a Council of Regency. Napoleon then determined to sign the act of abdication, which he himself drew up in the following terms:—

> The Allied powers having declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to leave France, and even to lay down his life for the welfare of the country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, those of the Regency of the Empress, and the maintenance of the laws of the Empire. Given at our Palace of Fontainebleau, 2d April 1814.
>
> (Signed) *Napoleon*.

After having written this act the Emperor presented it to the Marshals, saying, “Here, gentlemen! are you satisfied?”

This abdication of Napoleon was certainly very useless, but in case of anything occurring to render it a matter of importance the act might have proved entirely illusory. Its meaning might appear unequivocal to the generality of people, but not to me, who was so well initiated in the cunning to which Napoleon could resort when it suited his purpose. It is necessary to observe that Napoleon does not say that “he descends from the throne,” but that “he is ready to descend from the throne.” This was a subterfuge, by the aid of which he intended to open new negotiations respecting the form and

conditions of the Regency of his son, in case of the Allied sovereigns acceding to that proposition. This would have afforded the means of gaining time.

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He had not yet resigned all hope, and therefore he joyfully received a piece of intelligence communicated to him by General Allix. The General informed the Emperor that he had met an Austrian officer who was sent by Francis *ii*. to Prince Schwartzenberg, and who positively assured him that all which had taken place in Paris was contrary to the wish of the Emperor of Austria. That this may have been the opinion of the officer is possible, and even probable. But it is certain from the issue of a mission of the Duc de Cadore (Champagny), of which I shall presently speak, that the officer expressed merely his own personal opinion. However, as soon as General Allix had communicated this good news, as he termed it, to Napoleon, the latter exclaimed to the persons who were about him, "I told you so, gentlemen. Francis *ii*. cannot carry his enmity so far as to dethrone his daughter. Vicenza, go and desire the Marshals to return my act of abdication. I will send a courier to the Emperor of Austria."

Thus Bonaparte in his shipwreck looked round for a saving plank, and tried to nurse himself in illusions. The Duke of Vicenza went to Marshals Ney and Macdonald, whom he found just stepping into a carriage to proceed to Paris. Both positively refused to return the act to Caulaincourt, saying, "We are sure of the concurrence of the Emperor of Austria, and we take everything upon ourselves." The result proved that they were better informed than General Allix.

During the conversation with Marshal Macdonald which has just been described the Emperor was seated. When he came to the resolution of signing the abdication he arose and walked once or twice up and down his cabinet. After he had written and signed the act he said, "Gentlemen, the interests of my son, the interests of the army, and above all, the interests of France, must be defended. I therefore appoint as my commissioners to the Allied powers the Duke of Vicenza, the Prince of the Moskowa, and the Duke of Ragusa. . . . Are you satisfied?" added he, after a pause. "I think these interests are consigned to good hands." All present answered, as with one voice. "Yes, Sire." But no sooner was this answer pronounced than the Emperor threw himself upon a small yellow sofa, which stood near the window, and striking his thigh with his hand with a sort of convulsive motion, he exclaimed, "No, gentlemen: I will have no Regency! With my Guards and Marmont's corps I shall be in Paris to-morrow." Ney and Macdonald vainly endeavoured to undeceive him respecting this impracticable design. He rose with marked ill-humour, and rubbing his head, as he was in the habit of doing when agitated, he said in a loud and authoritative tone, "Retire."

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The Marshals withdrew, and Napoleon was left alone with Caulaincourt. He told the latter that what had most displeased him in the proceedings which had just taken place was the reading of Beurnonville's letter. "Sire," observed the Duke of Vicenza, "it was by your order that the letter was read."—"That is true. . . . But why was it not addressed directly to me by Macdonald?"—"Sire, the letter was at first addressed to Marshal Macdonald, but the aide de camp who was the bearer of it had orders to communicate its contents to Marmont on passing through Essonne, because Beurnonville did not precisely know where Macdonald would be found." After this brief explanation the Emperor appeared satisfied, and he said to Caulaincourt, "Vicenza, call back Macdonald."

The Duke of Vicenza hastened after the Marshal, whom he found at the end of the gallery of the Palace, and he brought him back to the Emperor. When Macdonald returned to the cabinet the Emperor's warmth had entirely subsided, and he said to him with great composure, "Well, Duke of Tarantum, do you think that the Regency is the only possible thing?"— "Yes, Sire."—"Then I wish you to go with Ney to the Emperor Alexander, instead of Marmont; it is better that he should remain with his corps, to which his presence is indispensable. You will therefore go with Ney. I rely on you. I hope you have entirely forgotten all that has separated us for so long a time."—"Yes, Sire, I have not thought of it since 1809."—"I am glad of it, Marshal, and I must acknowledge to you that I was in the wrong." While speaking to the Marshal the Emperor manifested unusual emotion. He approached him and pressed his hand in the most affectionate way.

The Emperor's three Commissioners—that is to say, Marshals Macdonald and Ney and the Duke of Vicenza had informed Marmont that they would dine with him as they passed through Essonne, and would acquaint him with all that had happened at Fontainebleau. On their arrival at Essonne the three Imperial Commissioners explained to the Due of Ragusa the object of their mission, and persuaded him to accompany them to the Emperor Alexander. This obliged the Marshal to inform them how he was situated. The negotiations which Marmont had opened and almost concluded with Prince Schwartzenberg were rendered void by the mission which he had joined, and which it was necessary he should himself explain to the Commander of the Austrian army. The three Marshals and the Duke of Vicenza repaired to Petit Bourg, the headquarters of Prince Schwartzenberg, and there the Prince released Marmont from the promise he had given.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1814.

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Unexpected receipts in the Post-office Department—Arrival of Napoleon's Commissioners at M. de Talleyrand's—Conference of the Marshals with Alexander—-Alarming news from Essonne—Marmont's courage—The white cockade and the tri-coloured cockade— A successful stratagem—Three Governments in France—The Duc de Cadore sent by Maria Louisa to the Emperor of Austria—Maria Louisa's proclamation to the French people—Interview between the Emperor of Austria and the Duc de Cadore—The Emperor's protestation of friendship for Napoleon—M. Metternich and M. Stadion—Maria Louisa's departure for Orleans—Blucher's visit to me—Audience of the King of Prussia—His Majesty's reception of Berthier, Clarke, and myself—Bernadotte in Paris—Cross of the Polar Star presented to me by Bernadotte.

After my nomination as Director-General of the Post office the business of that department proceeded as regularly as before. Having learned that a great many intercepted letters had been thrown aside I sent, on the 4th of April, an advertisement to the 'Moniteur', stating that the letters to and from England or other foreign countries which had been lying at the Post-office for more than three years would be forwarded to their respective addresses. This produced to the Post-office a receipt of nearly 300,000 francs, a fact which may afford an idea of the enormous number of intercepted letters.

On the night after the publication of the advertisement I was awakened by an express from the Provisional Government, by which I was requested to proceed with all possible haste to M. de Talleyrand's hotel. I rose, and I set off immediately, and I got there some minutes before the arrival of the Emperor's Commissioners. I went up to the salon on the first floor, which was one of the suite of apartments occupied by the Emperor Alexander. The Marshals retired to confer with the monarch, and it would be difficult to describe the anxiety—or, I may rather say, consternation—which, during their absence, prevailed among some of the members of the Provisional Government and other persons assembled in the salon where I was.

While the Marshals were with Alexander, I learned that they had previously conversed with M. de Talleyrand, who observed to them, "If you succeed in your designs you will compromise all who have met in this hotel since the 1st of April, and the number is not small. For my part, take no account of me, I am willing to be compromised." I had passed the evening of this day with M. de Talleyrand, who then observed to the Emperor Alexander in my presence, "Will you support Bonaparte? No, you neither can nor will. I have already had the honour to tell your Majesty that we can have no choice but between Bonaparte and Louis XVIII.; anything else would be an intrigue, and no intrigue can have power to support him who may be its object. Bernadotte, Eugene, the Regency, all those propositions result from intrigues. In present circumstances nothing but a new principle is sufficiently strong to establish the new order of things which must be adopted. Louis XVIII. is a principle."

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None of the members of the Provisional Government were present at this conference, for no one was willing to appear to influence in any way the determination of the chief of the coalition upon the subject of this important mission. General Dessolles alone, in quality of commander of the National Guard of Paris, was requested to be present. At length the Marshals entered the salon where we were, and their appearance created a sensation which it is impossible to describe; but the expression of dissatisfaction which we thought we remarked in their countenances restored the hopes of those who for some hours had been a prey to apprehensions. Macdonald, with his head elevated, and evidently under the influence of strong irritation, approached Beurnonville, and thus addressed him, in answer to a question which the latter had put to him. "Speak not to me, sir; I have nothing to say to you. You have made me forget a friendship of thirty years!" Then turning to Dupont, "As for you, sir," he continued in the same tone, "your conduct towards the Emperor is not generous. I confess that he has treated you with severity, perhaps he may even have been unjust to you with respect to the affair of Baylen, but how long has it been the practice to avenge a personal wrong at the expense of one's country?"

These remarks were made with such warmth, and in so elevated a tone of voice, that Caulaincourt thought it necessary to interfere, and said, "Do not forget, gentlemen, that this is the residence of the Emperor of Russia." At this moment M. de Talleyrand returned from the interview with the Emperor which he had had after the departure of the Marshals, and approaching the group formed round Macdonald, "Gentlemen," said he, "if you wish to dispute and discuss, step down to my apartments."— "That would be useless," replied Macdonald; "my comrades and I do not acknowledge the Provisional Government." The three Marshals, Ney, Macdonald, and Marmont, then immediately retired with Caulaincourt, and went to Ney's hotel, there to await the answer which the Emperor Alexander had promised to give them after consulting the King of Prussia.

Such was this night-scene; which possessed more dramatic effect than many which are performed on the stage. In it all was real: on its denouement depended the political state of France, and the existence of all those who had already declared themselves in favour of the Bourbons. It is a remarkable fact, and one which affords a striking lesson to men who are tempted to sacrifice themselves for any political cause, that most of those who then demanded the restoration of the Bourbons at the peril of their lives have successively fallen into disgrace.

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When the Marshals and Caulaincourt had retired we were all anxious to know what had passed between them and the Emperor of Russia. I learned from Dessolles, who, as I have stated, was present at the conference in his rank of commander of the National Guard of Paris, that the Marshals were unanimous in urging Alexander to accede to a Regency. Macdonald especially supported that proposition with much warmth; and among the observations he made I recollect Dessolles mentioned the following:— "I am not authorised to treat in any way for the fate reserved for the Emperor. We have full powers to treat for the Regency, the army, and France; but the Emperor has positively forbidden us to specify anything personally regarding himself." Alexander merely replied, "That does not astonish me." The Marshals then, resuming the conversation, dwelt much on the respect which was due to the military glory of France. They strongly manifested their disinclination to abandon the family of a man who had so often led them to victory; and lastly, they reminded the Emperor Alexander of his own declaration, in which he proclaimed, in his own name as well as on the part of his Allies, that it was not their intention to impose on France any government whatever.

Dessolles, who had all along declared himself in favour of the Bourbons, in his turn entered into the discussion with as much warmth as the partisans of the Regency. He represented to Alexander how many persons would be compromised for merely having acted or declared their opinions behind the shield of his promises. He repeated what Alexander had already been told, that the Regency would, in fact, be nothing but Bonaparte in disguise. However, Dessolles acknowledged that such was the effect of Marshal Macdonald's powerful and persuasive eloquence that Alexander seemed to waver; and, unwilling to give the Marshals a positive refusal, he had recourse to a subterfuge, by which he would be enabled to execute the design he had irrevocably formed without seeming to take on himself alone the responsibility of a change of government. Dessolles accordingly informed us that Alexander at last gave the following answer to the Marshals: "Gentlemen, I am not alone; in an affair of such importance I must consult the King of Prussia, for I have promised to do nothing without consulting him. In a few hours you shall know my decision." It was this decision which the Marshals went to wait for at Ney's.

Most of the members of the Provisional Government attributed the evasive reply of the Emperor Alexander to the influence of the speech of Dessolles. For my part, while I do justice to the manner in which he declared himself on this important occasion, I do not ascribe to his eloquence the power of fixing Alexander's resolution, for I well know by experience how easy it is to make princes appear to adopt the advice of any one when the counsel given is precisely that which they wish to follow. From the sentiments of Alexander at this time I had not the slightest doubt as to the course he would finally pursue, and I considered what he said about consulting the King of Prussia to be merely a polite excuse, by which he avoided the disagreeable task of giving the Marshals a direct refusal.

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I therefore returned home quite satisfied as to the result of the Emperor Alexander's visit to the King of Prussia. I knew, from the persons about the Czar, that he cherished a hatred, which was but too well justified, towards Bonaparte. Frederick William is of too firm a character to have yielded to any of the considerations which might on this subject have been pressed on him as they had been on the Emperor of Russia. But, besides that the King of Prussia had legitimate reasons for disliking Napoleon, policy would at that time have required that he should appear to be his enemy, for to do so was to render himself popular with his subjects. But the King of Prussia did not need to act under the dictates of policy; he followed his own opinion in rejecting the propositions of the Marshals, which he did without hesitation, and with much energy.

While the Marshals had gone to Paris Bonaparte was anxious to ascertain whether his Commissioners had passed the advanced posts of the foreign armies, and in case of resistance he determined to march on Paris, for he could not believe that he had lost every chance. He sent an aide de camp to desire Marmont to come immediately to Fontainebleau: such was Napoleon's impatience that instead of waiting for the return of his aide de camp he sent off a second and then a third officer on the same errand. This rapid succession of envoys from the Emperor alarmed the general who commanded the different divisions of Marmont's corps at Essonne. They feared that the Emperor was aware of the Convention concluded that morning with Prince Schwartzenberg, and that he had sent for Marmont with the view of reprimanding him. The fact was, Napoleon knew nothing of the matter, for Marmont, on departing for Paris with Macdonald and Ney, had left orders that it should be said that he had gone to inspect his lines. Souham; Lebrun des Essarts, and Bordessoulle, who had given their assent to the Convention with Prince Schwartzenberg, deliberated in the absence of Marmont, and, perhaps being ignorant that he was released from his promise, and fearing the vengeance of Napoleon, they determined to march upon Versailles. On arriving there the troops not finding the Marshal at their head thought themselves betrayed, and a spirit of insurrection broke out among them. One of Marmont's aides de camp, whom he had left at Essonne, exerted every endeavour to prevent the departure of his general's corps, but, finding all his efforts unavailing, he hastened to Paris to inform the Marshal of what had happened. 'When Marmont received this news he was breakfasting at Ney's with Macdonald and Caulaincourt: they were waiting for the answer which the Emperor Alexander had promised to send them. The march of his corps on Versailles threw Marmont into despair. He said to the Marshals, "I must be off to join my corps and quell this mutiny;" and without losing a moment he ordered his carriage and directed the coachman to drive with the utmost speed. He sent forward one of his aides de camp to inform the troops of his approach.

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Having arrived within a hundred paces of the place where his troops were assembled he found the generals who were under his orders advancing to meet him. They urged him not to go farther, as the men were in open insurrection. "I will go into the midst of them," said Marmont. "In a moment they shall either kill me or acknowledge me as their chief:" He sent off another aide de camp to range the troops in the order of battle. Then, alighting from the carriage and mounting a horse, he advanced alone, and thus harangued his troops: "How! Is there treason here? Is it possible that you disown me? Am I not your comrade? Have I not been wounded twenty times among you? . . . Have I not shared your fatigues and privations? And am I not ready to do so again?" Here Marmont was interrupted by a general shout of "Vive le Marechal! Vive le Marechal!"

The alarm caused among the members of the Provisional Government by the mission of the Marshals was increased by the news of the mutiny of Marmont's troops. During the whole of the day we were in a state of tormenting anxiety. It was feared that the insurrectionary spirit might spread among other corps of the army, and the cause of France again be endangered. But the courage of Marmont saved everything: It would be impossible to convey any idea of the manner in which he was received by us at Talleyrand's when he related the particulars of what had occurred at Versailles.

On the evening of the day on which Marmont had acted so nobly it was proposed that the army should adopt the white cockade. In reply to this proposition the Marshal said, "Gentlemen, I have made my troops understand the necessity of serving France before all things. They have, consequently, returned to order, and I can now answer for them. But what I cannot answer for is to induce them to abandon the colours which have led them to victory for the last twenty years. Therefore do not count upon me for a thing which I consider to be totally hostile to the interests of France. I will speak to the Emperor Alexander on the subject." Such were Marmont's words. Every one appeared to concur in his opinion, and the discussion terminated. For my own part, I find by my notes that I declared myself strongly in favour of Marmont's proposition.

The Marshal's opinion having been adopted, at least provisionally, an article was prepared for the Moniteur in nearly the following terms:

The white cockade has been, during the last four days, a badge for the manifestation of public opinion in favour of the overthrow of an oppressive Government: it has been the only means of distinguishing the partisans of the restoration of the old dynasty, to which at length we are to be indebted for repose. But as the late Government is at an end, all colours differing from our national colours are useless: let us, therefore, resume those which have so often led us to victory.

Such was the spirit of the article, though possibly

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the above copy may differ in a few words. It met with the unqualified approbation of every one present. I was therefore extremely surprised, on looking at the 'Moniteur' next day, to find that the article was not inserted. I knew not what courtly interference prevented the appearance of the article, but I remember that Marmont was very ill pleased at its omission. He complained on the subject to the Emperor Alexander, who promised to write, and in fact did write, to the Provisional Government to get the article inserted. However, it did not appear, and in a few days we obtained a solution of the enigma, as we might perhaps have done before if we had tried. The Emperor Alexander also promised to write to the Comte d'Artois, and to inform him that the opinion of France was in favour of the preservation of the three colours, but I do not know whether the letter was written, or, if it was, what answer it received.

Marshal Jourdan, who was then at Rouen, received a letter, written without the knowledge of Marmont, informing him that the latter had mounted the white cockade in his corps. Jourdan thought he could not do otherwise than follow Marmont's example, and he announced to the Provisional Government that in consequence of the resolution of the Duke of Ragusa he had just ordered his corps to wear the white cockade. Marmont could now be boldly faced, and when he complained to the Provisional Government of the non-insertion of the article in the Moniteur the reply was, "It cannot now appear. You see Marshal Jourdan has mounted the white cockade: you would not give the army two sets of colours!"

Marmont could make no answer to so positive a fact. It was not till some time after that I learned Jourdan had determined to unfurl the white flag only on the positive assurance that Marmont had already done so. Thus we lost the colours which had been worn by Louis XVI., which Louis XVIII., when a Prince, had adopted, and in which the Comte d'Artois showed himself on his return to the Parisians, for he entered the capital in the uniform of the National Guard. The fraud played off by some members of the Provisional Government was attended by fatal consequences; many evils might have been spared to France had Marmont's advice been adopted.

At the period of the dissolution of the Empire there might be said to be three Governments in France, *viz*. the Provisional Government in Paris, Napoleon's at Fontainebleau, and the doubtful and ambulatory Regency of "Maria Louisa." Doubtful and ambulatory the Regency might well be called, for there was so little decision as to the course to be adopted by the Empress that it was at first proposed to conduct her to Orleans, then to Tours, and she went finally to Blois. The uncertainty which prevailed respecting the destiny of Maria Louisa is proved by a document which I have in my possession, and of which there cannot be many copies in existence. It is a circular addressed to the prefects by M. de Montalivet, the Minister of the Interior, who accompanied the Empress. In it a blank is left for the seat of the Government, to which

the prefects are desired to send their communications. In the copy I possess the blank is filled up with the word “Blois” in manuscript.

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As soon as Maria Louisa was made acquainted with the events that had taken place around Paris she sent for the Duc de Cadore, and gave him a letter addressed to the Emperor of Austria, saying, “Take this to my father, who must be at Dijon. I rely on you for defending the interests of France, those of the Emperor, and above all those of my son.” Certainly Maria Louisa’s confidence could not be better placed, and those great interests would have been defended by the Duc de Cadore ’si defendi possent.’

After the departure of the Due de Cadore Maria Louisa published the following proclamation, addressed to the French people:

By the empress regent.

A Proclamation

The events of the war have placed the capital in the power of foreigners. The Emperor has marched to defend it at the head of his armies, so often victorious. They are face to face with the enemy before the walls of Paris. From the residence which I have chosen, and from the Ministers of the Emperor, will emanate the only orders which you can acknowledge. Every town in the power of foreigners ceases to be free, and every order which may proceed from them is the language of the enemy, or that which it suits his hostile views to propagate. You will be faithful to your oaths. You will listen to the voice of a Princess who was consigned to your good faith, and whose highest pride consists in being a Frenchwoman, and in being united to the destiny of the sovereign whom you have freely chosen. My son was less sure of your affections in the time of our prosperity; his rights and his person are under your safeguard.

(By order) *Montalivet*. (Signed) *Maria Louisa*
Blois, 3d April 1814.

It is to be inferred that the Regency had within three days adopted the resolution of not quitting Blois, for the above document presents no blanks, nor words filled up in writing. The Empress’ proclamation, though a powerful appeal to the feelings of the French people, produced no effect. Maria Louisa’s proclamation was dated the 4th of April, on the evening of which day Napoleon signed the conditional abdication, with the fate of which the reader has already been made acquainted. M. de Montalivet transmitted the Empress’ proclamation, accompanied by another circular, to the prefects, of whom very few received it.

M. de Champagny, having left Blois with the letter he had received from the Empress, proceeded to the headquarters of the Emperor of Austria, carefully avoiding those roads which were occupied by Cossack troops. He arrived, not without considerable difficulty, at Chanseaux, where Frances *ii*. was expected. When the Emperor arrived the Duc de Cadore was announced, and immediately introduced to his Majesty. The Duke

remained some hours with Francis *ii*., without being able to obtain from him anything but fair protestations. The Emperor

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always took refuge behind the promise he had given to his Allies to approve whatever measures they might adopt. The Duke was not to leave the Emperor's headquarters that evening, and, in the hope that his Majesty might yet reflect on the critical situation of his daughter, he asked permission to take leave next morning. He accordingly presented himself to the Emperor's levee, when he renewed his efforts in support of the claims of Maria Louisa. "I have a great affection for my daughter, and also for my son-in law," said the Emperor. "I bear them both in my heart, and would shed my blood for them"—"Ah, Sire!" exclaimed M. de Champagny, "such a sacrifice is not necessary."—-"Yes, Duke, I say again I would shed my blood, I would resign my life for them, but I have given my Allies a promise not to treat without them, and to approve all that they may do. Besides," added the Emperor, "my Minister, M. de Metternich, has gone to their headquarters, and I will ratify whatever he may sign."

When the Duc de Cadore related to me the particulars of his mission, in which zeal could not work an impossibility, I remarked that he regarded as a circumstance fatal to Napoleon the absence of M. de Metternich and the presence of M. Stadion at the headquarters of the Emperor of Austria. Though in all probability nothing could have arrested the course of events, yet it is certain that the personal sentiments of the two Austrian Ministers towards Napoleon were widely different. I am not going too far when I affirm that, policy apart, M. de Metternich was much attached to Napoleon. In support of this assertion I may quote a fact of which I can guarantee the authenticity:

When M. de Metternich was complimented on the occasion of Maria Louisa's marriage he replied, "To have contributed to a measure which has received the approbation of 80,000,000 men is indeed a just subject of congratulation." Such a remark openly made by the intelligent Minister of the Cabinet of Vienna was well calculated to gratify the ears of Napoleon, from whom, however, M. de Metternich in his personal relations did not conceal the truth. I recollect a reply which was made by M. de Metternich at Dresden after a little hesitation. "As to you," said the Emperor, "you will not go to war with me. It is impossible that you can declare yourself against me. That can never be."—"Sire, we are not now quite allies, and some time hence we may become enemies." This hint was the last which Napoleon received from Metternich, and Napoleon must have been blind indeed not to have profited by it. As to M. Stadion, he entertained a profound dislike of the Emperor. That Minister knew and could not forget that his preceding exclusion from the Cabinet of Vienna had been due to the all-powerful influence of Napoleon.

Whether or not the absence of Metternich influenced the resolution of Francis *ii*., it is certain that that monarch yielded nothing to the urgent solicitations of a Minister who conscientiously fulfilled the delicate mission consigned to him. M. de Champagny rejoined the Empress at Orleans, whither she had repaired on leaving Blois. He found Maria Louisa almost deserted, all the Grand Dignitaries of the Empire having

successively returned to Paris after sending in their submissions to the Provisional Government.

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I had scarcely entered upon the exercise of my functions as Postmaster-General when, on the morning of the 2d of April, I was surprised to see a Prussian general officer enter my cabinet. I immediately recognised him as General Blucher. He had commanded the Prussian army in the battle which took place at the gates of Paris. "Sir," said he, "I consider it one of my first duties on entering Paris to thank you for the attention I received from you in Hamburg. I am sorry that I was not sooner aware of your being in Pains. I assure you that had I been sooner informed of this circumstance the capitulation should have been made without a blow being struck. How much blood might then have been spared!"—"General," said I, "on what do you ground this assurance?"—"If I had known that you were in Paris I would have given you a letter to the King of Prussia. That monarch, who knows the resources and intentions of the Allies, would, I am sure, have authorised you to decide a suspension of arms before the neighbourhood of Paris became the theatre of the war."—"But," resumed I, "in spite of the good intentions of the Allies, it would have been very difficult to prevent resistance. French pride, irritated as it was by reverses, would have opposed insurmountable obstacles to such a measure."—"But, good heavens! you would have seen that resistance could be of no avail against such immense masses."—"You are right, General; but French honour would have been defended to the last."—"I am fully aware of that; but surely you have earned glory enough!"—"Yet our French susceptibility would have made us look upon that glory as tarnished if Paris had been occupied without defence ... But under present circumstances I am well pleased that you were satisfied with my conduct in Hamburg, for it induces me to hope that you will observe the same moderation in Paris that I exercised there. The days are past when it could be said, Woe to the conquered."—"You are right; yet," added he, smiling, "you know we are called the northern barbarians."—"Then, General," returned I, "you have a fair opportunity of showing that that designation is a libel."

Some days after Blucher's visit I had the honour of being admitted to a private audience of the King of Prussia. Clarke and Berthier were also received in this audience, which took place at the hotel of Prince Eugene, where the King of Prussia resided in Paris. We waited for some minutes in the salon, and when Frederick William entered from his cabinet I remarked on his countenance an air of embarrassment and austerity which convinced me that he had been studying his part, as great personages are in the habit of doing on similar occasions. The King on entering the salon first noticed Berthier, whom he addressed with much kindness, bestowing praises on the French troops, and complimenting the Marshal on his conduct during the war in Germany. Berthier returned thanks for these well-merited praises, for though he was not remarkable for strength of understanding or energy of mind, yet he was not a bad man, and I have known many proofs of his good conduct in conquered countries.

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After saluting Berthier the King of Prussia turned towards Clarke, and his countenance immediately assumed an expression of dissatisfaction. He had evidently not forgotten Clarke's conduct in Berlin. He reminded him that he had rendered the Continental system more odious than it was in itself, and that he had shown no moderation in the execution of his orders. "In short," said his Majesty, "if I have any advice to give you, it is that you never again return to Prussia." The King pronounced these words in so loud and decided a tone that Clarke was perfectly confounded. He uttered some unintelligible observations, which, however, Frederick William did not notice, for suddenly turning towards me he said, with an air of affability, "Ah! M. de Bourrienne, I am glad to see you, and I take this opportunity of repeating what I wrote to you from Gonigsberg. You always extended protection to the Germans, and did all you could to alleviate their condition. I learned with great satisfaction what you did for the Prussians whom the fate of war drove into Hamburg; and I feel pleasure in telling you, in the presence of these two gentlemen, that if all the French agents had acted as you did we should not, probably, be here." I expressed, by a profound bow, how much I was gratified by this complimentary address, and the king, after saluting us, retired.

About the middle of April Bernadotte arrived in Paris. His situation had become equivocal, since circumstances had banished the hopes he might have conceived in his interview with the Emperor Alexander at Abo. Besides, he had been represented in some official pamphlets as a traitor to France, and among certain worshippers of our injured glory there prevailed a feeling of irritation, and which was unjustly directed towards Bernadotte.

I even remember that Napoleon, before he had fallen from his power, had a sort of national protest made by the police against the Prince Royal of Sweden. This Prince had reserved an hotel in the Rue d'Anjou, and the words, "Down with the traitor! down with the perjurer," were shouted there; but this had no result, as it was only considered an outrage caused by a spirit of petty vengeance.

While Bernadotte was in Paris I saw him every day. He but faintly disguised from me the hope he had entertained of ruling France; and in the numerous conversations to which our respective occupations led I ascertained, though Bernadotte did not formally tell me so, that he once had strong expectations of succeeding Napoleon.

Pressed at last into his final intrenchments he broke through all reserve and confirmed all I knew of the interview of Abo.

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I asked Bernadotte what he thought of the projects which were attributed to Moreau; whether it was true that he had in him a competitor, and whether Moreau had aspired to the dangerous honour of governing France: “Those reports,” replied the Prince Royal of Sweden, “are devoid of foundation: at least I can assure you that in the conversations I have had with the Emperor Alexander, that sovereign never said anything which could warrant such a supposition. I know that the Emperor of Russia wished to avail himself of the military talents of Moreau in the great struggle that had commenced, and to enable the exiled general to return to his country, in the hope that, should the war prove fortunate, he would enjoy the honours and privileges due to his past services.”

Bernadotte expressed to me astonishment at the recall of the Bourbons, and assured me that he had not expected the French people would so readily have consented to the Restoration. I confess I was surprised that hernadotte, with the intelligence I knew him to possess, should imagine that the will of subjects has any influence in changes of government!

During his stay in Paris Bernadotte evinced for me the same sentiments of friendship which he had shown me at Hamburg. One day I received from him a letter, dated Paris, with which he transmitted to me one of the crosses of the Polar Star, which the King of Sweden had left at his disposal. Bernadotte was not very well satisfied with his residence in Paris, in spite of the friendship which the Emperor Alexander constantly manifested towards him. After a few days he set out for Sweden, having first taken leave of the Comte d’Artois. I did not see him after his farewell visit to the Count, so that I know not what was the nature of the conversation which passed between the two Princes.

VOLUME IV. — 1814-1815

CHAPTER I.

1814.

Unalterable determination of the Allies with respect to Napoleon— Fontainebleau included in the limits to be occupied by the Allies— Alexander’s departure from Paris—-Napoleon informed of the necessity of his unconditional abdication—Macdonald and Ney again sent to Paris—Alleged attempt of Napoleon to poison himself—Farewell interview between Macdonald and Napoleon—The sabre of Murad Bey— Signature of the act of unconditional abdication—Tranquillity of Paris during the change of Government—Ukase of the Emperor of Russia relative to the Post-office—Religious ceremony on the Place Louis XV.—Arrival of the Comte d’Artois—His entrance into Paris— Arrival of the Emperor of Austria—Singular assemblage of sovereigns in France

—Visit of the Emperor of Austria to Maria Louisa—Her interview with the Emperor Alexander—Her departure for Vienna.

When Marmont left Paris on the receipt of the intelligence from Essonne, Marshals Macdonald and Ney and the Duke

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of Vicenza waited upon the Emperor Alexander to learn his resolution before he could have been informed of the movement of Marmont's troops. I myself went during the morning to the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, and it was there I learnt how what we had hoped for had become fact: the matter was completely decided. The Emperor Alexander had walked out at six in the morning to the residence of the King of Prussia in the Rue de Bourbon. The two sovereigns afterwards proceeded together to M. de Talleyrand's, where they were when Napoleon's Commissioners arrived. The Commissioners being introduced to the two sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander, in answer to their proposition, replied that the Regency was impossible, as submissions to the Provisional Government were pouring in from all parts, and that if the army had formed contrary wishes those should have been sooner made known. "Sire," observed Macdonald, "that—was—impossible, as none of the Marshals were in Paris, and besides, who could foresee the turn which affairs have taken? Could we imagine that an unfounded alarm would have removed from Essonne the corps of the Duke of Ragusa, who has this moment left us to bring his troops back to order?" These words produced no change in the determination of the sovereigns, who would hear of nothing but the unconditional abdication of Napoleon. Before the Marshals took leave of the Emperor Alexander they solicited an armistice of forty-eight hours, which time they said was indispensable to negotiate the act of abdication with Napoleon. This request was granted without hesitation, and the Emperor Alexander, showing Macdonald a map of the environs of Paris, courteously presented him with a pencil, saying, "Here, Marshal, mark yourself the limits to be observed by the two armies."—"No, Sire," replied Macdonald, "we are the conquered party, and it is for you to mark the line of demarcation." Alexander determined that the right bank of the Seine should be occupied by the Allied troops, and the left bank by the French; but it was observed that this arrangement would be attended with inconvenience, as it would cut Paris in two, and it was agreed that the line should turn Paris. I have been informed that on a map sent to the Austrian staff to acquaint Prince Schwartzenberg with the limits definitively agreed on, Fontainebleau, the Emperor's headquarters, was by some artful means included within the line. The Austrians acted so implicitly on this direction that Marshal Macdonald was obliged to complain on the subject to Alexander, who removed all obstacles.

When, in discussing the question of the abdication conformably with the instructions he had received, Macdonald observed to the Emperor Alexander that Napoleon wished for nothing for himself, "Assure him," replied Alexander, "that a provision shall be made for him worthy of the rank he has occupied. Tell him that if he wishes to reside in my States he shall be well received, though he brought desolation

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there. I shall always remember the friendship which united us. He shall have the island of Elba, or something else." After taking leave of the Emperor Alexander, on the 5th of April, Napoleon's Commissioners returned to Fontainebleau to render an account of their mission. I saw Alexander that same day, and it appeared to me that his mind was relieved of a great weight by the question of the Regency being brought to an end. I was informed that he intended to quit Paris in a few days, and that he had given full powers to M. Pozzo-di-Borgo, whom he appointed his Commissioner to the Provisional Government.

On the same day, the 5th of April, Napoleon inspected his troops in the Palace yard of Fontainebleau. He observed some coolness among his officers, and even among the private soldiers, who had evinced such enthusiasm when he inspected them on the 2d of April. He was so much affected by this change of conduct that he remained but a short time on the parade, and afterwards retired to his apartments.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 6th of April Ney, Macdonald, and Caulaincourt arrived at Fontainebleau to acquaint the Emperor with the issue of their mission, and the sentiments expressed by Alexander when they took leave of him. Marshal Ney was the first to announce to Napoleon that the Allies required his complete and unconditional abdication, unaccompanied by any stipulation, except that of his personal safety, which should be guaranteed. Marshal Macdonald and the Duke of Vicenza then spoke to the same effect, but in more gentle terms than those employed by Ney, who was but little versed in the courtesies of speech. When Marshal Macdonald had finished speaking Napoleon said with some emotion, "Marshal, I am sensible of all that you have done for me, and of the warmth with which you have pleaded the cause of my son. They wish for my complete and unconditional abdication. . . . Very well. I again empower you to act on my behalf. You shall go and defend my interests and those of my family." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, still addressing Macdonald, "Marshal, where shall I go?" Macdonald then informed the Emperor what Alexander had mentioned in the hypothesis of his wishing to reside in Russia. "Sire," added he, "the Emperor of Russia told me that he destined for you the island of Elba, or something else."—"Or something else!" repeated Napoleon hastily, "and what is that something else?"—"Sire, I know not."—"Ah! it is doubtless the island of Corsica, and he refrained from mentioning it to avoid embarrassment! Marshal, I leave all to you."

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The Marshals returned to Paris as soon as Napoleon furnished them with new powers; Caulaincourt remained at Fontainebleau. On arriving in Paris Marshal Ney sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government, so that when Macdonald returned to Fontainebleau to convey to Napoleon the definitive treaty of the Allies, Ney did not accompany him, and the Emperor expressed surprise and dissatisfaction at his absence. Ney, as all his friends concur in admitting, expended his whole energy in battle, and often wanted resolution when out of the field, consequently I was not surprised to find that he joined us before some other of his comrades. As to Macdonald, he was one of those generous spirits who may be most confidently relied on by those who have wronged them. Napoleon experienced the truth of this. Macdonald returned alone to Fontainebleau, and when he entered the Emperor's chamber he found him seated in a small armchair before the fireplace. He was dressed in a morning-gown of white dimity, and he wore his slippers without stockings. His elbows rested on his knees and his head was supported by his hands. He was motionless, and seemed absorbed in profound reflection. Only two persons were in the apartment, the Duke of Bassano; who was at a little distance from the Emperor, and Caulaincourt, who was near the fireplace. So profound was Napoleon's reverie that he did not hear Macdonald enter, and the Duke of Vicenza was obliged to inform him of the Marshal's presence. "Sire," said Caulaincourt, "the Duke of Tarantum has brought for your signature the treaty which is to be ratified to-morrow." The Emperor then, as if roused from a lethargic slumber, turned to Macdonald, and merely said, "Ah, Marshal! so you are here!" Napoleon's countenance was so altered that the Marshal, struck with the change, said, as if it were involuntarily, "Is your Majesty indisposed?"—"Yes," answered Napoleon, "I have passed a very bad night."

The Emperor continued seated for a moment, then rising, he took the treaty, read it without making any observation, signed it, and returned it to the Marshal, saying; "I am not now rich enough to reward these last services."—"Sire, interest never guided my conduct."—"I know that, and I now see how I have been deceived respecting you. I also see the designs of those who prejudiced me against you."—"Sire, I have already told you, since 1809 I am devoted to you in life and death."—"I know it. But since I cannot reward you as I would wish, let a token of remembrance, inconsiderable though it be, assure you that I shall ever bear in mind the services you have rendered me." Then turning to Caulaincourt Napoleon said, "Vicenza, ask for the sabre which was given me by Murad Bey in Egypt, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Thabor." Constant having brought the sabre, the Emperor took it from the hands of Caulaincourt and presented it to the Marshal "Here, my faithful friend," said he, "is a reward which I believe will gratify

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you." Macdonald on receiving the sabre said, "If ever I have a son, Sire, this will be his most precious inheritance. I will never part with it as long as I live."—"Give me your hand," said the Emperor, "and embrace me." At these words Napoleon and Macdonald affectionately rushed into each other's arms, and parted with tears in their eyes. Such was the last interview between Macdonald and Napoleon. I had the above particulars from the Marshal himself in 1814., a few days after he returned to Paris with the treaty ratified by Napoleon.

After the clauses of the treaty had been guaranteed Napoleon signed, on the 11th of April, at Fontainebleau, his act of abdication, which was in the following terms:—

"The Allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

It was not until after Bonaparte had written and signed the above act that Marshal Macdonald sent to the Provisional Government his recognition, expressed in the following dignified and simple manner:—

> "Being released from my allegiance by the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, I declare that I conform to the acts of the Senate and the Provisional Government."

It is worthy of remark that Napoleon's act of abdication was published in the 'Moniteur' on the 12th of April, the very day on which the Comte d'Artois made his entry into Paris with the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom conferred on him by Louis XVIII. The 12th of April was also the day on which the Imperial army fought its last battle before Toulouse, when the French troops, commanded by Soult, made Wellington purchase so dearly his entrance into the south of France.—[The battle of Toulouse was fought on the 10th not 12th April D.W.]

Political revolutions are generally stormy, yet, during the great change of 1814 Paris was perfectly tranquil, thanks to the excellent discipline maintained by the commanders of the Allied armies, and thanks also to the services of the National Guard of Paris, who every night patrolled the streets. My duties as Director-General of the Post-office had of course obliged me to resign my captain's epaulette.

When I first obtained my appointment I had been somewhat alarmed to hear that all the roads were covered with foreign troops, especially Cossacks, who even in time of peace are very ready to capture any horses that may fall in their way. On my application to the

Emperor Alexander his Majesty immediately issued a ukase, severely prohibiting the seizure of horses or anything belonging to the Post-office department. The ukase was printed by order of the Czar, and filed up at all the poet-offices, and it will be seen that after the 20th of March, when I was placed in an embarrassing situation, one of the postmasters on the Lille road expressed to me his gratitude for my conduct while I was in the service.

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On the 10th of April a ceremony took place in Paris which has been much spoken of; and which must have had a very imposing effect on those who allow themselves to be dazzled by mere spectacle. Early in the morning some regiments of the Allied troops occupied the north side of the Boulevard, from the site of the old Bastille to the Place Louis XV., in the middle of which an altar of square form was erected. Thither the Allied sovereigns came to witness the celebration of mass according to the rites of the Greek Church. I went to a window of the hotel of the Minister of the Marine to see the ceremony. After I had waited from eight in the morning till near twelve the pageant commenced by the arrival of half a dozen Greek priests, with long beards, and as richly dressed as the high priests who figure in the processions of the opera. About three-quarters of an hour after this first scene the infantry, followed by the cavalry, entered the place, which, in a few moments was entirely covered with military. The Allied sovereigns at length appeared, attended by brilliant staffs. They alighted from their horses and advanced to the altar. What appeared to me most remarkable was the profound silence of the vast multitude during the performance of the mass. The whole spectacle had the effect of a finely-painted panorama. For my own part, I must confess I was heartily tired of the ceremony, and was very glad when it was over. I could not admire the foreign uniforms, which were very inferior to ours. Many of them appeared fanciful, and even grotesque, and nothing can be more unsoldier-like than to see a man laced in stays till his figure resembles a wasp. The ceremony which took place two days after, though less pompous, was much more French. In the retinue which, on the 12th of April, momentarily increased round the Comte d'Artos, there were at least recollections for the old, and hopes for every one.

When, on the departure of the Commissioners whom Napoleon had sent to Alexander to treat for the Regency, it was finally determined that the Allied sovereigns would listen to no proposition from Napoleon and his family, the Provisional Government thought it time to request that Monsieur would, by his presence, give a new impulse to the partisans of the Bourbons. The Abby de Montesquiou wrote to the Prince a letter, which was carried to him by Viscount Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, one of the individuals who, in these difficult circumstances, most zealously served the cause of the Bourbons. On the afternoon of the 11th Monsieur arrived at a country-house belonging to Madame Charles de Dames, where he passed the night. The news of his arrival spread through Paris with the rapidity of lightning, and every one wished to solemnise his entrance into the capital. The National Guard formed a double line from the barrier of Bondy to Notre Dame, whither the Prince was first to proceed, in observance of an old custom, which, however, had become very rare in France during the last twenty years.

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M. de Talleyrand, accompanied by the members of the Provisional Government, several Marshals and general officers, and the municipal body, headed by the prefect of the Seine, went in procession beyond the barrier to receive Monsieur. M. de Talleyrand, in the name of the Provisional Government, addressed the Prince, who in reply made that observation which has been so often repeated, “Nothing is changed in France: there is only one Frenchman more.”

—[These words were never really uttered by the Comte d’Artois, and we can in this case follow the manufacture of the phrase. The reply actually made to Talleyrand was, “Sir, and gentlemen, I thank you; I am too happy. Let us get on; I am too happy.” When the day’s work was done, “Let us see,” said Talleyrand; “what did Monsieur say? I did not hear much: he seemed much moved, and desirous of hastening on, but if what he did say will not suit you (Beugnot), make an answer for him . . . and I can answer that Monsieur will accept it, and that so thoroughly that by the end of a couple of days he will believe he made it, and he will have made it: you will count for nothing.” After repeated attempts, rejected by Talleyraud, Beugnot at last produced, “No more divisions. Peace and France! At last I see her once more, and nothing in her is changed, except that here is one more Frenchman.” At last the great critic (Talleyrand) said, “This time I yield; that is realty Monsieur’s speech, and I will answer for you that he is the man who made it.” Monsieur did not disdain to refer to it in his replies, end the prophecy of M. de Talleyrand was completely realised (Beugnot, vol. ii, p. 119)]—

This remark promised much. The Comte Artois next proceeded on horseback to the barrier St. Martin. I mingled in the crowd to see the procession and to observe the sentiments of the spectators. Near me stood an old knight of St. Louis, who had resumed the insignia of the order, and who wept for joy at again seeing one of the Bourbons. The procession soon arrived, preceded by a band playing the air, “Vive Henri Quatre!” I had never before seen Monsieur, and his appearance had a most pleasing effect upon me. His open countenance bore the expression of that confidence which his presence inspired in all who saw him. His staff was very brilliant, considering it was got together without preparation. The Prince wore the uniform of the National Guard, with the insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

I must candidly state that where I saw Monsieur pass, enthusiasm was chiefly confined to his own retinue, and to persons who appeared to belong to a superior class of society. The lower order of people seemed to be animated by curiosity and astonishment rather than any other feeling. I must add that it was not without painful surprise I saw a squadron of Cossacks close the procession; and my surprise was the greater when I learned from General Sacken that the Emperor Alexander had wished that on that day the one Frenchman more should be surrounded only by Frenchmen, and that to prove that the presence of the Bourbons was the signal of reconciliation his Majesty had ordered 20,000 of the Allied troops to quit Paris. I know not to what the presence of the Cossacks is to be attributed, but it was an awkward circumstance at the time, and one which malevolence did not fail to seize upon.

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Two days only intervened between Monsieur's entrance into Paris and the arrival of the Emperor of Austria. That monarch was not popular among the Parisians. The line of conduct he had adopted was almost generally condemned, for, even among those who lead most ardently wished for the dethronement of his daughter, through their aversion to the Bonaparte family, there were many who blamed the Emperor of Austria's behaviour to Maria Louisa: they would have wished that, for the honour of Francis *ii*., he had unsuccessfully opposed the downfall of the dynasty, whose alliance he considered as a safeguard in 1809. This was the opinion which the mass of the people instinctively formed, for they judged of the Emperor of Austria in his character of a father and not in his character of a monarch; and as the rights of misfortune are always sacred in France, more interest was felt for Maria Louisa when she was known to be forsaken than when she was in the height of her splendour. Francis *ii*. had not seen his daughter since the day when she left Vienna to unite her destiny with that of the master of half of Europe, and I have already stated how he received the mission with which Maria Louisa entrusted the Duc de Cadore.

I was then too intent on what was passing in Paris and at Fontainebleau to observe with equal interest all the circumstances connected with the fate of Maria Louisa, but I will present to the reader all the information I was able to collect respecting that Princess during the period immediately preceding her departure from France. She constantly assured the persons about her that she could rely on her father. The following words, which were faithfully reported to me, were addressed by her to an officer who was at Blois during the mission of M. de Champagny. "Even though it should be the intention of the Allied sovereigns to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon, my father will not suffer it. When he placed me on the throne of France he repeated to me twenty times his determination to uphold me on it; and my father is an honest man." I also know that the Empress, both at Blois and at Orleans, expressed her regret at not having followed the advice of the members of the Regency, who wished her to stay in Paris.

On leaving Orleans Maria Louisa proceeded to Rambouillet; and it was not one of the least extraordinary circumstances of that eventful period to see the sovereigns of Europe, the dethroned sovereigns of France, and those who had come to resume the sceptre, all crowded together within a circle of fifteen leagues round the capital. There was a Bourbon at the Tuileries, Bonaparte at Fontainebleau, his wife and son at Rambouillet, the repudiated Empress at Malmaison three leagues distant, and the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia in Paris.

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When all her hopes had vanished Maria Louisa left Rambouillet to return to Austria with her son. She did not obtain permission to see Napoleon before her departure, though she had frequently expressed a wish to that effect. Napoleon himself was aware of the embarrassment which might have attended such a farewell, or otherwise he would no doubt have made a parting interview with Maria Louisa one of the clauses of the treaty of Paris and Fontainebleau, and of his definitive act of abdication. I was informed at the time that the reason which prevented Maria Louisa's wish from being acceded to was the fear that, by one of those sudden impulses common to women, she might have determined to unite herself to Napoleon's fallen fortune, and accompany him to Elba; and the Emperor of Austria wished to have his daughter back again.

Things had arrived at this point, and there was no possibility of retracting from any of the decisions which had been formed when the Emperor of Austria went to see his daughter at Rambouillet. I recollect it was thought extraordinary at the time that the Emperor Alexander should accompany him on this visit; and, indeed, the sight of the sovereign, who was regarded as the head and arbiter of the coalition, could not be agreeable to the dethroned Empress.

—[Meneval (tome ii. p. 112), then with Maria Louisa as Secretary, who gives some details of her interview with the Emperor Francis on the 16th of April, says nothing about the Czar having been there; a fact he would have been sure to have remarked upon. It was only on the 19th of April that Alexander visited her, the King of Prussia coming in his turn on the 22d; but Bourrienne is right in saying that Maria Louisa complained bitterly of having to receive Alexander, and considered that she was forced by her father to do so. The poor little King of Rome, then only three years old, had also to be seen by the monarchs. He was not taken with his grandfather, remarking that he was not handsome. Maria Louisa seems, according to Meneval, to have been at this time really anxious to join Napoleon (Meneval, tome ii. p. 94). She left Rambouillet on the 28d of April stopped one day at Grossbois, receiving there her father and Berthier, and taking farewell of several persons who came from Paris for that purpose. On the 25th of April she started for Vienna, and later for Parma, which state she received under the treaty of 1814 and 1815. She yielded to the influence brought to bear on her, became estranged from Napoleon, and eventually married her chamberlain, the Comte de Neipperg, an Austrian general.]—

The two Emperors set off from Paris shortly after each other. The Emperor of Austria arrived first at Rambouillet, where he was received with respect and affection by his daughter. Maria Louisa was happy to see him, but the many tears she shed were not all tears of joy. After the first effusion of filial affection she complained of the situation

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to which she was reduced. Her father sympathised with her, but could offer her no consolation, since her misfortunes were irreparable. Alexander was expected to arrive immediately, and the Emperor of Austria therefore informed his daughter that the Russian monarch wished to see her. At first Maria Louisa decidedly refused to receive him, and she persisted for some time in this resolution. She said to her father, “Would he too make me a prisoner before your eyes? If he enters here by force I will retire to my chamber. There, I presume, he will not dare to follow me while you are here.” But there was no time to be lost; Francis *ii*. heard the equipage of the Emperor of Russia rolling through the courtyard of Rambouillet, and his entreaties to his daughter became more and more urgent. At length she yielded, and the Emperor of Austria went himself to meet his ally and conduct him to the salon where Maria Louisa remained, in deference to her father. She did not, however, carry her deference so far as to give a favourable reception to him whom she regarded as the author of all her misfortunes. She listened with considerable coldness to the offers and protestations of Alexander, and merely replied that all she wished for was the liberty of returning to her family. A few days after this painful interview Maria Louisa and her son set off for Vienna.
—[A few days after this visit Alexander paid his respects to Bonaparte’s other wife, Josephine. In this great breaking up of empires and kingdoms the unfortunate Josephine, who had been suffering agonies on account of the husband who had abandoned her, was not forgotten. One of the first things the Emperor of Russia did on arriving at Paris was to despatch a guard for the protection of her beautiful little palace at Malmaison. The Allied sovereigns treated her with delicacy and consideration.“As soon as the Emperor Alexander knew that the Empress Josephine had arrived at Malmaison he hastened to pay her a visit. It is not possible to be more amiable than he was to her. When in the course of conversation he spoke of the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and of the position of the Emperor Napoleon, it was always in perfectly measured language: he never forgot for a single instant that he was speaking before one who had been the wife of his vanquished enemy. On her side the ex-Empress did not conceal the tender sentiments, the lively affection she still entertained for Napoleon. . . . Alexander had certainly something elevated and magnanimous in his character, which would not permit him to say a single word capable of insulting misfortune; the Empress had only one prayer to make to him, and that was for her children."]—

This visit was soon followed by those of the other Allied Princes.

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“The King of Prussia and the Princes, his sons, came rather frequently to pay their court to Josephine; they even dined with her several times at Malmaison; but the Emperor Alexander come much more frequently. The Queen Hortense was always with her mother when she received the sovereigns, and assisted her in doing the honours of the house. The illustrious strangers exceedingly admired Malmaison, which seemed to them a charming residence. They were particularly struck with the fine gardens and conservatories.”From this moment, however, Josephine’s health rapidly declined, and she did not live to see Napoleon’s return from Elba. She often said to her attendant, “I do not know what is the matter with me, but at times I have fits of melancholy enough to kill me.” But on the very brink of the grave she retained all her amiability, all her love of dress, and the graces and resources of a drawing-room society. The immediate cause of her death was a bad cold she caught in taking a drive in the park of Malmaison on a damp cold day. She expired on the noon of Sunday, the 26th of May, in the fifty-third year of her age. Her body was embalmed, and on the sixth day after her death deposited in a vault in the church of Ruel, close to Malmaison. The funeral ceremonies were magnificent, but a better tribute to the memory of Josephine was to be found is the tears with which her children, her servants, the neighbouring poor, and all that knew her followed her to the grave. In 1826 a beautiful monument was erected over her remains by Eugene Beauharnais and his sisters with this simple inscription:

To Josephine.

Eugene. *Hortense*.

CHAPTER II.

1814.

Italy and Eugene—Siege of Dantzic-Capitulation concluded but not ratified-Rapp made prisoner and sent to Kiow—Davoust’s refusal to believe the intelligence from Paris—-Projected assassination of one of the French Princes—Departure of Davoust and General Hogendorff from Hamburg—The affair of Manbreuil—Arrival of the Commissioners of the Allied powers at Fontainebleau—Preference shown by Napoleon to Colonel Campbell—Bonaparte’s address to General Kohler—His farewell to his troops—First day of Napoleon’s journey—The Imperial Guard succeeded by the Cossacks—Interview with Augerean— The first white cockades—Napoleon hanged in effigy at Orgon—His escape in the disguise of a courier—Scene in the inn of La Calade — Arrival at Aix—The Princess Pauline—Napoleon embarks for Elba—His life at Elba.

I must now direct the attention of the reader to Italy, which was the cradle of Napoleon’s glory, and towards which he transported himself in imagination from the Palace of Fontainebleau. Eugene had succeeded in keeping up his means of defence until April, but on the 7th of that month, being positively informed of the overwhelming reverses of

France, he found himself constrained to accede to the propositions of the Marshal de Bellegarde to treat for the evacuation of Italy; and on the 10th a convention was concluded, in which it was stipulated that the French troops, under the command of Eugene, should return within the limits of old France. The clauses of this convention were executed on the 19th of April.

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—[Lord William Bentinck and Sir Edward Pellew had taken Genoa on the 18th Of April. Murat was in the field with the Austrians against the French.]—

Eugene, thinking that the Senate of Milan was favourably disposed towards him, solicited that body to use its influence in obtaining the consent of the Allied powers to his continuance at the head of the Government of Italy; but this proposition was rejected by the Senate. A feeling of irritation pervaded the public mind in Italy, and the army had not proceeded three marches beyond Mantua when an insurrection broke out in Milan. The Finance Minister, Pizna, was assassinated, and his residence demolished, and nothing would have saved the Viceroy from a similar fate had he been in his capital. Amidst this popular excitement, and the eagerness of the Italians to be released from the dominion of the French, the friends of Eugene thought him fortunate in being able to join his father-in-law at Munich almost incognito.

—[Some time after Eugene visited France and had a long audience of Louis XVIII. He announced himself to that monarch by his father's title of Marquis de Beauharnais. The King immediately saluted him by the title of Monsieur le Marechal, and proposed that he should reside in France with that rank. But this invitation Eugene declined, because as a French Prince under the fallen Government he had commanded the Marshals, and he therefore could not submit to be the last in rank among those illustrious military chiefs. Bourrienne.]—

Thus, at the expiration of nine years, fell the iron crown which Napoleon had placed on his head saying, "Dieu me l'a donne; gare a qui la touche."

I will now take a glance at the affairs of Germany. Rapp was not in France at the period of the fall of the Empire. He had, with extraordinary courage and skill, defended himself against a year's siege at Dantzic. At length, being reduced to the last extremity, and constrained to surrender, he opened the gates of the city, which presented nothing but heaps of ruins. Rapp had stipulated that the garrison of Dantzic should return to France, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, who commanded the siege, had consented to that condition; but the Emperor of Russia having refused to ratify it, Rapp, having no means of defence, was made prisoner with his troops; and conducted to Kiow, whence he afterwards returned to Paris, where I saw him.

Hamburg still held out, but at the beginning of April intelligence was received there of the extraordinary events which had delivered Europe from her oppressor. Davoust refused to believe this news, which at once annihilated all his hopes of power and greatness. This blindness was persisted in for some time at Hamburg. Several hawkers, who were marked out by the police as having been the circulators of Paris news, were shot. An agent of the Government publicly announced his design of assassinating one of the French Princes, in whose service he was said to have been as a page. He said he would go to his Royal Highness and solicit to be appointed one of

his aides de camp, and that, if the application were refused, as it probably would be, the refusal would only confirm him in his purpose.

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At length, when the state of things was beyond the possibility of doubt, Davoust assembled the troops, acquainted them with the dethronement of the Emperor, hoisted a flag of truce, and sent his adhesion to the Provisional Government. All then thought of their personal safety, without losing sight of their honestly-acquired wealth. Diamonds and other objects of value and small bulk were hastily collected and packed up. The Governor of Hamburg, Count Hogendorff, who, in spite of some signal instances of opposition, had too often co-operated in severe and vexatious measures, was the first to quit the city. He was, indeed, hurried off by Davoust; because he had mounted the Orange cockade and wished to take his Dutch troops away with him. After consigning the command to General Gerard, Davoust quitted Hamburg, and arrived at Paris on the 18th of June.

I have left Napoleon at Fontainebleau. The period of his departure for Elba was near at hand: it was fixed for the 17th of April.

On that day Maubreuil, a man who has become unfortunately celebrated, presented himself at the Post-office, and asked to speak with me. He showed me some written orders, signed by General Saeken, the Commander of the Russian troops in Palls, and by Baron Brackenhausen, chief of the staff. These orders set forth that Maubreuil was entrusted with an important mission, for the execution of which he was authorised to demand the assistance of the Russian troops; and the commanders of those men were enjoined to place at his disposal as many troops as he might apply for. Maubreuil was also the bearer of similar orders from General Dupont, the War Minister, and from M. Angles, the Provisional Commissary-General of the Police, who directed all the other commissaries to obey the orders they might receive from Maubreuil. On seeing these documents, of the authenticity of which there was no doubt, I immediately ordered the different postmasters to provide Maubreuil promptly with any number of horses he might require.

Some days after I was informed that the object of Maubreuil's mission was to assassinate Napoleon. It may readily be imagined what was my astonishment on hearing this, after I had seen the signature of the Commander of the Russian forces, and knowing as I did the intentions of the Emperor Alexander. The fact is, I did not, and never can, believe that such was the intention of Mabreuil. This man has been accused of having carried off the jewels of the Queen of Westphalia.

Napoleon having consented to proceed to the island of Elba, conformably with the treaty he had ratified on the 13th, requested to be accompanied to the place of embarkation by a Commissioner from each of the Allied powers. Count Schouwaloff was appointed by Russia, Colonel Neil Campbell by England, General Kohler by Austria, and Count Waldbourg-Truchess by Prussia. On the 16th the four Commissioners came for the first time to Fontainebleau, where the Emperor, who was still attended by Generals Drouot and Bertrand, gave to each a private audience on the following day.

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Though Napoleon received with coldness the Commissioners whom he had himself solicited, yet that coldness was far from being manifested in an equal degree to all. He who experienced the best reception was Colonel Campbell, apparently because his person exhibited traces of wounds. Napoleon asked him in what battles he had received them, and on what occasions he had been invested with the orders he wore. He next questioned him as to the place of his birth, and Colonel Campbell having answered that he was a Scotchman, Napoleon congratulated him on being the countryman of Ossian, his favourite author, with whose poetry, however, he was only acquainted through the medium of wretched translations. On this first audience Napoleon said to the Colonel, “I have cordially hated the English. I have made war against you by every possible means, but I esteem your nation. I am convinced that there is more generosity in your Government than in any other. I should like to be conveyed from Toulon to Elba by an English frigate.”

The Austrian and Russian Commissioners were received coolly, but without any marked indications of displeasure. It was not so with the Prussian Commissioner, to whom he said duly, “Are there any Prussians in my escort?”—“No, Sire.”—“Then why do you take the trouble to accompany me?”—“Sire, it is not a trouble, but an honour.”—“These are mere words; you have nothing to do here.”—“Sire, I could not possibly decline the honourable mission with which the King my master has entrusted me.” At these words Napoleon turned his back on Count Truchess.

The Commissioners expected that Napoleon would be ready to set out without delay; but they were deceived. He asked for a sight of the itinerary of his route, and wished to make some alterations in it. The Commissioners were reluctant to oppose his wish, for they had been instructed to treat him with all the respect and etiquette due to a sovereign. They therefore suspended the departure, and, as they could not take upon themselves to acquiesce in the changes wished for by the Emperor, they applied for fresh orders. On the night of the 18th of April they received these orders, authorising them to travel by any road the Emperor might prefer. The departure was then definitively fixed for the 20th.

Accordingly, at ten on the morning of the 20th, the carriages were in readiness, and the Imperial Guard was drawn up in the grand court of the Palace of Fontainebleau, called the Cour du Cheval Blanc. All the population of the town and the neighbouring villages thronged round the Palace. Napoleon sent for General Kohler, the Austrian Commissioner, and said to him, “I have reflected on what I ought to do, and I am determined not to depart. The Allies are not faithful to their engagements with me. I can, therefore, revoke my abdication, which was only conditional. More than a thousand addresses were delivered to me last night: I am conjured to resume the reins

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of government I renounced my rights to the crown only to avert the horrors of a civil war, having never had any other abject in view than the glory and happiness of France. But, seeing as I now do, the dissatisfaction inspired by the measures of the new Government, I can explain to my Guard the reasons which induced me to revoke my abdication. It is true that the number of troops on which I can count will scarcely exceed 30,000 men, but it will be easy for me to increase their numbers to 130,000. Know, then, that I can also, without injuring my honour, say to my Guard, that having nothing but the repose and happiness of the country at heart, I renounce all my rights, and exhort my troops to follow my example, and yield to the wish of the nation."

I heard these words reported by General Kohler himself, after his return from his mission. He did not disguise the embarrassment which this unexpected address had occasioned; and I recollect having remarked at the time that had Bonaparte, at the commencement of the campaign of Paris, renounced his rights and returned to the rank of citizen, the immense masses of the Allies must have yielded to the efforts of France. General Kohler also stated that Napoleon complained of Maria Louisa not being allowed to accompany him; but at length, yielding to the reasons urged by those about him, he added, "Well, I prefer remaining faithful to my promise; but if I have any new ground of complaint, I will free myself from all my engagements."

At eleven o'clock Comte de Bussy, one of the Emperor's aides de camp, was sent by the Grand Marshal (General Bertrand) to announce that all was ready for departure. "Am I;" said Napoleon, "to regulate my actions by the Grand Marshal's watch? I will go when I please. Perhaps I may not go at all. Leave me!"

All the forms of courtly etiquette which Napoleon loved so much were observed; and when at length he was pleased to leave his cabinet to enter the salon, where the Commissioners were waiting; the doors were thrown open as usual, and "The Emperor" was announced; but no sooner was the word uttered than he turned back again. However, he soon reappeared, rapidly crossed the gallery, and descended the staircase, and at twelve o'clock precisely he stood at the head of his Guard, as if at a review in the court of the Tuileries in the brilliant days of the Consulate and the Empire.

Then took place a really moving scene—Napoleon's farewell to his soldiers. Of this I may abstain from entering into any details, since they are known everywhere, and by everybody, but I may subjoin the Emperor's last address to his old companions-in-arms, because it belongs to history. This address was pronounced in a voice as firm and sonorous as that in which Bonaparte used to harangue his troops in the days of his triumphs. It was as follows:

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“Soldiers of my Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have constantly accompanied you on the road to honour and glory. In these latter times, as in the days of our prosperity, you have invariably been models of courage and fidelity. With men such as you our cause could not be lost, but the war would have been interminable; it would have been civil war, and that would have entailed deeper misfortunes on France. I have sacrificed all my interests to those of the country. I go; but you, my friends, will continue to serve France. Her happiness was my only thought.. It will still be the object of my wishes. Do not regret my fate: if I have consented to survive, it is to serve your glory. I intend to write the history of the great achievements we have performed together. Adieu, my friends. Would I could press you all to my, heart!”

During the first day cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” resounded along the road, and Napoleon, resorting to his usual dissimulation, censured the disloyalty of the people to their legitimate sovereign, which he did with ill disguised irony. The Guard accompanied him as far as Briars. At that place Napoleon invited Colonel Campbell to breakfast with him. He conversed on the last war in Spain, and spoke in complimentary terms of the English nation and the military talents of Wellington. Yet by that time he must have heard of the battle of Toulouse.

On the night of the 21st Napoleon slept at Nevers, where he was received by the acclamations of the people, who here, as in several other towns, mingled their cries in favour of their late sovereign with imprecations against the Commissioners of the Allies. He left Nevers at six on the morning of the 22d. Napoleon was now no longer escorted by the Guards, who were succeeded by a corps of Cossacks: the cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” accordingly ceased, and he had the mortification to hear in its stead, “Vivent les Allies!” However, I have been informed that at Lyons, through which the Emperor passed on the 23d at eleven at night, the cry of “Vive l’Empereur!” was still echoed among the groups who assembled before the post-office during the change of horses.

Augereau, who was still a Republican, though he accepted the title of Duke of Castiglione from Napoleon, had always been among the discontented. On the downfall of the Emperor he was one of that considerable number of persons who turned Royalists not out of love for the Bourbons but out of hatred to Bonaparte. He held a command in the south when he heard of the forfeiture of Napoleon pronounced by the Senate, and he was one of the first to send his recognition to the Provisional Government. Augereau, who, like all uneducated men, went to extremes in everything, had published under his name a proclamation extravagantly violent and even insulting to the Emperor. Whether Napoleon was aware of this proclamation I cannot pretend to say, but he affected ignorance of the matter if he

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was informed of it, for on the 24th, having met Augereau at a little distance from Valence, he stopped his carriage and immediately alighted. Augereau did the same, and they cordially embraced in the presence of the Commissioners. It was remarked that in saluting Napoleon took off his hat and Augereau kept on his. "Where are you going?", said the Emperor; "to Court?"—"No, I am going to Lyons."—"You have behaved very badly to me." Augereau, finding that the Emperor addressed him in the second person singular, adopted the same familiarity; so they conversed as they were accustomed to do when they were both generals in Italy. "Of what do you complain?" said he. "Has not your insatiable ambition brought us to this? Have you not sacrificed everything to that ambition, even the happiness of France? I care no more for the Bourbons than for you. All I care for is the country." Upon this Napoleon turned sharply away from the Marshal, lifted his hat to him, and then stepped into his carriage. The Commissioners, and all the persons in Napoleon's suite, were indignant at seeing Augereau stand in the road still covered, with his hands behind his back, and instead of bowing, merely making a contemptuous salutation to Napoleon with his hand. It was at the Tuileries that these haughty Republicans should have shown their airs. To have done so on the road to Elba was a mean insult which recoiled upon themselves. —[The following letter, taken from Captain Bingham's recently published selections from the Correspondence of the first Napoleon, indicates in emphatic language the Emperor's recent dissatisfaction with Marshal Augereau when in command at Lyons daring the "death straggle" of 1814:

To Marshal Augereau.

Nogent, 21st February, 1814,

....What! six hours after having received the first troops coming from Spain you were not in the field! Six hours repose was sufficient. I won the action of Naugis with a brigade of dragoons coming from Spain which, since it had left Bayonne, had not unbridled its horses. The six battalions of the division of Nimes want clothes, equipment, and drilling, say you? What poor reasons you give me there, Augereau! I have destroyed 80,000 enemies with conscripts having nothing but knapsacks! The National Guards, say you, are pitiable; I have 4000 here in round hats, without knapsacks, in wooden shoes, but with good muskets, and I get a great deal out of them. There is no money, you continue; and where do you hope to draw money from! You want waggons; take them wherever you can. You have no magazines; this is too ridiculous. I order you twelve hours after the reception of this letter to take the field. If you are still Augereau of Castiglione, keep the command, but if your sixty years weigh upon you hand over the command to your senior general. The country is in danger; and can be saved by boldness and alacrity alone....

(Signed) *Napoleon*]—

At Valence Napoleon, for the first time, saw French soldiers with the white cockade in their caps. They belonged to Augereau's corps. At Orange the air resounded with tines of "Vive le Roi!" Here the gaiety, real or feigned, which Napoleon had hitherto evinced, began to forsake him.

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Had the Emperor arrived at Avignon three hours later than he did there is no doubt that he would have been massacred.—[The Royalist mob of Avignon massacred Marshal Brune in 1816.]—He did not change horses at Avignon, through which he passed at five in the morning, but at St. Andiol, where he arrived at six. The Emperor, who was fatigued with sitting in the carnage, alighted with Colonel Campbell and General Bertrand, and walked with them up the first hill. His valet de chambre, who was also walking a little distance in advance, met one of the mail couriers, who said is him, "Those are the Emperor's carriages coming this way?"—"No, they are the equipages of the Allies."—"I say they are the Emperor's carriages. I am an old soldier. I served in the campaign of Egypt, and I will save the life of my General."—"I tell you again they are not the Emperor's carriages."—"Do not attempt to deceive me; I have just passed through Organ, where the Emperor has been hanged in effigy. The wretches erected a scaffold and hanged a figure dressed in a French uniform covered with blood. Perhaps I may get myself into a scrape by this confidence, but no matter. Do you profit by it." The courier then set off at full gallop. The valet de chambre took General Drouot apart, and told him what he had heard. Drouot communicated the circumstance to General Bertrand, who himself related it to the Emperor in the presence of the Commissioners. The latter, justly indignant, held a sort of council on the highway, and it was determined that the Emperor should go forward without his retinue. The valet de chambre was asked whether he had any clothes in the carriage. He produced a long blue cloak and a round hat. It was proposed to put a white cockade in the hat, but to this Napoleon would not consent. He went forward in the style of a courier, with Amaudru, one of the two outriders who had escorted his carriage, and dashed through Orgon. When the Allied Commissioners arrived there the assembled population were uttering exclamations of "Down with the Corsican! Down with the brigand!" The mayor of Orgon (the, same man whom I had seen almost on his knees to General Bonaparte on his return from Egypt) addressed himself to Pelard, the Emperor's valet de chambre, and said, "Do you follow that rascal?"—"No," replied Pelard, "I am attached to the Commisairiers of the Allied powers."—Ah! that is well! I should like to hang the villain with my own hands.

"Ah! if you knew, sir, how the scoundrel has deceived us! It was I who received him on his return from Egypt. We wished to take his horses out and draw his carriage. I should like to avenge myself now for the honours I rendered him at that time."

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The crowd augmented, and continued to vociferate with a degree of fury which may be imagined by those who have heard the inhabitants of the south manifest, by cries, their joy or their hatred. Some more violent than the rest wished to force Napoleon's coachman to cry "Vive le Roi!" He courageously refused, though threatened with a stroke of a sabre, when, fortunately; the carriage being ready to start, he whipped the horses and set off at full gallop. The Commissioners would not breakfast at Orgon; they paid for what had been prepared, and took some refreshments away with them. The carriages did not overtake the Emperor until they came to La Calade, where he had arrived a quarter of an hour before with Amaudru.

They found him standing by the fire in the kitchen of the inn talking with the landlady. She had asked him whether the tyrant was soon to pass that way? "Ah! sir," said she, "it is all nonsense to say we have got rid of him. I always, have said, and always will say, that we shall never be sure of being done with him until he be laid at the bottom of a well, covered over with stones. I wish we had him safe in the well in our yard. You see, sir, the Directory sent him to Egypt to get rid of him; but he came back again! And he will come back again, you maybe sure of that, sir; unless—" Here the good woman, having finished skimming her pot, looked up and perceived that all the party were standing uncovered except the individual to whom, she had been speaking. She was confounded, and the embarrassment she experienced at having spoken so ill of the Emperor to the Emperor himself banished all her anger, and she lavished every mark of attention, and respect on Napoleon and his retinue. A messenger was immediately sent to Aix to purchase ribbons for making white cockades. All the carriages were brought into the courtyard of the inn, and the gate was closed; the landlady informed Napoleon that it would not be prudent for him to venture on passing through Aix, where a population of more than 20,000 were waiting to stone him.

Meanwhile dinner was served, and Napoleon sat down to table. He admirably disguised the agitation which he could not fail to experience, and I have been assured, by some of the individuals who were present on that remarkable occasion, that he never made himself more agreeable. His conversation, which was enriched by the resources of his memory and his imagination, charmed every one, and he remarked, with an air of indifference which was perhaps affected, "I believe the new French Government has a design on my life."

The Commissioners, informed of what was going on at Aix, proposed sending to the Mayor an order for closing the gates and adopting measures for securing the public tranquillity. About fifty individuals had assembled round the inn, and one among them offered to carry a letter to the Mayor of Aix The Commissioners accepted his services, and in their letter informed the Mayor that if the gates of the town were not closed within an hour they would advance with two regiments of uhlans and six pieces of artillery, and would fire upon all who might oppose them. This threat had the desired effect; and the Mayor returned for answer that the gates should be closed, and that he would take upon himself the responsibility of everything which might happen.

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The danger which threatened the Emperor at Aix was thus averted; but there was another to be braved. During the seven or eight hours he passed at La Calade a considerable number of people had gathered round the inn, and manifested every disposition to proceed to some excess. Most of them had in their hands five-franc pieces, in order to recognise the Emperor by his likeness on the coin. Napoleon, who had passed two nights without sleep, was in a little room adjoining the kitchen, where he had fallen into a slumber, reclining an the shoulder of his valet de chambre. In a moment of dejection he had said, “I now renounce the political world forever. I shall henceforth feel no interest about anything that may happen. At Porto-Ferrajo I may be happy—more happy than I have ever been! No!—if the crown of Europe were now offered to me I would not accept it. I will devote myself to science. I was right never to esteem mankind! But France and the French people—what ingratitude! I am disgusted with ambition, and I wish to rule no longer!”

When the moment for departure arrived it was proposed that he should put on the greatcoat and fur cap of General Kohler, and that he should go into the carriage of the Austrian Commissioner. The Emperor, thus disguised, left the inn of La Calade, passing between two lines of spectators. On turning the walls of Aix Napoleon had again the mortification to hear the cries of “Down with the tyrant! Down with Nicolas!” and these vociferations resounded at the distance of a quarter of a league from the town.

Bonaparte, dispirited by these manifestations of hatred, said, in a tone of mingled grief and contempt, “These Provencals are the same furious brawlers that they used to be. They committed frightful massacres at the commencement of the Revolution. Eighteen years ago I came to this part of the country with some thousand men to deliver two Royalists who were to be hanged. Their crime was having worn the white cockade. I saved them; but it was not without difficulty that I rescued them from the hands of their assailants; and now, you see, they resume the same excesses against those who refuse to wear the white cockade.”. At about a league from Aix the Emperor and his retinue found horses and an escort of gendarmerie to conduct them to the chateau of Luc.

The Princess Pauline was at the country residence of M. Charles, member of the Legislative Body, near the castle of Luc. On hearing of the misfortunes of her brother she determined to accompany him to the isle of Elba, and she proceeded to Frejus to embark with him. At Frejus the Emperor rejoined Colonel Campbell, who had quitted the convoy on the road, and had brought into the port the English frigate the ‘Undaunted’ which was appointed to convey the Emperor to the place of his destination. In spite of the wish he had expressed to Colonel Campbell he manifested considerable reluctance to go on board. However, on the 28th of April he sailed for the island of Elba in the English frigate, in which it could not then be said that Caesar and his fortune were embarked.

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[It was on the 3d of May 1814 that Bonaparte arrived within sight of Porto-Ferrajo, the capital of his miniature empire; but he did not land till the nest morning. At first he paid a short visit incognito, being accompanied by a sergeant's party of marines from the Undaunted. He then returned on board to breakfast, and at about two o'clock made his public entrance, the 'Undaunted' firing a royal salute.]

In every particular of his conduct he paid great attention to the maintenance of his Imperial dignity. On landing he received the keys of his city of Porto-Ferrajo, and the devoirs of the Governor, prefect, and other dignitaries, and he proceeded immediately under a canopy of State to the parish church, which served as a cathedral. There he heard Te Deum, and it is stated that his countenance was dark and melancholy, and that he even shed tears.

One of Bonaparte's first cares was to select a flag for the Elbese Empire, and after some hesitation he fixed on "Argent, on a bend gules, or three bees," as the armorial ensign of his new dominion. It is strange that neither he nor any of those whom he consulted should have been aware that Elba had an ancient and peculiar ensign, and it is still more remarkable that this ensign should be one singularly adapted to Bonaparte's situation; being no more than "a wheel,—the emblem," says M. Bernaud, "of the vicissitudes of human life, which the Elbese had borrowed from the Egyptian mysteries." This is as curious a coincidence as any we ever recollect to have met; as the medals of Elba with the emblem of the wheel are well known, we cannot but suppose that Bonaparte was aware of the circumstance; yet he is represented as having in vain made several anxious inquiries after the ancient arms of the island.

During the first months of his residence there his life was, in general, one of characteristic activity and almost garrulous frankness. He gave dinners, went to balls, rode all day about his island, planned fortifications, aqueducts, lazarettos, harbours, and palaces; and the very second day after he landed fitted out an expedition of a dozen soldiers to take possession of a little uninhabited island called Pianosa, which lies a few leagues from Elba; on this occasion he said good-humouredly, "Toute l'Europe dira que j'ai deja fait une conqute" (All Europe will say I have already made a conquest). The cause of the island of Pianosa being left uninhabited was the marauding of the Corsairs from the coast of Barbary, against whom Bonaparte considered himself fully protected by the 4th Article of the Treaty of Fontainebleau.

The greatest wealth of Elba consists in its iron mines, for which the island was celebrated in the days of Virgil. Soon after his arrival Napoleon visited the mines in company with Colonel Campbell, and being informed that they produced annually about 500,000 francs he exclaimed joyfully, "These, then, are my own!" One of his followers, however, reminded him that he had long since disposed of that revenue, having given it to his order of the Legion of Honour, to furnish pensions, *etc*. "Where was my head when I made that grant?" said he, "but I have made many foolish decrees of that sort!"

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Sir Walter Scott, in telling a curious fact, makes a very curious mistake. “To dignify his capital,” he says, “having discovered that the ancient name of Porto-Ferrajo was Comopoli (the city of Como), he commanded it to be called Cosmopoli, or the city of all nations.” Now the old name of Porto-Ferrajo was in reality not Comopoli, but Cosmopoli, and it obtained that name from the Florentine Cosmo de’ Medici, to whose ducal house Elba belonged, as an integral part of Tuscany. The name equally signified the city of Cosmo, or the city of all nations, and the vanity of the Medici had probably been flattered by the double meaning of the appellation. But Bonaparte certainly revived the old name, and did not add a letter to it to dignify his little capital.

The household of Napoleon, though reduced to thirty-five persons, still represented an Imperial Court. The forms and etiquette of the Tuileries and St, Cloud were retained on a diminished scale, but the furniture and internal accommodations of the palace are represented as having been meaner by far than those of an English gentleman of ordinary rank. The Bodyguard of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Elba consisted of about 700 infantry and 80 cavalry, and to this handful of troops Napoleon seemed to pay almost as much attention as he had formerly given to his Grande Armee. The men were constantly exercised, particularly in throwing shot and shells, and he soon began to look out for good recruits.

He early announced that he would hold a Court and receive ladies twice a week; the first was on the 7th of May, and a great concourse assembled. Bonaparte at first paid great attention to the women, particularly those who possessed personal attractions, and asked them, in his rapid way, whether they were married? how many children they had, and who their husbands were? To the last question he received one universal answer; it happened that every lady was married to a merchant, but when it came to be further explained that they were merchant butchers and merchant bakers, his Imperial Majesty permitted some expression of his dissatisfaction to escape him and hastily retired. On the 4th of June there was a ball on board the British frigate, in honour of the King’s birthday; the whole beauty and fashion of Elba were assembled, and dancing with great glee, when, about midnight, Bonaparte came in his barge, unexpectedly, and masked, to join the festivity. He was very affable, and visited every part of the ship, and all the amusements which had been prepared for the different classes of persons. On his birthday, the 15th of August, he ordered the mayor to give a ball, and for this purpose a temporary building, capable of holding 300 persons, was to be erected, and the whole entertainment, building and all, were to be at the expense of the inhabitants themselves. These were bad auspices, and accordingly the ball completely failed. Madame Mtire, Madame Bertrand, and the two ladies of honour, attended, but not above thirty of the fair islanders, and as the author of the IEineraire remarks, “Le bal ful triste quoique Bonaparte n’y parut pas.”

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Having in an excursion reached the summit of one of the highest hills on the island, where the sea was visible all round him, he shook his head with affected solemnity, and exclaimed in a bantering tone, “Eh! il faut avouer que mon ile est bien petite.”

On this mountain one of the party saw a little church in an almost inaccessible situation, and observed that it was a most inconvenient site for a church, for surely no congregation could attend it. “It is on that account the more convenient to the parson,” replied Bonaparte, “who may preach what stuff he pleases without fear of contradiction.”

As they descended the hill and met some peasants with their goats who asked for charity, Bonaparte told a story which the present circumstances brought to his recollection, that when he was crossing the Great St. Bernard, previously to the battle of Marengo, he had met a goatherd, and entered into conversation with him. The goatherd, not knowing to whom he was speaking, lamented his own hard lot, and envied the riches of some persons who actually had cows and cornfields. Bonaparte inquired if some fairy were to offer to gratify all his wishes what he would ask? The poor peasant expressed, in his own opinion, some very extravagant desires, such as a dozen of cows and a good farmhouse. Bonaparte afterwards recollected the incident, and astonished the goatherd by the fulfilment of all his wishes.

But all his thoughts and conversations were not as light and pleasant as these. Sometimes he would involve himself in an account of the last campaign, of his own views and hopes, of the defection of his marshals, of the capture of Paris, and finally of his abdication; on these he would talk by the hour with great earnestness and almost fury, exhibiting in very rapid succession traits of eloquence, of military genius, of indignation; of vanity, and of selfishness. With regard to the audience to whom he addressed these tirades he was not very particular.

The chief violence of his rage seemed to be directed against Marshal Marmont whom, as well as Augereau, he sometimes called by names too gross for repetition, and charged roundly with treachery. Marmont, when he could no longer defend Paris by arms, saved it by an honourable capitulation; he preserved his army for the service of his country and when everything else was lost stipulated for the safety of Bonaparte. This last stipulation, however, Bonaparte affected to treat with contempt and indignation. —[Editor of 1836 edition.]

CHAPTER III.

1814.

Changes produced by time—Correspondence between the Provisional Government and Hartwell—Louis XVIII’s reception in London— His arrival at Calais—Berthier’s address

to the King at Compiegne— My presentation to his Majesty at St. Ouen-Louis—XVIII’s entry into Paris—Unexpected dismissal from my post—M. de Talleyrand’s departure

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for the Congress of Vienna—Signs of a commotion— Impossibility of seeing M. de Blacas—The Abby Fleuriel—Unanswered letters—My letter to M. de Talleyrand at Vienna.

No power is so great as that resulting from the changes produced by time. Wise policy consists in directing that power, but to do so it is requisite to know the wants of the age. For this reason Louis XVIII. appeared, in the eyes of all sensible persons, a monarch expressly formed for the circumstances in which we stood after the fall of Napoleon.

In the winter of 1813-14 some Royalist proclamations had been circulated in Paris, and as they contained the germs of those hopes which the Charter, had it been executed, was calculated to realise, the police opposed their circulation, and I recollect that, in order to multiply the number of copies, my family and I daily devoted some hours to transcribing them. After the definitive declaration of Alexander a very active correspondence ensued between the Provisional Government and Hartwell, and Louis XVIII. was even preparing to embark for Bordeaux when he learned the events of the 31st of March. That news induced the King to alter his determination, and he soon quitted his retirement to proceed to London. Louis XVIII. and the Prince Regent of England exchanged the orders of the Holy Ghost and the Garter, and I believe I may affirm that this was the first occasion on which any but a Catholic Prince was invested with the order of the Holy Ghost.

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover on board the Royal Sovereign, and landed at Calais on the 24th of April. I need not enter into any description of the enthusiasm which his presence excited; that is generally known through the reports of the journals of the time. It is very certain that all rational persons saw with satisfaction the Princes of the House of Bourbon reascend the throne of their ancestors, enlightened by experience and misfortune, which, as some ancient philosopher observes, are the best counsellors of kings.

I had received a letter addressed to me from London by the Duc de Duras, pointing out the route which Louis XVIII. was to pursue from Calais to Paris: In this he said, “After the zeal, monsieur, you have shown for the service of the King, I do not doubt your activity to prevent his suffering in any way at a moment so happy and interesting for every Frenchman.” The King’s wishes on this subject were scrupulously fulfilled, and I recollect with pleasure the zeal with which my directions were executed by all the persons in the service of the Postoffice. His Majesty stopped for a short time at Amiens, and then proceeded to Compiegne, where the Ministers and Marshals had previously arrived to present to him their homage and the assurance of their fidelity. Berthier addressed the King in the name of the Marshals, and said, among other things, “that France, groaning for five and twenty years under the weight of the misfortunes that oppressed her, had anxiously looked forward to the happy day which she now saw dawning.” Berthier might justly have said for “ten years”; but at all events, even had he

spoken the truth, it was ill placed in the mouth of a man whom the Emperor had constantly loaded with favours: The Emperor Alexander also went to Compiegne to meet Louis XVIII., and the two monarchs dined together.

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I did not go to Compiegne because the business which I had constantly to execute did not permit me to leave Paris for so long an interval as that journey would have required, but I was at St. Ouen when Louis XVIII. arrived on the 2d of May. There I had to congratulate myself on being remembered by a man to whom I was fortunate enough to render some service at Hamburg. As the King entered the salon through which he had to pass to go to the dining-room M. Hue recognising me said to his Majesty, “There is M. de Bourrienne.” The King then stepping up to me said, “Ah! M. de Bourrienne, I am very glad to see you. I am aware of the services you have rendered me in Hamburg and Paris, and I shall feel much pleasure in testifying my gratitude.”

At St. Ouen Louis XVIII. promulgated the declaration which preceded the Charter, and which repeated the sentiments expressed by the King twenty years before, in the Declaration of Colmar. It was also at St, Ouen that project of a Constitution was presented to him by the Senate in which that body, to justify ‘in extremis’ its title of conservative, stipulated for the preservation of its revenues and endowments.

On the 3d of May Louis XVIII. made his solemn entrance into Paris, the Duchess d’Angouleme being in the carriage with the King. His Majesty proceeded first to Notre Dame. On arriving at the Pont Neuf he saw the model of the statue of Henri *iv*. replaced, on the pedestal of which appeared the following words: ‘Ludovico reduce, Henricus redivivus’, which were suggested by M. de Lally-Tollendal, and were greatly preferable to the long and prolix inscription composed for the bronze statue.

The King’s entrance into Paris did not excite so much enthusiasm as the entrance of Monsieur. In the places through which I passed on the 3d of May astonishment seemed to be the prevailing feeling among the people. The abatement of public enthusiasm was more perceptible a short time after, when Louis XVIII. restored “the red corps” which Louis XVI. had suppressed long before the Revolution.

It was not a little extraordinary to see the direction of the Government consigned to a man who neither had nor could have any knowledge of France. From the commencement M. de Blacas affected ministerial omnipotence. When I went on the 11th of May to the Tuileries to present, as usual, my portfolio to the King, in virtue of my privilege of transacting business with the sovereign, M. de Blacas wished to take the portfolio from me, which appeared to me the more surprising as, during the seven days I had the honour of coming in contact with Louis XVIII., his Majesty had been pleased to bestow many compliments upon me. I at first refused to give up the portfolio, but M. de Blacas told me the King had ordered him to receive it; I then, of course, yielded the point.

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However, it, was not long before I had experience of a courtier's revenge, for two days after this circumstance, that is to say, on the 13th of May, on entering my cabinet at the usual hour, I mechanically took up the 'Moniteur', which I found lying on my desk. On glancing hastily over it what was my astonishment to find that the Comte Ferrand had been appointed Director of the Post-office in my stead. Such was the strange mode in which M. de Blacas made me feel the promised gratitude of the sovereign. Certainly, after my proofs of loyalty, which a year afterwards procured for me the honour of being outlawed in quite a special way, I had reason to complain, and I might have said 'Sic vos non vobis' as justly as Virgil when he alluded to the unmerited favours lavished by Augustus on the Maevii and Bavii of his time.

The measures of Government soon excited complaints in every quarter. The usages of the old system were gradually restored, and ridicule being mingled with more serious considerations, Paris was speedily inundated with caricatures and pamphlets. However, tranquillity prevailed until the month of September, when M. de Talleyrand departed for the Congress of Vienna. Then all was disorder at the Tuileries. Every one feeling himself free from restraint, wished to play the statesman, and Heaven knows how many follies were committed in the absence of the schoolmaster.

Under a feeble Government there is but one step from discontent to insurrection, under an imbecile Government like that of France in 1814, after the departure of M. de Talleyrand, conspiracy has free Scope. During the summer of 1814 were initiated the events which reached their climax on the 20th of March 1815. I almost fancy I am dreaming when I look back on the miraculous incapacity of the persons who were then at the head of our Government. The emigrants, who, as it has been truly said, had neither learned nor forgotten anything, came back with all the absurd pretensions of Coblentz. Their silly vanity reminded one of a character in one of Voltaire's novels who is continually saying, "Un homme comme moi!" These people were so engrossed with their pretended merit that they were blind to everything else. They not only disregarded the wishes and the wants of France; which in overthrowing the Empire hoped to regain liberty, but they disregarded every warning they had received.

I recollect one circumstance which was well calculated to excite suspicion. Prince Eugene proposed going to the waters of Plombieres to join his sister Hortense. The horses, the carriages, and one of the Prince's aides de camp had already arrived at Plombieres, and his residence was prepared; but he did not go. Eugene had, no doubt, received intimation of his sister's intrigues with some of the individuals of the late Court of Napoleon who were then at the waters, and as he had determined to reside quietly at the Court of his father-in-law; without meddling with public affairs, he remained at Munich. This fact, however, passed off unnoticed.

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At the end of 1814 unequivocal indications of a great catastrophe were observable. About that time a man, whom I much esteem, and with whom I have always been on terms of friendship, said to me, “You see how things are going on: they are committing fault upon fault. You must be convinced that such a state of things cannot last long. Between ourselves, I am of opinion that all will be over in the month of March; that month will repair the disgrace of last March. We shall then, once for all, be delivered from fanaticism and the emigrants. You see the intolerable spirit of hypocrisy that prevails, and you know that the influence of the priests is, of all things, the most hateful to the nation. We have gone back a long way within the last eight months. I fear you will repent of having taken too active a part in affairs at the commencement of the present year. You see we have gone a very different way from what you expected. However, as I have often told you before, you had good reason to complain; and after all, you acted to the best of your judgment.”

I did not attach much importance to this prediction of a change in the month of March. I deplored, as every one did, the inconceivable errors of “Ferrand and Company,” and I hoped that the Government would gradually return to those principles which were calculated to conciliate the feelings of the people. A few days after another of my friends called on me. He had exercised important functions, and his name had appeared on a proscription list. He had claims upon the Government, which was by no means favourably disposed towards him. I asked him how things were going on, and he replied, “Very well; no opposition is made to my demands. I have no reason to complain.” This reminded me of the man in the ’Lettres Persanes’, who admired the excellent order of the finances under Colbert because his pension was promptly paid. I congratulated my friend on the justice which the Government rendered him, as well as on the justice which he rendered to the Government, and I remarked that if the same course were adopted towards every one all parties would speedily be conciliated. “I do not think so,” said my friend. “If the Government persist in its present course it cannot possibly stand, and we shall have the Emperor back again.”—“That,” said I, “would be a very great misfortune; and even if such were the wish of France, it would be opposed by Europe. You who are so devotedly attached to France cannot be indifferent to the danger that would threaten her if the presence of Bonaparte should bring the foreigners back again. Can you endure to think of the dismemberment of our country?”—“That they would never dare to attempt. But you and I can never agree on the question of the Emperor and your Bourbons. We take a totally different view of the matter. You had cause to complain of Bonaparte, but I had only reason to be satisfied with him. But tell me, what would you do if he were to return?”—

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“Bonaparte return!”—“Yes.”—“Upon my word, the best thing I could do would be to set off as speedily as I could, and that is certainly what I should do. I am thoroughly convinced that he would never pardon me for the part I have taken in the Restoration, and I candidly confess that I should not hesitate a moment to save my life by leaving France.”—“Well, you are wrong, for I am convinced that if you would range yourself among the number of his friends you might have whatever you wished—titles, honours, riches. Of this I could give you assurance.”—“All this, I must tell you, does not tempt me. I love France as dearly, as you do, and I am convinced that she can never be happy under Bonaparte. If he should return I will go and live abroad.”

This is only part of a conversation which lasted a considerable time, and, as is often the case after a long discussion, my friend retained his opinion, and I mine. However, this second warning, this hypothesis of the return of Bonaparte, made me reflect, and I soon received another hint which gave additional weight to the preceding ones. An individual with whom I was well acquainted, and whom I knew from his principles and connections to be entirely devoted to the royal cause, communicated to me some extraordinary circumstances which he said alarmed him. Among other things he said, “The day before yesterday I met Charles de Labedoyere, who, you know, is my intimate friend. I remarked that he had an air of agitation and abstraction. I invited him to come and dine with me, but he declined, alleging as an excuse that we should not be alone. He then asked me to go and dine with him yesterday, as he wanted to talk with me. I accepted his invitation, and we conversed a long time on political affair’s and the situation of France. You know my sentiments are quite the reverse of his, so we disputed and wrangled, though we are still very good friends. But what alarms me is, that at parting Charles pressed my hand, saying, ’Adieu; to-morrow I set off for Grenoble. In a month you will hear something of Charles de Labedoyere.’”

These three successive communications appeared to me very extraordinary. The two first were made to me by persons interested in the event, and the third by one who dreaded it. They all presented a striking coincidence with the intrigues at Plombieres a few months before. In the month of January I determined to mention the business to M. de Blacas, who then engrossed all credit and all power, and through whose medium alone anything could reach the sovereign. I need scarcely add that my intention was merely to mention to him the facts without naming the individuals from whom I obtained them. After all, however, M. de Blacas did not receive me, and I only had the honour of speaking to his secretary, who, if the fact deserve to be recorded, was an abbe named Fleuriel. This personage, who was an extraordinary specimen of impertinence and self-conceit, would have been an admirable study for a comic poet. He had all the dignity belonging to the great secretary of a great Minister, and, with an air of indifference, he told me that the Count was not there; but M. de Blacas was there, and I knew it.

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Devoted as I was to the cause of the Bourbons, I thought it my duty to write that very day to M. de Blacas to request an interview; I received no answer. Two days after I wrote a second letter, in which I informed M. de Blacas that I had something of the greatest importance to communicate to him; this letter remained unnoticed like the first. Unable to account for this strange treatment I again repaired to the Pavilion de Flore, and requested the Abbe Fleuriel to explain to me if he could the cause of his master's silence. "Sir," said he, "I received your two letters, and laid them before the Count; I cannot tell why he has not sent you an answer; but Monsieur le Comte is so much engaged. . . . Monsieur le Comte is so overwhelmed with business that"—"Monsieur le Comte may, perhaps, repent of it. Good morning, sir!"

I thus had personal experience of the truth of what I had often heard respecting M. de Blacas. That favourite, who succeeded Comte d'Avaray, enjoyed the full confidence of the King, and concentrated the sovereign power in his own cabinet. The only means of transmitting any communication to Louis XVIII. was to get it addressed to M. de Blacas by one of his most intimate friends.

Convinced as I was of the danger that threatened France, and unable to break through the blockade which M. de Blacas had formed round the person of the King, I determined to write to M. de Talleyrand at Vienna,' and acquaint him with the communications that had been made to me. M. de Talleyrand corresponded directly with the King, and I doubt not that my information at length reached the ears of his Majesty. But when Louis XVIII. was informed of what was to happen it was too late to avert the danger.

CHAPTER IV.

1814-1815.

Escape from Elba—His landing near Cannes—March on Paris.

About the middle of summer Napoleon was visited by his mother and his sister the Princess Pauline. Both these ladies had very considerable talents for political intrigue, and then natural faculties in this way had not lain dormant or been injured by want of practice. In Pauline this finesse was partially concealed by a languor and indecision of manner and an occasional assumption of 'niaiserie'; or almost infantine simplicity; but this only threw people the more off their guard, and made her finesse the more sure in its operation. Pauline was handsome too, uncommonly graceful, and had all that power of fascination which has been attributed to the Bonaparte family. She could gain hearts with ease, and those whom her charms enslaved were generally ready to devote themselves absolutely to her brother. She went and came between Naples and Elba, and kept her brother-in-law, Murat, in mind of the fact that the lion was not yet dead nor so much as sleeping, but merely retiring the better to spring forward on his quarry.

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Having taken this resolution and chosen his time, Napoleon kept the secret of his expedition until the last moment; and means were found to privately make the requisite preparations. A portion of the soldiers was embarked in a brig called the 'Inconstant' and the remainder in six small craft. It was not till they were all on board that the troops first conceived a suspicion of the Emperor's purpose: 1000 or 1200 men had sailed to regain possession of an Empire containing a population of 30,000,000! He commenced his voyage on Sunday the 26th of February 1815, and the next morning at ten o'clock was not out of sight of the island, to the great annoyance of the few friends he had left behind. At this time Colonel Sir Neil Campbell was absent on a tour to Leghorn, but being informed by the French Consul and by Spanocchi, the Tuscan Governor of the town, that Napoleon was about to sail for the Continent, he hastened back, and gave chase to the little squadron in the Partridge sloop of war, which was cruising in the neighbourhood, but, being delayed by communicating with a French frigate, reached Antibes too late.

There were between 400 and 500 men on board the brig (the 'Inconstant') in which Bonaparte embarked. On the passage they met with a French ship of war, with which they spoke. The Guards were ordered to pull off their caps and lie down on the deck or go below while the captain exchanged some words with the commander of the frigate, whom he afterwards proposed to pursue and capture. Bonaparte rejected the idea as absurd, and asked why he should introduce this new episode into his plan.

As they stood over to the coast of France the Emperor was in the highest spirits. The die was cast, and he seemed to be quite himself again. He sat upon the deck and amused the officers collected round him with a narrative of his campaigns, particularly those of Italy and Egypt. When he had finished he observed the deck to be encumbered with several large chests belonging to him. He asked the maitre d'hotel what they contained. Upon being told they were filled with wine he ordered them to be immediately broken open, saying, "We will divide the booty." The Emperor superintended the distribution himself, and presented bottle by bottle to his comrades, till tired of this occupation he called out to Bertrand, "Grand Marshal, assist me, if you please. Let us help these gentlemen. They will help us some day." It was with this species of bonhomie that he captivated when he chose all around him. The following day he was employed in various arrangements, and among others in dictating to Colonel Raoul the proclamations to be issued on his landing In one of these, after observing, "we must forget that we have given law to the neighbouring nations," Napoleon stopped. "What have I said?" Colonel Raoul read the passage. "Stop!" said Napoleon. "Omit the word 'neighbouring;' say simply 'to nations.'" It was thus his pride revealed itself; and his ambition seemed to rekindle at the very recollections of his former greatness.

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Napoleon landed without any accident on the 1st of March at Cannes, a small seaport in the Gulf of St. Juan, not far from Frejus, where he had disembarked on his return from Egypt sixteen years before, and where he had embarked the preceding year for Elba. A small party of the Guards who presented themselves before the neighbouring garrison of Antibes were made prisoners by General Corsin, the Governor of the place. Some one hinted that it was not right to proceed till they had released their comrades, but the Emperor observed that this was poorly to estimate the magnitude of the undertaking; before them were 30,000,000 men uniting to be set free! He, however, sent the Commissariat Officer to try what he could do, calling out after him, “Take care you do not get yourself made prisoner too!”

At nightfall the troops bivouacked on the beach. Just before a postillion, in a splendid livery, had been brought to Napoleon. It turned out that this man had formerly been a domestic of the Empress Josephine, and was now in the service of the Prince of Monaco, who himself had been equerry to the Empress. The postillion, after expressing his great astonishment at finding the Emperor there, stated, in answer to the questions that were put to him, that he had just come from Paris; that all along the road, as far as Avignon, he had heard nothing but regret for the Emperor’s absence; that his name was constantly echoed from mouth to mouth; and that, when once fairly through Provence, he would find the whole population ready to rally round him. The man added that his laced livery had frequently rendered him the object of odium and insult on the road. This was the testimony of one of the common class of society: it was very gratifying to the Emperor, as it entirely corresponded with his expectations. The Prince of Monaco himself, on being presented to the Emperor, was less explicit. Napoleon refrained from questioning him on political matters. The conversation therefore assumed a more lively character, and turned altogether on the ladies of the former Imperial Court, concerning whom the Emperor was very particular in his inquiries.

As soon as the moon had risen, which was about one or two in the morning of the 2d, the bivouacs were broken up, and Napoleon gave orders for proceeding to Grasse. There he expected to find a road which he had planned during the Empire, but in this he was disappointed, the Bourbons having given up all such expensive works through want of money. Bonaparte was therefore obliged to pass through narrow defiles filled with snow, and left behind him in the hands of the municipality his carriage and two pieces of cannon, which had been brought ashore. This was termed a capture in the bulletins of the day. The municipality of Grasse was strongly in favour of the Royalist cause, but the sudden appearance of the Emperor afforded but little time for hesitation, and they came to tender their submission to him.

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Having passed through the town be halted on a little height some way beyond it, where he breakfasted. He was soon surrounded by the whole population of the place; and he heard the same sentiments and the same prayers as before he quitted France. A multitude of petitions had already been drawn up, and were presented to him, just as though he had come from Paris and was making a tour through the departments. One complained that his pension had not been paid, another that his cross of the Legion of Honour had been taken from him. Some of the more discontented secretly informed Napoleon that the authorities of the town were very hostile to him, but that the mass of the people were devoted to him, and only waited till his back was turned to rid themselves of the miscreants. He replied, “Be not too hasty. Let them have the mortification of seeing our triumph without having anything to reproach us with.” The Emperor advanced with all the rapidity in his power. “Victory,” he said, “depended on my speed. To me France was in Grenoble. That place was a hundred miles distant, but I and my companions reached it in five days; and with what weather and what roads! I entered the city just as the Comte d’Artois, warned by the telegraph, was quitting the Tuileries.”

Napoleon himself was so perfectly convinced of the state of affairs that he knew his success in no way depended on the force he might bring with him. A ‘piquet’ of ‘gens d’armes’, he said, was all that was necessary. Everything turned out as he foresaw. At first he owned he was not without some degree of uncertainty and apprehension. As he advanced, however, the whole population declared themselves enthusiastically in his favour: but he saw no soldiers. It was not till he arrived between Mure and Vizille, within five or six leagues from Grenoble, and on the fifth day after his landing, that he met a battalion. The commanding officer refused to hold even a parley. The Emperor, without hesitation, advanced alone, and 100 grenadiers marched at some distance behind him, with their arms reversed. The sight of Napoleon, his well-known costume, and his gray military greatcoat, had a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to them and baring his breast said, “Let him that has the heart kill his Emperor!” The soldiers threw down their arms, their eyes moistened with tears, and cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to wheel round to the right, and all marched on together.

At a short distance from Grenoble Colonel Labedoyere, who had been sent at the head of the 7th regiment to oppose his passage, came to join the Emperor. The impulse thus given in a manner decided the question. Labedoyere’s superior officer in vain interfered to restrain his enthusiasm and that of his men. The tri-coloured cockades, which had been concealed in the hollow of a drum, were eagerly distributed by

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Labedoyere among them, and they threw away the white cockade as a badge of their nation's dishonour. The peasantry of Dauphiny, the cradle of the Revolution, lined the roadside: they were transported and mad with joy. The first battalion, which has just been alluded to, had shown some signs of hesitation, but thousands of the country people crowded round it, and by their shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" endeavoured to urge the troops to decision, while others who followed in Napoleon's rear encouraged his little troop to advance by assuring them that they would meet with success. Napoleon said he could have taken 2,000,000 of these peasants with him to Paris, but that then he would have been called "the King of the Jaequerie."

Napoleon issued two proclamations on the road. He at first regretted that he had not had them printed before he left Elba; but this could not have been done without some risk of betraying his secret designs. He dictated them on board the vessel, where every man who could write was employed in copying them. These copies soon became very scarce; many of them were illegible; and it was of till he arrived at Gap, on the 5th of March, that he found means to have them printed. They were from that time circulated and read everywhere with the utmost avidity.

The address to the army was considered as being still more masterly and eloquent, and it was certainly well suited to the taste of French soldiers, who, as Bourrienne remarks, are wonderfully pleased with grandiloquence, metaphor, and hyperbole, though they do not always understand what they mean. Even a French author of some distinction praises this address as something sublime. "The proclamation to the army," says he, "is full of energy: it could not fail to make all military imaginations vibrate. That prophetic phrase, 'The eagle, with the national colours, will fly from church steeple to church steeple, till it settles on the towers of Notre Dame,' was happy in the extreme."

These words certainly produced an immense effect on the French soldiery, who everywhere shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive le petit Caporal!" "We will die for our old comrade!" with the most genuine enthusiasm.

It was some distance in advance of Grenoble that Labedoyere joined, but he could not make quite sure of the garrison of that city, which was commanded by General Marchand, a man resolved to be faithful to his latest master. The shades of night had fallen when Bonaparte arrived in front of the fortress of Grenoble, where he stood for some minutes in a painful state of suspense and indecision.

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It was on the 7th of March, at nightfall, that Bonaparte thus stood before the walls of Grenoble. He found the gates closed, and the commanding officer refused to open them. The garrison assembled on the ramparts shouted “Vive l’Empereur!” and shook hands with Napoleon’s followers through the wickets, but they could not be prevailed on to do more. It was necessary to force the gates, and this was done under the mouths of ten pieces of artillery, loaded with grapeshot. In none of his battles did Napoleon ever imagine himself to be in so much danger as at the entrance into Grenoble. The soldiers seemed to turn upon him with furious gestures: for a moment it might be supposed that they were going to tear him to pieces. But these were the suppressed transports of love and joy. The Emperor and his horse were both borne along by the multitude, and he had scarcely time to breathe in the inn where he alighted when an increased tumult was heard without; the inhabitants of Grenoble came to offer him the broken gates of the city, since they could not present him with the keys.

From Grenoble to Paris Napoleon found no further opposition. During the four days of his stay at Lyons, where he had arrived on the 10th, there were continually upwards of 20,000 people assembled before his windows; whose acclamations were unceasing. It would never have been supposed that the Emperor had even for a moment been absent from the, country. He issued orders, signed decrees, reviewed the troops, as if nothing had happened. The military corps, the public bodies, and all classes of citizens, eagerly came forward to tender their homage and their services. The Comte d’Artois, who had hastened to Lyons, as the Duc and Duchesse d’Augouleme had done to Bourdeaux, like them in vain attempted to make a stand. The Mounted National Guard (who were known Royalists) deserted him at this crisis, and in his flight only one of them chose to follow him. Bonaparte refused their services when offered to him, and with a chivalrous feeling worthy of being recorded sent the decoration of the Legion of Honour to the single volunteer who had thus shown his fidelity by following the Duke.

As soon as the Emperor quitted Lyons he wrote to Ney, who with his army was at Lons-le-Saulnier, to come and join him. Ney had set off from the Court with a promise to bring Napoleon, “like a wild beast in a cage, to Paris.” Scott excuses Ney’s heart at the expense of his head, and fancies that the Marshal was rather carried away by circumstances, by vanity, and by fickleness, than actuated by premeditated treachery, and it is quite possible that these protestations were sincerely uttered when Ney left Paris, but, infected by the ardour of his troops, he was unable to resist a contagion so much in harmony with all his antecedents, and to attack not only his leader in many a time of peril, but also the sovereign who had forwarded his career through every grade of the army.

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The facts of the case were these:—

On the 11th of March Ney, being at Besancon, learned that Napoleon was at Lyons. To those who doubted whether his troops would fight against their old comrades he said, “They shall fight! I will take a musket from a grenadier and begin the action myself! I will run my sword to the hilt in the body of the first man who hesitates to fire.” At the same time he wrote to the Minister of War at Paris that he hoped to see a fortunate close to this mad enterprise.

He then advanced to Lons-le-Saulnier, where, on the night between the 13th and 14th of March, not quite three days after his vehement protestations of fidelity, he received, without hesitation, a letter from Bonaparte, inviting him, by his old appellation of the “Bravest of the Brave,” to join his standard. With this invitation Ney complied, and published an order of the day that declared the cause of the Bourbons, which he had sworn to defend, lost for ever.

It is pleaded in extenuation of Ney’s defection that both his officers and men were beyond his control, and determined to join their old Master; but in that case he might have given up his command, and retired in the same honourable way that Marshals Macdonald and Marmont and several other generals did. But even among his own officers Ney had an example set him, for many of them, after remonstrating in vain, threw up their commands. One of them broke his sword in two and threw the pieces at Ney’s feet, saying, “It is easier for a man of honour to break iron than to break his word.”

Napoleon, when at St. Helena, gave a very different reading to these incidents. On this subject he was heard to say, “If I except Labedoyere, who flew to me with enthusiasm and affection, and another individual, who, of his own accord, rendered me important services, nearly all the other generals whom I met on my route evinced hesitation and uncertainty; they yielded only to the impulse about them, if indeed they did not manifest a hostile feeling towards me. This was the case with Ney, with Massena, St. Cyr, Soult, as well as with Macdonald and the Duke of Belluno, so that if the Bourbons had reason to complain of the complete desertion of the soldiers and the people, they had no right to reproach the chiefs of the army with conspiring against them, who had shown themselves mere children in politics, and would be looked upon as neither emigrants nor patriots.”

Between Lyons and Fontainebleau Napoleon often travelled several miles ahead of his army with no other escort than a few Polish lancers. His advanced guard now generally consisted of the troops (miscalled Royal) who happened to be before him on the road whither they had been sent to oppose him, and to whom couriers were sent forward to give notice of the Emperor’s approach, in order that they might be quite ready to join him with the due military ceremonies. White flags and cockades everywhere disappeared; the tri-colour

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resumed its pride of place. It was spring, and true to its season the violet had reappeared! The joy of the soldiers and the lower orders was almost frantic, but even among the industrious poor there were not wanting many who regretted this precipitate return to the old order of things—to conscription, war, and bloodshed, while in the superior classes of society there was a pretty general consternation. The vain, volatile soldiery, however, thought of nothing but their Emperor, saw nothing before them but the restoration of all their laurels, the humiliation of England, and the utter defeat of the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians.

On the night between the 19th and 20th of March Napoleon reached Fontainebleau, and again paused, as had formerly been his custom, with short, quick steps through the antiquated but splendid galleries of that old palace. What must have been his feelings on revisiting the chamber in which, the year before, it is said he had attempted suicide!

Louis XVIII., left the Palace of the Tuileries at nearly the same hour that Bonaparte entered that of Fontainebleau.

The most forlorn hope of the Bourbons was now in a considerable army posted between Fontainebleau and Paris. Meanwhile the two armies approached each other at Melun; that of the King was commanded by Marshal Macdonald. On the 20th his troops were drawn up in three lines to receive the invaders, who were said to be advancing from Fontainebleau. There was a long pause of suspense, of a nature which seldom fails to render men more accessible to strong and sudden emotions. The glades of the forest, and the acclivity which leads to it, were in full view of the Royal army, but presented the appearance of a deep solitude. All was silence, except when the regimental bands of music, at the command of the officers, who remained generally faithful, played the airs of “Vive Henri Quatre,” “O Richard,” “La Belle Gabrielle,” and other tunes connected with the cause and family of the Bourbons. The sounds excited no corresponding sentiments among the soldiers.

At length, about noon, a galloping of horse was heard. An open carriage appeared, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed, and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks which had been formed to oppose him. His escort threw themselves from their horses, mingled with their ancient comrades, and the effect of their exhortations was instantaneous on men whose minds were already half made up to the purpose which they now accomplished. There was a general shout of “Vive Napoleon!” The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and no further obstruction existed betwixt Napoleon and the capital, which he was once more—but for a brief space—to inhabit as a sovereign.

Louis, accompanied only by a few household troops, had scarcely turned his back on the capital of his ancestors when Lavalette hastened from a place of concealment and

seized on the Post-office in the name of Napoleon. By this measure all the King's proclamations' were intercepted, and the restoration of the Emperor was announced to all the departments. General Excelmans, who had just renewed his oath to Louis, pulled down with his own hands the white flag that was floating over the Tuileries, and hoisted the three-coloured banner.

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It was late in the evening of the 20th that Bonaparte entered Paris in an open carriage, which was driven straight to the gilded gates of the Tuileries. He received the acclamations of the military and of the lower classes of the suburbs, but most of the respectable citizens looked on in silent wonderment. It was quite evident then that he was recalled by a party—a party, in truth, numerous and powerful, but not by the unanimous voice of the nation. The enthusiasm of his immediate adherents, however, made up for the silence and lukewarmness of others. They filled and crammed the square of the Carrousel, and the courts and avenues of the Tuileries; they pressed so closely upon him that he was obliged to cry out, “My friends, you stifle me!” and his aides de camp were compelled to carry him in their arms up the grand staircase, and thence into the royal apartments. It was observed, however, that amongst these ardent friends were many men who had been the first to desert him in 1814, and that these individuals were the most enthusiastic in their demonstrations, the loudest in their shouts!

And thus was Napoleon again at the Tuileries, where, even more than at Fontainebleau, his mind was flooded by the deep and painful recollections of the past! A few nights after his return thither he sent for M. Horan, one of the physicians who had attended Josephine during her last illness. “So, Monsieur Horan,” said he, “you did not leave the Empress during her malady?”—“No, Sire.”

What was the cause of that malady?”—“Uneasiness of mind . . . grief.”—“You believe that?” (and Napoleon laid a strong emphasis on the word believe, looking steadfastly in the doctor’s face). He then asked, “Was she long ill? Did she suffer much?”—“She was ill a week, Sire; her Majesty suffered little bodily pain.”—“Did she see that she was dying? Did she show courage?”—“A sign her Majesty made when she could no longer express herself leaves me no doubt that she felt her end approaching; she seamed to contemplate it without fear.”—“Well!—well!” and then Napoleon much affected drew close to M. Horan, and added, “You say that she was in grief; from what did that arise?”—“From passing events, Sire; from your Majesty’s position last year.”—“Ah! she used to speak of me then?”—“Very often.” Here Napoleon drew his hand across his eyes, which seemed filled with tears. He then went on. “Good woman!—Excellent Josephine! She loved me truly—she—did she not? . . . Ah! She was a Frenchwoman!”—“Yes, Sire, she loved you, and she would have proved it had it not been for dread of displeasing you: she had conceived an idea.”—“How? . . . What would she have done?” “She one day said that as Empress of the French she would drive through Paris with eight horses to her coach, and all her household in gala livery, to go and rejoin you at Fontainebleau, and never quit you mare.”—“She would have done it—she was capable of doing it!”

Napoleon again betrayed deep emotion, on recovering from which he asked the physician the most minute questions about the nature of Josephine’s disease, the friends and attendants who were around her at the hour of her death, and the conduct of her two children, Eugene and Hortense.

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CHAPTER V.

1815.

Message from the Tuileries—My interview with the King— My appointment to the office of Prefect of the Police—Council at the Tuileries—Order for arrests—Fouches escape—Davoust unmolested—Conversation with M. de Blacas—The intercepted letter, and time lost—Evident understanding between Murat and Napoleon— Plans laid at Elba—-My departure from Paris—The post-master of Fins—My arrival at Lille—Louis XVIII. detained an hour at the gates—His majesty obliged to leave France—My departure for Hamburg—The Duc de Berri at Brussels.

Those who opposed the execution of the treaty concluded with Napoleon at the time of his abdication were guilty of a great error, for they afforded him a fair pretext for leaving the island of Elba. The details of that extraordinary enterprise are known to every one, and I shall not repeat what has been told over and over again. For my own part, as soon as I saw with what rapidity Bonaparte was marching upon Lyons, and the enthusiasm with which he was received by the troops and the people, I prepared to retire to Belgium, there to await the denouement of this new drama.

Every preparation for my departure was completed on the evening of the 13th of March, and I was ready to depart, to avoid the persecutions of which I expected I should be the object, when I received a message from the Tuileries stating that the King desired to see me. I of course lost no time in proceeding to the Palace, and went straight to M. Hue to inquire of him why I had been sent for. He occupied the apartments in which I passed the three most laborious and anxious years of my life. M. Hue, perceiving that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at being summoned to the Tuileries at that hour of the night, hastened to inform me that the King wished to appoint me Prefect of the Police. He conducted me to the King's chamber, where his Majesty thus addressed me kindly, but in an impressive manner, "M. de Bourrienne, can we rely upon you? I expect much from your zeal and fidelity."—"Your Majesty," replied I, "shall have no reason to complain of my betraying your confidence."—"Well, I re-establish the Prefecture of the Police, and I appoint you Prefect. Do your best, M. de Bourrienne, in the discharge of your duties; I count upon you."

By a singular coincidence, on the very day (the 13th of March) when I received this appointment Napoleon, who was at Lyons, signed the decree which excluded from the amnesty he had granted thirteen individuals, among whose names mine was inscribed. This decree confirmed me in the presentiments I had conceived as soon as I heard of the landing of Bonaparte. On returning home from the Tuileries after receiving my appointment a multitude of ideas crowded on my mind. At the first moment I had been prompted only by the wish to serve the cause of the King, but I was alarmed when I came to examine the extent of the responsibility I had taken upon myself. However, I

determined to meet with courage the difficulties that presented themselves, and I must say that I had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which I was seconded by M. Foudras, the Inspector-General of the Police.

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Even now I am filled with astonishment when I think of the Council that was held at the Tuileries on the evening of the 13th of March in M. de Blacas' apartments. The ignorance of the members of that Council respecting our situation, and their confidence in the useless measures they had adopted against Napoleon, exceed all conception.

Will it be believed that those great statesmen, who had the control of the telegraph, the post-office, the police and its agents, money-in short, everything which constitutes power—asked me to give them information respecting the advance of Bonaparte? What could I say to them? I could only repeat the reports which were circulated on the Exchange, and those which I had collected here and there during the last twenty-four hours. I did not conceal that the danger was imminent, and that all their precautions would be of no avail. The question then arose as to what course should be adapted by the King. It was impossible that the monarch could remain at the Capital, and yet, where was he to go? One proposed that he should go to Bordeaux, another to La Vendee, and a third to Normandy, and a fourth member of the Council was of opinion that the King should be conducted to Melun. I conceived that if a battle should take place anywhere it would probably be in the neighbourhood of that town, but the councillor who made this last suggestion assured us that the presence of the King in an open carriage and eight horses would produce a wonderful effect on the minds of the troops. This project was merely ridiculous; the others appeared to be dangerous and impracticable. I declared to the Council that, considering the situation of things, it was necessary to renounce all idea of resistance by force of arms; that no soldier would fire a musket, and that it was madness to attempt to take any other view of things. "Defection," said I, "is inevitable. The soldiers are drinking in their barracks the money which you have been giving them for some days past to purchase their fidelity. They say Louis XVIII., is a very decent sort of man, but 'Vive le petit Caporal!'"

Immediately on the landing of Napoleon the King sent an extraordinary courier to Marmont, who was at Chatillon whither he had gone to take a last leave of his dying mother. I saw him one day after he had had an interview with the King; I think it was on the 6th or 7th of March. After some conversation on the landing of Napoleon, and the means of preventing him from reaching Paris, Marmont said to me, "This is what I dwelt most strongly upon in the interview I have just had with the King. 'Sire,' said I, 'I doubt not Bonaparte's intention of coming to Paris, and the best way to prevent him doing so would be for your Majesty to remain here. It is necessary to secure the Palace of the Tuileries against a surprise, and to prepare it for resisting a siege, in which it would be indispensable to use cannon. You must shut yourself up in your palace, with the individuals of your household and the principal public functionaries, while the Due d'Angoulome should go to Bordeaux, the Duc de Berri to La Vendee, and Monsieur to, the Franche-Comte; but they must set off in open day, and announce that they are going to collect defenders for your Majesty.—[Monsieur, the brother of the King, the Comte d'Artois later Charles X.]

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". . . This is what I said to the King this morning, and I added that I would answer for everything if my advice were followed. I am now going to direct my aide de camp, Colonel Fabvier, to draw up the plan of defence." I did not concur in Marmont's opinion. It is certainly probable that had Louis XVIII. remained in his palace the numerous defections which took place before the 20th of March would have been checked and some persons would not have found so ready an excuse for breaking their oaths of allegiance. There can be little doubt, too, but Bonaparte would have reflected well before he attempted the siege of the Tuileries.

—[Marmont (tome vii. p. 87) gives the full details of his scheme for provisioning and garrisoning the Tuileries which the King was to hold while his family spread themselves throughout the provinces. The idea had nothing strange in it, for the same advice was given by General Mathieu Dumas (Souvenirs, tome iii. p. 564), a man not likely to suggest any rash schemes. Jaucourt, writing to Talleyrand, obviously believed in the wisdom of the King's remaining, as did the Czar; see Talleyrand's Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 94, 122, 129. Napoleon would certainly have been placed in a strange difficulty, but a king capable of adopting such a resolution would never have been required to consider it.]—

Marmont supported his opinion by observing that the admiration and astonishment excited by the extraordinary enterprise of Napoleon and his rapid march to Paris would be counterbalanced by the interest inspired by a venerable monarch defying his bold rival and courageously defending his throne. While I rendered full justice to the good intentions of the Duke of Ragusa, yet I did not think that his advice could be adopted. I opposed it as I opposed all the propositions that were made in the Council relative to the different places to which the King should retire. I myself suggested Lille as being the nearest, and as presenting the greatest degree of safety, especially in the first instance.

It was after midnight when I left the Council of the Tuileries. The discussion had terminated, and without coming to any precise resolution it was agreed that the different opinions which had been expressed should be submitted to Louis XVIII. in order that his Majesty might adopt that which should appear to him the best. The King adopted my opinion, but it was not acted upon until five days after.

My appointment to the Prefecture of the Police was, as will be seen, a late thought of measure, almost as late indeed as Napoleon's proposition to send me as his Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland. In now accepting office I was well convinced of the inutility of any effort that might be made to arrest the progress of the fast approaching and menacing events. Being introduced into the King's cabinet his Majesty asked me what I thought of the situation of affairs. "I think, Sire, that

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Bonaparte will be here in five or six days."—"What, sir?"—"Yes, Sire."—"But proper measures are taken, the necessary orders given, and the Marshals are faithful to me."—"Sire, I suspect no man's fidelity; but I can assure your Majesty that, as Bonaparte has landed, he will be here within a week. I know him, and your Majesty cannot know him as well as I do; but I can venture too assure your Majesty with the same confidence that he will not be here six months hence. He will be hurried into acts of folly which will ruin him."—"De Bourrienne, I hope the best from events, but if misfortune again compel me to leave France, and your second prediction be fulfilled, you may rely on me." During this short conversation the King appeared perfectly tranquil and resigned.

The next day I again visited the Tuileries, whither I had at those perilous times frequent occasion to repair. On that day I received a list of twenty-five persons whom I was ordered to arrest. I took the liberty to observe that such a proceeding was not only useless but likely to produce a very injurious effect at that critical moment. The reasons I urged had not all the effect I expected. However, some relaxation as to twenty-three of the twenty-five was conceded, but it was insisted that Fouche and Davoust should be arrested without delay. The King repeatedly said, "I wish you to arrest Fouche."—"Sire, I beseech your Majesty to consider the inutility of such a measure."—"I am resolved upon Fouches arrest. But I am sure you will miss him, for Andre could not catch him."

My nocturnal installation as Prefect of the Police took place some time after midnight. I had great repugnance to the arrest of Fouche, but the order having been given, there was no alternative but to obey it. I communicated the order to M. Foudras, who very coolly observed, "Since we are to arrest him you need not be afraid, we shall have him fast tomorrow."

The next day my agents repaired to the Duke of Otranto's hotel, in the Rue d'Artois. On showing their warrant Fouche said, "What does this mean? Your warrant is of no force; it is mere waste-paper. It purports to come from the Prefect of the Police, but there is no such Prefect." In my opinion Fouche was right, for my appointment, which took place during the night, had not been legally announced. Be that as it may, on his refusal to surrender, one of my agents applied to the staff of the National Guard, requesting the support, in case of need, of an armed force. General Dessolles repaired to the Tuileries to take the King's orders on the subject. Meanwhile Fouche, who never lost his self-possession, after talking to the police officers who remained with him, pretended to step aside for some indispensable purpose, but the door which he opened led into a dark passage through which he slipped, leaving my unfortunate agents groping about in the obscurity. As for himself, he speedily gained the Rue Taitbout, where he stepped into a coach, and drove off. This is the whole history of the notable arrest of Fouche.

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As for Davoust, I felt my hands tied with respect to him. I do not mean to affect generosity, for I acknowledge the enmity I bore him; but I did not wish it to be supposed that I was acting towards him from a spirit of personal vengeance. I therefore merely ordered him to be watched. The other twenty-three were to me in this matter as if they had never existed; and some of them, perhaps, will only learn in reading my Memoirs what dangerous characters they were thought to be.

On the 15th of March, after the conversation which, as I have already related, I had with Louis XVIII, I went to M. de Blacas and repeated to him what I had stated to the King on the certainty of Bonaparte's speedy arrival in Paris. I told him that I found it necessary to devote the short time still in our power to prevent a reaction against the Royalists, and to preserve public tranquillity until the departure of the Royal family, and that I would protect the departure of all persons who had reasons for withdrawing themselves from the scene of the great and perhaps disastrous events that might ensue. "You may readily believe, Count," added I, "that considering the great interests with which I am entrusted, I am not inclined to lose valuable time in arresting the persons of whose names I have received a list. The execution of such a measure would be useless; it would lead to nothing, or rather it would serve to irritate public feeling. My conviction of this fact has banished from me all idea of keeping under restraint for four or five days persons whose influence, whether real or supposed, is nil, since Bonaparte is at Auxerre. Mere supervision appears to me sufficient, and to that I propose confining myself."—"The King," replied M. de Blacas, "relies on you. He knows that though only forty-eight hours have elapsed since you entered upon your functions, you have already rendered greater services than you are perhaps aware of." I then asked M. de Blacas whether he had not received any intimation of Bonaparte's intended departure from the island of Elba by letters or by secret agents. "The only positive information we received," answered the Minister, "was an intercepted letter, dated Elba, 6th February. It was addressed to M. -----, near Grenoble. I will show it you." M. de Blacas opened a drawer of his writing-table and took out the letter, which he gave to me. The writer thanked his correspondent for the information he had transmitted to "the inhabitant of Elba." He was informed that everything was ready for departure, and that the first favourable opportunity would be seized, but that it would be desirable first to receive answers to some questions contained in the letter. These questions related to the regiments which had been sent into the south, and the places of their cantonment. It was inquired whether the choice of the commanders was conformable to what had been agreed on in Paris, and whether Labedoyere was at his post. The letter was rather long and it impressed

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me by the way in which the plan of a landing on the coast of Provence was discussed. Precise answers were requested on all these points. On returning the letter to M. de Blacas I remarked that the contents of the letter called for the adoption of some decided measures, and I asked him what had been done. He answered, “I immediately sent a copy of the letter to M. d’Andre, that he might give orders for arresting the individual to whom it was addressed.”

Having had the opportunity of closely observing the machinery of a vigilant and active Government, I was, I must confess, not a little amazed at the insufficiency of the measures adopted to defeat this well-planned conspiracy. When M. de Blacas informed me of all that had been done, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise. “Well,” said he, “and what would you have done?”—“In the first place I would not have lost twenty-four hours, which were an age in such a crisis.” I then explained the plan I would have adopted. A quarter of an hour after the receipt of the letter I would have sent trustworthy men to Grenoble, and above all things I would have taken care not to let the matter fall into the hands of the police. Having obtained all information from the correspondent at Grenoble, I would have made him write a letter to his correspondent at Elba to quiet the eagerness of Napoleon, telling him that the movement of troops he spoke of had not been made, that it would take eight days to carry it out, and that it was necessary to the success of the enterprise to delay the embarkation for some days. While Bonaparte was thus delayed I would have sent to the coast of Provence a sufficient body of men devoted to the Royal cause, sending off in another direction the regiments whose chiefs were gained over by Napoleon, as the correspondence should reveal their names. “You are perhaps right, sir,” said M. de Blacas, “but what could I do? I am new here. I had not the control of the police, and I trusted to M. d’Andre.”—-“Well,” said I, “Bonaparte will be here on the 20th of March.” With these words I parted from M. de Blacas. I remarked a great change in him. He had already lost a vast deal of that hauteur of favouritism which made him so much disliked.

When I entered upon my duties in the Prefecture of Police the evil was already past remedy. The incorrigible emigres required another lesson, and the temporary resurrection of the Empire was inevitable. But, if Bonaparte was recalled, it was not owing to any attachment to him personally; it was not from any fidelity to the recollections of the Empire. It was resolved at any price to get rid of those imbecile councillors, who thought they might treat France like a country conquered by the emigrants. The people determined to free themselves from a Government which seemed resolved to trample on all that was dear to France. In this state of things some looked upon Bonaparte as a liberator, but the greater number regarded him as an instrument. In this last character he was viewed by the old Republicans, and by a new generation, who thought they caught a glimpse of liberty in promises, and Who were blind enough to believe that the idol of France would be restored by Napoleon.

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In February 1815, while everything was preparing at Elba for the approaching departure of Napoleon, Murat applied to the Court of Vienna for leave to march through the Austrian Provinces of Upper Italy an army directed on France. It was on the 26th of the same month that Bonaparte escaped from Elba. These two facts were necessarily connected together, for, in spite of Murat's extravagant ideas, he never could have entertained the expectation of obliging the King of France, by the mere force of arms, to acknowledge his continued possession of the throne of Naples. Since the return of Louis XVIII. the Cabinet of the Tuileries had never regarded Murat in any other light than as a usurper, and I know from good authority that the French Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Vienna were especially instructed to insist that the restoration of the throne of Naples in favour of the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies should be a consequence of the restoration of the throne of France. I also know that the proposition was firmly opposed on the part of Austria, who had always viewed with jealousy the occupation of three thrones of Europe by the single House of Bourbon.

According to information, for the authenticity of which I can vouch, the following were the plans which Napoleon conceived at Elba. Almost immediately after his arrival in France he was to order the Marshals on whom he could best rely to defend to the utmost the entrances to the French territory and the approaches to Paris, by pivoting on the triple line of fortresses which gird the north and east of France. Davoust was 'in petto' singled out for the defence of Paris. He, was to arm the inhabitants of the suburbs, and to have, besides, 20,000 men of the National Guard at his disposal. Napoleon, not being aware of the situation of the Allies, never supposed that they could concentrate their forces and march against him so speedily as they did. He hoped to take them by surprise, and defeat their projects, by making Murat march upon Milan, and by stirring up insurrections in Italy. The Po being once crossed, and Murat approaching the capital of Lombardy, Napoleon with the corps of Suchet, Brune, Grouchy, and Massena, augmented by troops sent, by forced marches, to Lyons, was to cross the Alps and revolutionise Piedmont. There, having recruited his army and joined the Neapolitans in Milan, he was to proclaim the independence of Italy, unite the whole country under a single chief, and then march at the head of 100,000 men on Vienna, by the Julian Alps, across which victory had conducted him in 1797. This was not all: numerous emissaries scattered through Poland and Hungary were to foment discord and raise the cry of liberty and independence, to alarm Russia and Austria. It must be confessed it would have been an extraordinary spectacle to see Napoleon giving liberty to Europe in revenge for not having succeeded in enslaving her.

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By means of these bold manoeuvres and vast combinations Napoleon calculated that he would have the advantage of the initiative in military operations. Perhaps his genius was never more fully developed than in this vast conception. According to this plan he was to extend his operations over a line of 500 leagues, from Ostend to Vienna, by the Alps and Italy, to provide himself with immense resources of every kind, to prevent the Emperor of Austria from marching his troops against France, and probably force him to terminate a war from which the hereditary provinces would have exclusively suffered. Such was the bright prospect which presented itself to Napoleon when he stepped on board the vessel which was to convey him from Elba to France. But the mad precipitation of Murat put Europe on the alert, and the brilliant illusion vanished like a dream.

After being assured that all was tranquil, and that the Royal family was secure against every danger, I myself set out at four o'clock on the morning of the 20th of March, taking the road to Lille.—Nothing extraordinary occurred until I arrived at the post-office of Fins, in front of which were drawn up a great number of carriages, which had arrived before mine, and the owners of which, like myself, were impatiently waiting for horses. I soon observed that some one called the postmaster aside in a way which did not appear entirely devoid of mystery, and I acknowledge I felt some degree of alarm. I was in the room in which the travellers were waiting, and my attention was attracted by a large bill fixed against the wall. It was printed in French and Russian, and it proved to be the order of the day which I had been fortunate enough to obtain from the Emperor Alexander to exempt posthorses, *etc*., from the requisitions of the Allied troops.

I was standing looking at the bill when the postmaster came into the room and advanced towards me. "Sir," said he, "that is an order of the day which saved me from ruin."—"Then surely you would not harm the man by whom it is signed?"—"I know you, sir, I recognised you immediately. I saw you in Paris when you were Director of the Post-office, and you granted a just claim which I had upon you. I have now come to tell you that they are harnessing two horses to your calash, and you may set off at full speed." The worthy man had assigned to my use the only two horses at his disposal; his son performed the office of postilion, and I set off to the no small dissatisfaction of some of the travellers who had arrived before me, and who, perhaps, had as good reasons as I to avoid the presence of Napoleon.

We arrived at Lille at eleven o'clock on the night of the 21st. Here I encountered another vexation, though not of an alarming kind. The gates of the town were closed, and I was obliged to content myself with a miserable night's lodging in the suburb.

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I entered Lille on the 22d, and Louis XVIII. arrived on the 23d. His Majesty also found the gates closed, and more than an hour elapsed before an order could be obtained for opening them, for the Duke of Orleans, who commanded the town, was inspecting the troops when his Majesty arrived. The King was perfectly well received at Lille. There indeed appeared some symptoms of defection, but it must be acknowledged that the officers of the old army had been so singularly sacrificed to the promotion of the returned emigrants that it was very natural the former should hail the return of the man who had so often led them to victory. I put up at the Hotel de Grand, certainly without forming any prognostic respecting the future residence of the King. When I saw his Majesty's retinue I went down and stood at the door of the hotel, where as soon as Louis XVIII. perceived me he distinguished me from among all the persons who were awaiting his arrival, and holding out his hand for me to kiss he said, "Follow me, M. de Bourrienne."

On entering the apartments prepared for him the King expressed to me his approval of my conduct since the Restoration, and especially during the short interval in which I had discharged the functions of Prefect of the Police. He did me the honour to invite me to breakfast with him. The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day, of which every one present spoke according to his hopes or fears. Observing that Louis XVIII. concurred in Berthier's discouraging view of affairs, I ventured to repeat what I had already said at the Tuileries, that, judging from the disposition of the sovereigns of Europe and the information which I had received, it appeared very probable that his Majesty would be again seated on his throne in three months. Berthier bit his nails as he did when he wanted to leave the army of Egypt and return to Paris to the object of his adoration. Berthier was not hopeful; he was always one of those men who have the least confidence and the most depression. I could perceive that the King regarded my observation as one of those compliments which he was accustomed to receive, and that he had no great confidence in the fulfilment of my prediction. However, wishing to seem to believe it, he said, what he had more than hinted before, "M. de Bourrienne, as long as I am King you shall be my Prefect of the Police."

It was the decided intention of Louis XVIII. to remain in France as long as he could, but the Napoleonic fever, which spread like an epidemic among the troops, had infected the garrison of Lille. Marshal Mortier, who commanded at Lille, and the Duke of Orleans, expressed to me their well-founded fears, and repeatedly recommended me to urge the King to quit Lille speedily, in order to avoid any fatal occurrence. During the two days I passed with his Majesty I entreated him to yield to the imperious circumstances in which he was placed. At length the King, with deep regret, consented to go, and I left Lille the day before that fixed for his Majesty's departure.

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In September 1814 the King had appointed me charge d'affaires from France to Hamburg, but not having received orders to repair to my post I have not hitherto mentioned this nomination. However, when Louis XVIII. was on the point of leaving France he thought that my presence in Hamburg might be useful for the purpose of making him acquainted with all that might interest him in the north of Germany. But it was not there that danger was to be apprehended. There were two points to be watched—the headquarters of Napoleon and the King's Council at Ghent. I, however, lost no time in repairing to a city where I was sure of finding a great many friends. On passing through Brussels I alighted at the Hotel de Bellevue, where the Duc de Berri arrived shortly after me. His Royal Highness then invited me to breakfast with him, and conversed with me very confidentially. I afterwards continued my journey.

CHAPTER VI.

1815.

Message to Madame de Bourrienne on the 20th of March—Napoleon's nocturnal entrance into Paris—General Becton sent to my family by Caulaincourt—Recollection of old persecutions—General Driesen— Solution of an enigma—Seals placed on my effects—Useless searches —Persecution of women—Madame de Stael and Madame de Recamier— Paris during the Hundred Days—The federates and patriotic songs—Declaration of the Plenipotentiaries at Vienna.

At Lille, and again at Hamburg, I received letters from my family, which I had looked for with great impatience. They contained particulars of what had occurred relative to me since Bonaparte's return to Paris. Two hours after my departure Madame de Bourrienne also left Paris, accompanied by her children, and proceeded to an asylum which had been offered her seven leagues from the capital. She left at my house in Paris her sister, two of her brothers, and her friend the Comtesse de Neuilly, who had resided with us since her return from the emigration.

On the very morning of my wife's departure (namely, the 20th of March) a person, with whom I had always been on terms of friendship, and who was entirely devoted to Bonaparte, sent to request that Madame de Bourrienne would call on him, as he wished to speak to her on most important and urgent business. My sister-in-law informed the messenger that my wife had left Paris, but, begging a friend to accompany her, she went herself to the individual, whose name will be probably guessed, though I do not mention it. The person who came with the message to my house put many questions to Madame de Bourrienne's sister respecting my absence, and advised her, above all things, to conjure me not to follow the King, observing that the cause of Louis XVIII. was utterly lost, and that I should do well to retire quietly to Burgundy, as there was no doubt of my obtaining the Emperor's pardon.

Nothing could be more gloomy than Bonaparte's entrance into Paris. He arrived at night in the midst of a thick fog. The streets were almost deserted, and a vague feeling of terror prevailed almost generally in the capital.

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At nine o'clock on the same evening, the very hour of Bonaparte's arrival at the Tuileries, a lady, a friend, of my family, and whose son served in the Young Guard, called and requested to see Madame de Bourrienne. She refused to enter the house lest she should be seen, and my sister-in-law went down to the garden to speak to her without a light. This lady's brother had been on the preceding night to Fontainebleau to see Bonaparte, and he had directed his sister to desire me to remain in Paris, and to retain my post in the Prefecture of the Police, as I was sure of a full and complete pardon.

On the morning of the 21st General Becton, who has since been the victim of his mad enterprises, called at my house and requested to speak with me and Madame de Bourrienne. He was received by my wife's sister and brothers, and stated that he came from M. de Caulaincourt to renew the assurances of safety which had already been given to me. I was, I confess, very sensible of these proofs of friendship when they came to my knowledge, but I did not for a single moment repent the course I adopted. I could not forget the intrigues of which I had been the object since 1811, nor the continual threats of arrest which, during that year, had not left me a moment's quiet; and since I now revert to that time, I may take the opportunity of explaining how in 1814 I was made acquainted with the real causes of the persecution to which I had been a prey. A person, whose name prudence forbids me mentioning, communicated to me the following letter, the original copy of which is in my possession:

Monsieur le Duc de Bassano—I send you some very important documents respecting the Sieur Bourrienne, and beg you will make me a confidential report on this affair. Keep these documents for yourself alone. This business demands the utmost secrecy. Everything induces me to believe that Bourrienne has carried a series of intrigues with London. Bring me the report on Thursday.
I pray God, *etc*.
(Signed) *Napoleon*
Paris, 25th December 1811.

I could now clearly perceive what to me had hitherto been enveloped in obscurity; but I was not, as yet, made acquainted with the documents mentioned in Napoleon's epistle. Still, however, the cause of his animosity was an enigma which I was unable to guess, but I obtained its solution some time afterwards.

General Driesen, who was the Governor of Mittau while Louis XVIII. resided in that town, came to Paris in 1814. I had been well acquainted with him in 1810 at Hamburg, where he lived for a considerable time. While at Mittau he conceived a chivalrous and enthusiastic friendship for the King of France. We were at first distrustful of each other, but afterwards the most intimate confidence arose between us. General Driesen looked forward with certainty to the return of the Bourbons to France, and in the course of our

frequent conversations on his favourite theme he gradually threw off all reserve, and at length disclosed to me that he was maintaining a correspondence with the King.

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He told me that he had sent to Hartwell several drafts of proclamations, with none of which, he said, the King was satisfied. On allowing me the copy of the last of these drafts I frankly told him that I was quite of the King's opinion as to its unfitness. I observed that if the King should one day return to France and act as the general advised he would not keep possession of his throne six months. Driesen then requested me to dictate a draft of a proclamation conformably with my ideas. This I consented to do on one condition, *viz*. that he would never mention my name in connection with the business, either in writing or conversation. General Driesen promised this, and then I dictated to him a draft which I would now candidly lay before the reader if I had a copy of it. I may add that in the different proclamations of Louis XVIII. I remarked several passages precisely corresponding with the draft I had dictated at Hamburg.

During the four years which intervened between my return to Paris and the downfall of the Empire it several times occurred to me that General Driesen had betrayed my secret, and on his very first visit to me after the Restoration, our conversation happening to turn on Hamburg, I asked him whether he had not disclosed what I wished him to conceal? "Well," said he, "there is no harm in telling the truth now. After you had left Hamburg the King wrote to me inquiring the name of the author of the last draft I had sent him, which was very different from all that had preceded it. I did not answer this question, but the King having repeated it in a second letter, and having demanded an answer, I was compelled to break my promise to you, and I put into the post-office of Gothenberg in Sweden a letter for the King, in which I mentioned your name."

The mystery was now revealed to me. I clearly saw what had excited in Napoleon's mind the suspicion that I was carrying on intrigues with England. I have no doubt as to the way in which the affair came to his knowledge. The King must have disclosed my name to one of those persons whose situations placed them above the suspicion of any betrayal of confidence, and thus the circumstance must have reached the ear of Bonaparte. This is not a mere hypothesis, for I well know how promptly and faithfully Napoleon was informed of all that was said and done at Hartwell.

Having shown General Drieaen Napoleon's accusatory letter, he begged that I would entrust him with it for a day or two, saying he would show it to the King at a private audience. His object was to serve me, and to excite Louis XVIII.'s interest in my behalf, by briefly relating to him the whole affair. The general came to me on leaving the Tuileries, and assured me that the King after perusing the letter, had the great kindness to observe that I might think myself very happy in not having been shot. I know not whether Napoleon was afterwards informed of the details of this affair, which certainly had no connection with any intrigues with England, and which, after all, would have been a mere peccadillo in comparison, with the conduct I thought it my duty to adopt at the time of the Restoration.

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Meanwhile Madame de Bourrienne informed me by an express that seals were to be placed on the effects of all the persons included in the decree of Lyons, and consequently upon mine. As soon as my wife received information of this she quitted her retreat and repaired to Paris to face the storm. On the 29th of March, at nine in the evening, the police agents presented themselves at my house. Madame de Bourrienne remonstrated against the measure and the inconvenient hour that was chosen for its execution; but all was in vain, and there was no alternative but to submit.

But the matter did not end with the first formalities performed by Fouche's alguazils. During the month of May seven persons were appointed to examine, my papers, and among the inquisitorial septemvirate were two men well known and filling high situations. One of these executed his commission, but the other, sensible of the odium attached to it, wrote to say he was unwell, and never came. The number of my inquisitors, 'in domo', was thus reduced to six. They behaved with great rudeness, and executed their mission with a rigour and severity exceedingly painful to my family. They carried their search so far as to rummage the pockets of my old clothes, and even to unrip the linings. All this was done in the hope of finding something that would commit me in the eyes of the new master of France. But I was not to be caught in that way, and before leaving home I had taken such precautions as to set my mind perfectly at ease.

However, those who had declared themselves strongly against Napoleon were not the only persons who had reason to be alarmed at his return. Women even, by a system of inquisition unworthy of the Emperor, but unfortunately quite in unison with his hatred of all liberty, were condemned to exile, and had cause to apprehend further severity. It is for the exclusive admirers of the Chief of the Empire to approve of everything which proceeded from him, even his rigour against a defenceless sex; it is for them to laugh at the misery of a woman, and a writer of genius, condemned without any form of trial to the most severe punishment short of death. For my part, I saw neither justice nor pleasantry in the exile of Madame de Chevreuse for having had the courage (and courage was not common then even among men) to say that she was not made to be the gaoler of the Queen of Spain. On Napoleon's return from. the isle of Elba, Madame de Stael was in a state of weakness, which rendered her unable to bear any sudden and violent emotion. This debilitated state of health had been produced by her flight from Coppet to Russia immediately after the birth of the son who was the fruit of her marriage with M. Rocca. In spite of the danger of a journey in such circumstances she saw greater danger in staying where she was, and she set out on her new exile. That exile was not of long duration, but Madame de Stael never recovered from the effect of the alarm and fatigue it occasioned her.

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The name of the authoress of Corinne, naturally calls to mind that of the friend who was most faithful to her in misfortune, and who was not herself screened from the severity of Napoleon by the just and universal admiration of which she was the object. In 1815 Madame Recamier did not leave Paris, to which she had returned in 1814, though her exile was not revoked. I know positively that Hortense assured her of the pleasure she would feel in receiving her, and that Madame Recamier, as an excuse for declining the perilous honour, observed that she had determined never again to appear in the world as long as her friends should be persecuted. The memorial de Sainte Helene, referring to the origin of the ill-will of the Chief of the Empire towards the society of Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier, *etc*., seems to reproach Madame Recamier, "accustomed," says the Memorial, "to ask for everything and to obtain everything," for having claimed nothing less than the complete reinstatement of her father. Whatever may have been the pretensions of Madame Recamier, Bonaparte, not a little addicted to the custom he complains of in her, could not have, with a good grace, made a crime of her ingratitude if he on his side had not claimed a very different sentiment from gratitude. I was with the First Consul at the time M. Bernard, the father of Madame Reamier, was accused, and I have not forgotten on what conditions the re-establishment would have been granted.

The frequent interviews between Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael were not calculated to bring Napoleon to sentiments and measures of moderation. He became more and more irritated at this friendship between two women formed for each other's society; and, on the occasion of one of Madame Recamier's journeys to Coppet he informed her, through the medium of Fouche, that she was perfectly at liberty to go to Switzerland, but not to return to Paris. "Ah, Monseigneur! a great man may be pardoned for the weakness of loving women, but not for fearing them." This was the only reply of Madame Recamier to Fouche when she set out for Coppet. I may here observe that the personal prejudices of the Emperor would not have been of a persevering and violent character if some of the people who surrounded him had not sought to foment them. I myself fell a victim to this. Napoleon's affection for me would perhaps have got the upper hand if his relenting towards me had not been incessantly combated by my enemies around him.

I had no opportunity of observing the aspect of Paris during that memorable period recorded in history by the name of the Hundred Days, but the letters which I received at the time, together with all that, I afterwards heard, concurred in assuring me that the capital never presented so melancholy a picture as: during those three months. No one felt any confidence in Napoleon's second reign, and it was said, without any sort of reserve, that Fouche, while serving

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the cause of usurpation, would secretly betray it. The future was viewed with alarm, and the present with dissatisfaction. The sight of the federates who paraded the faubourgs and the boulevards, vociferating, “The Republic for ever!” and “Death to the Royalists!” their sanguinary songs, the revolutionary airs played in our theatres, all tended to produce a fearful torpor in the public mind, and the issue of the impending events was anxiously awaited.

One of the circumstances which, at the commencement of the Hundred Days, most contributed to open the eyes of those who were yet dazzled by the past glory of Napoleon, was the assurance with which he declared that the Empress and his son would be restored to him, though nothing warranted that announcement. It was evident that he could not count on any ally; and in spite of the prodigious activity with which a new army was raised those persons must have been blind indeed who could imagine the possibility of his triumphing over Europe, again armed to oppose him. I deplored the inevitable disasters which Bonaparte’s bold enterprise would entail, but I had such certain information respecting the intentions of the Allied powers, and the spirit which animated the Plenipotentiaries at Vienna, that I could not for a moment doubt the issue of the conflict: Thus I was not at all surprised when I received at Hamburg the minutes of the conferences at Vienna in May 1815.

When the first intelligence of Bonaparte’s landing was received at Vienna it must be confessed that very little had been done at the Congress, for measures calculated to reconstruct a solid and durable order of things could only be framed and adopted deliberately, and upon mature reflection. Louis XVIII. had instructed his Plenipotentiaries to defend and support the principles of justice and the law of nations, so as to secure the rights of all parties and avert the chances of a new war. The Congress was occupied with these important objects when intelligence was received of Napoleon’s departure from Elba and his landing at the Gulf of Juan. The Plenipotentiaries then signed the protocol of the conferences to which I have above alluded.

[*Annex to the preceding chapter*.]

The following despatch of Napoleon’s to Marshal Davoust (given in Captain Bingham’s Translation, vol. iii. p. 121), though not strictly bearing upon the subject of the Duke of Bassano’s inquiry (p. 256), may perhaps find a place here, as indicative of the private feeling of the Emperor towards Bourrienne. As the reader will remember, it has already been alluded to earlier in the work:

To *marshal Davoust*.
Compiegne, 3d September 1811.

I have received your letter concerning the cheating of Bourrienne at Hamburg. It will be important to throw light upon what he has done. Have the Jew, Gumprecht Mares, arrested, seize his papers, and place him in solitary confinement. Have some of the other principal agents of Bourrienne arrested, so as to discover his doings at Hamburg, and the embezzlements he has committed there.

(Signed) *Napoleon*.

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CHAPTER VII.

—[By the Editor of the 1836 edition]—

1815.

Napoleon at Paris—Political manoeuvres—The meeting of the Champ-de-Mai—-Napoleon, the Liberals, and the moderate Constitutionalists—His love of arbitrary power as strong as ever— Paris during the Cent Jours—Preparations for his last campaign—The Emperor leaves Paris to join the army—State of Brussels— Proclamation of Napoleon to the Belgians—Effective strength of the French and Allied armies—The Emperor's proclamation to the French army.

Napoleon was scarcely reseated on his throne when he found he could not resume that absolute power he had possessed before his abdication at Fontainebleau. He was obliged to submit to the curb of a representative government, but we may well believe that he only yielded, with a mental reservation that as soon as victory should return to his standards and his army be reorganised he would send the representatives of the people back to their departments, and make himself as absolute as he had ever been. His temporary submission was indeed obligatory.

The Republicans and Constitutionalists who had assisted, or not opposed his return, with Carnot, Fouche, Benjamin Constant, and his own brother Lucien (a lover of constitutional liberty) at their head, would support him only on condition of his reigning as a constitutional sovereign; he therefore proclaimed a constitution under the title of "Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire," which greatly resembled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. the year before. An hereditary Chamber of Peers was to be appointed by the Emperor, a Chamber of Representatives chosen by the Electoral Colleges, to be renewed every five years, by which all taxes were to be voted, ministers were to be responsible, judges irremovable, the right of petition was acknowledged, and property was declared inviolable. Lastly, the French nation was made to declare that they would never recall the Bourbons.

Even before reaching Paris, and while resting on his journey from Elba at Lyons, the second city in France, and the ancient capital of the Franks, Napoleon arranged his ministry, and issued sundry decrees, which show how little his mind was prepared for proceeding according to the majority of votes in representative assemblies.

Cambaceres was named Minister of Justice, Fouche Minister of Police (a boon to the Revolutionists), Davoust appointed Minister of War. Decrees upon decrees were issued with a rapidity which showed how laboriously Bonaparte had employed those studious hours at Elba which he was supposed to have dedicated to the composition of his Memoirs. They were couched in the name of "Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor

of France," and were dated on the 13th of March, although not promulgated until the 21st of that month. The first of these decrees abrogated all changes in

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the courts of justice and tribunals which had taken place during the absence of Napoleon. The second banished anew all emigrants who had returned to France before 1814 without proper authority, and displaced all officers belonging to the class of emigrants introduced into the army by the King. The third suppressed the Order of St. Louis, the white flag, cockade, and other Royal emblems, and restored the tri-coloured banner and the Imperial symbols of Bonaparte's authority. The same decree abolished the Swiss Guard and the Household troops of the King. The fourth sequestered the effects of the Bourbons. A similar Ordinance sequestered the restored property of emigrant families.

The fifth decree of Lyons suppressed the ancient nobility and feudal titles, and formally confirmed proprietors of national domains in their possessions. (This decree was very acceptable to the majority of Frenchmen). The sixth declared sentence of exile against all emigrants not erased by Napoleon from the list previously to the accession of the Bourbons, to which was added confiscation of their property. The seventh restored the Legion of Honour in every respect as it had existed under the Emperor; uniting to its funds the confiscated revenues of the Bourbon order of St. Louis. The eighth and last decree was the most important of all. Under pretence that emigrants who had borne arms against France had been introduced into the Chamber of Peers, and that the Chamber of Deputies had already sat for the legal time, it dissolved both Chambers, and convoked the Electoral Colleges of the Empire, in order that they might hold, in the ensuing month of May, an extraordinary assembly—the Champ-de-Mai.

This National Convocation, for which Napoleon claimed a precedent in the history of the ancient Franks, was to have two objects: first, to make such alterations and reforms in the Constitution of the Empire as circumstances should render advisable; secondly, to assist at the coronation of the Empress Maria Louisa. Her presence, and that of her son, was spoken of as something that admitted of no doubt, though Bonaparte knew there was little hope of their return from Vienna. These various enactments were well calculated to serve Napoleon's cause. They flattered the army, and at the same time stimulated their resentment against the emigrants, by insinuating that they had been sacrificed by Louis to the interest of his followers. They held out to the Republicans a prospect of confiscation, proscription, and, revolution of government, while, the Imperialists were gratified with a view of ample funds for pensions, offices, and honorary decorations. To proprietors of the national domains security was promised, to the Parisians the grand spectacle of the Champ-de-Mai, and to. France peace and tranquillity, since the arrival of the Empress and her son, confidently asserted to be at hand, was taken as a pledge of the friendship of Austria.

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Napoleon at the same time endeavoured to make himself popular with the common people—the, mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine and other obscure quarters of Paris. On the first evening of his return, as he walked round the glittering circle met to welcome him, in the State apartments of the Tuileries, he kept repeating, “Gentlemen, it is to the poor and disinterested mass of the people that I owe everything; it is they who have brought me back to the capita. It is the poor subaltern officers and common soldiers that have done all this. I owe everything to the common people and the ranks of the army. Remember that! I owe everything to the army and the people!” Some time after he took occasional rides through the Faubourg St. Antoine, but the demonstrations of the mob gave him little pleasure, and, it was easy to detect a sneer in his addresses to them. He had some slight intercourse with the men of the Revolution—the fierce, bloodthirsty Jacobins—but even now he could not conceal his abhorrence of them, and, be it said to his honour, he had as little to do with them as possible.

When Napoleon, departed for the summer campaign he took care beforehand to leave large sums of money for the ‘federes’; in the hands of the devoted Real; under whose management the mob was placed. These sums were to be distributed at appropriate seasons, to make the people cry in the streets of Paris, “Napoleon or death.” He also left in the hands of Davoust a written authority for the publication of his bulletins, many clauses of which were written long before the battles were fought that they were to describe. He gave to the same Marshal a plan of his campaign, which he had arranged for the defensive. This was not confided to him without an injunction of the strictest secrecy, but it is said that Davoust communicated the plan to Fouche. Considering Davoust’s character this is very unlikely, but if so, it is far from improbable that Fouche communicated the plan to the Allies with whom, and more particularly with Prince Metternich, he is well known to have been corresponding at the time.

Shortly after the Emperor’s arrival in Paris Benjamin Constant, a moderate and candid man, was deputed by the constitutional party to ascertain Napoleon’s sentiments and intentions. Constant was a lover of constitutional liberty, and an old opponent of Napoleon, whose headlong career of despotism, cut out by the sword, he had vainly endeavoured to check by the eloquence of his pen.

The interview took place at the Tuileries. The Emperor, as was his wont, began the conversation, and kept it nearly all to himself during the rest of the audience. He did not affect to disguise either his past actions or present dispositions.

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“The nation,” he said, “has had a respite of twelve years from every kind of political agitation, and for one year has enjoyed a respite from war. This double repose has created a craving after activity. It requires, or fancies it requires, a Tribune and popular assemblies. It did not always require them. The people threw themselves at my feet when I took the reins of government You ought to recollect this, who made a trial of opposition. Where was your support—your strength? Nowhere. I assumed less authority than I was invited to assume. Now all is changed. A feeble government, opposed to the national interests, has given to these interests the habit of standing on the defensive and evading authority. The taste for constitutions, for debates, for harangues, appears to have revived. Nevertheless it is but the minority that wishes all this, be assured. The people, or if you like the phrase better; the multitude, wish only for me. You would say so if you had only seen this multitude pressing eagerly on my steps, rushing down from the tops of the mountains, calling on me, seeking me out, saluting me. On my way from Cannes hither I have not conquered—I have administered. I am not only (as has been pretended) the Emperor of the soldiers; I am that of the peasants of the plebeians of France. Accordingly, in spite of all that has happened, you see the people come back to me. There is sympathy between us. It is not as with the privileged classes. The noblesse have been in my service; they thronged in crowds into my antechambers. There is no place that they have not accepted or solicited. I have had the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauveaus, the Montemarts, in my train. But there never was any cordiality between us. The steed made his curvets—he was well broken in, but I felt him quiver under me. With the people it is another thing. The popular fibre responds to mine. I have risen from the ranks of the people: my voice seta mechanically upon them. Look at those conscripts, the sons of peasants: I never flattered them; I treated them roughly. They did not crowd round me the less; they did not on that account cease to cry, `Vive l’Empereur!’ It is that hetween them and me there is one and the same nature. They look to me as their support, their safeguard against the nobles. I have but to make a sign, or even to look another way, and the nobles would be massacred in every province. So well have they managed matters in the last ten months! but I do not desire to be the King of a mob. If there are the means to govern by a constitution well and good. I wished for the empire of the world, and to ensure it complete liberty of action was necessary to me. To govern France merely it is possible that a constitution may be better. I wished for the empire of the world, as who would not have done in my place? The world invited me to rule over it. Sovereigns and subjects alike emulously bowed the neck under my sceptre. I

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have seldom met with opposition in France, but still I have encountered more of it from some obscure and unarmed Frenchmen than from all these Kings so resolute, just now, no longer to have a man of the people for their equal! See then what appears to you possible; let me know your ideas. Public discussion, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I have no objection to all that, the liberty of the press especially; to stifle it is absurd. I am convinced on this point. I am the man of the people: if the people really wish for liberty let them have it. I have acknowledged their sovereignty. It is just that I should lend an ear to their will, nay, even to their caprices I have never been disposed to oppress them for my pleasure. I conceived great designs; but fate 'has been against me; I am no longer a conqueror, nor can I be one. I know what is possible and what is not.—I have no further object than to raise up France and bestow on her a government suitable to her. I have no hatred to liberty, I have set it aside when it obstructed my path, but I understand what it means; I was brought up in its school: besides, the work of fifteen years is overturned, and it is not possible to recommence it. It would take twenty years, and the lives of 2,000,000 of men to be sacrificed to it. As for the rest, I desire peace, but I can only obtain it by means of victory. I would not inspire you with false expectations. I permit it to be said that negotiations are going on; there are none. I foresee a hard struggle, a long war. To support it I must be seconded by the nation, but in return I believe they will expect liberty. They shall have it: the circumstances are new. All I desire is to be informed of the truth. I am getting old. A man is no longer at forty-five what he was at thirty. The repose enjoyed by a constitutional king may suit me: it will still more certainly be the best thing, for my son."

From this remarkable address. Benjamin Constant concluded that no change had taken place in Bonaparte's views or feelings in matters of government, but, being convinced that circumstances had changed, he had made up his mind to conform to them. He says, and we cannot doubt it, "that he listened to Napoleon with the deepest interest, that there was a breadth and grandeur of manner as he spoke, and a calm serenity seated on a brow covered with immortal laurels."

Whilst believing the utter incompatibility of Napoleon and constitutional government we cannot in fairness omit mentioning that the causes which repelled him from the altar and sanctuary of freedom were strong: the real lovers of a rational and feasible liberty—the constitutional monarchy men were few—the mad ultra-Liberals, the Jacobins, the refuse of one revolution and the provokers of another, were numerous, active, loud, and in pursuing different ends these two parties, the respectable and the disreputable, the good and the bad, got mixed and confused with one another.

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On the 14th of May, when the ‘federes’ were marshalled in processional order and treated with what was called a solemn festival, as they moved along the boulevards to the Court of the Tuileries, they coupled the name of Napoleon with Jacobin curses and revolutionary songs. The airs and the words that had made Paris tremble to her very centre during the Reign of Terror—the “Marseillaise,” the “Carmagnole,” the “Jour du depart,” the execrable ditty, the burden of which is, “And with the entrails of the last of the priests let us strangle the last of the kings,” were all roared out in fearful chorus by a drunken, filthy, and furious mob. Many a day had elapsed since they had dared to sing these blasphemous and antisocial songs in public. Napoleon himself as soon as he had power enough suppressed them, and he was as proud of this feat and his triumph over the dregs of the Jacobins as he was of any of his victories; and in this he was right, in this he proved himself the friend of humanity. As the tumultuous mass approached the triumphal arch and the grand entrance to the Palace he could not conceal his abhorrence. His Guards were drawn up under arms, and numerous pieces of artillery, already loaded were turned out on the Place du Carrousel. He hastily dismissed these dangerous partisans with some praise, some money, and some drink. On coming into close contact with such a mob he did not feel his fibre respond to that of the populace! Like Frankenstein, he loathed and was afraid of the mighty monster he had put together.

But it was not merely the mob that checked the liberalism or constitution of Napoleon, a delicate and doubtful plant in itself, that required the most cautious treatment to make it really take root and grow up in such a soil: Some of his councillors, who called themselves “philosophical statesmen,” advised him to lay aside the style of Emperor, and assume that of High President or Lord General of the Republic! Annoyed with such puerilities while the enemy was every day drawing nearer the frontiers he withdrew from the Tuileries to the comparatively small and retired palace of the Elysee, where he escaped these talking-dreamers, and felt himself again a sovereign: Shut up with Benjamin Constant and a few other reasonable politicians, he drew up the sketch of a new constitution, which was neither much better nor much worse than the royal charter of Louis XVIII. We give an epitome of its main features.

The Emperor was to have executive power, and to exercise legislative power in concurrence with the two Chambers. The Chamber of Peers was to be hereditary, and nominated by the Emperor, and its number was unlimited. The Second Chamber was to be elected by the people, and to consist of 629 members; none to be under the age of twenty-five. The President was to be appointed by the members, but approved of by the Emperor. Members were to be paid at the rate settled by the Constituent Assembly, which was to be renewed every

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five years. The Emperor might prorogue, adjourn, or dissolve the House of Representatives, whose sittings were to be public. The Electoral Colleges were maintained. Land tax and direct taxes were to be voted only for a year, indirect taxes might be imposed for several years. No levy of men for the army nor any exchange of territory was to be made but by a law. Taxes were to be proposed by the Chamber of Representatives. Ministers to be responsible. Judges to be irremovable. Juries to be established. Right of petition, freedom of worship, inviolability of property, were recognised. Liberty of the press was given under legal responsibility, and press offences were to be judged with a jury. No place or part of the territory could be placed in a state of siege except in case of foreign invasion or civil troubles. Finally, the French people declared that in the delegation it thus made of its powers it was not to be taken as giving the right to propose the re-establishment of the Bourbons, or of any Prince of that family on the throne, even in case of the extinction of the imperial dynasty. Any such proposal was formally interdicted to the Chambers or to the citizens, as well as any of the following measures, *viz*. the re-establishment of the former, feudal nobility, of the feudal and seignorial rights, of tithes, of any privileged and dominant religion, as well as of the power of making any attack on the irrevocability of the sale of the national goods.

Shortly after the return of Napoleon from Elba, believing it to be impossible to make the Emperor of Austria consent to his wife's rejoining him (and Maria Louisa had no inclination to a renewal of conjugal intercourse), Napoleon had not been many days in Paris when he concocted a plan for carrying off from Vienna both his wife and his son: In this project force was no less necessary than stratagem. A number of French of both sexes much devoted to the Emperor, who, had given them rank and fortune, had accompanied Maria Louisa in 1814 from Paris to Blois and thence to Vienna. A correspondence was opened with these persons, who embarked heart and soul in the plot; they forged passports, procured relays, of horses; and altogether arranged matters so well that but a for a single individual—one who revealed the whole project a few days previously to that fixed upon for carrying it into effect—there is little room to doubt that the plan would have succeeded, and that the daughter of Austria and the titular King of home would have given such, prestige as their presence could give at the Tuileries and he Champs-de-Mai. No sooner had the Emperor of Austria discovered this plot, which, had it been successful, would have placed him in a very awkward predicament, than he dismissed all the French people about his daughter, compelled her to lay aside the armorial bearings and liveries of Napoleon, and even to relinquish the title of Empress of the French: No force, no art, no police could conceal these things from the people of Paris; who, moreover, and at nearly the same time; were made very uneasy by the failure of Murat's attempt in Italy, which greatly increased the power and political influence of Austria. Murat being disposed of, the Emperor Francis was enabled to concentrate all his forces in Italy, and to hold them in readiness for the re-invasion of France.

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“Napoleon,” says Lavallette, “had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his son would be restored to him; he had published his wishes as a certainty, and to prevent it was, in fact, the worst injury the Emperor of Austria could have done, him. His hope was, however, soon destroyed.

“One evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly-lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. ‘Here is a letter,’ he said, ’which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you—read it.’ On first casting my eyes on the letter I thought I knew the handwriting, but as it was long I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her dislike of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it; in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation that the Empress, wholly enamoured of ——, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for him. The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found; however, in the manner in which the secret was expressed a warmth of zeal and a picturesque style that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated ms idea to him, and the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated I found plausible reasons enough to throw the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. ’How is it possible,’ I said, ’that ----- should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connection with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest aversion to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young, whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?’ ‘But,’ answered the Emperor, ----- is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you.’ The following words were, in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: ’I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the Emperor, but make whatever use of it you think proper.’ I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the Emperor then said to me, ’Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others in the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine.’

“I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me, ’I am sure the letter is from -----, and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the Emperor can do is to be comforted; there is no help to be expected from that side.’

“So sad a discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his son, whom he loved most tenderly.’

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“Fouche had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had, besides, undertaken another plan, which Napoleon’s arrival had broken off. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skillful man was wanted there. Fouche accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the Emperor, to put in his place either his son or a Republic under a President. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich, and, if he is to be believed, he tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but; coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it: was the duty of the Minister either to think no more of his plan or to resign his office. Fouche, however, remained in the Cabinet; and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him; kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor: had a great deal of company at the Elysee, he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When everybody was gone the Emperor stopped with Fouche in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of, an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him’ gravely, ’You are a traitor! Why do you remain Minister of the Police if you wish to betray me? It rests with me to have you hanged, and everybody would rejoice at your death!’ I did not hear Fouche’s reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, the parties all the time walking up and down. When Fouche went away he bade me cheerfully, good-night, and said that the Emperor had gone back to his apartments.

“The next day the Emperor spoke to me of the previous night’s conversation. ‘I suspected,’ he said, ’that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker’s clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouche from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bale, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge: I sent for Fouche a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention that letter to me, but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject.’ (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, ‘You are a traitor,’ *etc*.) He acknowledged, in fact, continued the Emperor, ’that he had received such a letter, but that it was not signed and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer again declared that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that, his person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest. I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouche, but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him.

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“Two days afterwards I went to Fouche to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musqueteers who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. ‘Do you see this man?’ he said to me; pointing with his spoon to the stranger; ’he is an aristocrat, a Bourbonist, a Chouan; it is the Abbe -----, one of the editors of the Journal des Debats--a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons; he is one of our men. I looked, at him. At every fresh epithet of the Minister the Abbe bowed his head down to his plate with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouche explained to me, on leaving the breakfast table, in what manner all these valets of literature were men of his, and while I acknowledged to myself that the system might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable—the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the Emperor had spoken to me of the scene I have described above, Fouche said to me, ’The Emperor’s temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons obnoxious to public opinion, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it. As I am never in a hurry to speak I remained silent, but reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouche I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation!—and I believe they were both in the right; so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouche, had swerved concerning the Emperor.”

The wrath of Napoleon was confined to the Lower House, the Peers, from the nature of their composition, being complacent and passive enough. The vast majority of them were in fact mere shadows gathered round the solid persons of Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome Bonaparte, and Sieyes, Carnot, and the military men of the Revolution. As a political body Napoleon despised them himself, and yet he wanted the nation to respect them. But respect was impossible, and the volatile Parisians made the Peers a constant object of their witticisms. The punsters of Paris made the following somewhat ingenious play upon words. Lallemand, Labedogure, Drouot, and Ney they called Las Quatre Pairs fides (perfides), which in pronunciation may equally mean the four faithful peers or the four perfidious men. The infamous Vandamme and another were called Pair-siffles, the biased peers, or the biased pair, or (persiffles) men made objects of derision. It was thus the lower orders behaved while the, existence of France was at stake.

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By this time the thunder-cloud of war had gathered and was ready to burst. Short as the time at his disposal was Napoleon prepared to meet it with his accustomed energy. Firearms formed one of the most important objects of attention. There were sufficient sabres, but muskets were wanting. The Imperial factories could, in ordinary times, furnish monthly 20,000 stands of new arms; by the extraordinary activity and inducements offered this number was doubled. Workmen were also employed in repairing the old muskets. There was displayed at this momentous period the same activity in the capital as in 1793, and better directed, though without the same ultimate success. The clothing of the army was another difficulty, and this was got over by advancing large sums of money to the cloth manufacturers beforehand. The contractors delivered 20,000 cavalry horses before the 1st of June, 10,000 trained horses had been furnished by the dismounted gendarmerie. Twelve thousand artillery horses were also delivered by the 1st of June, in addition to 6000 which the army already had.

The facility with which the Ministers of Finance and of the Treasury provided for all these expenses astonished everybody, as it was necessary to pay for everything in ready money. The system of public works was at the same time resumed throughout France. “It is easy to see,” said the workmen, “that ‘the great contractor’ is returned; all was dead, now everything revives.”

“We have just learnt,” says a writer who was at Brussels at this time, “that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th; on the 15th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety, and towards evening General Muffing presented himself at the hotel of the Duke of Wellington with despatches from Blucher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not solve the enigma of the Duke going tranquilly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond’s—his coolness was above their comprehension. Had he remained at his own hotel a panic would have probably ensued amongst the inhabitants, which would have embarrassed the intended movement of the British division of the army.

“I returned home late, and we were still talking over our uneasiness when we heard the trumpets sound. Before the sun had risen in full splendour I heard martial music approaching, and soon beheld from my windows the 5th reserve of the British army passing; the Highland brigade were the first in advance, led by their noble thanes, the bagpipes playing their several pibrochs; they were succeeded by the 28th, their bugles’ note falling more blithely upon the ear. Each regiment passed in succession with its band playing.”

The gallant Duke of Brunswick was at a ball at the assembly-rooms in the Rue Ducale on the night of the 15th of June when the French guns, which he was one of the first to hear, were clearly distinguished at Brussels. “Upon receiving the information that a powerful French force was advancing in the direction of Charleroi. ’Then it is high time for me to be off,’ he exclaimed, and immediately quitted, the ball-room.”

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“At four the whole disposable force under the Duke off Wellington was collected together, but in such haste that many of the officers had no time to change their silk stockings and dancing-shoes; and some, quite overcome by drowsiness, were seen lying asleep about the ramparts, still holding, however, with a firm hand, the reins of their horses, which were grazing by their sides.

“About five o’clock the word march’ was heard in all directions, and instantly the whole mass appeared to move simultaneously. I conversed with several of the officers previous to their departure, and not one appeared to have the slightest idea of an approaching engagement.

“The Duke of Wellington and his staff did not quit Brussels till past eleven o’clock, and it was not till some time after they were gone that it was generally known the whole French army, including a strong corps of cavalry, was within a few miles of Quatre Bras.”

CHAPTER VIII.

—[Like the preceding, this chapter first appeared in the 1836 edition, and is not from the pen of M. de Bourrienne.]—

1815.

The battles of Ligny and quatre Bras.

The moment for striking a decisive blow had now come, and accordingly, early on the morning of the 15th, the whole of the French army was in motion. The 2d corps proceeded to Marchiennes to attack the Prussian outposts at Thuin and Lobes, in order to secure the communication across the Sambre between those places. The 3d corps, covered by General Pajol’s cavalry, advanced upon Charleroi, followed by the Imperial Guard and the 6th corps, with the necessary detachments of pontoniers. The remainder of the cavalry, under Grouchy, also advanced upon Charleroi, on the flanks of the 3d and 6th corps. The 4th corps was ordered to march upon the bridge of Chatelet.

On the approach of the French advanced guards an incessant skirmish was maintained during the whole morning with the Prussians, who, after losing many men, were compelled to yield to superior numbers. General Zieten, finding it impossible, from the extent of frontier he had to cover, to cheek the advance of the French, fell back towards Fleurus by the road to Charleroi, resolutely contesting the advance of the enemy wherever it was possible. In the repeated attacks sustained by him he suffered considerable loss. It was nearly mid-day before a passage through Charleroi was secured by the French army, and General Zieten continued his retreat upon Fleurus, where he took up his position for the night. Upon Zieten’s abandoning, in the course of his retreat, the chaussee which leads to Brussels through Quatre Bras, Marshal Ney,

who had only just been put in command on the left of the French army, was ordered to advance by this road upon Gosselies, and found at Frasnes part of the Duke of Wellington's army, composed of Nassau troops under the command of Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who, after some skirmishing, maintained his position.
"Notwithstanding all the exertions of the French at a moment when time was of such importance, they had only been able to advance about fifteen English miles during the day, with nearly fifteen hours of daylight."

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It was the intention of Napoleon during his operations on this day to effect a separation between the English and Prussian armies, in which he had nearly succeeded. Napoleon's plan for this purpose, and the execution of it by his army, were alike admirable, but it is hardly probable that the Allied generals were taken by surprise, as it was the only likely course which Napoleon could have taken. His line of operation was on the direct road to Brussels, and there were no fortified works to impede his progress, while from the nature of the country his numerous and excellent cavalry could be employed with great effect.

In the French accounts Marshal Ney was much blamed for not occupying Quatre Bras with the whole of his force on the evening of the 16th. "Ney might probably have driven back the Nassau troops at Quatre Bras, and occupied that important position, but hearing a heavy cannonade on his right flank, where General Zieten had taken up his position, he thought it necessary to halt and detach a division in the direction of Fleurus. He was severely censured by Napoleon for not having literally followed his orders and pushed on to Quatre Bras." This accusation forms a curious contrast with that made against Grouchy, upon whom Napoleon threw the blame of the defeat at Waterloo, because he strictly fulfilled his orders, by pressing the Prussians at Wavre, unheeding the cannonade on his left, which might have led him to conjecture that the more important contest between the Emperor and Wellington was at that moment raging.

It was at six o'clock in the evening of the 16th that the Drake of Wellington received the first information of the advance of the French army; but it was not, however, until ten o'clock that positive news reached him that the French army had moved upon the line of the Sambre. This information induced him to push forward reinforcements on Quatre Bras, at which place he himself arrived at an early hour on the 16th, and immediately proceeded to Bry, to devise measures with Marshal Blucher in order to combine their efforts. From the movement of considerable masses of the French in front of the Prussians it was evident that their first grand attack would be directed against them. That this was Napoleon's object on the 16th maybe seen by his orders to Ney and Grouchy to turn the right of the Prussians, and drive the British from their position at Quatre Bras, and then to march down the chaussee upon Bry in order effectually to separate the two armies. Ney was accordingly detached for this purpose with 43,000 men. In the event of the success of Marshal Ney he would have been enabled to detach a portion of his forces for the purpose of making a flank attack upon the Prussians in the rear of St. Amend, whilst Napoleon in person was directing his main efforts against that village the strongest in the Prussian position. Ney's reserve was at Frasnes, disposable either for the purpose of supporting the attack on Quatre Bras or that at St. Amand; and in case of Ney's complete success to turn the Prussian right flank by marching on Bry.

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CHAPTER IX.

1815

The battle of Waterloo.

One of the most important struggles of modern times was now about to commence—a struggle which for many years was to decide the fate of Europe. Napoleon and Wellington at length stood opposite one another. They had never met; the military reputation of each was of the highest kind,

—[For full details of the Waterloo campaign see Siborne's History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815, giving the English contemporary account; Chesney's Waterloo Lectures, the best English modern account, which has been accepted by the Prussians as pretty nearly representing their view; and Waterloo by Lieutenant-Colonel Prince Edouard de la Tour d'Auvergne (Paris, Plon, 1870), which may be taken as the French modern account.In judging this campaign the reader must guard himself from looking on it as fought by two different armies-the English and the Prussian-whose achievements are to be weighed against one another. Wellington and Blucher were acting in a complete unison rare even when two different corps of the same nation are concerned, but practically unexampled in the case of two armies of different nations. Thus the two forces became one army, divided into two wings, one, the left (or Prussian wing) having been defeated by the main body of the French at Ligny on the 16th of June, the right (or English wing) retreated to hold the position at Waterloo, where the left (or Prussian wing) was to join it, and the united force was to crash the enemy. Thus there is no question as to whether the Prussian army saved the English by their arrival, or whether the English saved the Prussians by their resistance at Waterloo. Each army executed well and gallantly its part in a concerted operation. The English would never have fought at Waterloo if they had not relied on the arrival of the Prussians. Had the Prussians not come up on the afternoon of the 18th of June the English would have been exposed to the same great peril of having alone to deal with the mass of the French army, as the Prussians would have had to face if they had found the English in full retreat. To investigate the relative performances of the two armies is lunch the same as to decide the respective merits of the two Prussian armies at Sadowa, where one held the Austrians until the other arrived. Also in reading the many interesting personal accounts of the campaign it most be remembered that opinions about the chance of success in a defensive struggle are apt to warp with the observer's position, as indeed General Grant has remarked in answer to criticisms on his army's state at the end of the first day of the battle of Shiloh or 'Pittsburg Landing. The man placed in the front rank or fighting line sees attack after attack beaten off. He sees only part of his own losses, am most of the wounded

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disappear, and he also knows something of the enemy's loss by seeing the dead in front of him. Warmed by the contest, he thus believes in success. The man placed in rear or advancing with reinforcements, having nothing of the excitement of the struggle, sees only the long and increasing column of wounded, stragglers, and perhaps of fliers. He sees his companion fall without being able to answer the fire. He sees nothing of the corresponding loss of the enemy, and he is apt to take a most desponding view of the situation. Thus Englishmen reading the accounts of men who fought at Waterloo are too ready to disbelieve representations of what was taking place in the rear of the army, and to think Thackeray's life-like picture in Vanity Fair of the state of Brussels must be overdrawn. Indeed, in this very battle of Waterloo, Zieten began to retreat when his help was most required, because one of his aides de camp told him that the right wing of the English was in full retreat. "This inexperienced young man," says Muffling, p. 248, "had mistaken the great number of wounded going, or being taken, to the rear to be dressed, for fugitives, and accordingly made a false report." Further, reserves do not say much of their part or, sometimes, no part of the fight, and few people know that at least two English regiments actually present on the field of Waterloo hardly fired a shot till the last advance.The Duke described the army as the worst he ever commanded, and said that if he had had his Peninsular men, the fight would have been over much sooner. But the Duke, sticking to ideas now obsolete, had no picked corps. Each man, trusting in and trusted by his comrades, fought under his own officers and under his own regimental colours. Whatever they did not know, the men knew how to die, and at the end of the day a heap of dead told where each regiment and battery had stood.]—

the career of both had been marked by signal victory; Napoleon had carried his triumphant legions across the stupendous Alps, over the north of Italy, throughout Prussia, Austria, Russia, and even to the foot of the Pyramids, while Wellington, who had been early distinguished in India, had won immortal renown in the Peninsula, where he had defeated, one after another, the favourite generals of Napoleon. He was now to make trial of his prowess against their Master.

Among the most critical events of modern times the battle of Waterloo stands conspicuous. This sanguinary encounter at last stopped the torrent of the ruthless and predatory ambition of the French, by which so many countries had been desolated. With the peace which immediately succeeded it confidence was restored to Europe.

CHAPTER X.

1815

Interview with Lavallette—Proceedings in the French Chambers—Second abdication of Napoleon—He retires to Rochefort, negotiates with Captain Maitland, and finally embarks in the 'Bellerophon'.

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One of the first public men to see Napoleon after his return from Waterloo was Lavallette. “I flew,” says he, “to the Elysee to see the Emperor: he summoned me into his closet, and as soon as he saw me, he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic ‘laugh. `Oh, my God!’ he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was however very short. He soon recovered his coolness, and asked me what was going forward in the Chamber of Representatives. I could not attempt to hide that party spirit was there carried to a high pitch, and that the majority seemed determined to require his abdication, and to pronounce it themselves if he did not concede willingly. ‘How is that?’ he said. ’If proper measures are not taken the enemy will be before the gates of Paris in eight days. Alas!’ he added, ’have I accustomed them to such great victories that they knew not how to bear one day’s misfortune? What will become of poor France? I have done all I could for her!’ He then heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him, and I left him, with a direction to come back at a later hour.

“I passed the day in seeking information among all my friends and acquaintances. I found in all of them either the greatest dejection or an extravagant joy, which they disguised by feigned alarm and pity for myself, which I repulsed with great indignation. Nothing favourable was to be expected from the Chamber of Representatives. They all said they wished for liberty, but, between two enemies who appeared ready to destroy it, they preferred the foreigners, the friends of the Bourbons, to Napoleon, who might still have prolonged the struggle, but that he alone would not find means to save them and erect the edifice of liberty. The Chamber of Peers presented a much sadder spectacle. Except the intrepid Thibaudeau, who till, the last moment expressed himself with admirable energy against the Bourbons, almost all the others thought of nothing else but getting out of the dilemma with the least loss they could. Some took no pains to hide their wish of bending again under the Bourbon yoke.”

On the evening of Napoleon’s return to Paris he sent for Benjamin Constant to come to him at the Elysee about seven o’clock. The Chambers had decreed their permanence, and proposals for abdication had reached the Emperor. He was serious but calm. In reply to some words on the disaster of Waterloo he said, “The question no longer concerns me, but France. They wish me to abdicate. Have they calculated upon the inevitable consequences of this abdication? It is round me, round my name, that the army rallies: to separate me from it is to disband it. If I abdicate to-day, in two days’ time you will no longer have an army. These poor fellows do not understand all your subtleties. Is it believed that axioms in metaphysics, declarations of right, harangues from the tribune, will put a stop to the disbanding of an army? To reject me when

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I landed at Cannes I can conceive possible; to abandon me now is what I do not understand. It is not when the enemy is at twenty-five leagues' distance that any Government can be overturned with impunity. Does any one imagine that the Foreign Powers will be won over by fine words? If they had dethroned me fifteen days ago there would have been some spirit in it; but as it is, I make part of what strangers attack, I make part, then, of what France is bound to defend. In giving me up she gives up herself, she avows her weakness, she acknowledges herself conquered, she courts the insolence of the conqueror. It is not the love of liberty which deposes me, but Waterloo; it is fear, and a fear of which your enemies will take advantage. And then what title has the Chamber to demand my abdication? It goes out of its lawful sphere in doing so; it has no authority. It is my right, it is my duty to dissolve it."

"He then hastily ran over the possible consequences of such a step. Separated from the Chambers, he could only be considered as a military chief: but the army would be for him; that would always join him who can lead it against foreign banners, and to this might be added all that part of the population which is equally powerful and easily, led in such a state of things. As if chance intended to strengthen Napoleon in this train of thought, while he was speaking the avenue of Marigny resounded with the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' A crowd of men, chiefly of the poor and labouring class, pressed forward into the avenue, full of wild enthusiasm, and trying to scale the walls to make an offer to Napoleon to rally round and defend him. Bonaparte for some time looked attentively at this group. 'You see it is so,' said he; 'those are not the men whom I have loaded with honours and riches. What do these people owe me? I found them—I left them—poor. The instinct of necessity enlightens them; the voice of the country speaks by their months; and if I choose, if I permit it, in an hour the refractory Chambers will have ceased to exist. But the life of a man is not worth purchasing at such a price: I did not return from the Isle of Elba that Paris should be inundated with blood: He did not like the idea of flight.' 'Why should I not stay here?' he repeated. 'What do you suppose they would do to a man disarmed like me? I will go to Malmaison: I can live there in retirement with some friends, who most certainly will come to see me only for my own sake.'

"He then described with complacency and even with a sort of gaiety this new kind of life. Afterwards, discarding an idea which sounded like mere irony, he went on. 'If they do not like me to remain in France, where am I to go? To England? My abode there would be ridiculous or disquieting. I should be tranquil; no one would believe it. Every fog would be suspected of concealing my landing on the coast. At the first sign of a green coat getting out of a boat one party would

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fly from France, the other would put France out of the pale of the law. I should compromise everybody, and by dint of the repeated “Behold he comes!” I should feel the temptation to set out. America would be more suitable; I could live there with dignity. But once more, what is there to fear? What sovereign can, without injuring himself, persecute me? To one I have restored half his dominions; how often has the other pressed my hand, calling me a great man! And as to the third, can he find pleasure or honour in humiliation of his son-in-law? Would they wish to proclaim in the face of the world that all they did was through fear? As to the rest, I shall see: I do not wish to employ open force. I came in the hope of combining our last resources: they abandoned me; they do so with the same facility with which they received me back. Well, then, let them efface, if possible, this double stain of weakness and levity! Let them cover it over with some sacrifice, with some glory! Let them do for the country what they will not do for me. I doubt it. To-day, those who deliver up Bonaparte say that it is to save France: to-morrow, by delivering up France, they will prove that it was to save their own heads.’”

The humiliating scenes which rapidly succeeded one another; and which ended in Napoleon’s unconditional surrender, may be briefly told. As soon as possible after his arrival at Paris he assembled his counsellors, when he declared himself in favour of still resisting. The question, however, was, whether the Chambers would support him; and Lafayette being treacherously informed, it is said by Fouche, that it was intended to dissolve the Chambers, used his influence to get the chambers to adopt the propositions he laid before them. By these the independence of the nation was asserted to be in danger; the sittings of the Chamber were declared permanent, and all attempts to dissolve it were pronounced treasonable. The propositions were adopted, and being communicated to the Chamber of Peers, that body also declared itself permanent. Whatever might have been the intentions of Bonaparte, it was now manifest that there were no longer any hopes of his being able to make his will the law of the nation; after some vacillation, therefore, on 22d June he published the following declaration:

To the French people

Frenchmen!—In commencing war for maintaining the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and really have directed them only against my power. My political life is terminated, and I proclaim my son under the title of:

Napoleon ii.,

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Emperor of the French.

The present Ministers will provisionally form the Council of the Government. The interest which I take in my son induces me to invite the Chambers to form without delay the Regency by a law. Unite all for the public safety, that you may continue an independent nation.

(Signed) *Napoleon*.

This declaration was conveyed to both the Chambers, which voted deputations to the late Emperor, accepting this abdication, but in their debates the nomination of his son to the succession was artfully eluded. The Chamber of Representatives voted the nomination of a Commission of five persons, three to be chosen from that Chamber, and two from the Chamber of Peers, for the purpose of provisionally exercising the functions of Government, and also that the Ministers should continue their respective functions under the authority of this Commission. The persons chosen by the Chamber of Representatives were Carnot, Fouche, and Grenier, those nominated by the Peers were the Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt) and Baron Quinette. The Commission nominated five persons to the Allied army for the purpose of proposing peace. These proceedings were, however, rendered of little importance by the resolution of the victors to advance to Paris.

Napoleon's behaviour just before and immediately after the crisis is well described by Lavallette. "The next day," he observes, "I returned to the Emperor. He had received the most positive accounts of the state of feeling in the Chamber of Representatives. The reports had, however, been given to him with some little reserve, for he did not seem to me convinced that the resolution was really formed to pronounce his abdication, I was better informed on the matter, and I came to him without having the least doubt in my mind that the only thing he could do was to descend once more from the throne. I communicated to him all the particulars I had just received, and I did not hesitate to advise him to follow the only course worthy of him. He listened to me with a sombre air, and though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the sense of his position betrayed themselves in his face and in all his motions. 'I know,' said I, 'that your Majesty may still keep the sword drawn, but with whom, and against whom? Defeat has chilled the courage of every one; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the coup d'etat of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed.'—'That thought,' he replied, stopping, 'is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about myself. But poor France!' At that moment Savary and Caulaincourt entered, and having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the Deputies, they persuaded him to assent to abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to that step; but still he took it.

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“The great act of abdication being performed, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army should take, and on the manner in which the negotiations with the enemy ought to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming his son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child as with a view to concentrate all the power of sentiments and affections. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him. Some men of sense and courage rallied found that proposition in the two Chambers, but fear swayed the majority; and among those who remained free from it many thought that a public declaration of liberty, and the resolution to defend it at any price, would make the enemy and the Bourbons turn back. Strange delusion of weakness and want of experience! It must, however, be respected, for it had its source in love of their country; but, while we excuse it, can it be justified? The population of the metropolis had resumed its usual appearance, which was that of complete indifference, with a resolution to cry ‘Long live the King!’ provided the King arrived well escorted; for one must not judge of the whole capital by about one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants, who called for arms, and declared themselves warmly against the return of the exiled family.

“On the 23d I returned to the Elysee. The Emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with a degree of vehemence that surprised him. ’Why not America?’ he asked. I answered, ‘Because Moreau retired there.’ The observation was harsh, and I should never have forgiven myself for having expressed it; if I had not retracted my advice a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill-humour, but I have no doubt that it must have made an unfavourable impression on his mind. I strongly urged on his choosing England for his asylum.

“The Emperor went to Malmaison. He was accompanied thither by the Duchesse de St. Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duc de Bassano. The day that he arrived there he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. Drouot,’ he said, ’remains in France. I see the Minister of War wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain, but it is a great loss for me; I never met with a better head, or a more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister anywhere.’ I declined to accompany him at the time, saying, ’My wife is enceinte; I cannot make up my mind to leave her. Allow me some time, and I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your Majesty in better times, and you may reckon upon me now. Nevertheless, if my wife did not require all my attention, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate.”

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“The Emperor made no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the Provisional Government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might proceed to America. It had been promised him; he was even pressed to set off; but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the captain to convey him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy.

“After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him and strongly pointed out to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed that he could not go without the order. ’Depart, nevertheless,’ I replied; your presence on board the ship will still have a great influence over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if the captain resist have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have no doubt but Fouche has sold you to the Allies.’— ’I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the Minister of Marine.’ I went off immediately to M. Decres. He was in bed, and listened to me with an indifference that made my blood boil. He said to me, ’I am only a Minister. Go to Fouche; speak to the Government. As for me, I can do nothing. Good-night.’ And so saying he covered himself up again in his blankets. I left him; but I could not succeed in speaking either to Fouche or to any of the others. It was two o’clock in the morning when I returned to Malmaison; the Emperor was in bed. I was admitted to his chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened to me, but made no answer. He got up, however, and spent a part of the night in walking up and down the room.

“The following day was the last of that sad drama. The Emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his cabinet at about twelve o’clock. ‘If I had known you were here,’ he said, ’I would have had you called in.’ He then gave me, on a subject that interested him personally, some instructions which it is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still far from suspecting the extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried.”

All the morning of the 29th of June the great road from St. Germain rung with the cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” proceeding from the troops who passed under the walls of Malmaison. About mid-day General Becker, sent by the Provisional Government, arrived. He had been appointed to attend Napoleon. Fouche knew that General Becker had grievances against the Emperor, and thought to find in him willing agent. He was greatly deceived, for the General paid to the Emperor a degree of respect highly to his honour. Time now became pressing. The Emperor, at the

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moment of departure, sent a message by General Becker himself to the Provisional Government, offering to march as a private citizen at the head of the troops. He promised to repulse Blucher, and afterwards to continue his route. Upon the refusal of the Provisional Government he quitted Malmaison on the 29th. Napoleon and part of his suite took the road to Rochefort. He slept at Rambouillet on the 29th of June, on the 30th at Tours, on the 1st of July he arrived at Niort, and on the 3d reached Rochefort, on the western coast of France, with the intention of escaping to America; but the whole western seaboard was so vigilantly watched by British men-of-war that, after various plans and devices, he was obliged to abandon the attempt in despair. He was lodged at the house of the prefect, at the balcony of which he occasionally showed himself to acknowledge the acclamations of the people.

During his stay here a French naval officer, commanding a Danish merchant vessel, generously offered to some of Napoleon's adherents to further his escape. He proposed to take Napoleon alone, and undertook to conceal his person so effectually as to defy the most rigid scrutiny, and offered to sail immediately to the United States of America. He required no other compensation than a small sum to indemnify the owners of his ship for the loss this enterprise might occasion them. This was agreed to by Bertrand upon certain stipulations.

On the evening of the 8th of July Napoleon reached Fouras, receiving everywhere testimonies of attachment. He proceeded on board the Saale, one of the two frigates appointed by the Provisional Government to convey him to the United States, and slept on board that night. Very early on the following morning he visited the fortifications of that place, and returned to the frigate for dinner. On the evening of the 9th of July he despatched Count Las Cases and the Duke of Rovigo to the commander of the English squadron, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the passports promised by the Provisional Government to enable him to proceed to America had been received. A negative answer was returned; it was at the same time signified that the Emperor would be attacked by the English squadron if he attempted to sail under a flag of truce, and it was intimated that every neutral vessel would be examined, and probably sent into an English port. Las Cases affirms that Napoleon was recommended to proceed to England by Captain Maitland, who assured him that he would experience no ill-treatment there. The English ship 'Bellerophon' then anchored in the Basque roads, within sight of the French vessels of war. The coast being, as we have stated, entirely blockaded by the English squadron, the Emperor was undecided as to the course he should pursue. Neutral vessels and 'chasse-marees', manned by young naval officers, were proposed, and many other plans were devised.

Napoleon disembarked on the 12th at the Isle of Aix with acclamations ringing on every side. He had quitted the frigates because they refused to sail, owing either to the weakness of character of the commandant, or in consequence of his receiving fresh

orders from the Provisional Government. Many persons thought that the enterprise might be undertaken with some probability of success; the wind, however, remained constantly in the wrong quarter.

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Las Cases returned to the Bellerophon at four o'clock in the morning of the 14th, to inquire whether any reply had been received to the communication made by Napoleon. Captain Maitland stated that he expected to receive it every moment, and added that, if the Emperor would then embark for England, he was authorized to convey him thither. He added, moreover, that in his own opinion, and many other officers present concurred with him, he had no doubt Napoleon would be treated in England with all-possible attention and respect; that in England neither the King nor Ministers exercised the same arbitrary power as on the Continent; that the English indeed possessed generosity of sentiment and a liberality of opinions superior even to those of the King. Las Cases replied that he would make Napoleon acquainted with Captain Maitland's offer, and added, that he thought the Emperor would not hesitate to proceed to England, so as to be able to continue his voyage to the United States. He described France, south of the Loire, to be in commotion, the hopes of the people resting on Napoleon as long as he was present; the propositions everywhere made to him, and at every moment; his decided resolution not to become the pretest of a civil war; the generosity he had exhibited in abdicating, in order to render the conclusion of a peace more practicable; and his settled determination to banish himself, in order to render that peace more prompt and more lasting.

The messengers returned to their Master, who, after some doubt and hesitation, despatched General Gourgaud with the following well-known letter to the Prince Regent:—

Rochefort, 13th July 1815.

> *Royal highness*—A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to share the hospitality of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, and I claim that from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.
>
> (Signed) *Napoleon*.

About four P.M. Las Cases and Savory returned to the 'Bellerophon', where they had a long conversation with Captain Maitland, in the presence of Captains Sartorius and Gambler, who both declare that Maitland repeatedly warned Napoleon's adherents not to entertain the remotest idea that he was enabled to offer any pledge whatever to their Master beyond the simple assurance that he would convey him in safety to the English coast, there to await the determination of the British Government.

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Napoleon had begun to prepare for his embarkation before daylight on the 15th. It was time that he did so, for a messenger charged with orders to arrest him had already arrived at Rochefort from the new Government. The execution of this order was delayed by General Becker for a few hours in order to allow Napoleon sufficient time to escape. At daybreak, he quitted the 'Epervier', and was enthusiastically cheered by the ship's company so long as the boat was within hearing. Soon after six he was received on board the 'Bellerophon' with respectful silence, but without those honours generally paid to persons of high rank. Bonaparte was dressed in the uniform of the 'chasseurs a cheval' of the Imperial Guard, and wore the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

On entering the vessel he took off his hat, and addressing Captain Maitland, said, "I am come to throw myself on the protection of the laws of England." Napoleon's manner was well calculated to make a favourable impression on those with whom he conversed. He requested to be introduced to the officers of the ship, and put various questions to each. He then went round the ship, although he was informed that the men were cleaning and scouring, and remarked upon anything which struck him as differing from what he had seen on French vessels. The clean appearance of the men surprised him. "He then observed," says Captain Maitland, to whose interesting narrative we refer, "'I can see no sufficient reason why your ships should beat the French ones with so much ease. The finest men-of-war in your service are French; a French ship is heavier in every respect than one of yours; she carries more guns, and those guns are of a larger calibre, and she has a great many more men.'" His inquiries, which were minute, proved that he had directed much attention to the French navy.

On the first morning Napoleon took breakfast in the English fashion, but observing that his distinguished prisoner did not eat much, Captain Maitland gave direction that for the future a hot breakfast should be served up after the French manner. 'The Superb', the Admiral's ship, which had been seen in the morning, was now approaching. Immediately on her anchoring Captain Maitland went on board to give an account of all that had happened, and received the Admiral's approbation of what he had done. In the afternoon Admiral Sir Henry Hotham was introduced to Napoleon, and invited by him to dinner. This was arranged, in order to make it more agreeable to him, by Bonaparte's maitre d'hotel. On dinner being announced Napoleon led the way, and seated himself in the centre at one side of the table, desiring Sir Henry Hotham to take the seat on his right, and Madame Bertrand that on his left hand. On this day Captain Maitland took his seat at the end of the table, but on the following day, by Napoleon's request, he placed himself on his right hand, whilst General Bertrand took the top. Two of the ship's officers dined with the Emperor daily, by express

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invitation. The conversation of Napoleon was animated. He made many inquiries as to the family and connections of Captain Maitland, and in alluding to Lord Lauderdale, who was sent as ambassador to Paris during the administration of Mr. Fox, paid that nobleman some compliments and said of the then Premier, “Had Mr. Fox lived it never would have come to this; but his death put an end to all hopes of peace.”

On one occasion he ordered his camp-bed to be displayed for the inspection of the English officers. In two small leather packages were comprised the couch of the once mighty ruler of the Continent. The steel bedstead which, when folded up, was only two feet long, and eighteen inches wide, occupied one case, while the other contained the mattress and curtains. The whole was so contrived as to be ready for use in three minutes.

Napoleon spoke in terms of high praise of the marines on duty in the Bellerophon, and on going through their ranks exclaimed to Bertrand, “How much might be done with a hundred thousand such soldiers as these!” In putting them through their exercise he drew a contrast between the charge of the bayonet as made by the English and the French, and observed that the English method of fixing the bayonet was faulty, as it might easily be twisted off when in close action. In visiting Admiral Hotham’s flag-ship, the ‘Superb’, he manifested the same active curiosity as in former instances, and made the same minute inquiries into everything by which he was surrounded. During breakfast one of Napoleon’s suite, Colonel Planat, was much affected, and even wept, on witnessing the humiliation of his Master.

On the return of Bonaparte from the Superb to the ‘Bellerophon’ the latter ship was got under weigh and made sail for England. When passing within a cable’s length of the ‘Superb’ Napoleon inquired of Captain Maitland if he thought that distance was sufficient for action. The reply of the English officer was characteristic; he told the Emperor that half the distance, or even less, would suit much better. Speaking of Sir Sidney Smith, Bonaparte repeated the anecdote connected with his quarrel at St. Jean d’Acre with that officer, which has already been related in one of the notes earlier in these volumes. Patting Captain Maitland on the shoulder, he observed, that had it not been for the English navy he would have been Emperor of the East, but that wherever he went he was sure to find English ships in the way.

The ‘Bellerophon’, with Bonaparte on board, sighted the coast of England on Sunday, the 23d of July 1815, and at daybreak on the 24th the vessel approached Dartmouth. No sooner had the ship anchored than an order from Loral Keith was delivered to Captain Maitland, from which the following is an extract:

Extract of an Order from Admiral Viscount Keith, G. C. B., addressed to Captain Maitland, of H. M. S. “Bellerophon,” dated Ville de Paris, Hamoaze, 23d July 1815.

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Captain Sartorius, of His Majesty's ship 'Slaney', delivered to me last night, at eleven o'clock, your despatch of the 14th instant, acquainting me that Bonaparte had proposed to embark on board the ship you command, and that you had acceded thereto, with the intention of proceeding to Torbay, there to wait for further orders. I lost no time in forwarding your letter by Captain Sartorius to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in order that their Lordships might, through him, be acquainted with every circumstance that had occurred on an occasion of so much importance; and you may expect orders from their Lordships for your further guidance. You are to remain in Torbay until you receive such orders; and in the meantime, in addition to the directions already in your possession, you are most positively ordered to prevent every person whatever from coming on board the ship you command, except the officers and men who compose her crew; nor is any person whatever, whether in His Majesty's service or not, who does not belong, to the ship, to be suffered to come on board, either for the purpose of visiting the officers, or on any pretence whatever, without express permission either from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty or from me. As I understand from Captain Sartorius that General Gourgaud refused to deliver the letter with which he was charged for the Prince Regent to any person except His Royal Highness, you are to take him out of the 'Slaney' into the ship you command, until you receive directions from the Admiralty on the subject, and order that ship back to Plymouth Sound, when Captain Sartorius returns from London.

It was stated about this time, in some of the English newspapers, that St. Helena would be the place of exile of the ex-Emperor, the bare report of which evidently caused great pain to Napoleon and his suite. General Gourgaud was obliged to return to the 'Bellerophon', not having been suffered to go on shore to deliver the letter from Bonaparte to the Prince Regent with which he had been entrusted. The ship which bore the modern Alexander soon became a natural object of attraction to the whole neighbourhood, and was constantly surrounded by crowds of boats. Napoleon frequently showed himself to the people from shore with a view of gratifying their curiosity. On the 25th of July the number of guard-boats which surrounded the vessel was greatly increased; and the alarm of the captives became greater as the report was strengthened as to the intention of conveying Bonaparte to St. Helena.

In conversation with Captain Maitland, Napoleon, who seemed to be aware that the English fishermen united the occupation of smugglers to their usual trade; stated that many of them had been bribed by him, and had assisted in the escape of French prisoners of war. They had even proposed to deliver Louis XVIII. into his power, but as they would .not answer for the safety of his life, Napoleon refused the offer.

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Upon the arrival of despatches from London the ‘Bellerophon’ got under weigh for Plymouth Sound on the 26th of July. This movement tended still further to disconcert the ex-Emperor and his followers. In passing the breakwater Bonaparte could not withhold his admiration of that work, which he considered highly honourable to the public spirit of the nation, and, alluding to his own improvements at Cherbourg, expressed his apprehensions that they would now be suffered to fall into decay.

Captain Maitland was directed by Lord Keith to observe the utmost vigilance to prevent the escape of his prisoners, and with this view no boat was permitted to approach the Bellerophon; the ‘Liffey’ and ‘Eurotas’ were ordered to take up an anchorage on each side of the ship, and further precautions were adopted at night.

On the 27th of July Captain Maitland proceeded to Lord Keith, taking with him Bonaparte’s original letter to the Prince Regent, which, as General Gourgaud had not been permitted to deliver it personally, Napoleon now desired to be transmitted through the hands of the Admiral. As Lord Keith had now received instructions from his Government as to the manner in which Napoleon was to be treated, he lost no time in paying his respects to the fallen chief.

On the 31st of July the anxiously-expected order of the English Government arrived. In this document, wherein the ex-Emperor was styled “General Bonaparte,” it was notified that he was to be exiled to St. Helena, the place of all others most dreaded by him and his devoted adherents. It was, moreover, specified that he might be allowed to take with him three officers, and his surgeon, and twelve servants. To his own selection was conceded the choice of these followers, with the exclusion, however, of Savary and Lallemand, who were on no account to be permitted any further to share his fortunes. This prohibition gave considerable alarm to those individuals, who became excessively anxious as to their future disposal, and declared that to deliver them up to the vengeance of the Bourbons would be a violation of faith and honour.

Napoleon himself complained bitterly on the subject of his destination, and said, “The idea, of it is horrible to me. To be placed for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and everything that I hold dear in it!—c’est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan. I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Among other insults,” said he,—“but that is a mere bagatelle, a very secondary consideration—they style me General! They can have no right to call me General; they may as well call me `Archbishop,’ for I was Head of the Church as well as of the Army. If they do not acknowledge me as Emperor they ought as First Counsul; they have sent ambassadors to me as such; and your King, in his letters, styled me ‘Brother.’ Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people), I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an

island within the tropics! They might as well have signed my death-warrant at once, for it is impossible a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate."

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Having so expressed himself, he wrote a second letter to the Prince Regent, which was forwarded through Lord Keith. It was the opinion of Generals Montholon and Gourgaud that Bonaparte would sooner kill himself than go to St. Helena. This idea arose from his having been heard emphatically to exclaim, “I will not go to St. Helena!” The generals, indeed, declared that were he to give his own consent to be so exiled they would themselves prevent him. In consequence of this threat Captain Maitland was instructed by Lord Keith to tell those gentlemen that as the English law awarded death to murderers, the crime they meditated would inevitably conduct them to the gallows.

Early on the morning of the 4th of August the ‘Bellerophon’ was ordered to be ready at a moment’s notice for sea. The reason of this was traced to a circumstance which is conspicuous among the many remarkable incidents by which Bonaparte’s arrival near the English coast was characterised. A rumour reached Lord Keith that a ‘habeas corpus’ had been procured with a view of delivering Napoleon from the custody he was then in. This, however, turned out to be a subpoena for Bonaparte as a witness at a trial in the Court of King’s Bench; and, indeed, a person attempted to get on board the Bellerophon to serve the document; but he was foiled in his intention; though, had he succeeded, the subpoena would, in the situation wherein the ex-Emperor then stood, have been without avail.

On the 5th Captain Maitland, having been summoned to the flag-ship of Lord Keith, acquainted General Bertrand that he would convey to the Admiral anything which Bonaparte (who had expressed an urgent wish to see his lordship) might desire to say to him. Bertrand requested the captain to delay his departure until a document, then in preparation, should be completed: the “*Protest of his majesty the late emperor of the French*, *etc*.”

Captain Maitland denied that any snare was laid for Bonaparte, either by himself or by the English Government, and stated that the precautions for preventing the escape of Napoleon from Rochefort were so well ordered that it was impossible to evade them; and that the fugitive was compelled to surrender himself to the English ship.

On the 7th of August Bonaparte, with the suite he had selected, was transferred from the ‘Bellerophon’ to the ‘Northumberland’. Lord Keith’s barge was prepared for his conveyance to the latter vessel, and his lordship was present on the occasion. A captain’s guard was turned out, and as Napoleon left the ‘Bellerophon’ the marines presented arms, and the drum was beaten as usual in saluting a general officer. When he arrived on board the Northumberland the squadron got under weigh, and Napoleon sailed for the place of his final exile and grave.’

—[For the continuation of Napoleon’s voyage see Chapter XIII.]—

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CHAPTER XI.

1815.

My departure from Hamburg-The King at St. Denis—Fouche appointed Minister of the Police—Delay of the King's entrance into Paris— Effect of that delay—Fouche's nomination due to the Duke of Wellington—Impossibility of resuming my post—-Fouche's language with respect to the Bourbons—His famous postscript—Character of Fouche—Discussion respecting the two cockades—Manifestations of public joy repressed by Fouche—Composition of the new Ministry— Kind attention of Blucher—-The English at St. Cloud—Blucher in Napoleon's cabinet—My prisoner become my protector—Blucher and the innkeeper's dog—My daughter's marriage contract—Rigid etiquette— My appointment to the Presidentship of the Electoral College of the Yonne—My interview with Fouche—My audience of the King—His Majesty made acquainted with my conversation with Fouche—The Duke of Otranto's disgrace—Carnot deceived by Bonaparte—My election as deputy—My colleague, M. Raudot—My return to Paris—-Regret caused by the sacrifice of Ney—Noble conduct of Macdonald—A drive with Rapp in the Bois de Boulogne—Rapp's interview with Bonaparte in 1815—The Due de Berri and Rapp—My nomination to the office of Minister of State—My name inscribed by the hand of Louis XVIII.— Conclusion.

The fulfilment of my prediction was now at hand, for the result of the Battle of Waterloo enabled Louis XVIII. to return to his dominions. As soon as I heard of the King's departure from Ghent I quitted Hamburg, and travelled with all possible haste in the hope of reaching Paris in time to witness his Majesty's entrance. I arrived at St. Denis on the 7th of July, and, notwithstanding the intrigues that were set on foot, I found an immense number of persons assembled to meet the King. Indeed, the place was so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty I could procure even a little garret for my lodging.

Having resumed my uniform of a captain of the National Guard, I proceeded immediately to the King's palace. The salon was filled with ladies and gentlemen who had come to congratulate the King on his return. At St. Denis I found my family, who, not being aware that I had left Hamburg, were much surprised to see me.

They informed me that the Parisians were all impatient for the return of the King—a fact of which I could judge by the opposition manifested to the free expression of public feeling. Paris having been declared in a state of blockade, the gates were closed, and no one was permitted to leave the capital, particularly by the Barriere de la Chapelle. It is true that special permission might be obtained, and with tolerable ease, by those who wished to leave the city; but the forms to be observed for obtaining the permission deterred the mass of the people from proceeding to St. Denis, which, indeed, was the sole object of the regulation. As it had been resolved

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to force Fouche and the tri-coloured cockade upon the King, it was deemed necessary to keep away from his Majesty all who might persuade him to resist the proposed measures. Madame de Bourrienne told me that on her arrival at St. Denis she called upon M. Hue and M. Lefebvre, the King's physician, who both acquainted her with those fatal resolutions. Those gentlemen, however, assured her that the King would resolutely hold out against the tri-coloured cockade, but the nomination of the ill-omened man appeared inevitable.

Fouche Minister of the Police! If, like Don Juan, I had seen a statue move, I could not have been more confounded than when I heard this news. I could not credit it until it was repeated to me by different persons. How; indeed, could I think that at the moment of a reaction the King should have entrusted the most important ministerial department to a man to whose arrest he had a hundred days before attached so much consequence? to a man, moreover, whom Bonaparte had appointed, at Lyons, to fill the same office! This was inconceivable! Thus, in less than twenty-four hours, the same man had been entrusted to execute measures the most opposite, and to serve interests the most contradictory. He was one day the minister of usurpation, and the next the minister of legitimacy! How can I express what I felt when Fouche took the oath of fidelity to Louis XVIII. when I saw the King clasp in his hands the hands of Fouche! I was standing near M. de Chateaubriand, whose feelings must have been similar to mine, to judge from a passage in his admirable work, 'La Monarchie selon la Charte'. "About nine in the evening," he says, "I was in one of the royal antechambers. All at once the door opened, and I saw the President of the Council enter leaning on the arm of the new minister. Oh, Louis-le-Desire! Oh, my unfortunate master! you have proved that there is no sacrifice which your people may not expect from your paternal heart!"

Fouche was resolved to have his restoration as well as M. de Talleyrand, who had had his the year before; he therefore contrived to retard the King's entry into Paris for four days. The prudent members of the Chamber of Peers, who had taken no part in the King's Government in 1814, were the first to declare that it was for the interest of France to hasten his Majesty's entrance into Paris, in order to prevent foreigners from exercising a sort of right of conquest in a city which was a prey to civil dissension and party influence. Blucher informed me that the way in which Fouche contrived to delay the King's return greatly contributed to the pretensions of the foreigners who, he confessed, were very well pleased to see the population of Paris divided in opinion, and to hear the alarming cries raised by the confederates of the Faubourgs when the King was already at St. Denis.

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I know for a fact that Louis XVIII. wished to have nothing to do with Fouche, and indignantly refused to appoint him when he was first proposed. But he had so nobly served Bonaparte during the Hundred Days that it was necessary he should be rewarded. Fouche, besides, had gained the support of a powerful party among the emigrants of the Faubourg St. Germain, and he possessed the art of rendering himself indispensable. I have heard many honest men say very seriously that to him was due the tranquillity of Paris. Moreover, Wellington was the person by whose influence in particular Fouche was made one of the counsellors of the King. After all the benefits which foreigners had conferred upon us Fouche was indeed an acceptable present to France and to the King.

I was not ignorant of the Duke of Wellington's influence upon the affairs of the second Restoration, but for a long time I refused to believe that his influence should have outweighed all the serious considerations opposed to such a perfect anomaly as appointing Fouche the Minister of a Bourbon. But I was deceived. France and the King owed to him Fouche's introduction into the Council, and I had to thank him for the impossibility of resuming a situation which I had relinquished for the purpose of following the King into Belgium. Could I be Prefect of Police under a Minister whom a short time before I had received orders to arrest, but who eluded my agents? That was impossible. The King could not offer me the place of Prefect under Fouche, and if he had I could not have accepted it. I was therefore right in not relying on the assurances which had been given me; but I confess that if I had been told to guess the cause why they could not be realised I never should have thought that cause would have been the appointment of Fouche as a Minister of the King of France. At first, therefore, I was of course quite forgotten, as is the custom of courts when a faithful subject refrains from taking part in the intrigues of the moment.

I have already frequently stated my opinion of the pretended talent of Fouche; but admitting his talent to have been as great as was supposed, that would have been an additional reason for not entrusting the general police of the kingdom to him. His principles and conduct were already sufficiently known. No one could be ignorant of the language he held respecting the Bourbons, and in which he indulged as freely after he became the Minister of Louis XVIII. as when he was the Minister of Bonaparte. It was universally known that in his conversation the Bourbons were the perpetual butt for his sarcasms, that he never mentioned them but in terms of disparagement, and that he represented them as unworthy of governing France. Everybody must have been aware that Fouche, in his heart, favoured a Republic, where the part of President might have been assigned to him. Could any one have forgotten the famous postscript he subjoined to a letter he wrote from Lyons to his worthy friend Robespierre: "To celebrate the fete of the Republic suitably, I have ordered 250 persons to be shot?" And to this man, the most furious enemy of the restoration of the monarchy, was consigned the task of consolidating it for the second time! But it would require another Claudian to describe this new Rufinus!

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Fouche never regarded a benefit in any other light than as the means of injuring his benefactor. The King, deceived, like many other persons, by the reputation which Fouche's partisans had conjured up for him, was certainly not aware that Fouche had always discharged the functions of Minister in his own interest, and never for the interest of the Government which had the weakness to entrust him with a power always dangerous in his hands. Fouche had opinions, but he belonged to no party, and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. He maintained himself in favour from the days of blood and terror until the happy time of the second Restoration only by abandoning and sacrificing those who were attached to him; and it might be said that his ruling passion was the desire of continual change. No man was ever characterised by greater levity or inconstancy of mind. In all things he looked only to himself, and to this egotism he sacrificed both subjects and Governments. Such were the secret causes of the sway exercised by Fouche during the Convention, the Directory, the Empire, the Usurpation, and after the second return of the Bourbons. He helped to found and to destroy every one of those successive Governments. Fouche's character is perfectly unique. I know no other man who, loaded with honours, and almost escaping disgrace, has passed through so many eventful periods, and taken part in so many convulsions and revolutions.

On the 7th of July the King was told that Fouche alone could smooth the way for his entrance into Paris, that he alone could unlock the gates of the capital, and that he alone had power to control public opinion. The reception given to the King on the following day afforded an opportunity of judging of the truth of these assertions. The King's presence was the signal for a feeling of concord, which was manifested in a very decided way. I saw upon the boulevards, and often in company with each other, persons, some of whom had resumed the white cockade, while others still retained the national colours, and harmony was not in the least disturbed by these different badges.

Having returned to private life solely on account of Fouche's presence in the Ministry, I yielded to that consolation which is always left to the discontented. I watched the extravagance and inconsistency that were passing around me, and the new follies which were every day committed; and it must be confessed that a rich and varied picture presented itself to my observation. The King did not bring back M. de Blacas. His Majesty had yielded to prudent advice, and on arriving at Mons sent the unlucky Minister as his ambassador to Naples. Vengeance was talked of, and there were some persons inconsiderate enough to wish that advantage should be taken of the presence of the foreigners in order to make what they termed "an end of the Revolution," as if there were any other means of effecting that object than frankly adopting whatever good the Revolution had produced. The foreigners observed with satisfaction the disposition of these shallow persons, which they thought might be turned to their own advantage. The truth is, that on the second Restoration our pretended allies proved themselves our enemies.

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But for them, but for their bad conduct, their insatiable exactions, but for the humiliation that was felt at seeing foreign cannon planted in the streets of Paris, and beneath the very windows of the Palace, the days which followed the 8th of July might have been considered by the Royal Family as the season of a festival. Every day people thronged to the garden of the Tuileries, and expressed their joy by singing and dancing under the King's windows.

This ebullition of feeling might perhaps be thought absurd, but it at least bore evidence of the pleasure caused by the return of the Bourbons.

This manifestation of joy by numbers of persons of both sexes, most of them belonging to the better classes of society, displeased Fouche, and he determined to put a stop to it. Wretches were hired to mingle with the crowd and sprinkle corrosive liquids on the dresses of the females some of them were even instructed to commit acts of indecency, so that all respectable persons were driven from the gardens through the fear of being injured or insulted: As it was wished to create disturbance under the very eyes of the King, and to make him doubt the reality of the sentiments so openly expressed in his favour, the agents of the Police mingled the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" with that of "Vive le Roi!" and it happened oftener than once that the most respectable persons were arrested and charged by Fouche's infamous agents with having uttered seditious cries. A friend of mine, whose Royalist opinions were well known, and whose father had been massacred during the Revolution, told me that while walking with two ladies he heard some individuals near him crying out "Vive l'Empereur!" This created a great disturbance. The sentinel advanced to the spot, and those very individuals themselves had the audacity to charge my friend with being guilty of uttering the offensive cry. In vain the bystanders asserted the falsehood of the accusation; he was seized and dragged to the guard-house, and after being detained for some hours he was liberated on the application of his friends. By dint of such wretched manoeuvres Fouche triumphed. He contrived to make it be believed that he was the only person capable of preventing the disorders of which he himself was the sole author: He got the Police of the Tuileries under his control. The singing and dancing ceased, and the Palace was the abode of dulness.

While the King was at St. Denis he restored to General Dessoles the command of the National Guard. The General ordered the barriers to be immediately thrown open. On the day of his arrival in Paris the King determined, as a principle, that the throne should be surrounded by a Privy Council, the members of which were to be the princes and persons whom his Majesty might appoint at a future period. The King then named his new Ministry, which was thus composed:

Prince Talleyrand, peer of France, President of the Council of Ministers, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

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Baron Louis, Minister of Finance.

The Duke of Otranto, Minister of the Police.

Baron Pasquier, Minister of Justice, and Keeper of the Seals.

Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, War Minister.

Comte de Jaucourt, peer of France, Minister of the Marine.

The Duc de Richelieu, peer of France, Minister of the King's Household.

The portfolio of the Minister of the Interior, which was not immediately disposed of, was provisionally entrusted to the Minister of Justice. But what was most gratifying to the public in the composition of this new ministry was that M. de Blacas, who had made himself so odious to everybody, was superseded by M. de Richelieu, whose name revived the memory of a great Minister, and who, by his excellent conduct throughout the whole course of his career, deserves to be distinguished as a model of honour and wisdom.

General satisfaction was expressed on the appointment of Marshal Macdonald to the post of Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour in lieu of M. de Pradt. M. de Chabrol resumed the Prefecture of the Seine, which, during the Hundred Days, had been occupied by M. de Bondi, M. de Mole was made Director-General of bridges and causeways. I was superseded in the Prefecture of Police by M. Decazes, and M. Beugnot followed M. Ferrand as Director-General of the Post-office.

I think it was on the 10th of July that I went to St. Cloud to pay a visit of thanks to Blucher. I had been informed that as soon as he learned I had a house at St. Cloud he sent a guard to protect it. This spontaneous mark of attention was well deserving of grateful acknowledgment, especially at a time when there was so much reason to complain of the plunder practised by the Prussians. My visit to Blucher presented to observation a striking instance of the instability of human greatness. I found Blucher residing like a sovereign in the Palace of St. Cloud, where I had lived so long in the intimacy of Napoleon, at a period when he dictated laws to the Kings of Europe before he was a monarch himself.

—[The English occupied St. Cloud after the Prussians. My large house, in which the children of the Comte d'Artois were inoculated, was respected by them, but they occupied a small home forming part of the estate. The English officer who commanded the troops stationed a guard at the large house. One morning we were informed that the door had been broken open and a valuable looking-glass stolen. We complained to the commanding officer, and on the affair being inquired into it was discovered that the sentinel himself had committed the theft. The man was tried by a court-martial, and

condemned to death, a circumstance which, as may naturally be supposed, was very distressing to us. Madame de Bourrienne applied to the commanding officer for the man's pardon, but could only obtain his reprieve. The regiment departed some weeks after, and we could never learn

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what was the fate of the criminal.—Bourrienne.]—

In that cabinet in which Napoleon and I had passed so many busy hours, and where so many great plans had their birth, I was received by the man who had been my prisoner at Hamburg. The Prussian General immediately reminded me of the circumstance. "Who could have foreseen," said he, "that after being your prisoner I should become the protector of your property? You treated me well at Hamburg, and I have now an opportunity of repaying your kindness. Heaven knows what will be the result of all this! One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the Allies will now make such conditions as will banish all possibility of danger for a long time to come. The Emperor Alexander does not wish to make the French people expiate too dearly the misfortunes they have caused us. He attributes them to Napoleon, but Napoleon cannot pay the expenses of the war, and they must be paid by some one. It was all very well for once, but we cannot pay the expense of coming back a second time. However," added he, "you will lose none of your territory; that is a point on which I can give you positive assurance. The Emperor Alexander has several times repeated in my presence to the King my master, 'I honour the French nation, and I am determined that it shall preserve its old limits.'"

The above are the very words which Blucher addressed to me. Profiting by the friendly sentiments he expressed towards me I took the opportunity of mentioning the complaints that were everywhere made of the bad discipline of the troops under his command. "What can I do?" said he. "I cannot be present everywhere; but I assure you that in future and at your recommendation I will severely punish any misconduct that may come to my knowledge."

Such was the result of my visit to Blucher; but, in spite of his promises, his troops continued to commit the most revolting excesses. Thus the Prussian troops have left in the neighbourhood of Paris recollections no less odious than those produced by the conduct of Davoust's corps in Prussia.—Of this an instance now occurs to my memory, which I will relate here. In the spring of 1816, as I was going to Chevreuse, I stopped at the Petit Bicetre to water my horse. I seated myself for a few minutes near the door of the inn, and a large dog belonging to the innkeeper began to bark and growl at me. His master, a respectable-looking old man, exclaimed, "Be quiet, Blucher!"—"How came you to give your dog that name?" said I.—"Ah, sir! it is the name of a villain who did a great deal of mischief here last year. There is my house; they have left scarcely anything but the four walls. They said they came for our good; but let them come back again . . . we will watch them, and spear them like wild boars in the wood." The poor man's house certainly exhibited traces of the most atrocious violence, and he shed tears as he related to me his disasters.

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Before the King departed for Ghent he had consented to sign the contract of marriage between one of my daughters and M. Massieu de Clerval, though the latter was at that time only a lieutenant in the navy. The day appointed for the signature of the contract happened to be Sunday, the 19th of March, and it may well be imagined that in the critical circumstances in which we then stood, a matter of so little importance could scarcely be thought about. In July I renewed my request to his Majesty; which gave rise to serious discussions in the Council of Ceremonies. Lest any deviation from the laws of rigid etiquette should commit the fate of the monarchy, it was determined that the marriage contract of a lieutenant in the navy could be signed only at the petty levee. However, his Majesty, recollecting the promise he had given me, decided that the signature should be given at the grand levee. Though all this may appear exceedingly ludicrous, yet I must confess that the triumph over etiquette was very gratifying to me.

A short time after the King appointed me a Councillor of State; a title which I had held under Bonaparte ever since his installation at the Tuileries, though I had never fulfilled the functions of the office. In the month of August; the King having resolved to convoke a new Chamber of Deputies, I was appointed President of the Electoral College of the department of the Yonne. As soon as I was informed of my nomination I waited on M. de Talleyrand for my instructions, but he told me that, in conformity with the King's intentions, I was to receive my orders from the Minister of Police. I observed to M. de Talleyrand that I must decline seeing Fouche, on account of the situation in which we stood with reference to each other. "Go to him, go to him," said M. de Talleyrand, "and be assured Fouche will say to you nothing on the subject."

I felt great repugnance to see Fouche, and consequently I went to him quite against my inclination. I naturally expected a very cold reception. What had passed between us rendered our interview exceedingly delicate. I called on Fouche at nine in the morning, and found him alone, and walking in his garden. He received me as a man might be expected to receive an intimate friend whom he had not seen for a long time. On reflection I was not very much surprised at this, for I was well aware that Fouche could make his hatred yield to calculation. He said not a word about his arrest, and it may well be supposed that I did not seek to turn the conversation on that subject. I asked him whether he had any information to give me respecting the elections of the Yonne. "None at all," said he; "get yourself nominated if you can, only use your endeavours to exclude General Desfouinaux. Anything else is a matter of indifference to me."—"What is your objection to Desfournaux?"—"The Ministry will not have him."

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I was about to depart when Fouche; called me back saying, “Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes longer?” He then began to speak of the first return of the Bourbons, and asked me how I could so easily bring myself to act in their favour. He then entered into details respecting the Royal Family which I conceive it to be my duty to pass over in silence: It may be added, however, that the conversation lasted a long time, and to say the least of it, was by no means in favour of “divine right.”

I conceived it to be my duty to make the King acquainted with this conversation, and as there was now no Comte de Blacas to keep truth and good advice from his Majesty’s ear, I was; on my first solicitation, immediately admitted to, the Royal cabinet. I cautiously suppressed the most startling details, for, had I literally reported what Fouche said, Louis XVIII. could not possibly have given credit to it. The King thanked me for my communication, and I could perceive he was convinced that by longer retaining Fouche in office he would become the victim of the Minister who had been so scandalously forced upon him on the 7th of July. The disgrace of the Duke of Otranto speedily followed, and I had the satisfaction of having contributed to repair one of the evils with which the Duke of Wellington visited France.

Fouche was so evidently a traitor to the cause he feigned to serve, and Bonaparte was so convinced of this,—that during the Hundred Days, when the Ministers of the King at Ghent were enumerated in the presence of Napoleon, some one said, “But where is the Minister of the Police?”

“E-h! Parbleu,” said Bonaparte, “that is Fouche?” It was not the same with Carnot, in spite of the indelible stain of his vote: if he had served the King, his Majesty could have depended on him, but nothing could shake the firmness of his principles in favour of liberty. I learned, from a person who had the opportunity of being well informed, that he would not accept the post of Minister of the Interior which was offered to him at the commencement of the Hundred Days until he had a conversation with Bonaparte, to ascertain whether he had changed his principles. Carnot placed faith in the fair promises of Napoleon, who deceived him, as he had deceived others.

Soon after my audience with the King I set off to discharge my duties in the department of the Yonne, and I obtained the honour of being elected to represent my countrymen in the Chamber of Deputies. My colleague was M. Raudot, a man who, in very trying circumstances, had given proofs of courage by boldly manifesting his attachment to the King’s Government. The following are the facts which I learned in connection with this episode, and which I circulated as speedily as possible among the electors of whom I had the honour to be President. Bonaparte, on his way from Lyons to Paris, after his landing at the gulf of Juan, stopped at Avalon, and immediately sent for the mayor, M.

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Raudot. He instantly obeyed the summons. On coming into Napoleon's presence he said, "What do you want, General?" This appellation displeased Napoleon, who nevertheless put several questions to M. Raudot, who was willing to oblige him as a traveller, but not to serve him as an Emperor. Napoleon having given him some orders, this worthy servant of the King replied, "General, I can receive no orders from you, for I acknowledge no sovereign but the King, to whom I have sworn allegiance." Napoleon then directed M. Raudot, in a tone of severity, to withdraw, and I need not add that it was not long before he was dismissed from the mayoralty of Avalon.

The elections of the Yonne being over, I returned to Paris, where I took part in public affairs only as an amateur, while waiting for the opening of the session. I was deeply grieved to see the Government resort to measures of severity to punish faults which it would have been better policy to attribute only to the unfortunate circumstances of the times. No consideration can ever make me cease to regret the memory of Ney, who was the victim of the influence of foreigners. Their object, as Blucher intimated to me at St. Cloud, was to disable France from engaging in war for a long time to come, and they hoped to effect that object by stirring up between the Royal Government and the army of the Loire that spirit of discord which the sacrifice of Ney could not fail to produce. I have no positive proofs of the fact, but in my opinion Ney's life was a pledge of gratitude which Fouche thought he must offer to the foreign influence which had made him Minister.

About this time I learned a fact which will create no surprise, as it affords another proof of the chivalrous disinterestedness of Macdonald's character. When in 1815 several Marshals claimed from the Allied powers their endowments in foreign countries, Madame Moreau, to whom the King had given the honorary title of 'Madame la Marechale', and who was the friend of the Duke of Tarentum, wrote, without Macdonald's knowledge, to M. de Blacas; our ambassador at Naples, begging him to endeavour to preserve for the Marshal the endowment which had been given him in the Kingdom of Naples. As soon as Macdonald was informed of this circumstance he waited upon Madame Moreau, thanked her for her kind intentions, but at the same time informed her that he should disavow all knowledge of her letter, as the request it contained was entirely averse to his principles. The Marshal did, in fact, write the following letter to M. de Blacas:—"I hasten to inform you, sir, that it was not with my consent that Madame Moreau wrote to you, and I beg you will take no step that might expose me to a refusal. The King of Naples owes me no recompense for having beaten his army, revolutionised his kingdom, and forced him to retire to Sicily." Such conduct was well worthy of the man who was the last to forsake Napoleon in, 1814, and the first to rejoin him, and

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that without the desire of accepting any appointment in 1815. M. de Blacas, who was himself much surprised at Macdonald's letter, communicated it to the King of Naples, whose answer deserves to be recorded. It was as follows:—"If I had not imposed a law upon myself to acknowledge none of the French endowments, the conduct of Marshal Macdonald would have induced me to make an exception in his favour." It is gratifying to see princes such scrupulous observers of the laws they make for themselves!

About the end of August 1815, as I was walking on the Boulevard des Capucines, I had the pleasure of meeting Rapp, whom I had not seen for a long time. He had just come out of the house of Lagrenee, the artist, who was painting his portrait. I was on foot, and Rapp's carriage was waiting, so we both stepped into it, and set off to take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. We had a great deal to say to each other, for we had not met since the great events of the two Restorations. The reason of this was, that in 1814 I passed a part of the year at Sens, and since the occurrences of March 1815 Rapp himself had been absent from Paris. I found him perfectly resigned to his change of condition, though indulging in a few oaths against the foreigners. Rapp was not one of those, generals who betrayed the King on the 20th of March. He told me that he remained at the head of the division which he commanded at Ecouen, under the orders of the Due de Berry, and that he did not resign it to the War Minister until after the King's departure. "How did Napoleon receive you?" I inquired. "I waited till he sent for me. You know what sort of fellow I am: I know nothing about politics; not I. I had sworn fidelity to the King. I know my duty, and I would have fought against the Emperor."—-"Indeed!"—"Yes, certainly I would, and I told him so myself."—"How! did you venture so far?"—"To be sure. I told him that my resolution was definite. 'Pshaw! . . . replied he angrily. 'I knew well that you were opposed to me. If we had come to an action I should have sought you out on the field of battle. I would have shown you the Medusa's head. Would you have dared to fire on me?'—'Without doubt,' I replied. `Ah! parbleu this is too much,' he said. 'But your troops would not have obeyed you. They had preserved all their affection for me.'—'What could I do?' resumed I. 'You abdicated, you left France, you recommended us to serve the King—and then you return! Besides; I tell you frankly, I do not augur well of what will happen. We shall have war again. France has had enough of that.' Upon this," continued Rapp, "he assured me that he had other thoughts; that he had no further desire for war; that he wished to govern in peace, and devote himself solely to the happiness of his people. When I hinted opposition on the part of the Foreign Powers, he said that he had made alliances. He then spoke to me of the King, and I said I had been much pleased with him; indeed, the King gave

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me a very gratifying reception on my return from Kiow, and I see no reason why I should complain, when I am so well used. During the conversation the Emperor much extolled the conduct of the Duke of Orleans. He then gave me some description of his passage from the Isle of Elba and his journey to Paris. He complained of being accused of ambition; and observing that I looked astonished and doubtful—`What?' he continued, 'am I ambitious then?' And patting his belly with both his hands, 'Can a man,' he asked, 'so fat as I am be ambitious?' I could not for my soul help saying, 'Ah! Sire, your Majesty is surely joking.' He pretended, however, to be serious, and after a few moments, noticing my decorations, he began to banter me about the Cross of St. Louis and the Cross of the Lily, which I still wore."

I asked Rapp whether all was true that had been said about the enthusiasm which was manifested along the whole of Napoleon's route from the Gulf of Juan to Paris. "Ma foe!" he replied, "I was not there any more than you, but all those who accompanied him have assured me of the truth of the details which have been published; but I recollect having heard Bertrand say that on one occasion he was fearful for the safety of the Emperor, in case any assassin should have presented himself. At Fossard, where the Emperor stopped to breakfast on his way to Paris, his escort was so fatigued as to be unable to follow, so that he was for some time almost alone on the road, until a squadron which was in garrison at Melun met him and escorted him to Fontainebleau. As to anything else, from all I have heard, the Emperor was exposed to no danger."

We then began to talk of our situation, and the singular chances of our fortune. Rapp told me how, within a few days only, he had ceased to be one of the discontented; for the condition of the generals who had commanded army corps in the campaign of Waterloo was very different in 1815 from what it had been in 1814. "I had determined," he said, "to live a quiet life, to meddle with nothing, and not even to wear my uniform. I had, therefore, since the King's return never presented myself at Court; when, a week ago, while riding on horseback two or three hundred paces from this spot, I saw a group of horsemen on the other side of the avenue, one of whom galloped towards me. I immediately recognised the Duc de Berry, 'How, Monseigneur, is it you?' I exclaimed. 'It is, my dear General; and since you will not come to us, I must come to you. Will you breakfast with me tomorrow morning?'—'Ma foi!" continued Rapp, "what could I do? The tone of kindness in which he gave this invitation quite charmed me. I went, and I was treated so well that I shall go again. But I will ask for nothing: I only want these Prussians and English rascals out of the way!" I complimented Rapp on his conduct, and told him that it was impossible that so loyal and honest a man as he should not, at some time or other, attract the King's notice. I had the happiness to see this prediction accomplished. Since that time I regularly saw Rapp whenever we both happened to be in Paris, which was pretty often.

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I have already mentioned that in the month of August the King named me Councillor of State. On the 19th of the following month I was appointed Minister of State and member of the Privy Council. I may close these volumes by relating a circumstance very flattering to me, and connected with the last-mentioned nomination. The King had directed M. de Talleyrand to present to him, in his official character of President of the Council of Ministers, a list of the persons who might be deemed suitable as members of the Privy Council. The King having read the list, said to his Minister, “But, M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here the names of two of our best friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles.”—“Sire, I thought their nomination would seem more flattering in coming directly from your Majesty.” The King then added my name to the list, and afterwards that of the Comte Alexis de Noailles, so that both our names are written in Louis XVIII.’s own hand in the original Ordinance.

I have now brought to a conclusion my narrative of the extraordinary events in which I have taken part, either as a spectator or an actor, during the course of a strangely diversified life, of which nothing now remains but recollections.

—[I discharged the functions of Councillor of State until 1818, at which time an Ordinance appeared declaring those functions Incompatible with the title of Minister of State—Bourrienne.]—

CHAPTER XII.

The cent Jours.

The extraordinary rapidity of events during the Cent fours, or Hundred Days of Napoleon’s reign in 1815, and the startling changes in the parts previously filled by the chief personages, make it difficult to consider it as an historical period; it more resembles a series of sudden theatrical transformations, only broken by the great pause while the nation waited for news from the army.

The first Restoration of the Bourbons had been so unexpected, and was so rapidly carried out, that the Bonapartists, or indeed all France, had hardly realized the situation before Napoleon was again in the Tuileries; and during the Cent Jours both Bonapartists and Royalists were alike rubbing their eyes, asking whether they were awake, and wondering which was the reality and which the dream, the Empire or the Restoration.

It is both difficult and interesting to attempt to follow the history of the chief characters of the period; and the reader must pardon some abrupt transitions from person to person, and from group to group, while the details of some subsequent movements of the Bonaparte family must be thrown in to give a proper idea of the strange revolution in their fortunes. We may divide the characters with which we have to deal into five

groups,—the Bonaparte family, the Marshals, the Statesmen of the Empire, the Bourbons, and the Allied Monarchs. One figure and one name will be missing, but if we omit all account of poor, bleeding, mutilated France, it is but leaving her in the oblivion in which she was left at the time by every one except by Napoleon.

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The disaster of 1814 had rather dispersed than crushed the Bonaparte family, and they rallied immediately on the return from Elba. The final fall of the Empire was total ruin to them. The provisions of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, which had been meant to ensure a maintenance to them, had not been carried out while Napoleon was still a latent power, and after 1815 the Bourbons were only too happy to find a reason for not paying a debt they had determined never to liquidate it was well for any of the Bourbons in their days of distress to receive the bounty of the usurper, but there was a peculiar pleasure in refusing to pay the price promised for his immediate abdication.

The flight of the Bonapartes in 1815 was rapid. Metternich writes to Maria Louisa in July 1815: "Madame Mere and Cardinal Fesch left yesterday for Tuscany. We do not know exactly where. Joseph is. Lucien is in England under a false name, Jerome in Switzerland, Louis at Rome. Queen Hortense has set out for Switzerland, whither General de Flahault and his mother will follow her. Murat seems to be still at Toulon; this, however, is not certain." Was ever such an account of a dynasty given? These had all been among the great ones of Europe: in a moment they were fugitives, several of them having for the rest of their lives a bitter struggle with poverty. Fortunately for them the Pope, the King of Holland, and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, were not under heavy obligations to Napoleon, and could thus afford to give to his family the protection denied them by those monarchs who believed themselves bound to redeem their former servility.

When Napoleon landed Maria Louisa was in Austria, and she was eager to assist in taking every precaution to prevent her son, the young King of Rome, being spirited off to join his father, whose fortunes she had sworn to share: She herself was fast falling under the influence of the one-eyed Austrian General, Neipperg, just then left a widower, who was soon to be admitted to share her bed. By 1823 she seemed to have entirely forgotten the different members of the Bonaparte family, speaking of her life in France as "a bad dream." She obtained the Grand-Duchy of Parma, where she reigned till 1847, marrying a third time, it is said, the Count Bombellea, and dying, just too soon to be hunted from her Duchy by the Revolution of 1848.

There is something very touching in most that we know of the poor young King of Rome, from his childish but strangely prescient resistance to his removal from Paris to Blois on the approach of the Allies in 1814, to the message of remembrance sent in after years to the column of the Place Vendome, "his only friend in Paris."

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At four years of age Meneval describes him as gentle, but quick in answering, strong, and with excellent health. "Light curly hair in ringlets set off a fresh face, while fine blue eyes lit up his regular features: He was precociously intelligent, and knew more than most children older than himself." When Meneval—the former secretary of his father, giving up his post in Austria with Maria Louisa, as he was about to rejoin Napoleon—-took farewell of the Prince in May 1815, the poor little motherless child drew me towards the window, and, giving me a touching look, said in a low tone, "Monsieur Meva, tell him (Napoleon) that I always love him dearly." We say "motherless," because Maria Louisa seems to have yielded up her child at the dictates of policy to be closely guarded as easily as she gave up her husband. "If," wrote Madame de Montesquiou, his governess, "the child had a mother, I would leave him in her hands, and be happy, but she is nothing like a mother, she is more indifferent to his fate than the most utter stranger in her service." His grandfather, the Emperor Francis, to do him justice, seems to have been really kind to the lad, and while, in 1814, 1816, and in 1830, taking care to deprive him of all chance of, his glorious inheritance, still seems to have cared for him personally, and to have been always kind to him. There is no truth in the story that the Austrians neglected his education and connived at the ruin of his faculties. Both his tutor, the Count Maurice Dietrichstein, and Marshal Marmont, who conversed with him in 1831, agree in speaking highly of him as full of promise: Marmont's evidence being especially valuable as showing that the Austrians did not object to the Duke of Reichstadt (as he had been created by his grandfather in 1818), learning all he could of his father's life from one of the Marshals. In 1831 Marment describes him: "I recognised his father's look in him, and in that he most resembled Napoleon. His eyes, not so large as those of Napoleon, and sunk deeper in their sockets, had the same expression, the same fire, the same energy. His forehead was like that of his father, and so was the lower part of his face and his chin. Then his complexion was that of Napoleon in his youth, with the same pallor and the same colour of the skin, but all the rest of his face recalled his mother and the House of Austria. He was taller than Napoleon by about three inches."

As long as the Duke lived his name was naturally the rallying-point of the Bonapartes, and was mentioned in some of the many conspiracies against the Bourbons. In 1830 Joseph Bonaparte tried to get the sanction of the Austrians to his nephew being put forward as a claimant to the throne of France, vacant by the flight of Charles X., but they held their captive firmly. A very interesting passage is given in the 'Memoirs of Charles Greville', who says that Prince Esterhazy told him a great deal about the Duke of Reichstadt, who, if he had lived, would

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have probably played a great part in the world. He died of a premature decay, brought on, apparently, by over-exertion and over-excitement; his talents were very conspicuous, he was 'petri d'ambition', worshipped the memory of his father, and for that reason never liked his mother; his thoughts were incessantly turned towards France, and when he heard of the Days of July (overthrow of Charles X.) he said, "Why was I not there to take my chance? He evinced great affection and gratitude to his grandfather, who, while he scrupulously observed all his obligations towards Louis Philippe, could not help feeling a secret pride in the aspiring genius of Napoleon's son. He was well educated, and day and night pored over the history of his father's glorious career. He delighted in military exercises, and not only shone at the head of his regiment, but had already acquired the hereditary art of ingratiating himself with the soldiers." Esterhazy went on to describe how the Duke abandoned everything at a ball when he met there Marshals Marmont and Maison." He had no eyes or ears but for them; from nine in the evening to five the next morning he devoted himself to these Marshals." There was the true Napoleonic ring in his answer to advice given by Marmont when the Duke said that he would not allow himself to be put forward by the Sovereigns of Europe. "The son of Napoleon should be too great to serve as an instrument; and in events of that nature I wish not to be an advanced guard, but a reserve,—that is, to come as a succour, recalling great memories."

His death in 1832, on the 22d of July, the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca, solved many questions. Metternich visited the Duke on his deathbed: "It was a heartrending sight. I never remember to have seen a more mournful picture of decay." When Francis was told of the death of his grandson he answered, "I look upon the Duke's death as a blessing for him. Whether it be detrimental or otherwise to the public good I do not know. As for myself, I shall ever lament the loss of my grandson."

Josephine was in her grave at Rueil when Napoleon returned. She had died on the 29th of May 1814, at Malmaison, while the Allies were exhibiting themselves in Paris. It seems hard that she should not have lived to enjoy a triumph, however brief, over her Austrian rival. "She, at least," said Napoleon truly, "would never have abandoned me."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, separated from her husband, Louis Bonaparte, and created Duchess of St Leu by Louis XVIII., was in Paris, much suspected by the Bourbons, but really engaged in a lawsuit with her husband about the custody of her sons. She had to go into hiding when the news of the landing arrived, but her empty house, left unwatched, became very useful for receiving the Bonapartists, who wished for a place of concealment, amongst them, as we shall see, being, of all people, Fouche! Hortense was met by Napoleon with some reproaches for accepting

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a title from the Bourbons, but she did the honours of the Elysee for him, and it is creditable to both of them that, braving the vile slanders about their intercourse, she was with him to the end; and that one of the last persons to embrace him at Malmaison before he started for the coast was his adopted daughter, the child of his discarded wife. Hortense's presence in Paris was thought to be too dangerous by the Prussian Governor; and she was peremptorily ordered to leave. An appeal to the Emperor Francis received a favourable answer, but Francis always gave way where any act against his son-in-law was in question, and she had to start at the shortest notice on a wandering life to Aix, Baden, and Constance, till the generosity of the small but brave canton of Thurgau enabled her to get a resting-place at the Chateau of Arenenberg.

In 1831 she lost her second son, the eldest then surviving, who died from fever in a revolutionary attempt ill which he and his younger brother, the future Napoleon. III., were engaged. She was able to visit France incognita, and even to see Louis Philippe and his Queen; but her presence in the country was soon thought dangerous, and she was urged to leave. In 1836 Hortense's last child, Louis Napoleon, made his attempt at an 'emeule' at Strasburg, and was shipped off to America by the Government. She went to France to plead for him, and then, worn out by grief and anxiety, returned to Arenenberg, which her son, the future Emperor, only succeeded in reaching in time to see her die in October 1837. She was laid with Josephine at Rueil.

Hortense's brother, Prince Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, was at Vienna when Napoleon returned, and fell under the suspicion of the Allies of having informed the Emperor of the intention of removing him from Elba. He was detained in Bavaria by his father-in-law the King, to whose Court he retired, and who in 1817 created him Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt. With the protection of Bavaria he actually succeeded in wringing from the Bourbons some 700,000 francs of the property of his mother. A first attack of apoplexy struck him in 1823, and he died from a second in February 1824 at Munich. His descendants have intermarried into the Royal Families of Portugal, Sweden, Brazil, Russia, 'and Wartemberg; his grandson now (1884) holds the title of Leuchtenberg.

Except Louis, an invalid, all the brothers of the Emperor were around him in the Cent Jours, the supreme effort of their family. Joseph had left Spain after Vittoria, and had remained in an uncomfortable and unrecognised state near Paris until in 1814 he was again employed, and when, rightly or not, he urged the retreat of the Regency from Paris to Blois. He then took refuge at his chateau of Prangins in the canton Vaud in Switzerland, closely watched by the Bourbonists, who dreaded danger from every side except the real point, and who preferred trying to hunt the Bonapartists from place to place, instead of making their life bearable by carrying out the engagements with them.

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In 1816, escaping from the arrest with which he was threatened, after having written to urge Murat to action with fatal effect, Joseph joined Napoleon in Paris, and appeared at the Champ de Mai, sitting also in the Chamber of Peers, but, as before, putting forward ridiculous pretensions as to his inherent right to the peerage, and claiming a special seat. In fact, he never could realise how entirely he owed any position to the brother he wished to treat as an equal.

He remained in Paris during the brief campaign, and after Waterloo was concealed in the house of the Swedish Ambassador, where his sister-in-law, the Crown Princess of Sweden, the wife of Bernadotte, was living. Muffling, the Prussian Governor of Paris, wished to arrest him, but as the Governor could not violate the domicile of an Ambassador, he had to apply to the Czar, who arranged for the escape of the ex-King before the Governor could seize him Joseph went to the coast, pretty much following the route of Napoleon. He was arrested once at Saintes, but was allowed to proceed, and he met his brother on the 4th of July, at Rochefort.

It is significant as to the possibility of the escape of Napoleon that Joseph succeeded in getting on the brig Commerce as “M. Bouchard,” and, though the ship was thrice searched by the English, he got to New York on the 28th of August, where he was mistaken for Carnot. He was well received, and, taking the title of Comte de Survilliers, he first lived at Lansdowne, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where he afterwards always passed part of the year while he was in America. He also bought the property of Point Breeze, at Bordentown, on the Delaware, where he built a house with a fine view of the river. This first house was burnt down, but he erected another, where he lived in some state and in great comfort, displaying his jewels and pictures to his admiring neighbours, and showing kindness to impecunious nephews.

The news of the Revolution of July in 1830, which drove Charles X. from the throne, excited Joseph’s hopes for the family of which he considered himself the Regent, and he applied to Metternich to get the Austrian Government to allow or assist in the placing his nephew, the Duke of Reichstadt, on the throne of France. Austria would not even answer.

In July 1832 Joseph crossed to England, where he met Lucien, just arrived from Italy, bringing the news of the death of his nephew. Disappointed, he stayed in England for some time, but returned to America in 1836. In he finally left America, and again came to England, where he had a paralytic stroke, and in 1843 he went to Florence, where he met his wife after a long separation.

Joseph lived long enough to see the two attempts of another nephew, Louis Napoleon, at Strasburg in 1836, and at Boulogne in 1840, which seem to have been undertaken without his knowledge, and to have much surprised him. He died in Florence in 1844; his body was buried first in Santa Croce, Florence, but was removed to the Invalides in 1864. His wife the ex-Queen, had retired in 1815 to Frankfort and to Brussels, where

she was well received by the King, William, and where she stayed till 1823, when she went to Florence, dying there in 1845. Her monument is in the Cappella Riccardi, Santa Croce, Florence.

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Lucien had retired to Rome in 1804, on the creation of the Empire, and had continued embroiled with his brother, partly from his so-called Republican principles, but chiefly from his adhering to his marriage, his second one, with Madame Jouberthon,—a union which Napoleon steadily refused to acknowledge, offering Lucien anything, a kingdom or the hand of a queen (if we take Lucien's account), if he would only consent to the annulment of the contract.

In August 1810, affecting uneasiness as Napoleon stretched his power over Rome, Lucien embarked for America, but he was captured by the English and taken, first to Malta and then to England, where he passed the years till 1814 in a sort of honourable captivity, first at Ludlow and then at Thorngrove, not far from that town.

In 1814 Lucien was released, when he went to Rome, where he was welcomed by the kindly old Pope, who remembered the benefits conferred by Napoleon on the Church, while he forgot the injuries personal to himself; and the stiff-necked Republican, the one-time "Brutus" Bonaparte, accepted the title of Duke of Musignano and Prince of Canino.

In 1815 Lucien joined his brother, whom he wished to abdicate at the Champ de Mai in favour of the King of Rome, placing his sword only at the disposal of France. This step was seriously debated, but, though it might have placed the Allies in a more difficult position, it would certainly have been disregarded by them, at least unless some great victory had given the dynasty firmer footing. After Waterloo he was in favour of a dissolution of the Chambers, but Napoleon had become hopeless and almost apathetic, while Lucien himself, from his former connection with the 18th and 19th Brumaire, was looked on with great distrust by the Chambers, as indeed he was by his brother. Advantage was taken of his Roman title to taunt him with not being a Frenchman; and all his efforts failed. At the end he fled, and failing to cross to England or to get to Rochefort, he reached Turin on the 12th of July only to find himself arrested. He remained there till the 15th of September, when he was allowed to go to Rome. There he was interned and carefully watched; indeed in 1817 the Pope had to intervene to prevent his removal to the north of Germany, so anxious were the Allies as to the safety of the puppet they had put on the throne of France.

The death of Napoleon in 1821 released Lucien and the Bonaparte family from the constant surveillance exercised over them till then. In 1830 he bought a property, the Croce del Biacco, near Bologna. The flight of the elder branch of the Bourbons from France in 1830 raised his hopes, and, as already said, he went to England in 1832 to meet Joseph and to plan some step for raising Napoleon *ii*. to the throne. The news of the death of his nephew dashed all the hopes of the family, and after staying in England for some time he returned to Italy, dying at Viterbo in 1840, and being buried at Canino, where also his second wife lies. Lucien had a taste for literature, and was the author of several works, which a kindly posterity will allow to die.

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Louis Bonaparte had fled from his Kingdom of Holland in 1810, after a short reign of four years, disgusted with being expected to study the interests of the brother to whom he owed his throne, and with being required to treat his wife Hortense with ordinary consideration. He had taken refuge in Austria, putting that Court in great anxiety how to pay him the amount of attention to be expected by the brother of the Emperor, and at the same time the proper coldness Napoleon might wish shown to a royal deserter. Thanks to the suggestions of Metternich, they seem to have been successful in this task. Taking the title of Comte de, St. Len from an estate in France; Louis went first to Toplitz, then to Gratz, and in 1813 he took refuge in Switzerland. In 1814 he went to Rome; and then to Florence, where the Grand-Duke Ferdinand received any of the family who came there with great kindness.

Louis was the least interesting of the family, and it is difficult to excuse his absence from France in 1815. After all, the present of a kingdom is not such an unpardonable offence as to separate brothers for ever, and Napoleon seems to have felt deeply the way in which he was treated by a brother to whom he had acted as a father; still ill-health and the natural selfishness of invalids may account for much. While his son Louis Napoleon was flying about making his attempts on France, Louis remained in the Roman Palace of the French Academy, sunk in anxiety about his religious state. He disclaimed his son's proceedings, but this may have been due to the Pope, who sheltered him. Anyhow, it is strange to mark the difference between the father and his two sons who came of age, and who took to revolution so kindly.

In 1846 Louis was ill at Leghorn when his son escaped from Ham, where he had been imprisoned after his Boulogne attempt. Passports were refused to the son to go from Italy to his father, and Louis died alone on the 25th of July 1846. He was buried at Santa Croce, Florence, but the body was afterwards removed to the village church of St. Leu Taverny, rebuilt by his son Napoleon *iii*.

Jerome, the youngest of the whole family, the "middy," as Napoleon liked to call him, had been placed in the navy, in which profession he passed as having distinguished himself, after leaving his admiral in rather a peculiar manner, by attacking an English convoy, and eventually escaping the English by running into the port of Concarneau, believed to be inaccessible. At that time it was an event for a French man-of-war to reach home.

Jerome had incurred the anger of Napoleon by marrying a beautiful young lady of Baltimore, a Mica Paterson, but, more obedient than Lucien, he submitted to have this marriage annulled by his all-powerful brother, and in reward he received the brand-new Kingdom of Westphalia, and the hand of a daughter of the King of Wartemberg, "the cleverest King in Europe," according to Napoleon. Jerome is said to have ruled rather more as a Heliogabalus than a Solomon, but the new Kingdom had the advantage of starting with good administrators, and with the example of "the Code."

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In 1812 Jerome was given the command of the right wing of the Grand Army in its advance against Russia, but he did not fulfil the expectations of his brother, and Davoust took the command instead. Every king feels himself a born general: whatever else they cannot do, war is an art which comes with the crown, and Jerome, unwilling to serve under a mere Marshal, withdrew in disgust. In 1813 he had the good feeling and the good sense to refuse the treacherous offer of the Allies to allow him to retain his kingdom if he joined them against his brother, a snare his sister Caroline fell into at Naples.

On the downfall of Napoleon, Jerome, as the Count of Gratz, went to Switzerland, and then to Gratz and Trieste.

His wife, the ex-Queen Catherine, fell into the hands of Maubreuil, the officer sent on a mysterious mission, believed to be intended for the murder of Napoleon, but which only resulted in the robbery of the Queen's jewels and of some 80,000 francs. The jewels were for the most part recovered, being fished up from the bed of the Seine, but not the cash.

In 1815 Jerome joined his brother, and appeared at the Champ de Mai. A true Bonaparte, his vanity was much hurt, however, by having—he, a real king—to sit on the back seat of the carriage, while his elder brother Lucien; a mere Roman-prince, occupied a seat of honour by the side of Napoleon. In the Waterloo campaign he was given the 6th division, forming part of Reille's corps, General Guilleminot being sent with him to prevent any of the awkwardnesses of 1812. His division was engaged with the Prussians on the 15th of June, and at Quatre Bras he was severely wounded. At Waterloo his division formed the extreme left of the French infantry, opposite Hougomont, and was engaged in the struggle for that post. Whatever his failings may have been, he is acknowledged to have fought gallantly. After the battle he was given the command of the army by his brother, and was told to cover the retreat to Laon, which he reached on the 21st of June, with 18,000 infantry, 3000 cavalry and two batteries which he had rallied. This, be it observed, is a larger force than Ney told the Chambers even Grouchy (none of whose men are included) could have, and Jerome's strength had swollen to 25,000 infantry and 6000 cavalry when he handed over the army to Soult at Laon. Napoleon had intended to leave Jerome with the command of the army, but he eventually took him to Paris.

When Napoleon left the country Jerome was assured by the ambassador of Wurtemberg that he would find a refuge in the dominions of his father-in-law; but when he arrived there he was informed that if he did not wish to be, according to the original intentions of the Allies, handed over to the Prussians, and separated from his wife, he must sign an engagement to remain in Wurtemberg under strict surveillance. He was then imprisoned at Guppingen, and afterwards at Ellwangen, where he was not even allowed to write or receive letters except through the captain of the chateau.

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Part of Jerome's troubles came from the conduct of his wife Catherine, who had the idea that, as she had been given in marriage by her father to Jerome, as she had lived for seven years as his wife, and as she had borne a child to him, she was really his wife, and bound to remain with him in his misfortunes! The royal family of Wurtemberg, however, following the illustrious example of that of Austria, looked on her past life as a mere state of concubinage, useful to the family, and to be respected while her husband could retain his kingdom, but which should end the moment there was nothing more to be gained from Napoleon or his brother. It was all proper and decorous to retain the title of King of Wurtemberg, which the former Duke and then Elector had owed to the exile of St. Helena, but King Frederick, and still less his son William, who succeeded him in 1816, could not comprehend Catherine's clinging to her husband when he had lost his kingdom. "I was a Queen; I am still a wife and mother," wrote the Princess to her disgusted father. Another complaint against this extraordinary Princess was that she actually saw Las Cases on his return from St. Helena, and thus obtained news of the exile.

After constant ill treatment Jerome and his wife, as the Count and Countess of Montfort, a rank the King of Wurtemberg afterwards raised to Prince, were allowed to proceed to Hainburg near Vienna, then to Florence, and, later to Trieste, where Jerome was when his sister Elisa died. In 1823 they were permitted to go to Rome, and in 1835 they went to Lausanne, where his true-hearted wife died the same year. Jerome went to Florence, and lived to see the revival of the Empire, and to once mare enjoy the rank of a French Prince. He died in 1860 at the chateau of Villegenis in France, and was buried in the Invalides.

The mother of the Emperor, Letitia, in 1814, had retained her title of Imperatrice Mere, and had retired to Rome. She then went to Elba in June, and stayed there with her daughter Pauline until Napoleon had sailed for France. On 2d March 1814 she went from Elba to San Vicenzo near Leghorn, and then to Rome. Her son sent a frigate for her, the 'Melpomene', which was captured by the English 'Rivoli'; another vessel, the 'Dryade', brought her to France, and she joined Napoleon in Paris. We must have a regard for this simple old lady, who was always careful and saving, only half believing in the stability of the Empire; and, like a true mother, always most attentive to the most unfortunate of her children. Her life had been full of startling changes; and it must have been strange for the woman who had been hunted out of Corsica, flying from her house just in time to save her life from the adherents of Paoli, to find herself in grandeur in Paris. She saw her son just before he left, as she thought, for America, and then retired to the Rinuccini—now the Bonaparte-Palace at Rome, where she died in 1836. She had been anxious to join Napoleon at St. Helena, and had refused, as long as Napoleon was alive, to forgive her daughter Caroline, the wife of Murat, for her abandonment of her brother. She was buried at Albano.

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Letitia's youngest daughter, the beautiful but frail Pauline, Duchess of Guastalla, married first to General Leclerc, and then to Prince Camille Borglle, was at Nice when her brother abdicated in 1814. She retired with her mother to Rome, and in October 1814 went to Elba, staying there till Napoleon left, except when she was sent to Naples with a message of forgiveness for Murat There was a characteristic scene between her and Colonel Campbell when the English Commissioner arrived to find Napoleon gone. Pauline professed ignorance till the last of her brother's intentions, and pressed the Colonel's hand to her heart that he might feel how agitated she was. "She did not appear to be so," says the battered old Colonel, who seems to have been proof against her charms. She then went to Rome, and later to Pisa. Her health was failing, and, unable to join her brother in France, she sent him her only means of assistance, her jewels, which were captured at Waterloo. Her offer to go to St. Helena, repeated several times, was never accepted by Napoleon. She died in 1825 at Florence, from consumption, reconciled to her husband, from whom she had been separated since 1807. She was buried at Sta Maria Maggiore, Rome.

Elisa, the eldest sister of Napoleon, the former Grand Duchess of Tuscany, which Duchy she had ruled well, being a woman of considerable talent, was the first of all to die. In 1814 she had been forced to fly from her Government, and, accompanied by her husband, she had attempted to reach France. Finding herself cut off by the Austrians; she took shelter with Augereau's army, and then returned to Italy. She took the title of Comtesse de Campignana, and retired to Trieste, near which town, at the Chateau of Sant Andrea, under a wearisome surveillance, she expired in 1820, watched by her husband, Felix Baeciocchi, and her sister Caroline. Her monument is in the Bacciocchi Chapel in San Petronio, Bologna.

Caroline, the wife of Murat, was the only one of the family untrue to Napoleon. Very ambitious, and forgetting how completely she owed her Kingdom of Naples to her brother, she had urged Murat in 1814 to separate from Napoleon, and, still worse, to attack Eugene, who held the north of Italy against the Austrians. She relied on the formal treaty with Austria that Murat should retain his Kingdom of Naples, and she may also have trusted to the good offices of her former admirer Metternich. When the Congress of Vienna met, the French Minister, Talleyrand, at once began to press for the removal of Murat. A trifling treaty was not considered an obstacle to the Heaven-sent deliverers of Europe, and Murat, believing his fate sealed, hearing of Napoleon's landing, and urged on by a misleading letter from Joseph Bonaparte, at once marched to attack the Austrians. He was easily routed by the Austrians under Neipperg, the future husband of Maria Louisa. Murat fled to France, and Caroline first took refuge in an English

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man-of-war, the ‘Tremendous’, being, promised a free passage to England. She was, however, handed over to the Austrians; who kept her in confinement at Hainburg near Vienna. In October 1815 Murat landed in Calabria in a last wild attempt to recover his throne. He was arrested and immediately shot. After his murder Caroline, taking the title of Countess of Lipona (an anagram of Napoli), was permitted to retire to Trieste with Elisa, Jerome, and his wife. Caroline was almost without means of existence, the Neapolitan Bourbons refusing even to give up the property she had brought there. She married a General Macdonald. When Hortense was buried at Rueil Caroline obtained permission to attend the sad ceremony. In 1838 she went to France to try to obtain a pension, and succeeded in getting one of 100,000 francs. She died from cancer in the stomach in 1839, and was buried in the Campo Santo, Bologna.

Cardinal Fesch, the half-uncle of Napoleon, the Archbishop of Lyons, who had fallen into disgrace with Napoleon for taking the side of the Pope and refusing to accept the see of Paris, to which he was nominated by Napoleon, had retired to Rome in 1814, where he remained till the return of Napoleon, when he went to Paris, and accepted a peerage. After Waterloo he again sought the protection of the Pope, and he remained at Rome till his death in 1839, a few days before Caroline Bonaparte’s. He was buried in S. Lorenzo in Lucina, Rome. He had for years been a great collector of pictures, of which he left a large number (1200) to the town of Ajaccio. The Cardinal, buying at the right time when few men had either enough leisure or money to think of pictures, got together a most valuable collection. This was sold in 1843-44 at Rome. Its contents now form some of the greatest treasures in the galleries of Dudley House and of the Marquis of Hertford, now Sir Richard Wallace’s. In a large collection there are generally some daubs, but it is an amusing instance of party spirit to find the value of his pictures run down by men who are unwilling to allow any one connected with Napoleon to have even taste in art. He always refused the demands of the Restoration that he should resign his see of Lyons, though under Louis Philippe he offered to do so, and leave his pictures to France, if the Bonaparte family were allowed to enter France: this was refused.

It can hardly be denied that the fate of the Bonapartes was a hard one. Napoleon had been undisputed sovereign of France for fourteen years, Louis had been King of Holland for four years, Jerome was King of Westphalia for six years, Caroline was Queen of Naples for seven years. If Napoleon had forfeited all his rights by leaving Elba after the conditions of his abdication had been broken by the Allies, still there was no reason why the terms stipulated for the other members of the family should not have been carried out, or at least an ordinary income insured to them. With all Napoleon’s faults he was always ready

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to shower wealth on the victims of his policy:—The sovereigns of the Continent had courted and intermarried with the Bonapartes in the tame of that family's grandeur: there was neither generosity nor wisdom in treating them as so many criminals the moment fortune had declared against them. The conduct of the Allies was not influenced simply by the principle of legitimacy, for the King of Saxony only kept his throne by the monarchs falling out over the spoil. If sovereigns were to be respected as of divine appointment, it was not well to make their existence only depend on the fate of war.

Nothing in the history of the Cent Jours is more strange than the small part played in it by the Marshals, the very men who are so identified in our minds with the Emperor, that we might have expected to find that brilliant band playing a most prominent part in his last great struggle, no longer for mere victory, but for very existence. In recording how the Guard came up the fatal hill at Waterloo for their last combat, it would seem but natural to have to give a long roll of the old historic names as leading or at least accompanying them; and the reader is apt to ask, where were the men whose very titles recalled such glorious battle-fields, such achievements, and such rewards showered down by the man who, almost alone at the end of the day, rode forward to invite that death from which it was such cruel kindness to save him?

Only three Marshals were in Belgium in 1815, and even of them one did but count his promotion from that very year, so it is but natural for French writers to dream of what might have been the course of the battle if Murat's plume had waved with the cavalry, if Mortier had been with the Guard, and if Davoust or one of his tried brethren had taken the place of Grouchy. There is, however, little real ground for surprise at this absence of the Marshals. Death, time, and hardships had all done their work amongst that grand array of commanders. Some were old men, veterans of the Revolutionary wars, when first created Marshals in 1804; others, such as Massena, were now but the wreck of themselves; and even before 1812 Napoleon had been struck with the failing energy of some of his original companions: indeed, it might have been better for him if he had in 1813, as he half resolved, cast away his dislike to new faces, and fought his last desperate campaigns with younger men who still had fortunes to win, leaving "Berthier to hunt at Grosbois," and the other Marshals to enjoy their well-deserved rest in their splendid hotels at Paris.

Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, Prince of Eckmuhl, whose name should be properly spelt Davout, was one of the principal personages at the end of the Cent Jours. Strict and severe, having his corps always in good order, and displaying more character than most of the military men under Napoleon, one is apt to believe that the conqueror at Auerstadt bade fair to be the most prominent of all the Marshals. In 1814 he

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had returned from defending Hamburg to find himself under a cloud of accusations, and the Bourbons ungenerously and unwisely left him undefended for acts which they must have known were part of his duty as governor of a besieged place. At the time he was attacked as if his first duty was not to hold the place for France, but to organise a system of outdoor relief for the neighbouring population, and to surrender as soon as he had exhausted the money in the Government chest and the provisions in the Government stores. Sore and discontented, practically proscribed, still Davoust would not join in the too hasty enterprise of the brothers Lallemand, who wished him to lead the military rising on the approach of Napoleon; but he was with the Emperor on the day after his arrival in Paris.

Davoust might have expected high command in the army, but, to his annoyance, Napoleon fixed on him as War Minister. For several years the War Minister had been little more than a clerk, and neither had nor was expected to have much influence with the army. Napoleon now wanted a man of tried devotion, and of stern enough character to overawe the capital and the restless spirits in the army. Much against his will Davoust was therefore forced to content himself with the organisation of the forces being hastily raised, but he chafed in his position; and it is characteristic of him that Napoleon was eventually forced to send him the most formal orders before the surly Minister would carry out the Emperor’s unlucky intention of giving a command to Bourmont, whom Davoust strongly and rightly suspected of treachery. When Napoleon left the capital Davoust became its governor, and held his post unmoved by the intrigues of the Republicans and the Royalists. When Napoleon returned from the great disaster Davoust gave his voice for the only wise policy,—resistance and the prorogation of the factious Chambers. On the abdication of Napoleon the Provisional Government necessarily gave Davoust the command of the army which was concentrated round Paris.

If Davoust had restricted himself less closely to his duty as a soldier, if he had taken more on himself, with the 100,000 men he soon had under him, he might have saved France from much of her subsequent humiliation, or at least he might have preserved the lives of Ney and of the brave men whom the Bourbons afterwards butchered. Outwitted by Fouche, and unwilling to face the hostility of the Chambers, Davoust at last consented to the capitulation of Paris, though he first gave the Prussian cavalry a sharp lesson. While many of his comrades were engaged in the great struggle for favour or safety, the stern Marshal gave up his Ministry, and, doing the last service in his power to France, stopped all further useless bloodshed by withdrawing the army, no easy task in their then humour, behind the Loire, where he kept what the Royalists called the “Brigands of the Loire” in subjection till relieved by Macdonald. He was

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the only one of the younger Marshals who had not been tried in Spain, and so far he was fortunate; but, though he was not popular with the army, his character and services seem to point him out as the most fit of all the Marshals for an independent command. Had Napoleon been successful in 1812, Davoust was to have received the Viceroyalty of Poland; and he would probably have left a higher name in history than the other men placed by Napoleon to rule over his outlying kingdoms. In any case it was fortunate for France and for the Allies that a man of his character ruled the army after Napoleon abdicated; there would otherwise have been wild work round Paris, as it was only with the greatest difficulty and by the force of his authority and example that Davoust succeeded in getting the army to withdraw from the capital, and to gradually adopt the white cockade. When superseded by Macdonald he had done a work no other man could have accomplished. He protested against the proscription, but it was too late; his power had departed. In 1819 he was forgiven for his services to France, and was made a peer, but he died in 1823, only fifty-three years old.

Among the Marshals who gave an active support to Napoleon Ney takes the leading part in most eyes; if it were only for his fate, which is too well known for much to be said here concerning it. In 1815 Ney was commanding in Franche-Comte, and was called up to Paris and ordered to go to Besancon to march so as to take Napoleon in flank. He started off, not improbably using the rough brags afterwards attributed to him as most grievous sins, such as that “he would bring back Napoleon in an iron cage.” It had been intended to have sent the Due de Berry, the second son of the Comte d’Artois, with Ney; and it was most unfortunate for the Marshal that this was not done. There can be no possible doubt that Ney spoke and acted in good faith when he left Paris. One point alone seems decisive of this. Ney found under him in command, as General of Division, Bourmont, an officer of well-known Royalist opinions, who had at one time served with the Vendean insurgents, and who afterwards deserted Napoleon just before Waterloo, although he had entreated to be employed in the campaign. Not only did Ney leave Bourmont in command, but, requiring another Divisional General, instead of selecting a Bonapartist, he urged Lecourbe to leave his retirement and join him. Now, though Lecourbe was a distinguished General, specially famed for mountain warfare—witness his services in 1799 among the Alps above Lucerne—he had been long left unemployed by Napoleon on account of his strong Republican opinions and his sympathy with Moreau. These two Generals, Bourmont and Lecourbe, the two arms of Ney as commander, through whom alone he could communicate with the troops, he not only kept with him, but consulted to the last, before he declared for Napoleon. This would have been too dangerous a thing for a tricky politician

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to have attempted as a blind, but Ney was well known to be only too frank and impulsive. Had the Due de Berry gone with him, had Ney carried with him such a gage of the intention of the Bourbons to defend their throne, it is probable that he would have behaved like Macdonald; and it is certain that he would have had no better success. The Bonapartists themselves dreaded what they called the wrong-headedness of Ney. It was, however, thought better to keep the Due de Berry in safety.

Ney found himself put forward singly, as it were, to oppose the man whom all France was joining; he found, as did every officer sent on a similar mission, that the soldiers were simply waiting to meet Napoleon; and while the Princes sought security, while the soldiers plotted against their leaders, came the calls of the Emperor in the old trumpet tone. The eagle was to fly—nay, it was flying from tower to tower, and victory was advancing with a rush. Was Ney to be the one man to shoot down his old leader? could he, as he asked, stop the sea with his hands? On his trial his subordinate, Bourmont, who had by that time shown his devotion to the Bourbons by sacrificing his military honour, and deserting to the Allies, was asked whether Ney could have got the soldiers to act against the Emperor. He could only suggest that if Ney had taken a musket and himself charged, the men would have followed his example. "Still," said Bourmont, "I would not dare to affirm that he (the Marshal) would have won." And who was Ney to charge? We know how Napoleon approached the forces sent to oppose him: he showed himself alone in the front of his own troops. Was Ney to deliberately kill his old commander? was any general ever expected to undergo such a test? and can it be believed that the soldiers who carried off the reluctant Oudinot and chased the flying Macdonald, had such a reverence for the "Rougeot," as they called him, that they would have stood by while he committed this murder? The whole idea is absurd: as Ney himself said at his trial, they would have "pulverized" him. Undoubtedly the honourable course for Ney would have been to have left his corps when he lost control over them; but to urge, as was done afterwards, that he had acted on a preconceived scheme, and that his example had such weight, was only malicious falsehood. The Emperor himself knew well how little he owed to the free will of his Marshal, and he soon had to send him from Paris, as Ney, sore at heart, and discontented with himself and with both sides, uttered his mind with his usual freedom. Ney was first ordered to inspect the frontier from Dunkirk to Bale, and was then allowed to go to his home. He kept so aloof from Napoleon that when he appeared on the Champ de Mai the Emperor affected surprise, saying that he thought Ney had emigrated. At the last moment Marshal Mortier fell ill. Ney had already been sent for. He hurried up, buying Mortier's horses (presumably the ill-fated animals who died under him at Waterloo), and reached the army just in time to be given the command of the left wing.

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It has been well remarked that the very qualities which made Ney invaluable for defence or for the service of a rear-guard weighed against him in such a combat as Quatre Bras. Splendid as a corps leader, he had not the commander's eye to embrace the field and surmise the strength of the enemy at a glance. At Bautzen in 1818 his staff had been unable to prevent him from leaving the route which would have brought him on the very rear of the enemy, because seeing the foe, and unable to resist the desire of returning their fire, he turned off to engage immediately. At Quatre Bras, not seeing the force he was engaged with, believing he had the whole English army on his hands from the first, he let himself at the beginning of the day be imposed upon by a mere screen of troops.

We cannot here go into Ney's behaviour at Waterloo except to point out that too little importance is generally given to the fact of the English cavalry having, in a happy moment, fallen on and destroyed the artillery which was being brought up to sweep the English squares at close quarters. At Waterloo, as in so many other combats, the account of Ney's behaviour more resembles that of a Homeric hero than of a modern general. To the ideal commander of to-day, watching the fight at a distance, calmly weighing its course, undisturbed except by distant random shots, it is strange to compare Ney staggering through the gate of Konigsberg all covered with blood; smoke and snow, musket in hand, announcing himself as the rear-guard of France, or appearing, a second Achilles, on the ramparts of Smolensko to encourage the yielding troops on the glacis, or amidst the flying troops at Waterloo, with uncovered head and broken sword, black with powder, on foot, his fifth horse killed under him, knowing that life, honour, and country were lost, still hoping against hope and attempting one more last desperate rally. If he had died—ah! if he had died there—what a glorious tomb might have risen, glorious for France as well as for him, with the simple inscription, "The Bravest of the Brave."

Early on the 19th June a small band of officers retreating from the field found Ney asleep at Marchiennes, "the first repose he had had for four days," and they did not disturb him for orders. "And indeed what order could Marshal Ney have given?" The disaster of the day, the overwhelming horror of the flight of the beaten army, simply crushed Ney morally as well as physically. Rising in the Chambers he denounced all attempt at further resistance. He did not know, he would not believe, that Grouchy was safe, and that the army was fast rallying. Fresh from the field, with all its traces on him, the authority of Ney was too great for the Government. Frightened friends, plotting Royalists, echoed the wild words of Ney brave only against physical dangers. Instead of dying on the battle-field, he had lived to ensure the return of the Bourbons, the fall of Bonaparte, his own death, and the ruin of France.

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Before his exception from the amnesty was known Ney left Paris on the 6th of July, and went into the country with but little attempt at concealment, and with formal passports from Fouche. The capitulation of Paris seemed to cover him, and he was so little aware of the thirst of the Royalists for his blood that he let his presence be known by leaving about a splendid sabre presented to him by the Emperor on his marriage, and recognised by mere report by an old soldier as belonging to Ney or Murat; and Ney himself let into the house the party sent to arrest him on the 5th of August, and actually refused the offer of Excelmans, through whose troops he passed, to set him free. No one at the time, except the wretched refugees of Ghent, could have suspected, after the capitulation, that there was any special danger for Ney, and it is very difficult to see on what principle the Bourbons chose their victims or intended victims. Drouot, for example, had never served Louis XVIII., he had never worn the white cockade, he had left France with Napoleon for Elba, and had served the Emperor there. In 1815 he had fought under his own sovereign. After Waterloo he had exerted all his great influence, the greater from his position, to induce the Guard to retire behind the Loire, and to submit to the Bourbons. It was because Davoust so needed him that Drouot remained with the army. Stilt Drouot was selected for death, but the evidence of his position was too strong to enable the Court to condemn him. Cambronne, another selection, had also gone with Napoleon to Elba. Savory, another selection, had, as was eventually acknowledged, only joined Napoleon when he was in full possession of the reins of Government. Bertrend, who was condemned while at St. Helena, was in the same position as Drouot. In fact, if any one were to draw up a list of probable proscriptions and compare it with those of the 24th of July 1815, there would probably be few names common to both except Labedoyere, Mouton Duvernet, *etc*. The truth is that the Bourbons, and, to do them justice, still more the rancorous band of mediocrities who surrounded them, thirsted for blood. Even they could feel the full ignominy of the flight to Ghent.

While they had been chanting the glories of the Restoration, the devotion of the people, the valour of the Princes, Napoleon had landed, the Restoration had vanished like a bad dream, and the Princes were the first to lead the way to the frontier. To protest that there had been a conspiracy, and that the conspirators must suffer, was the only possible cloak for the shame of the Royalists, who could not see that the only conspiracy was the universal one of the nation against the miserable men who knew not how to govern a high-spirited people.

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Ney, arrested on the 5th of August, was first brought before a Military Court on the 9th of November composed of Marshal Jourdan (President), Marshals Massena, Augereau, and Mortier, Lieutenants-General Gazan, Claparede, and Vilatte (members). Moncey had refused to sit, and Massena urged to the Court his own quarrels with Ney in Spain to get rid of the task, but was forced to remain. Defended by both the Berryers, Ney unfortunately denied the jurisdiction of the court-martial over him as a peer. In all probability the Military Court would have acquitted him. Too glad at the moment to be free from the trial of their old comrade, not understanding the danger of the proceeding, the Court, by a majority of five against two, declared themselves non-competent, and on the 21st of November Ney was sent before the Chamber of Peers, which condemned him on the 6th of December.

To beg the life of his brave adversary would have been such an obvious act of generosity on the part of the Duke of Wellington that we maybe pardoned for examining his reasons for not interfering. First, the Duke seems to have laid weight on the fact that if Ney had believed the capitulation had covered him he would not have hidden. Now, even before Ney knew of his exception from the amnesty, to appear in Paris would have been a foolish piece of bravado. Further, the Royalist reaction was in full vigour, and when the Royalist mobs, with the connivance of the authorities, were murdering Marshal Brune and attacking any prominent adherents of Napoleon, it was hardly the time for Ney to travel in full pomp. It cannot be said that, apart from the capitulation, the Duke had no responsibility. Generally a Government executing a prisoner, may, with some force, if rather brutally, urge that the fact of their being able to try and execute him in itself shows their authority to do so. The Bourbons could not even use this argument. If the Allies had evacuated France Louis le Desiree would have ordered his carriage and have been at the frontier before they had reached it. If Frenchmen actually fired the shots which killed Ney, the Allies at least shared the responsibility with the French Government. Lastly, it would seem that the Duke would have asked for the life of Ney if the King, clever at such small artifices, had not purposely affected a temporary coldness to him. Few men would have been so deterred from asking for the life of a dog. The fact is, the Duke of Wellington was a great general, he was a single-hearted and patriotic statesman, he had a thousand virtues, but he was never generous. It cannot be said that he simply shared the feelings of his army, for there was preparation among some of his officers to enable Ney to escape, and Ney had to be guarded by men of good position disguised in the uniform of privates. Ney had written to his wife when he joined Napoleon, thinking of the little vexations the Royalists loved to inflict on the men who had conquered the Continent. “You will no longer weep when you leave the Tuileries.” The unfortunate lady wept now as she vainly sought some mercy for her husband. Arrested on the 5th of August, sentenced on the 6th of December, Ney was shot on the 7th of December, and the very manner of his execution shows that, in taking his life there was much more of revenge than of justice.

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If Ney were to be shot, it is obvious that it should have been as a high act of justice. If neither the rank nor the services of the criminal were to save him, his death could not be too formal, too solemn, too public. Even an ordinary military execution is always carried out with grave and striking forms: there is a grand parade of the troops, that all may see with their own eyes the last act of the law. After the execution the troops defile past the body, that all may see the criminal actually dead: There was nothing of all this in the execution of Ney. A few chance passers, in the early morning of the 7th of December 1815, saw a small body of troops waiting by the wall of the garden of the Luxemburg. A fiacre drove up, out of which got Marshal Ney in plain clothes, himself surprised by the everyday aspect of the place. Then, when the officer of the firing party (for such the spectators now knew it to be) saw whom it was he was to fire on, he became, it is said, perfectly petrified; and a peer, one of the judges of Ney, the Duke de la Force, took his place. Ney fell at the first volley with six balls in his breast, three in the head and neck, and one in the arm, and in a quarter of an hour the body was removed; “plain Michel Ney” as he had said to the secretary enunciating his title in reading his sentence, “plain Michel Ney, soon to be a little dust.”

The Communists caught red-handed in the streets of Paris in 1870 died with hardly less formality than was observed at the death-scene of the Prince of the Moskowa and Duke of Elchingen, and the truth then became plain. The Bourbons could not, dared not, attempt to carry out the sentence of the law with the forms of the law. The Government did not venture to let the troops or the people face the Marshal. The forms of the law could not be carried out, the demands of revenge could be. And if this be thought any exaggeration, the proof of the ill effects of this murder, for its form makes it difficult to call it anything else, is ready to our hands. It was impossible to get the public to believe that Ney had really been killed in this manner, and nearly to this day we have had fresh stories recurring of the real Ney being discovered in America. The deed, however, had really been done. The Marshals now knew that when the Princes fled they themselves must remain to die for the Royal cause; and Louis had at last succeeded in preventing his return to his kingdom amongst the baggage waggons of the Allies from being considered as a mere subject for jeers. One detail of the execution of Ney, however, we are told nothing of: we do not know if his widow, like Madame Labedoyere, had to pay three francs a head to the soldiers of the firing party which shot her husband. Whatever were the faults of the Bourbons, they at least carried out their executions economically.

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The statesmen of France, distinguished as they were, certainly did not rise to a level with the situation either in 1814 or in 1815. In 1814, it is true, they were almost stunned by the crash of the Empire, and little as they foresaw the restoration of the Bourbons, still less could they have anticipated the extraordinary follies which were to be perpetrated. In 1815 there was less excuse for their helplessness, and, overawed as they were by the mass of foes which was pouring on them to complete the disaster of Waterloo, still it is disappointing to find that there was no one to seize the helm of power, and, confronting the Allies, to stipulate proper terms for France, and for the brave men who had fought for her. The Steady Davoust was there with his 100,000 men to add weight to their language, and the total helplessness of the older line of the Bourbons had been too evidently displayed to make their return a certainty, so that there is no reason to doubt that a firm-hearted patriot might have saved France from much of the degradation and loss inflicted on her when once the Allies had again got her at their mercy. At-the least the Bourbons might have been deprived of the revenge they sought for in taking some of the best blood of France. Better for Ney and his comrades to have fallen in a last struggle before Paris than to be shot by Frenchmen emboldened by the presence of foreign troops.

Talleyrand, the most prominent figure among the statesmen, was away. His absence at Vienna during the first Restoration was undoubtedly the cause of many of the errors then committed. His ability as displayed under Napoleon has been much exaggerated, for, as the Duke of Wellington said, it was easy enough to be Foreign Minister to a Government in military possession of Europe, but at least he was above the petty trivialities and absurdities of the Bourbon' Court. On the receipt of the news of the landing of Napoleon he really seems to have believed that the enterprise would immediately end in disaster, and he pressed on the outlawing of the man who had overwhelmed him with riches, and who had, at the worst, left him when in disgrace in quiet possession of all his ill-gotten wealth. But, as the power of Napoleon became more and more displayed, as perhaps Talleyrand found that the Austrians were not quite so firm as they wished to be considered, and as he foresaw the possible chances of the Orleans family, he became rather lukewarm in his attention to the King, to whom he had recently been bewailing the hardships of his separation from his loved monarch. He suddenly found that, after a Congress, the first duty of a diplomatist was to look after his liver, and Carlsbad offered an agreeable retreat where he could wait till he might congratulate the winner in the struggle.

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Louis deeply resented this conduct of his Foreign Minister, and when Talleyrand at last joined him with all his doubts resolved, the King took the first opportunity of dismissing him, leaving the calm Talleyrand for once stuttering with rage. Louis soon, however, found that he was not the free agent he believed. The Allies did not want to have to again replace their puppet on the throne, and they looked on Talleyrand and Fouche as the two necessary men. Talleyrand was reinstated immediately, and remained for some time at the head of the Ministry. He was, however, not the man for Parliamentary Government, being too careless in business, and trying to gain his ends more by clever tricks than straightforward measures. As for the state into which he let the Government fall, it was happily characterised by M. Beugnot. "Until now," said he, "we have only known three sorts of governments—the Monarchical, the Aristocratic, and the Republican. Now we have invented a new one, which has never been heard of before, —Paternal Anarchy."

In September 1815 the elections to the Chamber were bringing in deputies more Royalist than the King, and Talleyrand sought to gain popularity by throwing over Fouche. To his horror it appeared that, well contented with this step, the deputies next asked when the former Bishop was to be dismissed. Taking advantage of what Talleyrand conceived to be a happy way of eliciting a strong expression of royal support by threatening to resign, the King replaced him by the Duc de Richelieu. It was well to cut jokes at the Duke and say that he was the man in France who knew most of the Crimea (the Duke had been long in the Russian service, with the approval of Napoleon), but Talleyrand was overwhelmed. He received the same office at Court which he had held under Napoleon, Grand Chamberlain, and afterwards remained a sardonic spectator of events, a not unimposing figure attending at the Court ceremonials and at the heavy dinners of the King, and probably lending a helping hand in 1830 to oust Charles X. from the throne. The Monarchy of July sent him as Ambassador to England, where he mixed in local politics, for example, plotting against Lord Palmerston, whose brusque manners he disliked; and in 1838 he ended his strange life with some dignity, having, as one of his eulogists puts it, been faithful to every Government he had served as long as it was possible to save them.

With the darker side of Talleyrand's character we have nothing to do here; it is sufficient for our purposes to say that the part the leading statesman of France took during the Cent Tours was simply nil. In 1814, he had let the reins slip through his hands; 1815 he could only follow the King, who even refused to adopt his advice as to the proper way in which to return to France, and though he once more became Chief Minister, Talleyrand, like Louis XVIII., owed his restoration in 1815 solely to the Allies.

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The Comte d'Artois, the brother of the King, and later King himself as Charles X., was sent to Lyons, to which place the Duc d'Orleans followed him, and where the two Princes met Marshal Macdonald. The Marshal did all that man could do to keep the soldiers true to the Bourbons, but he had to advise the Princes to return to Paris, and he himself had to fly for his life when he attempted to stop Napoleon in person. The Duc d'Orleans was then sent to the north to hold Lille, where the King intended to take refuge, and the Comte d'Artois remained with the Court.

The Court was very badly off for money, the King, and Clarke, Duke of Feltre, the War Minister, were the only happy possessors of carriages. They passed their time, as the Abbe Louis once bitterly remarked, in saying foolish things till they had a chance of doing them.

The Comte d'Artois, who, probably wisely, certainly cautiously, had refused to go with De Vitrolles to stir up the south until he had placed the King in safety, had ended by going to Ghent too, while the Duc de Berry was at Alost, close by, with a tiny army composed of the remains of the Maison du Roi, of which the most was made in reports. The Duc d'Orleans, always an object of suspicion to the King, had left France with the Royal party, but had refused to stay in Belgium, as he alleged that it was an enemy's country. He crossed to England where he remained, greatly adding to the anxiety of Louis by refusing to join him.

The end of these Princes is well known. Louis died in 1824, leaving his throne to his brother; but Charles only held it till 1830, when after the rising called "the three glorious days of July," he was civilly escorted from France, and took shelter in England. The Due Angouleme died without issue. The Duc de Berry was assassinated in 1820, but his widow gave birth to a posthumous son the Duc de Bordeaux, or, to fervid Royalists, Henri V., though better known to us as the Comte de Chambord, who died in 1883 without issue, thus ending the then eldest line of Bourbons, and transmitting his claims to the Orleans family. On the fall of Charles X. the Duc d'Orleans became King of the French, but he was unseated by the Revolution of 1848, and died a refugee in England. As the three Princes of the House of Conde, the Prince de Conde, his son, the Duc de Bourbon, and his: grandson, the Due d'Enghien, all died without further male issue, that noble line is extinct.

When the news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba reached Vienna on the 7th of March 1815, the three heads of the Allies, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, were still there. Though it was said that the Congress danced but did not advance, still a great deal of work had really been done, and the news of Napoleon's landing created a fresh bond of union between the Allies which stopped all further chances of disunion, and enabled them to practically complete their work by the 9th of June 1815, though the treaties required cobbling for some years afterwards.

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France, Austria, and England had snatched the greater part of Saxony from the jaws of Prussia, and Alexander had been forced to leave the King of Saxony to reign over half of his former subjects, without, as he wished, sparing him the pain of such a degradation by taking all from him. Russia had to be contented with a large increase of her Polish dominions, getting most of the Grand-Duchy of Westphalia. Austria had, probably unwisely, withdrawn from her former outlying provinces in Swabia and the Netherlands, which had before the Revolution made her necessarily the guardian of Europe against France, preferring to take her gains in Italy, gains which she has gradually lost in our days; while Prussia, by accepting the Rhine provinces, completely stepped into the former post of Austria. Indeed, from the way in which Prussia was, after 1815, as it were, scattered across Germany, it was evident that her fate must be. either to be crushed by France, or else, by annexing the states enclosed in her dominions, to become the predominating power in Germany. It was impossible for her to remain as she was left.

The Allies tightly bound France. They had no desire to have again to march on Paris to restore Louis to the subjects who had such unfortunate objections to being subjected to that desirable monarch. By the second Treaty of Paris, on the 20th of November 1815, France was to be occupied by an Allied force, in military positions on the frontier, not to exceed 150,000 men, to be taken from all the Allied armies, under a commander who was eventually the Duke of Wellington. Originally the occupation. was not to exceed five years, but in February 1817 the army was reduced by 30,000 men, one-fifth of each contingent; and by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle of 9th October 1818, France was to-be evacuated by the 30th of November 1818.

The three monarchs were probably not sorry to get the Congress over on any terms. Alexander had had his fill of displaying himself in the salons in his favourite part of an Agamemnon generous towards Troy, and he had worn out his first popularity. He was stung by finding some of his favourite plans boldly opposed by Talleyrand and by Metternich, and, indeed, was anxious to meet the last in open combat. Francis had required all the firmness of what he called his Bohemian head to resist the threats, entreaties, and cajoleries employed to get him to acquiesce in the dethronement of the King of Saxony, and the wiping out of the Saxon nationality by the very alliance which professed to fight only for the rights of nations and of their lawful sovereigns.

All three monarchs had again the satisfaction of entering Paris, but without enjoying the full glories of 1814. “Our friends, the enemies” were not so popular then in France, and the spoliation of the Louvre was not pleasant even to the Royalists. The foreign monarchs soon returned to their own drained and impoverished States.

The Emperor Francis had afterwards a quiet reign to his death in 1835, having only to assist his Minister in snuffing out the occasional flashes of a love of freedom in Germany.

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The King of Prussia returned in a triumph well won by his sturdy subjects, and, in the light of his new honours, the Countess Von Voss tells us he was really handsome. He was now at leisure to resume the discussions on uniform, and the work of fastening and unfastening the numerous buttons of his pantaloons, in which he had been so roughly interrupted by Jena. The first institution of the Zollverein, or commercial union with several States, gradually extended, was a measure which did much for the unification of Germany. With his brother sovereigns he revisited Paris at the end of the military occupation in 1818, remaining there longer than the others, “because,” said the Parisians, “he had discovered an actor at a small theatre who achieved the feat of making him laugh.” He died in 1840. His Queen—heartbroken, it was said—had died in 1810.

Alexander was still brimming over with the best and most benevolent intentions towards every one. The world was to be free, happy, and religious; but he had rather vague ideas as to how his plans were to be carried out. Thus it is characteristic that when his successor desired to have a solemn coronation as King of Poland it was found that Alexander had not foreseen the difficulties which were met with in trying to arrange for the coronation of a Sovereign of the Greek Church as King of a Roman Catholic State. The much-dreaded but very misty Holy Alliance was one of the few fruits of Alexander’s visions. His mind is described as passing through a regular series of stages with each influence under which he acted. He ended his life, tired out, disillusioned, “deceived in everything, weighed down with regret;” obliged to crush the very hopes of his people he had encouraged, dying in 1825 at Taganrog, leaving his new Polish Kingdom to be wiped out by-his successors.

The minor sovereigns require little mention. They retained any titles they had received from Napoleon, while they exulted, at being free from his heavy hand and sharp superintendence. Each got a share, small or great, of the spoil except the poor King of Denmark, who, being assured by Alexander on his departure that he carried away all hearts, answered, “Yes, but not any souls.”

The reintroduction of much that was bad in the old system (one country even going so far as to re-establish torture), the steady attack on liberty and on all liberal ideas, Wurtemberg being practically the only State which grumbled at the tightening of the reins so dear to Metternich,—all formed a fitting commentary on the proclamations by which the Sovereigns had hounded on their people against the man they represented as the one obstacle to the freedom and peace of Europe. In gloom and disenchantment the nations sat down to lick their wounds: The contempt shown by the monarchs for everything but the right of conquest, the manner in which they treated the lands won from Napoleon as a gigantic “pool” which was to be shared amongst them, so many souls to each; their total failure to fulfil their promises to their subjects of granting liberty, —all these slowly bore their fruits in after years, and their effects are not even yet exhausted. The right of a sovereign to hold his lands was now, by the public law of

Europe, to be decided by his strength, The rights of the people were treated as not existing. Truly, as our most gifted poetess has sung—

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"The Kings crept out—the peoples sat at home,
And finding the long invocated peace
(A pall embroidered with worn images
Of rights divine) too scant to cover doom
Such as they suffered, nursed the corn that grew
Rankly to bitter bread, on Waterloo."

CHAPTER XIII

—[This chapter; by the editor of the 1836 edition, is based upon the 'Memorial', and O'Meara's and Antommarchi's works.]—

1815-1821.

Voyage to St. Helena—Personal traits of the Emperor—Arrival at James Town—-Napoleon's temporary residence at The Briars—Removal to Longwood—The daily routine there-The Campaign of Italy—The arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe—Unpleasant relations between the Emperor and the new Governor—Visitors at St. Helena—Captain Basil Hall's interview with Napoleon—Anecdotes of the Emperor—Departure of Las Cases and O'Meara—Arrivals from Europe—Physical habits of the Emperor—Dr. Antommarchi—The Emperor's toilet—Creation of a new bishopric— The Emperor's energy with the spade—His increasing illness— Last days of Napoleon—His Death—-Lying in state—Military funeral— Marchand's account of the Emperor's last moments—-Napoleon's last bequests—The Watch of Rivoli.

The closing scenes in the life of the great Emperor only now remain to be briefly touched upon. In a previous chapter we have narrated the surrender of Napoleon, his voyage to England, and his transference from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland. The latter vessel was in great confusion from the short notice at which she had sailed, and for the two first days the crew was employed in restoring order. The space abaft the mizenmast contained a dining-room about ten feet broad, and extending the whole width of the ship, a saloon, and two cabins. The Emperor occupied the cabin on the left; in which his camp-bedstead had been put up; that on the right was appropriated to the Admiral. It was peremptorily enjoined that the saloon should be in common. The form of the dining-table resembled that of the dining-room. Napoleon sat with his back to the saloon; on his left sat Madame Bertrand, and on his right the Admiral, who, with Madame de Montholon, filled up one side of the table. Next that lady, but at the end of the table, was Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, and at the opposite end M. de Montholon; Madame Bertrand, and the Admiral's secretary. The side of the table facing the Emperor was occupied by the Grand-Marshal, the Colonel of the field Regiment, Las Cases, and Gourgaud. The Admiral invited one or two of the officers to dinner every day, and the band of the 53d, newly-formed, played during dinner-time.

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On the 10th of August the Northumberland cleared the Channel, and lost sight of land. The course of the ship was shaped to cross the Bay of Biscay and double Cape Finisterre. The wind was fair, though light, and the heat excessive. Napoleon breakfasted in his own cabin at irregular hours. He sent for one of his attendants every morning to know the distance run, the state of the wind, and other particulars connected with their progress. He read a great deal, dressed towards four o'clock, and then came into the public saloon; here he played at chess with one of the party; at five o'clock the Admiral announced that dinner was on the table. It is well known that Napoleon was scarcely ever more than fifteen minutes at dinner; here the two courses alone took up nearly an hour and a half. This was a serious annoyance to him, though his features and manner always evinced perfect equanimity. Neither the new system of cookery nor the quality of the dishes ever met with his censure. He was waited on by two valets, who stood behind his chair. At first the Admiral was in the habit of offering several dishes to the Emperor, but the acknowledgment of the latter was expressed so coldly that the practice was given up. The Admiral thenceforth only pointed out to the servants what was preferable. Napoleon was generally silent, as if unacquainted with the language, though it was French. If he spoke, it was to ask some technical or scientific question, or to address a few words to those whom the Admiral occasionally asked to dinner.

The Emperor rose immediately after coffee had been handed round, and went on deck, followed by the Grand-Marshal and Las Cases. This disconcerted Admiral Cockburn, who expressed his surprise to his officers; but Madame Bertrand, whose maternal language was English, replied with spirit, "Do not forget, sir, that your guest is a man who has governed a large portion of the world, and that kings once contended for the honour of being admitted to his table."—"Very true," rejoined the Admiral; and from that time he did his utmost to comply with Napoleon's habits. He shortened the time of sitting at table, ordering coffee for Napoleon and those who accompanied him even before the rest of the company had finished their dinner. The Emperor remained walking on deck till dark. On returning to the after-cabin he sat down to play vingt et un with some of his suite, and generally retired in about half an hour. On the morning of the 15th of August all his suite asked permission to be admitted to his presence. He was not aware of the cause of this visit; it was his birthday, which seemed to have altogether escaped his recollection.

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On the following day they doubled Cape Finisterre, and up to the 21st, passing off the Straits of Gibraltar, continued their course along the coast of Africa towards Madeira. Napoleon commonly remained in his cabin the whole morning, and from the extreme heat he wore a very slight dress. He could not sleep well, and frequently rose in the night. Reading was his chief occupation. He often sent for Count Las Cases to translate whatever related to St. Helena or the countries by which they were sailing. Napoleon used to start a subject of conversation; or revive that of some preceding day, and when he had taken eight or nine turns the whole length of the deck he would seat himself on the second gun from the gangway on the larboard side. The midshipmen soon observed this habitual predilection, so that the cannon was thenceforth called the Emperor's gun. It was here that Napoleon often conversed for hours together.

On the 22d of August they came within sight of Madeira, and at night arrived off the port. They stopped for a day or two to take in provisions. Napoleon was indisposed. A sudden gale arose and the air was filled with small particles of sand and the suffocating exhalations from the deserts of Africa. On the evening of the 24th they got under weigh again, and progressed smoothly and rapidly. The Emperor added to his amusements a game at piquet. He was but an, indifferent chess-player, and there was no very good one on board. He asked, jestingly, "How it was that he frequently beat those who beat better players than himself?" Vingt et un was given up, as they played too high at it; and Napoleon had a great aversion to gaming. One night a negro threw himself overboard to avoid a flogging, which occasioned a great noise and bustle. A young midshipman meeting Las Cases descending into the cabin, and thinking he was going to inform Napoleon, caught hold of his coat and in a tone of great concern exclaimed, "Ah sir, do not alarm the Emperor! Tell him the noise is owing to an accident!" In general the midshipmen behaved with marked respect and attention to Bonaparte, and often by signs or words directed the sailors to avoid incommoding him: He sometimes noticed this conduct, and remarked that youthful hearts were always prone to generous instincts.

On the 1st of September they found themselves in the latitude of the Cape de Verd Islands. Everything now promised a prosperous passage, but the time hung heavily. Las Cases had undertaken to teach his son English, and the Emperor also expressed a wish to learn. He, however, soon grew tired and laid it aside, nor was it resumed until long afterwards. His manners and habits were always the same; he invariably appeared contented, patient, and good-humoured. The Admiral gradually laid aside his reserve, and took an interest in his great captive. He pointed out the danger incurred by coming on deck after dinner, owing to the damp of the evening: the Emperor, would then sometimes take his arm and prolong the conversation, talking sometimes on naval affairs, on the French resources in the south, and on the improvements he had contemplated in the ports and harbours of the Mediterranean, to all which the Admiral listened with deep attention.

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Meanwhile Napoleon observed that Las Cases was busily employed, and obtained a sight of his journal, with which he was not displeased. He, however, noticed that some of the military details and anecdotes gave but a meagre idea of the subject of war: This first led to the proposal of his writing his own Memoirs. At length the Emperor came to a determination, and on Saturday, the 9th of September he called his secretary into his cabin and dictated to him some particulars of the siege of Toulon. On approaching the line they fell in with the trade-winds, that blow here constantly from the east. On the 16th there was a considerable fall of rain, to the great joy of the sailors, who were in want of water. The rain began to fall heavily just as the Emperor had got upon deck to take his afternoon walk. But this did not disappoint him of his usual exercise; he merely called for his famous gray greatcoat, which the crew regarded with much interest.

On the 23d of September they passed the line. This was a day of great merriment and disorder among the crew: it was the ceremony which the English sailors call the “christening.” No one is spared; and the officers are generally more roughly handled than any one else. The Admiral, who had previously amused himself by giving an alarming description of this ceremony, now very courteously exempted his guests from the inconvenience and ridicule attending it. Napoleon was scrupulously respected through the whole of this Saturnalian festivity. On being informed of the decorum which had been observed with regard to him he ordered a hundred Napoleons to be presented to the grotesque Neptune and his crew; which the Admiral opposed, perhaps from motives of prudence as well as politeness.

Owing to the haste with which they had left England the painting of the ship had been only lately finished, and this circumstance confined Napoleon, whose sense of smell was very acute, to his room for two days. They were now, in the beginning of October, driven into the Gulf of Guinea, where they met a French vessel bound for the Isle of Bourbon. They spoke with the captain, who expressed his surprise and regret when he learnt that Napoleon was on board. The wind was unfavourable, and the ship made little progress. The sailors grumbled at the Admiral, who had gone out of the usual course. At length they approached the termination of their voyage. On the 14th of October the Admiral had informed them that he expected to come within sight of St. Helena that day. They had scarcely risen from table when their ears were saluted with the cry of “land!” This was within a quarter of an hour of the time that had been fixed on. The Emperor went on the forecastle to see the island; but it was still hardly distinguishable. At daybreak next morning they had a tolerably clear view of it.

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At length, about seventy days after his departure from England, and a hundred and ten after quitting Paris, Napoleon reached St. Helena. In the harbour were several vessels of the squadron which had separated from them, and which they thought they had left behind. Napoleon, contrary to custom, dressed early and went upon deck: he went forward to the gangway to view the island. He beheld a kind of village surrounded by numerous barren hills towering to the clouds. Every platform, every aperture, the brow of every hill was planted with cannon. The Emperor viewed the prospect through his glass. His countenance underwent no change. He soon left the deck; and sending for Las Cases, proceeded to his day's work. The Admiral, who had gone ashore very early, returned about six much fatigued. He had been walking over various parts of the island, and at length thought he had found a habitation that would suit his captives. The place stood in need of repairs, which might occupy two months. His orders were not to let the French quit the vessel till a house should be prepared to receive them. He, however, undertook, on his own responsibility, to set them on shore the next day.

On the 16th, after dinner, Napoleon, accompanied by the Admiral and the Grand-Marshal, Bertrand, got into a boat to go ashore. As he passed, the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, and the greater part of the crew on the gangways. The Emperor, before he stepped into the boat, sent for the captain of the vessel, and took leave of him, desiring him at the same time to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. These words appeared to produce the liveliest sensation in all by whom they were understood, or to whom they were interpreted. The remainder of his suite landed about eight. They found the Emperor in the apartments which had been assigned to him, a few minutes after he went upstairs to his chamber. He was lodged in a sort of inn in James Town, which consists only, of one short street, or row of houses built in a narrow valley between two rocky hills.

The next day the Emperor, the Grand-Marshal, and the Admiral, riding out to visit Longwood, which had been chosen for the Emperor's residence, on their return saw a small villa, with a pavilion attached to it, about two miles from the town, the residence of Mr. Balcombe; a merchant of the island. This spot pleased Napoleon, and the Admiral was of opinion that it would be better for him to remain here than to return to the town, where the sentinels at his door, with the crowds collected round it, in a manner confined him to his chamber. The pavilion was a sort of summer-house on a pyramidal eminence, about thirty or forty paces from the house, where the family were accustomed to resort in fine weather: this was hired for the temporary abode of the Emperor, and he took possession of it immediately. There was a carriage-road from the town, and the valley was in this part less rugged in its aspect. Las Cases

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was soon sent for. As he ascended the winding path leading to the pavilion he saw Napoleon standing at the threshold of the door. His body was slightly bent, and his hands behind his back: he wore his usual plain and simple uniform and the well-known hat. The Emperor was alone. He took a fancy to walk a little; but there was no level ground on any side of the pavilion, which was surrounded by huge pieces of rock. Taking the arm of his companion, however, he began to converse in a cheerful strain. When Napoleon was about to retire to rest the servants found that one of the windows was open close to the bed: they barricaded it as well as they could, so as to exclude the air, to the effects of which the Emperor was very susceptible. Las Cases ascended to an upper room. The valets de chambres lay stretched in their cloaks across the threshold of the door. Such was the first night Napoleon passed at the Briars.

An English officer was lodged with them in the house as their guard, and two non-commissioned officers were stationed near the house to watch their movements. Napoleon the next day proceeded with his dictation, which occupied him for several hours, and then took a walk in the garden, where he was met by the two Misses Balcombe, lively girls about fourteen years of age, who presented him with flowers, and overwhelmed him with whimsical questions. Napoleon was amused by their familiarity, to which he had been little accustomed. “We have been to a masked ball,” said he, when the young ladies had taken their leave.

The next day a chicken was brought for breakfast, which the Emperor undertook to carve himself, and was surprised at his succeeding so well, it being a long time since he had done so much. The coffee he considered so bad that on tasting it he thought himself poisoned, and sent it away.

The mornings were passed in business; in the evening Napoleon sometimes strolled to the neighbouring villa, where the young ladies made him play at whist. The Campaign of Italy was nearly finished, and Las Cases proposed that the other followers of Napoleon who were lodged in the town should come up every morning to assist in transcribing The Campaign of Egypt, the History of the Consulate, *etc*. This suggestion pleased the ex-Emperor, so that from that time one or two of his suite came regularly every day to write to his dictation, and stayed to dinner. A tent, sent by the Colonel of the 53d Regiment, was spread out so as to form a prolongation of the pavillion. Their cook took up his abode at the Briars. The table linen was taken from the trunks, the plate was set forth, and the first dinner after these new arrangements was a sort of fete.

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One day at dinner Napoleon, casting his eye on one of the dishes of his own campaign-service, on which the-arms of the King had been engraved, “How they have spoiled that!” he exclaimed; and he could not refrain from observing that the King was in great haste to take possession of the Imperial plate, which certainly did not belong to him. Amongst the baggage was also a cabinet in which were a number of medallions, given him by the Pope and other potentates, some letters of Louis XVIII. which he had left behind him on his writing-table in the suddenness of his flight from the Tuileries on the 20th of March, and a number of other letters found in the portfolio of Dia Blacas intended to calumniate Napoleon.

The Emperor never dressed until about four o’clock he then walked in the garden, which was particularly agreeable to him on account of its solitude—the English soldiers having been removed at Mr. Balcombe’s request. A little arbour was covered with canvas; and a chair and table placed in it, and here Napoleon dictated a great part of his Memoirs. In the evening, when he did not go out, he generally contrived to prolong the conversation till eleven or twelve o’clock.

Thus time passed with little variety or interruption. The weather in the winter became delightful. One day, his usual task being done; Napoleon strolled out towards the town, until he came within sight of the road and shipping. On his return he met Mrs. Balcombe and a Mrs. Stuart, who was on her way back from Bombay to England. The Emperor conversed with her on the manners and customs of India, and on the inconveniences of a long voyage at sea, particularly to ladies. He alluded to Scotland, Mrs. Stuart’s native country, expatiated on the genius of Ossian, and congratulated his fair interlocutor on the preservation of her clear northern complexion. While the parties were thus engaged some heavily burdened slaves passed near to them. Mrs. Balcombe motioned them to make a detour; but Napoleon interposed, exclaiming, “Respect the burden, madam!” As he said this the Scotch lady, who had been very eagerly scanning the features of Napoleon, whispered to her friend, “Heavens! what a character, and what an expression of countenance! How different to the idea I had formed of him!”

Napoleon shortly after repeated the same walk, and went into the house of Major Hudson. This visit occasioned considerable alarm to the constituted authorities.

The Governor gave a ball, to which the French were invited; and Las Cases about the same time rode over to Longwood to see what advance had been made in the preparations for their reception. His report on his return was not very favourable. They had now been six weeks at the Briars, during which Napoleon had been nearly as much confined as if on board the vessel. His health began to be impaired by it. Las Cases gave it as his opinion that the Emperor did not possess that constitution of iron which was

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usually ascribed to him; and that it was the strength of his mind, not of his body, that carried him through the labours of the field and of the cabinet. In speaking on this subject Napoleon himself observed that. nature had endowed him with two peculiarities: one was the power of sleeping at any hour or in any place; the other, his being incapable of committing any excess either in eating or drinking: "If," said he, "I go the least beyond my mark my stomach instantly revolts." He was subject to nausea from very slight causes, and to colds from any change of air.

The prisoners removed to Longwood on the 10th of December 1815. Napoleon invited Mr. Balcombe to breakfast with him that morning, and conversed with him in a very cheerful manner. About two Admiral Cockburn was announced; he entered with an air of embarrassment. In consequence of the restraints imposed upon him at the Briars, and the manner in which those of his suite residing in the town had been treated, Bonaparte had discontinued receiving the visits of the Admiral; yet on the present occasion he behaved towards him as though nothing had happened. At length they left the Briars and set out for Longwood. Napoleon rode the horse, a small, sprightly, and tolerably handsome animal, which had been brought for him from the Cape. He wore his uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, and his graceful manner and handsome countenance were particularly remarked. The Admiral was very attentive to him. At the entrance of Longwood they found a guard under arms who rendered the prescribed honours to their illustrious captive. His horse, unaccustomed to parades, and frightened by the roll of the dram, refused to pass the gate till spurred on by Napoleon, while a significant look passed among the escort. The Admiral took great pains to point out the minutest details at Longwood. He had himself superintended all the arrangements, among which was a bath-room. Bonaparte was satisfied with everything, and the Admiral seemed highly pleased. He had anticipated petulance and disdain, but Napoleon manifested perfect good-humour.

The entrance to the house was through a room which had been just built to answer the double purpose of an ante-chamber and a dining-room. This apartment led to the drawing-room; beyond this was a third room running in a cross direction and very dark. This was intended to be the depository of the Emperor's maps and books, but it was afterwards converted into the dining-room. The Emperor's chamber opened into this apartment on the right hand side, and was divided into two equal parts, forming a cabinet and sleeping-room; a little external gallery served for a bathing-room: Opposite the Emperor's chamber, at the other extremity of the building, were the apartments of Madame Montholon, her husband, and her son, afterward used as the Emperors library. Detached from this part of the house was a little square room on the ground floor, contiguous to the kitchen, which was

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assigned to Las Cases. The windows and beds had no curtains. The furniture was mean and scanty. Bertrand and his family resided at a distance of two miles, at a place called Rut's Gate. General Gourgaud slept under a tent, as well as Mr. O'Meara, and the officer commanding the guard. The house was surrounded by a garden. In front, and separated by a tolerably deep ravine, was encamped the 53d Regiment, different parties of which were stationed on the neighbouring heights.

The domestic establishment of the Emperor consisted of eleven persons. To the Grand-Marshal was confided the general superintendence; to M. de Montholon the domestic details; Las Cases was to take care of the furniture and property, and General Gourgaud to have the management of the stables. These arrangements, however, produced discontent among Napoleon's attendants. Las Cases admits that they were no longer the members of one family, each using his best efforts to promote the advantage of all. They were far from practising that which necessity dictated. He says also, "The Admiral has more than once, in the midst of our disputes with him, hastily exclaimed that the Emperor was decidedly the most good-natured, just, and reasonable of the whole set."

On his first arrival he went to visit the barracks occupied by some Chinese living on the island, and a place called Longwood Farm. He complained to Las Cases that they had been idle of late; but by degrees their hours and the employment of them became fixed and regular. The Campaign of Italy being now finished, Napoleon corrected it, and dictated on other subjects. This was their morning's work. They dined between eight and nine, Madame Montholon being seated on Napoleon's right; Las Cases on his left, and Gourgaud, Montholon, and Las Cases' son sitting opposite. The smell of the paint not being yet gone off, they remained not more than ten minutes at table, and the dessert was prepared in the adjoining apartment, where coffee was served up and conversation commenced. Scenes were read from Moliere, Racine, and Voltaire; and regret was always expressed at their not having a copy of Corneille. They then played at 'reversis', which had been Bonaparte's favourite game in his youth. The recollection was agreeable to him, and he thought he could amuse himself at it for any length of time, but was soon undeceived. His aim was always to make the 'reversis', that is, to win every trick. Character is displayed in the smallest incidents.

Napoleon read a libel on himself, and contrasted the compliments which had passed between him and the Queen of Prussia with the brutal-behaviour ascribed to him in the English newspapers. On the other hand, two common sailors had at different times, while he was at Longwood and at the Briars, in spite of orders and at all risks, made their way through the sentinels to gain a sight of Napoleon. On seeing the interest they took in him he exclaimed, "This is fanaticism! Yes, imagination rules the world!"

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The instructions of the English Ministers with regard to the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena had been prepared with the view completely to secure his person. An English officer was to be constantly at his table. This order, however, was not carried into effect. An officer was also to accompany Napoleon in all his rides; this order was dispensed with within certain prescribed limits, because Napoleon had refused to ride at all on such conditions. Almost everyday brought with it some new cause of uneasiness and complaint. Sentinels were posted beneath Napoleon's windows and before his doors. This order was, however, doubtless given to prevent his being annoyed by impertinent curiosity. The French were certainly precluded from all free communication with the inhabitants of the island; but this precaution was of unquestionable necessity for the security of the Emperor's person. Las Cases complains that the passwords were perpetually changed, so that they lived in constant perplexity and apprehension of being subjected to some unforeseen insult. "Napoleon," he continues, "addressed a complaint to the Admiral, which obtained for him no redress. In the midst of these complaints the Admiral wished to introduce some ladies (who had arrived in the Doric) to Napoleon; but he declined, not approving this alternation of affronts and civilities." He, however, consented, at the request of their Colonel, to receive the officers of the 53d Regiment. After this officer took his leave. Napoleon prolonged his walk in the garden. He stopped awhile to look at a flower in one of the beds, and asked his companion if it was not a lily. It was indeed a magnificent one. The thought that he had in his mind was obvious. He then spoke of the number of times he had been wounded; and said it had been thought he had never met with these accidents from his having kept them secret as much as possible.'

It was near the end of December. One day, after a walk and a tumble in the mud, Bonaparte returned and found a packet of English newspapers, which the Grand-Marshal translated to him. This occupied him till late, and he forgot his dinner in discussing their contents. After dinner had been served Las Cases wished to continue the translation, but Napoleon would not suffer him to proceed, from consideration for the weak state of his eyes. "We must wait till to-morrow," said he. A few days afterwards the Admiral came in person to visit him, and the interview was an agreeable one. After some animated discussion it was arranged that Napoleon should henceforth ride freely about the island; that the officer should follow him only at a distance; and that visitors should be admitted to him, not with the permission of the Admiral as the Inspector of Longwood, but with that of the Grand-Marshal, who was to do the honours of the establishment. These concessions were, however, soon recalled. On the 30th of this month Piontkowsky, a Pole; who had been left behind, but whose entreaties prevailed upon the English Government, joined Bonaparte. On New-Year's Day all their little party was collected together, and Napoleon, entering into the feelings of the occasion, begged that they might breakfast and pass it together. Every day furnished some new trait of this kind.

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On the 14th of April 1816 Sir Hudson Lowe, the new Governor, arrived at St. Helena. This epoch is important, as making the beginning of a continued series of accusations, and counter-accusations, by which the last five years of Napoleon's life were constantly occupied, to the great annoyance of himself and all connected with him, and possibly to the shortening of his own existence.

It would be tedious to detail the progress of this petty war, but, as a subject which has formed so great a portion of the life of Napoleon, it must not be omitted. To avoid anything which may appear like a bias against Napoleon, the details, unless when otherwise mentioned, will be derived from Las Cases, his devoted admirer.

On the first visit of the new Governor; which was the 16th of April, Napoleon refused to admit him, because he himself was ill, and also because the Governor had not asked beforehand for an audience. On the second visit the Governor, was admitted to an audience, and Napoleon seems to have taken a prejudice at first sight, as he remarked to his suite that the Governor was "hideous, and had a most ugly countenance," though he allowed he ought not to judge too hastily. The spirit of the party was shown by a remark made, that the first two days had been days of battle.

The Governor saw Napoleon again on the 30th April, and the interview was stormy. Napoleon argued with the Governor on the conduct of the Allies towards him, said they had no right to dispose of him, who was their equal and sometimes their master. He then declaimed on the eternal disgrace the English had inflicted on themselves by sending him to St. Helena; they wished to kill him by a lingering death: their conduct was worse than that of the Calabrians in shooting Murat. He talked of the cowardliness of suicide, complained of the small extent and horrid climate of St. Helena, and said it would be an act of kindness to deprive him of life at once. Sir H. Lowe said that a house of wood, fitted up with every possible accommodation, was then on its way from England for his use. Napoleon refused it at once, and exclaimed that it was not a house but an executioner and a coffin that he wanted; the house was a mockery, death would be a favour. A few minutes after Napoleon took up some reports of the campaigns of 1814, which lay on the table, and asked Sir H. Lowe if he had written them. Las Cases, after saying that the Governor replied in the affirmative, finishes his account of the interview, but according to O'Meara, Napoleon said they were full of folly and falsehood. The Governor, with a much milder reply than most men would have given, retired, and Napoleon harangued upon the sinister expression of his countenance, abused him in the coarsest manner, and made his servant throw a cup of coffee out of the window because it had stood a moment on a table near the Governor.

It was required that all persons who visited at Longwood or at Hut's Gate should make a report to the Governor, or to Sir Thomas Reade, of the conversations they had held with the French. Several additional sentinels were posted around Longwood House and grounds.

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During some extremely wet and foggy weather Napoleon did not go out for several days. Messengers and letters continually succeeded one another from Plantation House. The Governor appeared anxious to see Napoleon, and was evidently distrustful, although the residents at Longwood were assured of his actual presence by the sound of his voice. He had some communications with Count Bertrand on the necessity that one of his officers should see Napoleon daily. He also went to Longwood frequently himself, and finally, after some difficulty, succeeded in obtaining an interview with Napoleon in his bedchamber, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. Some days before he sent for Mr. O'Meara, asked a variety of questions concerning the captive, walked round the house several times and before the windows, measuring and laying down the plan of a new ditch, which he said he would have dug in order to prevent the cattle from trespassing.

On the morning of the 5th of May Napoleon sent for his surgeon O'Meara to come to him. He was introduced into Napoleon's bed-chamber, a description of which is thus given: "It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of skirting. Two small windows without pulleys, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood, looked towards the camp of the 53d Regiment. There were window-curtains of white long-cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantelpiece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantelpiece hung the portrait of Maria Louisa, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of his mother. A little more to the right hung also the portrait of the Empress Josephine; and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederick the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right the Consular watch, engraved with the cipher B, hung, by a chain of the plaited hair of Maria Louisa, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp-bedstead, with green silk curtains, on which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a chest of drawers, and a bookcase with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs painted green were standing here and there about the. room. Before the back door there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fireplace an old-fashioned sofa covered with white long-cloth, on which Napoleon reclined, dressed in his white morning-gown, white loose trousers and stockings all in one, a chequered red handkerchief upon his head, and his shirt-collar open without a cravat. His sir was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round

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table, with some books, at the foot of which lay in confusion upon the carpet a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the opposite side of the sofa was suspended Isabey's portrait of the Empress Maria Louisa, holding her son in her arms. In front of the fireplace stood Las Cases with his arms folded over his breast and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty Emperor of France nothing remained but a superb wash-hand-stand containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the lefthand corner." The object of Napoleon in sending for O'Meara on this occasion was to question him whether in their future intercourse he was to consider him in the light of a spy and a tool of the Governor or as his physician? The doctor gave a decided and satisfactory answer on this point.

"During the short interview that this Governor had with me in my bedchamber, one of the first things he proposed was to send you away," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "and that I should take his own surgeon in your place. This he repeated, and so earnest was he to gain his object that, though I gave him a flat refusal, when he was going out he turned about and again proposed it."

On the 11th a proclamation was issued by the Governor, "forbidding any persons on the island from sending letters to or receiving them from General Bonaparte or his suite, on pain of being immediately arrested and dealt with accordingly." Nothing escaped the vigilance of Sir Hudson Lowe. "The Governor," said Napoleon, "has just sent an invitation to Bertrand for General Bonaparte to come to Plantation House to meet Lady Moira. I told Bertrand to return no answer to it. If he really wanted me to see her he would have put Plantation House within the limits, but to send such an invitation, knowing I must go in charge of a guard if I wished to avail myself of it, was an insult."

Soon after came the Declaration of the Allies and the Acts of Parliament authorising the detention of Napoleon Bonaparte as a prisoner of war and disturber of the peace of Europe. Against the Bill, when brought into the House of Lords, there were two protests, those of Lord Holland and of the Duke of Sussex. These official documents did not tend to soothe the temper or raise the spirits of the French to endure their captivity.

In addition to the misery of his own captivity, Napoleon had to contend with the unmanageable humours of his own followers. As often happens with men in such circumstances, they sometimes disagreed among themselves, and part of their petulance and ill-temper fell upon their Chief. He took these little incidents deeply to heart. On one occasion he said in bitterness, "I know that I am fallen; but to feel this among you! I am aware that man is frequently unreasonable and susceptible of offence. Thus, when I am mistrustful of myself I ask, should I have been treated so at the Tuileries? This is my test."

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A great deal of pains has been taken by Napoleon's adherents and others to blacken the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, and to make it appear that his sole object was to harass Napoleon and to make his life miserable. Now, although it may be questioned whether Sir Hudson Lowe was the proper person to be placed in the delicate situation of guard over the fallen Emperor, there is no doubt that quarrels and complaints began long before that officer reached the island; and the character of those complaints will show that at best the prisoners were persons very difficult to satisfy. Their detention at the Briars was one of the first causes of complaint. It was stated that the Emperor was very ill there, that he was confined "in a cage" with no attendance, that his suite was kept from him, and that he was deprived of exercise. A few pages farther in the journal of Las Cases we find the Emperor in good health, and as soon as it was announced that Longwood was ready to receive him, then it was urged that the gaolers wished to compel him to go against his will, that they desired to push their authority to the utmost, that the smell of the paint at Longwood was very disagreeable, *etc*. Napoleon himself was quite ready to go, and seemed much vexed when Count Bertrand and General Gourgaud arrived from Longwood with the intelligence that the place was as yet uninhabitable. His displeasure, however, was much more seriously excited by the appearance of Count Montholon with the information that all was ready at Longwood within a few minutes after receiving the contrary accounts from Bertrand and Gourgaud. He probably perceived that he was trifled with by his attendants, who endeavoured to make him believe that which suited their own convenience. We may also remark that the systematic opposition which was carried to such a great length against Sir Hudson Lowe had begun during the stay of Admiral Cockburn. His visits were refused; he was accused of caprice, arrogance, and impertinence, and he was nicknamed "the Shark" by Napoleon himself; his own calmness alone probably prevented more violent ebullitions.

The wooden house arrived at last, and the Governor waited on Napoleon to consult with him how and where it should be erected. Las Cases, who heard the dispute in an adjoining room, says that it was long and clamorous.

He gives the details in Napoleon's own words, and we have here the advantage of comparing his statement with the account transmitted by Sir Hudson Lowe to the British Government, dated 17th May 1816. The two accounts vary but little. Napoleon admits that he was thrown quite out of temper, that he received the Governor with his stormy countenance, looked furiously at him, and made no reply to his information of the arrival of the house but by a significant look. He told him that he wanted nothing, nor would receive anything at his hands; that he supposed he was to be put to death by poison or the sword; the poison

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would be difficult to administer, but he had the means of doing it with the sword. The sanctuary of his abode should not be violated, and the troops should not enter his house but by trampling on his corpse. He then alluded to an invitation sent to him by Sir Hudson Lows to meet Lady Loudon at his house, and said there could not be an act of more refined cruelty than inviting him to his table by the title of “General,” to make him an object of ridicule or amusement to his guests. What right had he to call him “General” Bonaparte? He would not be deprived of his dignity by him, nor by any one in the world. He certainly should have condescended to visit Lady Loudon had she been within his limits, as he did not stand upon strict etiquette with a woman, but he should have deemed that he was conferring an honour upon her. He would not consider himself a prisoner of war, but was placed in his present position by the most horrible breach of trust. After a few more words he dismissed the Governor without once more alluding to the house which was the object of the visit. The fate of this unfortunate house may be mentioned here. It was erected after a great many disputes, but was unfortunately surrounded by a sunk fence and ornamental railing. This was immediately connected in Napoleon’s mind with the idea of a fortification; it was impossible to remove the impression that the ditch and palisade were intended to secure his person. As soon as the objection was made known, Sir Hudson Lowe ordered the ground to be levelled and the rails taken away. But before this was quite completed Napoleon’s health was too much destroyed to permit his removal, and the house was never occupied.

Napoleon seems to have felt that he had been too violent in his conduct. He admitted, when at table with his suite a few days after, that he had behaved very ill, and that in any other situation he should blush for what he had done. “I could have wished, for his sake,” he said, “to see him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away.” These few words let us into a good deal of Napoleon’s character: he liked to intimidate, but his vehement language was received with a calmness and resolute forbearance to which he was quite unaccustomed, and he consequently grew more angry as his anger was less regarded.

The specimens here given of the disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe may probably suffice: a great many more are furnished by Las Cases, O’Meara, and other partisans of Napoleon, and even they always make him the aggressor. Napoleon himself in his cooler moments seemed to admit this; after the most violent quarrel with the Governor, that of the 18th of August 1816, which utterly put an end to anything like decent civility between the parties; he allowed that he had used the Governor very ill, that he repeatedly and purposely offended him, and that Sir Hudson Lowe had not in a single instance shown a want of respect, except perhaps that he retired too abruptly.

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Great complaints were made of the scanty way in which the table of the exiles was supplied; and it was again and again alleged by them that they had scarcely anything to eat. The wine, too, was said to be execrable, so bad that in fact it could not be drunk; and, of such stuff as it was, only one bottle a day was allowed to each person—an allowance which Las Cases calls ridiculously small. Thus pressed, but partly for effect, Napoleon resolved to dispose of his plate in monthly proportions; and as he knew that some East India captains had offered as much as a hundred guineas for a single plate, in order to preserve a memorial of him, he determined that what was sold should be broken up, the arms erased, and no trace left which could show that they had ever been his. The only portions left uninjured were the little eagles with which some of the dish-covers were mounted. These last fragments were objects of veneration for the attendants of Napoleon they were looked upon as relics, with a feeling at once melancholy and religious. When the moment came for breaking up the plate Las Cases bears testimony to the painful emotions and real grief produced among the servants. They could not, without the utmost reluctance, bring themselves to apply the hammer to those objects of their veneration.

The island of St. Helena was regularly visited by East India ships on the return voyage, which touched there to take in water, and to leave gunpowder for the use of the garrison. On such occasions there were always persons anxious to pay a visit to the renowned captive. The regulation of those visits was calculated to protect Napoleon from being annoyed by the idle curiosity of strangers, to which he professed a great aversion. Such persons as wished to wait upon him were, in the first place, obliged to apply to the Governor, by whom their names were forwarded to Count Bertrand. This gentleman, as Grand-Marshal of the household, communicated the wishes of those persons to Napoleon, and in case of a favourable reply fixed the hour for an interview.

Those visitors whom Napoleon admitted were chiefly persons of rank and distinction, travellers from distant countries, or men who had distinguished themselves in the scientific world, and who could communicate interesting information in exchange for the gratification they received. Some of those persons who were admitted to interviews with him have published narratives of their conversation, and all agree in extolling the extreme grace, propriety, and appearance of benevolence manifested by Bonaparte while holding these levees. His questions were always put with great tact, and on some subject with which the person interrogated was well acquainted, so as to induce him to bring forth any new or curious information of which he might be possessed.

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Captain Basil Hall, in August 1817, when in command of the Lyra, had an interview with the Emperor, of whom he says: "Bonaparte struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts' I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square—larger, indeed, in every way than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent, though at this period it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed, for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance indicated a frame in perfect health and a mind at ease."

The manner assumed by Napoleon in the occasional interviews he had with such visitors was so very opposite to that which he constantly maintained towards the authorities in whose custody he was placed, that we can scarcely doubt he was acting a part in one of those situations. It was suggested by Mr. Ellis that he either wished, by means of his continual complaints, to keep alive his interest in England, where he flattered himself there was a party favourable to him, or that his troubled mind found an occupation in the annoyance which he caused to the Governor. Every attempt at conciliation on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe furnished fresh causes for irritation. He sent fowling-pieces to Longwood, and the thanks returned were a reply from Napoleon that it was an insult to send fowling-pieces where there was no game. An invitation to a ball was resented vehemently, and descanted upon by the French party as a great offence. Sir Hudson Lowe at one time sent a variety of clothes and other articles received from England which he imagined might be useful at Longwood. Great offence was taken at this; they were treated, they said, like paupers; the articles, ought to have been left at the Governor's house, and a list sent respectfully to the household, stating that such things were at their command if they wanted them.

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An opinion has already been expressed that much of this annoyance was due to the offended pride of Napoleon's attendants, who were at first certainly far more captious than himself. He admitted as much himself on one occasion in a conversation with O'Meara. He said, "Las Cases certainly was greatly irritated against Sir Hudson, and contributed materially towards forming the impressions existing in my mind." He attributed this to the sensitive mind of Las Cases, which he said was peculiarly alive to the ill-treatment Napoleon and himself had been subjected to. Sir Hudson Lowe also felt this, and remarked, like Sir George Cockburn, on more than one occasion, that he always found Napoleon himself more reasonable than the persons about him.

A fertile source of annoyance was the resolution of Napoleon not upon any terms to acknowledge himself a prisoner, and his refusal to submit to such regulations as would render his captivity less burdensome. More than once the attendance of an officer was offered to be discontinued if he would allow himself to be seen once every day, and promise to take no means of escaping. "If he were to give me the whole of the island," said Napoleon, "on condition that I would pledge my word not to attempt an escape, I would not accept it; because it would be equivalent to acknowledging myself a prisoner, although at the same time I would not make the attempt. I am here by force, and not by right. If I had been taken at Waterloo perhaps I might have had no hesitation in accepting it, although even in that case it would be contrary to the law of nations, as now there is no war. If they were to offer me permission to reside in England on similar conditions I would refuse it." The very idea of exhibiting himself to an officer every day, though but for a moment, was repelled with indignation. He even kept loaded pistols to shoot any person who should attempt an intrusion on his privacy. It is stated in a note in O'Meara's journal that "the Emperor was so firmly impressed with the idea that an attempt would be made forcibly to intrude on his privacy, that from a short time after the departure of Sir George Cockburn he always kept four or five pairs of loaded pistols and some swords in his apartment, with which he was determined to despatch the first who entered against his will." It seems this practice was continued to his death.

Napoleon continued to pass the mornings in dictating his Memoirs and the evenings in reading or conversation. He grew fonder of Racine, but his favourite was Corneille. He repeated that, had he lived in his time, he would have made him a prince. He had a distaste to Voltaire, and found considerable fault with his dramas, perhaps justly, as conveying opinions rather than sentiments. He criticised his Mahomet, and said he had made him merely an impostor and a tyrant, without representing him as a great man. This was owing to Voltaire's religious and political antipathies; for those who are free from common prejudices acquire others of their own in their stead, to which they are equally bigoted, and which they bring forward on all occasions. When the evening passed off in conversation without having recourse to books he considered it a point gained.

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Some one having asked the Emperor which was the greatest battle that he had fought, he replied it was difficult to answer that question without inquiring what was implied by the greatest battle. "Mine," continued he, "cannot be judged of separately: they formed a portion of extensive plans. They must therefore be estimated by their consequences. The battle of Marengo, which was so long undecided, procured for us the command of all Italy. Ulm annihilated a whole army; Jena laid the whole Prussian monarchy at our feet; Friedland opened the Russian empire to us; and Eckmuhl decided the fate of a war. The battle of the Moskwa was that in which the greatest talent was displayed, and by which we obtained the fewest advantages. Waterloo, where everything failed, would, had victory crowned our efforts, have saved France and given peace to Europe."

Madame Montholon having inquired what troops he considered the best, "Those which are victorious, madam," replied the Emperor. "But," added he, "soldiers are capricious and inconstant, like you ladies. The best troops were the Carthaginians under Hannibal, the Romans under the Scipios, the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Prussians under Frederick." He thought, however, that the French soldiers were of all others those which could most easily be rendered the best, and preserved so. With my complete guard of 40,000 or 50,000 men I would have undertaken to march through Europe. It is perhaps possible to produce troops as good as those that composed my army of Italy and Austerlitz, but certainly none can ever surpass them."

The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo produced a visible impression on the Emperor. "Incomprehensible day!" said he, dejectedly; "concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy, Ney, D'Erlon—was there treachery or was it merely misfortune? Alas! poor France!" Here he covered his eyes with his hands. "And yet," said he, "all that human skill could do was accomplished! All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded." A short time afterwards, resuming the subject, he exclaimed, "In that extraordinary campaign, thrice, in less than a week, I saw the certain triumph of France slip through my fingers. Had it not been for a traitor I should have annihilated the enemy at the outset of the campaign. I should have destroyed him at Ligny if my left wing had only done its duty. I should have destroyed him again at Waterloo if my right had seconded me. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered."

We shall here give Napoleon's own opinion of the battle of Waterloo. "The plan of the battle," said he, "will not in the eyes of the historian reflect any credit on Lord Wellington as a general. In the first place, he ought not to have given battle with the armies divided. They ought to have been united and encamped before the 15th. In the next, the choice of ground was

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bad; because if he had been beaten he could not have retreated, as there was only one road leading through the forest in his rear. He also committed a fault which might have proved the destruction of all his army, without its ever having commenced the campaign, or being drawn out in battle; he allowed himself to be surprised. On the 15th I was at Charleroi, and had beaten the Prussians without his knowing anything about it. I had gained forty-eight hours of manoeuvres upon him, which was a great object; and if some of my generals had shown that vigour and genius which they had displayed on other occasions, I should have taken his army in cantonments without ever fighting a battle. But they were discouraged, and fancied that they saw an army of 100,000 men everywhere opposed to them. I had not time enough myself to attend to the minutiae of the army. I counted upon surprising and cutting Wellington up in detail. I knew of Bulow's arrival at eleven o'clock, but I did not regard it. I had still eighty chances out of a hundred in my favour. Notwithstanding the great superiority of force against me I was convinced that I should obtain the victory, I had about 70,000 men, of whom 15,000 were cavalry. I had also 260 pieces of cannon; but my troops were so good that I esteemed them sufficient to beat 120,000. Of all those troops, however, I only reckoned the English as being able to cope with my own. The others I thought little of. I believe that of English there were from 35,000 to 40,000. These I esteemed to be as brave and as good as my own troops; the English army was well known latterly on the Continent, and besides, your nation possesses courage and energy. As to the Prussians, Belgians, and others, half the number of my troops, were sufficient to beat them. I only left 34,000 men to take care of the Prussians. The chief causes of the loss of that battle were, first of all, Grouchy's great tardiness and neglect in executing his orders; next, the 'grenadiers a cheval' and the cavalry under General Guyot, which I had in reserve, and which were never to leave me, engaged without orders and without my knowledge; so that after the last charge, when the troops were beaten and the English cavalry advanced, I had not a single corps of cavalry in reserve to resist them, instead of one which I esteemed to be equal to double their own number. In consequence of this the English attacked, succeeded, and all was lost. There was no means of rallying. The youngest general would not have committed the fault of leaving an army entirely without reserve, which, however, occurred here, whether in consequence of treason or not I cannot say. These were the two principal causes of the loss of the battle of Waterloo."

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“If Lord Wellington had intrenched himself,” continued Napoleon, “I would not have attacked him. As a general, his plan did not show talent. He certainly displayed great courage and obstinacy; but a little must be taken away even from that when you consider that he had no means of retreat, and that had he made the attempt not a man of his army would have escaped. First, to the firmness and bravery of his troops, for the English fought with the greatest courage and obstinacy, he is principally indebted for the victory, and not to his own conduct as a general; and next, to the arrival of Blucher, to whom the victory is more to be attributed than to Wellington, and more credit is due as a general; because he, although beaten the day before, assembled his troops, and brought them into action in the evening. I believe, however,” continued Napoleon, “that Wellington is a man of great firmness. The glory of such a victory is a great thing; but in the eye of the historian his military reputation will gain nothing by it.”

“I always had a high opinion of your seamen,” said Napoleon one day to O’Meara, in a conversation arising out of the expedition to Algiers. “When I was returning from Holland along with the Empress Maria Louisa we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen in the place to be assembled that I might be enabled to cross the river. They said that the waters were so high that it would be impossible to pass before two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were English prisoners in the barracks, and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen among them should be brought before me to the banks of the river. The waters were very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats together so that I might pass over. They answered that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the others had pronounced to be impossible, and I crossed before the evening was over. I ordered those who had worked at it to receive a sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty. Marchand was with me at the time.”

In December 1816 Las Cases was compelled to leave St. Helena. He had written a letter to Lucien Bonaparte, and entrusted it to a mulatto servant to be forwarded to Europe. He was detected; and as he was thus endeavouring to carry on (contrary to the regulations of the island) a clandestine correspondence with Europe, Las Cases and his son were sent off, first to the Cape and then to England, where they were only allowed to land to be sent to Dover and shipped off to Ostend.

Not long after their arrival at St. Helena, Madame Bertrand gave birth to a son, and when Napoleon went to visit her she said, “I have the honour of presenting to your Majesty the first French subject who has entered Longwood without the permission of Lord Bathurst.”

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It has been generally supposed that Napoleon was a believer in the doctrine of predestination. The following conversation with Las Cases clearly decides that point. “Pray,” said he, “am I not thought to be given to a belief in predestination?”—“Yes, Sire; at least by many people.”—“Well, well! let them say what they please, one may sometimes be tempted to set a part, and it may occasionally be useful. But what are men? How much easier is it to occupy their attention and to strike their imaginations by absurdities than by rational ideas! But can a man of sound sense listen for one moment to such a doctrine? Either predestination admits the existence of free-will, or it rejects it. If it admits it, what kind of predetermined result can that he which a simple resolution, a step, a word, may alter or modify ad infinitum? If predestination, on the contrary, rejects the existence of free-will it is quite another question; in that case a child need only be thrown into its cradle as soon as it is born, there is no necessity for bestowing the least care upon it, for if it be irrevocably decreed that it is to live, it will grow though no food should be given to it. You see that such a doctrine cannot be maintained; predestination is but a word without meaning. The Turks themselves, the professors of predestination, are not convinced of the doctrine, for in that case medicine would not exist in Turkey, and a man residing in a third floor would not take the trouble of going down stairs, but would immediately throw himself out of the window. You see to what a string of absurdities that will lead?”

The following traits are characteristic of the man. In the common intercourse of life, and his familiar conversation, Napoleon mutilated the names most familiar to him, even French names; yet this would not have occurred on any public occasion. He has been heard many times during his walks to repeat the celebrated speech of Augustus in Corneille’s tragedy, and he has never missed saying, “Take a seat, Sylla,” instead of Cinna. He would frequently create names according to his fancy, and when he had once adopted them they remained fixed in his mind, although they were pronounced properly a hundred times a day in his hearing; but he would have been struck if others had used them as he had altered them. It was the same thing with respect to orthography; in general he did not attend to it, yet if the copies which were made contained any faults of spelling he would have complained of it. One day Napoleon said to Las Cases, “Your orthography is not correct, is it?” This question gave occasion to a sarcastic smile from a person who stood near, who thought it was meant to convey a reproach. The Emperor, who saw this, continued, “At least I suppose it is not, for a man occupied with important public business, a minister, for instance, cannot and need not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them, he has only time to dwell upon essentials; he

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must put words in letters, and phrases in words, and let the scribes make it out afterwards." Napoleon indeed left a great deal for the copyists to do; he was their torment; his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics—he often could not decipher it himself. Las Cases' son was one day reading to him a chapter of The Campaign of Italy; on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the writing. "The little blockhead," said Napoleon, "cannot read his own handwriting."—"It is not mine, Sire."—"And whose, then?"—"Your Majesty's."—"How so, you little rogue; do you mean to insult me?" The Emperor took the manuscript, tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down, saying, "He is right; I cannot tell myself what is written." He has often sent the copyists to Las Cases to read what he had himself been unable to decipher.

We are now approaching the last melancholy epoch of Napoleon's life, when he first felt the ravages of that malady which finally put a period to his existence. Occasional manifestations of its presence had been exhibited for some years, but his usual health always returned after every attack, and its fatal nature was not suspected, although Napoleon himself had several times said that he should die of a scirrhus in the pylorus, the disease which killed his father, and which the physicians of Montpelier declared would be hereditary in his family. About the middle of the year 1818 it was observed that his health grew gradually worse, and it was thought proper by O'Meara to report to the Governor the state in which he was. Even on these occasions Napoleon seized the opportunity for renewing his claim to the title of Emperor. He insisted that the physician should not send any bulletin whatever unless he named him in it by his Imperial designation. O'Meara explained that the instructions of his Government and the orders of Sir Hudson Lowe prohibited him from using the term; but it was in vain. After some difficulty it was agreed upon that the word "patient" should be used instead of the title of General, which caused so much offence, and this substitution got rid of the difficulty.

O'Meara afterwards proposed to call in the assistance of Dr. Baxter, the principal medical officer of the island, but this offer Napoleon refused at once, alleging that, although "it was true he looked like an honest man, he was too much attached to that hangman" (Lows), he also persisted in rejecting the aid of medicine, and determined to take no exercise out-of-doors as long as he should be subjected to the challenge of sentinels. To a representation that his determination might convert a curable to a fatal malady, he replied, "I shall at least have the consolation that my death will be an eternal dishonour to the English nation who sent me to this climate to die under the hands of . . ."

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An important incident in Napoleon's monotonous life was the removal of O'Meara, who had attended him as his physician from the time of his arrival on the island. The removal of this gentleman, was occasioned by the suspicion of similar conduct to that which brought about the dismissal of Las Cases twenty months previously, namely, the carrying on secret correspondence with persons out of the island. Napoleon complained bitterly of the loss of his medical attendant, though he had most assuredly very seldom attended to his advice, and repelled as an insult the proffered assistance of Dr. Baxter, insinuating that the Governor wished to have his life in his power. Some time after Dr. Stokes, a naval surgeon, was called in, but withdrawn and eventually tried by court-martial for furnishing information to the French at Longwood. After this Napoleon expressed his determination to admit no more visits from any English physician whatever, and Cardinal Fesch was requested by the British Ministry to select some physician of reputation in Italy who should be sent to St. Helena to attend on Napoleon. The choice fell on Dr. Antommarchi, a young surgeon, who was accordingly sent to St. Helena in company with two Catholic priests, the Abbes Buonavita and Vignale, and two domestics, in compliance with the wish of Napoleon to that effect. The party reached the island on 10th September 1819.

On his first visit the Emperor overwhelmed Antommarchi with questions concerning his mother and family, the Princess Julie (wife of Joseph), and Las Cases, whom Antommarchi had seen in passing through Frankfort, expatiated with satisfaction on the retreat which he had at one time meditated in Corsica, entered into some discussions with the doctor on his profession, and then directed his attention to the details of his disorder. While he examined the symptoms the Emperor continued his remarks. They were sometimes serious, sometimes lively; kindness, indignation, gaiety, were expressed by turns in his words and in his countenance. "Well, doctor!" he exclaimed, "what is your opinion? Am I to trouble much longer the digestion of Kings?"—"You will survive them, Sire."—"Aye, I believe you; they will not be able to subject to the ban of Europe the fame of our victories, it will traverse ages, it will. proclaim the conquerors and the conquered, those who were generous and those who were not so; posterity will judge, I do not dread its decision."—"This after-life belongs to you of right. Your name will never be repeated with admiration without recalling those inglorious warriors so basely leagued against a single man. But you are not near your end, you have yet a long career to run."—"No, Doctor! I cannot hold out long under this frightful climate."—-"Your excellent constitution is proof against its pernicious effects."—"It once did not yield to the strength of mind with which nature has endowed me, but the transition from a life of action to a complete seclusion has ruined all.

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I have grown fat, my energy is gone, the bow is unstrung." Antommarchi did not try to combat an opinion but too well-founded, but diverted the conversation to another subject. "I resign myself," said Napoleon, "to your direction. Let medicine give the order, I submit to its decisions. I entrust my health to your care. I owe you the detail of the habits I have acquired, of the affections to which I am subject.

"The hours at which I obey the injunctions of nature are in general extremely irregular. I sleep, I eat according to circumstances or the situation in which I am placed; my sleep is ordinarily sound and tranquil. If pain or any accident interrupt it I jump out of bed, call for a light, walk, set to work, and fix my attention on some subject; sometimes I remain in the dark, change my apartment, lie down in another bed, or stretch myself on the sofa. I rise at two, three, or four in the morning; I call for some one to keep me company, amuse myself with recollections or business, and wait for the return of day. I go out as soon as dawn appears, take a stroll, and when the sun shows itself I reenter and go to bed again, where I remain a longer or shorter time, according as the day promises to turn out. If it is bad, and I feel irritation and uneasiness, I have recourse to the method I have just mentioned. I change my posture, pass from my bed to the sofa, from the sofa to the bed, seek and find a degree of freshness. I do not describe to you my morning costume; it has nothing to do with the sufferings I endure, and besides, I do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of your surprise when you see it. These ingenious contrivances carry me on to nine or ten o'clock, sometimes later. I then order the breakfast to be brought, which I take from time to time in my bath, but most frequently in the garden. Either Bertrand or Montholon keep me company, often both of them. Physicians have the right of regulating the table; it is proper that I should give you an account of mine. Well, then, a basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service; half a bottle of claret; which I dilute with a good deal of water, serves me for drink; I drink a little of it pure towards the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret, it is a certain means of giving a fillip to the stomach."

The doctor having expressed his surprise at Napoleon's temperance, he replied, "In my marches with the army of Italy I never failed to put into the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread, and a cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day,—I may even say that I often shared it with others. I thus gained time. I eat fast, masticate little, my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most, but in my present situation what signifies it? I am attacked with a liver complaint, a malady which is general in this horrible climate."

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Antommarchi, having gained his confidence, now became companion as well as physician to the Emperor, and sometimes read with him. He eagerly turned over the newspapers when they arrived, and commented freely on their contents. “It is amusing,” he would say, “to see the sage measures resorted to by the Allies to make people forget my tyranny!” On one occasion he felt more languid than ordinary, and lighting on the ‘Andromache’ of Racine; he took up the book, began to read, but soon let it drop from his hands. He had come to the famous passage where the mother describes her being allowed to see her son once a day.

He was moved, covered his face with his hands, and, saying that he was too much affected, desired to be left alone. He grew calmer, fell asleep, and when he awoke, desired Antommarchi to be called again. He was getting ready to shave, and the doctor was curious to witness the operation. He was in his shirt, his head uncovered, with two valets at his side, one holding the glass and a towel, the other the rest of the apparatus. The Emperor spread the soap over one side of his face, put down the brush, wiped his hands and mouth, took a razor dipped in hot water and shaved the right side with singular dexterity. “Is it done, Noverraz?”—“Yes, Sire.”—“Well, then, face about. Come, villain, quick, stand still.” The light fell on the left side, which, after applying the lather, he shaved in the same manner and with the same dexterity. He drew his hand over his chin. “Raise the glass. Am I quite right?”— “Quite so.”—“Not a hair has escaped me: what say you?”—“No, Sire,” replied the valet de chambre. “No! I think I perceive one. Lift up the glass, place it in a better light. How, rascal! Flattery? You deceive me at St. Helena? On this rock? You, too, are an accomplice.” With this he gave them both a box on the ear, laughed, and joked in the most pleasant manner possible.

An almost incredible instance of the determination of the exiles to make as many enemies as they possibly could was exhibited to Antommarchi on his arrival at Longwood. He states that hefore he was permitted to enter on his functions as surgeon he was required to take an oath that he would not communicate with the English, and that he would more especially avoid giving them the least information respecting the progress of Napoleon’s disorder. He was not allowed to see his illustrious patient until the oath was taken. After exacting such an oath from his physician the attendants of Bonaparte had little right to complain, as they did, that the real state of his disorder was purposely concealed from the world by the English Government. It is more than probable that the constant attempts observed to throw mystery and secrecy around them must have tended to create the suspicion of escape, and to increase the consequent rigour of the regulations maintained by the Governor.

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Soon after the arrival of the priests Napoleon determined, we may suppose partly in jest, to elevate one of them to the dignity of bishop, and he chose for a diocese the Jumna. “The last box brought from Europe had been broken open,” says Antommarchi; “it contained the vases and church ornaments. “Stop,” said Napoleon, “this is the property of St. Peter; have a care who touches it; send for the abbes—but talking of the abbes, do you know that the Cardinal [Fesch] is a poor creature? He sends me missionaries and propagandists, as if I were a penitent, and as if a whole string of their Eminences had not always attended at my chapel. I will do what he ought to have done; I possess the right of investiture, and I shall use it.” Abbe Buonavita was just entering the room, “’I give you the episcopal mitre.’—’Sire!’—’I restore it to you; you shall wear it in spite of the heretics; they will not again take it from you.’— ’But, Sire!’—’I cannot add to it so rich a benefice as that of Valencia, which Suchet had given you, but at any rate your see shall be secure from the chances of battles. I appoint you Bishop of—let me see—of the Jumna. The vast countries through which that river flows were on the point of entering into alliance with me—all was in readiness, all were going to march. We were about to give the finishing blow to England.” The speech concluded with an order to Count Montholon to procure the necessary dress for the abbe in order to strike with awe all the heretics. The upshot of the whole was, that the scarlet and violet coloured clothes necessary to furnish the new bishop with the only valuable portion of his temporalities, his dress, could not be procured in the island, and the abbe remained an abbe in spite of the investiture, and the whole farce was forgotten.

We occasionally see the Exile in better moods, when he listened to the voice of reason, and thought less of the annoyances inseparable from the state to which his ambition, or as he himself always averred, his destiny, had reduced him. He had for a long time debarred himself from all exercise, having, as he expressed it, determined not to expose himself to the insult of being accompanied on his ride by a British officer; or the possibility of being challenged by a sentinel. One day when he complained of his inactive life his medical attendant recommended the exercise of digging the ground; the idea was instantly seized upon by Napoleon with his characteristic ardour. Noverraz, his chasseur, who had been formerly accustomed to rural occupations, was honoured with the title of head gardener, and under his directions Napoleon proceeded to work with great vigour. He sent for Antommarchi to witness his newly acquired dexterity in the use of the spade. “Well, Doctor,” said he to him, “are you satisfied with your patient—is he obedient enough? This is better than your pills, Dottoraccio; you shall not physic me any more.” At first he soon got fatigued, and complained much of the weakness of his

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body and delicacy of his hands; but “never mind,” said he, “I have always accustomed my body to bend to my will, and I shall bring it to do so now, and inure it to the exercise.” He soon grew fond of his new employment, and pressed all the inhabitants of Longwood into the service. Even the ladies had great difficulty to avoid being set to work. He laughed at them, urged them, entreated them, and used all his arts of persuasion, particularly with Madame Bertrand. He assured her that the exercise of gardening was much better than all the doctor’s prescriptions—that it was in fact one of his prescriptions. But in this instance his eloquence failed in its effect, and he was obliged, though with much reluctance, to desist from his attempts to make lady gardeners.

But in recompense he had willing labourers on the part of the gentlemen. Antommarchi says, “The Emperor urged us, excited us, and everything around us soon assumed a different aspect. Here was an excavation, there a basin or a road. We made alleys, grottoes, cascades; the appearance of the ground had now some life and diversity. We planted willows, oaks, peach-trees, to give a little shade round the house. Having completed the ornamental part of our labours we turned to the useful. We divided the ground, we manured it, and sowed it with abundance of beans, peas, and every vegetable that grows in the island.” In the course of their labours they found that a tank would be of great use to hold water, which might be brought by pipes from a spring at a distance of 3000 feet.

For this laborious attempt it was absolutely necessary to procure additional forces, and a party of Chinese, of whom there are many on the island, was engaged to help them. These people were much amused at Napoleon’s working-dress, which was a jacket and large trousers, with an enormous straw hat to shield him from the sun, and sandals. He pitied those poor fellows who suffered from the heat of the sun, and made each of them a present of a large hat like his own. After much exertion the basin was finished, the pipes laid, and the water began to flow into it. Napoleon stocked his pond with gold-fish, which he placed in it with his own hands. He would remain by the pond for hours together, at a time when he was so weak that he could hardly support himself. He would amuse himself by following the motion of the fishes, throwing bread to them, studying their ways, taking an interest in their loves and their quarrels, and endeavouring with anxiety to find out points of resemblance between their motives and those of mankind. He often sent for his attendants to communicate his remarks to them, and directed their observations to any peculiarities he had observed. His favourites at last sickened, they struggled, floated on the water, and died one after another. He was deeply affected by this, and remarked to Antommarchi, “You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Everything I love, everything that helongs to me, is immediately struck: heaven and mankind unite to persecute me.” From this time he visited them daily in spite of sickness or bad weather, nor did his anxiety diminish until it was discovered that a coppery cement, with which the bottom of the basin was

plastered, had poisoned the water. The fish which were not yet dead were then taken out and put into a tub.

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Napoleon appears to have taken peculiar interest in observing the instincts of animals, and comparing their practices and propensities with those of men. A rainy day, during which the digging of the tank could not be proceeded with, gave occasion for some observations on the actions of a number of ants, which had made a way into his bedroom, climbed upon a table on which some sugar usually stood, and taken possession of the sugar-basin. He would not allow the industrious little insects to be disturbed in their plans; but he now and then moved the sugar, followed their manoeuvres, and admired the activity and industry they displayed until they found it again; this they had been sometimes even two or three days in effecting, though they always succeeded at last. He then surrounded the basin with water, but the ants still reached it; he finally employed vinegar, and the insects were unable to get through the new obstacle.

But the slight activity of mind that now remained to him was soon to be exchanged for the languor and gloom of sickness, with but few intervals between positive suffering and the most distressing lowness of spirits. Towards the end of the year 1820 he walked with difficulty, and required assistance even to reach a chair in his garden. He became nearly incapable of the slightest action; his legs swelled; the pains in his side and back were increased; he was troubled with nausea, profuse sweats, loss of appetite, and was subject to frequent faintings. “Here I am, Doctor,” said he one day, “at my last cast. No more energy and strength left: I bend under the load . . . I am going. I feel that my hour is come.”

Some days after, as he lay on his couch, he feelingly expressed to Antommarchi the vast change which had taken place within him. He recalled for a few moments the vivid recollection of past times, and compared his former energy with the weakness which he was then sinking under.

The news of the death of his sister Elisa also affected him deeply. After a struggle with his feelings, which had nearly overpowered him, he rose, supported himself on Antommarchi’s arm; and regarding him steadfastly, said, “Well, Doctor! you see Elisa has just shown me the way. Death, which seemed to have forgotten my family, has begun to strike it; my turn cannot be far off. What think you?”—“Your Majesty is in no danger: you are still reserved for some glorious enterprise.”— “Ah, Doctor! I have neither strength nor activity nor energy; I am no longer Napoleon. You strive in vain to give me hopes, to recall life ready to expire. Your care can do nothing in spite of fate: it is immovable: there is no appeal from its decisions. The next person of our family who will follow Elisa to the tomb is that great Napoleon who hardly exists, who bends under the yoke, and who still, nevertheless keeps Europe in alarm. Behold, my good friend, how I look on my situation! As for me, all is over: I repeat it to you, my days will soon close

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on this miserable rock."—"We returned," says Antommarchi, "into his chamber. Napoleon lay down' in bed. 'Close my windows,' he said; leave me to myself; I will send for you by-and-by. What a delightful thing rest is! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world! What an alteration! How I am fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged into a lethargic stupor, so that it requires an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered, but then I was *Napoleon*—-now I am no longer anything. My strength—my faculties forsake me. I do not live—I merely exist.'"

From this period the existence of Napoleon was evidently drawing to a close his days were counted. Whole hours, and even days, were either passed in gloomy silence or spent in pain, accompanied by distressing coughs, and all the melancholy signs of the approach of death. He made a last effort to ride a few miles round Longwood on the 22d of January 1821, but it exhausted his strength, and from that time his only exercise was in the calash. Even that slight motion soon became too fatiguing.

He now kept his room, and no longer stirred out. His disorder and his weakness increased upon him. He still was able to eat something, but very little, and with a worse appetite than ever. "Ah! doctor," he exclaimed, "how I suffer! Why did the cannon-balls spare me only to die in this deplorable manner? I that was so active, so alert, can now scarcely raise my eyelids!"

His last airing was on the 17th of March. The disease increased, and Antommarchi, who was much alarmed, obtained with some difficulty permission to see an English physician. He held a consultation, on the 26th of March, with Dr. Arnott of the 20th Regiment; but Napoleon still refused to take medicine, and often repeated his favourite saying: "Everything that must happen is written down our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to take from time a portion which nature refuses us." He continued to grow worse, and at last consented to see Dr. Arnott, whose first visit was on the 1st of April He was introduced into the chamber of the patient, which was darkened, and into which Napoleon did not suffer any light to be brought, examined his pulse and the other symptoms, and was requested to repeat his visit the next day. Napoleon was now within a month of his death, and although he occasionally spoke with the eloquence and vehemence he had so often exhibited, his mind was evidently giving way. The reported appearance of a comet was taken as a token of his death. He was excited, and exclaimed with emotion, "A comet! that was the precursor of the death of Caesar."

On the 3d of April the symptoms of the disorder had become so alarming that Antommarchi informed Bertrand and Montholon he thought Napoleon's danger imminent, and that Napoleon ought to take steps to put his affairs in order. He was now attacked by fever and by violent thirst, which often interrupted his sleep in the night. On

the 14th Napoleon found himself in better spirits, and talked with Dr. Arnott on the merits of Marlborough, whose Campaigns he desired him to present to the 20th Regiment, learning that they did not, possess a copy in their library.

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On the 15th of April Napoleon's doors were closed to all but Montholon and Marchand, and it appeared that he had been making his Will. On the 19th he was better, was free from pain, sat up, and ate a little. He was in good spirits, and wished them to read to him. As General Montholon with the others expressed his satisfaction at this improvement he smiled gently, and said, "You deceive yourselves, my friends: I am, it is true, somewhat better, but I feel no less that my end draws near. When I am dead you will have the agreeable consolation of returning to Europe. One will meet his relations, another his friends; and as for me, I shall behold my brave companions-in-arms in the Elysian Fields. Yes," he went on, raising his voice, "Kleber, Desaix, Bessieres, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, all will come to greet me: they will talk to me of what we have done together. I will recount to them the latest events of my life. On seeing me they will become once more intoxicated with enthusiasm and glory. We will discourse of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Caesar, and Frederick—there will be a satisfaction in that: unless," he added, laughing bitterly, "they should be alarmed below to see so many warriors assembled together!"

He addressed Dr. Arnott, who came in while he was speaking, on the treatment he had received from England said that she had violated every sacred right in making him prisoner, that he should have been much better treated in Russia, Austria, or even Prussia; that he was sent to the horrible rock of St. Helena on purpose to die; that he had been purposely placed on the most uninhabitable spot of that inhospitable island, and kept six years a close prisoner, and that Sir Hudson Lowe was his executioner. He concluded with these words: "You will end like the proud republic of Venice; and I, dying upon this dreary rock, away from those I hold dear, and deprived of everything, bequeath the opprobrium and horror of my death to the reigning family of England."

On the 21st Napoleon gave directions to the priest who was in attendance as to the manner in which he would be placed to lie in state after his death; and finding his religious attendant had never officiated in such a solemnity he gave the most minute instructions for the mode of conducting it. He afterwards declared that he would die, as he was born a Catholic, and desired that mass should be said by his body, and the customary ceremonies should be performed every day until his burial. The expression of his face was earnest and convulsive; he saw Antommarchi watching the contractions which he underwent, when his eye caught some indication that displeased him. "You are above these weaknesses; but what would you have? I am neither philosopher nor physician. I believe in God; I am of the religion of my fathers; every one cannot be an atheist who pleases." Then turning to the priest—"I was born in the Catholic religion. I wish to fulfil the

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duties which it imposes, and to receive the succour which it administers. You will say mass every day in the adjoining chapel, and you will expose the Holy Sacrament for forty hours. After I am dead you will place your altar at my head in the funeral chamber; you will continue to celebrate mass, and perform all the customary ceremonies; you will not cease till I am laid in the ground." The Abbe (Vignale) withdrew; Napoleon reproved his fellow-countryman for his supposed incredulity. "Can you carry it to this point? Can you disbelieve in God? Everything proclaims His existence; and, besides, the greatest minds have thought so."—"But, Sire, I have never called it in question. I was attending to the progress of the fever: your Majesty fancied you saw in my features an expression which they had not."— "You are a physician, Doctor," he replied laughingly; "these folks," he added, half to himself, "are conversant only with matter; they will believe in nothing beyond."

In the afternoon of the 25th he was better; but being left alone, a sudden fancy possessed him to eat. He called for fruits, wine, tried a biscuit, then swallowed some champagne, seized a bunch of grapes, and burst into a fit of laughter as soon as he saw Antommarchi return. The physician ordered away the dessert, and found fault with the maitre d'hotel; but the mischief was done, the fever returned and became violent. The Emperor was now on his death-bed, but he testified concern for every one. He asked Antommarchi if 500 guineas would satisfy the English physician, and if he himself would like to serve Maria Louisa in quality of a physician? "She is my wife, the first Princess in Europe, and after me you should serve no one else." Antommarchi expressed his acknowledgments. The fever continued unabated, with violent thirst and cold in the feet. On the 27th he determined to remove from the small chamber into the salon. They were preparing to carry him. "No," he said, "not until I am dead; for the present it will be sufficient if you support me."

Between the 27th and 28th the Emperor passed a very bad night; the fever increased, coldness spread over his limbs, his strength was quite gone. He spoke a few words of encouragement to Antommarchi; then in a tone of perfect calmness and composure he delivered to him the following instructions: "After my death, which cannot be far off, I wish you to open my body: I wish also, nay, I require, that you will not suffer any English physician to touch me. If, however, you find it indispensable to have some one to assist you, Dr. Arnott is the only one I am willing you should employ. I am desirous, further, that you should take out my heart, that you put it in spirits of wine, and that you carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa: you will tell her how tenderly I have loved her, that I have never ceased to love her; and you will report to her all that you have witnessed, all that relates to my situation and

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my death. I recommend you, above all, carefully to examine my stomach, to make an. exact detailed report of it, which you will convey to my son. The vomitings which succeed each other without intermission lead me to suppose that the stomach is the one of my organs which is the most deranged, and I am inclined to believe that it is affected with the disease which conducted my father to the grave,—I mean a cancer in the lower stomach. What think you?" His physician hesitating, he continued—"I have not doubted this since I found the sickness become frequent and obstinate. It is nevertheless well worthy of remark that I have always had a stomach of iron, that I have felt no inconvenience from this organ till latterly, and that whereas my father was fond of high-seasoned dishes and spirituous liquors, I have never been able to make use of them. Be it as it may, I entreat, I charge you to neglect nothing in such an examination, in order that when you see my son you may communicate the result of your observations to him, and point out the most suitable remedies. When I am no more you will repair to Rome; you will find out my mother and my family. You will give them an account of all you have observed relative to my situation, my disorder, and my death on this remote and miserable rock; you will tell them that the great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, wanting everything, abandoned to himself and his glory." It was ten in the forenoon; after this the fever abated, and he fell into a sort of doze.

The Emperor passed a very bad night, and could not sleep. He grew light-headed and talked incoherently; still the fever had abated in its violence. Towards morning the hiccough began to torment him, the fever increased, and he became quite delirious. He spoke of his complaint, and called upon Baxter (the Governor's physician) to appear, to come and see the truth of his reports. Then all at once fancying O'Meara present, he imagined a dialogue between them, throwing a weight of odium on the English policy. The fever having subsided, his hearing became distinct; he grew calm, and entered into some further conversation on what was to be done after his death. He felt thirsty, and drank a large quantity of cold water. "If fate should determine that I shall recover, I would raise a monument on the spot where this water gushes out: I would crown the fountain in memory of the comfort which it has afforded me. If I die, and they should not proscribe my remains as they have proscribed my person, I should desire to be buried with my ancestors in the cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. But if I am not allowed to repose where I was born, why, then, let them bury me at the spot where this fine and refreshing water flows." This request was afterwards complied with.

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He remained nearly in the same state for some days. On the 1st of May he was delirious nearly all day, and suffered dreadful vomitings. He took two small biscuits and a few drops of red wine. On the 2d he was rather quieter, and the alarming symptoms diminished a little. At 2 P.M., however, he had a paroxysm of fever, and became again delirious. He talked to himself of France, of his dear son, of some of his old companions-in-arms. At times he was evidently in imagination on the field of battle. "Stengel!" he cried; "Desaix! Massena! Ah! victory is declaring itself! run—rush forward —press the charge!—they are ours!"

"I was listening," says Dr. Antommarchi, "and following the progress of that painful agony in the deepest distress, when Napoleon, suddenly collecting his strength, jumped on the floor, and would absolutely go down into the garden to take a walk. I ran to receive him in my arms, but his legs bent under the weight of his body; he fell backwards, and I had the mortification of being unable to prevent his falling. We raised him up and entreated him to get into bed again; but he did not recognise anybody, and began to storm and fall into a violent passion. He was unconscious, and anxiously desired to walk in the garden. In the course of the day, however, he became more collected, and again spoke of his disease, and the precise anatomical examination he wished to be made of his body after death. He had a fancy that this might be useful to his son." "The physicians of Montpelier," he said to Antommarchi, "announced that the scirrhosis in the pylorus would be hereditary in my family; their report is, I believe, in the hands of my brother Louis; ask for it and compare it with your own observations on my case, in order that my son may be saved from this cruel disease. You will see him, Doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to do, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you." Later in the day he said, "Doctor, I am very ill—I feel that I am going to die."

The last time Napoleon spoke, except to utter a few short unconnected words, was on the 3d of May. It was in the afternoon, and he had requested his attendants, in case of his losing consciousness, not to allow any English physician to approach him except Dr. Arnott. "I am going to die," said he, "and you to return to Europe; I must give you some advice as to the line of conduct you are to pursue. You have shared my exile, you will be faithful to my memory, and will not do anything that may injure it. I have sanctioned all proper principles, and infused them into my laws and acts; I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred; I could not unbend the bow; and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence; she feels grateful for my intentions; she cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example, be faithful to the opinions we have defended, and to the glory we have acquired: any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

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From this moment it does not appear that Napoleon showed any signs of understanding what was going forward around him. His weakness increased every moment, and a harassing hiccough continued until death took place. The day before that event a fearful tempest threatened to destroy everything about Longwood. The plantations were torn up by the roots, and it was particularly remarked that a willow, under which Napoleon usually sat to enjoy the fresh air, had fallen. "It seemed," says Antommarchi, "as if none of the things the Emperor valued were to survive him." On the day of his death Madame Bertrand, who had not left his bedside, sent for her children to take a last farewell of Napoleon. The scene which ensued was affecting: the children ran to the bed, kissed the hands of Napoleon, and covered them with tears. One of the children fainted, and all had to be carried from the spot. "We all," says Antommarchi, "mixed our lamentations with theirs: we all felt the same anguish, the same cruel foreboding of the approach of the fatal instant, which every minute accelerated." The favourite valet, Noverraz, who had been for some time very ill, when he heard of the state in which Napoleon was, caused himself to be carried downstairs, and entered the apartment in tears. He was with great difficulty prevailed upon to leave the room: he was in a delirious state, and he fancied his master was threatened with danger, and was calling upon him for assistance: he said he would not leave him but would fight and die for him. But Napoleon was now insensible to the tears of his servants; he had scarcely spoken for two days; early in the morning he articulated a few broken sentences, among which the only words distinguishable were, "tete d'armee," the last that ever left his lips, and which indicated the tenor of his fancies. The day passed in convulsive movements and low moanings, with occasionally a loud shriek, and the dismal scene closed just before six in the evening. A slight froth covered his lips, and he was no more.

After he had been dead about six hours Antommarchi had the body carefully washed and laid out on another bed. The executors then proceeded to examine two codicils which were directed to be opened immediately after the Emperor's decease. The one related to the gratuities which he intended out of his private purse for the different individuals of his household, and to the alms which he wished to be distributed among the poor of St. Helena; the other contained his last wish that "his ashes should repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well." The executors notified this request to the Governor, who stated that his orders were that the body was to, remain on the island. On the next day, after taking a plaster cast of the face of Napoleon, Antommarchi proceeded to open the body in the presence of Sir Thomas Reade, some staff officers, and eight medical men.

The Emperor had intended his hair (which was of a chestnut colour) for presents to the different members of his family, and it was cut off and kept for this purpose.

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He had grown considerably thinner in person during the last few months. After his death his face and body were pale, but without alteration or anything of a cadaverous appearance. His physiognomy was fine, the eyes fast closed, and you would have said that the Emperor was not dead, but in a profound sleep. His mouth retained its expression of sweetness, though one side was contracted into a bitter smile. Several scars were seen on his body. On opening it it was found that the liver was not affected, but that there was that cancer of the stomach which he had himself suspected, and of which his father and two of his sisters died. This painful examination having been completed, Antommarchi took out the heart and placed it in a silver vase filled with spirits of wine; he then directed the valet de chambre to dress the body as he had been accustomed in the Emperor's lifetime, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour across the breast, in the green uniform of a colonel of the Chasseurs of the Guard, decorated with the orders of the Legion of Honour and of the Iron Crown, long boots with little spurs, finally, his three cornered hat. Thus habited, Napoleon was removed in the afternoon of the 6th out of the hall, into which the, crowd rushed immediately. The linen which had been employed in the dissection of the body, though stained with blood, was eagerly seized, torn in pieces, and distributed among the bystanders.

Napoleon lay in state in his little bedroom which had been converted into a funeral chamber. It was hung with black cloth brought from the town. This circumstance first apprised the inhabitants of his death. The corpse, which had not been embalmed, and which was of an extraordinary whiteness, was placed on one of the campbeds, surrounded with little white curtains, which served for a sarcophagus. The blue cloak which Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo covered it. The feet and the hands were free; the sword on the left side, and a crucifix on the breast. At some distance was the silver vase containing the heart and stomach, which were not allowed to be removed. At the back of the head was an altar, where the priest in his stole and surplice recited the customary prayers. All the individuals of Napoleon's suite, officers and domestics, dressed in mourning, remained standing on the left. Dr. Arnott had been charged to see that no attempt was made to convey away the body.

For some-hours the crowd had besieged the doors; they were admitted, and beheld the inanimate remains of Napoleon in respectful silence. The officers of the 20th and 66th Regiments were admitted first, then the others. The following day (the 7th) the throng was greater. Antommarchi was not allowed to take the heart of Napoleon to Europe with him; he deposited that and the stomach in two vases, filled with alcohol and hermetically sealed, in the corners of the coffin in which the corpse was laid. This was a shell of zinc lined with white satin, in which

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was a mattress furnished with a pillow. There not being room for the hat to remain on his head, it was placed at his feet, with some eagles, pieces of French money coined during his reign, a plate engraved with his arms, *etc*. The coffin was closed, carefully soldered up, and then fixed in another case of mahogany, which was enclosed in a third made of lead, which last was fastened in a fourth of mahogany, which was sealed up and fastened with screws. The coffin was exhibited in the same place as the body had been, and was also covered with the cloak that Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The funeral was ordered for the morrow, 8th May, and the troops were to attend in the morning by break of day.

This took place accordingly: the Governor arrived first, the Rear-Admiral soon after, and shortly all the authorities, civil and military, were assembled at Longwood. The day was fine, the people crowded the roads, music resounded from the heights; never had spectacle so sad and solemn been witnessed in these remote regions. At half-past twelve the grenadiers took hold of the coffin, lifted it with difficulty, and succeeded in removing it into the great walk in the garden, where the hearse awaited them. It was placed in the carriage, covered with a pall of violet-coloured velvet, and with the cloak which the hero wore at Marengo. The Emperor's household were in mourning. The cavalcade was arranged by order of the Governor in the following manner: The Abbe Vignale in his sacerdotal robes, with young Henry Bertrand at his side, bearing an aspersorium; Doctors Arnott and Antommarchi, the persons entrusted with the superintendence of the hearse, drawn by four horses, led by grooms, and escorted by twelve grenadiers without arms, on each side; these last were to carry the coffin on their shoulders as soon as the ruggedness of the road prevented the hearse from advancing; young Napoleon Bertrand, and Marchand, both on foot, and by the side of the hearse; Counts Bertrand and Montholon on horseback close behind the hearse; a part of the household of the Emperor; Countess Bertrand with her daughter Hortense, in a calash drawn by two horses led by hand by her domestics, who walked by the side of the precipice; the Emperor's horse led by his piqueur Archambaud; the officers of marine on horseback and on foot; the officers of the staff on horse-back; the members of the council of the island in like manner; General Coffin and the Marquis Montchenu on horseback; the Rear-Admiral and the Governor on horseback; the inhabitants of the island.

The train set out in this order from Longwood, passed by the barracks, and was met by the garrison, about 2500 in number, drawn up on the left of the road as far as Hut's Gate. Military bands placed at different distances added still more, by the mournful airs which they played, to the striking solemnity of the occasion. When the train had passed the troops followed and accompanied it to the burying-place.

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The dragoons marched first. Then came the 20th Regiment of infantry, the marines, the 66th, the volunteers of St. Helena, and lastly, the company of Royal Artillery, with fifteen pieces of cannon. Lady Lowe and her daughter were at the roadside at Hut's Gate, in an open carriage drawn by two horses. They were attended by some domestics in mourning, and followed the procession at a distance. The fifteen pieces of artillery were ranged along the road, and the gunners were at their posts ready to fire. Having advanced about a quarter of a mile beyond Hut's Gate the hearse stopped, the troops halted and drew up in line of battle by the roadside. The grenadiers then raised the coffin on their shoulders and bore it thus to the place of interment, by the new route which had been made on purpose on the declivity of the mountain. All the attendants alighted, the ladies descended from their carriages, and the procession followed the corpse without observing any regular order.

Counts Bertrand and Montholon, Marchand and young Napoleon Bertrand, carried the four corners of the pall. The coffin was laid down at the side of the tomb, which was hung with black. Near were seen the cords and pulleys which were to lower it into the earth. The coffin was then uncovered, the Abbe Vignale repeated the usual prayers, and the body was let down into the grave with the feet to the east. The artillery then fired three salutes in succession of fifteen discharges each. The Admiral's vessel had fired during the procession twenty-five minute guns from time to time. A huge stone, which was to have been employed in the building of the new house of the Emperor, was now used to close his grave, and was lowered till it rested on a strong stone wall so as not to touch the coffin. While the grave was closed the crowd seized upon the willows, which the former presence of Napoleon had already rendered objects of veneration. Every one was ambitious to possess a branch or some leaves of these trees which were henceforth to shadow the tomb of this great man, and to preserve them as a precious relic of so memorable a scene. The Governor and Admiral endeavoured to prevent this outrage, but in vain. The Governor, however, surrounded the spot afterwards with a barricade, where he placed a guard to keep off all intruders. The tomb of the Emperor was about a league from Longwood. It was of a quadrangular shape, wider at top than at bottom; the depth about twelve feet. The coffin was placed on two strong pieces of wood, and was detached in its whole circumference.

The companions of Napoleon returned to France, and the island gradually resumed its former quiet state, while the willows weeping over the grave guarded the ashes of the man for whom Europe had been all too small.

ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

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A sect cannot be destroyed by cannon-balls
Ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent
Absurdity of interfering with trifles
Admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do
Always proposing what he knew could not be honourably acceded to
An old man’s blessing never yet harmed any one
Animated by an unlucky zeal
Buried for the purpose of being dug up
Calumny such powerful charms
Cause of war between the United States and England
Conquest can only be regarded as the genius of destruction
Demand everything, that you may obtain nothing
Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection
Every time we go to war with them we teach them how to beat us
Every one cannot be an atheist who pleases
Go to England. The English like wrangling politicians
God in his mercy has chosen Napoleon to be his representative on earth
Grew more angry as his anger was less regarded
Had neither learned nor forgotten anything
I have made sovereigns, but have not wished to be one myself
I do not live—I merely exist
Ideologues
Immortality is the recollection one leaves
Kings feel they are born general: whatever else they cannot do
Kiss the feet of Popes provided their hands are tied
Let women mind their knitting
Malice delights to blacken the characters of prominent men
Manufacturers of phrases
More glorious to merit a sceptre than to possess one
Most celebrated people lose on a close view
Necessary to let men and things take their course
Nothing is changed in France: there is only one Frenchman more
Put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans
Religion is useful to the Government
Rights of misfortune are always sacred
Something so seductive in popular enthusiasm
Strike their imaginations by absurdities than by rational ideas
Submit to events, that he might appear to command them
Tendency to sell the skin of the bear before killing him
That consolation which is always left to the discontented
The boudoir was often stronger than the cabinet
The wish and the reality were to him one and the same thing
Those who are free from common prejudices acquire others

To leave behind him no traces of his existence
Treaties of peace no less disastrous than the wars
Treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual
Trifles honoured with too much attention
Were made friends of lest they should become enemies
When a man has so much money he cannot have got it honestly
Would enact the more in proportion as we yield
Yield to illusion when the truth was not satisfactory

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON, Complete

By *constant*

PREMIER VALET DE CHAMBRE

TRANSLATED BY WALTER CLARK

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1895

PREFACE.

Though this work was first published in 1830, it has never before been translated into English. Indeed, the volumes are almost out of print. When in Paris a few years ago the writer secured, with much difficulty, a copy, from which this translation has been made. Notes have been added by the translator, and illustrations by the publishers, which, it is believed, will enhance the interest of the original work by Constant.

“To paint Caesar in undress is not to paint Caesar,” some one has said. Yet men will always like to see the great ‘en deshabille’. In these volumes the hero is painted in undress. His foibles, his peculiarities, his vices, are here depicted without reserve. But so also are his kindness of heart, his vast intellect, his knowledge of men, his extraordinary energy, his public spirit. The shutters are taken down, and the workings of the mighty machinery are laid bare.

The late Prince Napoleon (who was more truly “the nephew of his uncle” than was Napoleon *iii*.), in his Napoleon and His Detractors, bitterly assails this work of Constants attacking both its authenticity and the correctness of its statements. But there appears no good reason to doubt its genuineness, and the truthfulness of many of its details is amply supported by other authorities. Notwithstanding its excesses and follies, the great French Revolution will ever have an absorbing interest for mankind, because it began as a struggle for the advancement of the cause of manhood, liberty, and equal rights. It was a terribly earnest movement; and, after the lapse of a century, interest continues unabated in the great soldier who restored order, and organized and preserved the new ideas by means of his Civil Code and a firm government.

Countless memoirs have been published by those who lived in those heroic times. Yet everything which will cast new light upon the chief actors in that great drama of humanity is still seized upon with avidity, especially whatever concerns the Emperor.

This is not merely because he was a great conqueror; for such were, after their fashion, Genghis Khan and Timour, and hundreds of others. But it is because of the human interest which attaches to the wonderful career of Napoleon and the events of which he was the central figure.

Never did poet or novelist imagine scenes so improbable. The son of an obscure lawyer in an unimportant island becomes Emperor of the French and King of Italy. His brothers and sisters become kings and queens. The sons of innkeepers, notaries; lawyers, and peasants become marshals of the empire. The Emperor, first making a West India Creole his wife and Empress, puts her away, and marries a daughter of the

haughtiest and oldest royal house in Europe, the niece of a queen whom the people of France had beheaded a few years before. Their son is born a king—King

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of Rome. Then suddenly the pageantry dissolves, and Emperor, kings, and queens become subjects again. Has imagination ever dreamed anything wilder than this? The dramatic interest of this story will always attract, but there is a deeper one. The secret spring of all those rapid changes, and the real cause of the great interest humanity will always feel in the story of those eventful times, is to be found in Napoleon's own explanation—"A career open to talents, without distinction of birth." Till that day the accident of birth was the key to every honor and every position. No man could hold even a lieutenancy in the army who could not show four quarterings on his coat of arms.

It was as the "armed apostle of democracy" that Napoleon went forth conquering and to conquer. He declared at St. Helena that he "had always marched supported by the opinions of six millions of men."

The old woman who met him incognito climbing the hill of Tarare, and replying to his assertion that "Napoleon was only a tyrant like the rest," exclaimed, "It may be so, but the others are the kings of the nobility, while he is one of us, and we have chosen him ourselves," expressed a great truth. As long as Napoleon represented popular sovereignty he was invincible; but when, deeming himself strong enough to stand alone, he endeavored to conciliate the old order of things, and, divorcing the daughter of the people, took for a bride the daughter of kings and allied himself with them—at that moment, like another Samson, "his strength departed from him." Disasters came as they had come to him before, but this time the heart of the people was no longer with him. He fell.

This man has been studied as a soldier, a statesman, an organizer, a politician. In all he was undeniably great. But men will always like to know something about him as a man. Can he stand that ordeal? These volumes will answer that question. They are written by one who joined the First Consul at the Hospice on Mt. St. Bernard, on his way to Marengo, in June, 1800, and who was with him as his chief personal attendant, day and night, never leaving him "any more than his shadow" (eight days only) excepted until that eventful day, fourteen years later, when, laying aside the sceptre of the greatest empire the world had known for seventeen centuries, he walked down the horseshoe steps at Fontainebleau in the presence of the soldiers whom he had led to victory from Madrid to Moscow, once more a private citizen.

That men of Anglo-Saxon speech may have an opportunity to see and judge the Emperor from "close at hand," and view him as he appeared in the eyes of his personal attendants, these volumes have been translated, and are now submitted to the public. Though the remark of Frederick the Great that "No man is a hero to his valet" is not altogether borne out in this instance, still it will be seen that there is here nothing of that "divinity which doth hedge a king." In these volumes Napoleon appears as a man, a very great man, still a mere man, not, a demigod. Their perusal will doubtless lead to a

truer conception of his character, as manifested both in his good and in his evil traits. The former were natural to him; the latter were often produced by the exceptional circumstances which surrounded him, and the extraordinary temptations to which he was subjected.

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Certainly a truer and fuller light is cast by these volumes, upon the colossal figure which will always remain one of the most interesting studies in all human history.

The translator.

INTRODUCTION.

By Constant.

The career of a man compelled to make his own way, who is not an artisan or in some trade, does not usually begin till he is about twenty years of age. Till then he vegetates, uncertain of his future, neither having, nor being able to have, any well-defined purpose. It is only when he has arrived at the full development of his powers, and his character and bent of mind are shown, that he can determine his profession or calling. Not till then does he know himself, and see his way open before him. In fact, it is only then that he begins to live.

Reasoning in this manner, my life from my twentieth year has been thirty years, which can be divided into equal parts, so far as days and months are counted, but very unequal parts, considering the events which transpired in each of those two periods of my life.

Attached to the person of the Emperor Napoleon for fifteen years, I have seen all the men, and witnessed all the important events, which centered around him. I have seen far more than that; for I have had under my eyes all the circumstances of his life, the least as well as the greatest, the most secret as well as those which are known to history,—I have had, I repeat, incessantly under my eyes the man whose name, solitary and alone, fills the most glorious pages of our history. Fifteen years I followed him in his travels and his campaigns, was at his court, and saw him in the privacy of his family. Whatever step he wished to take, whatever order he gave, it was necessarily very difficult for the Emperor not to admit me, even though involuntarily, into his confidence; so that without desiring it, I have more than once found myself in the possession of secrets I should have preferred not to know. What wonderful things happened during those fifteen years! Those near the Emperor lived as if in the center of a whirlwind; and so quick was the succession of overwhelming events, that one felt dazed, as it were, and if he wished to pause and fix his attention for a moment, there instantly came, like another flood, a succession of events which carried him along with them without giving him time to fix his thoughts.

Succeeding these times of activity which made one’s brain whirl, there came to me the most absolute repose in an isolated retreat where I passed another interval of fifteen years after leaving the Emperor. But what a contrast! To those who have lived, like myself, amid the conquests and wonders of the Empire, what is left to-day? If the

strength of our manhood was passed amid the bustle of years so short, yet so fully occupied, our careers were sufficiently long and fruitful, and it is time to give ourselves up to repose. We can withdraw from the world, and close our eyes. Can it be possible to see anything equal to what we have seen? Such scenes do not come twice in the lifetime of any man; and having seen them, they suffice to occupy his memory through all his remaining years, and in retirement he can find nothing better to occupy his leisure moments than the recollections of what he has witnessed.

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Thus it has been with me. The reader will readily believe that I have had no greater pleasure than that of recalling the memories of the years passed in the service of the Emperor. As far as possible, I have kept myself informed as to everything that has been written of my former master, his family, and his court; and while listening to these narrations read by my wife and sister at our fireside, the long evenings have passed like an instant! When I found in these books, some of which are truly only miserable rhapsodies, statements which were incorrect, false, or slanderous, I, took pleasure in correcting such statements, or in showing their absurdity. My wife, who lived, as I did, in the midst of these events, also made her corrections, and, without other object than our own satisfaction, made notes of our joint observations.

All who came to see us in our retreat, and took pleasure in having me narrate what I had seen, were astonished and often indignant at the falsehoods with which ignorance or malevolence had calumniated the Emperor and the Empire, and expressing their gratitude for the correct information I was able to give them, advised me also to furnish it to the public. But I attached no importance to the suggestion, and was far from dreaming that some day I should be the author of a book, until M. Ladvocat came to our hermitage, and urged me earnestly to publish my memoirs, offering himself to become the publisher.

At the very time my wife and I received this unexpected visit, we were reading together the Memoirs of Bourrienne, which the Ladvocat publishing-house had just issued; and we had remarked more than once how exempt these Memoirs were from both that spirit of disparagement and of adulation which we had noticed with disgust in other books on the same subject. M. Ladvocat advised me to complete the sketch of the Emperor, which, owing to his elevated position and habitual occupations, Bourrienne had been able to make only from a political point of view; and in accordance with his advice, I shall relate in simple words, and in a manner suited to my relations with the Emperor, those things which Bourrienne has necessarily omitted, and which no one could know so well as I.

I candidly admit that my objections to M. Ladvocat's advice were entirely overcome when he called my attention to this passage in the introduction to Bourrienne's memoirs: "If every one who had any relations with Napoleon, whatever the time and place, will accurately and without prejudice record what he saw and heard, the future historian of his life will be rich in materials. I hope that whoever undertakes that difficult task will find in my notes some information which may be useful in perfecting his work."

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Having re-read these lines attentively, I said to myself that I could furnish memoranda and information which would refute errors, brand falsehoods, and bring to light what I knew to be the truth. In a word, I felt that I could give in my testimony, and that it was my duty to do so, in the long trial which has been held ever since the overthrow of the Emperor; for I had been an eye-witness, had seen everything, and could say, “I was there.” Others also have been close to the Emperor and his court, and I may often repeat what they have said, for the feats which they describe I had the same opportunity of witnessing; but, on the other hand, whatever I know of private matters, and whatever I may reveal which was secret and unknown, no one till this time could possibly have known, or consequently have related.

From the departure of the First Consul for the campaign of Marengo, whither I went with him, until the departure from Fontainebleau, when I was compelled to leave him, I was absent only twice, once for three days and once for seven or eight days. Excepting these short leaves of absence, the latter of which was on account of my health, I quitted the Emperor no more than his shadow.

It has been said that no one is a hero to his valet de chambre. I beg leave to dissent from this. The Emperor, as near as I was to him, was always a hero; and it was a great advantage also to see the man as he was. At a distance you were sensible only of the prestige of his glory and his power; but on getting closer to him you enjoyed, besides, the surprising charm of his conversation, the entire simplicity of his family life, and I do not hesitate to say, the habitual kindliness of his character.

The reader, if curious to learn beforehand in what spirit these Memoirs are written, will perhaps read with interest this passage of a letter that I wrote to my publisher:

“Bourrienne had, perhaps, reason for treating Napoleon, as a public man, with severity. But we view him from different standpoints, and I speak only of the hero in undress. He was then almost always kind, patient, and rarely unjust. He was much attached to those about him, and received with kindness and good nature the services of those whom he liked. He was a man of habit. It is as a devoted servant that I wish to speak of the Emperor, and in no wise as a critic. It is not, however, an apotheosis in several volumes that I wish to write: for I am on this point somewhat like fathers who recognize the faults of their children, and reprove them earnestly, while at the same time they are ready to make excuses for their errors.”

I trust that I shall be pardoned the familiarity, or, if you will, the inappropriateness of this comparison, for the sake of the feeling which dictates it. Besides, I do not propose either to praise or blame, but simply to relate that which fell within my knowledge, without trying to prejudice the opinion of any one.

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I cannot close this introduction without a few words as to myself, in reply to the calumnies which have not spared, even in his retirement, a man who should have no enemies, if, to be protected from malice, it were sufficient to have done a little good, and no harm to any one. I am reproached with having abandoned my master after his fall, and not having shared his exile. I will show that, if I did not follow the Emperor, it was because I lacked not the will but the power to do so. God knows that I do not wish to undervalue the devotion of the faithful servants who followed the fortunes of the Emperor to the end. However, it is not improper to say that, however terrible the fall of the Emperor was for him, the situation (I speak here only of the personal advantages), in the island of Elba, of those who remained in his service, and who were not detained in France by an inexorable necessity, was still not without its advantages; and it was not, therefore, my personal interests which caused me to leave him. I shall explain hereafter my reasons for quitting his service.

I shall also give the truth as to the alleged abuse of confidence, of which, according to others, I was guilty in respect to the Emperor. A simple statement of the mistake which gave rise to this falsehood, I trust, will clear me of every suspicion of indelicacy; but if it is necessary to add other proofs, I could obtain them from those who lived nearest to the Emperor, and who were in a condition to both know and understand what passed between us; and lastly, I invoke fifty years of a blameless life, and I can say: "When I was in a situation to render great services, I did so; but I never sold them. I could have derived advantages from the petitions that I made for people, who, in consequence of my solicitations, have acquired immense fortunes; but I refused even the proper acknowledgment which in, their gratitude (very deep at that time) they felt compelled to offer me, by proposing an interest in their enterprises. I did not seek to take advantage, for my own benefit, of the generosity with which the Emperor so long deigned to honor me, in order to enrich or secure places for my relatives; and I retired poor after fifteen years passed in the personal service of the richest and most powerful monarch of Europe."

Having made these statements, I shall await with confidence the judgment of my readers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

CHAPTER I.

I shall refer to myself very little in these memoirs, for I am aware the public will examine them only for details concerning the great man to whom fortune attached me for sixteen years, and whom I scarcely quitted during the whole of that time. Notwithstanding, I ask

permission to say a few words as to my childhood, and the circumstances which made me valet de chambre of the Emperor.

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I was born Dec. 2, 1778, at Peruelz, a town which became French on the annexation of Belgium to the Republic, and which then belonged to the Department of Jemmapes. Soon after my birth at the baths of Saint Amand, my father took charge of a small establishment called the Little Chateau, at which visitors to the waters were boarding, being aided in this enterprise by the Prince de Croi, in whose house he had been steward. Business prospered beyond my father's hopes, for a great number of invalids of rank came to his house. When I attained my eleventh year, the Count de Lure, head of one of the chief families of Valenciennes, happened to be one of the boarders at the Little Chateau; and as that excellent man had taken a great fancy to me, he asked my parents permission that I should become a companion to his son, who was about. the same age. My family had intended me for the church, to gratify one of my uncles, who was Dean of Lessine, a man of great wisdom and rigid virtue; and thinking that the offer of the Count de Lure would not affect my intended destination, my father accepted it, judging that some years passed in a family so distinguished would give me a taste for the more serious studies necessary to fit me for the priesthood. I set out, therefore, with the Count de Lure, much grieved at leaving my parents, but pleased also at the same time, as is usual with one at my age, with new scenes. The count took me to one of his estates near Tours, where I was received with the greatest kindness by the countess and her children, with whom I was placed on a footing of perfect equality.

Unfortunately I did not profit very long by the kindness of the count and the lessons. I was taught at his house, for hardly a year had passed at the chateau when we learned of the arrest of the king at Varennes. The count and his family were in despair; and child as I was, I remember that I was deeply pained at the news, without knowing why, but doubtless because it is natural to share the sentiments of those with whom you live, when they treat you with as much kindness as the count and countess had treated me. However, I continued to enjoy the happy freedom from care natural to youth, till one morning I was awakened by a loud noise, and was immediately surrounded by a great number of people, none of whom I knew, and who asked me countless questions which I could not answer. I then learned that the count and his family had emigrated. I was carried to the town hall, where the same questions were renewed, with the same fruitless result; for I knew nothing of the intentions of my late protectors, and could only reply by a flood of tears when I saw myself abandoned and left to my own resources, at a great distance from my family.

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I was too young then to reflect on the conduct of the count; but I have since thought that his abandonment of me was an act of delicacy on his part, as he did not wish to make me an emigre without the consent of my parents. I have always believed that, before his departure, the count had committed me to the care of some one, who subsequently did not dare to claim me, lest he should compromise himself, which was then, as is well known, exceedingly dangerous. Behold me, then, at twelve years of age, left without a guide, without means of support, without any one to advise me, and without money, more than a hundred leagues from my home, and already accustomed to the comforts of a luxurious life. It is hardly credible that in this state of affairs I was regarded almost as a suspect, and was required each day to present myself before the city authorities for the greater safety of the Republic. I remember well that whenever the Emperor was pleased to make me relate these tribulations of my childhood, he never failed to repeat several times, “the fools,” referring to these same city authorities. However that may be, the authorities of Tours, coming to the conclusion, at last, that a child of twelve was incapable of overthrowing the Republic, gave me a passport, with the injunction to leave the city within twenty-four hours, which I proceeded to do with a hearty good-will, but not without deep grief also at seeing myself alone, and on foot, with a long journey before me. After much privation and many hardships I arrived at last in the neighborhood of Saint-Amand, which I found in the possession of the Austrians, and that it was impossible for me to reach the town, as the French surrounded it. In my despair I seated myself on the side of a ditch and was weeping bitterly, when I was noticed by the chief of squadron, Michau,

> [I afterwards had the happiness of obtaining for him, from the Emperor, a position he wished, as a place of retirement, having lost the use of his right arm.—*Constant*.]

who afterwards became colonel and aide-de-camp to General Loison. Michau approached me, questioned me with great interest, and made me relate my sad adventures, which touched him deeply, while he did not conceal his inability to send me back to my family. He had just obtained leave of absence, which he was going to spend with his family at Chinon, and proposed to me to accompany him, which invitation I accepted with gratitude. I cannot say too much of the kindness and consideration shown me by his household during the three or four months I spent with them. At the end of that time he took me to Paris, where I was soon after placed in the house of M. Gobert, a rich merchant, who treated me with the greatest, kindness.

I lately visited M. Gobert; and he recalled to me that, when we traveled together, he gave up to me one of the seats of his carriage, upon which I was permitted to stretch myself out and sleep. I mention this circumstance, otherwise unimportant, to show the kindness he always showed me.

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Some years later I made the acquaintance of Carrat, who was in the service of Madame Bonaparte while the general was absent on the Egyptian expedition. Before relating how I came to enter her household, it is proper to mention how Carrat himself came into her service, and at the same time narrate some anecdotes in regard to him, which will show what were the pastimes of the inhabitants of Malmaison at that date.

Carrat happened to be at Plombieres when Madame Bonaparte

[Madame Bonaparte, nee Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie, was born in Martinique, 1763; became the widow of Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais, 1794; married Napoleon Bonaparte March, 1796; became Empress May 18, 1804; was divorced Dec. 16, 1809; died at Malmaison, May 20, 1814.—TRANS.]

went there to take the waters. Every day he brought her bouquets, and addressed to her little complimentary speeches, so singular and so droll, that Josephine was much diverted, as were also the ladies who accompanied her, among whom were Mesdames de Cambis and de Criguy, and especially her own daughter Hortense, who was convulsed at his oddities. The truth is, he was exceedingly amusing, by reason of a certain simplicity and originality of character, which, however, did not prevent him from being a person of intelligence; and his eccentricities did not displease Madame Bonaparte. A sentimental scene took place when this excellent lady left the springs. Carrat wept, bemoaned himself, and expressed his lasting grief at not being able to see Madame Bonaparte daily, as he had been accustomed; and Madame Bonaparte was so kind-hearted that she at once decided to carry him to Paris with her. She taught him to dress hair, and finally appointed him her hair-dresser and valet, at least such were the duties he had to perform when I made his acquaintance. He was permitted a most astonishing freedom of speech, sometimes even scolding her; and when Madame Bonaparte, who was extremely generous and always gracious towards every one, made presents to her women, or chatted familiarly with them, Carrat would reproach her. “Why give that?” he would say, adding, “See how you do, Madame; you allow yourself to jest with your domestics. Some day they will show you a want of respect.” But if he thus endeavored to restrain the generosity of his mistress towards those around her, he did not hesitate to stimulate her generosity towards himself; and whenever he took a fancy to anything, would simply say, “You ought to give me that.”

Bravery is not always the inseparable companion of wit, and Carrat gave more than once proof of this. Being endowed with a kind of simple and uncontrollable poltroonery, which never fails in comedies to excite the laughter of the spectators, it was a great pleasure to Madame Bonaparte to play on him such pranks as would bring out his singular want of courage.

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It should be stated, first of all, that one of the greatest pleasures of Madame Bonaparte, at Malmaison, was to take walks on the road just outside the walls of the park; and she always preferred this outside road, in spite of the clouds of dust which were constantly rising there, to the delightful walks inside the park. One day, accompanied by her daughter Hortense, she told Carrat to follow her in her walk; and he was delighted to be thus honored until he saw rise suddenly out of a ditch; a great figure covered with a white sheet, in fact, a genuine ghost, such as I have seen described in the translations of some old English romances.

It is unnecessary to say, that the ghost was some one placed there by order of these ladies, in order to frighten Carrat; and certainly the comedy succeeded marvelously well, for as soon as Carrat perceived the ghost, he was very much frightened, and clutching Madame Bonaparte, said to her in a tremor, “Madame, Madame, do you see that ghost? It is the spirit of the lady who died lately at Plombieres.”—“Be quiet, Carrat, you are a coward.”—“Ah, but indeed it is her spirit which has come back.” As Carrat thus spoke, the man in the white sheet advanced toward him, shaking it; and poor Carrat, overcome with terror, fell backwards in a faint, and it required all the attentions which were bestowed upon him to restore him to consciousness.

Another day, while the general was still in Egypt, and consequently before I was in the service of any member of his family, Madame Bonaparte wished to give some of her ladies an exhibition of Carrat’s cowardice; and for this purpose there was concerted among the ladies of Malmaison a plot, in which Mademoiselle Hortense

> [Hortense Beauharnais, born at Paris, 1783, was then just sixteen years of age. Married Louis Bonaparte and became Queen of Holland, 1806. Died 1837. She was the mother of Napoleon *iii*. —TRANS.]

was chief conspirator. This incident has been so often narrated in my presence by Madame Bonaparte, that I am familiar with the ludicrous details. Carrat slept in a room adjoining which there was a closet. A hole was made in the wall between these rooms, and a string passed through, at the end of which was tied a can filled with water, this cooling element being suspended exactly over the head of the patient’s bed. This was not all, for they had also taken the precaution to remove the slats which supported the mattress; and as Carrat was in the habit of going to sleep without a light, he saw neither the preparations for his downfall, nor the can of water provided for his new baptism. All the members of the plot had been waiting for some moments in the adjoining closet; when he threw himself heavily upon his bed, it crashed in, and at the same instant the play of the string made the can of water do its effective work. The victim at the same time of a fall, and of a nocturnal shower-bath, Carrat

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cried out against his double misfortune. “This is horrible,” he yelled at the top of his voice; while Hortense maliciously said aloud to her mother, Madame de Crigny (afterwards Madame Denon), Madame Charvet, and to several others in the room, “Oh, Mamma, those toads and frogs in the water will get on him.” These words, joined to the utter darkness, served only to increase the terror of Carrat, who, becoming seriously frightened, cried out, “It is horrible, Madame, it is horrible, to amuse yourself thus at the expense of your servants.”

I do not say that the complaints of Carrat were entirely wrong, but they. served only to increase the gayety of the ladies who had taken him for the object of their pleasantries.

However that may be, such was the character and position of Carrat, whom I had known for some time, when General Bonaparte returned from his expedition into Egypt, and Carrat said to me that Eugene de Beauharnais had applied to him for a confidential valet, his own having been detained in Cairo by severe illness at the time of his departure. He was named Lefebvre, and was an old servant entirely devoted to his master, as was every one who knew Prince Eugene; for I do not believe that there has ever lived a better man, or one more polite, more considerate, or indeed more attentive, to those who served him.

Carrat having told me that Eugene de Beauharnais

> [Born 1781, viceroy of Italy 1805. In 1806 married the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Died 1824. Among his descendants are the present King of Sweden and the late Emperor of Brazil.—TRANS.]

desired a young man to replace Lefebvre, and having recommended me for the place, I had the good fortune to be presented to Eugene, and to give satisfaction; indeed, he was so kind as to say to me that my appearance pleased him, and he wished me to enter upon my duties immediately. I was delighted with this situation, which, I know not why, painted itself to my imagination in the brightest colors, and without loss of time, went to find my modest baggage, and behold me valet de chambre, ad interim, of M. de Beauharnais, not dreaming that I should one day be admitted to the personal service of General Bonaparte, and still less that I should become the chief valet of an Emperor.

CHAPTER II.

It was on Oct. 16, 1799, that Eugene de Beauharnais arrived in Paris on his return from Egypt; and almost immediately thereafter I had the good fortune to be taken into his service, M. Eugene being then twenty-one years of age. I soon after learned a few

particulars, which I think are little known, relative to his former life, and the marriage of his mother with General Bonaparte.

His father, as is well known, was one of the victims of the Revolution; and when the Marquis de Beauharnais had perished on the scaffold, his widow, whose property had been confiscated, fearing that her son, although still very young, might also be in danger on account of his belonging to the nobility, placed him in the home of a carpenter on the rue de l'Echelle where, a lady of my acquaintance, who lived on that street, has often seen him passing, carrying a plank on his shoulder. It seems a long distance from this position to the colonelcy of a regiment of the Consular guards, and the vice-royalty of Italy.

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I learned, from hearing Eugene himself relate it, by what a singular circumstance he had been the cause of the first meeting between his mother and his step-father. Eugene, being then not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, having been informed that General Bonaparte had become possessor of the sword of the Marquis de Beauharnais, took a step which seemed hazardous, but was crowned with success. The general having received him graciously, Eugene explained that he came to beg of him the restoration of his father's sword. His face, his bearing, his frank request, all made such a pleasant impression on Bonaparte, that he immediately presented him with the sword which he requested. As soon as this sword was in his hands he covered it with kisses and tears; and the whole was done in so artless a manner, that Bonaparte was delighted with him.

Madame de Beauharnais, being informed of the welcome the general had given her son, thought it her duty to make him a visit of gratitude. Bonaparte, being much pleased with Josephine in this first interview, returned her visit. They met again frequently; and as is well known, one event led to another, until she became the first Empress of the French; and I can assert from the numerous proofs that I have had of this fact, that Bonaparte never ceased to love Eugene as well as if he, had been his own son.

The qualities of Eugene were both attractive and solid. His features were not regular, and yet his countenance prepossessed every one in his favor. He had a well-proportioned figure, but did not make a distinguished appearance, on account of the habit he had of swinging himself as he walked. He was about five feet three or four inches [About five feet six or seven inches in English measurement.—TRANS.] in height. He was kind, gay, amiable, full of wit, intelligent, generous; and it might well be said that his frank and open countenance was the mirror of his soul. How many services he has rendered others during the course of his life, and at the very period when in order to do so he had often to impose privations on himself.

It will soon be seen how it happened that I passed only a month with Eugene; but during this short space of time, I recall that, while fulfilling scrupulously his duties to his mother and his step-father, he was much addicted to the pleasures so natural to his age and position. One of his greatest pleasures was entertaining his friends at breakfast; which he did very often. This amused me much on account of the comical scenes of which I was often a witness. Besides the young officers of Bonaparte's staff, his most frequent guests, he had also frequently at his table the ventriloquist Thiemet, Dugazon, Dazincourt, and Michau of the Theatre Francais, and a few other persons, whose names escape me at this moment. As may be imagined, these reunions were extremely gay; these young officers especially, who had returned like Eugene from the expedition to Egypt, seemed trying

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to indemnify themselves for the recent privations they had had to suffer. At this time ventriloquists, among whom Thiemet held a very distinguished position, were the fashion in Paris, and were invited to private gatherings. I remember on one occasion, at one of these breakfasts of Eugene's, Thiemet called by their names several persons present, imitating the voices of their servants, as if they were just outside the door, while he remained quietly in his seat, appearing to be using his lips only to eat and drink, two duties' which he performed admirably. Each of the officers called in this manner went out, and found no one; and then Thiemet went out with them, under the pretext of assisting them in the search, and increased their perplexity by continuing to make them hear some well-known voice. Most of them laughed heartily at the joke of which they had just been the victims; but there was one who, having himself less under control than his comrades, took the thing seriously, and became very angry, whereupon Eugene had to avow that he was the author of the conspiracy.

I recall still another amusing scene, the two heroes of which were this same Thiemet, of whom I have just spoken, and Dugazon. Several foreigners were present at a breakfast given by Eugene, the parts having been assigned, and learned in advance, and the two victims selected. When each had taken his place at table, Dugazon, pretending to stammer, addressed a remark to Thiemet, who, playing the same role, replied to him, stammering likewise; then each of them pretended to believe that the other was making fun of him, and there followed a stuttering quarrel between the two parties, each one finding it more and more difficult to express himself as his anger rose. Thiemet, who besides his role of stammering was also playing that of deafness, addressed his neighbor, his trumpet in his ear:

"Wha-wha-what-do-does he say?"—"Nothing," replied the officious neighbor, wishing to prevent a quarrel, and to supply facts while defending the other stammerer.—"So-so-he-he-he-he's mamaking fun of me!" Then the quarrel became more violent still; they were about to come to blows, when each of the two stammerers seizing a carafe of water, hurled it at the head of his antagonist, and a copious deluge of water from the bottles taught the officious neighbors the great danger of acting as peacemakers. The two stammerers continued to scream as is the custom of deaf persons, until the last drop of water was spilt; and I remember that Eugene, the originator of this practical joke, laughed immoderately the whole time this scene lasted. The water was wiped off; and all were soon reconciled, glass in hand. Eugene, when he had perpetrated a joke of this sort, never failed to relate it to his mother, and sometimes to his stepfather, who were much amused thereby, Josephine especially.

I had led for one month a very pleasant life with Eugene, when Lefebvre, the valet de chambre whom he had left sick at Cairo, returned in restored health, and asked to resume his place. Eugene, whom I suited better on account of my age and activity, proposed to him to enter his mother's service, suggesting to him that he would there

have an easier time than with himself; but Lefebvre, who was extremely attached to his master, sought Madame Bonaparte, and confided to her his chagrin at this decision.

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Josephine promised to assist him; and consoled him by assurances that she would suggest to her son that Lefebvre should reassume his former position, and that she would take me into her own service. This was done according to promise; and one morning Eugene announced to me, in the most gratifying manner, my change of abode. “Constant,” he said to me, “I regret very much that circumstances require us to part; but you know Lefebvre followed me to Egypt, he is an old servant, and I feel compelled to give him his former position. Besides, you will not be far removed, as you will enter my mother’s service, where you will be well treated, and we will see each other often. Go to her this morning; I have spoken to her of you. The matter is already arranged, and she expects you.”

As may be believed, I lost no time in presenting myself to Madame Bonaparte. Knowing that she was at Malmaison, I went there immediately, and was received by her with a kindness which overwhelmed me with gratitude, as I was not then aware that she manifested this same graciousness to every one, and that it was as inseparable from her character as was grace from her person. The duties required of me, in her service, were altogether nominal; and nearly all my time was at my own disposal, of which I took advantage to visit Paris frequently. The life that I led at this time was very pleasant to a young man like myself, who could not foresee that in a short while he would be as much under subjection as he was then at liberty.

Before bidding adieu to a service in which I had found so much that was agreeable, I will relate some incidents which belong to that period, and which my situation with the stepson of General Bonaparte gave me the opportunity of learning.

M. de Bourrienne has related circumstantially in his memoirs the events of the 18th Brumaire; [The 18th Brumaire, Nov. 9, 1799, was the day Napoleon overthrew the Directory and made himself First Consul.—TRANS.] and the account which he has given of that famous day is as correct as it is interesting, so that any one curious to know the secret causes which led to these political changes will find them faithfully pointed out in the narration of that minister of state. I am very far from intending to excite an interest of this, kind, but reading the work of M. Bourrienne put me again on the track of my own recollections. These memoirs relate to circumstances of which he was ignorant, or possibly may have omitted purposely as being of little importance; and whatever he has let fall on his road I think myself fortunate in being permitted to glean.

I was still with Eugene de Beauharnais when General Bonaparte overthrew the Directory; but I found myself in as favorable a situation to know all that was passing as if I had been in the service of Madame Bonaparte, or of the general himself, for my master, although he was very young, had the entire confidence of his stepfather, and, to an even greater degree, that of his mother, who consulted him on every occasion.

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A few days before the 18th Brumaire, Eugene ordered me to make preparations for a breakfast he wished to give on that day to his friends, the number of the guests, all military men, being much larger than usual. This bachelor repast was made very gay by an officer, who amused the company by imitating in turn the manners and appearance of the directors and a few of their friends. To represent the Director Barras, he draped himself ‘a la grecque’ with the tablecloth, took off his black cravat, turned down his shirt-collar, and advanced in an affected manner, resting his left arm on the shoulder of the youngest of his comrades, while with his right he pretended to caress his chin. Each person of the company understood the meaning of that kind of charade; and there were uncontrollable bursts of laughter.

He undertook then to represent the Abbe Sieyes, by placing an enormous band of paper inside of his neckcloth, and lengthening thus indefinitely a long, pale face. He made a few turns around the room, astraddle of his chair, and ended by a grand somersault, as if his steed had dismounted him. It is necessary to know, in order to understand the significance of this pantomime, that the Abbe Sieges had been recently taking lessons in horseback, riding in the garden of the Luxembourg, to the great amusement of the pedestrians, who gathered in crowds to enjoy the awkward and ungraceful exhibition made by this new master of horse.

The breakfast ended, Eugene reported for duty to General Bonaparte, whose aide-de-camp he was, and his friends rejoined the various commands to which they belonged.

I went out immediately behind them; for from a few words that had just been dropped at my young master’s, I suspected that something grave and interesting was about to take place. M. Eugene had appointed a rendezvous with his comrades at Pont-Tournant; so I repaired to that spot, and found a considerable gathering of officers in uniform and on horseback, assembled in readiness to escort General Bonaparte to Saint-Cloud.

The commandant of each part of the army had been requested by General Bonaparte to give a breakfast to their corps of officers; and they had done so like my young master. Nevertheless, the officers, even the generals, were not all in the secret; and General Murat himself, who rushed into the Hall of the Five Hundred at the head of the grenadiers, believed that it was only a question of exemption, on account of age, that General Bonaparte intended to propose, in order that he might obtain the place of director.

I have learned from an authoritative source, that when General Jube, who was devoted to General Bonaparte, assembled in the court of the Luxembourg, the guard of the directors of which he was commander, the honest M. Gohier, president of the Directory, put his head out of the window, and cried to Jube: “Citizen General, what are you doing down there?”—“Citizen President, you can see for yourself I am mustering

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the guard."—"Certainly, I see that very plainly, Citizen General; but why are you mustering them?"—"Citizen President, I am going to make an inspection of them, and order a grand maneuver. Forward—march!" And the citizen general filed out at the head of his troop to rejoin General Bonaparte at Saint-Cloud; while the latter was awaited at the house of the citizen president, and the breakfast delayed to which General Bonaparte had been invited for that very morning.

General Marmont had also entertained at breakfast the officers of the division of the army which he commanded (it was, I think, the artillery). At the end of the repast he addressed a few words to them, urging them not to alienate their cause from that of the conqueror of Italy, and to accompany him to Saint-Cloud. "But how can we follow him?" cried one of his guests. "We have no horses."—"If that alone deters you, you will find horses in the court of this hotel. I have seized all those of the national riding-school. Let us go below and mount." All the officers present responded to the invitation except General Allix, who declared he would take no part in all this disturbance.

I was at Saint-Cloud on the two days, 18th and 19th Brumaire. I saw General Bonaparte harangue the soldiers, and read to them the decree by which he had been made commander-in-chief of all the troops at Paris, and of the whole of the Seventeenth Military Division. I saw him come out much agitated first from the Council of the Ancients, and afterwards from the Assembly of the Five Hundred. I saw Lucien Bonaparte brought out of the hall, where the latter assembly was sitting, by some grenadiers, sent in to protect him from the violence of his colleagues. Pale and furious, he threw himself on his horse and galloped straight to the troops to address them; and when he pointed his sword at his brother's breast, saying he would be the first to slay him if he dared to strike at liberty, cries of "Vive Bonaparte! down with the lawyers!" burst forth on all sides; and the soldiers, led by General Murat, rushed into the Hall of the Five Hundred. Everybody knows what then occurred, and I will not enter into details which have been so often related.

The general, now made First Consul, installed himself at the Luxembourg, though at this time he resided also at Malmaison. But he was often on the road, as was also Josephine; for their trips to Paris when they occupied this residence were very frequent, not only on Government business, which often required the presence of the First Consul, but also for the purpose of attending the theater, of whose performances General Bonaparte, was very fond, giving the preference always to the Theatre Francais and the Italian Opera. This observation I make in passing, preferring to give hereafter the information I have obtained as to the tastes and habits of the emperor.

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Malmaison, at the period of which I speak, was a place of unalloyed happiness, where all who came expressed their satisfaction with the state of affairs; everywhere also I heard blessings invoked upon the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. There was not yet the shadow of that strict etiquette which it was necessary afterwards to observe at Saint-Cloud, at the Tuileries, and in all the palaces in which the Emperor held his court. The consular court was as yet distinguished by a simple elegance, equally removed from republican rudeness and the luxuriousness of the Empire. Talleyrand was, at this period, one of those who came most frequently to Malmaison. He sometimes dined there, but arrived generally in the evening between eight and nine o'clock, and returned at one, two, and sometimes three in the morning.

All were admitted at Madame Bonaparte's on a footing of equality, which was most gratifying. There came familiarly Murat, Duroc, Berthier, and all those who have since figured as great dignitaries, and some even as sovereigns, in the annals of the empire.

The family of General Bonaparte were assiduous in their attentions; but it was known among us that they had no love for Madame Bonaparte, of which fact I had many proofs. Mademoiselle Hortense never left her mother, and they were devotedly attached to each other.

Besides men distinguished by their posts under the government or in the army, there gathered others also who were not less distinguished by personal merit, or the position which their birth had given them before the Revolution. It was a veritable panorama, in which we saw the persons themselves pass before our eyes. The scene itself, even exclusive of the gayety which always attended the dinings of Eugene, had its attractions. Among those whom we saw most frequently were Volney, Denon, Lemercier, the Prince of Poix, de Laigle, Charles Baudin, General Beurnonville, Isabey, and a number of others, celebrated in science, literature, and art; in short, the greater part of those who composed the society of Madame de Montesson.

Madame Bonaparte and Mademoiselle Hortense often took excursions on horseback into the country. On these occasions her most constant escorts were the Prince de Poix and M. de Laigle. One day, as this party was reentering the court-yard at Malmaison, the horse which Hortense rode became frightened, and dashed off. She was an accomplished rider, and very active, so she attempted to spring off on the grass by the roadside; but the band which fastened the end of her riding-skirt under her foot prevented her freeing herself quickly, and she was thrown, and dragged by her horse for several yards. Fortunately the gentlemen of the party, seeing her fall, sprang from their horses in time to rescue her; and, by extraordinary good fortune, she was not even bruised, and was the first to laugh at her misadventure.

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During the first part of my stay at Malmaison, the First Consul always slept with his wife, like an ordinary citizen of the middle classes in Paris; and I heard no rumor of any intrigue in the chateau. The persons of this society, most of whom were young, and who were often very numerous, frequently took part in sports which recalled college days. In fact, one of the greatest diversions of the inhabitants of Malmaison was to play "prisoners' base." It was usually after dinner; and Bonaparte, Lauriston, Didelot, de Lucay, de Bourrienne, Eugene, Rapp, Isabey, Madame Bonaparte, and Mademoiselle Hortense would divide themselves into two camps, in which the prisoners taken, or exchanged, would recall to the First Consul the greater game, which he so much preferred. In these games the most active runners were Eugene, Isabey, and Hortense. As to General Bonaparte, he often fell, but rose laughing boisterously.

General Bonaparte and his family seemed to enjoy almost unexampled happiness, especially when at Malmaison, which residence, though agreeable at that time, was far from being what it has since become. This estate consisted of the chateau, which Bonaparte found in bad condition on his return from Egypt, a park already somewhat improved, and a farm, the income of which did not with any certainty exceed twelve thousand francs a year. Josephine directed in person all the improvements made there, and no woman ever possessed better taste.

From the first, they played amateur comedy at Malmaison, which was a relaxation the First Consul enjoyed greatly, but in which he took no part himself except that of looker-on. Every one in the house attended these representations; and I must confess we felt perhaps even more pleasure than others in seeing thus travestied on the stage those in whose service we were.

The Malmaison Troupe, if I may thus style actors of such exalted social rank, consisted principally of Eugene, Jerome, Lauriston, de Bourrienne, Isabey, de Leroy, Didelot, Mademoiselle Hortense, Madame Caroline Murat, and the two Mademoiselles Auguie, one of whom afterwards married Marshal Ney,

[Michel Ney, Styled by Napoleon the "bravest of the brave," was born 1769, at Sarre-Louis (now in Prussia), son of a cooper. Entered the army as a private 1787, adjutant-general 1794, general of brigade 1796, general of division 1799, marshal 1804, Duke of Elchingen 1805, Prince of Moskwa 1812, and commanded the rear-guard in the famous retreat from Russia. On the return from Elba he went over to Napoleon; was at Waterloo. Was afterwards taken, and in spite of the terms of the surrender of Paris was tried for treason, and shot in the gardens of the Luxembourg, Dec. 8, 1815.—TRANS.]

and the other M. de Broc. All four were very young and charming, and few theaters in Paris could show four actresses as pretty. In addition to which, they showed much grace in their acting, and played their parts with real talent; and were as natural

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on the stage as in the saloon, where they bore themselves with exquisite grace and refinement. At first the repertoire contained little variety, though the pieces were generally well selected. The first representation which I attended was the “Barber of Seville” in which Isabey played the role of Figaro, and Mademoiselle Hortense that of Rosine—and the “Spiteful Lover.” Another time I saw played the “Unexpected Wager,” and “False Consultations.” Hortense and Eugene played this last piece perfectly; and I still recall that, in the role of Madame le Blanc, Hortense appeared prettier than ever in the character of an old woman, Eugene representing Le Noir, and Lauriston the charlatan. The First Consul, as I have said, confined himself to the role of spectator; but he seemed to take in these fireside plays, so to speak, the greatest pleasure, laughed and applauded heartily, though sometimes he also criticised.

Madame Bonaparte was also highly entertained; and even if she could not always boast of the successful acting of her children, “the chiefs of the troupe,” it sufficed her that it was an agreeable relaxation to her husband, and seemed to give him pleasure; for her constant study was to contribute to the happiness of the great man who had united her destiny with his own.

When the day for the presentation of a play had been appointed, there was never any postponement, but often a change of the play; not because of the indisposition, or fit of the blues, of an actress (as often happens in the theaters of Paris), but for more serious reasons. It sometimes happened that M. d’Etieulette received orders to rejoin his regiment, or an important mission was confided to Count Almaviva, though Figaro and Rosine always remained at their posts; and the desire of pleasing the First Consul was, besides, so general among all those who surrounded him, that the substitutes did their best in the absence of the principals, and the play never failed for want of an actor.

[Michau, of the Comedie Francaise, was the instructor of the troupe. Wherever it happened that an actor was wanting in animation, Michau would exclaim. “Warmth! Warmth! Warmth!” —Note by *constant*.]

CHAPTER III.

I had been only a very short time in the service of Madame Bonaparte when I made the acquaintance of Charvet, the concierge of Malmaison, and in connection with this estimable man became each day more and more intimate, till at last he gave me one of his daughters in marriage. I was eager to learn from him all that he could tell me concerning Madame Bonaparte and the First Consul prior to my entrance into the house; and in our frequent conversations he took the greatest pleasure in satisfying my curiosity. It is to him I owe the following details as to the mother and daughter.

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When General Bonaparte set out for Egypt, Madame Bonaparte accompanied him as far as Toulon, and was extremely anxious to go with him to Egypt. When the general made objections, she observed that having been born a Creole, the heat of the climate would be more favorable than dangerous to her. By a singular coincidence it was on 'La Pomone' that she wished to make the journey; that is to say, on the very same vessel which in her early youth had brought her from Martinique to France. General Bonaparte, finally yielding to the wishes of his wife, promised to send 'La Pomone' for her, and bade her go in the meantime to take the waters at Plombieres. The matter being arranged between husband and wife, Madame Bonaparte was delighted to go to the springs of Plombieres which she had desired to visit for a long time, knowing, like every one else, the reputation these waters enjoyed for curing barrenness in women.

Madame Bonaparte had been only a short time at Plombieres, when one morning, while occupied in hemming a turban and chatting with the ladies present, Madame de Cambis, who was on the balcony, called to her to come and see a pretty little dog passing along the street. All the company hastened with Madame Bonaparte to the balcony, which caused it to fall with a frightful crash. By a most fortunate chance, no one was killed; though Madame de Cambis had her leg broken, and Madame Bonaparte was most painfully bruised, without, however, receiving any fracture. Charvet, who was in a room behind the saloon, heard the noise, and at once had a sheep killed and skinned, and Madame Bonaparte wrapped in the skin. It was a long while before she regained her health, her arms and her hands especially being so bruised that she was for a long time unable to use them; and it was necessary to cut up her food, feed her, and, in fact, perform the same offices for her as for an infant.

I related above that Josephine thought she was to rejoin her husband in Egypt, and consequently that her stay at the springs of Plombieres would be of short duration but her accident led her to think that it would be prolonged indefinitely; she therefore desired, while waiting for her complete recovery, to have with her her daughter Hortense, then about fifteen years of age, who was being educated in the boarding-school of Madame Campan. She sent for her a mulatto woman to whom she was much attached, named Euphemie, who was the foster-sister of Madame Bonaparte, and passed (I do not know if the supposition was correct) as her natural sister. Euphemie, accompanied by Charvet, made the journey in one of Madame Bonaparte's carriages. Mademoiselle Hortense, on their arrival, was delighted with the journey she was about to make, and above all with the idea of being near her mother, for whom she felt the tenderest affection. Mademoiselle Hortense was, I would not say, greedy, but she was exceedingly fond of sweets; and Charvet, in relating these details,

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said to me, that at each town of any size through which they passed the carriage was filled with bonbons and dainties, of which mademoiselle consumed a great quantity. One day, while Euphemie and Charvet were sound asleep, they were suddenly awakened by a report, which sounded frightful to them, and caused them intense anxiety, as they found when they awoke that they were passing through a thick forest. This ludicrous incident threw Hortense into fits of laughter; for hardly had they expressed their alarm when they found themselves deluged with an odoriferous froth, which explained the cause of the explosion. A bottle of champagne, placed in one of the pockets of the carriage, had been uncorked; and the heat, added to the motion of the carriage, or rather the malice of the young traveler, had made it explode with a loud report.

When mademoiselle arrived at Plombieres, her mother's health was almost restored; so that the pupil of Madame Campan found there all the distractions which please and delight at the age which the daughter of Madame Bonaparte had then attained.

There is truth in the saying that in all evil there is good, for had this accident not happened to Madame Bonaparte, it is very probable she would have become a prisoner of the English; in fact, she learned that 'La Pomone', the vessel on which she wished to make the voyage, had fallen into the power of the enemies of France. General Bonaparte, in all his letters, still dissuaded his wife from the plan she had of rejoining him; and, consequently, she returned to Paris.

On her arrival Josephine devoted her attention to executing a wish General Bonaparte had expressed to her before leaving. He had remarked to her that he should like, on his return, to have a country seat; and he charged his brother to attend to this, which Joseph, however, failed to do. Madame Bonaparte, who, on the contrary, was always in search of what might please her husband, charged several persons to make excursions in the environs of Paris, in order to ascertain whether a suitable dwelling could be found. After having vacillated long between Ris and Malmaison, she decided on the latter, which she bought from M. Lecoulteux-Dumoley, for, I think, four hundred thousand francs. Such were the particulars which Charvet was kind enough to give me when I first entered the service of Madame Bonaparte. Every one in the house loved to speak of her; and it was certainly not to speak evil, for never was woman more beloved by all who surrounded her, and never has one deserved it more. General Bonaparte was also an excellent man in the retirement of private life.

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After the return of the First Consul from his campaign in Egypt, several attempts against his life had been made; and the police had warned him many times to be on his guard, and not to risk himself alone in the environs of Malmaison. The First Consul had been very careless up to this period; but the discovery of the snares which were laid for him, even in the privacy of his family circle, forced him to use precautions and prudence. It has been stated since, that these pretended plots were only fabrications of the police to render themselves necessary to the First Consul, or, perhaps, of the First Consul himself, to redouble the interest which attached to his person, through fear of the perils which menaced his life; and the absurdity of these attempts is alleged as proof of this. I could not pretend to elucidate such mysteries; but it seems to me that in such matters absurdity proves nothing, or, at least, it does not prove that such plots did not exist. The conspirators of that period set no bounds to their extravagance; for what could be more absurd, and at the same time more real, than the atrocious folly of the infernal machine?

Be that as it may, I shall relate what passed under my own eyes during the first month of my stay at Malmaison. No one there, or, at least, no one in my presence, showed the least doubt of the reality of these attempts.

In order to get rid of the First Consul, all means appeared good to his enemies: they noted everything in their calculations, even his absence of mind. The following occurrence is proof of this:

There were repairs and ornamentations to be made to the mantel in the rooms of the First Consul at Malmaison. The contractor in charge of this work had sent marblecutters, amongst whom had slipped in, it seems, a few miserable wretches employed by the conspirators. The persons attached to the First Consul were incessantly on the alert, and exercised the greatest watchfulness; and it was observed that among these workmen there were men who pretended to work, but whose air and manner contrasted strongly with their occupation. These suspicions were unfortunately only too well founded; for when the apartments had been made ready to receive the First Consul, and just as he was on the eve of occupying them, some one making a final inspection found on the desk at which he would first seat himself, a snuff-box, in every respect like one of those which he constantly used. It was thought at first that this box really belonged to him, and that it had been forgotten and left there by his valet; but doubts inspired by the suspicious manner of a few of the marble-cutters, leading to further investigation, the tobacco was examined and analyzed. It was found to be poisoned.

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The authors of this perfidy had, it is said, at this time, communication with other conspirators, who engaged to attempt another means of ridding themselves of the First Consul. They promised to attack the guard of the chateau (Malmaison), and to carry off by force the chief of the government. With this intention, they had uniforms made like those of the consular guards, who then stood sentinel, day and night, over the First Consul, and followed him on horseback in his excursions. In this costume, and by the aid of signals, with their accomplices (the pretended marble-cutters) on the inside, they could easily have approached and mingled with the guard, who were fed and quartered at the chateau. They could even have reached the First Consul, and carried him off. However, this first project was abandoned as too uncertain; and the conspirators flattered themselves that they would succeed in their undertaking more surely, and with less danger, by taking advantage of the frequent journeys of the First Consul to Paris. By means of their disguise they planned to distribute themselves on the road, among the guides of the escort, and massacre them, their rallying-point being the quarries of Nanterre; but their plots were for the second time foiled. There was in the park at Malmaison a deep quarry; and fears being entertained that they would profit by it to conceal themselves therein, and exercise some violence against the First Consul on one of his solitary walks, it was decided to secure it with an iron door.

On the 19th of February, at one in the afternoon, the First Consul went in state to the Tuileries, which was then called the Government palace, to install himself there with all his household. With him were his two colleagues; one of whom, the third consul, was to occupy the same residence, and be located in the Pavilion de Flore. The carriage of the consuls was drawn by six white horses, which the Emperor of Germany had presented to the conqueror of Italy after the signature of the treaty of peace of Campo-Formio. The saber that the First Consul wore at this ceremony was magnificent, and had also been presented to him by this monarch on the same occasion.

A remarkable thing in this formal change of residence was that the acclamations and enthusiasm of the crowd, and even of the most distinguished spectators, who filled the windows of rue Thionville and of the quai Voltaire, were addressed only to the First Consul, and to the young warriors of his brilliant staff, who were yet bronzed by the sun of the Pyramids or of Italy. At their head rode General Lannes and Murat; the first easy to recognize by his bold bearing and soldierly manners; the second by the same qualities, and further by a striking elegance, both of costume and equipments. His new title of brother-in-law of the First Consul contributed, also, greatly to fix upon him the attention of all. As for myself, all my attention was absorbed by the principal personage

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of the cortege, whom, like every one around me, I regarded with something like a religious reverence; and by his stepson, the son of my excellent mistress, himself once my master,—the brave, modest, good Prince Eugene, who at that time, however, was not yet a prince. On his arrival at the Tuileries, the First Consul took possession at once of the apartments which he afterwards occupied, and which were formerly part of the royal apartments. These apartments consisted of a bed-chamber, a bathroom, a cabinet, and a saloon, in which he gave audience in the forenoon; of a second saloon, in which were stationed his aides-de-camp on duty, and which he used as a dining-room; and also a very large antechamber. Madame Bonaparte had her separate apartments on the ground floor, the same which she afterwards occupied as Empress. Beneath the suite of rooms occupied by the First Consul was the room of Bourrienne, his private secretary, which communicated with the apartments of the First Consul by means of a private staircase.

Although at this period there were already courtiers, there was not, however, yet a court, and the etiquette was exceedingly simple. The First Consul, as I believe I have already said, slept in the same bed with his wife; and they lived together, sometimes at the Tuileries, sometimes at Malmaison. As yet there were neither grand marshal, nor chamberlains, nor prefects of the palace, nor ladies of honor, nor lady ushers, nor ladies of the wardrobe, nor pages. The household of the First Consul was composed only of M. Pfister, steward; Venard, chief cook; Galliot, and Dauger, head servants; Colin, butler. Ripeau was librarian; Vigogne, senior, in charge of the stables. Those attached to his personal service were Hambard, head valet; Herbert, ordinary valet; and Roustan, mameluke of the First Consul. There were, beside these, fifteen persons to discharge the ordinary duties of the household. De Bourrienne superintended everything, and regulated expenses, and, although very strict, won the esteem and affection of every one.

He was kind, obliging, and above all very just; and consequently at the time of his disgrace the whole household was much distressed. As for myself, I retain a sincerely respectful recollection of him; and I believe that, though he has had the misfortune to find enemies among the great, he found among his inferiors only grateful hearts and sincere regrets.

Some days after this installation, there was at the chateau a reception of the diplomatic corps. It will be seen from the details, which I shall give, how very simple at that time was the etiquette of what they already called the Court.

At eight o’clock in the evening, the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, situated, as I have just said, on the ground floor adjoining the garden, were crowded with people. There was an incredible wealth of plumes, diamonds, and dazzling toilets. The crowd

was so great that it was found necessary to throw open the bedroom of Madame Bonaparte, as the two saloons were so full there was not room to move.

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When, after much embarrassment and difficulty, every one had found a place as they could, Madame Bonaparte was announced, and entered, leaning on the arm of Talleyrand. She wore a dress of white muslin with short sleeves, and a necklace of pearls. Her head was uncovered; and the beautiful braids of her hair, arranged with charming negligence, were held in place by a tortoise-shell comb. The flattering murmur which greeted her appearance was most grateful to her; and never, I believe, did she display more grace and majesty.

Talleyrand,

[Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, born at Paris, 1754, was descended from the counts of Perigord. Rendered lame by an accident, he entered the clergy, and in 1788 became Bishop of Autun. In the States-General he sided with the Revolution. During the Reign of Terror he visited England and the United States. Recalled in 1796, he became minister of foreign affairs under the Directory, which post he retained under the Consulate. In 1806 he was made Prince of Benevento. He soon fell into disgrace. Sided with the Bourbons in 1814, and was minister at the congress of Vienna, president of the council, and minister under the king. Died 1838. —TRANS.]

giving his hand to Madame Bonaparte, had the honor of presenting to her, one after another, the members of the Diplomatic Corps, not according to their names, but that of the courts they represented. He then made with her the tour of the two saloons, and the circuit of the second was only half finished when the First Consul entered without being announced. He was dressed in a very plain uniform, with a tricolored silk scarf, with fringes of the same around his waist. He wore close-fitting pantaloons of white cassimere, and top-boots, and held his hat in his hand. This plain dress, in the midst of the embroidered coats loaded with cordons and orders worn by the ambassadors and foreign dignitaries, presented a contrast as striking as the toilette of Madame Bonaparte compared with that of the other ladies present.

Before relating how I exchanged the service of Madame Bonaparte for that of the chief of state, and a sojourn at Malmaison for the second campaign of Italy, I think I should pause to recall one or two incidents which belong to the time spent in the service of Madame Bonaparte. She loved to sit up late, and, when almost everybody else had retired, to play a game of billiards, or more often of backgammon. It happened on one occasion that, having dismissed every one else, and not yet being sleepy, she asked if I knew how to play billiards, and upon my replying in the affirmative, requested me with charming grace to play with her; and I had often afterwards the honor of doing so. Although I had some skill, I always managed to let her beat me, which pleased her exceedingly. If this was flattery, I must admit it; but I would have done the same towards any other woman, whatever her rank and her relation to me, had she been even half as lovely as was Madame Bonaparte.

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The concierge of Malmaison, who possessed the entire confidence of his employers, among other means of precaution and watchfulness conceived by him in order to protect the residence and person of the First Consul from any sudden attack, had trained for the chateau several large dogs, among which were two very handsome Newfoundlands. Work on the improvements of Malmaison went on incessantly, and a large number of workmen lodged there at night, who were carefully warned not to venture out alone; but one night as some of the watchdogs were with the workmen in their lodgings, and allowed themselves to be caressed, their apparent docility encouraged one of these men to attempt the imprudence of venturing out. Believing that the surest way to avoid danger was to put himself under the protection of one of those powerful animals, he took one of them with him, and in a very friendly manner they passed out of the door together; but no sooner had they reached the outside, than the dog sprang upon his unfortunate companion and threw him down. The cries of the poor workman brought some of the guard, who ran to his aid. Just in time; for the dog was holding him fast to the ground, and had seized him by the throat. He was rescued, badly wounded. Madame Bonaparte, when she was informed of this accident, had him nursed till perfectly cured, and gave him a handsome gratuity, but recommended him to be more prudent in the future.

Every moment that the First Consul could snatch from affairs of state he passed at Malmaison. The evening of each decadii

> [Under the Republic, Sunday was abolished. A decade of ten days was substituted for the week; and the decadi, or tenth day, took the place of the Sabbath.—TRANS.]

was a time of expectation and joy at the chateau. Madame Bonaparte sent domestics on horseback and on foot to meet her husband, and often went herself, accompanied by her daughter and her Malmaison friends. When not on duty, I went myself and alone: for everybody felt for the First Consul the same affection, and experienced in regard to him the same anxiety; and such was the bitterness and boldness of his enemies that the road, though short, between Paris and Malmaison was full of dangers and snares. We knew that many plans had been laid to kidnap him on this road, and that these attempts might be renewed. The most dangerous spot was the quarries of Nanterre, of which I have already spoken; so they were carefully examined, and guarded by his followers each day on which the First Consul was to pass, and finally the depressions nearest the road were filled up. The First Consul was gratified by our devotion to him, and gave us proofs of his satisfaction, though he himself seemed always free from fear or uneasiness. Very often, indeed, he mildly ridiculed our anxiety, and would relate very seriously to the good Josephine what a narrow escape he had on the road; how men of a sinister appearance had shown themselves many times

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on his way; how one of them had had the boldness to aim at him, *etc*. And when he saw her well frightened, he would burst out laughing, give her some taps or kisses on her cheek and neck, saying to her, “Have no fear, little goose; they would not dare.” On these “days of furlough,” as he called them, he was occupied more with his private affairs than with those of state; but never could he remain idle. He would make them pull down, put up again, build, enlarge, set out, prune, incessantly, both in the chateau and in the park, while he examined the bills of expenses, estimated receipts, and ordered economies. Time passed quickly in all these occupations; and the moment soon came when it was necessary to return, and, as he expressed it, put on again the yoke of misery.

CHAPTER IV.

Towards the end of March, 1800, five or six months after my entrance into the service of Madame. Bonaparte, the First Consul while at dinner one day regarded me intently; and having carefully scrutinized and measured me from head to foot, “Young man,” said he, “would you like to go with me on the campaign?” I replied, with much emotion, that I would ask nothing better. “Very well, then, you shall go with me!” and on rising from the table, he ordered Pfister, the steward, to place my name on the list of the persons of his household who would accompany him. My preparations did not require much time; for I was delighted with the idea of being attached to the personal service of so great a man, and in imagination saw myself already beyond the Alps. But the First Consul set out without me. Pfister, by a defect of memory, perhaps intentional, had forgotten to place my name on the list. I was in despair, and went to relate, with tears, my misfortune to my excellent mistress, who was good enough to endeavor to console me, saying, “Well, Constant, everything is not lost; you will stay with me. You can hunt in the park to pass the time; and perhaps the First Consul may yet send for you.” However, Madame Bonaparte did not really believe this; for she thought, as I did, although out of kindness she did not wish to say this to me, that the First Consul having changed his mind, and no longer wishing my services on the campaign, had himself given the counter orders. However, I soon had proof to the contrary. In passing through Dijon, on his way to Mt. St. Bernard, the First Consul asked for me, and learning that they had forgotten me, expressed his dissatisfaction, and directed Bourrienne to write immediately to Madame Bonaparte, requesting her to send me on without delay.

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One morning, when my chagrin was more acute than ever, Madame Bonaparte sent for me, and said, holding Bourrienne's letter in her hand, "Constant, since you have determined to quit us to make the campaign, you may rejoice, for you are now about to leave. The First Consul has sent for you. Go to the office of Maret, and ascertain if he will not soon send a courier. You will accompany him." I was inexpressibly delighted at this good news, and did not try to conceal my pleasure. "You are very well satisfied to leave us," said Madame Bonaparte with a kind smile. "It is not leaving Madame, but joining the First Consul, which delights me."—"I hope so," replied she. "Go, Constant; and take good care of him." If any incentive had been needed, this injunction of my noble mistress would have added to the zeal and fidelity with which I had determined to discharge my new duties. I hurried without delay to the office of Maret, secretary of state, who already knew me, and had shown his good-will for me. "Get ready at once," said he; "a courier will set out this evening or to-morrow morning." I returned in all haste to Malmaison, and announced to Madame Bonaparte my immediate departure. She immediately had a good post-chaise made ready for me, and Thibaut (for that was the name of the courier I was to accompany) was directed to obtain horses for me along the route. Maret gave me eight hundred francs for the expenses of my trip, which sum, entirely unexpected by me, filled me with wonder, for I had never been so rich. At four o'clock in the morning, having heard from Thibaut that everything was ready, I went to his house, where the post-chaise awaited me, and we set out.

I traveled very comfortably, sometimes in the postchaise, sometimes on horseback; I taking Thibaut's place, and he mine. I expected to overtake the First Consul at Martigny; but his traveling had been so rapid, that I caught up with him only at the convent of Mt. St. Bernard. Upon our route we constantly passed regiments on the march, composed of officers and soldiers who were hastening to rejoin their different corps. Their enthusiasm was irrepressible,—those who had made the campaign of Italy rejoiced at returning to so fine a country; those who had not yet done so were burning with impatience to see the battlefields immortalized by French valor, and by the genius of the hero who still marched at their head. All went as if to a festival, and singing songs they climbed the mountains of Valais. It was eight o'clock in the morning when I arrived at headquarters. Pfister announced me; and I found the general-in-chief in the great hall, in the basement of the Hospice. He was taking breakfast, standing, with his staff. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Here you are, you queer fellow! why didn't you come with me?" I excused myself by saying that to my great regret I had received a counter order, or, at least, they had left me behind at the moment of departure. "Lose no time, my friend; eat quickly; we are about to start." From this moment I was attached to the personal service of the First Consul, in the quality of ordinary valet; that is to say, in my turn. This duty gave me little to do; Hambard, the head valet of the First Consul, being in the habit of dressing him from head to foot.

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Immediately after breakfast we began to descend the mountain, many sliding down on the snow, very much as they coast at the garden Beaujon, from top to bottom of the Montagnes Russes, and I followed their example. This they called “sledding.” The general-in-chief also descended in this manner an almost perpendicular glacier. His guide was a young countryman, active and courageous, to whom the First Consul promised a sufficiency for the rest of his days. Some young soldiers who had wandered off into the snow were found, almost dead with cold, by the dogs sent out by the monks, and carried to the Hospice, where they received every possible attention, and their lives were saved. The First Consul gave substantial proof of his gratitude to the good fathers for a charity so useful and generous. Before leaving the Hospice, where he had found tables loaded with food already prepared awaiting the soldiers as soon as they reached the summit of the mountain, he gave to the good monks a considerable sum of money, in reward for the hospitality he and his companions in arms had received, and an order on the treasury for an annuity in support of the convent.

The same day we climbed Mount Albaredo; but as this passage was impracticable for cavalry and artillery, he ordered them to pass outside the town of Bard, under the batteries of the fort. The First Consul had ordered that they should pass it at night, and on a gallop; and he had straw tied around the wheels of the caissons and on the feet of the horses, but even these precautions were not altogether sufficient to prevent the Austrians hearing our troops. The cannon of the fort rained grape-shot incessantly; but fortunately the houses of the town sheltered our soldiers from the enemy’s guns, and more than half the army passed without much loss. I was with the household of the First Consul, which under the care of General Gardanne flanked the fort.

The 23d of May we forded a torrent which flowed between the town and the fort, with the First Consul at our head, and then, followed by General Berthier and some other officers, took the path over the Albaredo, which overlooked the fort and the town of Bard. Directing his field-glass towards the hostile batteries, from the fire of which he was protected only by a few bushes, he criticised the dispositions which had been made by the officer in charge of the siege of the fort, and ordered changes, which he said would cause the place to fall into our hands in a short time. Freed now from the anxiety which this fort had caused him, and which he said had prevented his sleeping the two days he had passed in the convent of Maurice, he stretched himself at the foot of a fir-tree and took a refreshing nap, while the army was making good its passage. Rising from this brief interval of repose, he descended the mountain and continued his march to Ivree, where we passed the night.

The brave General Lannes, who commanded the advance guard, acted somewhat in the capacity of quartermaster, taking possession of all the places which barred the road. Only a few hours before we entered he had forced the passage of Ivree.

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Such was this miraculous passage of St. Bernard. Horses, cannon, caissons, and an immense quantity of army stores of all kinds, everything, in fact, was drawn or carried over glaciers which appeared inaccessible, and by paths which seemed impracticable even for a single man. The Austrian cannon were not more successful than the snow in stopping the French army. So true is it that the genius and perseverance of the First Consul were communicated, so to speak, to the humblest of his soldiers, and inspired them with a courage and a strength, the results of which will appear fabulous to posterity.

On the 2d of June, which was the day after the passage of the Ticino, and the day of our entrance into Milan, the First Consul learned that the fort of Bard had been taken the evening before, showing that his dispositions had led to a quick result, and the road of communication by the St. Bernard was now free from all obstructions. The First Consul entered Milan without having met much resistance, the whole population turned out on his entrance, and he was received with a thousand acclamations. The confidence of the Milanese redoubled when they learned that he had promised the members of the assembled clergy to maintain the catholic worship and clergy as already established, and had compelled them to take the oath of fidelity to the cisalpine republic.

The First Consul remained several days in this capital; and I had time to form a more intimate acquaintance with my colleagues, who were, as I have said, Hambard, Roustan, and Hebert. We relieved each other every twenty-four hours, at noon precisely. As has always been my rule when thrown into association with strangers, I observed, as closely as circumstances permitted, the character and temper of my comrades, so that I could regulate my conduct in regard to them, and know in advance what I might have to fear or hope from association with them.

Hambard had an unbounded devotion for the First Consul, whom he had followed to Egypt, but unfortunately his temper was gloomy and misanthropic, which made him extremely sullen and disagreeable; and the favor which Roustan enjoyed perhaps contributed to increase this gloomy disposition. In a kind of mania he imagined himself to be the object of a special espionage; and when his hours of service were over, he would shut himself up in his room, and pass in mournful solitude the whole time he was not on duty. The First Consul, when in good humor, would joke with him upon this savage disposition, calling him Mademoiselle Hambard. “Ah, well, what were you doing there in your room all by yourself? Doubtless you were reading some poor romances, or some old books about princesses carried off and kept under guard by a barbarous giant.” To which Hambard would sullenly reply, “General, you no doubt know better than I what I was doing,” referring in this way to the spies by which he believed himself to be always surrounded. Notwithstanding

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this unfortunate disposition, the First Consul felt very kindly to him. When the Emperor went to camp at Boulogne, Hambard refused to accompany him; and the Emperor gave him, as a place of retreat, the charge of the palace of Meudon. There he showed unmistakable symptoms of insanity, and his end was lamentable. During the Hundred Days, after a conversation with the Emperor, he threw himself against a carving-knife with such violence that the blade came out two inches behind his back. As it was believed at this time that I had incurred the anger of the Emperor, the rumor went abroad that it was I who had committed suicide, and this tragic death was announced in several papers as mine.

Hebert, ordinary valet, was a very agreeable young fellow, but very timid, and was, like all the rest of the household, devotedly attached to the First Consul. It happened one day in Egypt that the latter, who had never been able to shave himself (it was I who taught him how to shave himself, as I shall relate elsewhere at length), called Hebert to shave him, in the absence of Hambard, who ordinarily discharged that duty. As it had sometimes happened that Hebert, on account of his great timidity, had cut his master's chin, on that day the latter, who held a pair of scissors in his hand, when Hebert approached him, holding his razor, said, "Take care, you scamp; if you cut me, I will stick my scissors into your stomach." This threat, made with an air of pretended seriousness, but which was in fact only a jest, such as I have seen the Emperor indulge in a hundred times, produced such an impression on Hebert, that it was impossible for him to finish his work. He was seized with a convulsive trembling, the razor fell from his hand, and the general-in-chief in vain bent his neck, and said to him many times, laughing "Come, finish, you scamp." Not only was Hebert unable to complete his task that day, but from that time he had to renounce the duty of barber. The Emperor did not like this excessive timidity in the servants of his household; but this did not prevent him, when he restored the castle of Rambouillet, from giving to Hebert the place of concierge which he requested.

Roustan, so well known under the name of Mameluke, belonged to a good family of Georgia; carried off at the age of six or seven, and taken to Cairo, he was there brought up among the young slaves who attended upon the mamelukes, until he should be of sufficient age to enter this warlike militia. The Sheik of Cairo, in making a present to General Bonaparte of a magnificent Arab horse, had given him at the same time Roustan and Ibrahim, another mameluke, who was afterwards attached to the service of Madame Bonaparte, under the name of Ali. It is well known that Roustan became an indispensable accompaniment on all occasions when the Emperor appeared in public. He was with him in all his expeditions, in all processions, and, which was especially to his honor, in all his battles.

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In the brilliant staff which followed the Emperor he shone more than all others by the richness of his Oriental costume; and his appearance made a decided impression, especially upon the common people and in the provinces. He was believed to have great influence with the Emperor; because, as credulous people said, Roustan had saved his master's life by throwing himself between him and the saber of an enemy who was about to strike him. I think that this belief was unfounded, and that the especial favor he enjoyed was due to the habitual kindness of his Majesty towards every one in his service. Besides, this favor affected in no wise his domestic relations; for when Roustan, who had married a young and pretty French girl, a certain Mademoiselle Douville, whose father was valet to the Empress Josephine, was reproached by certain journals in 1814 and 1815 with not having followed to the end of his fortunes the man for whom he had always expressed such intense devotion, Roustan replied that the family ties which he had formed prevented his leaving France, and that he could not destroy the happiness of his own household.

Ibrahim took the name of Ali when he passed into the service of Madame Bonaparte. He was of more than Arabic ugliness, and had a wicked look. I recall in this connection a little incident which took place at Malmaison, which will give an idea of his character. One day, while playing on the lawn of the chateau, I unintentionally threw him down while running; and furious at his fall, he rose up, drew his poniard, which he always wore, and dashed after me to strike me. I laughed at first, like every one else, at the accident, and amused myself by making him run; but warned by the cries of my comrades, and looking back to see how close he was, I perceived at the same time his dagger and his rage. I stopped at once, and planted my foot, with my eye fixed upon his poniard, and was fortunate enough to avoid his blow, which, however, grazed my breast. Furious in my turn, as may be imagined, I seized him by his flowing pantaloons, and pitched him ten feet into the stream of Malmaison, which was barely two feet deep. The plunge brought him at once to his senses; and besides, his poniard had gone to the bottom, which made him much less dangerous. But in his disappointment he yelled so loudly that Madame Bonaparte heard him; and as she had quite a fancy for her mameluke, I was sharply scolded. However, this poor Ali was of such an unsocial temperament that he got into difficulties with almost every one in the household, and at last was sent away to Fontainebleau, to take the place of manservant there.

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I now return to our campaign. On the 13th of June the First Consul spent the night at Torre-di-Galifolo, where he established his headquarters. From the day of our entry into Milan the advance of the army had not slackened; General Murat had passed the Po, and taken possession of Piacenza; and General Lannes, still pushing forward with his brave advance guard, had fought a bloody battle at Montebello, a name which he afterwards rendered illustrious by bearing it. The recent arrival of General Desaix, who had just returned from Egypt, completed the joy of the general-in-chief, and also added much to the confidence of the soldiers, by whom the good and modest Desaix was adored. The First Consul received him with the frankest and most cordial friendship, and they remained together three consecutive hours in private conversation. At the end of this conference, an order of the day announced to the army that General Desaix would take command of the division Boudet. I heard some persons in the suite of General Desaix say that his patience and evenness of temper were rudely tried during his voyage, by contrary winds, forced delays, the ennui of quarantine, and above all by the bad conduct of the English, who had kept him for some time a prisoner in their fleet, in sight of the shores of France, although he bore a passport, signed by the English authorities in Egypt, in consequence of the capitulation which had been mutually agreed upon. Consequently his resentment against them was very ardent; and he regretted much, he said, that the enemy he was about to fight was not the English.

In spite of the simplicity of his tastes and habits, no one was more ambitious of glory than this brave general. All his rage against the English was caused by the fear that he might not arrive in time to gather new laurels. He did indeed arrive in time, but only to find a glorious death, alas, so premature!

It was on the fourteenth that the celebrated battle of Marengo took place, which began early in the morning, and lasted throughout the day. I remained at headquarters with all the household of the First Consul, where we were almost within range of the cannon on the battlefield. Contradictory news constantly came, one report declaring the battle completely lost, the next giving us the victory. At one time the increase in the number of our wounded, and the redoubled firing of the Austrian cannon, made us believe that all was lost; and then suddenly came the news that this apparent falling back was only a bold maneuver of the First Consul, and that a charge of General Desaix had gained the battle. But the victory was bought at a price dear to France and to the heart of the First Consul. Desaix, struck by a bullet, fell dead on the field; and the grief of his soldiers serving only to exasperate their courage, they routed, by a bayonet charge, the enemy, who were already shaken by the brilliant cavalry charge of General Kellermann. The First Consul slept upon the field of battle, and

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notwithstanding the decisive victory that he had gained, was very sad, and said that evening, in the presence of Hambard and myself, many things which showed the profound grief he experienced in the death of General Desaix. He said, “France has lost one of her bravest defenders, and I one of my best friends; no one knew how much courage there was in the heart of Desaix, nor how much genius in his head.” He thus solaced his grief by making to each and all a eulogy on the hero who had died on the field of honor.

“My brave Desaix,” he further said, “always wished to die thus;” and then added, almost with tears in his eyes, “but ought death to have been so prompt to grant his wish?”

There was not a soldier in our victorious army who did not share so just a sorrow. Rapp and Savary, the aides-de-camp of Desaix, remained plunged in the most despairing grief beside the body of their chief, whom they called their father, rather to express his unfailing kindness to them than the dignity of his character. Out of respect to the memory of his friend, the general-in-chief, although his staff was full, added these two young officers in the quality of aides-de-camp.

Commandant Rapp (for such only was his rank at that time) was then, as he has ever been, good, full of courage, and universally beloved. His frankness, which sometimes bordered on brusqueness, pleased the Emperor; and I have many times heard him speak in praise of his aide-de-camp, whom he always styled, “My brave Rapp.” Rapp was not lucky in battle, for he rarely escaped without a wound. While thus anticipating events, I will mention that in Russia, on the eve of the battle of La Moskwa, the Emperor said, in my presence, to General Rapp, who had just arrived from Dantzic, “See here, my brave fellow, we will beat them to-morrow, but take great care of yourself. You are not a favorite of fortune.”—“That is,” said the general, “the premium to be paid on the business, but I shall none the less on that account do my best.”

Savary manifested for the First Consul the same fervid zeal and unbounded devotion which had attached him to General Desaix; and if he lacked any of the qualities of General Rapp, it was certainly not bravery. Of all the men who surrounded the Emperor, no one was more absolutely devoted to his slightest wishes. In the course of these memoirs, I shall doubtless have occasion to recall instances of this unparalleled enthusiasm, for which the Duke de Rovigo I was magnificently rewarded; but it is just to say that he did not bite the hand which rewarded him, and that he gave to the end, and even after the end, of his old master (for thus he loved to style the Emperor) an example of gratitude which has been imitated by few.

A government decree, in the month of June following, determined that the body of Desaix should be carried to the Hospice of St. Bernard, and that a tomb should be

erected on that spot, in the country where he had covered himself with immortal glory, as a testimonial to the grief of France, and especially that of the First Consul.

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CHAPTER V.

The victory of Marengo had rendered the conquest of Italy certain. Therefore the First Consul, thinking his presence more necessary at Paris than at the head of his army, gave the command in chief to General Massena, and made preparations to repass the mountains. On our return to Milan, the First Consul was received with even more enthusiasm than on his first visit.

The establishment of a republic was in accordance with the wishes of a large number of the Milanese; and they called the First Consul their Savior, since he had delivered them from the yoke of the Austrians. There was, however, a party who detested equally these changes, the French army which was the instrument of them, and the young chief who was the author. In this party figured a celebrated artist, the singer Marchesi.

During our former visit, the First Consul had sent for him; and the musician had waited to be entreated, acting as if he were much inconvenienced, and at last presented himself with all the importance of a man whose dignity had been offended. The very simple costume of the First Consul, his short stature, thin visage, and poor figure were not calculated to make much of an impression on the hero of the theater; and after the general-in-chief had welcomed him cordially, and very politely asked him to sing an air, he replied by this poor pun, uttered in a tone the impertinence of which was aggravated by his Italian accent: “Signor General, if it is a good air which you desire, you will find an excellent one in making a little tour of the garden.” The Signor Marchesi was for this fine speech immediately put out of the door, and the same evening an order was sent committing the singer to prison. On our return the First Consul, whose resentment against Marchesi the cannon of Marengo had doubtless assuaged, and who thought besides that the penance of the musician for a poor joke had been sufficiently long, sent for him again, and asked him once more to sing; Marchesi this time was modest and polite, and sang in a charming manner. After the concert the First Consul approached him, pressed his hand warmly, and complimented him in the most affectionate manner; and from that moment peace was concluded between the two powers, and Marchesi sang only praises of the First Consul.

At this same concert the First Consul was struck with the beauty of a famous singer, Madame Grassini. He found her by no means cruel, and at the end of a few hours the conqueror of Italy counted one conquest more.

The following day she breakfasted with the First Consul and General Berthier in the chamber of the First Consul. General Berthier was ordered to provide for the journey of Madame Grassini, who was carried to Paris, and attached to the concert-room of the court.

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The First Consul left Milan on the 24th; and we returned to France by the route of Mont Cenis, traveling as rapidly as possible. Everywhere the Consul was received with an enthusiasm difficult to describe. Arches of triumph had been erected at the entrance of each town, and in each canton a deputation of leading citizens came to make addresses to and compliment him. Long ranks of young girls, dressed in white, crowned with flowers, bearing flowers in their hands, and throwing flowers into the carriage of the First Consul, made themselves his only escort, surrounded him, followed him, and preceded him, until he had passed, or as soon as he set foot on the ground wherever he stopped.

The journey was thus, throughout the whole route, a perpetual fete; and at Lyons it amounted to an ovation, in which the whole town turned out to meet him. He entered, surrounded by an immense crowd, amid the most noisy demonstrations, and alighted at the hotel of the Celestins. In the Reign of Terror the Jacobins had spent their fury on the town of Lyons, the destruction of which they had sworn; and the handsome buildings which ornamented the Place Belcour had been leveled to the ground, the hideous cripple Couthon, at the head of the vilest mob of the clubs, striking the first blow with the hammer. The First Consul detested the Jacobins, who, on their side, hated and feared him; and his constant care was to destroy their work, or, in other words, to restore the ruins with which they had covered France. He thought then, and justly too, that he could not better respond to the affection of the people of Lyons, than by promoting with all his power the rebuilding of the houses of the Place Belcour; and before his departure he himself laid the first stone. The town of Dijon gave the First Consul a reception equally as brilliant.

Between Villeneuve-le-Roi and Sens, at the descent to the bridge of Montereau, while the eight horses, lashed to a gallop, were bearing the carriage rapidly along (the First Consul already traveled like a king), the tap of one of the front wheels came off. The inhabitants who lined the route, witnessing this accident, and foreseeing what would be the result, used every effort to stop the postilions, but did not succeed, and the carriage was violently upset. The First Consul received no injury; General Berthier had his face slightly scratched by the windows, which were broken; and the two footmen, who were on the steps, were thrown, violently to a distance, and badly wounded. The First Consul got out, or rather was pulled out, through one of the doors. This occurrence made no delay in his journey; he took his seat in another carriage immediately, and reached Paris with no other accident. The night of the 2d of July, he alighted at the Tuileries; and the next day, as soon as the news of his return had been circulated in Paris, the entire population filled the courts and the garden. They pressed around the windows of the pavilion of Flora, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the savior of France, the liberator of Italy.

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That evening there was no one, either rich or poor, who did not take delight in illuminating his house or his garret. It was only a short time after his arrival at Paris that the First Consul learned of the death of General Kleber. The poniard of Suleyman had slain this great captain the same day that the cannon of Marengo laid low another hero of the army of Egypt. This assassination caused the First Consul the most poignant grief, of which I was an eyewitness, and to which I can testify; and, nevertheless, his calumniators have dared to say that he rejoiced at an event, which, even considered apart from its political relations, caused him to lose a conquest which had cost him so much, and France so much blood and expense. Other miserable wretches, still more stupid and more infamous, have even gone so far as to fabricate and spread abroad the report that the First Consul had himself ordered the assassination of his companion in arms, whom he had placed in his own position at the head of the army in Egypt. To these I have only one answer to make, if it is necessary to answer them at all; it is this, they never knew the Emperor.

After his return, the First Consul went often with his wife to Malmaison, where he remained sometimes for several days. At this time it was the duty of the valet de chambre to follow the carriage on horseback. One day the First Consul, while returning to Paris, ascertained a short distance from the chateau that he had forgotten his snuff-box, and sent me for it. I turned my bridle, set off at a gallop, and, having found the snuff-box on his desk, retraced my steps to overtake him, but did not succeed in doing so till he had reached Ruelle. Just as I drew near the carriage my horse slipped on a stone, fell, and threw me some distance into a ditch. The fall was very severe; and I remained stretched on the ground, with one shoulder dislocated, and an arm badly bruised. The First Consul ordered the horses stopped, himself gave orders to have me taken up, and cautioned them to be very careful in moving me; and I was borne, attended by-him, to the barracks of Ruelle, where he took pains before continuing his journey to satisfy himself that I was in no danger. The physician of his household was sent to Ruelle, my shoulder set, and my arm dressed; and from there I was carried as gently as possible to Malmaison, where, good Madame, Bonaparte had the kindness to come to see me, and lavished on me every attention.

The day I returned to service, after my recovery, I was in the antechamber of the First Consul as he came out of his cabinet. He drew near me, and inquired with great interest how I was. I replied that, thanks to the care taken of me, according to the orders of my excellent master and mistress, I was quite well again. “So much the better,” said the First Consul. “Constant, make haste, and get your strength back. Continue to serve me well, and I will take care of you. Here,” added he, placing in my hand three little crumpled

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papers, “these are to replenish your wardrobe;” and he passed on, without listening to the profuse thanks which, with great emotion, I was attempting to express, much more for the consideration and interest in me shown by him than for his present, for I did not then know of what it consisted. After he passed on I unrolled my papers: they were three bank-bills, each for a thousand francs! I was moved to tears by so great a kindness. We must remember that at this period the First Consul was not rich, although he was the first magistrate of the republic. How deeply the remembrance of this generous deed touches me, even to-day. I do not know if details so personal to me will be found interesting; but they seem to me proper as evidence of the true character of the Emperor, which has been so outrageously misrepresented, and also as an instance of his ordinary conduct towards the servants of his house; it shows too, at the same time, whether the severe economy that he required in his domestic management, and of which I will speak elsewhere, was the result, as has been stated, of sordid avarice, or whether it was not rather a rule of prudence, from which he departed willingly whenever his kindness of heart or his humanity urged him thereto.

I am not certain that my memory does not deceive me in leading me to put in this place a circumstance which shows the esteem in which the First Consul held the brave soldiers of his army, and how he loved to manifest it on all occasions. I was one day in his sleeping-room, at the usual hour for his toilet, and was performing that day the duties of chief valet, Hambard being temporarily absent or indisposed, there being in the room, besides the body servants, only the brave and modest Colonel Gerard Lacuee, one of the aides-de-camp of the First Consul. Jerome Bonaparte, then hardly seventeen years of age, was introduced. This young man gave his family frequent cause of complaint, and feared no one except his brother Napoleon, who reprimanded, lectured, and scolded him as if he had been his own son. There was a question at the time of making him a sailor, less with the object of giving him a career, than of removing him from the seductive temptations which the high position of his brother caused to spring up incessantly around his path, and which he had little strength to resist. It may be imagined what it cost him to renounce pleasures so accessible and so delightful to a young man. He did not fail to protest, on all occasions, his unfitness for sea-service, going so far, it is said, that he even caused himself to be rejected by the examining board of the navy as incompetent, though he could easily have prepared himself to answer the few questions asked. However, the will of the First Consul must be obeyed, and Jerome was compelled to embark. On the day of which I have spoken, after some moments of conversation and scolding, still on the subject of the navy, Jerome said to his brother, “Instead of sending me to perish of ennui at

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sea, you ought to take me for an aide-de-camp."—"What, take you, greenhorn," warmly replied the First Consul; "wait till a ball has furrowed your face and then I will see about it," at the same time calling his attention to Colonel Lacuee, who blushed, and dropped his eyes to the floor like a young girl, for, as is well known, he bore on his face the scar made by a bullet. This gallant colonel was killed in 1805 before Guntzbourg; and the Emperor deeply regretted his loss, for he ways one of the bravest and most skillful officers of the army.

It was, I believe, about this time that the First Consul conceived a strong passion for a very intelligent and handsome young woman, Madame D. Madame Bonaparte, suspecting this intrigue, showed jealousy; and her husband did all he could to allay her wifely suspicions. Before going to the chamber of his mistress he would wait until every one was asleep in the chateau; and he even carried his precautions so far as to go from his room to hers in his night-dress, without shoes or slippers. Once I found that day was about to break before his return; and fearing scandal, I went, as the First Consul had ordered me to do in such a case, to notify the chambermaid of Madame D. to go to her mistress and tell her the hour. It was hardly five minutes after this timely notice had been given, when I saw the First Consul returning, in great excitement, of which I soon learned the cause. He had discovered, on his return, one of Madame Bonaparte's women, lying in wait, and who had seen him through the window of a closet opening upon the corridor. The First Consul, after a vigorous outburst against the curiosity of the fair sex, sent me to the young scout from the enemy's camp to intimate to her his orders to hold her tongue, unless she wished to be discharged without hope of return. I do not know whether I added a milder argument to these threats to buy her silence; but, whether from fear or for compensation, she had the good sense not to talk. Nevertheless, the successful lover, fearing another surprise, directed me to rent in the Allee des Ireuves a little house where he and Madame D. met from time to time. Such were, and continued to be, the precautions of the First Consul towards his wife. He had the highest regard for her, and took all imaginable care to prevent his infidelities coming to her knowledge. Besides, these passing fancies did not lessen the tenderness he felt for her; and although other women inspired him with love, no other woman had his confidence and friendship to the same extent as Madame Bonaparte. There have been a thousand and one calumnies repeated of the harshness and brutality of the First Consul towards women. He was not always gallant, but I have never seen him rude; and, however singular it may seem after what I have just related, he professed the greatest veneration for a wife of exemplary conduct, speaking in admiring terms of happy households; and he did not admire cynicism, either in morals or in language. When he had any liaisons he kept them secret, and concealed them with great care.

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CHAPTER VI.

The 3d Nivose, year IX. (Dec. 21, 1800),

[Under the Republican regime the years were counted from the proclamation of the Republic, Sept. 22, 1792. The year was divided into twelve months of thirty days each, re-named from some peculiarity, as Brumaire (foggy); Nivose (snowy); Thermidor (hot); Fructidor (fruit), *etc*.; besides five supplementary days of festivals, called 'sans-culottides'. The months were divided into three decades of ten days instead of weeks, the tenth day (decadi) being in lieu of Sunday. The Republican calendar lasted till Jan 1, 1806, as to the years and months at least, though the Concordat had restored the weeks and Sabbaths.—TRANS.]

the Opera presented, by order, The Creation of Haydn; and the First Consul had announced that he would be present, with all his household, at this magnificent oratorio. He dined on that day with Madame Bonaparte, her daughter, and Generals Rapp, Lauriston, Lannes, and Berthier. I was on duty; but as the First Consul was going to the Opera, I knew that I should not be needed at the chateau, and resolved, for my part, to go to the Feydeau, occupying the box which Madame Bonaparte allowed us, and which was situated under hers. After dinner, which the First Consul bolted with his usual rapidity, he rose from the table, followed by his officers, with the exception of General Rapp, who remained with Madame Josephine and Hortense. About seven o'clock the First Consul entered his carriage with Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston, to go to the Opera. When they arrived in the middle of Rue Sainte-Nicaise, the escort who preceded the carriage found the road obstructed by a cart, which seemed to be abandoned, and on which a cask was found fastened strongly with ropes. The chief of the escort had this cart removed to the side of the street; and the First Consul's coachman, whom this delay had made impatient, urged on his horses vigorously, and they shot off like lightning. Scarcely two seconds had passed when the barrel which was on the cart burst with a frightful explosion. No one of the escort or of the companions of the First Consul was slain, but several were wounded; and the loss among the residents in the street and the passers-by near the horrible machine was much greater. More than twenty of these were killed, and more than sixty seriously wounded. Trepsat, the architect, had his thigh broken. The First Consul afterwards decorated him, and made him the architect of the Invalides, saying that he had long enough been the most invalid of architects. All the panes of glass at the Tuileries were broken, and many houses thrown down. All those of the Rue Sainte-Nicaise, and even some in the adjacent streets, were badly damaged, some fragments being blown into the house of the Consul Cambaceres. The glass of the First Consul's carriage was shivered to fragments. By a fortunate

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chance, the carriages of the suite, which should have been immediately behind that of the First Consul, were some distance in the rear, which happened in this way: Madame Bonaparte, after dinner, had a shawl brought to wear to the opera; and when it came, General Rapp jestingly criticised the color, and begged her to choose another. Madame Bonaparte defended her shawl, and said to the general that he knew as much about criticising a toilet as she did about attacking a fort. This friendly banter continued for some moments; and in the interval, the First Consul, who never waited, set out in advance, and the miserable assassins and authors of the conspiracy set fire to the infernal machine. Had the coachman of the First Consul driven less rapidly, and thereby been two seconds later, it would have been all over with his master; while, on the other hand, if Madame Bonaparte had followed her husband promptly, it would have been certain death to her and all her suite.

It was, in fact, the delay of an instant which saved her life, as well as that of her daughter, her sister-in-law, Madame Murat, and all who were to accompany them, since the carriage of these ladies, instead of being immediately behind that of the First Consul, was just leaving the Place Carrousel, when the machine exploded. The glass was shivered; and though Madame Bonaparte received no injury except the terrible fright, Hortense was slightly wounded in the face by a piece of glass, and Madame Caroline Murat, who was then far advanced in pregnancy, was so frightened that it was necessary to carry her back to the Tuileries. This catastrophe had its influence, even on the health of her child; for I have been told that Prince Achille Muratz is subject, to this day, to frequent attacks of epilepsy. As is well known, the First Consul went on to the opera, where he was received with tumultuous acclamations, the immobility of his countenance contrasting strongly with the pallor and agitation of Madame Bonaparte's, who had feared not so much for herself as for him. The coachman who had driven the First Consul with such good fortune was named Germain. He had followed him in Egypt, and in a skirmish had killed an Arab, with his own hand, under the eyes of the general-in-chief, who, struck with his courage, had cried out, "Diable! that's a brave man, he is a Caesar." The name had clung to him. It has been said that this brave man was drunk at the time of this explosion; but this is a mistake, which his conduct under the circumstances contradicts in the most positive manner. When the First Consul, after he became Emperor, went out, incognito, in Paris, it was Caesar who was his escort, without livery. It is said in the Memorial de Sainte Helene that the Emperor, in speaking of Caesar, stated that he was in a complete state of intoxication, and took the noise of the explosion for an artillery salute, nor did he know until the next day what had taken place. This is entirely untrue,

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and the Emperor was incorrectly informed in regard to his coachman. Caesar drove the First Consul very rapidly because he had been ordered to do so, and because he considered his honor interested in not allowing the obstacle which the infernal machine placed in his way before the explosion to delay him. The evening of the event I saw Caesar, who was perfectly sober, and he himself related to me part of the details that I have just given. A few days after, four or five hundred hackney-coachmen clubbed together to honor him, and gave him a magnificent dinner at twenty-four francs per head.

While the infernal plot was being executed, and costing the lies of many innocent citizens, without attaining the object the assassins proposed, I was, as I have said, at the Theatre Feydeau, where I had prepared myself to enjoy at my leisure an entire evening of freedom, amid the pleasures of the stage, for which I had all my life a great liking. Scarcely had I seated myself comfortably, however, when the box-keeper entered in the greatest excitement, crying out, “Monsieur Constant, it is said that they have just blown up the First Consul; there has been a terrible explosion, and it is asserted that he is dead.” These terrible words were like a thunderbolt-to me. Not knowing what I did, I plunged down-stairs, and, forgetting my hat, ran like mad to the chateau. While crossing Rue Vivienne and the Palais Royal, I saw no extraordinary disturbance; but in Rue Sainte Honore there was a very great tumult, and I saw, borne away on litters, many dead and wounded, who had been at first carried into the neighboring houses of Rue Sainte Nicaise. Many groups had formed, and with one voice all were cursing the still unknown authors of this dastardly attempt. Some accused the Jacobins of this, because three months before they had placed the poniard in the hands of Cerrachi, of Arena, and of Topino Lebrun; whilst others, less numerous perhaps, thought the aristocrats, the Royalists, could alone be guilty of this atrocity. I could give no time to these various accusations, except as I was detained in forcing my way through an immense and closely packed crowd, and as rapidly as possible went on, and in two seconds was at the Carrousel. I threw myself against the wicket, but the two sentinels instantly crossed bayonets before my breast. It was useless to cry out that I was valet de chambre of the First Consul; for my bare head, my wild manner, the disorder, both of my dress and ideas, appeared to them suspicious, and they refused energetically and very obstinately to allow me to enter. I then begged them to send for the gatekeeper of the chateau; and as soon as he came, I was admitted, or rather rushed into the chateau, where I learned what had just happened. A short time after the First Consul arrived, and was immediately surrounded by his officers, and by all his household, every one present being in the greatest state of anxiety. When the First Consul alighted

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from his carriage he appeared calm and smiling; he even wore an air of gayety. On entering the vestibule he said to his officers, rubbing his hands, “Well, sirs, we made a fine escape!” They shuddered with indignation and anger. He then entered the grand saloon on the ground floor, where a large number of counselors of state and-dignitaries had already assembled; but hardly had they begun to express their congratulations, when he interrupted them, and in so vehement a manner that he was heard outside the saloon. We were told that after this council he had a lively altercation with Fouche, Minister of Police, whom he reproached with his ignorance of this plot, openly accusing the Jacobins of being the authors.

That evening, on retiring, the First Consul asked me laughingly if I was afraid. “More than you were, my general,” I replied; and I related to him how I had heard the fatal news at the Feydeau, and had run without my hat to the very wicket of the Carrousel, where the sentinels tried to prevent my entering. He was amused at the oaths and abusive epithets with which they had accompanied their defense of the gate, and at last said to me, “After all, my dear Constant, you should not be angry with them; they were only obeying orders. They are brave men, on whom I can rely.” The truth is, the Consular Guard was at this period no less devoted than it has been since as the Imperial Guard. At the first rumor of the great risk which the First Consul had run, all the soldiers of that faithful band had gathered spontaneously in the court of the Tuileries.

After this melancholy catastrophe, which carried distress into all France, and mourning into so many families, the entire police were actively engaged in searching for the authors of the plot. The dwelling of the First Consul was first put under surveillance, and we were incessantly watched by spies, without suspecting it. All our walks, all our visits, all our goings and comings, were known; and attention was especially directed to our friends, and even our liaisons. But such was the devotion of each and all to the person of the First Consul, such was the affection that he so well knew how to inspire in those around him, that not one of the persons attached to his service was for an instant suspected of having a hand in this infamous attempt. Neither at this time, nor in any other affair of this kind, were the members of his household ever compromised; and never was the name of the lowest of his servants ever found mixed up in criminal plots against a life so valued and so glorious.

The minister of police suspected the Royalists of this attempt; but the First Consul attributed it to the Jacobins, because they were already guilty, he said, of crimes as odious. One hundred and thirty of the most noted men of this party were transported on pure suspicion, and without any form of trial. It is now known that the discovery, trial, and execution of Saint Regent and Carbon, the true criminals, proved that the conjectures of the minister were more correct than those of the chief of state.

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The 4th Nivose, at noon, the First Consul held a grand review in the Place Carrousel, where an innumerable crowd of citizens were collected to behold, and also to testify their affection for his person, and their indignation against the enemies who dared attack him only by assassination. Hardly had he turned his horse towards the first line of grenadiers of the Consular Guard, when their innumerable acclamations rose on all sides. He rode along the ranks, at a walk, very slowly, showing his appreciation, and replying by a few simple and affectionate words to this effusion of popular joy; and cries of “Vive Bonaparte! Vive the First Consul!” did not cease till after he had re-entered his apartments.

The conspirators who obstinately persisted, with so much animosity, in attacking the life of the First Consul, could not have chosen a period in which circumstances would have been more adverse to their plans than in 1800 and 1801, for then the Consul was beloved not only for his military deeds, but still more for the hope of peace that he gave to France, which hope was soon realized. As soon as the first rumor spread abroad that peace had been concluded with Austria, the greater part of the inhabitants of Paris gathered under the windows of the Pavilion of Flora. Blessings and cries of gratitude and joy were heard on all sides; then musicians assembled to give a serenade to the chief of state, and proceeded to form themselves into orchestras; and there was dancing the whole night through. I have never seen a sight more striking or more joyous than the bird’s-eye view of this improvised jubilee.

When in the month of October, the, peace of Amiens having been concluded with England, France found herself delivered from all the wars that she had maintained through so many years, and at the cost of so many sacrifices, it would be impossible to form an idea of the joy which burst forth on all sides. The decrees which ordered either the disarmament of vessels of war, or the placing of the forts on a peace footing, were welcomed as pledges of happiness and security. The day of the reception of Lord Cornwallis, Ambassador of England, the First Consul ordered that the greatest magnificence should be displayed. “It is necessary,” he had said the evening before, “to show these proud Britons that we are not reduced to beggary.” The fact is, the English, before setting foot on the French continent, had expected to find only ruins, penury, and misery. The whole of France had been described to them as being in the most distressing condition, and they thought themselves on the point of landing in a barbarous country. Their surprise was great when they saw how many evils the First Consul had already repaired in so short a time, and all the improvements that he still intended to carry out; and they spread through their own country the report of what they themselves called the prodigies of the First Consul, by which thousands of their compatriots were influenced to come and judge with their own eyes. At the moment that Lord Cornwallis entered the great hall of the Ambassadors with his suite, the eyes of all the English must have been dazzled by the sight of the First Consul, surrounded by his two colleagues, with all the diplomatic corps, and with an already brilliant military court.

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In the midst of all these rich uniforms, his was remarkable for its simplicity; but the diamond called the Regent, which had been put in pawn under the Directory, and redeemed a few days since by the First Consul, sparkled on the hilt of his sword.

CHAPTER VII.

In the month of May, 1801, there came to Paris, on his way to take possession of his new kingdom, the Prince of Tuscany, Don Louis the First, whom the First Consul had just made King of Etruria. He traveled under the name of the Count of Leghorn, with his wife, who was the infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles the Fourth; but in spite of the incognito, which, from the modest title he had assumed, he seemed really anxious to preserve, especially, perhaps, on account of the poor appearance of his small court, he was, notwithstanding, received and treated at the Tuileries as a king. This prince was in feeble health, and it was said had epilepsy. They were lodged at the residence of the Spanish Embassy, formerly the Hotel Montessori; and he requested Madame de Montessori, who lived in the next house, to reopen a private communication between the houses which had long been closed. He, as well as the Queen of Etruria, greatly enjoyed the society of this lady, who was the widow of the Duke of Orleans, and spent many hours every day in her house. A Bourbon himself, he doubtless loved to hear every particular relating to the Bourbons of France, which could so well be given by one who had lived at their court, and on intimate terms with the royal family, with which she was connected by ties which, though not official, were none the less well known and recognized.

Madame de Montesson received at her house all who were most distinguished in Parisian society. She had reunited the remnants of the most select society of former times, which the Revolution had dispersed. A friend of Madame Bonaparte, she was also loved and respected by the First Consul, who was desirous that they should speak and think well of him in the most noble and elegant saloon of the capital. Besides, he relied upon the experience and exquisite refinement of this lady, to establish in the palace and its society, out of which he already dreamed of making a court, the usages and etiquette customary with sovereigns.

The King of Etruria was not fond of work, and in this respect did not please the First Consul, who could not endure idleness. I heard him one day, in conversation with his colleague, Cambaceres, score severely his royal protege (in his absence, of course). “Here is a prince,” said he, “who does not concern himself much with his very dear and well-beloved subjects, but passes his time cackling with old women, to whom he dilates in a loud tone on my good qualities, while he complains in a whisper of owing his elevation to the chief of this cursed French Republic. His only business is walking, hunting, balls, and theaters.”—“It is asserted,” remarked Cambaceres, “that you wished to disgust the French people with kings, by showing them such a specimen, as the

Spartans disgusted their children with drunkenness by exhibiting to them a drunken slave.”

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“Not so, not so, my dear sir,” replied the First Consul. “I have no desire to disgust them with royalty; but the sojourn of the King of Etruria will annoy a number of good people who are working incessantly to create a feeling favorable to the Bourbons.” Don Louis, perhaps, did not merit such severity, although he was, it must be admitted, endowed with little mind, and few agreeable traits of character. When he dined at the Tuileries, he was much embarrassed in replying to the simplest questions the First Consul addressed him. Beyond the rain and the weather, horses, dogs, and other like subjects of conversation, he could not give an intelligent reply on any subject. The Queen, his wife, often made signs to put him on right road, and even whispered to him, what he should say or do; but this rendered only the more conspicuous his absolute want of presence of mind. People made themselves merry at his expense; but they took good care, however, not to do this in the presence of the First Consul, who would not have suffered any want of respect to a guest to whom he had shown so much. What gave rise to the greatest number of pleasantries, in regard to the prince, was his excessive economy, which reached a point truly incredible. Innumerable instances were quoted, which this is perhaps the most striking. The First Consul sent him frequently during his stay, magnificent presents, such as Savonnerie carpets, Lyons cloths, and Sevres porcelain; and on such occasions his Majesty would give some small gratuity to the bearers of these precious articles. One day a vase of very great value (it cost, I believe, a hundred thousand crowns) was brought him which it required a dozen workmen to place in the apartments of the king. Their work being finished, the workmen waited until his Majesty should give them some token of his satisfaction, and flattered themselves he would display a truly royal liberality. As, notwithstanding, time passed, and the expected gratuity did not arrive, they finally applied to one of his chamberlains, and asked him to lay their petition at the feet of the King of Etruria. His Majesty, who was still in ecstasy over the beauty of the present, and the munificence of the First Consul, was astounded at such a request. “It was a present,” said he; “and hence it was for him to receive, not to give;” and it was only after much persistence that the chamberlain obtained six francs for each of these workmen, which were refused by these good people. The persons of the prince’s suite asserted that to this extreme aversion to expense he added an excessive severity towards themselves; however, the first of these traits probably disposed the servants of the King of Etruria to exaggerate the second.

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Masters who are too economical never fail to be deemed severe themselves, and at the same time are severely criticised by their servants. For this reason, perhaps (I would say in passing), there is current among some people a calumny which represents the Emperor as often taking a fancy to beat his servants. The economy of the Emperor Napoleon was only a desire for the most perfect order in the expenses of his household. One thing I can positively assert in regard to his Majesty, the King of Etruria, is that he did not sincerely feel either all the enthusiasm or all the gratitude which he expressed towards the First Consul, and the latter had more than one proof of this insincerity. As to the king's talent for governing and reigning, the First Consul said to Cambaceres at his levee, in the same conversation from which I have already quoted, that the Spanish Ambassador had complained of the haughtiness of this prince towards him, of his extreme ignorance, and of the disgust with which all kind of business inspired him. Such was the king who went to govern part of Italy, and was installed in his kingdom by General Murat, who apparently had little idea that a throne was in store for himself a few leagues distant from that on which he seated Don Luis.

The Queen of Etruria was, in the opinion of the First Consul, more sagacious and prudent than her august husband. This princess was remarkable neither for grace nor elegance; she dressed herself in the morning for the whole day, and walked in the garden, her head adorned with flowers or a diadem, and wearing a dress, the train of which swept up the sand of the walks; often, also, carrying in her arms one of her children, still in long dresses, from which it can be readily understood that by night the toilet of her Majesty was somewhat disarranged. She was far from pretty, and her manners were not suited to her rank. But, which fully atoned for all this, she was good-tempered, much beloved by those in her service, and fulfilled scrupulously all the duties of wife and mother; and in consequence the First Consul, who made a great point of domestic virtues, professed for her the highest and most sincere esteem.

During the entire month which their Majesties spent in Paris, there was a succession of fetes, one of which Talleyrand gave in their honor at Neuilly, of great magnificence and splendor, and to which I, being on duty, accompanied the First Consul. The chateau and park were illuminated with a brilliant profusion of colored lights. First there was a concert, at the close of which the end of the hall was moved aside, like the curtain of a theater, and we beheld the principal square in Florence, the ducal palace, a fountain playing, and the Tuscans giving themselves up to the games and dances of their country, and singing couplets in honor of their sovereigns. Talleyrand came forward, and requested their Majesties to mingle with their subjects; and hardly had they set foot

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in the garden than they found themselves in fairyland, where fireworks, rockets, and Bengal fires burst out in every direction and in every form, colonnades, arches of triumph, and palaces of fire arose, disappeared, and succeeded each other incessantly. Numerous tables were arranged in the apartments and in the garden, at which all the spectators were in turn seated, and last of all a magnificent ball closed this evening of enchantments. It was opened by the King of Etruria and Madame Le Clerc (Pauline Borghese).

Madame de Montesson also gave to their Majesties a ball, at which the whole family of the First Consul was present. But of all these entertainments, I retain the most vivid recollection of that given by Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, the day which he chose being the fourteenth of June, the anniversary of the battle of Marengo. After the concert, the theater, the ball, and another representation of the city and inhabitants of Florence, a splendid supper was served in the garden, under military tents, draped with flags, and ornamented with groupings of arms and trophies, each lady being accompanied and served at table by an officer in uniform. When the King and Queen of Etruria came out of their tent, a balloon was released which carried into the heavens the name of Marengo in letters of fire.

Their Majesties wished to visit, before their departure, the chief public institutions, so they were taken to the Conservatory of Music, to a sitting of the Institute, of which they did not appear to comprehend much, and to the Mint, where a medal was struck in their honor. Chaptall received the thanks of the queen for the manner in which he had entertained and treated his royal guests, both as a member of the Institute, as minister at his hotel, and in the visits which they had made to the different institutions of the capital. On the eve of his departure the king had a long private interview with the First Consul; and though I do not know what passed, I observed that on coming out neither appeared to be satisfied with the other. However, their Majesties, on the whole, should have carried away a most favorable impression of the manner in which they had been received.

CHAPTER VIII.

In all the fetes given by the First Consul in honor of their Majesties, the King and Queen of Etruria, Mademoiselle Hortense shone with that brilliancy and grace which made her the pride of her mother, and the most beautiful ornament of the growing court of the First Consul.

About this time she inspired a most violent passion in a gentleman of a very good family, who was, I think, a little deranged before this mad love affected his brain. This poor unfortunate roamed incessantly around Malmaison; and as soon as Mademoiselle

Hortense left the house, ran by the side of her carriage with the liveliest demonstrations of tenderness, and threw through the window flowers, locks of his hair, and

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verses of his own composition. When he met Mademoiselle Hortense on foot, he threw himself on his knees before her with a thousand passionate gestures, addressing her in most endearing terms, and followed her, in spite of all opposition, even into the courtyard of the chateau, and abandoned himself to all kinds of folly. At first Mademoiselle Hortense, who was young and gay, was amused by the antics of her admirer, read the verses which he addressed to her, and showed them to the ladies who accompanied her. One such poetical effusion was enough to provoke laughter (and can you blame her?); but after the first burst of laughter, Mademoiselle Hortense, good and charming as her mother, never failed to say, with a sympathetic expression and tone, "The poor man, he is much to be pitied!" At last, however, the importunities of the poor madman increased to such an extent that they became insupportable. He placed himself at the door of the theaters in Paris at which Mademoiselle Hortense was expected, and threw himself at her feet, supplicating, weeping, laughing, and gesticulating all at once. This spectacle amused the crowd too much to long amuse Mademoiselle de Beauharnais; and Carrat was ordered to remove the poor fellow, who was placed, I think, in a private asylum for the insane.

Mademoiselle Hortense would have been too happy if she could have known love only from the absurd effects which it produced on this diseased brain, as she thus saw it only in its pleasant and comic aspect. But the time came when she was forced to feel all that is painful and bitter in the experience of that passion. In January, 1802, she was married to Louis Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, which was a most suitable alliance as regards age, Louis being twenty-four years old, and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais not more than eighteen; and nevertheless it was to both parties the beginning of long and interminable sorrows.

Louis, however, was kind and sensible, full of good feeling and intelligence, studious and fond of letters, like all his brothers (except one alone); but he was in feeble health, suffered almost incessantly, and was of a melancholy disposition. All the brothers of the First Consul resembled him more or less in their personal appearance, and Louis still more than the others, especially at the time of the Consulate, and before the Emperor Napoleon had become so stout. But none of the brothers of the Emperor possessed that imposing and majestic air and that rapid and imperious manner which came to him at first by instinct, and afterwards from the habit of command. Louis had peaceful and modest tastes. It has been asserted that at the time of his marriage he was deeply attached to a person whose name could not be ascertained, and who, I think, is still a mystery.

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Mademoiselle Hortense was extremely pretty, with an expressive and mobile countenance, and in addition to this was graceful, talented, and affable. Kindhearted and amiable like her mother, she had not that excessive desire to oblige which sometimes detracted from Madame Bonaparte's character. This is, nevertheless, the woman whom evil reports, disseminated by miserable scandal-mongers, have so outrageously slandered! My heart is stirred with disgust and indignation when I hear such revolting absurdities repeated and scattered broadcast. According to these honest fabricators, the First Consul must have seduced his wife's daughter, before giving her in marriage to his own brother. Simply to announce such a charge is to comprehend all the falsity of it. I knew better than any one the amours of the Emperor. In these clandestine liaisons he feared scandal, hated the ostentations of vice, and I can affirm on honor that the infamous desires attributed to him never entered his mind. Like every one else, who was near Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, and because he knew his step-daughter even more intimately, he felt for her the tenderest affection; but this sentiment was entirely paternal, and Mademoiselle Hortense reciprocated it by that reverence which a wellborn young girl feels towards her father. She could have obtained from her step-father anything that she wished, if her extreme timidity had not prevented her asking; but, instead of addressing herself directly to him, she first had recourse to the intercession of the secretary, and of those around the Emperor. Is it thus she would have acted if the evil reports spread by her enemies, and those of the Emperor, had had the least foundation?

Before her marriage Hortense had an attachment for General Duroc, who was hardly thirty years of age, had a fine figure, and was a favorite with the chief of state, who, knowing him to be prudent and discreet, confided to him important diplomatic missions. As aide-de-camp of the First Consul, general of division, and governor of the Tuileries, he lived long in familiar intimacy at Malmaison, and in the home life of the Emperor, and during necessary absences on duty, corresponded with Mademoiselle Hortense; and yet the indifference with which he allowed the marriage of the latter with Louis to proceed, proves that he reciprocated but feebly the affection which he had inspired. It is certain that he could have had. Mademoiselle de Beauharnais for his wife, if he had been willing to accept the conditions on which the First Consul offered the hand of his step-daughter; but he was expecting something better, and his ordinary prudence failed him at the time when it should have shown him a future which was easy to foresee, and calculated to satisfy the promptings of an ambition even more exalted than his. He therefore refused positively; and the entreaties of Madame Bonaparte, which had already influenced her husband, succeeded.

Madame Bonaparte, who saw herself treated with so little friendship by the brothers of the First Consul, tried to make his family a defense for herself against the plots which were gathering incessantly around her to drive her away from the heart of her husband. It was with this design she worked with all her might to bring about the marriage of her daughter with one of her brothers-in-law.

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General Duroc doubtless repented immediately of his precipitate refusal when crowns began to rain in the august family to which he had had it in his power to ally himself; when he saw Naples, Spain, Westphalia, Upper Italy, the duchies of Parma, Lucca, *etc*., become the appendages of the new imperial dynasty; when the beautiful and graceful Hortense herself, who had loved him so devotedly, mounted in her turn a throne that she would have been only too happy to have shared with the object of her young affections. As for him, he married Mademoiselle Hervas d'Almenara, daughter of the banker of the court of Spain. She was a little woman with a very dark complexion, very thin, and without grace; but, on the other hand, of a most peevish, haughty, exacting, and capricious temper. As she was to have on her marriage an enormous dowry, the First Consul had demanded her hand in marriage for his senior aide-de-camp. Madame Duroc forgot herself, I have heard, so far as to beat her servants, and to bear herself in a most singular manner toward people who were in no wise her dependants. When M. Dubois came to tune her piano, unfortunately she was at home, and finding the noise required by this operation unendurable, drove the tuner off with the greatest violence. In one of these singular attacks she one day broke all the keys of his instrument. Another time Mugnier, clockmaker of the Emperor, and the head of his profession in Paris, with Breguet, having brought her a watch of very great value that madame, the Duchess of Friuli had herself ordered, but which did not please her, she became so enraged, that, in the presence of Mugnier, she dashed the watch on the floor, danced on it, and reduced it to atoms. She utterly refused to pay for it, and the marshal was compelled to do this himself. Thus Duroc's want of foresight in refusing the hand of Hortense, together with the interested calculations of Madame Bonaparte, caused the misery of two households.

The portrait I have sketched, and I believe faithfully, although not a flattering picture, is merely that of a young woman with all the impulsiveness of the Spanish character, spoiled as an only daughter, who had been reared in indulgence, and with the entire neglect which hinders the education of all the young ladies of her country. Time has calmed the vivacity of her youth; and madame, the Duchess of Friuli, has since given an example of most faithful devotion to duty, and great strength of mind in the severe trials that she has endured. In the loss of her husband, however grievous it might be, glory had at least some consolation to offer to the widow of the grand marshal. But when her young daughter, sole heiress of a great name and an illustrious title, was suddenly taken away by death from all the expectations and the devotion of her mother, who could dare to offer her consolation? If there could be any (which I do not believe), it would be found in the remembrance of the cares and tenderness lavished on her to the last by maternal love. Such recollections, in which bitterness is mingled with sweetness, were not wanting to the duchess.

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The religious ceremony of marriage between Louis and Hortense took place Jan. 7, in a house in the Rue de la Victoire; and the marriage of General Murat with Caroline Bonaparte, which had been acknowledged only before the civil authorities, was consecrated on the same day. Both Louis and his bride were very sad. She wept bitterly during the whole ceremony, and her tears were not soon dried. She made no attempt to win the affection of her husband; while he, on his side, was too proud and too deeply wounded to pursue her with his wooing. The good Josephine did all she could to reconcile them; for she must have felt that this union, which had begun so badly, was her work, in which she had tried to combine her own interest, or at least that which she considered such, and the happiness of her daughter. But her efforts, as well as her advice and her prayers, availed nothing; and I have many a time seen Hortense seek the solitude of her own room, and the heart of a friend, there to pour out her tears. Tears fell from her eyes sometimes even in the midst of one of the First Consul's receptions, where we saw with sorrow this young woman, brilliant and gay, who had so often gracefully done the honors on such occasions and attended to all the details of its etiquette, retire into a corner, or into the embrasure of a window, with one of her most intimate friends, there to sadly make her the a confidante of her trials. During this conversation, from which she rose with red and swollen eyes, her husband remained thoughtful and taciturn at the opposite end of the room. Her Majesty, the Queen of Holland, has been accused of many sins; but everything said or written against this princess is marked by shameful exaggeration. So high a fortune drew all eyes to her, and excited bitter jealousy; and yet those who envied her would not have failed to bemoan themselves, if they had been put in tier place, on condition that they were to bear her griefs. The misfortunes of Queen Hortense began with life itself. Her father having been executed on a revolutionary scaffold, and her mother thrown into prison, she found herself, while still a child, alone, and with no other reliance than the faithfulness of the old servants of the family. Her brother, the noble and worthy Prince Eugene, had been compelled, it is said, to serve as an apprentice. She had a few years of happiness, or at least of repose, during the time she was under the care of Madame Campan, and just after she left boarding-school. But her evil destiny was far from quitting her; and her wishes being thwarted, an unhappy marriage opened for her a new succession of troubles. The death of her first son, whom the Emperor wished to adopt, and whom he had intended to be his successor in the Empire, the divorce of her mother, the tragic death of her best-loved friend, Madame de Brocq, who, before her eyes, slipped over a precipice; the overturning of the imperial throne, which caused her the loss of her title and rank as queen, a loss which she, however, felt less than the misfortunes of him whom she regarded as her father; and finally, the continual annoyance of domestic dissensions, of vexatious lawsuits, and the agony she suffered in beholding her oldest surviving son removed from her by order of her husband,—such were the principal catastrophes in a life which might have been thought destined for so much happiness.

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The day after the marriage of Mademoiselle Hortense, the First Consul set out for Lyons, where there awaited him the deputies of the Cisalpine Republic, assembled for the election of a president. Everywhere on his route he was welcomed with fetes and congratulations, with which all were eager to overwhelm him on account of the miraculous manner in which he had escaped the plots of his enemies. This journey differed in no wise from the tours which he afterwards made as Emperor. On his arrival at Lyons, he received the visit of all the authorities, the constituent bodies, the deputations from the neighboring departments, and the members of the Italian councils. Madame Bonaparte, who accompanied him on this journey, attended with him these public displays, and shared with him the magnificent fete given to him by the city of Lyons. The day on which the council elected and proclaimed the First Consul president of the Italian Republic he reviewed, on the Place des Brotteaux, the troops of the garrison, and recognized in the ranks many soldiers of the army of Egypt, with whom he conversed for some time. On all these occasions the First Consul wore the same costume that he had worn at Malmaison, and which I have described elsewhere. He rose early, mounted his horse, and visited the public works, among others those of the Place Belcour, of which he had laid the corner-stone on his return from Italy, passed through the Place des Brotteaux, inspected, examined everything, and, always indefatigable, worked on his return as if he had been at the Tuileries. He rarely changed his dress, except when he received at his table the authorities or the principal inhabitants of the city. He received all petitions most graciously, and before leaving presented to the mayor of the city a scarf of honor, and to the legate of the Pope a handsome snuff-box ornamented with his likeness.

The deputies of the council received presents, and were most generous in making them, presenting Madame Bonaparte with magnificent ornaments of diamonds and precious stones, and other most valuable jewelry.

The First Consul, on arriving at Lyons, had been deeply grieved at the sudden death of a worthy prelate whom he had known in his first campaign in Italy.

The Archbishop of Milan had come to Lyons, notwithstanding his great age, in order to see the First Consul, whom he loved with such tenderness that in conversation the venerable old man continually addressed the young general as “my son.” The peasants of Pavia, having revolted because their fanaticism had been excited by false assertions that the French wished to destroy their religion, the Archbishop of Milan, in order to prove that their fears were groundless, often showed himself in a carriage with General Bonaparte.

This prelate had stood the journey well, and appeared in good health and fine spirits. Talleyrand, who had arrived at Lyons a few days before the First Consul, gave a dinner to the Cisalpine deputies and the principal notables of the city, at which the Archbishop of Milan sat on his right. He had scarcely taken his seat, and was in the act of leaning forward to speak to M. de Talleyrand, when he fell dead in his armchair.

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On the 12th of January the town of Lyons gave, in honor of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte, a magnificent fete, consisting of a concert, followed by a ball. At eight o'clock in the evening, the three mayors, accompanied by the superintendents of the fete, called upon their illustrious guests in the government palace. I can imagine that I see again spread out before me that immense amphitheater, handsomely decorated, and illuminated by innumerable lusters and candles, the seats draped with the richest cloths manufactured in the city, and filled with thousands of women, some brilliant in youth and beauty, and all magnificently attired. The theater had been chosen as the place of the fete; and on the entrance of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte, who advanced leaning on the arm of one of the mayors, there arose a thunder of applause and acclamations. Suddenly the decorations of the theater faded from sight, and the Place Bonaparte (the former Place Belcour) appeared, as it had been restored by order of the First Consul. In the midst rose a pyramid, surmounted by the statue of the First Consul, who was represented as resting upon a lion. Trophies of arms and bas-reliefs represented on one side, the other that of Marengo.

When the first, transports excited by this spectacle, which recalled at once the benefits and the victories of the hero of the fete, had subsided, there succeeded a deep silence, and delightful music was heard, mingled with songs, dedicated to the glory of the First Consul, to his wife, the warriors who surrounded him, and the representatives of the Italian republics. The singers and the musicians were amateurs of Lyons. Mademoiselle Longue, Gerbet, the postmaster, and Theodore, the merchant, who had each performed their parts in a charming manner, received the congratulations of the First Consul, and the most gracious thanks of Madame Bonaparte.

What struck me most forcibly in the couplets which were sung on that occasion, and which much resembled all verses written for such occasions, was that incense was offered to the First Consul in the very terms which all the poets of the Empire have since used in their turn. All the exaggerations of flattery were exhausted during the consulate; and in the years which followed, it was necessary for poets often to repeat themselves. Thus, in the couplets of Lyons, the First Consul was the God of victory, the conqueror of the Nile and of Neptune, the savior of his country, the peacemaker of the world, the arbiter of Europe. The French soldiers were transformed into friends and companions of Alcides, *etc*., all of which was cutting the ground from under the feet of the singers of the future.

The fete of Lyons ended in a ball which lasted until daylight, at which the First Consul remained two hours, which he spent in conversation with the magistrates of the city. While the better class of the inhabitants gave these grand entertainments to their guests, the people, notwithstanding the cold, abandoned themselves on the public squares to pleasure and dancing, and towards midnight there was a fine display of fireworks on the Place Bonaparte.

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After fifteen or eighteen days passed at Lyons, we returned to Paris, the First Consul and his wife continuing to reside by preference at Malmaison. It was, I think, a short time after the return of the First Consul that a poorly dressed man begged an audience; an order was given to admit him to the cabinet, and the First Consul inquired his name. "General," replied the petitioner, frightened by his presence, "it is I who had the honor of giving you writing lessons in the school of Brienne."—"Fine scholar you have made!" interrupted vehemently the First Consul; "I compliment you on it!" Then he began to laugh at his own vehemence, and addressed a few kind words to this good man, whose timidity such a compliment had not reassured. A few days after the master received, from the least promising, doubtless, of all his pupils at Brienne (you know how the Emperor wrote), a pension amply sufficient for his needs.

Another of the old teachers of the First Consul, the Abbe Dupuis, was appointed by him to the post of private librarian at Malmaison, and lived and died there. He was a modest man, and had the reputation of being well-educated. The First Consul visited him often in his room, and paid him every imaginable attention and respect.

CHAPTER IX.

The day on which the First Consul promulgated the law of public worship, he rose early, and entered the dressing-room to make his toilet. While he was dressing I saw Joseph Bonaparte enter his room with Cambaceres.

"Well," said the First Consul to the latter, "we are going to mass. What do they think of that in Paris?"—"Many persons," replied M. Cambaceres, "will go to the representation with the intention of hissing the piece, if they do not find it amusing."

"If any one thinks of hissing, I will have him put out-of-doors by the grenadiers of the Consular Guard."

"But if the grenadiers begin to hiss like the others?"

"I have no fear of that. My old soldiers will go to Notre Dame exactly as they went to the mosque at Cairo. They will watch me; and seeing their general remain quiet and reverent, they will do as he does, saying to themselves, 'That is the countersign!'"

"I am afraid," said Joseph Bonaparte, "that the general officers will not be so accommodating. I have just left Augereau, who was vomiting fire and fury against what he calls your capricious proclamations. He, and. a few others, will not be easy to bring back into the pale of our holy mother, the church."

"Bah! that is like Augereau. He is a bawler, who makes a great noise; and yet if he has a little imbecile cousin, he puts him in the priests college for me to make a chaplain of him.

“That reminds me,” continued the First Consul, addressing his colleague, “when is your brother going to take possession of his see of Rouen? Do you know it has the finest archiepiscopal palace in France? He will be cardinal before a year has passed; that matter is already arranged.”

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The second consul bowed. From that moment his manner towards the First Consul was rather that of a courtier than an equal.

The plenipotentiaries who had been appointed to examine and sign the Concordat were Joseph Bonaparte, Cruet, and the Abbe Bernier. This latter, whom I saw sometimes at the Tuileries, had been a chief of the Chouans, [The Chouans were Royalists in insurrection in Brittany.] and took a prominent part in all that occurred. The First Consul, in this same conversation, the opening of which I have just related, discussed with his two companions the subject of the conferences on the Concordat. "The Abby Bernier," said the First Consul, "inspired fear in the Italian prelates by the vehemence of his logic. It might have been said that he imagined himself living over again the days in which he led the Vendeens to the charge against the blues. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast of his rude and quarrelsome manner with the polished bearing and honeyed tones of the prelates. Cardinal Caprara came to me two days ago, with a shocked air, to ask if it is true that, during the war of the Vendee, the Abbe Bernier made an altar on which to celebrate mass out of the corpses of the Republicans. I replied that I knew nothing of it, but that it was possible. 'General, First Consul,' cried the frightened cardinal, 'it is not a red hat, but a red cap, which that man should have?'

"I am much afraid," continued the First Consul, "that that kind of cap would prevent the Abbe Bernier from getting the red hat."

These gentlemen left the First Consul when his toilet was finished, and went to make their own. The First Consul wore on that day the costume of the consuls, which consisted of a scarlet coat without facings, and with a broad embroidery of palms, in gold, on all the seams. His sword, which he had worn in Egypt, hung at his side from a belt, which, though not very wide, was of beautiful workmanship, and richly embroidered. He wore his black stock, in preference to a lace cravat, and like his colleagues, wore knee-breeches and shoes; a French hat, with floating plumes of the three colors, completed this rich costume.

The celebration of this sacrament at Notre Dame was a novel sight to the Parisians, and many attended as if it were a theatrical representation. Many, also, especially amongst the military, found it rather a matter of raillery than of edification; and those who, during the Revolution, had contributed all their strength to the overthrow of the worship which the First Consul had just re-established, could with difficulty conceal their indignation and their chagrin.

The common people saw in the Te Deum which was sung that day for peace and the Concordat, only an additional gratification of their curiosity; but among the middle classes there was a large number of pious persons, who had deeply regretted the suppression of the forms of devotion in which they had been reared, and who were very happy in returning to the old worship. And, indeed, there was then no manifestation of superstition or of bigotry sufficient to alarm the enemies of intolerance.

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The clergy were exceedingly careful not to appear too exacting; they demanded little, condemned no one; and the representative of the Holy Father, the cardinal legate, pleased all, except perhaps a few dissatisfied old priests, by his indulgence, the worldly grace of his manners, and the freedom of his conduct. This prelate was entirely in accord with the First Consul, and he took great pleasure in conversing with him.

It is also certain, that apart from all religious sentiment, the fidelity of the people to their ancient customs made them return with pleasure to the repose and celebration of Sunday. The Republican calendar was doubtless wisely computed; but every one is at first sight struck with the ridiculousness of replacing the legend of the saints of the old calendar with the days of the ass, the hog, the turnip, the onion, *etc*. Besides, if it was skillfully computed, it was by no means conveniently divided. I recall on this subject the remark of a man of much wit, and who, notwithstanding the disapprobation which his remark implied, nevertheless desired the establishment of the Republican system, everywhere except in the almanac. When the decree of the Convention which ordered the adoption of the Republican calendar was published, he remarked: "They have done finely; but they have to fight two enemies who never yield, the beard, and the white shirt."

> [That is to say, the barber and the washerwoman, for whom ten days was too long an interval.—TRANS.]

The truth is, the interval from one decadi to another was too long for the working-classes, and for all those who were constantly occupied. I do not know whether it was the effect of a deep-rooted habit, but people accustomed to working six days in succession, and resting on the seventh, found nine days of consecutive labor too long, and consequently the suppression of the decadi was universally approved. The decree which ordered the publication of marriage bans on Sunday was not so popular, for some persons were afraid of finding in this the revival of the former dominance of the clergy over the civil authorities.

A few days after the solemn re-establishment of the catholic worship, there arrived at the Tuileries a general officer, who would perhaps have preferred the establishment of Mahomet, and the change of Notre Dame into a mosque. He was the last general-in-chief of the army of Egypt, and was said to have turned Mussulman at Cairo, ex-Baron de Menou. In spite of the defeat by the English which he had recently undergone in Egypt, General Abdallah-Menou was well received by the First Consul, who appointed him soon after governor-general of Piedmont. General Menou was of tried courage, and had given proof of it elsewhere, as well as on the field of battle, and amid the most trying circumstances.

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After the 10th of August, although belonging to the Republican party, he had accompanied Louis Sixteenth to the Assembly, and had been denounced as a Royalist by the Jacobins. In 1795 the Faubourg Saint Antoine having risen en masse, and advanced against the Convention, General Menou had surrounded and disarmed the seditious citizens; but he had refused to obey the atrocious orders of the commissioners of the Convention, who decreed that the entire faubourg should be burned, in order to punish the inhabitants for their continued insurrections. Some time afterwards, having again refused to obey the order these commissioners of the Convention gave, to mow down with grapeshot the insurrectionists of Paris, he had been summoned before a commission, which would not have failed to send him to the guillotine, if General Bonaparte, who had succeeded him in the command of the army of the interior, had not used all his influence to save his life. Such repeated acts of courage and generosity are enough, and more than enough, to cause us to pardon in this brave officer, the very natural pride with which he boasted of having armed the National Guards, and having caused the tricolor to be substituted for the white flag. The tricolor he called my flag. From the government of Piedmont he passed to that of Venice; and died in 1810 for love of an actress, whom he had followed from Venice to Reggio, in spite of his sixty years.

The institution of the order of the Legion of Honor preceded by a few days the proclamation of the Consulate for life, which proclamation was the occasion of a fete, celebrated on the 15th of August. This was the anniversary of the birth of the First Consul, and the opportunity was used in order to make for the first time this anniversary a festival. On that day the First Consul was thirty-three years old.

In the month of October following I went with the First Consul on his journey into Normandy, where we stopped at Ivry, and the First Consul visited the battlefield. He said, on arriving there, “Honor to the memory of the best Frenchman who ever sat upon the throne of France,” and ordered the restoration of the column, which had been formerly erected, in memory of the victory achieved by Henry the Fourth. The reader will perhaps desire to read here the inscriptions, which were engraved by his order, on the four faces of the pyramid.

First Inscription.

Napoleon Bonaparte, *first consul*, *to the memory*
of Henry the fourth, *victorious over the*
enemies of the state, *on the field*
of Ivry, 14*th march*, 1590.

Second Inscription.

Great men love the glory of those who resemble them.

Third Inscription.

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The 7th Brumaire, *year* XI, *of the French republic*
Napoleon Bonaparte, *first consul*,
having visited this field, *ordered the rebuilding*
of the monument destined to perpetuate the memory of
Henry iv., *And the victory of Ivry*.

Fourth Inscription.

The WOES *experienced by France*, *at the epoch*
of the battle of Ivry, *were the result*
of the appeal made by the opposing parties in France to
Spain and England. *Every family*, *every party*
which calls in foreign powers to its aid,
has merited and will merit, *to the most distant posterity*
the malediction of the French people.

All these inscriptions have since been effaced, and replaced by this, “On this spot Henry the Fourth stood the day of the battle of Ivry, 14th March, 1590.”

Monsieur Ledier, Mayor of Ivry, accompanied the First Consul on this excursion; and the First Consul held a long conversation with him, in which he appeared to be agreeably impressed. He did not form so good an opinion of the Mayor of Evreux, and interrupted him abruptly, in the midst of a complimentary address which this worthy magistrate was trying to make him, by asking if he knew his colleague, the Mayor of Ivry. “No, general,” replied the mayor. “Well, so much the worse for you; I trust you will make his acquaintance.”

It was also at Evreux that an official of high rank amused Madame Bonaparte and her suite, by a naivete which the First Consul alone did not find diverting, because he did not like such simplicity displayed by an official. Monsieur de Ch—— did the honors of the country town to the wife of the First Consul, and this, in spite of his age, with much zeal and activity; and Madame Bonaparte, among other questions which. her usual kindness and grace dictated to her, asked him if he was married, and if he had a family. “Indeed, Madame, I should think so,” replied Monsieur de Ch—— with a smile and a bow, “j’ai cinq-z-enfants.” —“Oh, mon Dieu,” cried Madame Bonaparte, “what a regiment! That is extraordinary; what, sir, seize enfants?”—“Yes, Madame, cinq-z-enfants, cinq-z-enfants,” repeated the official, who did not see anything very marvelous in it, and who wondered at the astonishment shown by Madame Bonaparte. At last some one explained to her the mistake which la liaison dangereuse of M. de Ch had caused her to make, and added with comic seriousness, “Deign, Madame, to excuse M. de Ch——. The Revolution has interrupted the prosecution of his studies.” He was more than sixty years of age.

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From Evreux we set out for Rouen, where we arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, Beugnot, Prefect of the Department, and Cambaceres, Archbishop of Rouen, came to meet the First Consul at some distance from the city. The Mayor Fontenay waited at the gates, and presented the keys. The First Consul held them some time in his hands, and then returned them to the mayor, saying to him loud enough to be heard by the crowd which surrounded the carriage,

"Citizens, I cannot trust the keys of the city to any one better than the worthy magistrate who so worthily enjoys my confidence and your own;" and made Fontenay enter his carriage, saying he wished to honor Rouen in the person of its mayor.

Madame Bonaparte rode in the carriage with her husband; General Moncey, Inspector-general of the Constabulary, on horseback on the right; in the second carriage was General Soult and his aides-de-camp; in the third carriage, General Bessieres and M. de Lugay; in the fourth, General Lauriston; then came the carriages of the personal attendants, Hambard, Hebert, and I being in the first.

It is impossible to give an idea of the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Rouen on the arrival of the First Consul. The market-porters and the boatmen in grand costume awaited us outside the city; and when the carriage which held the two august personages was in sight, these brave men placed themselves in line, two and two, and preceded thus the carriage to the hotel of the prefecture, where the First Consul alighted. The prefect and the mayor of Rouen, the archbishop, and the general commanding the division dined with the First Consul, who showed a most agreeable animation during the repast, and with much solicitude asked information as to the condition of manufactures, new discoveries in the art of manufacturing, in fact, as to everything relating to the prosperity of this city, which was essentially industrial.

In the evening, and almost the whole night, an immense crowd surrounded the hotel, and filled the gardens of the prefecture, which were illuminated and ornamented with allegorical transparencies in praise of the First Consul; and each time he showed himself on the terrace of the garden the air resounded with applause and acclamations which seemed most gratifying to him.

The next morning, after having made on horseback the tour of the city, and visited the grand sites by which it is surrounded, the First Consul heard mass, which was celebrated at eleven o'clock by the archbishop in, the chapel of the prefecture. An hour after he had to receive the general council of the department, the council of the prefecture, the municipal council, the clergy of Rouen, and the courts of justice, and was obliged to listen to a half-dozen discourses, all expressed in nearly the same terms, and to which he replied in such a manner as to give the orators the highest opinion of their own merit. All these bodies, on leaving the First Consul, were presented to Madame Bonaparte, who received them with her accustomed grace, in, the evening Madame Bonaparte held a reception for the wives of the officials, at which the First Consul was

present, of which fact some availed themselves to present to him several emigres, who had recently returned under the act of amnesty, and whom he received graciously.

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After which followed crowds, illuminations, acclamations, all similar to those of the evening before. Every one wore an air of rejoicing which delighted me, and contrasted strangely, I thought, with the dreadful wooden houses, narrow, filthy streets, and Gothic buildings which then distinguished the town of Rouen.

Monday, Nov. 1, at seven o'clock in the morning, the First Consul mounted his horse, and, escorted by a detachment of the young men of the city, forming a volunteer guard, passed the bridge of boats, and reached the Faubourg Saint-Sever. On his return from this excursion, we found the populace awaiting him at the head of the bridge, whence they escorted him to the hotel of the prefecture, manifesting the liveliest joy.

After breakfast, there was a high mass by the archbishop, the occasion being the fete of All Saints; then came the learned societies, the chiefs of administration, and justices of the peace, with their speeches, one of which contained a remarkable sentence, in which these good magistrates, in their enthusiasm, asked the First Consul's permission to surname him the great justice of the peace of Europe. As they left the Consul's apartment I noticed their spokesman; he had tears in his eyes, and was repeating with pride the reply he had just received.

I regret that I do not remember his name, but I was told that he was one of the most highly esteemed men in Rouen. His countenance inspired confidence, and bore an expression of frankness, which prepossessed me in his favor.

In the evening the First Consul went to the theater, which was packed to the ceiling, and offered a charming sight. The municipal authorities had a delightful fete prepared, which the First Consul found much to his taste, and upon which he complimented the prefect and the mayor on several different occasions. After witnessing the opening of the ball, he made two or three turns in the hall, and retired, escorted by the staff of the National Guard.

On Tuesday much of the day was spent by the First Consul in visiting the workshops of the numerous factories of the city, accompanied by the minister of the interior, the prefect, the mayor, the general commanding the division, the inspector-general of police, and the staff of the Consular Guard. In a factory of the Faubourg Saint-Sever, the minister of the interior presented to him the dean of the workmen, noted as having woven the first piece of velvet in France; and the First Consul, after complimenting this honorable old man, granted him a pension. Other rewards and encouragements were likewise distributed to several parties whose useful inventions commended them to public gratitude.

Wednesday morning early we left for Elbeuf, where we arrived at ten o'clock, preceded by threescore young men of the most distinguished families of the city, who, following the example of those of Rouen, aspired to the honor of forming the guard of the First Consul.

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The country around us was covered with an innumerable multitude, gathered from all the surrounding communes. The First Consul alighted at Elbeuf, at the house of the mayor, where he took breakfast, and then visited the town in detail, obtaining information everywhere; and knowing that one of the first wishes of the citizens was the construction of a road from Elbeuf to a small neighboring town called Romilly, he gave orders to the minister of the interior to begin work upon it immediately.

At Elbeuf, as at Rouen, the First Consul was overwhelmed with homage and benedictions; and we returned from this last town at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The merchants of Rouen had prepared a fete in the hall of the Stock Exchange, which the First Consul and his family attended after dinner. He remained a long time on the ground floor of this building, where there were displayed magnificent specimens from the industries of this Department. He examined everything, and made Madame Bonaparte do the same; and she also purchased several pieces of cloth.

The First Consul then ascended to the first floor, where, in the grand saloon, were gathered about a hundred ladies, married and single, and almost all pretty, the wives and daughters of the principal merchants of Rouen, who were waiting to compliment him. He seated himself in this charming circle, and remained there perhaps a quarter of an hour; then passed into another room, where awaited him the representation of a little proverb, containing couplets expressing, as may be imagined, the attachment and gratitude of the inhabitants of Rouen. This play was followed by a ball.

Thursday evening the First Consul announced that he would leave for Havre the next morning at daybreak; and exactly at five o'clock I was awakened by Hebert, who said that at six o'clock we would set out. I awoke feeling badly, was sick the whole day, and would have given much to have slept a few hours longer; but we were compelled to begin our journey. Before entering his carriage, the First Consul made a present to Monseigneur, the archbishop, of a snuff-box with his portrait, and also gave one to the mayor, on which was the inscription, 'Peuple Francais'.

We stopped at Caudebec for breakfast. The mayor of this town presented to the First Consul a corporal who had made the campaign of Italy (his name was, I think, Roussel), and who had received a sword of honor as a reward for his brave conduct at Marengo. He was at Caudebec on a half-year's furlough, and asked the First Consul's permission to be a sentinel at the door of the apartment of the august travelers, which was granted; and after the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte were seated at the table, Roussel was sent for, and invited to breakfast with his former general. At Havre and at Dieppe the First Consul invited thus to his table all the soldiers or sailors who had received guns, sabers, or boarding-axes of honor. The First Consul stopped an hour at

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Bolbec, showing much attention and interest in examining the products of the industries of the district, complimenting the guards of honor who passed before him on their fine appearance, thanking the clergy for the prayers in his behalf which they addressed to Heaven, and leaving for the poor, either in their own hands, or in the hands of the mayor, souvenirs of his stay. On the arrival of the First Consul at Havre, the city was illuminated; and the First Consul and his numerous cortege passed between two rows of illuminations and columns of fire of all kinds. The vessels in the port appeared like a forest on fire; being covered with colored lamps to the very top of their masts. The First Consul received, the day of his arrival at Havre, only a part of the authorities of the city, and soon after retired, saying that he was fatigued; but at six o'clock in the morning of the next day he was on horseback, and until two o'clock he rode along the seacoast and low hills of Ingouville for more than a league, and the banks of the Seine as far as the cliffs of Hoc. He also made a tour outside of the citadel. About three o'clock the First Consul began to receive the authorities. He conversed with them in great detail upon the work that had, been done at this place in order that their port, which he always called the port of Paris, might reach the highest degree of prosperity, and did the sub-prefect, the mayor, the two presidents of the tribunals, the commandant of the place, and the chief of the tenth demi-brigade of light infantry the honor of inviting them to his table.

In the evening the First Consul went to the theater, where they played a piece composed for the occasion, about as admirable as such pieces usually are, but on which the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte especially complimented the authors. The illuminations were more brilliant even than on the evening before; and I remember especially that the largest number of transparencies bore the inscription, 18th Brumaire, year VIII.

Sunday, at seven o'clock in the morning, after having visited the Marine Arsenal and all the docks, the weather being very fine, the First Consul embarked in a little barge, and remained in the roadstead for several hours, escorted by a large number of barges filled with men and elegantly dressed women, and musicians playing the favorite airs of the First Consul. Then a few hours were again passed in the reception of merchants, the First Consul assuring them that he had taken the greatest pleasure in conferring with them in regard to the commerce of Havre with the colonies. In the evening, there was a fete prepared by the merchants, at which the First Consul remained for half an hour; and on Monday, at five o'clock in the morning, he embarked on a lugger for Honfleur. At the time of his departure the weather was a little threatening, and the First Consul was advised not to embark. Madame Bonaparte, whose ears this rumor reached, ran after her husband, begging him not to set out; but

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he embraced her, laughing, calling her a coward, and entered the vessel which was awaiting him. He had hardly embarked when the wind suddenly lulled, and the weather became very fine. On his return to Havre, the First Consul held a review on the Place de la Citadelle, and visited the artillery barracks, after which he received, until the evening, a large number of public dignitaries and merchants; and the next day, at six o'clock in the morning, we set out for Dieppe.

When we arrived at Fecamp, the town presented an extremely singular spectacle. All the inhabitants of the town, and of the adjoining towns and villages, followed the clergy, chanting a Te Deum for the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire; and these countless voices rising to heaven for him affected the First Consul profoundly. He repeated several times during breakfast that he had felt more emotion on hearing these chants under the dome of heaven than he had ever felt while listening to the most brilliant music.

We arrived at Dieppe at six o'clock in the evening. The First Consul retired, only after having received all their felicitations, which were certainly very sincere there, as throughout all France at that time. The next day, at eight o'clock, the First Consul repaired to the harbor, where he remained a long while watching the return of the fishermen, and afterwards visited the faubourg of Pollet, and the work on the docks, which was then just beginning. He admitted to his table the sub-prefect, the mayor, and three sailors of Dieppe who had been given boarding-axes of honor for distinguishing themselves in the combat off Boulogne. He ordered the construction of a breakwater in the inner port, and the continuation of a canal for navigation, which was to be extended as far as Paris, and of which, until this present time, only a few fathoms have been made. From Dieppe we went to Gisors and to Beauvais; and finally the First Consul and his wife returned to Saint-Cloud, after an absence of two weeks, during which workmen had been busily employed in restoring the ancient royal residence, which the First Consul had decided to accept, as I have before stated.

CHAPTER X.

The tour of the First Consul through the wealthiest and most enlightened departments of France had removed from his mind the apprehension of many difficulties which he had feared at first in the execution of his plans. Everywhere he had been treated as a monarch, and not only he personally, but Madame Bonaparte also, had been received with all the honors usually reserved for crowned heads. There was no difference between the homage offered them at this time, and that which they received later, even during the Empire, when their Majesties made tours of their states at different times. For this reason I shall give some details; and if they should seem too long, or not very novel, the reader will remember that I am not writing only

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for those who lived during the Empire. The generation which witnessed such great deeds, and which, under their very eyes, and from the beginning of his career, saw the greatest man of this century, has already given place to another generation, which can judge him only by what others may narrate of him. What may be familiar to those who saw with their own eyes is not so to others, who can only take at second-hand those things which they had no opportunity of seeing for themselves. Besides, details omitted as frivolous or commonplace by history, which makes a profession of more gravity, are perfectly appropriate in simple memoirs, and often enable one to understand and judge the epoch more correctly. For instance, it seems to me that the enthusiasm displayed by the entire population and all the local authorities for the First Consul and his wife during their tour in Normandy showed clearly that the chief of the state would have no great opposition to fear, certainly none on the part of the nation, whenever it should please him to change his title, and proclaim himself Emperor.

Soon after our return, by a decree of the consuls four ladies were assigned to Madame Bonaparte to assist her in doing the honors of the palace. They were Mesdames de Remusat, de Tallouet, de Lucay, and de Lauriston. Under the Empire they became ladies-in-waiting. Madame de Lauriston often raised a smile by little exhibitions of parsimony, but she was good and obliging. Madame de Remusat possessed great merit, and had sound judgment, though she appeared somewhat haughty, which was the more remarkable as M. de Remusat was exactly the reverse. Subsequently there was another lady of honor, Madame de La Rochefoucault, of whom I shall have occasion to speak later.

The lady of the robes, Madame de Lucay, was succeeded by Madame La Vallette, so gloriously known afterwards by her devotion to her husband. There were twenty-four French ladies-in-waiting, among whom were Mesdames de Remusat, de Tallouet, de Lauriston, Ney, d’Arberg, Louise d’Arberg (afterwards the Countess of Lobau), de Walsh-Serent, de Colbert, Lannes, Savary, de Turenne, Octave de Segur, de Montalivet, de Marescot, de Bouille Solar, Lascaris, de Brignole, de Canisy, de Chevreuse, Victor de Mortemart, de Montmorency, Matignon, and Maret. There were also twelve Italian ladies-in-waiting.

These ladies served in turn one month each, there being thus two French and one Italian lady on duty together. The Emperor at first did not admit unmarried ladies among the ladies-in-waiting; but he relaxed this rule first in favor of Mademoiselle Louise d’Arberg (afterwards Countess of Lobau), and then in favor of Mademoiselle de Lucay, who has since married Count Philip de Segur, author of the excellent history of the campaign in Russia; and these two young ladies by their prudence and circumspect conduct proved themselves above criticism even at court.

There were four lady ushers, Mesdames Soustras, Ducrest-Villeneuve, Felicite Longroy, and Egle Marchery.

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Two first ladies' maids, Mesdames Roy and Marco de St. Hilaire, who had under their charge the grand wardrobe and the jewel-box.

There were four ladies' maids in ordinary.

A lady reader.

The men on the staff of the Empress's household were the following: A grand equerry, Senator Harville, who discharged the duties of a chevalier of honor.

A head chamberlain, the general of division, Nansouty.

A vice-chamberlain, introducer of the ambassadors, de Beaumont.

Four chamberlains in ordinary, de Courtomer, Degrave, Galard de Bearn, Hector d'Aubusson de la Feuillade.

Four equerries, Corbineau, Berckheim, d'Audenarde, and Fouler.

A superintendent-general of her Majesty's household, Hinguerlot.

A secretary of commands, Deschamps.

Two head valets, Frere and Douville.

Four valets in ordinary.

Four men servants.

Two head footmen, L'Esperance and d'Argens. Six ordinary footmen. The staff of the kitchen and sanitation were the same as in the household of the Emperor; and besides these, six pages of the Emperor were always in attendance upon the Empress.

The chief almoner was Ferdinand de Rohan, former archbishop of Cambray.

Another decree of the same date fixed the duties of the prefects of the palace. The four head prefects of the consular palace were de Remusat, de Crayamel (afterwards appointed introduces of ambassadors, and master of ceremonies), de Lugay, and Didelot. The latter subsequently became prefect of the Department of the Cher.

Malmaison was no longer sufficient for the First Consul, whose household, like that of Madame Bonaparte, became daily more numerous. A much larger building had become necessary, and the First Consul fixed his choice upon Saint-Cloud.

The inhabitants of Saint-Cloud addressed a petition to the Corps Legislatif, praying that the First Consul would make their chateau his summer residence; and this body

hastened to transmit it to him, adding their prayers to the same effect, and making comparisons which they believed would be agreeable to him. The general refused formally, saying that when he should have finished and laid down the duties with which the people had charged him, he would feel honored by any recompense which the popular will might award him; but that so long as he was the chief of the Government he would accept nothing.

Notwithstanding the determined tone of this reply, the inhabitants of the village of Saint-Cloud, who had the greatest interest in the petition being granted, renewed it when the First Consul was chosen consul for life; and he then consented to accept. The expenses of the repairs and furnishing were immense, and greatly exceeded the calculations that had been made for him; nevertheless, he was not satisfied either with the furniture or ornaments, and complained to Charvet, the concierge at Malmaison, whom he appointed

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to the same post in the new palace, and whom he had charged with the general supervision of the furnishing and the placing of the furniture, that he had fitted up apartments suitable only for a mistress, and that they contained only gewgaws and spangles, and nothing substantial. On this occasion, also, he gave another proof of his habitual desire to do good, in spite of prejudices which had not yet spent their force. Knowing that there were at Saint-Cloud a large number of the former servants of Queen Marie Antoinette, he charged Charvet to offer them either their old places or pensions, and most of them resumed their former posts. In 1814 the Bourbons were far from acting so generously, for they discharged all employees, even those who had served Marie Antoinette.

The First Consul had been installed at Saint-Cloud only a short while, when the chateau, which had thus again become the residence of the sovereign at enormous expense, came near falling a prey to the flames. The guard room was under the vestibule, in the center of the palace; and one night, the soldiers having made an unusually large fire, the stove became so hot that a sofa, whose back touched one of the flues which warmed the saloon, took fire, and the games were quickly communicated to the other furniture. The officer on duty perceiving this, immediately notified the concierge, and together they ran to General Duroc's room and awoke him. The general rose in haste, and, commanding perfect silence, made a chain of men. He took his position at the pool, in company with the concierge, and thence passed buckets of water to the soldiers for two or three hours, at the end of which time the fire was extinguished, but only after devouring all the furniture; and it was not until the next morning that the First Consul, Josephine, Hortense, in short, all the other occupants of the chateau, learned of the accident, all of whom, the First Consul especially, expressed their appreciation of the consideration shown in not alarming them.

To prevent, or at least to render such accidents less likely in future, the First Consul organized a night-guard at Saint-Cloud, and subsequently did the same at all his residences; which guard-was called "the watch."

During his early occupation of Saint-Cloud the First Consul slept in the same bed with his wife; afterwards etiquette forbade this; and as a result, conjugal affection was somewhat chilled, and finally the First Consul occupied an apartment at some distance from that of Madame Bonaparte. To reach her room it was necessary to cross a long corridor, on the right and left of which were the rooms of the ladies-in-waiting, the women of the service, *etc*. When he wished to pass the night with his wife, he undressed in his own room, and went thence in his wrapper and night-cap, I going before him with a candle. At the end of this corridor a staircase of fifteen or sixteen steps led to the apartment of Madame Bonaparte. It was a great joy to her to receive a visit from her husband, and every one was informed of it next morning. I can see her now rubbing her little hands, saying, "I rose late to-day; but, you see, it is because

Bonaparte spent the night with me." On such days she was more amiable than ever, refused no one, and all got whatever they requested. I experienced proofs of this myself many times.

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One evening as I was conducting the First Consul on one of these visits to his wife, we perceived in the corridor a handsome young fellow coming out of the apartment of one of Madame Bonaparte's women servants. He tried to steal away; but the First Consul cried in a loud voice, "Who goes there? Where are you going? What do you want? What is your name?" He was merely a valet of Madame Bonaparte, and, stupefied by these startling inquiries, replied in a frightened voice that he had just executed an errand for Madame Bonaparte. "Very well," replied the First Consul, "but do not let me catch you again." Satisfied that the gallant would profit by the lesson, the general did not seek to learn his name, nor that of his inamorata. This reminds me of an occasion on which he was much more severe in regard to another chambermaid of Madame Bonaparte. She was young, and very pretty, and inspired very tender sentiments in Rapp and E——, two aides-de-camp, who besieged her with their sighs, and sent her flowers and billets-doux. The young girl, at least such was the opinion of every one, gave them no encouragement, and Josephine was much attached to her; nevertheless, when the First Consul observed the gallantries of the young men, he became angry, and had the poor girl discharged, in spite of her tears and the prayers of Madame Bonaparte and of the brave and honest Colonel Rapp, who swore naively that the fault was entirely on his side, that the poor child had not listened to him, and that her conduct was worthy of all praise. Nothing availed against the resolution of the First Consul, whose only reply was, "I will have nothing improper in my household, and no scandal."

Whenever the First Consul made a distribution of arms of honor, there was always a banquet at the Tuileries, to which were admitted, without distinction, and whatever their grade, all who had a share in these rewards. At these banquets, which took place in the grand gallery of the chateau, there were sometimes two hundred guests; and General Duroc being master of ceremonies on these occasions, the First Consul took care to recommend him to intermingle the private soldiers, the colonels, the generals, *etc*. He ordered the domestics to show especial attention to the private soldiers, and to see that they had plenty of the best to eat and to drink. These are the longest repasts I have seen the emperor make; and on these occasions he was amiable and entirely unconstrained, making every effort to put his guests entirely at their ease, though with many of them this was a difficult task. Nothing was more amusing than to see these brave soldiers sitting two feet from-the table, not daring to approach their plates or the food, red to the ears, and with their necks stretched out towards the general, as if to receive the word of command. The First Consul made them relate the notable deeds which had brought each his national recognition, and often laughed boisterously at their singular narrations. He

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encouraged them to eat, and frequently drank to their health; but in spite of all this, his encouragement failed to overcome the timidity of some, and the servants removed the plates of each course without their having touched them, though this constraint did not prevent their being full of joy and enthusiasm as they left the table. “Au revoir, my brave men,” the First Consul would say to them; “baptize for me quickly these new-born,” touching with his fingers their sabers of honor. God knows whether they spared themselves!

This preference of the First Consul for the private soldier recalls an instance which took-place at Malmaison, and which furnishes, besides, a complete refutal of the charges of severity and harshness which have been brought against him.

The First Consul set out on foot one morning, dressed in his gray riding-coat, and accompanied by General Duroc, on the road to Marly. Chatting as they walked, they saw a plowman, who turned a furrow as he came towards them.

“See here, my good man,” said the First Consul, stopping him, “your furrow is not straight. You do not know your business.”—“It is not you, my fine gentleman, who can teach me. You cannot do as well. No, indeed -you think so; very well, just try it,” replied the good man, yielding his place to the First Consul, who took the plow-handle, and making the team start, commenced to give his lesson. But he did not plow a single yard of a straight line. The whole furrow was crooked. “Come, come,” said the countryman, putting his hand on that of the general to resume his plow, “your work is no good. Each one to his trade. Saunter along, that is your business.” But the First Consul did not proceed without paying for the lesson he had received. General Duroc handed the laborer two or three louis to compensate him for the loss of time they had caused him; and the countryman, astonished by this generosity, quitted his plow to relate his adventure, and met on the way a woman whom he told that he had met two big men, judging by what he had in his hand.

The woman, better informed, asked him to describe the dress of the men, and from his description ascertained that it was the First Consul and one of his staff; the good man was overcome with astonishment. The next day he made a brave resolution, and donning his best clothes, presented himself at Malmaison, requesting to speak to the First Consul, to thank him, he said, for the fine present he had given him the day before.

I notified the First Consul of this visit, and he ordered me to bring the laborer in. While I was gone to announce him, he had, according to his own expression, taken his courage in both hands to prepare himself for this grand interview; and I found him on my return, standing in the center of the antechamber (for he did not dare to sit upon the sofas, which though very simple seemed to him magnificent), and pondering what he should say to the First Consul in token of his gratitude. I preceded him, and he followed me,

placing each foot cautiously on the carpet; and when I opened the door of the cabinet, he insisted with much civility on my going first. When the First Consul had nothing private to say or dictate, he permitted the door to stand open; and he now made me a sign not to close it, so that I was able to see and hear all that passed.

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The honest laborer commenced, on entering the cabinet, by saluting the back of de Bourrienne, who could not see him, occupied as he was in writing upon a small table placed in the recess of a window. The First Consul saw him make his bows, himself reclining in his armchair, one of the arms of which, according to habit, he was pricking with the point of his knife. Finally he spoke. "Well, my brave fellow." The peasant turned, recognized him, and saluted anew. "Well," continued the First Consul, "has the harvest been fine this year?"—"No, with all respect, Citizen General, but not so very bad."

"In order that the earth should produce, it is necessary that it should be turned up, is it not so? Fine gentlemen are no good for such work."

"Meaning no offense, General, the bourgeois have hands too soft to handle a plow. There is need of a hard fist to handle these tools."

"That is so," replied the First Consul, smiling. "But big and strong as you are, you should handle something else than a plow. A good musket, for instance, or the handle of a good saber."

The laborer drew himself up with an air of pride. "General, in my time I have done as others. I had been married six or seven years when these d——d Prussians (pardon me, General) entered Landrecies. The requisition came. They gave me a gun and a cartridge-box at the Commune headquarters, and march! My soul, we were not equipped like those big gallants that I saw just now on entering the courtyard." He referred to the grenadiers of the Consular Guard.

"Why did you quit the service?" resumed the First Consul, who appeared to take great interest in the conversation.

"My faith, General, each one in his turn, and there are saber strokes enough for every one. One fell on me there" (the worthy laborer bent his head and divided the locks of his hair); "and after some weeks in the field hospital, they gave me a discharge to return to my wife and my plow."

"Have you any children?"

"I have three, General, two boys and a girl."

"You must make a soldier of the oldest. If he will conduct himself well, I will take care of him. Adieu, my brave man. Whenever I can help you, come to see me again." The First Consul rose, made de Bourrienne give him some louis, which he added to those the laborer had already received from him, and directed me to show him out, and we had already reached the antechamber, when the First Consul called the peasant back to say to him, "You were at Fleurus?"—"Yes, General."—"Can you tell me the name of your

general-in-chief?”—“Indeed, I should think so. It was General Jourdan.”—“That is correct. Au revoir;” and I carried off the old soldier of the Republic, enchanted with his reception.

CHAPTER XI.

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At the beginning of this year (1803), there arrived at Paris an envoy from Tunis, who presented the First Consul, on the part of the Bey, with ten Arab horses. The Bey at that time feared the anger of England, and hoped to find in France a powerful ally, capable of protecting him; and he could not have found a better time to make the application, for everything announced the rupture of the peace of Amiens, over which all Europe had so greatly rejoiced, for England had kept none of her promises, and had executed no article of the treaty. On his side, the First Consul, shocked by such bad faith, and not wishing to be a dupe, openly prepared for war, and ordered the filling up of the ranks, and a new levy of one hundred and twenty thousand conscripts. War was officially declared in June, but hostilities had already begun before this time.

At the end of this month the First Consul made a journey to Boulogne, and visited Picardy, Flanders, and Belgium, in order to organize an expedition which he was meditating against the English, and to place the northern seacoast in a state of defense. He returned to Paris in August, but set out in November for a second visit to Boulogne.

This constant traveling was too much for Hambard, who for a long time had been in feeble health; and when the First Consul was on the point of setting out for his first tour in the North, Hambard had asked to be excused, alleging, which was only too true, the bad state of his health. “See how you are,” said the First Consul, “always sick and complaining; and if you stay here, who then will shave me?”—“General,” replied Hambard, “Constant knows how to shave as well as I.” I was present, and occupied at that very moment in dressing the First Consul. He looked at me and said, “Well, you queer fellow, since you are so skilled, you shall make proof of it at once. We must see how you will do.” I knew the misadventure of poor Hebert, which I have already related; and not wishing a like experience, I had been for some time practicing the art of shaving. I had paid a hairdresser to teach me his trade; and I had even, in my moments of leisure, served an apprenticeship in his shop, where I had shaved, without distinction, all his customers. The chins of these good people had suffered somewhat before I had acquired sufficient dexterity to lay a razor on the consular chin; but by dint of repeated experiments on the beards of the commonalty I had achieved a degree of skill which inspired me with the greatest confidence; so, in obedience to the order of the First Consul, I brought the warm water, opened the razor boldly, and began operations. Just as I was going to place the razor upon the face of the First Consul, he raised himself abruptly, turned, and fastened both eyes upon me, with an expression of severity and interrogation which I am unable to describe. Seeing that I was not at all embarrassed, he seated himself again, saying to me in a mild tone, “Proceed.” This I did with sufficient

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skill to satisfy him; and when I had finished, he said to me, “Hereafter you are to shave me;” and, in fact, after that he was unwilling to be shaved by any one else. From that time also my duties became much more exacting, for every day I had to shave the First Consul; and I admit that it was not an easy thing to do, for while he was being shaved, he often spoke, read the papers, moved about in his chair, turned himself abruptly, and I was obliged to use the greatest precautions in order not to cut him. Happily this never occurred. When by chance he did not speak, he remained immobile and stiff as a statue, and could not be made to lower, nor raise, nor bend his head to one side, as was necessary to accomplish the task easily. He also had a singular fancy of having one half of his face lathered and shaved before beginning the other, and would not allow me to pass to the other side of his face until the first half was completely finished, as the First Consul found that plan suited him best.

Later, when I had become his chief valet, and he deigned to give me proofs of his kindness and esteem, and I could talk with him as freely as his rank permitted, I took the liberty of persuading him to shave himself; for, as I have just said, not wishing to be shaved by any one except me, he was obliged to wait till I could be notified, especially in the army, when his hour of rising was not regular. He refused for a long time to take my advice, though I often repeated it. “Ah, ha, Mr. Idler!” he would say to me, laughing, “you are very anxious for me to do half your work;” but at last I succeeded in satisfying him of my disinterestedness and the wisdom of my advice. The fact is, I was most anxious to persuade him to this; for, considering what would necessarily happen if an unavoidable absence, an illness, or some other reason, had separated me from the First Consul, I could not reflect, without a shudder, of his life being at the mercy of the first comer. As for him, I am sure he never gave the matter a thought; for whatever tales have been related of his suspicious nature, he never took any precaution against the snares which treason might set for him. His sense of security, in this regard, amounted even to imprudence; and consequently all who loved him, especially those who surrounded him, endeavored to make up for this want of precaution by all the vigilance of which they were capable; and it is unnecessary to assert that it was this solicitude for the precious life of my master which had caused me to insist upon the advice I had given him to shave himself.

On the first occasions on which he attempted to put my lessons into practice, it was even more alarming than laughable to watch the Emperor (for such he was then); as in spite of the lessons that I had given him with repeated illustrations, he did not yet know how to hold his razor. He would seize it by the handle, and apply it perpendicularly to his cheek, instead of laying it flat; he would make a sudden dash

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with the razor, never failing to give himself a cut, and then draw back his hand quickly, crying out, “See there, you scamp; you have made me cut myself.” I would then take the razor and finish the operation The next day the same scene would be repeated, but with less bloodshed; and each day the skill of the Emperor improved, until at last, by dint of numberless lessons, he became sufficiently an adept to dispense with me, though he still cut himself now and then, for which he would always mildly reproach me, though jestingly and in kindness. Besides, from the manner in which he began, and which he would never change, it was impossible for him not to cut his face sometimes, for he shaved himself downward, and not upward, like every one else; and this bad method, which all my efforts could not change, added to the habitual abruptness of his movements, made me shudder every time I saw him take his razor in hand.

Madame Bonaparte accompanied the First Consul on the first of these journeys; and there was, as on that to Lyons, a continued succession of fetes and rejoicing.

The inhabitants of Boulogne had, in anticipation of the arrival of the First Consul, raised several triumphal arches, extending from the Montreuil gate as far as the great road which led to his barrack, which was situated in the camp on the right. Each arch of triumph was decorated with evergreens, and thereon could be read the names of the skirmishes and battles in which he had been victorious. These domes and arches of verdure and flowers presented an admirable coup-d’-oeil. One arch of triumph, higher than the others, was placed in the midst of the Rue de l’Ecu (the main street), and the elite of the citizens had assembled around it; while more than a hundred young people with garlands of flowers, children, old men, and a great number of brave men whom military duty had not detained in the camp, awaited with impatience the arrival of the First Consul. At his approach the joyful booming of cannon announced to the English, whose fleet was near by in the sea off Boulogne, the appearance of Napoleon upon the shore on which he had assembled the formidable army he had determined to hurl against England.

The First Consul was mounted upon a small gray horse, which was active as a squirrel. He dismounted, and followed by his brilliant staff, addressed these paternal words to the citizens of the town: “I come to assure the happiness of France. The sentiments which you express, and all your evidences of gratitude, touch me; I shall never forget my entrance into Boulogne, which I have chosen as the center of the reunion of my armies. Citizens, do not be alarmed by this multitude. It is that of the defenders of your country, soon to be the conquerors of haughty England.”

The First Consul proceeded on his route, surrounded by the whole populace, who accompanied him to the door of his headquarters, where more than thirty generals received him, though the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, the cries of joy, ceased only when this great day ended.

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The day after our arrival, the First Consul visited the Pont de Brique, a little village situated about half a league from Boulogne. A farmer read to him the following complimentary address:—

“General, in the name of twenty fathers we offer you a score of fine fellows who are, and always will be, at your command. Lead them, General. They can strike a good blow for you when you march into England. As to us, we will discharge another duty. We will till the earth in order that bread may not be wanting to the brave men who will crush the English.”

Napoleon, smiling, thanked the patriotic countrymen, and glancing towards the little country house, built on the edge of the highway, spoke to General Berthier, saying, “This is where I wish my headquarters established.” Then he spurred his horse and rode off, while a general and some officers remained to execute the order of the First Consul, who, on the very night of his arrival at Boulogne, returned to sleep at Pont de Brique.

They related to me at Boulogne the details of a naval combat which had taken place a short time before our arrival between the French fleet, commanded by Admiral Bruix, and the English squadron with which Nelson blockaded the port of Boulogne. I will relate this as told to me, deeming very unusual the comfortable mode in which the French admiral directed the operations of the sailors.

About two hundred boats, counting gunboats and mortars, barges and sloops, formed the line of defense, the shore and the forts bristling with batteries. Some frigates advanced from the hostile line, and, preceded by two or three brigs, ranged themselves in line of battle before us and in reach of the cannon of our flotilla; and the combat began. Balls flew in every direction. Nelson, who had promised the destruction of the flotilla, re-enforced his line of battle with two other lines of vessels and frigates; and thus placed en echelon, they fought with a vastly superior force. For more than seven hours the sea, covered with fire and smoke, offered to the entire population of Boulogne the superb and frightful spectacle of a naval combat in which more than eighteen hundred cannon were fired at the same time; but the genius of Nelson could not avail against our sailors or soldiers. Admiral Bruix was at his headquarters near the signal station, and from this position directed the fight against Nelson, while drinking with his staff and some ladies of Boulogne whom he had invited to dinner. The guests sang the early victories of the First Consul, while the admiral, without leaving the table, maneuvered the flotilla by means of the signals he ordered. Nelson, eager to conquer, ordered all his naval forces to advance; but the wind being in favor of the French, he was not able to keep the promise he had made in London to burn our fleet, while on the contrary many of his own boats were so greatly damaged, that Admiral Bruix, seeing the English begin to retire, cried “Victory!” pouring out champagne for his guests. The French flotilla suffered very little, while the enemy’s squadron was ruined by the steady fire, of our stationary batteries. On that day the English learned that they could not possibly

approach the shore at Boulogne, which after this they named the Iron Coast (Cote de Fer).

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When the First Consul left Boulogne, he made his arrangements to pass through Abbeville, and to stop twenty four hours there. The mayor of the town left nothing undone towards a suitable reception, and Abbeville was magnificent on that day. The finest trees from the neighboring woods were taken up bodily with their roots to form avenues in all the streets through which the First Consul was to pass; and some of the citizens, who owned magnificent gardens, sent their rarest shrubs to be displayed along his route; and carpets from the factory of Hecquet-Dorval were spread on the ground, to be trodden by his horses. But unforeseen circumstances suddenly cut short the fete.

A courier, sent by the minister of police, arrived as we were approaching the town, who notified the First Consul of a plot to assassinate him two leagues farther on; the very day and hour were named. To baffle the attempt that they intended against his person, the First Consul traversed the city in a gallop, and, followed by some lancers, went to the spot where he was to be attacked, halted about half an hour, ate some Abbeville cakes, and set out. The assassins were deceived. They had not expected his arrival until the next day.

The First Consul and Madame Bonaparte continued their journey through Picardy, Flanders, and the Low Countries. Each day the First Consul received offers of vessels of war from the different council-generals, the citizens continued to offer him addresses, and the mayors to present him with the keys of the cities, as if he exercised royal power. Amiens, Dunkirk, Lille, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Liege, and Namur distinguished themselves by the brilliant receptions they gave to the illustrious travelers. The inhabitants of Antwerp presented the First Consul with six magnificent bay horses. Everywhere also, the First Consul left valuable souvenirs of his journey; and by his orders, works were immediately commenced to deepen and improve the port of Amiens. He visited in that city, and in all the others where he stopped, the exposition of the products of industry, encouraging manufacturers by his advice, and favoring them in his decrees. At Liege, he put at the disposal of the prefect of the Our the the sum of three hundred thousand francs to repair the houses burned by the Austrians, in that department, during the early years of the Revolution. Antwerp owes to him the inner port, a basin, and the building of carpenter-shops. At Brussels, he ordered that the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt should be connected by a canal. He gave to Givet a stone bridge over the Meuse, and at Sedan the widow Madame Rousseau received from him the sum of sixty thousand francs for the re-establishment of the factory destroyed by fire. Indeed, I cannot begin to enumerate all the benefits, both public and private, which the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte scattered along their route.

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A little while after our return to Saint-Cloud, the First Consul, while riding in the park with his wife and Cambaceres, took a fancy to drive the four horses attached to the carriage which had been given him by the inhabitants of Antwerp. He took his place on the driver's seat, and took the reins from the hands of Caesar, his coachman, who got up behind the carriage. At that instant they were in the horse-shoe alley, which leads to the road of the Pavilion Breteuil, and of Ville d'Avray. It is stated in the Memorial of St. Helena, that the aide-de-camp, having awkwardly frightened the horses, made them run away; but Caesar, who related to me in detail this sad disaster a few moments after the accident had taken place, said not a word to me about the aide-de-camp; and, in truth, there was needed, to upset the coach, nothing more than the awkwardness of a coachman with so little experience as the First Consul. Besides, the horses were young and spirited, and Caesar himself needed all his skill to guide them. Not feeling his hand on the reins, they set out at a gallop, while Caesar, seeing the new direction they were taking to the right, cried out, "To the left," in a stentorian voice. Consul Cambaceres, even paler than usual, gave himself little concern as to reassuring Madame Bonaparte, who was much alarmed, but screamed with all his might, "Stop, stop! you will break all our necks!" That might well happen, for the First Consul heard nothing, and, besides, could not control the horses; and when he reached, or rather was carried with the speed of lightning to, the very gate, he was not able to keep in the road, but ran against a post, where the carriage fell over heavily, and fortunately the horses stopped. The First Consul was thrown about ten steps, fell on his stomach, and fainted away, and did not revive until some one attempted to lift him up. Madame Bonaparte and the second consul had only slight contusions; but good Josephine had suffered horrible anxiety about her husband. However, although he was badly bruised, he would not be bled, and satisfied himself with a few rubbings with eau de Cologne, his favorite remedy. That evening, on retiring, he spoke gayly of his misadventure, and of the great fright that his colleague had shown, and ended by saying, "We must render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's; let him keep his whip, and let us each mind his own business."

He admitted, however, notwithstanding all his jokes, that he had never thought himself so near death, and that he felt as if he had been dead for a few seconds. I do not remember whether it was on this or another occasion that I heard the Emperor say, that "death was only asleep without dreams."

In the month of October of this year, the First Consul received in public audience Haled-Effendi, the ambassador of the Ottoman Porte.

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The arrival of the Turkish ambassador created a sensation at the Tuileries, because he brought a large number of cashmere shawls to the First Consul, which every one was sure would be distributed, and each woman flattered herself that she would be favorably noticed. I think that, without his foreign costume, and without his cashmere shawls, he would have produced little effect on persons accustomed to seeing sovereign princes pay court to the chief of the government at his residence and at their own. His costume even was not more remarkable than that of Roustan, to which we were accustomed; and as to his bows, they were hardly lower than those of the ordinary courtiers of the First Consul. At Paris, it is said, the enthusiasm lasted longer—"It is so odd to be a Turk!" A few ladies had the honor of seeing the bearded ambassador eat. He was polite and even gallant with them, and made them a few presents, which were highly prized; his manners were not too Mohammedan, and he was not much shocked at seeing our pretty Parisians without veils over their faces. One day, which he had spent almost entirely at Saint-Cloud, I saw him go through his prayers. It was in the court of honor, on a broad parapet bordered with a stone balustrade. The ambassador had carpets spread on the side of the apartments, which were afterwards those of the King of Rome; and there he made his genuflexions, under the eyes of many people of the house, who, out of consideration, kept themselves behind their casements. In the evening he was present at the theater, and Zaire or Mahomet, I think, was played; but of course he understood none of it.

CHAPTER XII.

In the month of November of this year, the First Consul returned to Boulogne to visit the fleet, and to review the troops who were already assembled in the camps provided for the army with which he proposed to descend on England. I have preserved a few notes and many recollections of my different sojourns at Boulogne. Never did the Emperor make a grander display of military power; nor has there ever been collected at one point troops better disciplined or more ready to march at the least signal of their chief; and it is not surprising that I should have retained in my recollections of this period details which no one has yet, I think, thought of publishing. Neither, if I am not mistaken, could any one be in a better position than I to know them. However, the reader will now judge for himself.

In the different reviews which the First Consul held, he seemed striving to excite the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and to increase their attachment for his person, by assiduously taking advantage of every opportunity to excite their vanity.

One day, having especially noticed the excellent bearing of the Thirty-sixth and Fifty-seventh regiments of the line, and Tenth of light infantry, he made all the officers, from corporal to colonel, come forward; and, placing himself in their midst, evinced his satisfaction by recalling to them occasions when, in the past under the fire of cannon, he had remarked the bearing of these three brave, regiments. He complimented the

sub-officers on the good drilling of the soldiers, and the captains and chiefs of battalion on the harmony and precision of their evolutions. In fine, each had his share of praise.

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This flattering distinction did not excite the jealousy of the other corps of the army, for each regiment had on that day its own share of compliments, whether small or great; and when the review was over, they went quietly back to their quarters. But the soldiers of the Thirty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Tenth, much elated by having been so specially favored, went in the afternoon to drink to their triumph in a public house frequented by the grenadiers of the cavalry of the Guard. They began to drink quietly, speaking of campaigns, of cities taken, of the First Consul, and finally of that morning's review. It then occurred to the young men of Boulogne, who were among the drinkers, to sing couplets of very recent composition, in which were extolled to the clouds the bravery and the exploits of the three regiments, without one word of praise for the rest of the army, not even for the Guard; and it was in the favorite resort of the grenadiers of the Guard that these couplets were sung! These latter maintained at first a gloomy silence; but soon finding it unendurable, they protested loudly against these couplets, which they said were detestable. The quarrel became very bitter; they shouted, heaped insults on each other, taking care not to make too much noise; however, and appointed a meeting for the next day, at four o'clock in the morning, in the suburbs of Marquise, a little village about two leagues from Boulogne. It was very late in the evening when these soldiers left the public house.

More than two hundred grenadiers of the Guard went separately to the place of meeting, and found the ground occupied by an almost equal number of their adversaries of the Thirty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, and Tenth. Wasting no time in explanations, hardly a sound being heard, each soldier drew his sword, and for more than an hour they fought in a cool, deliberate manner which was frightful to behold. A man named Martin, grenadier of the Guard, and of gigantic stature, killed with his own hand seven or eight soldiers of the Tenth. They would probably have continued till all were massacred if General Saint-Hilaire, informed too late of this bloody quarrel, had not sent out in all haste a regiment of cavalry, who put an end to the combat. The grenadiers had lost two men, and the soldiers of the line thirteen, with a large number of wounded on both sides.

The First Consul visited the camp next day, and had brought before him those who had caused this terrible scene, and said to them in a severe tone: "I know why you fought each other; many brave men have fallen in a struggle unworthy of them and of you. You shall be punished. I have given orders that the verses which have been the cause of so much trouble shall be printed. I hope that, in learning your punishment, the ladies of Boulogne will know that you have deserved the blame of your comrades in arms."

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However, the troops, and above all the officers, began to grow weary of their sojourn at Boulogne, a town less likely, perhaps, than any other to render such an inactive existence endurable. They did not murmur, however, because never where the First Consul was did murmuring find a place; but they fumed nevertheless under their breath at seeing themselves held in camp or in fort, with England just in sight, only nine or ten leagues distant. Pleasures were rare at Boulogne; the women, generally pretty, but extremely timid, did not dare to hold receptions at their own houses, for fear of displeasing their husbands, very jealous men, as are all those of Picardy. There was, however, a handsome hall in which balls and soirees could easily have been given; but, although very anxious to do this, these ladies dared not make use of it. At last a considerable number of Parisian beauties, touched by the sad fate of so many brave and handsome officers, came to Boulogne to charm away the ennui of so long a peace. The example of the Parisian women piqued those of Abbeville, Dunkirk, Amiens; and soon Boulogne was filled with strangers, male and female, who came to do the honors of the city. Among all these ladies the one most conspicuous for style, intellect, and beauty was a Dunkirk lady, named Madame F——, an excellent musician, full of gayety, grace, and youth; it was impossible for Madame F——not to turn many heads. Colonel Joseph, brother of the First Consul, General Soult, who was afterwards Marshal, Generals Saint-Hilaire and Andre Ossy, and a few other great personages, were at her feet; though two alone, it is said, succeeded in gaining her affections, and of those two, one was Colonel Joseph, who soon had the reputation of being the preferred lover of Madame F——. The beautiful lady from Dunkirk often gave soirees, at which Colonel Joseph never failed to be present. Among all his rivals, and certainly they were very numerous, one alone bore him ill-will; this was the general-in-chief, Soult. This rivalry did no injury to the interests of Madame F——; but like a skillful tactician, she adroitly provoked the jealousy of her two suitors, while accepting from each of them compliments, bouquets, and more than that sometimes.

The First Consul, informed of the amours of his brother, concluded one evening to go and make himself merry in the little salon of Madame F——, who was very plainly domesticated in a room on the first floor in the house of a joiner, in the Rue des Minimes. In order not to be recognized, he was dressed as a citizen, and wore a wig and spectacles. He took into his confidence General Bertrand, who was already in great favor with him, and who did all in his power to render his disguise complete.

Thus disguised, the First Consul and his companion presented themselves at Madame F——'s, and asked for Monsieur the Superintendent Arcambal. The most perfect incognito was impressed on Arcambal by the First Consul, who would not for all the world have been recognized; and M. Arcambal promising to keep the secret, the two visitors were announced under the title of commissaries of war.

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They were playing bouillotte; gold covered the tables, and the game and punch absorbed the attention of the happy inmates to such a degree, that none of them took note of the persons who had just entered. As for the mistress of the lodging, she had never seen the First Consul except at a distance, nor General Bertrand; consequently, there was nothing to be feared from her. I myself think that Colonel Joseph recognized his brother, but he gave no evidence of this.

The First Consul, avoiding as best he could all glances, spied those of his brother and of Madame F——. Thinking signals were passing between them, he was preparing to quit the salon of the pretty Dunkirkess, when she, very anxious that the number of her guests should not yet be diminished, ran to the two false commissaries of war, and detained them gracefully, saying that all were going to play forfeits, and they must not go away without having given pledges. The First Consul having first consulted General Bertrand by a glance, found it agreeable to remain and play those innocent games.

Indeed, at the end of a few moments, at the request of Madame F——, the players deserted the bouillotte, and placed themselves in a circle around her. They began by dancing the Boulangere; then the young innocents kept the ball in motion. The turn of the First Consul came to give a forfeit. He was at first very much embarrassed, having with him only a piece of paper, on which he had written the names of a few colonels; he gave, however, this paper to Madame F——, begging her not to open it.

The wish of the First Consul was respected, and the paper remained folded on the lap of the beautiful woman until the time came to redeem the forfeits. Then the queer penalty was imposed on the great captain of making him doorkeeper, while Madame F——, with Colonel Joseph, made the ‘voyage a Cythere’ in a neighboring room. The First Consul acquitted himself with a good grace of the role given him; and after the forfeits had been redeemed, made a sign to General Bertrand to follow him, and they went out. The joiner who lived on the ground floor soon came up to bring a little note to Madame F——.

This was the note:

I thank you, Madame, for the kind welcome you have given me. If you will come some day to my barracks, I will act as doorkeeper, if it seems good to you; but on that occasion I will resign to no, other the pleasure of accompanying you in the ‘voyage a Cythre’.

(Signed) *Bonaparte*

The pretty woman did not read the note aloud; neither did she allow the givers of forfeits to remain in ignorance that she had received a visit from the First Consul. At the end of an hour the company dispersed, and Madame F—— remained alone, reflecting on the visit and the note of the great man.

It was during this same visit that there occurred a terrible combat in the roadstead of Boulogne to secure the entrance into the port of a flotilla composed of twenty or thirty vessels, which came from Ostend, from Dunkirk, and from Nieuport, loaded with arms for the national fleet.

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A magnificent frigate, carrying thirty-six pounders, a cutter, and a brig, detached themselves from the English fleet, in order to intercept the route of the Dutch flotilla; but they were received in a manner which took away all desire to return.

The port of Boulogne was defended by five forts; the Fort de la Creche, the Fort en Bois, Fort Musoir, Castle Croi, and the Castle d'Ordre, all fortified with large numbers of cannon and howitzers. The line of vessels which barred the entrance was composed of two hundred and fifty gunboats and other vessels; the division of imperial gunboats formed a part of this.

Each sloop bore three pieces of cannon, twenty-four pounders,—two pieces for pursuit, and one for retreat; and five hundred mouths of fire were thus opened on the enemy, independently of all the batteries of the forts, every cannon being fired more than three times a minute.

The combat began at one o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was beautiful. At the first report of the cannon the First Consul left the headquarters at the Pont de Brique, and came at a gallop, followed by his staff, to give orders to Admiral Bruix; but soon wishing to examine for himself the operations of the defense, and to share in directing them, he threw himself, followed by the admiral and a few officers, into a launch which was rowed by sailors of the Guard. Thus the First Consul was borne into the midst of the vessels which formed the line of defense, through a thousand dangers, amid a tempest of shells, bombs, and cannon-balls. With the intention of landing at Wimereux, after having passed along the line, he ordered them to steer for the castle of Croi, saying that he must double it. Admiral Bruix, alarmed at the danger he was about to incur, in vain represented to the First Consul the imprudence of doing this. "What shall we gain," said he, "by doubling this fort? Nothing, except to expose ourselves to the cannon-balls. General, by flanking it we will arrive as soon." The First Consul was not of the admiral's opinion, and insisted on doubling the fort. The admiral, at the risk of being reprimanded, gave contrary orders to the sailors; and the First Consul saw himself obliged to pass behind the fort, though much irritated and reproaching the admiral.

This soon ceased, however; for, hardly had the launch passed, when a transport, which had doubled the castle of Croi, was crashed into and sunk by three or four shells.

The First Consul became silent, on seeing how correct the admiral's judgment had been; and the rest of the journey, as far as the little port of Wimereux, was made without hindrance from him. Arriving there, he climbed upon the cliff to encourage the cannoneers, spoke to all of them, patted them on the shoulder, and urged them to aim well. "Courage, my friends," said he, "remember you are not fighting fellows who will hold out a long time. Drive them back with the honors of war." And noticing the fine resistance and majestic maneuvers of a frigate, he asked, "Can you believe, my children, that captain is English? I do not think so."

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The artillerymen, animated by the words of the First Consul, redoubled their zeal and the rapidity of their fire. One of them said, “Look at the frigate, General; her bowsprit is going to fall.” He spoke truly, the bowsprit was cut in two by his ball. “Give twenty francs to that brave man,” said the First Consul to the officers who were with him. Near the batteries of Wimereux there was a furnace to heat the cannon-balls; and the First Consul noticed them operating the furnaces, and gave instructions. “That is not red enough, boys; they must be sent redder than that, come, come.” One of them had known him, when a lieutenant of artillery, and said to his comrades, “He understands these little matters perfectly, as well as greater ones, you see.”

That day two soldiers without arms were on the cliff noticing the maneuvers. They began a quarrel in this singular manner. “Look,” said one, “do you see the Little Corporal down there?” (they were both Picards). “No; I don’t see him.”—“Do you not see him in his launch?”—“Oh, yes, now I do; but surely he does not remember, that if anything should strike him, it would make the whole army weep—why does he expose himself like that?”

“Indeed, it is his place!”—“No, it’s not “—“It is”—“It isn’t. Look here, what would you do to-morrow if the Little Corporal was killed?”—“But I tell you it is his place!” And having no other argument on either side, they commenced to fight with their fists. They were separated with much difficulty.

The battle had commenced at one o’clock in the afternoon, and about ten o’clock in the evening the Dutch flotilla entered the port under the most terrible fire that I have ever witnessed. In the darkness the bombs, which crossed each other in every direction, formed above the port and the town a vault of fire, while the constant discharge of all this artillery was repeated by echoes from the cliffs, making a frightful din; and, a most singular fact, no one in the city was alarmed. The people of Boulogne had become accustomed to danger, and expected something terrible each day. They had constantly going on, under their eyes, preparations for attack or defense, and had become soldiers by dint of seeing this so constantly. On that day the noise of cannon was heard at dinner-time; and still every one dined, the hour for the repast being neither advanced nor delayed. Men went about their business, women occupied themselves with household affairs, young girls played the piano, all saw with indifference the cannonballs pass over their heads; and the curious, whom a desire to witness the combat had attracted to the cliffs, showed hardly any more emotion than is ordinarily the case on seeing a military piece played at Franconi’s.

I still ask myself how three vessels could have endured for nine hours so violent a shock; for when at length the flotilla entered the fort, the English cutter had foundered, the brig had been burnt by the red-hot cannon-balls, and there was left only the frigate, with her masts shivered and her sails torn, but she still remained there immovable as a rock, and so near to our line of defense that the sailors on either side could be seen and counted. Behind her, at a modest distance, were more than a hundred English ships.

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At length, after ten o'clock, a signal from the English admiral caused the frigate to withdraw, and the firing ceased. Our line of ships was not greatly damaged in this long and terrible combat, because the broadsides from the frigate simply cut into our rigging, and did not enter the body of our vessels. The brig and the cutter, however, did more harm.

CHAPTER XIII.

The First Consul left Boulogne to return to Paris, in order to be present at the marriage of one of his sisters. Prince Camille Borghese, descendant of the noblest family of Rome, had already arrived at Paris to—marry Madame Pauline Bonaparte, widow of General Leclerc, who had died of yellow fever in San Domingo. I recollect having seen this unfortunate general at the residence of the First Consul some time before his departure on the ill-starred expedition which cost him his life, and France the loss of many brave soldiers and much treasure. General Leclerc, whose name is now almost forgotten, or held in light esteem, was a kind and good man. He was passionately in love with his wife, whose giddiness, to put it mildly, afflicted him sorely, and threw him into a deep and habitual melancholy painful to witness. Princess Pauline (who was then far from being a princess) had married him willingly, and of her own choice; but this did not prevent her tormenting her husband by her innumerable caprices, and repeating to him a hundred times a day that he was indeed a fortunate man to marry the sister of the First Consul. I am sure that with his simple tastes and quiet disposition General Leclerc would have preferred less distinction and more peace. The First Consul required his sister to accompany her husband to San Domingo. She was forced to obey, and to leave Paris, where she swayed the scepter of fashion, and eclipsed all other women by her elegance and coquetry, as well as by her incomparable beauty, to brave a dangerous climate, and the ferocious companions of Christophe and Dessalines. At the end of the year 1801 the admiral's ship, The Ocean, sailed from Brest, carrying to the Cape (San Domingo) General Leclerc, his wife, and their son. After her arrival at the Cape, the conduct of Madame Leclerc was beyond praise. On more than one occasion, but especially that which I shall now attempt to describe, she displayed a courage worthy of her name and the position of her husband. I obtained these details from an eye-witness whom I had known at Paris in the service of Princess Pauline.

The day of the great insurrection of the blacks in September, 1802, the bands of Christophe and Dessalines, composed of more than twelve thousand negroes, exasperated by their hatred against the whites, and the certainty that if they yielded no quarter would be given, made an assault on the town of the Cape, which was defended by only one thousand soldiers; for only this small number remained of the large army which had sailed from Brest a year before, in brilliant spirits and full of hope. This handful of brave men, the most of them weakened by fever, led by the general-in-chief of the expedition, who was even then suffering from the malady which caused his death, repulsed by unheard of efforts and heroic valor the repeated attacks of the blacks.

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During this combat, in which the determination, if not the number and strength, was equal on both sides, Madame Leclerc, with her son, was under the guard of a devoted friend who had subject to his orders only a weak company of artillery, which still occupied the house where her husband had fixed his residence, at the foot of the low hills which bordered the coast. The general-in-chief, fearing lest this residence might be surprised by a party of the enemy, and being unable to foresee the issue of the struggle which he was maintaining on the heights of the Cape, and against which the blacks made their most furious assaults, sent an order to convey his wife and son on board the fleet. Pauline would not consent to this. Always faithful to the pride with which her name inspired her (but this time there was in her pride as much greatness as nobility), she spoke to the ladies of the city who had taken refuge with her, and begged them to go away, giving them a frightful picture of the horrible treatment to which they would be exposed should the negroes defeat the troops. “You can leave. You are not the sisters of Bonaparte.”

However, as the danger became more pressing every moment, General Leclerc sent an aide-de-camp to his residence, and enjoined on him, in case Pauline still persisted in her refusal, to use force, and convey her on board against her will. The officer was obliged to execute this order to the letter. Consequently Madame Leclerc was forcibly placed in an arm-chair which was borne by four soldiers, while a grenadier marched by her side, carrying in his arms the general’s son. During this scene of flight and terror the child, already worthy of its mother, played with the plume of the soldier who was carrying him. Followed by her cortege of trembling, tearful women, whose only source of strength during this perilous passage was in her courage, she was thus conveyed to the seashore. Just as they were going to place her in the sloop, however, another aide-de-camp of her husband brought news of the defeat of the blacks. “You see now,” said she, returning to her residence, “I was right in not wishing to embark.” She was not yet out of danger, however; for a troop of negroes, forming part of the army which had just been so miraculously repulsed, in trying to make good their retreat to the dikes, met the small escort of Madame Leclerc. As they appeared disposed to attack, it was necessary to scatter them by shots at short range. Throughout this skirmish Pauline preserved a perfect equanimity. All these circumstances, which reflected so much honor on Madame Leclerc, were reported to the First Consul.

His self-love was flattered by it; and I believe that it was to Prince Borghese that he said one day at his levee, “Pauline is predestined to marry a Roman, for from head to foot she is every inch a Roman.”

Unfortunately this courage, which a man might have envied, was not united in the Princess Pauline with those virtues which are less brilliant and more modest, and also more suitable for a woman, and which we naturally expect to find in her, rather than boldness and contempt of danger.

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I do not know if it is true, as has been written somewhere, that Madame Leclerc, when she was obliged to set out for San Domingo, had a fancy for an actor of the Theatre Francais. Nor am I able to say whether it is true that Mademoiselle Duchesnois had the naivete to exclaim before a hundred people in reference to this departure, “Lafon will never be consoled; it will kill him!” but what I myself know of the frailty of this princess leads me to believe that the anecdote is true.

All Paris knew the special favor with which she honored M. Jules de Canouville, a young and brilliant colonel who was handsome and brave, with a perfect figure, and an assurance which was the cause of his innumerable successes with certain women, although he used little discretion in respect to them. The liaison of Princess Pauline with this amiable officer was the most lasting that she ever formed; and as, unfortunately, neither of them was discreet, their mutual tenderness acquired in a short while a scandalous publicity. I shall take occasion later to relate in its proper place the incident which caused the disgrace, banishment, and perhaps even the death, of Colonel de Canouville. A death so premature, and above all so cruel, since it was not an enemy’s bullet which struck him, was deplored by the whole army.

[Monsieur Bousquet was called to Neuilly (residence of the Princess Pauline) in order to examine the beautiful teeth of her Imperial Highness. Presented to her, he prepared to begin work. “Monsieur,” said a charming young man in a wrapper, negligently lying on a sofa, “take care, I pray, what you do. I feel a great interest in the teeth of my Paulette, and I hold you responsible for any accident.”—“Be tranquil, my Prince; I can assure your Imperial Highness that there is no danger.” During all the time that Bousquet was engaged in working on the pretty mouth, these recommendations continued. At length, having finished what he had to do, he passed into the waiting-room, where he found assembled the ladies of the palace, the chamberlains, *etc*., who were awaiting to enter the apartments of the Princess.They hastened to ask Bousquet news of the princess, “Her Imperial Highness is very well, and must be happy in the tender attachment her august husband feels for her, which he has shown in my presence in so touching a manner. His anxiety was extreme. It was only with difficulty I could reassure him as to the result of the simplest thing in the world; I shall tell everywhere what I have just witnessed. It is pleasant to be able to cite such an example of conjugal tenderness in so high a rank. I am deeply impressed with it.” They did not try to stop good M. Bousquet in these expressions of his enthusiasm. The desire to laugh prevented a single word; and he left convinced that nowhere existed a better household than that of the Prince and Princess Borghese. The latter was in Italy, and the handsome young

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man was M. de Canouville.I borrow this curious anecdote from the “Memoirs of Josephine,” the author of which, who saw and described the Court of Navarre and Malmaison with so much truth and good judgment, is said to be a woman, and must be in truth a most intellectual one, and in a better position than any other person to know the private affairs of her Majesty, the Empress.—*Constant*.

> He was slain by a ball from a French cannon, which was discharged after the close of an action in which he had shown the most brilliant courage.—*Constant*.]

Moreover, however great may have been the frailty of Princess Pauline in regard to her lovers, and although most incredible instances of this can be related without infringing on the truth, her admirable devotion to the person of the Emperor in 1814 should cause her faults to be treated with indulgence.

On innumerable occasions the effrontery of her conduct, and especially her want of regard and respect for the Empress Marie Louise, irritated the Emperor against the Princess Borghese, though he always ended by pardoning her; notwithstanding which, at the time of the fall of her august brother she was again in disgrace, and being informed that the island of Elba had been selected as a prison for the Emperor, she hastened to shut herself up there with him, abandoning Rome and Italy, whose finest palaces were hers. Before the battle of Waterloo, his Majesty at the critical moment found the heart of his sister Pauline still faithful. Fearing lest he might be in need of money, she sent him her handsomest diamonds, the value of which was enormous; and they were found in the carriage of the Emperor when it was captured at Waterloo, and exhibited to the curiosity of the inhabitants of London. But the diamonds have been lost; at least, to their lawful owner.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the day of General Moreau’s arrest the First Consul was in a state of great excitement.

[Jean Victor Moreau, born at Morlaix in Brittany, 1763, son of a prominent lawyer. At one time he rivaled Bonaparte in reputation. He was general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, 1796, and again in 1800, in which latter year he gained the battle of Hohenlinden. Implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru, he was exiled, and went to the United States. He returned to Europe in 1813, and, joining the allied armies against France, was killed by a cannon-shot in the attack on Dresden in August of that year.]

The morning was passed in interviews with his emissaries, the agents of police; and measures had been taken that the arrest should be made at the specified hour, either at

Gros-Bois, or at the general's house in the street of the Faubourg Saint-Honore. The First Consul was anxiously walking up and down his chamber, when he sent for me, and ordered me to take

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position opposite General Moreau's house (the one in Paris), to see whether the arrest had taken place, and if there was any tumult, and to return promptly and make my report. I obeyed; but nothing extraordinary took place, and I saw only some police spies walking along the street, and watching the door of the house of the man whom they had marked for their prey. Thinking that my presence would probably be noticed, I retired; and, as I learned while returning to the chateau that General Moreau had been arrested on the road from his estate of Gros-Bois, which he sold a few months later to Marshal Berthier, before leaving for the United States, I quickened my pace, and hastened to announce to the First Consul the news of the arrest. He knew this already, made no response, and still continued thoughtful, and in deep reflection, as in the morning.

Since I have been led to speak of General Moreau, I will recall by what fatal circumstances he was led to tarnish his glory. Madame Bonaparte had given to him in marriage Mademoiselle Hulot, her friend, and, like herself, a native of the Isle of France. This young lady, gentle, amiable, and possessing those qualities which make a good wife and mother, loved her husband passionately, and was proud of that glorious name which surrounded her with respect and honor; but, unfortunately, she had the greatest deference for her mother, whose ambition was great, and who desired nothing short of seeing her daughter seated upon a throne. The influence which she exercised over Madame Moreau soon extended to the general himself, who, ruled by her counsels, became gloomy, thoughtful, melancholy, and forever lost that tranquillity of mind which had distinguished him. From that time the general's house was open to intrigues and conspiracies; and it was the rendezvous of all the discontented, of which there were many. The general assumed the task of disapproving all the acts of the First Consul; he opposed the reestablishment of public worship, and criticised as childish and ridiculous mummery the institution of the Legion of Honor. These grave imprudences, and indeed many others, came to the ears of the First Consul, who refused at first to believe them; but how could he remain deaf to reports which were repeated each day with more foundation, though doubtless exaggerated by malice?

In proportion as the imprudent speeches of the general were depriving him of the esteem of the First Consul, his mother-in-law, by a dangerous obstinacy, was encouraging him in his opposition, persuaded, she said, that the future would do justice to the present. She did not realize that she spoke so truly; and the general rushed headlong into the abyss which opened before him. How greatly his conduct was in opposition to his character! He had a pronounced aversion to the English, and he detested the Chouans, and everything pertaining to the old nobility; and besides, a man like General Moreau, who had served his country so

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gloriously, was not the one to bear arms against her. But he was deceived, and he deceived himself, in thinking that he was fitted to play a great political part; and he was destroyed by the flatteries of a party which excited all possible hostility against the First Consul by taking advantage of the jealousy of his former comrades in arms. I witnessed more than one proof of affection shown by the First Consul to General Moreau. In the course of a visit of the latter to the Tuileries, and during an interview with the First Consul, General Carnot arrived from Versailles with a pair of pistols of costly workmanship, which the manufactory of Versailles had sent as a gift to the First Consul. He took these handsome weapons from the hands of General Carnot, admired them a moment, and immediately offered them to General Moreau, saying to him, “Take them, truly they could not have come at a better time.” All this was done quicker than I can write it; the general was highly flattered by this proof of friendship, and thanked the First Consul warmly.

The name and trial of General Moreau recall to me the story of a brave officer who was compromised in this unfortunate affair, and who after many years of disgrace was pardoned only on account of the courage with which he dared expose himself to the anger of the Emperor. The authenticity of the details which I shall relate can be attested, if necessary, by living persons, whom I shall have occasion to name in my narrative, and whose testimony no reader would dream of impeaching.

The disgrace of General Moreau extended at first to all those who surrounded him; and as the affection and devotion felt for him by all the officers and soldiers who had served under him was well known, his aides-de-camp were arrested, even those who were not then in Paris. One of them, Colonel Delelee, had been many months on furlough at Besancon, resting after his campaigns in the bosom of his family, and with a young wife whom he had recently married. Besides, he was at that time concerning himself very little with political matters, very much with his pleasures, and not at all with conspiracies. Comrade and brother in arms of Colonels Guilleminot, Hugo, Foy,—all three of whom became generals afterwards,—he was spending his evenings gayly with them at the garrison, or in the quiet pleasures of his family circle. Suddenly Colonel Delelee was arrested, placed in a postchaise, and it was not until he was rolling along in a gallop on the road to Paris, that he learned from the officer of the gendarmes who accompanied him, that General Moreau had conspired, and that in his quality as aide-de-camp he was counted among the conspirators.

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Arrived at Paris, the colonel was put in close confinement, in La Force I believe. His wife, much alarmed, followed his footsteps; but it was several days before she obtained permission to communicate with the prisoner, and then could do so only by signs from the courtyard of the prison while he showed himself, for a few moments, and put his hands through the bars of the window. However, the rigor of these orders was relaxed for the colonel's young child three or four years of age, and his father obtained the favor of embracing him. He came each morning in his mother's arms, and a turnkey carried him in to the prisoner, before which inconvenient witness the poor little thing played his role with all the skill of a consummate actor. He would pretend to be lame, and complain of having sand in his shoes which hurt him and the colonel, turning his back on the jailer, and taking the child in his lap to remove the cause of the trouble, would find in his son's shoe a note from his wife, informing him in a few words of the state of the trial, and what he had to hope or fear for himself. At length, after many months of captivity, sentence having been pronounced against the conspirators, Colonel Delelee, against whom no charge had been made, was not absolved as he had a right to expect, but was struck off the army list, arbitrarily put under surveillance, and prohibited from coming within forty leagues of Paris. He was also forbidden to return to Besancon, and it was more than a year after leaving prison before he was permitted to do so.

Young and full of courage, the Colonel saw, from the depths of his retirement, his friends and comrades make their way, and gain upon the battlefield fame, rank, and glory, while he himself was condemned to inaction and obscurity, and to pass his days in following on the map the triumphant march of those armies in which he felt himself worthy to resume his rank. Innumerable applications were addressed by him and his friends to the head of the Empire, that he might be allowed to go even as a common volunteer, and rejoin his former comrades with his knapsack on his shoulder; but these petitions were refused, the will of the Emperor was inflexible, and to each new application he only replied, "Let him wait." The inhabitants of Besancon, who considered Colonel Delelee as their fellow-citizen, interested themselves warmly in the unmerited misfortunes of this brave officer; and when an occasion presented itself of recommending him anew to the clemency, or rather to the justice, of the Emperor, they availed themselves of it.

It was, I believe, on the return from Prussia and Poland that from all parts of France there came deputations charged with congratulating the Emperor upon his several victories. Colonel Delelee was unanimously elected member of the deputation of Doubs, of which the mayor and prefect of Besancon were also members, and of which the respectable Marshal Moncey was president, and an opportunity was thus at last offered Colonel Delelee of procuring the removal of the long sentence which had weighed him down and kept his sword idle. He could speak to the Emperor, and complain respectfully, but with dignity, of the disgrace in which he had been so long kept without reason. He could render thanks, from the bottom of his heart, for the generous affection of his fellow-citizens, whose wishes, he hoped would plead for him with his Majesty.

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The deputies of Besancon, upon their arrival at Paris, presented themselves to the different ministers. The minister of police took the president of the deputation aside, and asked him the meaning of the presence among the deputies of a man publicly known to be in disgrace, and the sight of whom could not fail to be disagreeable to the chief of the Empire.

Marshal Moncey, on coming out from this private interview, pale and frightened, entered the room of Colonel Delelee:

“My friend,” said he, “all is lost, for I have ascertained at the bureau that they are still hostile to you. If the Emperor sees you among us, he will take it as an open avowal of disregard for his orders, and will be furious.”

“Ah, well, what have I to do with that?”

“But in order to avoid compromising the department, the deputation, and, indeed, in order to avoid compromising yourself, you would perhaps do well “—the Marshal hesitated. “I will do well?” demanded the Colonel.

“Perhaps to withdraw without making any display”—

Here the colonel interrupted the president of the deputation: “Marshal, permit me to decline this advice; I have not come so far to be discouraged, like a child, before the first obstacle. I am weary of a disgrace which I have not deserved, and still more weary of enforced idleness. Let the Emperor be irritated or pleased, he shall see me; let him order me to be shot, if he wishes. I do not count worth having such a life as I have led for the last four years. Nevertheless, I will be satisfied with whatever my colleagues, the deputies of Besancon, shall decide.”

These latter did not disapprove of the colonel’s resolution, and he accompanied them to the Tuileries on the day of the solemn reception of all the deputations of the Empire. All the halls of the Tuileries were packed with a crowd in richly embroidered coats and brilliant uniforms. The military household of the Emperor, his civil household, the generals present at Paris, the diplomatic corps, ministers and chiefs of the different administrations, the deputies of the departments with their prefects, and mayors decorated with tricolored scarfs, were all assembled in numerous groups, and conversed in a low tone while awaiting the arrival of his Majesty.

In one of these groups was seen a tall officer dressed in a very simple uniform, cut in the fashion of several years past. He wore neither on his collar, nor even on his breast the decoration which no officer of his grade then lacked. This was Colonel Delelee. The president of the deputation of which he was a member appeared embarrassed and almost distressed. Of the former comrades of the colonel, very few dared to recognize

him, and the boldest gave him a distant nod which expressed at the same time anxiety and pity, while the more prudent did not even glance at him.

As for him, he remained unconcerned and resolute.

At last the folding doors were opened, and an usher cried “The Emperor, gentlemen.”

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The groups separated, and a line was formed, the colonel placing himself in the first rank.

His Majesty commenced his tour of the room, welcoming the president of each delegation with a few flattering words. Arrived before the delegation from Doubs, the Emperor, having addressed a few words to the brave marshal who was president, was about to pass on to the next, when his eyes fell upon an officer he had not yet seen. He stopped in surprise, and addressed to the deputy his familiar inquiry, “Who are you?”

“Sire, I am Colonel Delelee, former aide-de-camp of General Moreau.”

These words were pronounced in a firm voice, which resounded in the midst of the profound silence which the presence of the sovereign imposed.

The Emperor stepped back, and fastened both eyes on the colonel. The latter showed no emotion, but bowed slightly.

Marshal Moncey was pale as death.

The Emperor spoke. “What do you come to ask here?”

“That which I have asked for many years, Sire: that your Majesty will deign to tell me wherein I have been in fault, or restore to me my rank.”

Among those near enough to hear these questions and replies, few could breathe freely. At last a smile half opened the firmly closed lips of the Emperor; he placed his finger on his mouth, and, approaching the colonel, said to him in a softened and almost friendly tone, “You have reason to complain a little of that, but let us say no more about it,” and continued his round. He had gone ten steps from the group formed by the deputies of Bescancon, when he came back, and, stopping before the colonel, said, “Monsieur Minister of War, take the name of this officer, and be sure to remind me of him. He is tired of doing nothing, and we will give him occupation.”

As soon as the audience was over, the struggle was, who should be most attentive to the colonel. He was surrounded, congratulated, embraced, and pulled about. Each of his old comrades wished to carry him off, and his hands were not enough to grasp all those extended to him. General Savary, who that very evening had added to the fright of Marshal Moncey, by being astonished that any one could have the audacity to brave the Emperor, extended his arm over the shoulders of those who pressed around the colonel, and shaking his hand in the most cordial manner possible, “Delelee,” cried he, “do not forget that I expect you to-morrow to breakfast.”

Two days after this scene at court, Colonel Delelee received his appointment as chief of staff of the army of Portugal, commanded by the Duke d’Abrantes. His preparations were soon made; and just before setting out he had a last interview with the Emperor,

who said to him, “Colonel, I know that it is useless to urge you to make up for lost time. In a little while I hope we shall both be satisfied with each other.”

On coming out from this last audience, the brave Delelee said there was nothing wanting to make him happy except a good opportunity to have himself cut to pieces for a man who knew so well how to close the wounds of a long disgrace. Such was the sway that his Majesty exercised over the minds of men.

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The colonel had soon crossed the Pyrenees, passed through Spain, and been received by Junot with open arms. The army of Portugal had suffered much in the two years during which it had struggled against both the population and the English with unequal forces. Food was secured with difficulty, and the soldiers were badly clothed, and half-shod. The new chief of staff did all that was possible to remedy this disorder; and the soldiers had just begun to feel the good effects of his presence, when he fell sick from overwork and fatigue, and died before being able, according to the Emperor's expression, to "make up for lost time."

I have said elsewhere that upon each conspiracy against the life of the First Consul all the members of his household were at once subjected to a strict surveillance; their smallest actions were watched; they were followed outside the chateau; their conduct was reported even to the smallest details. At the time the conspiracy of Pichegru was discovered, there was only a single guardian of the portfolio, by the name of Landoire; and his position was very trying, for he must always be present in a little dark corridor upon which the door of the cabinet opened, and he took his meals on the run, and half-dressed. Happily for Landoire, they gave him an assistant; and this was the occasion of it.

Angel, one of the doorkeepers of the palace, was ordered by the First Consul to place himself at the barrier of Bonshommes during the trial of Pichegru, to recognize and watch the people of the household who came and went in the transaction of their business, no one being allowed to leave Paris without permission. Augel's reports having pleased the First Consul, he sent for him, was satisfied with his replies and intelligence, and appointed him assistant to Landoire in the custody of the portfolio. Thus the task of the latter became lighter by half. In 1812 Angel was in the campaign of Russia, and died on the return, when within a few leagues of Paris, in consequence of the fatigue and privations which we shared with the army.

However, it was not only those attached to the service of the First Consul, or the chateau, who were subject to this surveillance.

When Napoleon became Emperor, the custodians of all the imperial palaces were furnished with a register upon which all persons from outside, and all strangers who came to visit any one in the palace were obliged to inscribe their names, with that of the persons whom they came to see. Every evening this register was carried to the grand marshal of the palace, and in his absence to the governor, and the Emperor often consulted it. He once found there a certain name which, as a husband, he had his reasons, and perhaps good ones, to suspect. His Majesty had previously ordered the exclusion of this person; and finding this unlucky name again upon the custodian's register, he was angry beyond measure, believing that they had dared on both sides to disobey his orders. Investigation was immediately made; and it was fortunately ascertained that the visitor was a most insignificant person, whose only fault was that of bearing a name which was justly compromised.

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CHAPTER XV.

The year 1804, which was so full of glory for the Emperor, was also the year which brought him more care and anxiety than all others, except those of 1814 and 1815. It is not my province to pass judgment on such grave events, nor to determine what part was taken in them by the Emperor, or by those who surrounded and counseled him, for it is my object to relate only what I saw and heard. On the 21st of March of that year I entered the Emperor's room at an early hour, and found him awake, leaning on his elbow. He seemed gloomy and tired; but when I entered he sat up, passed his hand many times over his forehead, and said to me, "Constant, I have a headache." Then, throwing off the covering, he added, "I have slept very badly." He seemed extremely preoccupied and absorbed, and his appearance evinced melancholy and suffering to such a degree that I was surprised and somewhat anxious. While I was dressing him he did not utter a word, which never occurred except when something agitated or worried him. During this time only Roustan and I were present. His toilet being completed, just as I was handing him his snuff-box, handkerchief, and little bonbon box, the door opened suddenly, and the First Consul's wife entered, in her morning negligee, much agitated, with traces of tears on her cheeks. Her sudden appearance astonished, and even alarmed, Roustan and myself; for it was only an extraordinary circumstance which could have induced Madame Bonaparte to leave her room in this costume, before taking all necessary precautions to conceal the damage which the want of the accessories of the toilet did her. She entered, or rather rushed, into the room, crying, "The Duke d'Enghien is dead! Ah, my friend! what have you done?" Then she fell sobbing into the arms of the First Consul, who became pale as death, and said with extraordinary emotion, "The miserable wretches have been too quick!" He then left the room, supporting Madame Bonaparte, who could hardly walk, and was still weeping. The news of the prince's death spread consternation in the chateau; and the First Consul remarked this universal grief, but reprimanded no one for it. The fact is, the greatest chagrin which this mournful catastrophe caused his servants, most of whom were attached to him by affection even more than by duty, came from the belief that it would inevitably tarnish the glory and destroy the peace of mind of their master.

The First Consul probably understood our feelings perfectly; but however that may be, I have here related all that I myself saw and know of this deplorable event. I do not pretend to know what passed in the cabinet meeting, but the emotion of the First Consul appeared to me sincere and unaffected; and he remained sad and silent for many days, speaking very little at his toilet, and saying only what was necessary.

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During this month and the following I noticed constantly passing, repassing, and holding frequent interviews with the First Consul, many persons whom I was told were members of the council of state, tribunes, or senators. For a long time the army and a great number of citizens, who idolized the hero of Italy and Egypt, had manifested openly their desire to see him wear a title worthy of his renown and the greatness of France. It was well known, also, that he alone performed all the duties of government, and that his nominal colleagues were really his subordinates. It was thought proper, therefore, that he should become supreme head of the state in name, as he already was in fact. I have often since his fall heard his Majesty called an usurper: but the only effect of this on me is to provoke a smile of pity; for if the Emperor usurped the throne, he had more accomplices than all the tyrants of tragedy and melodrama combined, for three-fourths of the French people were in the conspiracy. As is well known, it was on May 18 that the Empire was proclaimed, and the First Consul (whom I shall henceforward call the Emperor) received at Saint-Cloud the Senate, led by Consul Cambaceres, who became, a few hours later, arch-chancellor of the Empire; and it was by him that the Emperor heard himself for the first time saluted with the title of Sire. After this audience the Senate went to present its homage to the Empress Josephine. The rest of the day was passed in receptions, presentations, interviews, and congratulations; everybody in the chateau was drunk with joy; each one felt that he had been suddenly promoted in rank, so they embraced each other, exchanged compliments, and confided to each other hopes and plans for the future. There was no subaltern too humble to be inspired with ambition; in a word, the antechamber, saving the difference of persons, furnished an exact repetition of what passed in the saloon. Nothing could be more amusing than the embarrassment of the whole service when it was necessary to reply to his Majesty's questions. They would begin with a mistake, then would try again, and do worse, saying ten times in the same minute, "Sire, general, your Majesty, citizen, First Consul." The next morning on entering as usual the First Consul's room, to his customary questions, "What o'clock is it? What is the weather?" I replied, "Sire, seven o'clock; fine weather." As I approached his bed, he seized me by the ear, and slapped me on the cheek, calling me "Monsieur le drole," which was his favorite expression when especially pleased with me. His Majesty had kept awake, and worked late into the night, and I found him serious and preoccupied, but well satisfied. How different this awakening to that of the 21st of March preceding! On this day his Majesty went to hold his first grand levee at the Tuileries, where all the civil and military authorities were presented to him. The brothers and sisters of the Emperor were made princes and princesses, with the exception

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of Lucien, who had quarreled with his Majesty on the occasion of his marriage with Madame Jouberton. Eighteen generals were raised to the dignity of marshals of the empire. Dating from this day, everything around their Majesties took on the appearance of a court and royal power. Much has been said of the awkwardness of the first courtiers, not yet accustomed to the new duties imposed upon them, and to the ceremonials of etiquette; and there was, indeed, in the beginning some embarrassment experienced by those in the immediate service of the Emperor, as I have said above; but this lasted only a short while, and the chamberlains and high officials adapted themselves to the new regime almost as quickly as the valets de chambre. They had also as instructors many personages of the old court, who had been struck out of the list of emigres by the kindness of the Emperor, and now solicited earnestly for themselves and their wives employment in the new imperial court.

His majesty had no liking for the anniversaries of the Republic; some of which had always seemed to him odious and cruel, others ridiculous; and I have heard him express his indignation that they should have dared to make an annual festival of the anniversary of the 21st of January, and smile with pity at the recollection of what he called the masquerades of the theo-philanthropists, who, he said, “would have no Jesus Christ, and yet made saints of Fenelon and Las Casas—Catholic prelates.”

Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, says that it was not one of the least singular things in the policy of Napoleon, that during the first years of his reign he retained the festival of 14th July. I will observe, as to this, that if his Majesty used this annual solemnity to appear in pomp in public, on the other hand, he so changed the object of the festival that it would have been difficult to recognize in it the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile and of the First Federation. I do not think that there was one word in allusion to these two events in the whole ceremony; and to confuse still further the recollections of the Republicans, the Emperor ordered that the festival should be celebrated on the 15th, because that was Sunday, and thus there would result no loss of time to the inhabitants of the capital. Besides, there was no allusion made to honoring the, captors of the Bastile, this being made simply the occasion of a grand distribution of the cross of the Legion of Honor.

It was the first occasion on which their Majesties showed themselves to the people in all the paraphernalia of power.

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The cortege crossed the grand alley of the Tuileries on their way to the Hotel des Invalides, the church of which (changed during the Revolution into a Temple of Mars) had been restored by the Emperor to the Catholic worship, and was used for the magnificent ceremonies of the day. This was also the first time that the Emperor had made use of the privilege of passing in a carriage through the garden of the Tuileries. His cortege was superb, that of the Empress Josephine not less brilliant; and the intoxication of the people reached such a height, that it was beyond expression. By order of the Emperor I mingled in the crowd, to learn in what spirit the populace would take part in the festival; and I heard not a murmur, so great was the enthusiasm of all classes for his Majesty at that time, whatever may have been said since. The Emperor and Empress were received at the door of the Hotel des Invalides by the governor and by Count de Segur, grand-master of ceremonies, and at the entrance of the church by Cardinal du Belloy at the head of a numerous clergy. After the mass, de Lacepede, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, delivered a speech, followed by the roll-call of the grand officers of the Legion, after which the Emperor took his seat, and putting on his hat, repeated in a firm voice the formula of the oath, at the end of which all the members of the Legion cried, “Je le jure!” (I swear it); and immediately shouts of “Vive l’Empereur,” repeated a thousand times, were heard in the church and outside.

A singular circumstance added still more to the interest which the ceremony excited. While the chevaliers of the new order were passing one by one before the Emperor, who welcomed them, a man of the people, wearing a roundabout, placed himself on the steps of the throne. His Majesty showed some astonishment, and paused an instant, whereupon the man, being interrogated, showed his warrant. The Emperor at once and with great cordiality bade him advance, and gave him the decoration, accompanied by a sharp accolade. The cortege, on its return, followed the same route, passing again through the garden of the Tuileries.

On the 18th of July, three days after this ceremony, the Emperor set out from Saint-Cloud for the camp of Boulogne. Believing that his Majesty would be willing to dispense with my presence for a few days, and as it was a number of years since I had seen my family, I felt a natural desire to meet them again, and to review with my parents the singular circumstances through which I had passed since I had left them.

I should have experienced, I confess, great joy in talking with them of my present situation and my hopes; and I felt the need of freely expressing myself, and enjoying the confidences of domestic privacy, in compensation for the repression and constraint which my position imposed on me. Therefore I requested permission to pass eight days at Perueltz. It was readily granted, and I lost no time in setting out; but my

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astonishment may be imagined when, the very day after my arrival, a courier brought me a letter from the Count de Remusat, ordering me to rejoin the Emperor immediately, adding that his Majesty needed me, and I should have no other thought than that of returning without delay. In spite of the disappointment induced by such orders, I felt flattered nevertheless at having become so necessary to the great man who had deigned to admit me into his service, and at once bade adieu to my family. His Majesty had hardly reached Boulogne, when he set out again immediately on a tour of several days in the departments of the north. I was at Boulogne before his return, and had organized his Majesty's service so that he found everything ready on his arrival; but this did not prevent his saying to me that I had been absent a long time.

While I am on this subject, I will narrate here, although some years in advance, one or two circumstances which will give the reader a better idea of the rigorous confinement to which I was subjected. I had contracted, in consequence of the fatigues of my continual journeyings in the suite of the Emperor, a disease of the bladder, from which I suffered horribly. For a long time I combated the disease with patience and dieting; but at last, the pain having become entirely unbearable, in 1808 I requested of his Majesty a month's leave of absence in order to be cured, Dr. Boyer having told me that a month was the shortest time absolutely necessary for my restoration, and that without it my disease would become incurable. I went to Saint-Cloud to visit my wife's family, where Yvan, surgeon of the Emperor, came to see me every day. Hardly a week had passed, when he told me that his Majesty thought I ought to be entirely well, and wished me to resume my duties. This wish was equivalent to an order; it was thus I understood it, and returned to the Emperor, who seeing me pale, and suffering excruciatingly, deigned to say to me many kind things, without, however, mentioning a new leave of absence. These two were my only absences for sixteen years; therefore, on my return from Moscow, and during the campaign of France, my disease having reached its height, I quitted the Emperor at Fontainebleau, because it was impossible for me, in spite of all my attachment to so kind a master, and all the gratitude which I felt towards him, to perform my duties longer. Even after this separation, which was exceedingly painful to me, a year hardly sufficed to cure me, and then not entirely. But I shall take occasion farther on to speak of this melancholy event. I now return to the recital of facts, which prove that I could, with more reason than many others, believe myself a person of great importance, since my humble services seemed to be indispensable to the master of Europe, and many frequenters of the Tuileries would have had more difficulty than I in proving their usefulness. Is there too much vanity in what I have just said? and would not the chamberlains have a right to be

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vexed by it? I am not concerned with that, so I continue my narrative. The Emperor was tenacious of old habits; he preferred, as we have already seen, being served by me in preference to all others; nevertheless, it is my duty to state that his servants were all full of zeal and devotion, though I had been with him longest, and had never left him. One day the Emperor asked for tea in the middle of the day. M. Seneschal was on duty, consequently made the tea, and presented it to his Majesty, who declared it to be detestable, and had me summoned. The Emperor complained to me that they were trying to poison him (this was his expression when he found a bad taste in anything); so going into the kitchen, I poured out of the same teapot, a cup, which I prepared and carried to his Majesty, with two silver-gilt spoons as usual, one to taste the tea in the presence of the Emperor, and the other for him. This time he said the tea was excellent, and complimented me on it with a kind familiarity which he deigned at times to use towards his servants. On returning the cup to me, he pulled my ears, and said, "You must teach them how to make tea; they know nothing about it." De Bourrienne, whose excellent Memoirs I have read with the greatest pleasure, says somewhere, that the Emperor in his moments of good humor pinched the tip of the ears of his familiars. I myself think that he pinched the whole ear, often, indeed, both ears at once, and with the hand of a master. He also says in these same Memoirs, that the Emperor gave little friendly slaps with two fingers, in which De Bourrienne is very moderate, for I can bear witness in regard to this matter, that his Majesty, although his hand was not large, bestowed his favors much more broadly; but this kind of caress, as well as the former, was given and received as a mark of particular favor, and the recipients were far from complaining then. I have heard more than one dignitary say with pride, like the sergeant in the comedy,—

"Sir, feel there, the blow upon my cheek is still warm."

In his private apartments the Emperor was almost always cheerful and approachable, conversing freely with the persons in his service, questioning them about their families, their affairs, and even as to their pleasures. His toilet finished, his appearance suddenly changed; he became grave and thoughtful, and assumed again the bearing of an emperor. It has been said, that he often beat the people of his household, which statement is untrue. I saw him once only give himself up to a transport of this kind; and certainly the circumstances which caused it, and the reparation which followed, ought to render it, if not excusable, at least easily understood: This is the incident, of which I was a witness, and which took place in the suburbs of Vienna, the day after the death of Marshal Lannes. The Emperor was profoundly affected, and had not spoken a word during his toilet. As soon as he was dressed he asked for his horse; and as an unlucky chance would

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have it, Jardin, superintendent of the stables, could not be found when the horse was saddled, and the groom did not put on him his regular bridle, in consequence of which his Majesty had no sooner mounted, than the animal plunged, reared, and the rider fell heavily to the ground. Jardin arrived just as the Emperor was rising from the ground, beside himself with anger; and in his first transport of rage, he gave Jardin a blow with his riding-whip directly across his face. Jardin withdrew, overwhelmed by such cruel treatment, so unusual in his Majesty; and: few hours after, Caulaincourt, grand equerry, finding himself alone with his Majesty, described to him Jardin's grief and mortification. The Emperor expressed deep regret for his anger, sent for Jardin, and spoke to him with a kindness which effaced the remembrance of his ill treatment, and sent him a few days afterward three thousand francs. I have been told that a similar incident happened to Vigogne, senior, in Egypt. But although this may be true, two such instances alone in the entire life of the Emperor, which was passed amid surroundings so well calculated to make a man, even though naturally most amiable, depart from his usual character, should not be sufficient to draw down upon Napoleon the odious reproach of beating cruelly those in his service.

CHAPTER XVI.

In his headquarters at the Pont des Briques the Emperor worked as regularly as in his cabinet at the Tuileries. After his rides on horseback, his inspections, his visits, his reviews, he took his meals in haste, and retired into his cabinet, where he often worked most of the night, thus leading the same life as at Paris. In his horseback rides Roustan followed him everywhere, always taking with him a little silver flask of brandy for the use of his Majesty, who rarely asked for it.

The army of Boulogne was composed of about one hundred and fifty thousand infantry and ninety thousand cavalry, divided into four principal camps, the camp of the right wing, the camp of the left wing, the camp of Wimereux, and the camp of Ambleteuse.

His Majesty the Emperor had his headquarters at Pont de Briques; thus named, I was told, because the brick foundations of an old camp of Caesar's had been discovered there. The Pont de Briques, as I have said above, is about half a league from Boulogne; and the headquarters of his Majesty were established in the only house of the place which was then habitable, and guarded by a detachment of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard.

The four camps were on a very high cliff overlooking the sea, so situated that in fine weather the coast of England could be seen.

In the camp on the right they had established barracks for the Emperor, Admiral Bruix, Marshal Soult, and Decres, who was then minister of the navy.

The Emperor’s barrack was constructed under the direction of Sordi, engineer, performing the functions of engineer-in-chief of military roads; and his nephew, Lecat de Rue, attached at that time to the staff of Marshal Soult as aide-de-camp, has been kind enough to furnish me with information which did not come within my province.

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The Emperor's barrack was built of plank, like the booths of a country fair; with this difference, that the planks were neatly planed, and painted a grayish white. In form it was a long square, having at each end two pavilions of semicircular shape. A fence formed of wooden lattice inclosed this barrack, which was lighted on the outside by lamps placed four feet apart, and the windows were placed laterally. The pavilion next to the sea consisted of three rooms and a hall, the principal room, used as a council-chamber, being decorated with silver-gray paper. On the ceiling were painted golden clouds, in the midst of which appeared, upon the blue vault of the sky, an eagle holding the lightning, and guided towards England by a star, the guardian star of the Emperor. In the middle of this chamber was a large oval table with a plain cover of green cloth; and before this table was placed only his Majesty's armchair, which could be taken to pieces, and was made of natural wood, unpainted, and covered with green morocco stuffed with hair, while upon the table was a boxwood writing-desk. This was the entire furniture of the council-chamber, in which his Majesty alone could be seated. The generals stood before him, and had during these councils, which sometimes lasted three or four hours, no other support than the handles of their sabers.

The council-chamber was entered from a hall. On the right of this hall was his Majesty's bedroom, which had a glass door, and was lighted by a window which looked out upon the camp of the right wing, while the sea could be seen on the left. In this room was the Emperor's iron bed, with a large curtain of plain green sarsenet fastened to the ceiling by a gilded copper ring; and upon this bed were two mattresses, one made of hair, two bolsters, one at the head, the other at the foot, no pillow, and two coverlets, one of white cotton, the other of green sarsenet, wadded and quilted; by the side of the bed two very simple folding-seats, and at the window short curtains of green sarsenet.

This room was papered with rose-colored paper, stamped with a pattern in lace-work, with an Etruscan border.

Opposite the-bedroom was a similar chamber, in which was a peculiar kind of telescope which had cost twelve thousand francs. This instrument was about four feet long, and about a foot in diameter, and was mounted on a mahogany support, with three feet, the box in which it was kept being almost in the shape of a piano. In the same room, upon two stools, was a little square chest, which contained three complete suits and the linen which formed the campaign wardrobe of his Majesty. Above this was a single extra hat, lined with white satin, and much the worse for wear; for the Emperor, as I shall say later in speaking of his personal peculiarities, having a very tender scalp, did not like new hats, and wore the same a long time.

The main body of the imperial barrack was divided into three rooms, a saloon, a vestibule, and a grand dining-room, which communicated with the kitchens by a passage parallel to that I have just mentioned. Outside the barrack, and connected with the kitchen, was a little shed, covered with thatch, which served as a washroom, and which was also used as a butler's pantry.

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The barrack of Admiral Bruix was arranged like that of the Emperor, but on a smaller scale.

Near this barrack was the semaphore of the signals, a sort of marine telegraph by which the fleet was maneuvered. A little farther on was the Tour d'Ordre, with a powerful battery composed of six mortars, six howitzers, and twelve twenty-four pounders.

These six mortars, the largest that had ever been made, were six inches thick, used forty-five pounds of powder at a charge, and threw bombs fifteen hundred toises [A toise is six feet, and a league is three miles] in the air, and a league and a half out to sea, each bomb thrown costing the state three hundred francs. To fire one of these fearful machines they used port-fires twelve feet long; and the cannoneer protected himself as best he could by bowing his head between his legs, and, not rising until after the shot was fired. The Emperor decided to fire the first bomb himself.

To the right of the headquarters battery was the barrack of Marshal Soult, which was constructed in imitation of the but of a savage, and covered with thatch down to the ground, with glass in the top, and a door through which you descended into the rooms, which were dug out like cellars. The principal chamber was round; and in it was a large work-table covered with green cloth, and surrounded with small leather folding-chairs.

The last barrack was that of Decres, minister of the navy, which was furnished like that of Marshal Soult. From his barrack the Emperor could observe all the maneuvers at sea; and the telescope, of which I have spoken, was so good that Dover Castle, with its garrison, was, so to speak, under the very eyes of his Majesty. The camp of the right wing, situated upon the cliff, was divided into streets, each of which bore the name of some distinguished general; and this cliff bristled with batteries from Cologne to Ambleteuse, a distance of more than two leagues.

In order to go from Boulogne to the camp of the right wing, there was only one road, which began in the Rue des Vieillards, and passed over the cliff, between the barrack of his Majesty and those of Bruix, Soult, and Decres, so that if at low tide the Emperor wished to go down upon the beach, a long detour was necessary. One day when he was complaining greatly of this, it occurred to Bonnefoux, maritime prefect of Boulogne, to apply to Sordi, engineer of military roads, and ascertain if it was not possible to remedy this great inconvenience.

The engineer replied that it was feasible to provide a road for his Majesty directly from his barrack to the beach; but that in view of the great height of the cliff it would be necessary to moderate the rapidity of the descent by making the road zigzag. "Make it as you wish," said the Emperor, "only let it be ready for use in three days." The skillful engineer went to work, and in three days and three nights the road was constructed of stone,

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bound together with iron clamps; and the Emperor, charmed with so much diligence and ingenuity, had the name of Sordi placed on the list for the next distribution of the cross of the Legion of Honor, but, owing to the shameful negligence of some one, the name of this man of talent was overlooked. The port of Boulogne contained about seventeen hundred vessels, such as flatboats, sloops, turkish boats, gunboats, prairies, mortar-boats, *etc*.; and the entrance to the port was defended by an enormous chain, and by four forts, two on the right, and two on the left.

Fort Husoir, placed on the left, was armed with three formidable batteries ranged one above the other, the lower row bearing twenty-four pounders, the second and third, thirty-six pounders. On the right of this fort was the revolving bridge, and behind this bridge an old tower called Castle Croi, ornamented with batteries which were both handsome and effective. To the left, about a quarter of a league from Fort Musoir, was Fort La Creche, projecting boldly into the sea, constructed of cut stone, and crowned by a terrible battery; and finally, on the right of Fort La Creche, was the Fort en Bois, perfectly manned, and pierced by a large opening which was uncovered at low tide.

Upon the cliff to the left of the town, at nearly the same elevation as the other, was the camp of the left wing. Here was situated the barrack of Prince Joseph, at that time colonel of the Fourth Regiment of the line; this barrack was covered with thatch. Below the camp, at the foot of the cliff, the Emperor had a basin hollowed out, in which work a part of the troops were employed.

It was in this basin that one day a young soldier of the Guard, who had stuck in the mud up to his knees, tried with all his strength to pull out his wheelbarrow, which was even worse mired than himself; but he could not succeed, and covered with sweat, swore and stormed like an angry grenadier. By chance lifting his eyes, he suddenly perceived the Emperor, who was passing by the works on his way to visit his brother Joseph in the camp on the left. The soldier looked at him with a beseeching air and gesture, singing in a most sentimental tone, “Come, oh, come, to my aid.” His Majesty could not help smiling, and made signs to the soldier to approach, which the poor fellow did, after extricating himself with great difficulty. “What is your regiment”—“Sire, the First of the Guard.”—“How long have you been a soldier?”—“Since you have been Emperor, Sire.”—“Indeed, that is not a long time! It is not long enough for me to make you an officer, is it? But conduct yourself well, and I will have you made sergeant-major. After that, the cross and epaulets on the first battlefield. Are you content?”—“Yes, Sire.”—“Chief of Staff,” continued the Emperor, addressing General Berthier, “take the name of this young man. You will give him three hundred francs to clean his pantaloons and repair his wheelbarrow.” And his Majesty rode on in the midst of the acclamations of the soldiers.

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At the inside extremity of the port, there was a wooden bridge which they called the Service bridge. The powder magazines were behind it, containing an immense amount of ammunition; and after nightfall no one was allowed to go upon this bridge without giving the countersign to the second sentinel, for the first always allowed him to pass. He was not allowed to pass back again, however; for if any person entering the bridge was ignorant of the countersign, or had happened to forget it, he was stopped by the second sentinel, and the first sentinel at the head of the bridge had express orders to pass his bayonet through the body of the rash man if he was unable to answer the questions of this last sentinel. These rigorous precautions were rendered necessary by the vicinity of these terrible powder magazines, which a single spark might blow up, and with it the town, the fleet, and the two camps.

At night the port was closed with the big chain I have mentioned, and the wharves were picketed by sentinels placed fifteen paces from each other. Each quarter of an hour they called, “Sentinels, look out!” And the soldiers of the marine, placed in the topsails, replied to this by, “All’s well,” pronounced in a drawling, mournful tone. Nothing could be more monotonous or depressing than this continual murmur, this lugubrious mingling of voices all in the same tone, especially as those making these cries endeavored to make them as inspiring as possible.

Women not residing in Boulogne were prohibited from remaining there without a special permit from the minister of police. This measure had been judged necessary on account of the army; for otherwise each soldier perhaps would have brought a woman to Boulogne, and the disorder would have been indescribable. Strangers were admitted into the town with great difficulty.

In spite of all these precautions, spies from the English fleet each day penetrated into Boulogne. When they were discovered no quarter was given; and notwithstanding this, emissaries who had landed, no one knew where, came each evening to the theater, and carried their imprudence so far as to write their opinion of the actors and actresses, whom they designated by name, and to post these writings on the walls of the theater, thus defying the police. One day there were found on the shore two little boats covered with tarpaulin, which these gentry probably used in their clandestine excursions.

In June, 1804, eight Englishmen, perfectly well dressed, in white silk stockings, *etc*., were arrested, and on them was found sulphurated apparatus with which they had intended to burn the fleet. They were shot within an hour, without any form of trial.

There were also traitors in Boulogne. A schoolmaster, the secret agent of Lords Keith and Melville, was surprised one morning on the cliff above the camp of the right wing, making telegraphic signals with his arms; and being arrested almost in the act by the sentinels, he protested his innocence, and tried to turn the incident into a jest, but his papers were searched, and correspondence with the English found, which clearly proved his guilt. He was delivered to the council of war, and shot the next day.

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One evening between eleven o'clock and midnight, a fire-ship, rigged like a French ship, flying French colors, and in every respect resembling a gunboat, advanced towards the line of battle and passed through. By unpardonable negligence the chain had not been stretched that evening. This fire-ship was followed by a second, which exploded, striking a sloop, which went down with it. This explosion gave the alarm to the whole fleet; and lights instantly shone in every direction, revealing the first fire-ship advancing between the jetties, a sight which was witnessed with inexpressible anxiety. Three or four pieces of wood connected by cables fortunately stopped her progress; but she blew up with such a shock that the glasses of all the windows in town were shattered, and a great number of the inhabitants, who for want of beds were sleeping upon tables, were thrown to the floor, and awakened by the fall without comprehending what had happened. In ten minutes everybody was stirring, as it was thought that the English were in the port; and there ensued such confusion, such a mingled tumult of noises and screams, that no one could make himself understood, until criers preceded by drums were sent through the town to reassure the inhabitants, and inform them that all danger was past.

The next day songs were composed on this nocturnal alarm, and were soon in every mouth.

Another alarm, but of an entirely different kind, upset all Boulogne in the autumn of 1804. About eight o'clock in the evening a chimney caught fire on the right of the port; and the light of this fire, shining through the masts of the flotilla, alarmed the commandant of a post on the opposite shore. At this time all the vessels had powder and ammunition on board; and the poor commandant, beside himself with terror, cried, "Boys, the fleet is on fire;" and immediately had the alarm beaten. The frightful news spread like lightning; and in less than half an hour more than sixty thousand men appeared upon the wharves, the tocsin was sounded in all the churches, the forts fired alarm guns, while drums and trumpets sounded along the streets, the whole making an infernal tumult.

The Emperor was at headquarters when this terrible cry, "The fleet is on fire," came to his ears. "It is impossible!" he immediately exclaimed, but, nevertheless, rushed out instantly.

On entering the town, what a frightful spectacle we beheld. Women in tears, holding their children in their arms, ran like lunatics, uttering cries of despair, while men abandoned their houses, carrying off whatever was most valuable, running against and knocking each other over in the darkness. On all sides was heard, "Mauve qui peat; we are going to be blown up, we are all lost;" and the maledictions, lamentations, blasphemies, were sufficient to make your hair stand on end.

The aides-de-camp of his Majesty and those of Marshal Soult galloped in every direction, forcing their way through the crowds, stopping the drummers, and asking

them, “Why do you beat the alarm? Who has ordered you to beat the alarm?”—“We don’t know,” they replied; and the drums continued to beat, while the tumult kept on increasing, and the crowd rushed to the gates, struck by a terror which a moment’s reflection would have dissipated. But, unfortunately, fear gives no time for reflection.

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It is true, however, that a considerable number of inhabitants, less excitable than these I have described, remained quietly at home, well knowing that if the fleet had really been on fire, there would have been no time to give an alarm. These persons made every effort to quiet the excited crowd. Madame F——, the very pretty and very amiable wife of a clockmaker, was in her kitchen making preparations for supper, when a neighbor, thoroughly frightened, entered, and said to her, “Save yourself Madame; you have not a moment to lose!”—“What is the matter?”—“The fleet is on fire!”—“Ah-pshaw!”—“Fly then, Madame, fly! I tell you the fleet is on fire.” And the neighbor took Madame F—— by the arm, and endeavored to pull her along. Madame F—— held at the moment a frying-pan in which she was cooking some fritters. “Take care; you will make me burn my fritters,” said she, laughing. And with a few half serious, half jesting words she reassured the poor fellow, who ended by laughing at himself.

At last the tumult was appeased, and to this great fright a profound calm succeeded. No explosion had been heard; and they saw that it must have been a false alarm, so each returned home, thinking no longer of the fire, but agitated by another fear. The robbers may have profited by the absence of the inhabitants to pillage the houses, but as luck would have it no mischance of this kind had taken place.

The next day the poor commandant who had so inopportunely taken and given the alarm was brought before the council of war. He was guilty of no intentional wrong; but the law was explicit, and he was condemned to death. His judges, however, recommended him to the mercy of the Emperor, who pardoned him.

CHAPTER XVII.

Many of the brave soldiers who composed the army of Boulogne had earned the cross (of the Legion of Honor) in these last campaigns, and his Majesty desired that this distribution should be made an impressive occasion, which should long be remembered. He chose the day after his fete, Aug. 16, 1804. Never has there been in the past, nor can there be in the future, a more imposing spectacle.

At six o’clock in the morning, more than eighty thousand men left the four camps,—at their head drums beating and bands playing,—and advanced by divisions towards the “Hubertmill” field, which was on the cliff beyond the camp of the right wing. On this plain an immense platform had been erected, about fifteen feet above the ground, and with its back toward the sea. It was reached by three flights of richly carpeted steps, situated in the middle and on each side. From the stage thus formed, about forty feet square, rose three other platforms, the central one bearing the imperial armchair, decorated with trophies and banners, while that on the left held seats for the brothers of the Emperor, and for the grand dignitaries, and that on the right bore a tripod of antique form, surmounted by a helmet (the helmet of Duguesclin, I think), covered with crosses and ribbons. By the side of the tripod had been placed a seat for the arch-chancellor.

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About three hundred steps from the throne, the land rose in a slight and almost circular ascent; and on this ascent the troops were arranged as in an amphitheater. To the right of the throne, on an eminence, were placed sixty or eighty tents made of naval flags; these tents were intended for the ladies of the city, and made a charming picture, but they were so far from the throne that the spectators who filled them were obliged to use glasses. Between these tents and the throne a part of the Imperial Guard was ranged in line of battle.

The weather was perfect; there was not a cloud in the sky; the English cruisers had disappeared; and on the sea could be seen only our line of vessels handsomely decorated with flags.

At ten o'clock in the morning, a discharge of artillery announced the departure of the Emperor; and his Majesty left his barrack, surrounded by more than eighty generals and two hundred aides-decamp, all his household following him. The Emperor was dressed in the uniform of the colonel-general of the infantry of the guard. He rode at a gallop to the foot of the throne, in the midst of universal acclamations and the most deafening uproar made by drums, trumpets, and cannon, beating, blowing, and roaring all together.

His Majesty mounted the throne, followed by his brothers and the grand dignitaries; and when he was seated each one took his designated place, and the distribution of the crosses began in the following manner: An aide-de-camp of the Emperor called by name the soldiers to be honored, who one by one stopped at the foot of the throne, bowed, and mounted the steps on the right. There they were received by the arch-chancellor, who delivered to them their commissions; and two pages, placed between the Emperor and the tripod, took the decoration from the helmet of Duguesclin, and handed it to his Majesty, who fastened it himself on the breast of the brave fellow. Instantly more than eight hundred drums beat a tattoo; and when the soldier thus decorated descended from the throne by the steps on the left, as he passed before the brilliant staff of the Emperor a burst of music from more than twelve hundred musicians signaled the return to his company of the Knight of the Legion of Honor. It is needless to say that the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur' was repeated twice at each decoration.

The distribution began at ten o'clock, and ended about three. Then, according to orders borne by the aides-decamp to the divisions, a volley of artillery was heard, and eighty thousand men advanced in close columns to within twenty or thirty steps of the throne. The most profound silence succeeded the noise of drums; and, the Emperor having given his orders, the troops executed maneuvers for about an hour, at the end of which each division defiled before the throne as they returned to the camp. Each chief, on passing, saluted by lowering the point of his sword. Specially noticeable among them was Prince Joseph, newly appointed colonel of the Fourth Regiment of the line, who made his brother a salute more graceful than military. The Emperor frowned slightly at the somewhat critical remarks which his old companions in arms seemed inclined to

make on this subject; but except for this slight cloud, the countenance of his Majesty was never more radiant.

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Just as the troops were filing off, the wind, which for two or three hours had been blowing violently, became a perfect gale, and an orderly officer came in haste to inform his Majesty that four or five gunboats had just been driven ashore. The Emperor at once left the plain at a gallop, followed by some of the marshals, and took his position on the shore until the crews of the gunboats were saved, and the Emperor then returned to the Pont des Briques.

This immense army could not regain its quarters before eight o'clock in the evening. The next day the camp of the left wing gave a military fete, at which the Emperor was present.

From early in the morning, launches mounted on wheels ran at full speed through the streets of the camp, driven by a favorable wind. Officers amused themselves riding after them at a gallop, and rarely overtaking them. This exercise lasted an hour or two; but, the wind having changed, the launches upset, amid shouts of laughter.

This was followed by a horseback race, the prize being twelve hundred francs. A lieutenant of dragoons, very popular in his company, asked as a favor to be allowed to compete; but the haughty council of superior officers refused to admit him, under the pretext that his rank was not sufficiently high, but, in reality, because he had the reputation of being a splendid horseman. Stung to the quick by this unjust refusal, the lieutenant of dragoons applied to the Emperor, who gave him permission to race with the others, after having learned that this brave officer supported by his own exertions a numerous family, and that his conduct was irreproachable.

At a given signal the races began. The lieutenant of dragoons soon passed his antagonists, and had almost reached the goal, when, by an unfortunate mischance, a little poodle ran between the legs of his horse, and threw him down. An aide-de-camp who came immediately after was proclaimed victor. The lieutenant picked himself up as well as he could, and was preparing, very sadly, to retire, somewhat consoled by the signs of interest which the spectators manifested, when the Emperor summoned him, and said, "You deserve the prize, and you shall have it; I make you captain." And addressing himself to the grand marshal of the palace, "You will pay twelve hundred francs to the Captain" (the name does not occur to me), while all cried, "Vive l'Empereur," and congratulated the new captain on his lucky fall.

In the evening there were fireworks, which could be seen from the coast of England. Thirty thousand soldiers executed all sorts of maneuvers, firing sky-rockets from their guns. The crowning piece, which represented the arms of the Empire, was so fine that for five minutes Boulogne, the country, and all the coast, were lighted up as if it were broad daylight.

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A few days after these fetes, as the Emperor was passing from one camp to the other, a sailor who was watching for him in order to hand him a petition was obliged, as the rain was falling in torrents, and he was afraid of spoiling the sheet of paper, to place himself under shelter in an isolated barrack on the shore, used to store rigging. He had been waiting a long time, and was wet to the skin, when he saw the Emperor coming from the camp of the left wing at a gallop. Just as his Majesty, still galloping, was about to pass before the barrack, the brave sailor, who was on the lookout, sprang suddenly from his hiding place, and threw himself before the Emperor, holding out his petition in the attitude of a fencing-master defending himself. The Emperor's horse, startled by this sudden apparition, stopped short; and his Majesty, taken by surprise, gave the sailor a disapproving glance, and passed on without taking the petition which was offered him in so unusual a manner.

It was on this day, I think, that Monsieur Decres, minister of the navy, had the misfortune to fall into the water, to the very great amusement of his Majesty. To enable the Emperor to pass from the quay to a gunboat, there had been a single plank thrown from the boat to the quay. Napoleon passed, or rather leaped, over this light bridge, and was received on board in 'the arms of a soldier of the guard; but M. Decres, more stout, and less active than the Emperor, advanced carefully over the plank that he found to his horror was bending under his feet, until just as he arrived in the middle, the weight of his body broke the plank, and the minister of the navy was precipitated into the water, midway between the quay and the boat. His Majesty turned at the noise that M. Decres made in falling, and leaning over the side of the boat, exclaimed, "What! Is that our minister of the navy who has allowed himself to fall in the water? Is it possible it can be he?" The Emperor during this speech laughed most uproariously. Meanwhile, two or three sailors were engaged in getting M. Decres out of his embarrassing position. He was with much difficulty hoisted on the sloop, in a sad state, as may be believed, vomiting water through his nose, mouth, and ears, and thoroughly ashamed of his accident, which the Emperor's jokes contributed to render still more exasperating.

Towards the end of our stay the generals gave a magnificent ball to the ladies of the city, at which the Emperor was present.

For this purpose a temporary hall had been erected, which was tastefully decorated with garlands, flags, and trophies.

General Bertrand was appointed master of ceremonies by his colleagues; and General Bisson. I was put in charge of the buffet, which employment suited General Bisson perfectly, for he was the greatest glutton in camp, and his enormous stomach interfered greatly with his walking. He drank not less than six or seven bottles of wine at dinner, and never alone; for it was a punishment to him not to talk while eating, consequently he usually invited his aides-de-camp, whom, through malice no doubt, he chose always from among the most delicate and abstemious in the army. The buffet was worthy of the one who had it in charge.

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The orchestra was composed of musicians from twenty regiments, who played in turn. But on the opening of the ball the entire orchestra executed a triumphal march, during which the aides-de-Camp, most elegantly attired, received the ladies invited, and presented them with bouquets.

In order to be admitted to this ball, it was necessary to have at least the rank of commandant. It is, impossible to give an idea of the scene presented by this multitude of uniforms, each vying in brilliancy with the other. The fifty or sixty generals who gave the ball had ordered from Paris magnificently embroidered uniforms, and the group they formed around his Majesty as he entered glittered with gold and diamonds. The Emperor remained an hour at this fete, and danced the Boulanyere with Madame Bertrand. He wore the uniform of colonel-general of the cavalry of the guard.

The wife of Marshal Soult was queen of the ball. She wore a black velvet dress besprinkled with the kind of diamonds called rhinestones.

At midnight a splendid supper was served, the preparation of which General Bisson had superintended, which is equivalent to saying that nothing was wanting thereto.

The ladies of Boulogne, who had never attended such a fete, were filled with amazement, and when supper was served advised each other to fill up their reticules with dainties and sweets. They would have carried away, I think, the hall, with the musicians and dancers; and for more than a month this ball was the only subject of their conversation.

About this time his Majesty was riding on horseback near his barracks, when a pretty young girl of fifteen or sixteen, dressed in white, her face bathed in tears, threw herself on her knees in his path. The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and assisted her to rise, asking most compassionately what he could do for her. The poor girl had come to entreat the pardon of her father, a storekeeper in the commissary department, who had been condemned to the galleys for grave crimes. His Majesty could not resist the many charms of the youthful suppliant, and the pardon was granted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At Boulogne, as everywhere else, the Emperor well knew how to win all hearts by his moderation, his justice, and the generous grace with which he acknowledged the least service. All the inhabitants of Boulogne, even all the peasants of the suburbs, would have died for him, and the smallest particulars relating to him were constantly repeated. One day, however, his conduct gave rise to serious complaints, and he was unanimously blamed; for his injustice was the cause of a terrible tragedy. I will now relate this sad event, an authentic account of which I have never seen in print.

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One morning, as he mounted his horse, the Emperor announced that he would that day review the naval forces, and gave orders that the boats which occupied the line of defense should leave their position, as he intended to hold the review in the open sea. He set out with Roustan for his morning ride, and expressed a wish that all should be ready on his return, the hour of which he designated. Every one knew that the slightest wish of the Emperor was law; and the order was transmitted, during his absence, to Admiral Bruix, who replied with imperturbable 'sang froid', that he much regretted it, but the review would not take place that day, and in consequence no boat stirred.

On his return from his ride, the Emperor asked if everything was ready, and the admiral's answer was reported to him. Astonished by its tone, so different from what he was accustomed to, he had it repeated to him twice, and then, with a violent stamp of his foot, ordered the admiral to be summoned. He obeyed instantly; but the Emperor, thinking he did not come quickly enough, met him half-way from his barracks. The staff followed his Majesty, and placed themselves silently around him, while his eyes shot lightning.

"Admiral Bruix," said the Emperor in a tone showing great excitement, "why have you not obeyed my orders?"

"Sire," responded Bruix with respectful firmness, "a terrible storm is gathering. Your Majesty can see this as well as I; are you willing to uselessly risk the lives of so many brave men?" In truth, the heaviness of the atmosphere, and the low rumbling which could be heard in the distance, justified only too well the admiral's fears. "Monsieur," replied the Emperor, more and more irritated, "I gave the orders; once again, why have you not executed them? The consequences concern me alone. Obey!"—"Sire, I will not obey!"—"Monsieur, you are insolent!" And the Emperor, who still held his riding-whip in his hand, advanced on the admiral, making a threatening gesture. Admiral Bruix retreated a step, and placed his hand on the hilt of his sword: "Sire," said he, growing pale, "take care!" All those present were paralyzed with terror. The Emperor remained for some time immovable, with his hand raised, and his eyes fixed on the admiral, who still maintained his defiant attitude. At last the Emperor threw his whip on the ground. Admiral Bruix relaxed his hold on his sword, and, with uncovered head, awaited in silence the result of this terrible scene.

"Rear-admiral Magon!" said the Emperor, "you will see that the orders which I have given are executed instantly. As for you, sir," continued he, turning to Admiral Bruix, "you will leave Boulogne within twenty-four hours, and retire to Holland. Go!" His Majesty returned at once to headquarters; some of the officers, only a small number, however, pressed in parting the hand that the admiral held out to them.

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Rear-admiral Magon immediately ordered the fatal movement commanded by the Emperor; but hardly had the first dispositions been made when the sea became frightful to behold, the sky, covered with black clouds, was furrowed with lightning, the thunder roared incessantly, and the wind increased to a gale. In fact, what Admiral Bruix had foreseen occurred; a frightful tempest scattered the boats in every direction, and rendered their condition desperate. The Emperor, anxious and uneasy, with lowered head and crossed arms, was striding up and down the shore, when suddenly terrible cries were heard. More than twenty gunboats, filled with soldiers and sailors, had just been driven on the shore; and the poor unfortunates who manned them, struggling against furious waves, were imploring help which none could venture to render. The Emperor was deeply touched by this sight, while his heart was torn by the lamentations of an immense crowd which the tempest had collected on the shore and the adjoining cliffs. He beheld his generals and officers stand in shuddering horror around him, and wishing to set an example of self-sacrifice, in spite of all efforts made to restrain him, threw himself into a lifeboat, saying, “Let me alone; let me alone! They must be gotten out of there.” In an instant the boat filled with water, the waves dashed over it, and the Emperor was submerged, one wave stronger than the others threw his Majesty on the shore, and his hat was swept off.

Electrified by such courage, officers, soldiers, sailors, and citizens now began to lend their aid, some swimming, others in boats; but, alas! they succeeded in saving—only a very small number of the unfortunate men who composed the crews of the gunboats, and the next day the sea cast upon the shore more than two hundred men, and with them the hat of the conqueror of Marengo.

The next was a day of mourning and of grief, both in Boulogne and the camp. The inhabitants and soldiers covered the beach, searching anxiously among the bodies which the waves incessantly cast upon the shore; and the Emperor groaned over this terrible calamity, which in his inmost heart he could not fail to attribute to his own obstinacy. By his orders agents entrusted with gold went through the city and camp, stopping the murmurs which were ready to break forth.

That day I saw a drummer, who had been among the crew of the shipwrecked vessels, washed upon the shore upon his drum, which lie had used as a raft. The poor fellow had his thigh broken, and had remained more than twenty hours in that horrible condition.

In order to complete in this place my recollections of the camp of Boulogne, I will relate the following, which did not take place, however, until the month of August, 1805, after the return of the Emperor from his journey to Italy, where he had been crowned.

Soldiers and sailors were burning with impatience to embark for England, but the moment so ardently desired was still delayed. Every evening they said to themselves,

“Tomorrow there will be a good wind, there will also be a fog, and we shall start,” and lay down with that hope, but arose each day to find either an unclouded sky or rain.

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One evening, however, when a favorable wind was blowing, I heard two sailors conversing together on the wharf, and making conjectures as to the future. "The Emperor would do well to start tomorrow morning," said one; "he will never have better weather, and there will surely be a fog." —"Bah!" said the other, "only he does not think so. We have now waited more than fifteen days, and the fleet has not budged; however, all the ammunition is on board, and with one blast of the whistle we can put to sea."

The night sentinels came on, and the conversation of the old sea-wolves stopped there; but I soon had to acknowledge that their nautical experience had not deceived them. In fact, by three o'clock in the morning, a light fog was spread over the sea, which was somewhat stormy, the wind of the evening before began to, blow again, and at daylight the fog was so thick as to conceal the fleet from the English, while the most profound silence reigned everywhere. No hostile sails had been signaled through the night, and, as the sailors had predicted, everything favored the descent.

At five o'clock in the morning, signals were made from the semaphore; and in the twinkling of an eye all the sailors were in motion, and the port resounded with cries of joy, for the order to depart had just been received. While the sails were being hoisted, the long roll was beaten in the four camps, and the order was given for the entire army to take arms; and they marched rapidly into the town, hardly believing what they had just heard. "We are really going to start," said all the soldiers; "we are actually going to say a few words to those Englishmen," and the joy which animated them burst forth in acclamations, which were silenced by a roll of the drums. The embarkation then took place amid profound silence, and in such perfect order that I can hardly give an idea of it. At seven o'clock two hundred thousand soldiers were on board the fleet; and when a little after midday this fine army was on the point of starting amidst the adieus and good wishes of the whole city, assembled upon the walls and upon the surrounding cliffs, and at the very moment when all the soldiers standing with uncovered heads were about to bid farewell to the soil of France, crying, "Vive l'Empereur!" a message arrived from the imperial barrack, ordering the troops to disembark, and return to camp. A telegraphic dispatch just then received by his Majesty had made it necessary that he should move his troops in another direction; and the soldiers returned sadly to their quarters, some expressing in a loud tone, and in a very energetic manner, the disappointment which this species of mystification caused them.

They had always regarded the success of the enterprise against England as assured, and to find themselves stopped on the eve of departure was, in their eyes, the greatest misfortune which could happen to them.

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When order had again been restored, the Emperor repaired to the camp of the right wing, and made a proclamation to the troops, which was sent into the other camps, and posted everywhere. This was very nearly the tenor of it: "Brave soldiers of the camp of Boulogne! you will not go to England. English gold has seduced the Emperor of Austria, who has just declared war against France. His army has passed the line which he should have respected, and Bavaria is invaded. Soldiers! new laurels await you beyond the Rhine. Let us hasten to defeat once more enemies whom you have already conquered." This proclamation called forth unanimous acclamations of joy, and every face brightened, for it mattered little to these intrepid men whether they were to be led against Austria or England; they simply thirsted for the fray, and now that war had been declared, every desire was gratified.

Thus vanished all those grand projects of descent upon England, which had been so long matured, so wisely planned. There is no doubt now that with favorable weather and perseverance the enterprise would have been crowned with the greatest success; but this was not to be.

A few regiments remained at Boulogne; and while their brethren crushed the Austrians, they erected upon the seashore a column destined to recall for all time the memory of Napoleon and his immortal army.

Immediately after the proclamation of which I have just spoken, his Majesty gave orders that all should prepare for immediate departure; and the grand marshal of the palace was charged to audit and pay all the expenses which the Emperor had made, or which he had ordered to be made, during his several visits, not without cautioning him, according to custom, to be careful not to pay for too much of anything, nor too high a price. I believe that I have already stated that the Emperor was extremely economical in everything which concerned him personally, and that he was afraid of spending twenty francs unless for some directly useful purpose. Among many other accounts to be audited, the grand marshal of the palace received that of Sordi, engineer of military roads, whom he had ordered to decorate his Majesty's barrack, both inside and out. The account amounted to fifty thousand francs. The grand marshal exclaimed aloud at this frightful sum. He was not willing to approve the account of Sordi, and sent it back to him, saying that he could not authorize the payment without first receiving the orders of the Emperor. The engineer assured the grand marshal that he had overcharged nothing, and that he had closely followed his instructions, and added, that being the case, it was impossible for him to make the slightest reduction. The next day Sordi received instructions to attend his Majesty. The Emperor was in his barrack, which was the subject under discussion, and spread out before him was, not the account of the engineer, but a map, upon which he was tracing the intended

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march of his army. Sordi came, and was admitted by General Caffarelli. The half-open door permitted the general, as well as myself, to hear the conversation which followed. “Monsieur,” said his Majesty, “you have spent far too much money in decorating this miserable barrack. Yes; certainly far too much. Fifty thousand francs! Just think of it, monsieur! That is frightful; I will not pay you!” The engineer, silenced by this abrupt entrance upon business, did not at first know how to reply. Happily the Emperor, again casting his eyes on the map which lay unrolled before him, gave him time to recover himself; and he replied, “Sire, the golden clouds which ornament this ceiling” (for all this took place in the council-chamber), “and which surround the guardian star of your Majesty, cost twenty thousand francs in truth; but if I had consulted the hearts of your subjects, the imperial eagle which is again about to strike with a thunderbolt the enemies of France and of your throne, would have spread its wings amid the rarest diamonds.”—“That is very good,” replied the Emperor, laughing, “very good; but I will not have you paid at present, and since you tell me that this eagle which costs so dear will strike the Austrians with a thunderbolt, wait until he has done so, and I will then pay your account in rix dollars of the Emperor of Germany, and the gold frederics of the King of Prussia.” His Majesty, resuming his compass, began to move his armies upon the map; and truth to tell, the account of the engineer was not paid until after the battle of Austerlitz, and then, as the Emperor had said, in rix dollars and frederics.

About the end of July (1804), the Emperor left Boulogne in order to make a tour through Belgium before rejoining the Empress, who had gone direct to Aix-la-Chapelle. Everywhere on this tour he was welcomed, not only with the honors reserved for crowned heads, but with hearty acclamations, addressed to him personally rather than to his official position. I will say nothing of the fetes which were given in his honor during this journey, nor of the remarkable things which occurred. Descriptions of these can easily be found elsewhere; and it is my purpose to relate only what came peculiarly under my own observation, or at least details not known to the general public. Let it suffice, then, to say that our journey through Arras, Valenciennes, Mons, Brussels, *etc*., resembled a triumphal progress. At the gate of each town the municipal council presented to his Majesty the wine of honor and the keys of the place. We stopped a few days at Lacken; and being only five leagues from Alost, a little town where my relatives lived, I requested the Emperor’s permission to leave him for twenty-four hours, and it was granted, though reluctantly. Alost, like the remainder of Belgium at this time, professed the greatest attachment for the Emperor, and consequently I had hardly a moment to myself. I visited at the house of Monsieur D——, one of

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my friends, whose family had long held positions of honor in the government of Belgium. There I think all the town must have come to meet me; but I was not vain enough to appropriate to myself all the honor of this attention, for each one who came was anxious to learn even the most insignificant details concerning the great man near whom I was placed. On this account I was extraordinarily feted, and my twenty-four hours passed only too quickly. On my return, his Majesty deigned to ask innumerable questions regarding the town of Alost and its inhabitants, and as to what was thought there of his government and of himself. I was glad to be able to answer without flattery, that he was adored. He appeared gratified, and spoke to me most kindly of my family and of my own small interests.

We left the next day for Lacken, and passed through Alost; and had I known this the evening before, I might perhaps have rested a few hours longer. However, the Emperor found so much difficulty in granting me even one day, that I would not probably have dared to lose more, even had I known that the household was to pass by this town.

The Emperor was much pleased with Lacken; he ordered considerable repairs and improvements to be made there, and the palace, owing to this preference, became a charming place of sojourn.

This journey of their Majesties lasted nearly three months; and we did not return to Paris, or rather to Saint-Cloud, until November. The Emperor received at Cologne and at Coblentz the visits of several German princes and princesses; but as I know only from hearsay what passed in these interviews, I shall not undertake to describe them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nothing is too trivial to narrate concerning great men; for posterity shows itself eager to learn even the most insignificant details concerning their manner of life, their tastes, their slightest peculiarities. When I attended the theater, whether in my short intervals of leisure or in the suite of his Majesty, I remarked how keenly the spectators enjoyed the presentation on the stage, of some grand historic personage; whose costume, gestures, bearing, even his infirmities and faults, were delineated exactly as they have been transmitted to us by contemporaries. I myself always took the greatest pleasure in seeing these living portraits of celebrated men, and well remember that on no occasion did I ever so thoroughly enjoy the stage as when I saw for the first time the charming piece of The Two Pages. Fleury in the role of Frederick the Great reproduced so perfectly the slow walk, the dry tones, the sudden movements, and even the short-sightedness of this monarch, that as soon as he appeared on the stage the whole house burst into applause. It was, in the opinion of persons sufficiently well informed to judge, a most perfect and faithful presentation; and though for my own part, I was not

able to say whether the resemblance was perfect or not, I felt that it must be. Michelot, whom I have since seen in the same role, gave me no less pleasure than his predecessor; and it is evident that both these talented actors must have studied the subject deeply, to have learned so thoroughly and depicted so faithfully the characteristics of their model.

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I must confess a feeling of pride in the thought that these memoirs may perhaps excite in my readers some of the same pleasurable emotions which I have here attempted to describe; and that perhaps in a future, which will inevitably come, though far distant now perhaps, the artist who will attempt to restore to life, and hold up to the view of the world, the greatest man of this age, will be compelled, in order to give a faithful delineation, to take for his model the portrait which I, better than any one else, have been able to draw from fife. I think that no one has done this as yet; certainly not so much in detail.

On his return from Egypt the Emperor was very thin and sallow, his skin was copper-colored, his eyes sunken, and his figure, though perfect, also very thin. The likeness is excellent in the portrait which Horace Vernet drew in his picture called “A Review of the First Consul on the Place du Carrousel.” His forehead was very high, and bare; his hair thin, especially on the temples, but very fine and soft, and a rich brown color; his eyes deep blue, expressing in an almost incredible manner the various emotions by which he was affected, sometimes extremely gentle and caressing, sometimes severe, and even inflexible. His mouth was very fine, his lips straight and rather firmly closed, particularly when irritated. His teeth, without being very regular, were very white and sound, and he never suffered from them. His nose of Grecian shape, was well formed, and his sense of smell perfect. His whole frame was handsomely proportioned, though at this time his extreme leanness prevented the beauty of his features being especially noticed, and had an injurious effect on his whole physiognomy.

It would be necessary to describe his features separately, one by one, in order to form a correct idea of the whole, and comprehend the perfect regularity and beauty of each. His head was very large, being twenty-two inches in circumference; it way a little longer than broad, consequently a little flattened on the temples; it was so extremely sensitive, that I had his hats padded, and took the trouble to wear them several days in my room to break them. His ears were small, perfectly formed, and well set. The Emperor’s feet were also very tender; and I had his shoes broken by a boy of the wardrobe, called Joseph, who wore exactly the same size as the Emperor.

His height was five feet, two inches, three lines. He had a rather short neck, sloping shoulders, broad chest, almost free from hairs, well shaped leg and thigh, a small foot, and well formed fingers, entirely free from enlargements or abrasions; his arms were finely molded, and well hung to his body; his hands were beautiful, and the nails did not detract from their beauty. He took the greatest care of them, as in fact of his whole person, without foppishness, however. He often bit his nails slightly, which was a sign of impatience or preoccupation.

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Later on he grew much stouter, but without losing any of the beauty of his figure; on the contrary, he was handsomer under the Empire than under the Consulate; his skin had become very white, and his expression animated.

The Emperor, during his moments, or rather his long hours, of labor and of meditation, was subject to a peculiar spasmodic movement, which seemed to be a nervous affection, and which clung to him all his life. It consisted in raising his right shoulder frequently and rapidly; and persons who were not acquainted with this habit sometimes interpreted this as a gesture of disapprobation and dissatisfaction, and inquired with anxiety in what way they could have offended him. He, however, was not at all affected by it, and repeated the same movement again and again without being conscious of it.

One most remarkable peculiarity was that the Emperor never felt his heart beat. He mentioned this often to M. Corvisart, as well as to me; and more than once he made us pass our hands over his breast, in order to prove this singular exception. Never did we feel the slightest pulsation. [Another peculiarity was that his pulse was only forty to the minute.]

The Emperor ate very fast, and hardly spent a dozen minutes at the table. When he had finished he arose, and passed into the family saloon; but the Empress Josephine remained, and made a sign to the guests to do the same. Sometimes, however, she followed his Majesty; and then, no doubt, the ladies of the palace indemnified themselves in their apartments, where whatever they wished was served them.

One day when Prince Eugene rose from the table immediately after the Emperor, the latter, turning to him, said, “But you have not had time to dine, Eugene.”—“Pardon me,” replied the Prince, “I dined in advance!” The other guests doubtless found that this was not a useless precaution. It was before the Consulate that things happened thus; for afterwards the Emperor, even when he was as yet only First Consul, dined tete-a-tete with the Empress, except when he invited some of the ladies of the household, sometimes one, sometimes another, all of whom appreciated highly this mark of favor. At this time there was already a court.

Most frequently the Emperor breakfasted alone, on a little mahogany candle-stand with no cover, which meal, even shorter than the other, lasted only eight or ten minutes.

I will mention, later on, the bad effects which the habit of eating too quickly often produced on the Emperor’s health. Besides this, and due in a great measure to his haste, the Emperor lacked much of eating decently; and always preferred his fingers to a fork or spoon. Much care was taken to place within his reach the dish he preferred, which he drew toward him in the manner I have just described, and dipped his bread in the sauce or gravy it contained, which did not, however, prevent the dish being handed round, and those eating from it who could; and there were few guests who could not.

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I have seen some who even appeared to consider this singular act of courage a means of making their court. I can easily understand also that with many their admiration for his Majesty silenced all repugnance, for the same reason that we do not scruple to eat from the plate, or drink from the glass, of a person whom we love, even though it might be considered doubtful on the score of refinement; this is never noticed because love is blind. The dish which the Emperor preferred was the kind of fried chicken to which this preference of the conqueror of Italy has given the name of poulet a la Marengo. He also ate with relish beans, lentils, cutlets, roast mutton, and roast chicken. The simplest dishes were those he liked best, but he was fastidious in the article of bread. It is not true, as reported, that he made an immoderate use of coffee, for he only took half a cup after breakfast, and another after dinner; though it sometimes happened when he was much preoccupied that he would take, without noticing it, two cups in succession, though coffee taken in this quantity always excited him and kept him from sleeping.

It also happened frequently that he took it cold, or without sugar, or with too much sugar. To avoid all which mischances, the Empress Josephine made it her duty to pour out the Emperor's coffee herself; and the Empress Marie Louise also adopted the same custom. When the Emperor had risen from the table and entered the little saloon, a page followed him, carrying on a silvergilt waiter a coffee-pot, sugar-dish and cup. Her Majesty the Empress poured out the coffee, put sugar in it, tried a few drops of it, and offered it to the Emperor.

The Emperor drank only Chambertin wine, and rarely without water; for he had no fondness for wine, and was a poor judge of it. This recalls that one day at the camp of Boulogne, having invited several officers to his table, his Majesty had wine poured for Marshal Augereau, and asked him with an air of satisfaction how he liked it. The Marshal tasted it, sipped it critically, and finally replied, "There is better," in a tone which was unmistakable. The Emperor, who had expected a different reply, smiled, as did all the guests, at the Marshal's candor.

Every one has heard it said that his Majesty used great precautions against being poisoned, which statement must be placed beside that concerning the cuirass proof against bullet and dagger. On the contrary, the Emperor carried his want of precaution only too far. His breakfast was brought every day into an antechamber open to all to whom had been granted a private audience, and who sometimes waited there for several hours, and his Majesty's breakfast also waited a long time. The dishes were kept as warm as possible until he came out of his cabinet, and took his seat at the table. Their Majesties' dinner was carried from the kitchen to the upper rooms in covered, hampers, and there was every opportunity of introducing poison; but in spite of all this, never did such an idea enter the minds of the people in his service, whose devotion and fidelity to the Emperor, even including the very humblest, surpassed any idea I could convey.

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The habit of eating rapidly sometimes caused his Majesty violent pains in his stomach, which ended almost always in a fit of vomiting.

One day the valet on duty came in great haste to tell me that the Emperor desired my presence immediately. His dinner had caused indigestion, and he was suffering greatly. I hurried to his Majesty's room, and found him stretched at full length on the rug, which was a habit of the Emperor when he felt unwell. The Empress Josephine was seated by his side, with the sick man's head on her lap, while he groaned or stormed alternately, or did both at once: for the Emperor bore this kind of misfortune with less composure than a thousand graver mischances which the life of a soldier carries with it; and the hero of Arcola, whose life had been endangered in a hundred battles, and elsewhere also, without lessening his fortitude, showed himself unequal to the endurance of the slightest pain. Her Majesty the Empress consoled and encouraged him as best she could; and she, who was so courageous herself in enduring those headaches which, on account of their excessive violence, were a genuine disease, would, had it been possible, have taken on herself most willingly the ailment of her husband, from which she suffered almost as much as he did, in witnessing his sufferings. "Constant," said she, as I entered, "come quick; the Emperor needs you; make him some tea, and do not go out till he is better." His Majesty had scarcely taken three cups before the pain decreased, while she continued to hold his head on her knees, pressing his brow with her white, plump hands, and also rubbing his breast. "You feel better, do you not? Would you like to lie down a little while? I will stay by your bed with Constant." This tenderness was indeed touching, especially in one occupying so elevated a rank.

My intimate service often gave me the opportunity of enjoying this picture of domestic felicity. While I am on the subject of the Emperor's ailments, I will say a few words concerning the most serious which he endured, with the exception of that which caused his death.

At the siege of Toulon, in 1793, the Emperor being then only colonel of artillery, a cannoneer was killed at his gun; and Colonel Bonaparte picked up the rammer and rammed home the charge several times. The unfortunate artilleryman had an itch of the most malignant kind, which the Emperor caught, and of which he was cured only after many years; and the doctors thought that his sallow complexion and extreme leanness, which lasted so long a time, resulted from this disease being improperly treated. At the Tuileries he took sulphur baths, and wore for some time a blister plaster, having suffered thus long because, as he said, he had not time to take care of himself. Corvisart warmly insisted on a cautery; but the Emperor, who wished to preserve unimpaired the shapeliness of his arm, would not agree to this remedy.

It was at this same siege that he was promoted from the rank of chief of battalion to that of colonel in consequence of a brilliant affair with the English, in which he received a bayonet wound in the left thigh, the scar of which he often showed me. The wound in

the foot which he received at the battle of Ratisbonne left no trace; and yet, when the Emperor received it, the whole army became alarmed.

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We were about twelve hundred yards from Ratisbonne, when the Emperor, seeing the Austrians fleeing on all sides, thought the combat was over. His dinner had been brought in a hamper to a place which the Emperor had designated; and as he was walking towards it, he turned to Marshal Berthier, and exclaimed, “I am wounded!” The shock was so great that the Emperor fell in a sitting posture, a bullet having, in fact, struck his heel. From the size of this ball it was apparent that it had been fired by a Tyrolean rifleman, whose weapon easily carried the distance we were from the town. It can well be understood that such an event troubled and frightened the whole staff.

An aide-de-camp summoned me; and when I arrived I found Dr. Yvan cutting his Majesty’s boot, and assisted him in dressing the wound. Although the pain was still quite severe, the Emperor was not willing to take time to put on his boot again; and in order to turn the enemy, and reassure the army as to his condition, he mounted his horse, and galloped along the line accompanied by his whole staff. That day, as may be believed, no one delayed to take breakfast, but all dined at Ratisbonne.

His Majesty showed an invincible repugnance to all medicine; and when he used any, which was very rarely, it was chicken broth, chicory, or cream of tartar.

Corvisart recommended him to refuse every drink which had a bitter or disagreeable taste, which he did, I believe, in the fear that an attempt might be made to poison him.

At whatever hour the Emperor had retired, I entered his room at seven or eight o’clock in the morning; and I have already said that his first questions invariably were as to the hour and the kind of weather. Sometimes he complained to me of looking badly; and if this was true, I agreed with him, and if it were not, I told him the truth. In this case he pulled my ears, and called me, laughing, “grosse bete,” and asked for a mirror, sometimes saying he was trying to fool me and that he was very well. He read the daily papers, asked the names of the people in the waiting-room, named those he wished to see, and conversed with each one. When Corvisart came, he entered without waiting for orders; and the Emperor took pleasure in teasing him by speaking of medicine, which he said was only a conjectural art, that the doctors were charlatans, and cited instances in proof of it, especially in his own experience, the doctor never yielding a point when he thought he was right. During these conversations, the Emperor shaved himself; for I had prevailed on him to take this duty on himself, often forgetting that he had shaved only one side of his face, and when I called his attention to this, he laughed, and finished his work. Yvan, doctor-in-ordinary, as well as Corvisart, came in for his share in the criticisms and attacks on his profession; and these discussions were extremely amusing. The Emperor was very gay and talkative at such times, and I believe,

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when he had at hand no examples to cite in support of his theories, did not scruple to invent them; consequently these gentlemen did not always rely upon his statements. One day his Majesty pulled the ears of one of his physicians (Halle, I believe). The doctor abruptly drew himself away, crying, “Sire, you hurt me.” Perhaps this speech was tinged with some irritation, and perhaps, also, the doctor was right. However that may be, his ears were never in danger again.

Sometimes before beginning my labors, his Majesty questioned me as to what I had done the evening before, asked me if I had dined in the city, and with whom, if I had enjoyed myself, and what we had for dinner. He often inquired also what such or such a part of my clothing cost me; and when I told him he would exclaim at the price, and tell me that when he was a sub-lieutenant everything was much cheaper, and that he had often during that time taken his meals at Roze’s restaurant, and dined very well for forty cents. Several times he spoke to me of my family, and of my sister, who was a nun before the Revolution, and who had been compelled to leave her convent; and one day asked me if she had a pension, and how much it was. I told him, and added, that this not being sufficient for her wants, I myself gave an allowance to her, and also to my mother. His Majesty told me to apply to the Duke of Bassano, and report the matter to him, as he wished to treat my family handsomely. I did not avail myself of this kind intention of his Majesty; for at that time I had sufficient means to be able to assist my relatives, and did not foresee the future, which I thought would not change my condition, and felt a delicacy in putting my people, so to speak, on the charge of the state. I confess that I have been more than once tempted to repent this excessive delicacy, which I have seen few persons above or below my condition imitate. On rising, the Emperor habitually took a cup of tea or orange water; and if he desired a bath, had it immediately on getting out of bed, and while in it had his dispatches and newspapers read to him by his secretary (Bourrienne till 1804). If he did not take a bath, he seated himself by the fire, and had them read to him there, often reading them himself. He dictated to the secretary his replies, and the observations which the reading of these suggested to him; as he went through each, throwing it on the floor without any order. The secretary afterwards gathered them all up, and arranged them to be carried into the Emperor’s private room. His Majesty, before making his toilet, in summer, put on pantaloons of white pique and a dressing-gown of the same, and in winter, pantaloons and dressing-gown of swanskin, while on his head was a turban tied in front, the two ends hanging down on his neck behind. When the Emperor donned this headdress, his appearance was far from elegant. When he came out of the bath, we gave him another turban; for the one he wore was always wet in the bath, where

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he turned and splashed himself incessantly. Having taken his bath and read his dispatches, he began his toilet, and I shaved him before he learned to shave himself. When the Emperor began this habit, he used at first, like every one, a mirror attached to the window; but he came up so close to it, and lathered himself so vigorously with soap, that the mirror, window-panes, curtains, his dressing-gown, and the Emperor himself, were all covered with it. To remedy this inconvenience, the servants assembled in council, and it was decided that Roustan should hold the looking-glass for his Majesty. When the Emperor had shaved one side, he turned the other side to view, and made Roustan pass from left to right, or from right to left, according to the side on which he commenced. After shaving, the Emperor washed his face and hands, and had his nails carefully cleaned; then I took off his flannel vest and shirt, and rubbed his whole bust with an extremely soft silk brush, afterwards rubbing him with eau-de-cologne, of which he used a great quantity, for every day he was rubbed and dressed thus. It was in the East he had acquired this hygienic custom, which he enjoyed greatly, and which is really excellent. All these preparations ended, I put on him light flannel or cashmere slippers, white silk stockings, the only kind he ever wore, and very fine linen or fustian drawers, sometimes knee-breeches of white cassimere, with soft riding-boots, sometimes pantaloons of the same stuff and color, with little English half-boots which came to the middle of the leg, and were finished with small silver spurs which were never more than six lines in length. All his, boots were finished with these spurs. I then put on him his flannel vest and shirt, a neck-cloth of very fine muslin, and over all a black silk stock; finally a round vest of white pique, and either a chasseur’s or grenadier’s coat, usually the former. His toilet ended, he was presented with his handkerchief, his tobacco-box, and a little shell bog filled with aniseed and licorice, ground very fine. It will be seen by the above that the Emperor had himself dressed by his attendants from head to foot. He put his hand to nothing, but let himself be dressed like an infant, his mind filled with business during the entire performance.

I had forgotten to say that he used boxwood toothpicks, and a brush dipped in some opiate. The Emperor was born, so to speak, to be waited on (homme d valets de chambre). When only a general, he had as many as three valets, and had himself served with as much luxury as at the height of his fortunes, and from that time received all the attentions I have just described, and which it was almost impossible for him to do without; and in this particular the etiquette was never changed. He increased the number of his servants, and decorated them with new titles, but he could not have more services rendered him personally. He subjected himself very rarely to the grand etiquette

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of royalty, and never, for example, did the grand chamberlain hand him his shirt; and on one occasion only, when the city of Paris gave him a dinner at the time of his coronation, did the grand marshal hand him water to wash his hands. I shall give a description of his toilet on the day of his coronation; and it will be seen that even on that day his Majesty, the Emperor of the French, did not require any other ceremonial than that to which he had been accustomed as general and First Consul of the Republic.

The Emperor had no fixed hour for retiring: sometimes he retired at ten or eleven o'clock in the evening; oftener he stayed awake till two, three, or four o'clock in the morning. He was soon undressed; for it was his habit, on entering the room, to throw each garment right and left,—his coat on the floor, his grand cordon on the rug, his watch haphazard at the bed, his hat far off on a piece of furniture; thus with all his clothing, one piece after another. When he was in a good humor, he called me in a loud voice, with this kind of a cry: "Ohe, oh! oh!" at other times, when he was not in good humor, "Monsieur, Monsieur Constant!"

At all seasons his bed had to be warmed with a warming-pan, and it was only during the very hottest weather that he would dispense with this. His habit of undressing himself in haste rarely left me anything to do, except to hand him his night-cap. I then lighted his night-lamp, which was of gilded silver, and shaded it so that it would give less light. When he did not go to sleep at once, he had one of his secretaries called, or perhaps the Empress Josephine, to read to him; which duty no one could discharge better than her Majesty, for which reason the Emperor preferred her to all his readers, for she read with that especial charm which was natural to her in all she did. By order of the Emperor, there was burnt in his bedroom, in little silver perfume-boxes, sometimes aloes wood, and sometimes sugar or vinegar; and almost the year round it was necessary to have a fire in all his apartments, as he was habitually very sensitive to cold. When he wished to sleep, I returned to take out his lamp, and went up to my own room, my bedroom being just above that of his Majesty. Roustan and a valet on service slept in a little apartment adjoining the Emperor's bedroom; and if he needed me during the night, the boy of the wardrobe, who slept in an antechamber, came for me. Water was always kept hot for his bath, for often at any hour of the night as well as the day he might suddenly be seized with a fancy to take one.

Doctor Yvan appeared every morning and evening, at the rising and retiring of his Majesty.

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It is well known that the Emperor often had his secretaries, and even his ministers, called during the night. During his stay at Warsaw, the Prince de Talleyrand once received a message after midnight; he came at once, and had a long interview with the Emperor, and work was prolonged late into the night, when his Majesty, fatigued, at last fell into a deep slumber. The Prince of Benevento, who was afraid to go out, fearing lest he might awaken the Emperor or be recalled to continue the conversation, casting his eyes around, perceived a comfortable sofa, so he stretched himself out on it, and went to sleep. Meneval, secretary to his Majesty, not wishing to retire till after the minister had left, knowing that the Emperor would probably call for him as soon as Talleyrand had retired, became impatient at such a long interview; and as for me, I was not in the best humor, since it was impossible for me to retire without taking away his Majesty's lamp. Meneval came a dozen times to ask me if Prince Talleyrand had left. "He is there yet," said I. "I am sure of it, and yet I hear nothing." At last I begged him to place himself in the room where I then was, and on which the street-door opened, whilst I went to act as sentinel in a vestibule on which the Emperor's room had another opening; and it was arranged that the one of us who saw the prince go out would inform the other. Two o'clock sounded, then three, then four; no one appeared, and there was not the least movement in his Majesty's room. Losing patience at last, I half opened the door as gently as possible; but the Emperor, whose sleep was very light, woke with a start, and asked in a loud tone: "Who is that? Who comes there?" "What is that?" I replied, that, thinking the Prince of Benevento had gone out, I had come for his Majesty's lamp. "Talleyrand! Talleyrand!" cried out his Majesty vehemently. "Where is he, then?" and seeing him waking up, "well, I declare he is asleep! Come, you wretch; how dare you sleep in my room! ah! ah!" I left without taking out the lamp; they began talking again, and Meneval and I awaited the end of the tete-a-tete, until five o'clock in the morning.

The Emperor had a habit of taking, when he thus worked at night, coffee with cream, or chocolate; but he gave that up, and under the Empire no longer took anything, except from time to time, but very rarely, either punch mild and light as lemonade, or when he first awoke, an infusion of orange-leaves or tea.

The Emperor, who so magnificently endowed the most of his generals, who showed himself so liberal to his armies, and to whom, on the other hand, France owes so many and such handsome monuments, was not generous, and it must even be admitted was a little niggardly, in his domestic affairs. Perhaps he resembled those foolishly vain rich persons, who economize very closely at home, and in their own households, in order to shine more outside. He made very few, not to say no, presents to members of his household; and

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the first day of the year even passed without loosening his purse-strings. While I was undressing him the evening before, he said, pinching my ear, “Well, Monsieur Constant, what will you give me for my present?” The first time he asked this question I replied I would give him whatever he wished; but I must confess that I very much hoped it would not be I who would give presents next day. It seemed that the idea never occurred to him; for no one had to thank him for his gifts, and he never departed afterwards from this rule of domestic economy. Apropos of this pinching of ears, to which I have recurred so often, because his Majesty repeated it so often, it is necessary that I should say, while I think of it, and in closing this subject, that any one would be much mistaken in supposing that he touched lightly the party exposed to his marks of favor; he pinched, on the contrary, very hard, and pinched as much stronger in proportion as he happened to be in a better humor.

Sometimes, when I entered his room to dress him, he would run at me like a mad man, and saluting me with his favorite greeting, “Well, Monsieur le drole,” would pinch my ears in such a manner as to make me cry out; he often added to these gentle caresses one or two taps, also well applied. I was then sure of finding him all the rest of the day in a charming humor, and full of good-will, as I have seen him, so often. Roustan, and even Marshal Berthier, received their due proportion of these imperial tendernesses.

CHAPTER XX.

The allowance made by his Majesty for the yearly expenses of his dress was twenty thousand francs; and the year of, the coronation he became very angry because that sum had been exceeded. It was never without trepidation that the various accounts of household expenses were presented to him; and he invariably retrenched and cut down, and recommended all sort of reforms. I remember after asking for some one a place of three thousand francs, which he granted me, I heard him exclaim, “Three thousand francs! but do you understand that this is the revenue of one of my communes? When I was sub-lieutenant I did not spend as much as that.” This expression recurred incessantly in his conversations with those with whom he was familiar; and “when I had the honor of being sub-lieutenant” was often on his lips, and always in illustration of comparisons or exhortations to economy.

While on the subject of accounts, I recall a circumstance which should have a place in my memoirs, since it concerns me personally, and moreover gives an idea of the manner in which his Majesty understood economy. He set out with the idea, which was, I think, often very correct, that in private expenses as in public ones, even granting the honesty of agents (which the Emperor was always, I admit, very slow to do), the same things could have been done with much less money. Thus, when he required retrenchment, it was not in

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the number of objects of expense, but only in the prices charged for these articles by the furnishers; and I will elsewhere cite some examples of the effect which this idea produced on the conduct of his Majesty towards the accounting agents of his government. Now I am relating only private matters. One day when investigating various accounts, the Emperor complained much of the expenses of the stables, and cut off a considerable sum; and the grand equerry, in order to put into effect the required economy, found it necessary to deprive several persons in the household of their carriages, mine being included in this number. Some days after the execution of this measure, his Majesty charged me with a commission, which necessitated a carriage; and I was obliged to inform him that, no longer having mine, I should not be able to execute his orders. The Emperor then exclaimed that he had not intended this, and M. Caulaincourt must have a poor idea of economy. When he again saw the Duke of Vicenza, he said to him that he did not wish anything of mine to be touched.

The Emperor occasionally read in the morning the new works and romances of the day; and when a work displeased him, he threw it into the fire. This does not mean that only improper books were thus destroyed; for if the author was not among his favorites, or if he spoke too well of a foreign country, that was sufficient to condemn the volume to the flames. On this account I saw his Majesty throw into the fire a volume of the works of Madame de Stael, on Germany. If he found us in the evening enjoying a book in the little saloon, where we awaited the hour for retiring, he examined what we were reading; and if he found they were romances, they were burned without pity, his Majesty rarely failing to add a little lecture to this confiscation, and to ask the delinquent “if a man could not find better reading than that.” One morning he had glanced over and thrown in the fire a book (by what author I do not know); and when Roustan stooped down to take it out the Emperor stopped him, saying, “Let that filthy thing burn; it is all that it deserves.”

The Emperor mounted his horse most ungracefully, and I think would not have always been very safe when there, if so much care had not been taken to give him only those which were perfectly trained; but every precaution was taken, and horses destined for the special service of the Emperor passed through a rude novitiate before arriving at the honor of carrying him. They were habituated to endure, without making the least movement, torments of all kinds; blows with a whip over the head and ears; the drum was beaten; pistols were fired; fireworks exploded in their ears; flags were shaken before their eyes; heavy weights were thrown against their legs, sometimes even sheep and hogs. It was required that in the midst of the most rapid gallop (the Emperor liked no other pace), he should be able to stop his horse suddenly; and in short, it was absolutely necessary to have only the most perfectly trained animals.

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M. Jardin, senior, equerry of his Majesty, acquitted himself of this laborious duty with much skill and ability, as the Emperor attached such importance to it; he also insisted strongly that his horses should be very handsome, and in the last years of his reign would ride only Arab horses.

There were a few of those noble animals for which the Emperor had a great affection; among others, Styria, which he rode over the St. Bernard and at Marengo. After this last campaign, he wished his favorite to end his days in the luxury of repose, for Marengo and the great St. Bernard were in themselves a well-filled career. The Emperor rode also for many years an Arab horse of rare intelligence, in which he took much pleasure. During the time he was awaiting his rider, it would have been hard to discover in him the least grace; but as soon as he heard the drums beat the tattoo which announced the presence of his Majesty, he reared his head most proudly, tossed his mane, and pawed the ground, and until the very moment the Emperor alighted, was the most magnificent animal imaginable.

His Majesty made a great point of good equerries, and nothing was neglected in order that the pages should receive in this particular the most careful education. To accustom them to mount firmly and with grace, they practiced exercises in vaulting, for which it seemed to me they would have no use except at the Olympic circus. And, in fact, one of the horsemen of Messieurs Franconi had charge of this part of the pages' education.

The Emperor, as has been said elsewhere, took no pleasure in hunting, except just so far as was necessary to conform to the usage which makes this exercise a necessary accompaniment to the throne and the crown; and yet I have seen him sometimes continue it sufficiently long to justify the belief that he did not find it altogether distasteful. He hunted one day in the forest of Rambouillet from six in the morning to eight in the evening, a stag being the object of this prolonged excursion; and I remember they returned without having taken him. In one of the imperial hunts at Rambouillet, at which the Empress Josephine was present, a stag, pursued by the hunters, threw himself under the Empress's carriage; which refuge did not fail him, for her Majesty, touched by the misery of the poor animal, begged his life of the Emperor. The stag was spared; and Josephine placed round its neck a silver collar to attest its deliverance, and protect it against the attacks of all hunters.

One of the ladies of the Empress one day showed less humanity than she, however; and the reply which she made to the Emperor displeased him exceedingly, for he loved gentleness and pity in women. When they had hunted for several hours in the Bois de Boulogne, the Emperor drew near the carriage of the Empress Josephine, and began talking with a lady who bore one of the most noble and most ancient names in all France, and who, it is said, had been placed near

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the Empress against her wishes. The Prince of Neuchatel (Berthier) announced that the stag was at bay. "Madame," said the Emperor gallantly to Madame de C—— , "I place his fate in your hands."—"Do with him, Sire," replied she, "as you please. It is no difference to me." The Emperor gave her a glance of disapproval, and said to the master of the hounds, "Since the stag in his misery does not interest Madame C——, he does not deserve to live; have him put to death;" whereupon his Majesty turned his horse's bridle, and rode off. The Emperor was shocked by such an answer, and repeated it that evening, on his return from the hunt, in terms by no means flattering to Madame de C——.

It is stated in the Memorial of Saint-Helena that the Emperor, while hunting, was thrown and wounded by a wild boar, from which one of his fingers bore a bad scar. I never saw this, and never knew of such an accident having happened to the Emperor. The Emperor did not place his gun firmly to his shoulder, and as he always had it heavily loaded and rammed, never fired without making his arm black with bruises; but I rubbed the injured place with eau de Cologne, and he gave it no further thought.

The ladies followed the hunt in their coaches; a table being usually arranged in the forest for breakfast, to which all persons in the hunt were invited.

The Emperor on one occasion hunted with falcons on the plain of Rambouillet, in order to make a trial of the falconry that the King of Holland (Louis) had sent as a present to his Majesty. The household made a fete of seeing this hunt, of which we had been hearing so much; but the Emperor appeared to take less pleasure in this than in the chase or shooting, and hawking was never tried again.

His Majesty was exceedingly fond of the play, preferring greatly French tragedy and the Italian opera. Corneille was his favorite author; and he had always on his table some volume of the works of this great poet. I have often heard the Emperor declaim, while walking up and down in his room, verses of Cinna, or this speech on the death of Caesar:

"Caesar, you will reign; see the august day
In which the Roman people, always unjust to thee," *etc*.

At the theater of Saint-Cloud, the piece for the evening was often made up of fragments and selections from different authors, one act being chosen from one opera, one from another, which was very vexatious to the spectators whom the first piece had begun to interest. Often, also, comedies were played; on which occasions there was great rejoicing in the household, and the Emperor himself took much pleasure in them. How many times have I seen him perfectly overcome with laughter, when seeing Baptiste

junior in ‘les Heritiers’, and Michaut also amused him in ’la Partie de Chasse de Henry *iv*’.

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I cannot remember in what year, but it was during one of the sojourns of the court at Fontainebleau, that the tragedy of the Venetians was presented before the Emperor by Arnault, senior. That evening, as he was retiring, his Majesty discussed the piece with Marshal Duroc, and gave his opinion, adducing many reasons, in support of it. These praises, like the criticisms, were all explained and discussed; the grand marshal talking little, and the Emperor incessantly. Although a poor judge myself of such matters, it was very entertaining, and also very instructive, to hear the Emperor's opinion of pieces, ancient and modern, which had been played before him; and his observations and remarks could not have failed, I am sure, to be of great profit to the authors, had they been able like myself to hear them. As for me, if I gained anything from it, it is being enabled to speak of it here a little (although a very little), more appropriately than a blind man would of colors; nevertheless, for fear of saying the wrong thing, I return to matters which are in my department.

It has been said that his Majesty used a great quantity of tobacco, and that in order to take it still more frequently and quickly, he put it in a pocket of his vest, lined with skin for that purpose. This is an error. The Emperor never took tobacco except in his snuff-boxes; and although he wasted a great quantity of it, he really used very little, as he took a pinch, held it to his nose simply to smell it, and let it fall immediately. It is true that the place where he had been was covered with it; but his handkerchiefs, irreproachable witnesses in such matters, were scarcely stained, and although they were white and of very fine linen, certainly bore no marks of a snuff-taker. Sometimes he simply passed his open snuff-box under his nose in order to breathe the odor of the tobacco it contained. These boxes were of black shell, with hinges, and of a narrow, oval shape; they were lined with gold, and ornamented with antique cameos, or medallions, in gold or silver. At one time he used round tobacco-boxes; but as it took two hands to open them, and in this operation he sometimes dropped either the box or the top, he became disgusted with them. His tobacco was grated very coarse, and was usually composed of several kinds of tobacco mixed together. Frequently he amused himself by making the gazelles that he had at Saint-Cloud eat it. They were very fond of it, and although exceedingly afraid of every one else, came close to his Majesty without the slightest fear.

The Emperor took a fancy on one occasion, but only one, to try a pipe, as I shall now relate. The Persian ambassador (or perhaps it was the Turkish ambassador who came to Paris under the Consulate) had made his Majesty a present of a very handsome pipe such as is used by the Orientals. One day he was seized with a desire to try it, and had everything necessary for this purpose prepared. The fire

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having been applied to the bowl, the only question now was to light the tobacco; but from the manner in which his Majesty attempted this it was impossible for him to succeed, as he alternately opened and closed his lips repeatedly without drawing in his breath at all. “Why, what is the matter?” cried he; “it does not work at all.” I called his attention to the fact that he was not inhaling properly, and showed him how it ought to be done; but the Emperor still continued his performances, which were like some peculiar kind of yawning. Tired out by his fruitless efforts at last, he told me to light it for him, which I did, and instantly handed it back to him. But he had hardly taken a whiff when the smoke, which he did not know how to breathe out again, filled his throat, got into his windpipe, and came out through his nose and eyes in great puffs. As soon as he could get his breath, he panted forth, “Take it away! what a pest! Oh, the wretches! it has made me sick.” In fact, he felt ill for at least an hour after, and renounced forever the “pleasure of a habit, which,” said he, “is only good to enable do-nothings to kill time.”

The only requirements the Emperor made as to his clothing was that it should be of fine quality and perfectly comfortable; and his coats for ordinary use, dress-coats, and even the famous gray overcoat, were made of the finest cloth from Louviers. Under the Consulate he wore, as was then the fashion, the skirts of his coat extremely long; afterwards fashion changed, and they were worn shorter; but the Emperor held with singular tenacity to the length of his, and I had much trouble in inducing him to abandon this fashion, and it was only by a subterfuge that I at last succeeded. Each time I ordered a new coat for his Majesty, I directed the tailor to shorten the skirts by an inch at least, until at last, without his being aware of it, they were no longer ridiculous. He did not abandon his old habits any more readily on this point than on all others; and his greatest desire was that his clothes should not be too tight, in consequence of which there were times when he did not make a very elegant appearance. The King of Naples, the man in all France who dressed with the most care, and nearly always in good taste, sometimes took the liberty of bantering the Emperor slightly about his dress. “Sire,” said he to the Emperor, “your Majesty dresses too much like a good family man. Pray, Sire, be an example to your faithful subjects of good taste in dress.”—“Would you like me, in order to please you,” replied the Emperor, “to dress like a scented fop, like a dandy, in fine, like the King of Naples and the Two Sicilies. As for me, I must hold on to my old habitudes.”—“Yes, Sire, and to your ’habits tues’,” added the king on one occasion. “Detestable!” cried the Emperor; “that is worthy of Brunet;” and they laughed heartily over this play on words, while declaring it what the Emperor called it.

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However, these discussions as to his dress being renewed at the time of his Majesty's marriage to the Empress Marie Louise, the King of Naples begged the Emperor to allow him to send him his tailor. His Majesty, who sought at that time every means of pleasing his young wife, accepted the offer of his brother-in-law; and that very day I went for Leger, King Joachim's tailor, and brought him with me to the chateau, recommending him to make the suits which would be ordered as loose as possible, certain as I was in advance, that, Monsieur Jourdain [a character in a Moliere comedy] to the contrary, if the Emperor could not get into them easily, he would not wear them. Leger paid no attention to my advice, but took his measure very closely. The two coats were beautifully made; but the Emperor pronounced them uncomfortable, and wore them only once, and Leger did no more work for his Majesty. At one time, long before this, he had ordered a very handsome coat of chestnut brown velvet, with diamond buttons, which he wore to a reception of her Majesty the Empress, with a black cravat, though the Empress Josephine had prepared for him an elegant lace stock, which all my entreaties could not induce him to put on.

The Emperor's vest and breeches were always of white cassimere; he changed them every morning, and they were washed only three or four times. Two hours after he had left his room, it often happened that his breeches were all stained with ink, owing to his habit of wiping his pen on them, and scattering ink all around him by knocking his pen against the table. Nevertheless, as he dressed in the morning for the whole day, he did not change his clothes on that account, and remained in that condition the remainder of the day. I have already said that he wore none but white silk stockings, his shoes, which were very light and thin, being lined with silk, and his boots lined throughout inside with white fustian; and when he felt an itching on one of his legs, he rubbed it with the heel of his shoe or the boot on the other leg, which added still more to the effect of the ink blotches. His shoe-buckles were oval, either plain gold or with medallions, and he also wore gold buckles on his garters. I never saw him wear pantaloons under the Empire.

Owing to the Emperor's tenacity to old customs, his shoemaker in the first days of the Empire was still the same he employed at the military school; and as his shoes had been made by the same measure, from that time, and no new one ever taken, his shoes, as well as his boots, were always badly made and ungraceful. For a long time he wore them pointed; but I persuaded him to have them 'en bec de canne', as that was the fashion. At last his old measure was found too small, and I got his Majesty's consent to have a new one-taken; so I summoned the shoemaker, who had succeeded his father, and was exceedingly stupid. He had never seen the Emperor, although he worked for him; and when he learned that he was

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expected to appear before his Majesty, his head was completely turned. How could he dare to present himself before the Emperor? What costume must he wear? I encouraged him, and told him he would need a black French coat, with breeches, and hat, *etc*.; and he presented himself thus adorned at the Tuileries. On entering his Majesty's chamber he made a deep bow, and stood much embarrassed. "It surely cannot be you who made shoes for me at the l'ecole militaire?"—"No, your Majesty, Emperor and King, it was my father."—"And why don't he do so now?"—"Sire, the Emperor and King, because he is dead."—"How much do you make me pay for my shoes?"—"Your Majesty, Emperor and King, pays eighteen francs for them."—"That is very dear."—"Your Majesty, Emperor and King, could pay much more for them if he would." The Emperor laughed heartily at this simplicity, and let him take his measure; but the Emperor's laughter had so completely disconcerted the poor man that, when he approached him, his hat under his arm, making a thousand bows, his sword caught between his legs, was broken in two, and made him fall on his hands and knees, not to remain there long, however, for his Majesty's roars of laughter increasing, and being at last freed from his sword, the poor shoemaker took the Emperor's measure with more ease, and withdrew amidst profuse apologies.

All his Majesty's linen was of extremely fine quality, marked with an "N" in a coronet; at first he wore no suspenders, but at last began using them, and found them very comfortable. He wore next his body vests made of English flannel, and the Empress Josephine had a dozen cashmere vests made for his use in summer.

Many persons have believed that the Emperor wore a cuirass under his clothes when walking and while in the army. This is entirely false: the Emperor never put on a cuirass, nor anything resembling one, under his coat any more than over it.

The Emperor wore no jewelry; he never had in his pockets either purse or silver, but only his handkerchief, his snuff-box, and his bonbon-box.

He wore on his coat only a star and two crosses, that of the Legion of Honor, and that of the Iron Crown. Under his uniform and on his vest he wore a red ribbon, the ends of which could just be seen.

When there was a reception at the chateau, or he held a review, he put this grand cordon outside his coat.

His hat, the shape of which it will be useless to describe while portraits of his Majesty exist, was-extremely fine and very light, lined with silk and wadded; and on it he wore neither tassels nor plumes, but simply a narrow, flat band of silk and a little tricolored cockade.

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The Emperor purchased several watches from Breguet and Meunier,—very plain repeaters, without ornamentation or figures, the face covered with glass, the back gold. M. Las Casas speaks of a watch with a double gold case, marked with the cipher “B,” and which never left the Emperor. I never saw anything of the sort, though I was keeper of all the jewels, and even had in my care for several days the crown diamonds. The Emperor often broke his watch by throwing it at random, as I have said before, on any piece of furniture in his bedroom. He had two alarm-clocks made by Meunier, one in his carriage, the other at the head of his bed, which he set with a little green silk cord, and also a third, but it was old and wornout so that it would not work; it is this last which had belonged to Frederick the Great, and was brought from Berlin.

The swords of his Majesty were very plain, with gold mountings, and an owl on the hilt.

The Emperor had two swords similar to the one he wore the day of the battle of Austerlitz. One of these swords was given to the Emperor Alexander, as the reader will learn later, and the other to Prince Eugene in 1814. That which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz, and on which he afterwards had engraved the name and date of that memorable battle, was to have been inclosed in the column of the Place Vendome; but his Majesty still had it, I think, while he was at St. Helena.

He had also several sabers that he had worn in his first campaigns, and on which were engraved the names of the battles in which he had used them. They were distributed among the various general officers of his Majesty the Emperor, of which distribution I will speak later.

When the Emperor was about to quit his capital to rejoin his army, or for a simple journey through the departments, we never knew the exact moment of his departure. It was necessary to send in advance on various roads a complete service for the bedroom, kitchen, and stables; this sometimes waited three weeks, or even a month, and when his Majesty at length set out, that which was waiting on the road he did not take was ordered to return. I have often thought that the Emperor acted thus in order to disconcert those who spied on his proceedings, and to baffle their schemes.

The day he was to set out no one could discover that fact from him, and everything went on as usual. After a concert, a play, or any other amusement which had collected a large number of people, his Majesty would simply remark on retiring, “I shall leave at two o’clock!” Sometimes the time was earlier, sometimes later; but he always began his journey at the designated hour. The order was instantly announced by each of the head servants; and all were ready at the appointed time, though the chateau was left topsy-turvy, as may be seen from the picture I have given elsewhere of the confusion at the chateau which preceded and followed the Emperor’s departure. Wherever his Majesty lodged on the journey, before

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leaving he had all the expenses of himself and of his household paid, made presents to his hosts, and gave gratuities to the servants of the house. On Sunday the Emperor had mass celebrated by the curate of the place, giving always as much as twenty napoleons, sometimes more, and regulating the gift according to the needs of the poor of the parish. He asked many questions of the cures concerning their resources, that of their parishioners, the intelligence and morality of the population, *etc*. He rarely failed to ask the number of births, deaths, marriages, and if there were many young men and girls of a marriageable age. If the cure replied to these questions in a satisfactory manner, and if he had not been too-long in saying mass, he could count on the favor of his Majesty; his church and his poor would find themselves well provided for; and as for himself, the Emperor left on his departure, or had sent to him, a commission as chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His Majesty preferred to be answered with confidence and without timidity; he even endured contradiction; and one could without any risk reply inaccurately; this was almost always overlooked, for he paid little attention to the reply, but he never failed to turn away from those who spoke to him in a hesitating or embarrassed manner. Whenever the Emperor took up his residence at any place, there were on duty, night and day, a page and an aide-decamp, who slept on sacking beds. There was also constantly in attendance, in an antechamber, a quartermaster and sergeant of the stables prepared to order, when necessary, the equipages, which they took care to keep always in readiness to move; horses fully saddled and bridled, and carriages harnessed with two horses, left the stables on the first signal of his Majesty. These attendants were relieved every two hours, like sentinels.

I said above that his Majesty liked prompt replies, and those which showed vivacity and sprightliness. I will give two anecdotes in support of this assertion. Once, while the Emperor was holding a review on the Place du Carrousel, his horse reared, and in the efforts his Majesty made to control him, his hat fell to the ground; a lieutenant (his name, I think, was Rabusson), at whose feet the hat fell, picked it up, and came out from the front ranks to offer it to his Majesty. “Thanks, Captain,” said the Emperor, still engaged in quieting his horse. “In what regiment?”—“Sire?” asked the officer. The Emperor, then regarding him more attentively, and perceiving his mistake, said to him, smiling, “Ah, that is so, monsieur; in the Guard.”

The new captain received the commission which he owed to his presence of mind, but which he had in fact well earned by his bravery and devotion to duty.

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At another review, his Majesty perceived in the ranks of a regiment of the line an old soldier, whose arms were decorated with three chevrons. He recognized him instantly as having seen him in the army of Italy, and approaching him, said, “Well, my brave fellow, why have you not the cross? You do not look like a bad fellow.”—“Sire,” replied the old soldier, with sorrowful gravity, “I have three times been put on the list for the cross.”—“You shall not be disappointed a fourth time,” replied the Emperor; and he ordered Marshal Berthier to place on the list, for the next promotion, the brave soldier, who was soon made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pope Pius *vii*. had left Rome early in November, 1804; and his Holiness, accompanied by General Menou, administrator of Piedmont, arrived at Mont Cenis, on the morning of Nov. 15. The road of Mont Cenis had been surveyed and smoothed, and all dangerous points made secure by barriers. The Holy Father was received by M. Poitevin-Maissemy, prefect of Mont Blanc, and after a short visit to the hospice, crossed the mountain in a sedan chair, escorted by an immense crowd, who knelt to receive his blessing as he passed.

Nov. 17 his Holiness resumed his carriage, in which he made the remainder of the journey, accompanied in the same manner. The Emperor went to meet the Holy Father, and met him on the road to Nemours in the forest of Fontainebleau. The Emperor dismounted from his horse, and the two sovereigns returned to Fontainebleau in the same carriage. It is said that neither took precedence over the other, and that, in order to avoid this, they both entered the carriage at the same instant, his Majesty by the door on the right, and his Holiness by that on the left.

I do not know whether it is true that the Emperor used devices and stratagems in order to avoid compromising his dignity, but I do know that it would have been impossible to show more regard and attention to the venerable old man. The day after his arrival at Fontainebleau, the Pope made his entrance into Paris with all the honors usually rendered to the head of the Empire. Apartments had been prepared for him at the Tuileries in the Pavilion of Flora; and as a continuation of the delicate and affectionate consideration which his Majesty had shown from the beginning in welcoming the Holy Father, he found his apartments, in arrangement and furniture, an exact duplicate of those he occupied at Rome. He evinced much surprise and gratitude at this attention, which he himself, it is said, with his usual delicacy, called entirely filial; desiring thus to acknowledge the respect which the Emperor had shown him on every occasion, and the new title of eldest son of the Church, which his Majesty was about to assume with the imperial crown.

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Every morning I went, by order of his Majesty, to inquire after the health of the Holy Father. Pius *vii*. had a noble and handsome countenance, an air of angelic sweetness, and a gentle, well modulated voice; he spoke little, and always slowly, but with grace; his tastes were extremely simple, and his abstemiousness incredible; he was indulgent to others and most lenient in his judgments. I must admit that on the score of good cheer the persons of his suite made no pretense of imitating the Holy Father, but, on the contrary, took most unbecoming advantage of the Emperor's orders, that everything requested should be furnished. The tables set for them were abundantly and even magnificently served; which, however; did not prevent a whole basket of Chambertin being requested each day for the Pope's private table, though he dined alone and drank only water.

The sojourn of nearly five months which the Holy Father made at Paris was a time of edification for the faithful; and his Holiness must have carried away a most flattering opinion of the populace, who, having ceased to practice, and not having witnessed for more than ten years, the ceremonies of the Catholic religion, had returned to them with irrepressible zeal. When the Pope was not detained in his apartments by his delicate health in regard to which the difference in the climate, compared with that of Italy, and the severity of the winter, required him to take great precautions, he visited the churches, the museum, and the establishments of public utility; and if the severe weather prevented his going out, the persons who requested this favor were presented to Pius *vii*. in the grand gallery of the Museum Napoleon. I was one day asked by some ladies of my acquaintance to accompany them to this audience of the Holy Father, and took much pleasure in doing so.

The long gallery of the museum was filled with ladies and gentlemen, arranged in double lines, the greater part of whom were mothers of families, with their children at their knees or in their arms, ready to be presented for the Holy Father's blessing; and Pius *vii*. gazed on these children with a sweetness and mildness truly angelic. Preceded by the governor of the museum, and followed by the cardinals and lords of his household, he advanced slowly between these two ranks of the faithful, who fell on their knees as he passed, often stopping to place his hand on the head of a child, to address a few words to the mother, or to give his ring to be kissed. His dress was a plain white cassock without ornament. Just as the Pope reached us, the director of the museum presented a lady who, like the others, was awaiting the blessing of his Holiness on her knees. I heard the director call this lady Madame, the Countess de Genlis, upon which the Holy Father held out to her his ring, raised her in the most affable manner, and said a few flattering words complimenting her on her works, and the happy influence which they had exercised in re-establishing the Catholic religion in France.

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Sellers of chaplets and rosaries must have made their fortunes during this winter, for in some shops more than one hundred dozen were sold per day. During the month of January, by this branch of industry alone, one merchant of the Rue Saint-Denis made forty thousand francs. All those who presented themselves at the audience of the Holy Father, or who pressed around him as he went out, made him bless chaplets for themselves, for all their relations, and for their friends in Paris or in the provinces. The cardinals also distributed an incredible quantity in their visits to the various hospitals, to the Hotel des Invalides, *etc*., and even at private houses.

It was arranged that the coronation of their Majesties should take place on Dec. 2. On the morning of this great day all at the chateau were astir very early, especially the persons attached to the service of the wardrobe. The Emperor himself arose at eight o'clock. It was no small affair to array his Majesty in the rich costume which had been prepared for the occasion; and the whole time I was dressing him he uttered unlimited maledictions and apostrophes against embroiderers, tailors, and furnishers generally. As I passed him each article of his dress, "Now, that is something handsome, Monsieur le drole," said he (and my ears had their part in the play), "but we shall see the bills for it." This was the costume: silk stockings embroidered in gold, with the imperial coronet on the clocks; white velvet boots laced and embroidered with gold; white velvet breeches embroidered in gold on the seams; diamond buckles and buttons on his garters; his vest, also of white velvet, embroidered in gold with diamond buttons; a crimson velvet coat, with facings of white velvet, and embroidered on all the seams, the whole sparkling with gold and gems. A short cloak, also of crimson, and lined with white satin, hung from his left shoulder, and was caught on the right over his breast with a double clasp of diamonds. On such occasions it was customary for the grand chamberlain to pass the shirt; but it seems that his Majesty did not remember this law of etiquette, and it was I alone who performed that office, as I was accustomed. The shirt was one of those ordinarily worn by his Majesty, but of very beautiful cambric, for the Emperor would wear only very fine linen; but ruffles of very handsome lace had been added, and his cravat was of the most exquisite muslin, and his collar of superb lace. The black velvet cap was surmounted by two white aigrettes, and surrounded with a band of diamonds, caught together by the Regent. The Emperor set out, thus dressed, from the Tuileries; and it was not till he had reached Notre-Dame, that he placed over his shoulders the grand coronation mantle. This was of crimson velvet, studded with golden bees, lined with white satin, and fastened with a gold cord and tassel. The weight of it was at least eighty pounds, and, although it was held up by four grand dignitaries, bore him down by its weight. Therefore, on returning to the chateau, he freed himself as soon as possible from all this rich and uncomfortable apparel; and while resuming his grenadier uniform, he repeated over and over, "At last I can get my breath." He was certainly much more at his ease on the day of battle.

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The jewels which were used at the coronation of her Majesty the Empress, and which consisted of a crown, a diadem, and a girdle, came from the establishment of M. Margueritte. The crown had eight branches, which supported a golden globe surmounted by a cross, each branch set with diamonds, four being in the shape of palm and four of myrtle leaves. Around the crown ran a band set with eight enormous emeralds, while the bandeau which rested on the brow shone with amethysts.

The diadem was composed of four rows of magnificent pearls entwined with leaves made of diamonds, each of which matched perfectly, and was mounted with a skill as admirable as the beauty of the material. On her brow were several large brilliants, each one alone weighing one hundred and forty-nine grains. The girdle, finally, was a golden ribbon ornamented With thirty-nine rose-colored stones. The scepter of his Majesty the Emperor had been made by M. Odiot; it was of silver, entwined with a golden serpent, and surmounted by a globe on which Charlemagne was seated. The hand of Justice and the crown, as well as the sword, were of most exquisite workmanship, but it would take too long to describe them; they were from the establishment of M. Biennais.

At nine o'clock in the morning the Pope left the Tuileries for Notre Dame, in a carriage drawn by eight handsome gray horses. From the imperial of the coach rose a tiara surrounded by the insignia of the papacy in gilt bronze, while the first chamberlain of his Holiness, mounted on a mule, preceded the carriage, bearing a silver gilt cross.

There was an interval of about one hour between the arrival of the Pope at Notre Dame and that of their Majesties, who left the Tuileries precisely at eleven o'clock, which fact was announced by numerous salutes of artillery. Their Majesties' carriage, glittering with gold and adorned with magnificent paintings, was drawn by eight bay horses superbly caparisoned.

Above the imperial of this coach was a crown supported by four eagles with extended wings. The panels of this carriage, which was the object of universal admiration, were of glass instead of wood; and it was so built that the back was exactly like the front, which similarity caused their Majesties, on entering it, to make the absurd mistake of placing themselves on the front seat. The Empress was first to perceive this, and both she and her husband were much amused.

I could not attempt to describe the cortege, although I still retain most vivid recollections of the scene, because 1 should have too much to say. Picture to yourself, then, ten thousand cavalry superbly mounted, defiling between two rows of infantry equally imposing, each body covering a distance of nearly half a league. Then think of the number of the equipages, of their magnificence, the splendor of the trappings of the horses, and of the uniforms of the soldiers; of the crowds of musicians playing coronation marches, added to the ringing of bells and booming of cannon; then to all this add the effect produced by this immense multitude of from four to five hundred

thousand spectators; and still one would be very far from obtaining a correct idea of this astonishing magnificence.

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In the month of December it is very rare that the weather is fine, but on that day the heavens seemed auspicious to the Emperor and just as he entered the archiepiscopal church, quite a heavy fog, which had lasted all the morning, was suddenly dissipated, and a brilliant flood of sunlight added its splendor to that of the cortege. This singular circumstance was remarked by the spectators, and increased the enthusiasm.

All the streets through which the cortege passed were carefully cleared and sanded; and the inhabitants decorated the fronts of their houses according to their varied taste and means, with drapery, tapestry, colored paper, and some even with garlands of yew-leaves, almost all the shops on the Quai des Orfevres being ornamented with festoons of artificial flowers.

The religious ceremony lasted nearly four hours, and must have been extremely fatiguing to the principal actors. The personal attendants were necessarily on duty continually in the apartment prepared for the Emperor at the archiepiscopal palace; but the curious (and all were so) relieved each other from time to time, and each thus had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony at leisure.

I have never heard before or since such imposing music: it was the composition of Messieurs Paesiello, Rose, and Lesueur, precentors of their Majesties; and the orchestra and choruses comprised the finest musicians of Paris. Two orchestras with four choruses, including more than three hundred musicians, were led, the one by M. Persuis, the other by M. Rey, both leaders of the Emperor's bands. M. Lais, first singer to his Majesty, M. Kreutzer, and M. Baillot, first violinists of the same rank, had gathered the finest talent which the imperial chapel, the opera, and the grand lyric theaters possessed, either as instrumental players or male and female singers. Innumerable military bands, under the direction of M. Lesuem, executed heroic marches, one of which, ordered by the Emperor from M. Lesueur for the army of Boulogne, is still to-day, according to the judgment of connoisseurs, worthy to stand in the first rank of the most beautiful and most imposing musical compositions. As for me, this music affected me to such an extent that I became pale and trembling, and convulsive tremors ran through all my body while listening to it.

His Majesty would not allow the Pope to touch the crown, but placed it on his head himself. It was a golden diadem, formed of oak and laurel leaves. His Majesty then took the crown intended for the Empress, and, having donned it himself for a few moments, placed it on the brow of his august wife, who knelt before him. Her agitation was so great that she shed tears, and, rising, fixed on the Emperor a look of tenderness and gratitude; and the Emperor returned her glance without abating in the least degree the dignity required by such an imposing ceremony before so many witnesses.

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In spite of this constraint their hearts understood each other in the midst of the brilliancy and applause of the assembly, and assuredly no idea of divorce entered the Emperor's mind at that moment; and, for my part, I am very sure that this cruel separation would never have taken place if her Majesty the Empress could have borne children, or even if the young Napoleon, son of the King of Holland and Queen Hortense, had not died just at the time the Emperor had decided to adopt him. Yet I must admit that the fear, or rather the certainty, of Josephine not bearing him an heir to the throne, drove the Emperor to despair; and I have many times heard him pause suddenly in the midst of his work, and exclaim with chagrin, "To whom shall I leave all this?"

After the mass, his Excellency, Cardinal Fesch, grand almoner of France, bore the Book of the Gospels to the Emperor, who thereupon, from his throne, pronounced the imperial oath in a voice so firm and distinct that it was heard by all present. Then, for the twentieth time perhaps, the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur' sprang to the lips of all, the 'Te Deum' was chanted, and' their Majesties left the church in the same manner as they had entered. The Pope remained in the church about a quarter of an hour after the sovereigns; and, when he rose to withdraw, universal acclamations accompanied him from the choir to the portal.

Their Majesties did not return to the chateau until half-past six, and the Pope not till nearly seven. On their entrance to the church, their Majesties passed through the archbishop's palace, the buildings of which, as I have said, communicated with Notre Dame by means of a wooden gallery. This gallery, covered with slate, and hung with magnificent tapestry, ended in a platform, also of wood, erected before the principal entrance, and made to harmonize perfectly with the gothic architecture of this handsome metropolitan church. This platform rested upon four columns, decorated with inscriptions in letters of gold, enumerating the names of the principal towns of France, whose mayors had been deputized to attend the coronation. Above these columns was a painting in relief, representing Clovis and Charlemagne seated on their thrones, scepter in hand; and in the center of this frontispiece were presented the arms of the Empire, draped with the banners of the sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor, while on each side were towers, surmounted by golden eagles. The inside of this portico, as well as the gallery, was shaped like a roof, painted sky-blue, and sown with stars.

The throne of their Majesties was erected on a stage in the shape of a semicircle, and covered with a bluff carpet studded with bees, and was reached by twenty-two steps. The throne, draped in red velvet, was also covered by a pavilion of the same color, the left wing of which extended over the Empress, the princesses, and their maids of honor, and the right over the two brothers of the Emperor, with the arch-chancellor and the arch-treasurer.

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Nothing could be grander than the bird's-eye view of the garden of the Tuileries on the evening of this auspicious day, the grand parterre, encircled by illuminated colonnades from arch to arch of which were festooned garlands of rose-colored lights; the grand promenade outlined by columns, above which stars glittered; the terraces on each side filled with orange-trees, the branches of which were covered with innumerable lights; while every tree on the adjoining walks presented as brilliant a spectacle; and finally, to crown all this magnificent blaze of light, an immense star was suspended above the Place de la Concorde, and outshone all else. This might in truth be called a palace of fire.

On the occasion of the coronation his Majesty made magnificent presents to the metropolitan church. I remarked, among other things, a chalice ornamented with bas-reliefs, designed by the celebrated Germain, a pyx, two flagons with the waiter, a holy-water vessel, and a plate for offerings, the whole in silver gilt, and beautifully engraved. By the orders of his Majesty, transmitted through the minister of the interior, there was also presented to M. d'Astros, canon of Notre Dame, a box containing the crown of thorns, a nail, and a piece of the wood of the true cross, and a small vial, containing, it was said, some of the blood of our Lord, with an iron scourge which Saint Louis had used, and a tunic which had also belonged to that king.

In the morning Marshal Murat, Governor of Paris, had given a magnificent breakfast to the princes of Germany who had come to Paris in order to be present at the coronation; and after breakfast the marshal-governor conveyed them to Notre Dame in four carriages, each drawn by six horses, accompanied by an escort of a hundred men on horseback, and commanded by one of his aides-de-camp. This escort was especially noticeable for the elegance and richness of its uniforms.

The day after this grand and memorable solemnity was one of public rejoicing. From the early morning an immense crowd of the populace, enjoying the magnificent weather, spread itself over the boulevards, the quays, and the public squares, on which were prepared an infinite variety of amusements.

The heralds-at-arms went at an early hour through all the public places, throwing to the crowd, which pressed around them, medals struck in memory of the coronation. These medals represented on one side the likeness of the Emperor, his brow encircled with the crown of the Caesars, with this motto: Napoleon, Empereur. On the reverse side was the figure of a magistrate, with the attributes of his office around him, and that of an ancient warrior, bearing on a shield a hero crowned, and covered with the imperial mantle. Above was written: The Senate and the People. Soon after the passage of the heralds-at-arms the rejoicings commenced, and were prolonged far into the evening.

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There had been erected on the Place Louis XV., which was called then the Place de la Concorde, four large square rooms of temporary woodwork, for dancing and waltzing. Stages for the presentation of pantomimes and farces were placed on the boulevards here and there; groups of singers and musicians executed national airs and warlike marches; greased poles, rope-dancers, sports of all kinds, attracted the attention of promenaders at every step, and enabled them to await without impatience the illuminations and the fireworks.

The display of fireworks was most admirable. From the Place Louis XV. to the extreme end of the Boulevard Saint-Antoine, ran a double line of colored lights in festoons. The palace of the Corps-Legislatif, formerly the Garde-Meuble, was resplendent with lights, and the gates of Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin were covered with lamps from top to bottom.

In the evening all those interested betook themselves to the quays and bridges, in order to witness the fireworks which were set off from the Bridge de la Concorde (now called Bridge Louis XVI.), and which far surpassed in magnificence all that had ever been seen.

CHAPTER XXII.

Wednesday, Dec. 5, three days after the coronation, the Emperor made a distribution of the colors on the Champ-de-Mars.

In front of Ecole-Militaire a balcony was erected, covered with awnings, and placed on a level with the apartments on the first floor. The middle awning, supported by four columns, each one of which was a gilded figure representing Victory, covered the throne on which their Majesties were seated. A most fortunate precaution, for on that day the weather was dreadful; the thaw had come suddenly, and every one knows what a Paris thaw is.

Around the throne were ranged princes and princesses, grand dignitaries, ministers, marshals of the Empire, grand officers of the crown, the ladies of the court, and the council of state.

This balcony was divided on the right and left into sixteen compartments, decorated with banners, and crowned with eagles, these divisions representing the sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor. Those on the right were occupied by the Senate, the officers of the Legion of Honor, the court of appeals, and the chiefs of the national treasury, and those on the left by the Tribunate and the Corps-Legislatif.

At each end of the balcony was a pavilion. That on the side next the city was styled the imperial tribune, and intended for foreign princes, while the diplomatic corps and foreign personages of distinction filled the other pavilion.

From this gallery an immense staircase descended into the Champ-de-Mars, the first step of which formed a bench below the tribunes, and was occupied by the presidents of the cantons, the prefects, the sub-prefects, and the members of the municipal council. On each side of this staircase were placed the colossal figures of France making peace and France making war. Upon the steps were seated the colonels of regiments, and the presidents of the electoral colleges of the department, holding aloft the imperial eagles.

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The cortege of their Majesties set out at noon from the chateau of the Tuileries, in the same order adopted at the coronation: the chasseurs of the guard and the squadrons of mamelukes marching in front, the Legion d' Elite and the mounted grenadiers following the municipal guard; while the grenadiers of the guard closed up the line. Their Majesties having entered l'Ecole-Militaire, received the homage of the diplomatic corps, who were stationed for this purpose in the reception-rooms. Then the Emperor and Empress, having donned their insignia of royalty, took their seats upon the throne, while the air was rent with reiterated discharges of artillery and universal acclamations. At a given signal the deputations of the army, scattered over the Champ-de-Mars, placed themselves in solid column, and approached the throne amid a flourish of trumpets. The Emperor then rose, and immediately a deep silence ensued, while in a loud, clear tone he pronounced these words, "Soldiers, behold your standards! These eagles will serve you always as a rallying point. They will go wherever your Emperor may judge their presence necessary for the defense of his throne and of his people. Will you swear to sacrifice even your lives in their defense, and to keep them always by your valor in the path to victory? Do you swear it?"—"We swear it," repeated all the colonels in chorus, while the presidents of the colleges waved the flags they bore. "We swear it," said in its turn the whole army, while the bands played the celebrated march known as "The March of the Standards."

This intense enthusiasm was communicated to the spectators, who, in spite of the rain, pressed in crowds upon the terraces which surrounded the enclosure of the Champ-de-Mars. Soon the eagles took their designated places, and the army defiled in divisions before the throne of their Majesties.

Although nothing had been spared to give this ceremony every possible magnificence, it was by no means brilliant. It is true, the object of the occasion was imposing; but how could an impressive ceremony be held in a deluge of melted snow, and amid a sea of mud, which was the appearance the Champ-de-Mars presented that day? The troops were under arms from six in the morning, exposed to rain, and forced to endure it with no apparent necessity so at least they regarded it. The distribution of standards was to these men nothing more than a review; and surely it must strike a soldier as a very different matter to brave the weather on the field of battle, from what it is to stand idle, exposed to it for hours, with shining gun and empty cartridge-box, on a parade-day.

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The cortege returned to the Tuileries at five o'clock, after which there was a grand banquet in the gallery of Diana, at which the Pope, the sovereign elector of Ratisbonne, the princes and princesses, the grand dignitaries, the diplomatic corps, and many other persons were guests. Their Majesties' table was placed in the midst of the gallery, upon a platform, and covered with a magnificent canopy, under which the Emperor seated himself on the right of the Empress, and the Pope on her left. The serving was done by the pages. The grand chamberlain, the grand equerry, and the colonel-general of the guard stood before his Majesty; the grand marshal of the palace on his right, and in front of the table, and lower down, the prefect of the palace; on the left, and opposite the grand marshal, was the grand master of ceremonies; all these also standing. On either side of their Majesties' table were those of their imperial highnesses, of the diplomatic corps, of the ministers and grand officers, and lastly that of the ladies of honor. At night there was given a reception, concert, and ball. The day after the distribution of the eagles, his imperial highness Prince Joseph presented to his Majesty the presidents of the electoral colleges of the departments; and the presidents of the colleges of the arrondissements and their prefects were next introduced, and received by his Majesty.

The Emperor conversed with the greater part of these officials on the needs of each department, and thanked them for their zeal in assisting him. Then he recommended to them especially the execution of the conscript law. "Without conscription," said his Majesty, "we should have neither power nor national independence. All Europe is subject to conscription. Our success and the strength of our position depend on our having a national army, and it is necessary to maintain this advantage with the greatest care."

These presentations occupied several days, during which his Majesty received in turn, and always with the same ceremonial, the presidents of the high courts of justice, the presidents of the councils-general of departments, the subprefects, the deputies of the colonies, the mayors of the thirty-six principal cities, the presidents of the cantons, the vice-presidents of the chambers of commerce, and the presidents of the consistories.

Some days later the city of Paris gave, in honor of their Majesties, a fete whose brilliance and magnificence surpassed any description that could possibly be given. On this occasion the Emperor, the Empress, and the princes Joseph and Louis, rode together in the coronation carriage; and batteries placed upon the Pont-Neuf announced the moment at which their Majesties began to ascend the steps of the Hotel de Ville. At the same time, buffets with pieces of fowl and fountains of wine attracted an immense crowd to the chief squares of each of the twelve municipalities of Paris, almost every individual of which had his share in the distribution

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of eatables, thanks to the precaution which the authorities took of distributing to none except those who presented tickets. The front of the Hotel de Ville was brilliant with colored lamps; but what seemed to me the finest part of the whole display was a vessel pierced for eighty cannon, whose decks, masts, sails, and cordage were distinctly outlined in colored lights. The crowning piece of all, which the Emperor himself set off, represented the Saint-Bernard as a volcano in eruption, in the midst of glaciers covered with snow. In it appeared the Emperor, glorious in the light, seated on his horse at the head of his army, climbing the steep summit of the mountain. More than seven hundred persons attended the ball, and yet there was no confusion. Their Majesties withdrew early. The Empress, on entering the apartment prepared for her at the Hotel de Ville, had found there a most magnificent toilets-service, all in gold. After it was brought to the Tuileries it was for many days her Majesty's chief source of entertainment and subject of conversation. She wished every one to see and admire it; and, in truth, no one who saw it could fail to do so. Their Majesties gave permission that this, with a service which the city had presented to the Emperor, should be placed on exhibition for several days, for the gratification of the public.

After the fireworks a superb balloon was sent up, the whole circumference of which, with the basket, and the ropes which attached it to the balloon, were decorated with countless festoons of colored lights. This enormous body of colored fire rising slowly and majestically into the air was a magnificent spectacle. It remained suspended for a while exactly over the city of Paris, as if to wait till public curiosity was fully satisfied, then, having reached a height at which it encountered a more rapid current of air, it suddenly disappeared, driven by the wind towards the south. After its disappearance it was thought of no more, but fifteen days later a very singular incident recalled it to public attention.

While I was dressing the Emperor the first day of the year, or the day before, one of his ministers was introduced; and the Emperor having inquired the news in Paris, as he always did of those whom he saw early in the morning, the minister replied, "I saw Cardinal Caprara late yesterday evening, and I learned from him a very singular circumstance." —"What was it? about what?" and his Majesty, imagining doubtless that it was some political incident, was preparing to carry off his minister into his cabinet, before having completed his toilet, when his Excellency hastened to add, "Oh, it is nothing very serious, Sire! Your Majesty doubtless remembers that they have been discussing lately in the circle of her Majesty the Empress the chagrin of poor Garnerin, who has not succeeded up to this time in finding the balloon which he sent up on the day of the fete given to your Majesty by the

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city of Paris. He has at last received news of his balloon."—"Where did it fall?" asked the Emperor. "At Rome, Sire!"—"Ah, that is really very singular."—"Yes, Sire; Garnerin's balloon has thus, in twenty-four hours, shown your imperial crown in the two capitals of the world." Then the minister related to his Majesty the following details, which were published at the time, but which I think sufficiently interesting to be repeated here.

Garnerin had attached to his balloon the following notice: "The balloon carrying this letter was sent up at Paris on the evening of the 25th Frimaire (Dec. 16) by Monsieur Garnerin, special aeronaut of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and ordinary aeronaut of the French government, on the occasion of a fete given by the city of Paris to the Emperor Napoleon, celebrating his coronation. Whoever finds this balloon will please inform M. Garnerin, who will go to the spot."

The aeronaut expected, doubtless, to receive notice next day that his balloon had fallen in the plain of Saint-Denis, or in that of Grenelle; for it is to be presumed that he hardly dreamed of going to Rome when he engaged to go to the spot. More than fifteen days passed before he received the expected notice; and he had probably given up his balloon as lost, when there came the following letter from the nuncio of his Holiness:

"Cardinal Caprara is charged by his Excellency Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State of His Holiness, to remit to M. Garnerin a copy of a letter dated Dec. 18. He hastens to send it, and also to add a copy of the note which accompanied it. The cardinal also takes this occasion to assure Monsieur Garnerin of his highest esteem."

To this letter was added a translation of the report made to the cardinal, secretary of state at Rome, by the Duke of Mondragone, and dated from Anguillora, near Rome, Dec. 18:

"Yesterday evening about twenty-four o'clock there passed through the air a globe of astonishing size, which fell upon Lake Bracciano, and had the appearance of a house. Boatmen were sent to bring it to land; but they were not able to do so, as a high wind prevailed, accompanied by snow. This morning early they succeeded in bringing it ashore. This globe is of oiled silk, covered with netting, and the wire gallery is a little broken. It seems to have been lighted by lamps and colored lanterns, of which much debris remains. Attached to the globe was found the following notice." (Which is given above).

Thus we see that this balloon, which left Paris at seven o'clock on the evening of Dec. 16, had fallen next day, the 17th, near Rome, at twenty-four o'clock, that is to say, at sunset. It had crossed France, the Alps, *etc*., and passed over a space of more than three hundred leagues in twenty-two hours, its rate of speed being then fifteen leagues

(45 miles) per hour; and, what renders this still more remarkable, is the fact that its weight was increased by decorations weighing five hundred pounds.

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An account of the former trips of this balloon will not be without interest. Its first ascension was made in the presence of their Prussian Majesties and the whole court, upon which occasion it carried M. Garnerin, his wife, and M. Gaertner, and descended upon the frontiers of Saxony.

The second ascension was at St. Petersburg, in the presence of the Emperor, the two Empresses, and the court, carrying Monsieur and Madame Garnerin; and it fell a short distance off in a marsh. This was the first balloon ascension ever seen in Russia.

The third trial was also at St. Petersburg, in the presence of the imperial family. M. Garnerin ascended, accompanied by General Suolf; and the two travelers were transported across the Gulf of Friedland in three-quarters of an hour, and descended at Krasnoe-selo, twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg. The fourth trial took place at Moscow, and Garnerin ascended more than four thousand toises [24,000 ft.] He had many harrowing experiences, and at the end of seven hours descended three hundred and thirty versts [200 miles] from Moscow, in the neighborhood of the old frontiers of Russia. This same balloon was again used at the ascension which Madame Garnerin made at Moscow with Madame Toucheninolf, in the midst of a frightful storm, and amid flashes of lightning which killed three men within three hundred paces of the balloon, at the very instant of the ascension. These ladies descended without accident twenty-one versts from Moscow.

The city of Paris gave a gratuity of six hundred francs to the boatmen who had drawn out of Lake Bracciano the balloon, which was brought back to Paris, and placed in the museum of the Hotel de Ville.

I was a witness that same day of the kindness with which the Emperor received the petition of a poor woman, a notary's wife, I believe, whose husband had been condemned on account of some crime, I know not what, to a long imprisonment. As the carriage of their Imperial Majesties passed before the Palais-Royal, two women, one already old, the other sixteen or seventeen years of age, sprang to the door, crying, "Pardon for my husband, pardon for my father."

The Emperor immediately, in a loud tone, gave the order to stop his carriage, and held out his hand for the petition which the older of the two women would give to no one but him, at the same time consoling her with kind words, and showing a most touching interest lest she might be hurt by the horses of the marshals of the empire, who were on each side of the carriage. While this kindness of his august brother was exciting to the highest pitch the enthusiasm and sensibilities of the witnesses of this scene, Prince Louis, seated on the front seat of the carriage, also leaned out, trying to reassure the trembling young girl, and urging her to comfort her mother, and count with certainty on the Emperor's favorable consideration. The mother and daughter, overcome by their emotion, could make no reply; and as the cortege passed on, I saw the former on the

point of falling in a swoon. She was carried into a neighboring house, where she revived, and with her daughter shed tears of gratitude and joy.

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The Corps Legislatif had decreed that a statue, in white marble, should be erected to the Emperor in their assembly hall, to commemorate the completion of the Civil Code. On the day of the unveiling of this monument, her Majesty the Empress, the princes Joseph, Louis, Borghese, Bacciochi, and their wives, with other members of the imperial family, deputations of the principal orders of the state, the diplomatic corps, and many foreigners of distinction, the marshals of the empire, and a considerable number of general officers, assembled at seven o'clock in the evening at the palace of the Legislative Corps.

As the Empress appeared in the hall, the entire assembly rose, and a band of music, stationed in the neighboring stand, rendered the well-known chorus from Gluck, "How many charms! What majesty!" Scarcely had the first strains of this chorus been heard than each one was struck with the happy coincidence, and applause burst forth from all sides.

By invitation of the president, Marshals Murat and Massena unveiled the statue; and all eyes were fixed on this image of the Emperor, his brows encircled with a crown of laurel, and entwined with oak and olive leaves. When silence had succeeded to the acclamations excited by this sight, M. de Vaublanc mounted the tribune, and pronounced a discourse, which was loudly applauded in the assembly, whose sentiments it faithfully expressed.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "you have celebrated the completion of the Civil Code of France by an act of admiration and of gratitude; you have awarded a statue to the illustrious prince whose firmness and perseverance have led to the completion of that grand work, while at the same time his vast intelligence has shed a most glorious light over this noble department of human institutions. First Consul then, Emperor of the French to-day, he appears in the temple of the laws, his head adorned with a triumphal crown as victory has so often adorned it, while foretelling that this should change to the diadem of kings, and covered with the imperial mantle, noble attribute of the highest of dignities.

"Doubtless, on this solemn day, in presence of the princes and the great of the state, before the august person whom the Empire honors for her beautiful character even more than for the high rank of which her virtues render her so worthy, in this glorious fete in which we would reunite all France, you will permit my feeble voice to be raised a moment, and to recall to you by what immortal actions Napoleon entered upon this wonderful career of power and honor.

"If praise corrupts weak minds, it is the nourishment of great souls; and the grand deeds of heroes are ties which bind them to their country. To recapitulate them is to say that we expect from them a combination of those grand thoughts, those generous sentiments, those glorious deeds, so nobly rewarded by the admiration and gratitude of the public.

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“Victorious in the three quarters of the world, peacemaker of Europe, legislator of France, having bestowed and added provinces to the Empire, does not this glorious record suffice to render him worthy at one and the same time both of this august title of Emperor of the French, and this monument erected in the temple of the laws? And yet I would wish to make you forget these brilliant recollections which I have just recalled. With a stronger voice than that which sounded his praises, I would say to you: erase from your minds this glory of the legislator, this glory of the warrior, and say to yourselves, before the 18th Brumaire, when fatal laws were promulgated, and when the destructive principles proclaimed anew were already dragging along men and things with a rapidity which it would soon have been impossible to arrest—who appeared suddenly like a beneficent star, who came to abrogate these laws, who filled up the half-open abyss? You have survived, each one of you, through those threatening scenes; you live, and you owe it to him whose image you now behold. You, who were miserable outlaws, have returned, you breathe again the gentle air of your native land, you embrace your children, your wives, your friends; and you owe it to this great man. I speak no longer of his glory, I no longer bear witness to that; but I invoke humanity on the one side, gratitude on the other; and I demand of you, to whom do you owe a happiness so great so extraordinary, so unexpected? . . . And you, each and all, reply with me—to the great man whose image we behold.”

The president repeated in his turn a similar eulogium, in very similar terms; and few persons then dreamed of thinking these praises exaggerated, though their opinions have perhaps changed since.

After the ceremony the Empress, on the arm of the president, passed into the hall of conference, where her Majesty’s table had been prepared under a magnificent dais of crimson silk, and covers for nearly three hundred guests had been laid by the caterer Robert, in the different halls of the palace. To the dinner succeeded a brilliant ball. The most remarkable thing in this fete was the indescribable luxury of flowers and shrubs, which must doubtless have been collected at great expense, owing to the severity of the winter. The halls of Lucrece and of La Reunion, in which the dancing quadrilles were formed, resembled an immense parterre of roses, laurel, lilac, jonquils, lilies, and jessamine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was the 2d of January, 1805, exactly a month after the coronation, that I formed with the eldest daughter of M. Charvet a union which has been, and will I trust ever be, the greatest happiness of my life. I promised the reader to say very little of myself; and, in fact, how could he be interested in any details of my own private life which did not throw additional light upon the character of the great man about whom

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I have undertaken to write? Nevertheless, I will ask permission to return for a little while to this, the most interesting of all periods to me, and which exerted such an influence upon my whole life. Surely he who recalls and relates his souvenirs is not forbidden to attach some importance to those which most nearly concern himself. Moreover, even in the most personal events of my life, there were instances in which their Majesties took a part, and which, from that fact, are of importance in enabling the reader to form a correct estimate of the characters of both the Emperor and the Empress.

My wife's mother had been presented to Madame Bonaparte during the first campaign in Italy, and she had been pleased with her; for Madame Bonaparte, who was so perfectly good, had, in her own experience, also endured trials, and knew how to sympathize with the sorrows of others.

She promised to interest the General in the fate of my father-in-law, who had just lost his place in the treasury. During this time Madame Charvet was in correspondence with a friend of her husband, who was, I think, the courier of General Bonaparte; and the latter having opened and read these letters addressed to his courier, inquired who was this young woman that wrote such interesting and intelligent letters, and Madame Charvet well deserved this double praise. My father-in-law's friend, while replying to the question of the General-in-chief, took occasion to relate the misfortunes of the family, and the General remarked that, on his return to Paris, he wished to meet M. and Madame Charvet; in consequence of which they were presented to him, and Madame Bonaparte rejoiced to learn that her protegees had also become those of her husband. It had been decided that M. Charvet should follow the General to Egypt; but when my father-in-law arrived at Toulon, Madame Bonaparte requested that he should accompany her to the waters of Plombieres. I have previously related the accident which occurred at Plombieres, and that M. Charvet was sent to Saint-Germain to bring Mademoiselle Hortense from the boarding-school to her mother. On his return to Paris, M. Charvet searched through all the suburbs to find a country-seat, as the General had charged his wife to purchase one during his absence.

When Madame Bonaparte decided on Malmaison, M. Charvet, his wife, and their three children were installed in this charming residence.

My father-in-law was very faithful to the interests of these benefactors of his family, and Madame Charvet often acted as private secretary to Madame Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Louise, who became my wife, and Mademoiselle Zoe, her younger sister, were favorites of Madame Bonaparte, especially the latter, who passed more time than Louise at Malmaison. The condescension of their noble protectress had rendered this child so familiar, that she said thou habitually to Madame Bonaparte. One day she said

to her, “Thou art happy. Thou hast no mamma to scold thee when thou tearest thy dresses.”

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During one of the campaigns that I made while in the service of the Emperor, I wrote to my wife, inquiring about the life that her sister led at Malmaison. In her answer, among other things, she said (I copy a passage from one of her letters): "Sometimes we take part in performances such as I had never dreamed of. For instance, one evening the saloon was divided in half by a gauze curtain, behind which was a bed arranged in Greek style, on which a man lay asleep, clothed in long white drapery. Near the sleeper Madame Bonaparte and the other ladies beat in unison (not in perfect accord, however) on bronze vases, making, as you may imagine, a terrible kind of music. During this charivari, one of the gentlemen held me around the waist, and raised me from the ground, while I shook my arms and legs in time to the music. The concert of these ladies awoke the sleeper, who stared wildly at me, frightened at my gestures, then sprang up and ran with all his might, followed by my brother, who crept on all fours, representing a dog, I think, which belonged to this strange person. As I was then a mere child, I have only a confused idea of all this; but the society of Madame Bonaparte seemed to be much occupied with similar amusements."

When the First Consul went to live at Saint-Cloud, he expressed his high opinion of my father-in-law in the most flattering manner, and made him concierge of the chateau, which was a confidential position, the duties and responsibilities of which were considerable.

M. Charvet was charged with organizing the household; and, by orders of the First Consul, he selected from among the old servants of the queen those to whom he gave places as porters, scrubbers, and grooms of the chateau, and he gave pensions to those unable to work.

When the chateau took fire in 1802, as I have related previously, Madame Charvet, being several months pregnant, was terribly frightened; and as it was not thought best to bleed her, she became very ill, and died at the age of thirty years. Louise had been at a boarding-school for several years; but her father now brought her home to keep house for him, though she was then only twelve years old. One of her friends has kindly allowed me to see a letter which Louise addressed to her a short time after our marriage, and from which I have made the following extracts:

"On my return from boarding-school I went to see her Majesty the Empress (then Madame Bonaparte) at the Tuileries. I was in deep mourning. She took me on her knee, and tried to console me, saying that she would be a mother to me, and would find me a husband. I wept, and said that I did not wish to marry. Not at present,' replied her Majesty, I but that will come; be sure of it. I was, however, by no means persuaded that this would be the case. She caressed me a while longer, and I withdrew. When the First Consul was at Saint-Cloud, all the chiefs of the different departments of the household service assembled

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in the apartments of my father, who was the most popular, as well as the eldest, member of the household. M. Constant, who had seen me as a child at Malmaison, found me sufficiently attractive at Saint-Cloud to ask me of my father, subject to the approval of their Majesties; and it was decided that we should be married after the coronation. I was fourteen years old fifteen days after our marriage.“Both my sister and I are always received with extreme kindness by her Majesty the Empress; and whenever, for fear of annoying her, we let some time pass without going to see her, she complains of it to my father. She sometimes admits us to her morning toilet, which is conducted in our presence, and to which are admitted in her apartments only her women; and a few persons of her household, who, like us, count among their happiest moments those in which they can thus behold this adored princess. The conversations are almost always delightful, and her Majesty frequently relates anecdotes which a word from one or another of us recalls to her.”

Her Majesty the Empress had promised Louise a dowry; but the money which she intended for that she spent otherwise, and consequently my wife had only a few jewels of little value and two or three pieces of stuff.

M. Charvet was too refined to recall this promise to her Majesty’s recollection. However, that was the only way to get anything from her; for she knew no better how to economize than how to refuse. The Emperor asked me a short time after my marriage what the Empress had given my wife, and on my reply showed the greatest possible vexation; no doubt because the sum that had been demanded of him for Louise’s dowry had been spent otherwise. His Majesty the Emperor had the goodness, while on this subject, to assure me that he himself would hereafter look after my interests, and that he was well satisfied with my services, and would prove it to me.

I have said above that my wife’s younger sister was the favorite of her Majesty the Empress; and yet she received on her marriage no richer dowry than Louise, nevertheless, the Empress asked to have my sister-in-law’s husband presented to her, and said to him in the most maternal tone, “Monsieur, I recommend my daughter to you, and I entreat you to make her happy. She deserves it, and I earnestly hope that you know how to appreciate her!” When my sister-in-law, fleeing from Compiegne, in 1814, went with her husband’s mother to Evreux for her confinement, the Empress sent by her first valet de chambre every thing necessary for a young woman in that condition, and, even reproached her with not having come to Navarre.

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My sister-in-law had been reared in the same boarding-school as Mademoiselle Josephine Tallien, god-daughter of the Empress, who has since married M. Pelet de la Lozere, and another daughter of Madame Tallien, Mademoiselle Clemence Cabarus. The school was conducted by Madame Vigogne, widow of the colonel of that name, and an old friend of the Empress, who had advised her to take a boarding-school, and promised to procure for her as many pupils as she could. This institution prospered under the direction of this lady, who was distinguished for her intelligence and culture; and she frequently brought to the Empress these protegees, with other young persons who by good conduct had earned this reward; and this was made a powerful means of exciting the emulation of these children, whom her Majesty overwhelmed with caresses, and presented with little gifts.

One morning just as Madame Vigogne was about to visit the Empress, and was descending the staircase to enter her carriage, she heard piercing cries in one of the schoolrooms, and, hastening to the spot, saw a young girl with her clothing on fire. With a presence of mind worthy of a mother, Madame Vigogne wrapped her pupil in the long train of her dress, and thus extinguished the flames, not, however, until the hands of the courageous instructress had been most painfully burned. She made the visit to her Majesty in this condition, and related to her the sad accident which had occurred; while her Majesty, who was easily moved by everything noble and generous, overwhelmed her with praises for her courage, and was so deeply touched that she wept with admiration, and ordered, her private physician to give his best services to Madame Vigogne and her young pupil.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Empress Josephine was of medium height, with an exquisite figure; and in all her movements there was an airiness and grace which gave to her walk something ethereal, without detracting from the majesty of the sovereign. Her expressive countenance portrayed all the emotions of her soul, while retaining the charming sweetness which was its ruling expression. In pleasure, as in grief, she was beautiful, and even against your will you would smile when she smiled; if she was sad, you would be also. Never did a woman justify better than she the expression that the eyes are the mirror of the soul. Hers were of a deep blue, and nearly always half closed by her long lids, which were slightly arched, and fringed with the most beautiful lashes in the world; in regarding her you felt yourself drawn to her by an irresistible power. It must have been difficult for the Empress to give severity to that seductive look; but she could do this, and well knew how to render it imposing when necessary. Her hair was very beautiful, long and silken, its nut-brown tint contrasting exquisitely with the dazzling whiteness of her fine fresh complexion. At the commencement of her supreme power, the Empress still liked to adorn her head in the morning with a red madras handkerchief, which gave her a most piquant Creole air, and rendered her still more charming.

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But what more than all else constituted the inexpressible charm of the Empress's presence were the ravishing tones of her voice. How many times have I, like many others, stopped suddenly on hearing that voice; simply to enjoy the pleasure of listening to it. It cannot perhaps be said that the Empress was a strictly beautiful woman; but her lovely countenance, expressing sweetness and good nature, and the angelic grace diffused around her person, made her the most attractive of women.

During her stay at Saint-Cloud, the Empress rose habitually at nine o'clock, and made her first toilet, which lasted till ten; then she passed into a saloon, where she found assembled those persons who had solicited and obtained the favor of an audience; and sometimes also at this hour, and in the same saloon, her Majesty received her tradespeople; and at eleven o'clock, when the Emperor was absent, she breakfasted with her first lady of honor and a few others. Madame de la Rochefoucauld, first lady of honor to the Empress, was a hunchback, and so small that it was necessary, when she was to have a place at the table, to heighten the seat of her chair by another very thick cushion made of violet satin. Madame de la Rochefoucauld knew well how to efface, by means of her bright and sparkling, though somewhat caustic wit, her striking elegance, and her exquisite court manners, any unpleasant impression which might be made by her physical deformity.

Before breakfast the Empress had a game of billiards; or, when the weather was good, she walked in the gardens or in the inclosed park, which recreation lasted only a short while, and her Majesty soon returned to her apartments, and occupied herself with embroidery, while talking with her ladies, like herself, occupied with some kind of needlework. When it happened that they were not interrupted by visits, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon the Empress took a drive in an open barouche; and on her return from this the grand toilet took place, at which the Emperor was sometimes present.

Now and then, also, his Majesty surprised the Empress in her saloon; and we were sure to find him, on those occasions, amusing, amiable, and in fine spirits.

At six o'clock dinner was served; this the Emperor frequently forgot, and delayed it indefinitely, in consequence of which dinner was more than once eaten at nine or ten o'clock in the evening. Their Majesties dined together alone, or in the company of a few invited guests, princes of the imperial family, or ministers, after which there was a concert, reception, or the theater; and at midnight every one retired except the Empress, who greatly enjoyed sitting up late, and then played backgammon with one of the chamberlains. The Count de Beaumont was thus honored most frequently.

On the days of the chase the Empress and her ladies followed in the coach. They had a special costume for this occasion, consisting of a kind of green riding-habit, and a hat ornamented with white plumes. All the ladies who followed the chase dined with their Majesties.

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When the Empress spent the night in the Emperor's apartment, I entered in the morning, as usual, between seven and eight o'clock, and nearly always found the august spouses awake. The Emperor usually ordered tea, or an infusion of orange flowers, and rose immediately, the Empress saying to him, with a laugh, "What, rising already? Rest a little longer."—"Well, you are not asleep, then?" replied his Majesty, rolling her over in the covering, giving her little slaps on her cheeks and shoulders, laughing, and kissing her.

At the end of a few moments the Empress rose also, put on a wrapper, and read the journals, or descended by the little communicating stairway to her own apartment, never leaving the Emperor without a few words expressing the most touching affection and good-will.

Elegant and simple in her dress, the Empress submitted with regret to the necessity of toilets of state. Jewels, however, were much to her taste; and, as she had always been fond of them; the Emperor presented her with them often and in great quantities; and she greatly enjoyed adorning herself with them, and still more exhibiting them to the admiration of others.

One morning, when my wife was present at her toilet, her Majesty related that, being newly married to M. de Beauharnais, and much delighted with the ornaments he had given her, she was in the habit of carrying them around in her reticule (reticules were then an essential part of a woman's dress), and showing them to her young friends.

As the Empress spoke of her reticule, she ordered one of her ladies to hunt for one to show my wife. The lady whom the Empress addressed could scarcely repress a laugh at this singular request, and assured her Majesty that there was nothing similar to that now in her wardrobe; to which the Empress replied, with an air of regret, that she would have really liked to see again one of her old reticules, and that the years hall brought great changes. The jewels of the Empress Josephine could hardly have been contained in the reticule of Madame de Beauharnais, however long or deep it might have been; for the jewel case which had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette, and which had never been quite full, was too small for the Empress. One day, when she wished to exhibit all her ornaments to several ladies who expressed a desire to see them, it was necessary to prepare a large table on which to place the caskets; and, as this table was not sufficient, several other pieces of furniture were also covered with them.

Good to excess, as everyone knows, sympathetic beyond all expression, generous even to prodigality, the Empress made the happiness of all who surrounded her; loving her husband with a devotion which nothing ever changed, and which was as deep in her last moments as at the period when Madame Beauharnais and General Bonaparte made to each other a mutual avowal of their love. Josephine was long the only woman loved by the Emperor, as she well deserved to have ever

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been; and for several years the harmony of this imperial household was most touching. Attentive, loving, and entirely devoted to Josephine, the Emperor took pleasure in embracing her neck, her figure, giving her taps, and calling her 'ma grosse bete'; all of which did not prevent, it is true, his being guilty of some infidelities, but without failing otherwise in his conjugal duties. On her side the Empress adored him, sought by every means to please him, to divine his wishes, and to forestall his least desires.

At first she gave her husband cause for jealousy. Having been strongly prejudiced against her by indiscreet reports, during the campaign of Egypt, the Emperor on his return had explanations with her, which did not always end without lamentations and violent scenes; but peace was soon restored, and was thereafter very rarely broken, for the Emperor could not fail to feel the influence of so many attractions and such loveliness.

The Empress had a remarkable memory, of which the Emperor often availed himself; she was also an excellent musician, played well on the harp, and sang with taste. She had perfect tact, an exquisite perception of what was suitable, the soundest, most infallible judgment imaginable, and, with a disposition always lovely, always the same, indulgent to her enemies as to her friends, she restored peace wherever there was quarrel or discord. When the Emperor was vexed with his brothers or other persons, which often happened, the Empress spoke a few words, and everything was settled. If she demanded a pardon, it was very rare that the Emperor did not grant it, however grave the crime committed; and I could cite a thousand examples of pardons thus solicited and obtained. One occurrence which is almost personal to me will sufficiently prove how all-powerful was the intercession of this good Empress.

Her Majesty's head valet being one day a little affected by the wine he had taken at a breakfast with some friends, was obliged, from the nature of his duties, to be present at the time of their Majesties' dinner, and to stand behind the Empress in order to take and hand her the plates. Excited by the fumes of the champagne, he had the misfortune to utter some improper words, which, though pronounced in a low tone, the Emperor unfortunately overheard. His Majesty cast lightning glances at M. Frere, who thus perceived the gravity of his fault; and, when dinner was over, gave orders to discharge the impudent valet, in a tone which left no hope and permitted no reply.

Monsieur Frere was an excellent servant, a gentle, good, and honest man; it was the first fault of this kind of which he could be accused, and consequently he deserved indulgence. Application was made to the grand marshal, who refused to intercede, well knowing the inflexibility of the Emperor; and many other persons whom the poor man begged to intercede for him having replied as the grand marshal had done, M. Frere came in despair to bid us adieu. I dared

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to take his cause in hand, with the hope that by seizing a favorable moment I might succeed in appeasing his Majesty. The order of discharge required M. Frere to leave the palace in twenty-four hours; but I advised him not to obey it, but to keep himself, however, constantly concealed in his room, which he did. That evening on retiring, his Majesty spoke to me of what had passed, showing much anger, so I judged that silence was the best course to take; and therefore waited; but the next day the Empress had the kindness to tell me that she would be present at her husband's toilet, and that, if I thought proper to open the matter, she would sustain me with all her influence. Consequently, finding the Emperor in a good humor, I spoke of M. Frere; and depicting to his Majesty the despair of this poor man, I pointed out to him the reasons which might excuse the impropriety of his conduct. "Sire," said I, "he is a good man, who has no fortune, and supports a numerous family; and if he has to quit the service of her Majesty the Empress, it will not be believed that it was on account of a fault for which the wine was more to be blamed than he, and he will be utterly ruined." To these words, as well as to many other suggestions, the Emperor only replied by interruptions, made with every appearance of a decided opposition to the pardon which I had requested. Fortunately the Empress was good enough to come to my assistance, and said to her husband in her own gentle tones, always so touching and full of expression, "Mon ami, if you are willing to pardon him, you will be doing me a favor." Emboldened by this powerful patronage, I renewed my solicitations; to which the Emperor at last replied abruptly, addressing himself to both the Empress and myself, "In short, you wish it; well, let him stay then."

Monsieur Frere thanked me with his whole heart, and could hardly believe the good news which I brought him; and as for the Empress, she was made happy by the joy of this faithful servant, who gave her during the remainder of his life every proof of his entire devotion. I have been assured that, in 1814, on the departure of the Emperor for the Island of Elba, Monsieur Frere was by no means the last to blame my conduct, the motive of which he could not possibly know; but I am not willing to believe this, for it seems to me that in his place, if I thought I could not defend an absent friend, I should at least have kept silence.

As I have said, the Empress was extremely generous, and bestowed much in alms, and was most ingenious in finding occasions for their bestowal. Many emigres lived solely on her benefactions; she also kept up a very active correspondence with the Sisters of Charity who nursed the sick, and sent them a multitude of things. Her valets were ordered to go in every direction, carrying to the needy the assistance of her inexhaustible benevolence, while numerous other persons also received each day similar commissions; and all these alms, all these multiplied gifts which were so widely diffused, received an inestimable value from the grace with which they were offered, and the good judgment with which they were distributed. I could cite a thousand instances of this delicate generosity.

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Monsieur de Beauharnais had at the time of his marriage to Josephine a natural daughter named Adele. The Empress reared her as if she had been her own daughter, had her carefully educated, gave her a generous dowry, and married her to a prefect of the Empire.

If the Empress showed so much tenderness for a daughter who was not her own, it is impossible to give an idea of her love and devotion to Queen Hortense and Prince Eugene, which devotion her children fully returned; and there was never a better or happier mother. She was very proud of her children, and spoke of them always with an enthusiasm which seemed very natural to all who knew the Queen of Holland and the Vice-King of Italy. I have related how, having been left an orphan at a very early age by the Revolutionary scaffold, young Beauharnais had gained the heart of General Bonaparte by an interview in which he requested of him his father's sword, and that this action inspired in the General a wish to become acquainted with Josephine, and the result of that interview, all of which events are matters of history. When Madame de Beauharnais had become the wife of General Bonaparte, Eugene entered on a military career, and attached himself immediately to the fortunes of his step-father, whom he accompanied to Italy in the capacity of aide-de-camp. He was chief of squadron in the chasseurs of the Consular Guard, and at the immortal battle of Marengo shared all the dangers of the one who took so much pleasure in calling him his son. A few years later the chief of squadron had become Vice-King of Italy, the presumptive heir of the imperial crown (a title which, in truth, he did not long preserve), and husband of the daughter of a king.

The vice-queen (Augusta Amelia of Bavaria) was handsome and good as an angel. I happened to be at Malmaison on the day the Empress received the portrait of her daughter-in-law, surrounded by three or four children, one upon her shoulder, another at her feet, and a third in her arms, all of whom had most lovely faces. The Empress, seeing me, deigned to call me to admire with her this collection of charming heads; and I perceived that, while speaking, her eyes were full of tears. The portraits were well painted, and I had occasion later to find that they were perfect likenesses. From this time the only question was playthings and rare articles of all sorts to be bought for these dear children, the Empress going in person to select the presents she desired for them, and having them packed under her own eyes.

The prince's valet has assured me that, at the time of the divorce, Prince Eugene wrote his wife a very desponding letter, and perhaps expressed in it some regret at not being an adopted son of the Emperor, to which the Princess replied most tenderly, saying, among other things, "It is not the heir of the Emperor whom I married and whom I love, but it is Eugene de Beauharnais." The Prince read this sentence and some others in the presence of the person from whom I have these facts, and who was touched even to tears. Such a woman deserved more than a throne.

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After that event, so grievous to the heart of the Empress, and for which she never found consolation, she left Malmaison no more, except to make a few visits to Navarre.

Each time that I returned to Paris with the Emperor, I had no sooner arrived than my first duty was to go to Malmaison, though I was rarely the bearer of a letter from the Emperor, as he wrote to Josephine only on extraordinary occasions. "Tell the Empress I am well, and that I wish her to be happy," were almost invariably the parting words of the Emperor as I set out. The moment I arrived the Empress quitted everything to speak to me; and I frequently remained an hour and often two hours with her; during which time there was no question of anything save the Emperor. I must tell her all that he had suffered on the journey, if he had been sad or gay, sick or well; while she wept over the details as I repeated them, and gave me a thousand directions regarding his health, and the cares with which she desired I should surround him. After this she deigned to question me about myself, my prospects, the health of my wife, her former protegee; and at last dismissed me, with a letter for his Majesty, begging me to say to the Emperor how happy she would be if he would come to see her.

Before his departure for Russia, the Empress, distressed at this war, of which she entirely disapproved, again redoubled her recommendations concerning the Emperor, and made me a present of her portrait, saying to me, "My good Constant, I rely on you; if the Emperor were sick, you would inform me of it, would you not? Conceal nothing from me, I love him so much."

Certainly the Empress had innumerable means of hearing news of his Majesty; but I am persuaded that, had she received each day one hundred letters from those near the Emperor, she would have read and reread them with the same avidity.

When I had returned from Saint-Cloud to the Tuileries, the Emperor asked me how Josephine was, and if I found her in good spirits; he received with pleasure the letters I brought, and hastened to open them. All the time I was traveling, or on the campaign in the suite of his Majesty, in writing to my wife, I spoke of the Emperor, and the good princess was delighted that she showed my letters to her. In fact, everything having the least connection with her husband interested the Empress to a degree which proved well the singular devotion that she still felt for him after, as before, their separation. Too generous, and unable to keep her expenses within her income, it often happened that the Empress was obliged to send away her furnishers unpaid the very day she had herself fixed for the settlement of their bills; and as this reached the ears of the Emperor on one occasion, there ensued a very unpleasant scene between the Empress and himself, ending in a decision, that in future no merchant or furnisher should come to the chateau without a letter from the lady of attire or secretary of orders; and this plan, once decided upon, was followed very closely until the divorce. During this explanation the Empress wept freely, and promised to be more economical, upon which the Emperor pardoned and embraced her, and peace was made, this being, I think, the last quarrel of this nature which disturbed the imperial household.

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I have heard that after the divorce, the allowance of the Empress having been exceeded, the Emperor reproached the superintendent of Malmaison with this fact, who in turn informed Josephine. His kind-hearted mistress, much distressed at the annoyance which her steward had experienced, and not knowing how to establish a better order of things, assembled a council of her household, over which she presided in a linen dress without ornament; this dress had been made in great haste, and was used only this once. The Empress, whom the necessity for a refusal always reduced to despair, was continually besieged by merchants, who assured her that they had made such or such a thing expressly for her own use, begging her not to return it because they would not be able to dispose of it; in consequence of which the Empress kept everything they brought, though they afterwards had to be paid for.

The Empress was always extremely polite in her intercourse with the ladies of her household; and a reproach never came from those lips which seemed formed to say only pleasant things; and if any of her ladies gave her cause of dissatisfaction, the only punishment she inflicted was an absolute silence on her part, which lasted one, two, three, or even eight days, the time being longer or shorter according to the gravity of the fault. And indeed this penalty, apparently so mild, was really very cruel to many, so well did the Empress know how to make herself adored by those around her.

In the time of the Consulate, Madame Bonaparte often received from cities which had been conquered by her husband, or from those persons who desired to obtain her intercession with the First Consul, quantities of valuable furniture, curiosities of all kinds, pictures, stuffs, *etc*. At first these presents delighted Madame Bonaparte greatly; and she took a childish pleasure in having the cases opened to find what was inside, personally assisting in unpacking them, and rummaging through all these pretty things. But soon these consignments became so considerable, and were so often repeated, that it was found necessary to place them in an apartment, of which my father-in-law kept the key, and where the boxes remained untouched until it pleased Madame Bonaparte to have them opened.

When the First. Consul decided that he would take up his residence at Saint-Cloud, my father-in-law was obliged to leave Malmaison, and install himself in the new palace, as the master wished him to take charge there.

Before leaving Malmaison, my father-in-law rendered an account to Madame Bonaparte of everything committed to his care, and all the cases which were piled up from floor to ceiling in two rooms were opened in her presence. Madame Bonaparte was astonished at such marvelous riches, comprising marbles, bronzes, and magnificent pictures, of which Eugene, Hortense, and the sisters of the First Consul received a large part, and the remainder was used in decorating the apartments of Malmaison.

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The Empress's love of ornaments included for a while antique curiosities, cut stones, and medals. M. Denon flattered this whim, and ended by persuading the good Josephine that she was a perfect connoisseur in antiques, and that she should have at Malmaison a cabinet, a keeper for it, *etc*. This proposition, which flattered the self-love of the Empress, was favorably received; the room was selected, M. de M—— made keeper, and the new cabinet enriched by diminishing in the same proportion the rich furniture of the apartments of the chateau. M. Denon, who had originated this idea, took upon himself to make a collection of medals; but this idea, which came so suddenly, vanished as suddenly; the cabinet was changed into a saloon for guests, and the antiques relegated to the antechamber of the bathing hall, while M. de M——, having no longer anything to keep, remained constantly in Paris.

A short time after this, two ladies of the palace took a fancy to persuade the Empress that nothing could be handsomer or more worthy of her than a necklace of Greek and Roman antique stones perfectly matched. Several chamberlains approved the idea, which, of course, pleased the Empress, for she was very fond of anything unique; and consequently one morning, as I was dressing the Emperor, the Empress entered, and, after a little conversation, said, "Bonaparte, some ladies have advised me to have a necklace made of antique stones, and I came to ask you to urge M. Denon to select only very handsome ones." The Emperor burst out laughing, and refused flatly at first; but just then the grand marshal of the palace arrived, and the Emperor informed him of this request of the Empress, asking his opinion. M. le due de Frioul thought it very reasonable, and joined his entreaties to those of the Empress. "It is an egregious folly," said the Emperor; "but we are obliged to grant it, because the women wish it, so, Duroc, go to the cabinet of antiques, and choose whatever is necessary."

M. le due de Frioul soon returned with the finest stones in the collection, which the crown jeweler mounted magnificently; but this ornament was of such enormous weight that the Empress never wore it.

Though I may be accused of making tiresome repetitions, I must say that the Empress seized, with an eagerness which cannot be described, on all occasions of making benefactions. For instance, one morning when she was breakfasting alone with his Majesty, the cries of an infant were suddenly heard proceeding from a private staircase. The Emperor was annoyed at this, and with a frown, asked sharply what that meant. I went to investigate, and found a new-born child, carefully and neatly dressed, asleep in a kind of cradle, with a ribbon around its body from which hung a folded paper. I returned to tell what I had seen; and the Empress at once exclaimed, "O Constant! bring me the cradle." The Emperor would not permit this at first, and expressed his

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surprise and disapprobation that it should have been thus introduced into the interior of his apartments, whereupon her Majesty, having pointed out to him that it must have been done by some one of the household, he turned towards me, and gave me a searching look, as if to ask if it was I who had originated this idea. I shook my head in denial. At that moment the baby began to cry, and the Emperor could not keep from smiling, still growling, and saying, “Josephine, send away that monkey!”

The Empress, wishing to profit by this return of good humor, sent me for the cradle, which I brought to her. She caressed the little new-born babe, quieted it, and read the paper attached to which was a petition from its parents. Then she approached the Emperor, insisting on his caressing the infant himself, and pinching its fat little cheeks; which he did without much urging, for the Emperor himself loved to play with children. At last her Majesty the Empress, having placed a roll of napoleons in the cradle, had the little bundle in swaddling clothes carried to the concierge of the palace, in order that he might restore it to its parents.

I will now give another instance of the kindness of heart of her Majesty the Empress, of which I had the honor to be a witness, as well as of the preceding.

A few days before the coronation, a little girl four and a half years old had been rescued from the Seine; and a charitable lady, Madame Fabien Pillet, was much interested in providing a home for the poor orphan. At the time of the coronation, the Empress, who had been informed of this occurrence, asked to see this child, and having regarded it a few moments with much emotion, offered her protection most gracefully and sincerely to Madame Pillet and her husband, and announced to them that she would take upon herself the care of the little girl’s future; then, with her usual delicacy and in the affectionate tone which was so natural to her, the Empress added, “Your good action has given you too many claims over the poor little girl for me to deprive you of the pleasure of completing your work, I therefore beg your permission to furnish the expenses of her education. You have the privilege of putting her in boarding-school, and watching over her; and I wish to take only a secondary position, as her benefactress.” It was the most touching sight imaginable to see her Majesty, while uttering these delicate and generous words, pass her hands through the hair of the poor little girl, as she had just called her, and kiss her brow with the tenderness of a mother. M. and Madame Pillet withdrew, for they could no longer bear this touching scene.

CHAPTER XXV.

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The appointment of General Junot as ambassador to Portugal recalled to my recollection a laughable anecdote concerning him, which greatly amused the Emperor. While in camp at Boulogne, the Emperor had published in the order of the day that every soldier should discard powder, and arrange his hair ‘a la Titus’, on which there was much murmuring; but at last all submitted to the order of the chief, except one old grenadier belonging to the corps commanded by General Junot. Not being able to decide on the sacrifice of his oily tresses or his queue, the old soldier swore he would submit to it only in case his general would himself cut off the first lock; and all the officers interested in this affair having succeeded in getting no other reply, at last reported him to the general. “That can be managed; bring the idiot to me!” replied he. The grenadier was called, and General Junot himself applied the scissors to an oiled and powdered lock; after which he gave twenty francs to the grumbler, who went away satisfied to let the barber of the regiment finish the operation.

The Emperor having been informed of this adventure, laughed most heartily, and praised Junot, complimenting him on his condescension.

I could cite a thousand similar instances of the kindness of heart joined to military brusqueness which characterized General Junot, and could also cite those of another kind, which would do less honor to his name. The slight control he had over himself often threw him into transports of rage, the most ordinary effect of which was forgetfulness of his rank and the dignity of demeanor which it demanded of him. Every one has heard the adventure of the gambling-house, when he tore up the cards, upset the furniture, and beat both bankers and croupiers, to indemnify himself for the loss of his money; and the worst of it was, he was at that very time Governor of Paris. The Emperor, informed of this scandal, sent for him, and demanded of him (he was still very angry), if he had sworn to live and die mad. This might have been, from the sequel, taken as a prediction; for the unfortunate general died at last in a fit of mental aberration. He replied in such improper terms to the reprimands of the Emperor that he was sent, perhaps in order that he might have time to calm himself, to the army of England. It was not only in gaming-houses, however, that the governor thus compromised his dignity; for I have heard other stories about him of a still more shocking character, which I will not allow myself to repeat. The truth is, General Junot prided himself much less on respecting the proprieties than on being one of the best pistol-shots in the army. While riding in the country, he would often put his horse into a gallop, and with a pistol in each hand, never fail to cut off, in passing, the heads of the ducks or chickens which he took as his target. He could cut off a small twig from a tree at twenty-five paces; and I have even heard it said (I am far from guaranteeing the truth of this) that on one occasion, with the consent of the party whose imprudence thus put his life in peril, he cut half in two the stem of a clay pipe, hardly three inches long, which a soldier held between his teeth.

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In the first journey which Madame Bonaparte made into Italy to rejoin her husband, she remained some time at Milan. She had at that time in her service a ‘femme de chambre’ named Louise, a large and very beautiful woman, and who showed favors, well remunerated however, to the brave Junot. As soon as her duties were ended, Louise, far more gorgeously attired than Madame Bonaparte, entered an elegant carriage, and rode through the city and the principal promenades, often eclipsing the wife of the General-in-chief. On his return to Paris, the latter obliged his wife to dismiss the beautiful Louise, who, abandoned by her inconstant lover, fell into great destitution; and I often saw her afterwards at the residence of Josephine begging aid, which was always most kindly granted. This young woman, who had dared to rival Madame Bonaparte in elegance, ended by marrying, I think, an English jockey, led a most unhappy life, and died in a miserable condition.

The First Consul of the French Republic, now become Emperor of the French, could no longer be satisfied with the title of President of Italy. Therefore, when new deputies of the Cisalpine Republic passed over the mountains, and gathered at Paris for consultation, they conferred on his Majesty the title of King of Italy, which he accepted, and a few days after his acceptance he set out for Milan, where he was to be crowned.

I returned with the greatest pleasure to that beautiful country, of which, notwithstanding the fatigues and dangers of war, I retained the most delightful recollections. How different the circumstances now! As a sovereign the Emperor was now about to cross the Alps, Piedmont, and Lombardy, each gorge, each stream, each defile of which we had been obliged in a former visit to carry by force of arms. In 1800 the escort of the First Consul was a warlike army; in 1805 it was a peaceful procession of chamberlains, pages, maids of honor, and officers of the palace.

Before his departure the Emperor held in his arms at the baptismal font, in company with Madame his mother, Prince Napoleon Louis, second son of his brother Prince Louis. [The third son lived to become Napoleon *iii*.] The three sons of Queen Hortense had, if I am not much mistaken, the Emperor as godfather; but he loved most tenderly the eldest of the three, Prince Napoleon Charles, who died at the age of five years, Prince Royal of Holland. I shall speak afterwards of this lovely child, whose death threw his father and mother into the most overwhelming grief, was the cause of great sorrow to the Emperor, and may be considered as the source of the gravest events.

After the baptismal fetes we set out for Italy, accompanied by the Empress Josephine. Whenever it was convenient the Emperor liked to take her with him; but she always desired to accompany her husband, whether or not this was the case.

The Emperor usually kept his journey a profound secret up to the moment of his departure, and ordered at midnight horses for his departure to Mayence or Milan, exactly as if a hunt at Saint-Cloud or Rambouillet was in question.

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On one of his journeys (I do not remember which), his Majesty had decided not to take the Empress Josephine. The Emperor was less disturbed by this company of ladies and women who formed her Majesty's suite, than he was by the annoyance of the bandboxes and bundles with which they were usually encumbered, and wished on this occasion to travel rapidly, and without ostentation, and spare the towns on his route an enormous increase of expense.

He therefore ordered everything to be in readiness for his departure, at one o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Empress was generally asleep; but, in spite of all precautions, some slight noise warned the Empress of what was taking place. The Emperor had promised her that she should accompany him on his first journey; but he had deceived her, nevertheless, and was about to set out without her! She instantly called her women; but vexed at their slowness, her Majesty sprang out of bed, threw on the first clothing she found at hand, and ran out of her room in slippers and without stockings. Weeping like a little child that is being taken back to boarding-school, she crossed the apartments, flew down the staircase, and threw herself into the arms of the Emperor, as he was entering his carriage, barely in time, however, for a moment later he set out. As almost always happened at the sight of his wife's tears, the Emperor's heart was softened; and she, seeing this, had already entered the carriage, and was cowering down in the foot, for the Empress was scantily clad. The Emperor covered her with his cloak, and before starting gave the order in person that, with the first relay, his wife should receive all she needed.

The Emperor, leaving his wife at Fontainebleau, repaired to Brienne, where he arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and found Mesdames de Brienne and Lomenie, with several ladies of the city, awaiting him at the foot of the staircase to the chateau. He entered the saloon, and received most graciously all persons who were presented to him, and then passed into the garden, conversing familiarly with Mesdames Brienne and Lomenie, and recalling with surprising accuracy the smallest particulars of the stay which he made during his childhood at the military school of Brienne.

His Majesty invited to his table at dinner his hostesses and a few of their friends, and afterwards made a party at a game of whist with Mesdames de Brienne, de Vandeuvre, and de Nolivres. During this game, as also at the table, his conversation was animated and most interesting, and he displayed such liveliness and affability that every one was delighted.

His Majesty passed the night at the chateau of Brienne, and rose early to visit the field of la Rothiere, one of his favorite walks in former days. He revisited with the greatest pleasure those spots where his early youth had been passed, and pointed them out with a kind of pride, all his movements, all his reflections, seeming to say, "See whence I set out, and where I have arrived."

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His Majesty walked in advance of the persons who accompanied him, and took much pleasure in being first to call by their names the various localities he passed. A peasant, seeing him thus some distance from his suite, cried out to him familiarly, “Oh, citizen, is the Emperor going to pass soon?”—“Yes,” replied the Emperor, “have patience.”

The Emperor had inquired the evening before, of Madame Brienne, news of Mother Marguerite. Thus was styled a good woman who dwelt in a cottage, in the midst of the forest, and on whom the, pupils of the military academy were accustomed to make frequent visits. He had not forgotten her name, and learning, with as much joy as surprise, that she still lived, the Emperor, extended his morning ride, and galloping up to the door of the cottage, alighted from his horse, and entered the home of the good old peasant. Her sight was impaired by age; and besides, the Emperor had changed so much since she had seen him that it would have been difficult even for the best eyes to recognize him. “Good-day, Mother Marguerite,” said his Majesty, saluting the old woman; “so you are not curious to see the Emperor?”—“Yes, indeed, my good sir; I am very curious to see him; so much so, that here is a little basket of fresh eggs that I am going to carry to Madame; and I shall then remain at the chateau, and endeavor to see the Emperor. But the trouble is, I shall not be able to see him so well to-day as formerly, when he came with his comrades to drink milk at Mother Marguerite’s. He was not Emperor then; but that was nothing, he made the others step around! Indeed, you should have seen him! The milk, the eggs, the brown bread, the broken dishes though he took care to have me paid for everything, and began by paying his own bill.”—-“What! Mother Marguerite,” replied his Majesty, smiling, “you have not forgotten Bonaparte!”—“Forgotten! my good sir; you think that any one would forget such a young man as he, who was wise, serious, and sometimes even sad, but always good to poor people? I am only a poor peasant woman, but I could have predicted that this young man would make his way. He has not done it very badly, has he? Ah, no, indeed!”

During this short dialogue, the Emperor had at first turned his back to the door, and consequently to the light, which entered the cottage only by that means. But, by degrees; the Emperor approached the good woman; and when he was quite near her, with the light shining full on his face from the door, he began to rub his hands and say, trying to recall the tone and manner of the days of his early youth, when he came to the peasant’s house, “Come, Mother Marguerite, some milk and fresh eggs; we are famishing.” The good old woman seemed trying to revive her memories, and began to observe the Emperor with the closest attention. “Oh, yes, Mother, you were so sure a while ago of knowing Bonaparte again. Are we not old acquaintances, we two?” The peasant, while the Emperor was

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addressing these last words to her, had fallen at his feet; but he raised her with the most touching kindness, and said to her, “The truth is, Mother Marguerite, I have still a schoolboy’s appetite. Have you nothing to give me?” The good woman, almost beside herself with happiness, served his Majesty with eggs and milk; and when this simple repast was ended, his Majesty gave his aged hostess a purse full of gold, saying to her, “You know, Mother Marguerite, that I believe in paying my bills. Adieu, I shall not forget you.” And while the Emperor remounted his horse, the good old woman, standing on the threshold of her door, promised him, with tears of joy, to pray to the good God for him.

One morning, when he awoke, his Majesty was speaking of the possibility of finding some of his old acquaintances; and an anecdote concerning General Junot was related to him, which amused him greatly. The General finding himself, on his return from Egypt, at Montbard, where he had passed several years of his childhood, had sought with the greatest care for his companions in school and mischief, and had found several, with whom he had talked gayly and freely of his early frolics and his schoolboy excursions. As they went together to revisit the different localities, each of which awakened in them some memory of their youth, the general saw an old man majestically promenading on the public square with a large cane in his hand. He immediately ran up to him, threw his arms around him, and embraced him many times, almost suffocating him. The promenader disengaged himself with great difficulty from his warm embraces, regarded General Junot with an amazed air, and remarked that he was ignorant to what he could attribute such excessive tenderness from a soldier wearing the uniform of a superior officer, and all the indications of high rank. “What,” cried he, “do you not recognize me?”—“Citizen General, I pray you to excuse me, but I have no idea”—“Ah, morbleu, my dear master, have you forgotten the most idle, the most lawless, the most incorrigible of your scholars?”—“A thousand pardons, you are Monsieur Junot.”—“Himself!” replied Junot, renewing his embraes, and laughing with his friends at the singular characteristics by which he had caused himself to be recognized. As for his Majesty the Emperor, if any of his old masters had failed to recognize him, it could not be by reminiscences of this kind that he could have recalled himself to them; for every one knows that he was distinguished at the military school for his application to work, and the regularity and sobriety of his life.

A meeting of the same nature, saving the difference in recollections, awaited the Emperor at Brienne. While he was visiting the old military school, now falling to ruin, and pointing out to the persons who surrounded him the situation of the study halls, dormitories, refectories, *etc*., an ecclesiastic who had been tutor of one of the classes in the school was presented to him. The Emperor recognized him immediately; and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, his Majesty conversed more than twenty minutes with this gentleman, leaving him full of gratitude.

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The Emperor, before leaving Brienne to return to Fontainebleau, required the mayor to give him a written account of the most pressing needs of the commune, and left on his departure a considerable sum for the poor and the hospitals.

Passing through Troyes, the Emperor left there, as everywhere else, souvenirs of his generosity. The widow of a general officer, living in retirement at Joinville (I regret that I have forgotten the name of this venerable lady, who was more than an octogenarian), came to Troyes, notwithstanding her great age, to ask aid from his Majesty. Her husband having served only before the Revolution, the pension which she had enjoyed had been taken from her under the Republic, and she was in the greatest destitution. The brother of General Vouittemont, mayor of a commune in the suburbs of Troyes, was kind enough to consult me as to what should be done in order to present this lady to the Emperor; and I advised him to have her name placed on the list of his Majesty's private audiences. I myself took the liberty of speaking of Madame de to the Emperor; and the audience was granted, though I do not pretend to attribute the merit of it to myself, for in traveling the Emperor was always very accessible.

When the good lady came to attend the audience with M. de Vouittemont, to whom his municipal scarf gave the right of entrance, I happened to meet them, and she stopped to thank me for the little service which she insisted I had rendered her, and mentioned that she had been obliged to pawn the six silver plates which alone remained to her, in order to pay the expenses of her journey; that, having arrived at Troyes in a poor farm wagon, covered with a cloth thrown over a hoop, and which had shaken her terribly, she could find no place in the inns, all of which were filled on account of the arrival of their Majesties; and she would have been obliged to sleep in her wagon had it not been for the kind consideration of M. de Vouittemont, who had given up his room to her, and offered his services. In spite of her more than eighty years, and her distress, this respectable lady related her story with an air of gentle gayety, and at the close threw a grateful glance at her guide, on whose arm she was leaning.

At that moment the usher came to announce that her turn had come, and she entered the saloon of audience. M. de Vouittemont awaited her return while conversing with me; and on her return she related to us, scarcely able to control her emotion, that the Emperor had in the kindest manner received the memorial she presented to him, had read it attentively, and passed it to a minister who was near him, with the order to do her justice this very day.

The next day she received the warrant for a pension of three thousand francs, the first year's pay being handed her at once.

At Lyons, of which Cardinal Fesch was archbishop, the Emperor lodged in the archiepiscopal palace. [Joseph Fesch, born in Corsica, 1763, was half-brother to Napoleon's mother. Archbishop of Lyons 1801, cardinal 1803, died 1839]

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During the stay of their Majesties the cardinal exerted himself to the utmost to gratify every wish of his nephew; and in his eagerness to please, monseigneur applied to me many times each day to be assured that nothing was lacking; so everything passed off admirably. The zeal of the cardinal was remarked by all the household; but for my part I thought I perceived that the zeal displayed by monseigneur in the reception of their Majesties took on an added strength whenever there was a question of all the expenses incurred by this visit, which were considerable, being paid by them. His eminence, I thought, drew very fine interest on his investment, and his generous hospitality was handsomely compensated by the liberality of his guests.

The passage of Mont Cenis was by no means so difficult as had been that of Mont St. Bernard; although the road, which has since been made by the Emperor's orders, was not then commenced. At the foot of the mountain they were obliged to take the carriage to pieces, and transport it on the backs of mules; and their Majesties crossed the mountain partly on foot, partly in very handsome sedan chairs which had been made at Turin, that of the Emperor lined with crimson satin, and ornamented with gold lace and fringes, and that of the Empress in blue satin, with silver lace and fringes. The snow had been carefully swept off and removed. On their arrival at the convent they were most warmly received by the good monks; and the Emperor, who had a singular affection for them, held a long conversation with them, and did not depart without leaving rich and numerous tokens of his liberality. As soon as he arrived at Turin he gave orders for the improvement of their hospice, which he continued to support till his fall.

Their Majesties remained several days at Turin, where they occupied the former palace of the kings of Sardinia, constituted the imperial residence by a decree of the Emperor during our stay, as was also the castle of Stupinigi, situated a short distance from the town.

The Pope rejoined their Majesties at Stupinigi; the Holy Father had left Paris almost at the same time as ourselves, and before his departure had received from the Emperor magnificent presents. Among these was a golden altar with chandeliers, and holy vessels of the richest workmanship, a superb tiara, Gobelin tapestries, and carpets from the Savonnerie, with a statue of the Emperor in Sevres porcelain. The Empress also made to his Holiness a present of a vase of the same manufacture, adorned with paintings by the best artists. This masterpiece was at least four feet in height, and two feet and a half in diameter at the mouth, and was made expressly to be offered to the Holy Father, the painting representing, if my memory is correct, the ceremony of the coronation.

Each of the cardinals in the suite of the Pope had received a box of beautiful workmanship, with the portrait of the Emperor set in diamonds; and all the persons attached to the service of Pius *vii*. had presents more or less considerable, all these

various articles being brought by the furnishers to the apartments of his Majesty, where I took a list of them, by order of his Majesty, as they arrived.

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The Holy Father also made in return very handsome presents to the officers of the Emperor’s household whose duties had brought them near his person during his stay at Paris.

From Stupinigi we went to Alexandria. The Emperor, the next day after his arrival, rose early, visited the fortifications of the town, reviewed all the positions of the battlefield of Marengo, and returned only at seven o’clock, and after having broken down five horses. A few days after he wished the Empress to see this famous plain, and by his orders an army of twenty-five or thirty thousand men was assembled. The morning of the day fixed for the review of these troops, the Emperor left his apartment dressed in a blue coat with long skirts, much worn, and even with holes in some places. These holes were the work of moths and not of balls, as has been said in certain memoirs. On his head his Majesty wore an old hat edged with gold lace, tarnished and frayed, and at his side a cavalry saber, such as the generals of the Republic wore; this was the coat, hat, and sword that he had worn on the day of the battle of Marengo. I afterwards lent these articles to Monsieur David, first painter to his Majesty, for his picture of the passage of Mont St. Bernard. A vast amphitheater had been raised on this plain for the Empress and the suite of their Majesties; the day was perfect, as is each day of the month of May in Italy. After riding along the ranks, the Emperor took his seat by the side of the Empress, and made to the troops a distribution of the cross of the Legion of Honor, after which he laid the corner stone of a monument, which he had directed to be raised on the plain to the memory of the soldiers who had fallen on the battlefield. When his Majesty, in the short address which he made to the army on this occasion, pronounced in a strong voice, vibrating with emotion, the name of Desaix, who here died gloriously for his country, a murmur of grief ran through the ranks of the soldiers. As for me, I was moved to tears; and as my eyes fell on this army, on its banners, on the costume of the Emperor, I was obliged to turn from time to time towards the throne of her Majesty the Empress, to realize that this was not the 14th of June in the year 1800.

I think it was during this stay at Alexandria, that Prince Jerome Bonaparte had an interview with the Emperor, in which the latter seriously and earnestly remonstrated with his brother, and Prince Jerome left the cabinet visibly agitated. This displeasure of the Emperor arose from the marriage contracted by his brother, at the age of nineteen, with the daughter of an American merchant.

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His Majesty had this union annulled on the plea of minority, and made a decree forbidding the officers of the civil state to receive, on their registers, the record of the certificate of the celebration of the marriage of Monsieur Jerome with Mademoiselle Patterson. For some time the Emperor treated him with great coolness, and kept him at a distance; but a few days after the interview at Alexandria, he sent him to Algiers to claim as subjects of the Empire two hundred Genoese held as slaves. The young prince acquitted himself handsomely of this mission of humanity, and returned in the month of August to the port of Genoa, with the captives whom he had just released. The Emperor was well satisfied with the manner in which his brother had carried out his instructions, and said on this occasion, that “Prince Jerome was very young and very thoughtless, that he needed more weight in his head, but that, nevertheless, he hoped to make something of him.”

This brother of his Majesty was one among the few persons whom he really loved, although he had often given him just cause for anger.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Their Majesties remained more than a month at Milan, and I had ample leisure to acquaint myself with this beautiful capital of Lombardy. This visit was a continual succession of fetes and gayeties; and it seemed that the Emperor alone had time to give to work, for he shut himself up, as was his custom, with his ministers, while all the persons of his suite and of his household, whose duties did not detain them near his Majesty, were eagerly taking part in the sports and diversions of the Milanese. I will enter into no details of the coronation, as it was almost a repetition of what had taken place at Paris a few months before; and as all solemnities of this sort are alike, every one is familiar with the least details. Amid all these fete days there was one day of real happiness to me: it was that on which Prince Eugene, whose kindness to me I have never forgotten, was proclaimed viceroy of Italy. Truly, no one could be more worthy than he of a rank so elevated, if to attain it only nobility, generosity, courage, and skill in the art of governing, were needed; for never did prince more sincerely desire the prosperity of the people confided to his care. I have often observed how truly happy he was, and what genuine delight beamed from his countenance when he had shed happiness around him.

The Emperor and Empress went one day to breakfast in the environs of Milan, on a little island called Olona. While walking over it, the Emperor met a poor woman, whose cottage was near the place where their Majesties’ table had been set, and he addressed to her a number of questions. “Monsieur,” replied she (not knowing the Emperor), “I am very poor, and the mother of three children, whom I have great difficulty in supporting, because my husband, who is a day laborer, has not always work.”—“How much would it take,” replied his Majesty, “to make you perfectly happy?”—“O Sire, it would take a great deal of money.”—“But how much, my good woman, how much would be necessary?”—-

“Ah, Monsieur, unless we had twenty louis, we would not be above want; but what chance is there of our ever having twenty louis?”

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The Emperor gave her, on the spot, the sum of three thousand francs in gold, and ordered me to untie the rolls and pour them all into the good woman's lap.

At the sight of so much gold the latter grew pale, reeled, and I saw she was fainting. "All, that is too much, Monsieur, that is indeed too much. Surely you could not be making sport of a poor woman!"

The Emperor assured her that it was indeed all hers, and that with this money she could buy a little field, a flock of goats, and raise her children well.

His Majesty did not make himself known; for he liked, in dispensing his benefits, to preserve his incognito, and I knew, during his life, a large number of instances similar to the foregoing. It seems that historians have made it a point to pass them over in silence; and yet it is, I think, by the rehearsal of just such deeds that a correct idea of the Emperor's character can and should be formed.

Deputations from the Ligurian Republic, with the Doge at their head, had come to Milan to entreat the Emperor to annex Genoa and its territory to the Empire, which demand his Majesty took care not to refuse, and by a decree formed of the Genoese states three departments of his Italian kingdom. The Emperor and Empress set out from Milan to visit these departments and some others.

We had been at Mantua a short time, when one evening, about six o'clock, Grand Marshal Duroc gave me an order to remain alone in a little room adjoining that of the Emperor, and informed me that Count Lucien Bonaparte would arrive soon. He came in a few moments; and as soon as he announced himself, I introduced him into, the Emperor's bedroom, and then knocked at the door of the Emperor's cabinet, to inform him of his arrival. After saluting each other, the two brothers shut themselves up in the room, and there soon arose between them a very animated discussion; and being compelled to remain in the little saloon, much against my will, I overheard a great part of the conversation. The Emperor was urging his brother to get a divorce, and promised him a crown if he would do this; but Lucien replied that he would never abandon the mother of his children, which refusal irritated the Emperor so greatly, that his expressions became harsh and even insulting. When this altercation had lasted more than an hour, M. Lucien came out from it in a deplorable condition, pale and disheveled, his eyes red and filled with tears; and we did not see him again, for, on quitting his brother, he returned to Rome.

The Emperor was greatly troubled by this refusal of his brother, and did not open his mouth on retiring. It has been maintained that the disagreement between the brothers was caused by the elevation of the First Consul to the Empire, and Lucien's disapproval of this step; but that is a mistake. It is indeed true that the latter had proposed to continue the Republic under the government of two consuls, who were

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to be Napoleon and Lucien, one to be at the head of the department of war and foreign relations, the other of everything connected with the affairs of the interior; but although the failure of this plan must have disappointed Lucien, the avidity with which he accepted the titles of senator and count of the Empire proved that he cared very little for a republic of which he was not to be one of the heads. I am sure that the marriage of Monsieur Lucien to Madame Jouberthon was the only cause of this disagreement. The Emperor disapproved of this union because the lady's reputation was somewhat doubtful, and she was also divorced from her husband, who had become insolvent, and had fled to America. This insolvency, and the divorce especially, offended Napoleon deeply, who always felt a great repugnance for divorced people.

Before this, the Emperor had wished to raise his brother to the rank of sovereign, by making him marry the Queen of Etruria, who had lost her husband. Lucien had refused this alliance on several different occasions; and at last the Emperor became angry, and said to him, "You see how far you are carrying your infatuation and your foolish love for a femme galante."—"At least," replied Lucien, "mine is young and pretty," alluding to the Empress Josephine, who had been both the one and the other.

The boldness of this reply excited the Emperor's anger beyond all bounds. At that moment he held in his hands his watch, which he dashed with all his might on the floor, crying out, "Since you will listen to nothing, see, I will break you like this watch."

Differences had arisen between the brothers before the establishment of the Empire; and among the acts which caused the disgrace of Lucien, I have often heard the following cited.

Lucien, being minister of the interior, received the order of the First Consul to let no wheat go out of the territory of the Republic. Our warehouses were filled, and France abundantly supplied; but this was not the case in England, and the scarcity of it was beginning to be felt there. It was never known how it happened; but the larger part of this grain passed the Strait of Calais, and it was stated positively that the sum of twenty millions was received for it. On learning this, the First Consul took away the portfolio of the interior from his brother, and appointed him ambassador to Spain.

At Madrid, Monsieur Lucien was well received by the king and the royal family, and became the intimate friend of Don Manuel Godoy, Prince de la Paix. It was during this mission, and by agreement with the Prince de la Paix, that the treaty of Badajos was concluded, in order to procure which it is said that Portugal gave thirty millions. It has been also declared that more than this sum, paid in gold and diamonds, was divided between the two plenipotentiaries, who did not think it necessary to render an account of this transaction to their respective courts.

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Charles *iv*. loved Lucien tenderly, and felt for the First Consul the greatest veneration. After examining carefully several Spanish horses which he intended for the First Consul, he said to his head groom: "How fortunate you are, and how I envy your happiness! you are going to see the great man, and you will speak to him; how I should like to take your place!"

During his embassage Lucien had paid his court to a person of most elevated rank, and had received her portrait in a medallion surrounded with very fine brilliants. I have seen a hundred times this portrait which he wore suspended from his neck by a chain of most beautiful black hair; and far from making a mystery of it, he endeavored, on the contrary, to show it, and bent over so that the rich medallion could be seen hanging on his breast.

Before his departure from Madrid, the king likewise made him a present of his own portrait in miniature, also set in diamonds.

These stones, remounted and set in the form of a hat buckle, passed to the second wife of Lucien. I will now give an account of his marriage with Madame Jouberthon, as related to me by a person who resided in the same house.

The First Consul was informed each day, and very promptly, of all that took place in the interior of the homes of his brothers, a circumstantial account being rendered, even as to the smallest particulars and the slightest details. Lucien, wishing to marry Madame Jouberthon, whom he had met at the house of the Count de L——, an intimate friend of his, wrote between two and three o'clock in the afternoon to Duquesnoy, mayor of the tenth arrondissement, requesting him to come to his residence, Rue Saint Dominique, about eight o'clock in the evening, and bring the marriage register.

Between five and six o'clock Monsieur Duquesnoy, mayor of the tenth arrondissement, received from the chateau of the Tuileries an order not to take the register out of the municipality, and above all not to celebrate any marriage whatever, unless, in accordance with the law, the names of the parties thereto had been published for eight days.

At the hour indicated Duquesnoy arrived at the residence, and asked to speak in private to the count, to whom he communicated the order emanating from the chateau.

Beside himself with anger, Lucien immediately hired a hundred post-horses for himself and friends; and without delay he and Madame Jouberthon, with these friends and the people of his household, took carriages for the chateau of Plessis-Chamant, a pleasure-house half a league beyond Senlis. The cure of the place, who was also associate mayor, was summoned, and at midnight pronounced the civil marriage; then, putting on his sacerdotal robes over the scarf he wore as an officer of the civil state, he bestowed on the fugitives the nuptial benediction. A good supper was then served, at which the assistant and cure were present; but, as he returned to his vicarage about six o'clock in

the morning, he saw at his gate a post-chaise, guarded by two soldiers, and on entering his house, found there an officer of the armed police, who invited him politely to be kind enough to accompany him to Paris. The poor curate thought himself lost; but he was compelled to obey, under penalty of being carried to Paris from one guard-house to another by the police.

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Nothing was left for him but to enter the fatal chaise, which was drawn at a gallop by two good horses, and soon arrived at the Tuileries, where he was brought into the cabinet of the First Consul, who said to him in a voice of thunder, “It is you, then, Monsieur, who marry members of my family without my consent, and without having published the bans, as is your duty in your double character of cure and assistant mayor. You well know that you deserve to be deprived of your office, excommunicated, and tried before the courts.” The unfortunate priest believed himself already in prison; but after a severe lecture he was sent back to his curacy, and the two brothers were never reconciled.

In spite of all these differences, Lucien always counted on the affection of his brother to obtain him a kingdom. I guarantee the authenticity of the following incident, which was related to me by a reliable person: Lucien had in charge of his establishment a friend of his early youth, the same age as himself, and like him born in Corsica, who was named Campi, and enjoyed the most confidential relations in the count’s household. On the day that the ‘Moniteur’ gave a list of the new French princes, Campi was promenading in the handsome gallery of pictures collected by Lucien, with the latter’s young secretary, when the following conversation occurred between them. “You have no doubt read the ‘Moniteur’ of to-day?”—“Yes.”—“You have seen that all the members of the family have had the title of French princes bestowed on them, and the name of monsieur le count alone is wanting to the list.”—“What matters that? There are kingdoms.”—“Considering the care that sovereigns take to keep them, there will hardly be any vacancy.”—“Ah, well, they will be made. All the royal families of Europe are worn out, and we must have new ones.” Thereupon Campi was silent, and advised the young man to hold his tongue, if he wished to preserve the favor of the count. However, it was not long after this before the young secretary repeated this confidential conversation, which, without being singularly striking, gives, however, an idea of the amount of confidence which should be placed in the pretended moderation of Count Lucien, and in the epigrams against his brother and his family which have been attributed to him.

No one in the chateau was ignorant of the hostility which existed between Lucien Bonaparte and the Empress Josephine; and to make their court to the latter the former habitues of Malmaison, now become the courtiers of the Tuileries; were in the habit of relating to her the most piquant anecdotes they could collect relative to the younger brother of the Emperor. Thus it happened that by chance one day I heard a dignified person and a senator of the Empire give the Empress, in the gayest manner imaginable, very minute details as to one of the temporary liaisons of Count Lucien. I do not guarantee the authenticity of the anecdote, and I experience in writing it more embarrassment than the senator displayed in relating it, and omit, indeed, a mass of details which the narrator gave without blushing, and without driving off his audience; for my object is to throw light upon the family secrets of the imperial household, and on the habits of the persons who were nearest the Emperor, and not to publish scandal, though I could justify myself by the example of a dignitary of the Empire.

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Count Lucien (I do not know in what year) established himself in the good graces of Mademoiselle Meserai, an actress of the Theatre Francais, who was both pretty and sprightly. The conquest was not difficult, in the first place, because this had never been her character towards any one, and, secondly, because the artiste knew the great wealth of the count, and believed him to be prodigal. The first attentions of her lover confirmed her in this opinion, and she demanded a house. He at once presented her with one richly and elegantly furnished, the deed being put in her hands on the day she took possession; and each visit of the count added to the actress's wardrobe or jewel-case some new gifts. This lasted some months, at the end of which Lucien became disgusted with his bargain, and began to consider by what means to break it without losing too much. Among other things, he had made mademoiselle a present of a pair of girandoles, containing diamonds of great value. In one of the last interviews, before the count had allowed any signs of coldness to be seen, he perceived the girandoles on the toilet-table of his mistress, and, taking them in his hands, said, "Really, my dear, you do me injustice; why do you not show more confidence in me? I do not wish you to wear jewelry so much out of date as these."—"Why, it has been only six months since you gave them to me."—"I know it; but a woman of good taste, a woman who respects herself, should never wear anything six months old. I will take the ear-rings and send them to de Villiers [he was the count's jeweler] with orders to mount them as I wish." The count was tenderly thanked for so delicate an attention, and put the girandoles in his pocket, with one or two necklaces which had also been his gift, and which did not appear to him sufficiently new in style, and the breach took place before any of these had been returned.

Notwithstanding this, Mademoiselle believed herself well provided for with her furniture and her house, until one morning the true proprietor came to ask her wishes as to making a new lease. She ran to examine her deed, which she had not yet thought to do, and found that it was simply a description of the property, at the end of which was a receipt for two years' rent.

During our stay at Genoa the heat was insupportable; from this the Emperor suffered greatly, saying he had never experienced the like in Egypt, and undressed many times a day. His bed was covered with a mosquito netting, for the insects were numerous and worrying. The windows of the bedroom looked out upon a grand terrace on the margin of the sea, and from them could be seen the gulf and all the surrounding country. The fetes given by the city were superb. An immense number of vessels were fastened together, and filled with orange and citrontrees and shrubs, some covered with flowers, some with fruits, and all combined formed a most exquisite floating garden which their Majesties visited on a magnificent yacht.

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On his return to France, the Emperor made no halt between Turin and Fontainebleau. He traveled incognito, in the name of the minister of the interior, and went at such speed that at each relay they were obliged to throw water on the wheels; but in spite of this his Majesty complained of the slowness of the postilions, and cried continually, “Hurry up! hurry up! we are hardly moving.” Many of the servants’ carriages were, left in the rear; though mine experienced no delay, and I arrived at each relay at the same time as the Emperor.

In ascending the steep hill of Tarare, the Emperor alighted from the carriage, as did also Berthier, who accompanied him; the carriages of the suite being some distance behind, as the drivers had stopped to breathe their horses.

His Majesty saw, climbing the hill a few steps before him, an old, decrepit woman, who hobbled along with great difficulty. As the Emperor approached her he inquired why, infirm as she was, and apparently so fatigued, she should attempt to travel so difficult a road.

“Sir,” replied she, “they tell me the Emperor is to pass along here, and I wish to see him before I die.” His Majesty, who liked to be amused, said to her, “Ah, but why trouble yourself about him? He is a tyrant, like all the rest.” The good woman, indignant at this remark, angrily replied, “At least, Sir, he is our choice; and since we must have a master, it is at least right that we should choose him.” I was not an eye-witness of this incident; but I heard the Emperor himself relate it to Dr. Corvisart, with some remarks upon the good sense of the masses, who, according to the opinion of his Majesty and his chief doctor, had generally formed very correct opinions.

CHAPTER XXVII.

His Majesty the Emperor passed the month of January, 1806, at Munich and Stuttgard, during which, in the first of these two capitals, the marriage of the vice-king and the Princess of Bavaria was celebrated. On this occasion there was a succession of magnificent fetes, of which the Emperor was always the hero, and at which his hosts tried, by every variety of homage, to express to this great man the admiration with which his military genius inspired them.

The vice-king and vice-queen had never met before their marriage, but were soon as much attached to each other as if they had been acquainted for years, for never were two persons more perfectly congenial. No princess, and indeed no mother, could have manifested more affection and care for her children than the vice-queen; and she might well serve as a model for all women. I have been told an incident concerning this admirable princess which I take pleasure in relating here. One of her daughters, who was quite young, having spoken in a very harsh tone to her maid, her most serene

highness the vice-queen was informed of it, and in order to give her daughter a lesson, forbade

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the servants to render the young princess any service, or to reply to any of her demands, from that time. The child at once complained to her mother, who told her gravely that when any one received, like her, the care and attention of all around them, it was necessary to merit this, and to show her appreciation by consideration and an obliging politeness. Then she required her to ask pardon of the ‘femme de chambre’, and henceforward to speak to her politely, assuring her that by this means she would always obtain compliance with all reasonable and just requests she might make.

The child obeyed; and the lesson was of such benefit to her that she became, if general report is to be believed, one of the most accomplished princesses of Europe. The report of her perfections spread abroad even to the New World, which contended for her with the Old, and has been fortunate enough to obtain her. She is at this time, I think, Empress of Brazil.

His Majesty the King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph, then about fifty years of age, was very tall, with a noble and attractive physiognomy and fascinating manners. Before the Revolution he had been colonel of an Alsatian regiment in the service of France, under the name of Prince Maximilian, or Prince Max as the soldiers called him, and stationed at Strasburg, where he left a reputation for elegance and chivalrous gallantry. His subjects, his family, his servants, everybody, adored him. He often took long walks through the city of Munich in the morning, went to the market, inquired the price of grain, entered the shops, spoke to every one, especially the children, whom he persuaded to go to school. This excellent prince did not fear to compromise his dignity by the simplicity of his manners; and he was right, for I do not think any one ever failed to show him respect, and the love which he inspired lessened in no wise the veneration which was felt for him. Such was his devotion to the Emperor, that his kindly feelings extended even to the persons who by their functions approached nearest to his Majesty, and were in the best position to know his needs and wishes. Thus (I do not relate it out of vanity, but in proof of what I have just said) his Majesty the King of Bavaria never came to see the Emperor, that he did not take my hand and inquire first after the health of his Imperial Majesty, then after my own, adding many things which plainly showed his attachment for the Emperor and his natural goodness.

His Majesty the King of Bavaria is now in the tomb, like him who gave him a throne; but this tomb is still a royal tomb, and the loyal Bavarians can come to kneel and weep over it. The Emperor, on the contrary—

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[Constant wrote this before the return, in 1840, of the ashes of Napoleon to rest on “the banks of the Seine, amid the French people whom he loved so well,” where in a massive urn of porphyry, and beneath the gilded dome of the Invalides, in the most splendid tomb of the centuries, sleeps now the soldier of Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, and Waterloo.—TRANS.]

The virtuous Maximilian was able to leave to a worthy son the scepter which he had received from him who perished an exile at St. Helena. Prince Louis, the present King of Bavaria, and to-day perhaps the best king in Europe, was not so tall as his august father, neither was his face so handsome; and, unfortunately, he was afflicted with an extreme deafness, which made him raise his voice without knowing it, and in addition to this his utterance was impeded by a slight stammering. This prince was grave and studious; and the Emperor recognized his merit, but did not rely upon his friendship. This was not because he thought him wanting in loyalty, for the prince royal was above such suspicion; but the Emperor was aware that he belonged to a party which feared the subjection of Germany, and who suspected that the French, although they had so far attacked only Austria, had ideas of conquest over all the German powers.

However, what I have just stated in regard to the prince royal relates only to the years subsequent to 1806; for I am certain that at that epoch his sentiments did not differ from those of the good Maximilian, who was, as I have said, full of gratitude to the Emperor. Prince Louis came to Paris at the beginning of this year; and I saw him many times at the court theater in the box of the prince arch-chancellor, where they both slept in company and very profoundly. This was also such a habit with Cambaceres, that when the Emperor asked for him, and was told that monseigneur was at the theater, he replied, “Very well, very well; he is taking his siesta; let us not disturb him!”

The King of Wurtemburg was large, and so fat that it was said of him God had put him in the world to prove how far the skin of a man could be stretched. His stomach was of such dimensions that it was found necessary to make a broad, round incision in front of his seat at the table; and yet, notwithstanding this precaution, he was obliged to hold his plate on a level with his chin to drink his soup. He was very fond of hunting, either on horseback, or in a little Russian carriage drawn by four horses, which he often drove himself. He was fond of horseback riding, but it was no easy task to find a mount of size and strength sufficient to carry so heavy a burden. It was necessary that the poor animal should be progressively trained; and in order to accomplish this the king’s equerry fastened round the horse a girth loaded with pieces of lead, increasing the weight daily till it equalled that of his Majesty. The king was despotic, hard, and even cruel, ever ready to sign the sentence

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of the condemned, and in almost all cases, if what is said at Stuttgart be true, increased the penalty inflicted by the judges. Hard to please, and brutal, he often struck the people of his household; and it is even said that he did not spare her Majesty the queen, his wife, who was a sister of the present King of England. Notwithstanding all this, he was a prince whose knowledge and brilliant mind the Emperor esteemed; for they had a mutual affection for each other, and he found him faithful to his alliance to the very end. King Frederic of Wurtemburg had a brilliant and numerous court, at which he displayed great magnificence.

The hereditary prince was much beloved; he was less haughty and more humane than his father, and was said to be just and liberal.

Besides those crowned by his hand, the Emperor, while in Bavaria, received a great number of the princes of the Confederation; and they usually dined with his Majesty. In this crowd of royal courtiers the prince primate was noticeable, who differed in nothing as to manners, bearing, and dress from the most fashionable gentlemen of Paris. The Emperor paid him special attention. I cannot pay the same eulogy to the toilet of the princesses, duchesses, and other noble ladies; for most of them dressed in exceedingly bad taste, and, displaying neither art nor grace, covered their heads with plumes, bits of gold, and silver gauze, fastened with a great quantity of diamond-headed pins.

The equipages the German nobility used were all very large coaches, which were a necessity from the enormous hoops still worn by those ladies; and this adherence to antiquated fashions was all the more surprising, because at that time Germany enjoyed the great advantage of possessing two fashion journals. One was the translation of the magazine published by Mesangere; and the other, also edited at Paris, was translated and printed at Mannheim. These ridiculous carriages, which much resembled our ancient diligences, were drawn by very inferior horses, harnessed with ropes, and placed so far apart that an immense space was needed to turn the carriage.

The Prince of Saxe-Gotha was long and thin. In spite of his great age, he was enough of a dandy to order at Paris, from our hairdresser Michalon, some pretty little wigs of youthful blonde, curled like the hair of Cupid; but, apart from this, he was an excellent man. I recollect, a propos of the noble German ladies, to have seen at the court theater at Fontainebleau a princess of the Confederation who was being presented to their Majesties. The toilet of her Highness announced an immense progress in the elegance of civilization beyond the Rhine; for, renouncing the Gothic hoops, the princess had adopted the very latest fashions, and, though nearly seventy years of age, wore a dress of black lace over red satin, and her coiffure consisted of a white muslin veil, fastened by a wreath of roses, in the style of the vestals of the opera. She had with her a granddaughter, brilliant with the charm of youth, and admired by the whole court, although her costume was less stylish than that of her grandmother.

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I heard her Majesty, the Empress Josephine, relate one day that she had much difficulty in repressing a smile when, among a number of German princesses presented to her, one was announced under the name of Cunegonde [Cunegonde was the mistress of Candide in Voltaire's novel of Candide.] Her Majesty added that, when she saw the princess take her seat, she imagined she saw her lean to one side. Assuredly the Empress had read the adventures of Candide and the daughter of the very noble baron of Thunder-Ten-Trunck.

At Paris, in the spring of 1806, I saw almost as many members of the Confederation as I had seen in the capitals of Bavaria and Wurtemburg. A French name had the precedence among these names of foreign princes. It was that of Prince Murat, who in the month of March was made Grand-duke of Berg and Cleves. After Prince Louis of Bavaria, arrived the hereditary prince of Baden, who came to Paris to marry a niece of the Empress.

At the beginning this union was not happy. The Princess Stephanie (de Beauharnais) was a very pretty woman, graceful and witty; and the Emperor had wished to make a great lady of her, and had married her without consulting her wishes. Prince Charles-Louis-Frederic was then twenty years of age, and though exceedingly good, brave, and generous, and possessing many admirable traits, was heavy and phlegmatic, ever maintaining an icy gravity, and entirely destitute of the qualities which would attract a young princess accustomed to the brilliant elegance of the imperial court.

The marriage took place in April, to the great satisfaction of the prince, who that day appeared to do violence to his usual gravity, and even allowed a smile to approach his lips. The day passed off very well; but, when the time came for retiring, the princess refused to let him share her room, and for eight days was inexorable.

He was told that the princess did not like the arrangement of his hair, and that nothing inspired her with more aversion than a queue; upon which the good prince hastened to have his hair cut close, but when she saw him thus shorn, she laughed immoderately, and exclaimed that he was more ugly a la Titus than he was before. It was impossible that the intelligence and the kind heart of the princess could fail to appreciate the good and solid qualities of her husband; she learned to love him as tenderly as she was loved, and I am assured that the august couple lived on excellent terms.

Three months after this marriage, the prince left his wife to follow the Emperor, first on the campaign in Prussia, and afterwards in Poland. The death of his grandfather, which happened some time after the Austrian campaign of 1809, put him in possession of the grand duchy, whereupon he resigned the command of his troops to his uncle the Count of Hochberg, and returned to his government, never more to leave it.

I saw him again with the princess at Erfurt, where they told me he had become jealous of the Emperor Alexander, who paid assiduous court to his wife; at which the prince took

alarm and abruptly left Erfurt, carrying with him the princess, of whom it must in justice be said that there had been on her part not the slightest imprudence to arouse this jealousy, which seems very pardonable, however, in the husband of so charming a woman.

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The prince's health was always delicate, and from his earliest youth alarming symptoms had been noticed in him; and this physical condition was no doubt, in a great measure, the main source of the melancholy which marked his character. He died in 1818, after a very long and painful illness, during which his wife nursed him with the most affectionate care, leaving four children, two sons and two daughters. The two sons died young, and would have left the grand duchy of Baden without heirs, if the Counts Hochberg had not been recognized as members of the ducal family. The grand-duchess is to-day devoting her life to the education of her daughters, who promise to equal her in graces and virtues. The nuptials of the Prince and Princess of Baden were celebrated by brilliant fetes; at Rambouillet took place a great hunting-party, in which their Majesties, with many members of their family, and all the princes of Baden, Cleves, *etc*., traversed on foot the forests of Rambouillet.

I recollect another hunting-party, which took place about the same time in the forest of Saint-Germain, to which the Emperor invited the ambassador of the Sublime Porte, then just arrived at Paris. His Turkish Excellency followed the chase with ardor, but without moving a muscle of his austere countenance. The animal having been brought to bay, his Majesty had a gun handed to the Turkish ambassador, that he might have, the honor of firing the first shot; but he refused, not conceiving, doubtless, that any pleasure could be found in slaying at short range a poor, exhausted animal, who no longer had the power to protect itself, even by flight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Emperor remained only a few days at Paris, after our return from Italy, before setting out again for the camp of Boulogne. The fetes of Milan had not prevented him from maturing his political plans, and it was suspected that not without good reason had he broken down his horses between Turin and Paris. These reasons were plainly evident, when it was learned that Austria had entered secretly into the coalition of Russia and England against the Emperor. The army collected in the camp of Boulogne received orders to march on the Rhine, and his Majesty departed to rejoin his troops about the end of September. As was his custom, he informed us only an hour in advance of his departure; and it was curious to observe the contrast of the confusion which preceded this moment with the silence that followed it. Hardly was the order given, than each one busied himself hastily with his own wants and those of his Majesty; and nothing could be heard in the corridors but the sound of domestics coming and going, the noise of cases being nailed down, and boxes being carried out. In the courts appeared a great number of carriages and wagons, with men harnessing them, the scene lighted by torches, and everywhere oaths and cries of impatience; while

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the women, each in her own room, were sadly occupied with the departure of husband, son, or brother. During all these preparations the Emperor was making his adieux to her Majesty the Empress, or taking a few moments of repose; but at the appointed hour he rose, was dressed, and entered his carriage. Soon after everything was silent in the chateau, and only a few isolated persons could be seen flitting about like shadows; silence had succeeded to noise, solitude to the bustle of a brilliant and numerous court. Next morning this deep silence was broken only by a few scattered women who sought each other with pale faces and eyes full of tears, to communicate their grief and share their apprehensions. Many courtiers, who were not of the party, arrived to make their court, and were stupefied on learning of his Majesty's absence, feeling as if the sun could not have risen that day.

The Emperor went without halting as far as Strasburg; and the day after his arrival in this town, the army began to file out over the bridge of Kehl.

On the evening before this march, the Emperor had ordered the general officers to be on the banks of the Rhine on the following day, at exactly six in the morning. An hour before that set for the rendezvous, his Majesty, notwithstanding the rain which fell in torrents, went alone to the head of the bridge, to assure himself of the execution of the orders he had given, and stood exposed to this rain without moving, till the first divisions commenced to file out over the bridge. He was so drenched that the drops which fell from his clothing ran down under his horse, and there formed a little waterfall; and his cocked hat was so wet that the back of it drooped over his shoulders, like the large felt hats of the coal-burners of Paris. The generals whom he was awaiting gathered around him; and when he saw them assembled, he said, "All goes well, messieurs; this is a new step taken in the direction of our enemies; but where is Vandamme? Why is he not here? Can he be dead?" No one said a word. "Answer me, what has become of Vandamme?" General Chardon, general of the vanguard, much loved by the Emperor, replied, "I think, Sire, that General Vandamme is still asleep; we drank together last evening a dozen bottles of Rhine wine, and doubtless"—"He does very well to drink, sir; but he is wrong to sleep when I am waiting for him." General Chardon prepared to send an aide-de-camp to his companion in arms; but the Emperor prevented him, saying, "Let Vandamme sleep; I will speak to him later." At this moment General Vandamme appeared. "Well, here you are, sir; you seem to have forgotten the order that I gave yesterday."—"Sire, this is the first time this has happened, and"—"And to avoid a repetition of it, you will go and fight under the banner of the King of Wurtemburg; I hope you will give them lessons in sobriety."

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General Vandamme withdrew, not without great chagrin, and repaired to the army of Wurtemburg, where he performed prodigies of valor. After the campaign he returned to the Emperor, his breast covered with decorations, bearing a letter from the King of Wurtemburg to his Majesty, who, after reading it, said to Vandamme: "General, never forget that, if I admire the brave, I do not admire those who sleep while I await them." He pressed the general's hand, and invited him to breakfast, in company with General Chardon, who was as much gratified by this return to favor as was his friend.

On the journey to Augsburg, the Emperor, who had set out in advance, made such speed that his household could not keep up with him; and consequently he passed the night, without attendants or baggage, in the best house of a very poor village. When we reached his Majesty next day, he received us laughing, and threatened to have us taken up as stragglers by the provost guard.

From Augsburg the Emperor went to the camp before Ulm, and made preparations to besiege that place.

A short distance from the town a fierce and obstinate engagement took place between the French and Austrians, and had lasted two hours, when cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' were suddenly heard. This name, which invariably carried terror into the enemy's ranks, and always imparted fresh courage to our soldiers, now electrified them to such an extent that they put the Austrians to flight, while the Emperor showed himself in the front ranks, crying "Forward," and making signs to the soldiers to advance, his Majesty's horse disappearing from time to time in the smoke of the cannon. During this furious charge, the Emperor found himself near a grenadier who was terribly wounded; and yet this brave fellow still shouted with the others, "Forward! forward!"

The Emperor drew near him, and threw his military cloak over him, saying, "Try to bring it back to me, and I will give you in exchange the cross that you have just won." The grenadier, who knew that he was mortally wounded, replied that the shroud he had just received was worth as much as the decoration, and expired, wrapped in the imperial mantle.

At the close of the battle, the Emperor had this grenadier, who was also a veteran of the army of Egypt, borne from the field, and ordered that he should be interred in the cloak.

Another soldier, not less courageous than the one of whom I have just spoken, also received from his Majesty marks of distinction. The day after the combat before Ulm, the Emperor, in visiting the ambulances, had his attention attracted by a, cannoneer of light artillery, who had lost one leg, but in spite of this was still shouting with all his might, 'Vive l'Empereur!' He approached the soldier and said to him, "Is this, then, all that you have to say to me?"—"No, Sire, I can also tell you that I, I alone, have dismounted four pieces of the Austrian cannon; and it is the

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pleasure of seeing them silenced which makes me forget that I must soon close my eyes forever." The Emperor, moved by such fortitude, gave his cross to the cannoneer, noted the names of his parents, and said to him, "If you recover, the Hotel des Invalides is at your service." "Thanks, Sire, but the loss of blood has been too great; my pension will not cost you very dear; I know well that I must soon be off duty, but long live the Emperor all the same!" Unfortunately this brave man realized his real condition only too well, for he did not survive the amputation of his leg.

We followed the Emperor into Ulm after the occupation of that place, and saw a hostile army of more than thirty thousand men lay down their arms at the feet of his Majesty, as they defiled before him; and I have never beheld a more imposing sight. The Emperor was seated on his horse, a few steps in front of his staff, his countenance wearing a calm and grave expression, in spite of which the joy which filled his heart was apparent in his glance.

He raised his hat every moment to return the salutes of the superior officers of the Austrian troops. When the Imperial Guard entered Augsburg, eighty grenadiers marched at the head of the columns, each bearing a banner of the enemy.

The Emperor, on his arrival at Munich, was welcomed with the greatest respect by his ally, the Elector of Bavaria. His Majesty went several times to the theater and the hunt, and gave a concert to the ladies of the court. It was, as has been since ascertained, during this stay of the Emperor at Munich that the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia pledged themselves at Potsdam, on the tomb of Frederick the Great, to unite their efforts against his Majesty.

A year later Napoleon also made a visit to the tomb of the great Frederick.

The taking of Ulm had finished the conquest of the Austrians, and opened to the Emperor the gates of Vienna: but meanwhile the Russians were advancing by forced marches to the help of their allies; his Majesty hastened to meet them, and the 1st of December the two hostile armies found themselves face to face. By one of those happy coincidences made only for the Emperor, the day of the battle of Austerlitz was also the anniversary of the coronation.

I do not remember why there was no tent for the Emperor at Austerlitz; but the soldiers made a kind of barrack of limbs of trees, with an opening in the top for the passage of the smoke. His Majesty, though he had only straw for his bed, was so exhausted after having passed the day on horseback on the heights of Santon, that on the eve of the battle he was sleeping soundly, when General Savary, one of his aides-de-camp, entered, to give an account of the mission with which he had been charged; and the general was obliged to touch his shoulder, and shake him, in order to rouse him. He

then rose, and mounted his horse to visit his advance posts. The night was dark; but the

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whole camp was lighted up as if by enchantment, for each soldier put a bundle of straw on the end of his bayonet, and all these firebrands were kindled in less time than it takes to describe it. The Emperor rode along the whole line, speaking to those soldiers whom he recognized. "Be to-morrow what you have always been, my brave fellows," said he, "and the Russians are ours; we have them!" The air resounded with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur', and there was neither officer nor soldier who did not count on a victory next day.

His Majesty, on visiting the line of battle, where there had been no provisions for forty-eight hours (for that day there had been distributed only one loaf of ammunition bread for every eight men), saw, while passing from bivouac to bivouac, soldiers roasting potatoes in the ashes. Finding himself before the Fourth Regiment of the line, of which his brother was colonel, the Emperor said to a grenadier of the second battalion, as he took from the fire and ate one of the potatoes of the squad, "Are you satisfied with these pigeons?"—"Humph! They are at least better than nothing; though they are very much like Lenten food."—"Well, old fellow," replied his Majesty to the soldier, pointing to the fires of the enemy, "help me to dislodge those rascals over there, and we will have a Mardi Gras at Vienna."

The Emperor returned to his quarters, went to bed again, and slept until three o'clock in the morning, while his suite collected around a bivouac fire near his Majesty's barracks, and slept on the ground, wrapped in their cloaks, for the night was extremely cold. For four days I had not closed my eyes, and I was just falling asleep, when about three o'clock the Emperor asked me for punch. I would have given the whole empire of Austria to have rested another hour; but notwithstanding this, I carried his Majesty the punch, which I made by the bivouac fire, and the Emperor insisted that Marshal Berthier should also partake of it; the remainder I divided with the attendants. Between four and five o'clock the Emperor ordered the first movements of his army, and all were on foot in a few moments, and each at his post; aides-de-camp and orderly officers were seen galloping in all directions, and the battle was begun.

I will not enter into the details of this glorious day, which, according to the expression of the Emperor himself, terminated the campaign by a thunderbolt. Not one of the plans of the Emperor failed in execution, and in a few hours the French were masters of the field of battle and of the whole of Germany.

The brave General Rapp was wounded at Austerlitz, as he was in every battle in which he took part, and was carried to the chateau of Austerlitz, where the Emperor visited him in the evening, and returned to pass the night in the chateau.

Two days after, the Emperor Francis sought an audience of his Majesty, to demand peace; and before the end of December a treaty was concluded, by which, the Elector

of Bavaria and the Duke of Wurtemburg, faithful allies of the Emperor Napoleon, were made kings. In return for this elevation, of which he alone was the author, his Majesty demanded and obtained for Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy, the hand of the Princess Augusta Amelia of Bavaria.

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During his sojourn at Vienna, the Emperor had established his headquarters at Schoenbrunn, the name of which has become celebrated by the numerous sojourns of his Majesty there, and is to-day, by a singular coincidence, the residence of his son. [The Duke de Reichstadt, born King of Rome, died July, 1832, soon after Constant wrote.]

I am not certain whether it was during this first sojourn at Schoenbrunn that his Majesty had the extraordinary encounter that I shall now relate. His Majesty, in the uniform of colonel of the chasseurs of the guard, rode every day on horseback, and one morning, while on the road to Vienna, saw approaching a clergyman, accompanied by a woman weeping bitterly, who did not recognize him. Napoleon approached the carriage, and inquired the cause of her grief, and the object and end of her journey. “Monsieur,” replied she, “I live at a village two leagues from here, in a house which has been pillaged by soldiers, and my gardener has been killed. I am now on my way to demand a safeguard from your Emperor, who knew my family well, and is under great obligations to them.”—“What is your name, Madame?”—“De Bunny. I am the daughter of Monsieur de Marbeuf, former governor of Corsica.”—“I am charmed, Madame,” replied Napoleon, “to find an opportunity of serving you. I am the Emperor.” Madame de Bunny remained speechless with astonishment; but Napoleon reassured her, and continuing his route, requested her to go on and await him at his headquarters. On his return he received her, and treated her with remarkable kindness, gave her an escort of the chasseurs of the guard, and dismissed her happy and satisfied.

As soon as the day of Austerlitz was gained, the Emperor hastened to send the courier Moustache to France to announce the news to the Empress, who was then at the chateau of Saint-Cloud. It was nine o’clock in the evening when loud cries of joy were suddenly heard, and the galloping of a horse at full speed, accompanied by the sound of bells, and repeated blows of the whip which announced a courier. The Empress, who was awaiting with the greatest impatience news from the army, rushed to the window, opened it hurriedly, and the words victory and Austerlitz fell on her ears. Eager to know the details, she ran down the steps, followed by her ladies; and Moustache in the most excited manner related the marvelous news, and handed her Majesty the Emperor’s letter, which Josephine read, and then drawing a handsome diamond ring from her finger, gave it to the courier. Poor Moustache had galloped more than fifty leagues that day, and was so exhausted that he had to be lifted from his horse and placed in bed, which it required four persons to accomplish. His last horse, which he had doubtless spared less than the others, fell dead in the court of the chateau.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Emperor having left Stuttgard, stopped only twenty-four hours at Carlsruhe, and forty-eight hours at Strasburg, and between that place and Paris made only short halts,

without manifesting his customary haste, however, or requiring of the postilions the break-neck speed he usually demanded.

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As we were ascending the hill of Meaux, and while the Emperor was so engrossed in reading a book that he paid no attention to what was passing on the road, a young girl threw herself against the door of his Majesty's carriage, and clung there in spite of the efforts to remove her, not very vigorous in truth, made by the cavaliers of the escort. At last she succeeded in opening the door, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet. The Emperor, much surprised, exclaimed, "What the devil does this foolish creature want with me?" Then recognizing the young lady, after having scrutinized her features more closely, he added in very evident anger, "Ah, is it you again? will you never let me alone?" The young girl, without being intimidated by this rude welcome, said through her sobs that the only favor she now came to ask for her father was that his prison might be changed, and that he might be removed from the Chateau d'If, the dampness of which was ruining his health, to the citadel of Strasburg. "No, no," cried the Emperor, "don't count on that. I have many other things to do beside receiving visits from you. If I granted you this demand, in eight days you would think of something else you wished." The poor girl insisted, with a firmness worthy of better success; but the Emperor was inflexible, and on arriving at the top of the hill he said to her, "I hope you will now alight and let me proceed on my journey. I regret it exceedingly, but what you demand of me is impossible." And he thus dismissed her, refusing to listen longer.

While this was occurring I was ascending the hill on foot, a few paces from his Majesty's carriage; and when this disagreeable scene was over, the young lady, being forced to leave without having obtained what she desired, passed on before me sobbing, and I recognized Mademoiselle Lajolais, whom I had already seen in similar circumstances, but where her courageous devotion to her parents had met with better success.

General Lajolais had been arrested, as well as all his family, on the 18th Fructidor. After being confined for twenty-eight months, he had been tried at Strasburg by a council of war, held by order of the First Consul, and acquitted unanimously.

Later, when the conspiracy of Generals Pichegru, Moreau, George Cadoudal, and of Messieurs de Polignac, de Riviere, *etc*., were discovered, General Lajolais, who was also concerned therein, was condemned to death. His daughter and his wife were transferred from Strasburg to Paris by the police, and Madame Lajolais was placed in the most rigorous close confinement, while her daughter, now separated from her, took refuge with friends of her family. It was then that this young person, barely fourteen years old, displayed a courage and strength of character unusual at her age; and on learning that her father was condemned to death, she set out at four o'clock in the morning, without confiding her resolution to any one, alone, on foot, and without a guide, with no one to introduce her, and presented herself weeping at the chateau of Saint-Cloud, where the Emperor then was.

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She succeeded in gaining an entrance into the chateau only after much opposition; but not allowing herself to be rebuffed by any obstacle, she finally presented herself before me, saying, “Monsieur, I have been promised that you would conduct me instantly to the Emperor” (I do not know who had told her this). “I ask of you only this favor; do not refuse it, I beg!” and moved by her confidence and her despair, I went to inform her Majesty the Empress.

She was deeply touched by the resolution and the tears of one so young, but did not dare, nevertheless, to promise her support at once, for fear of awakening the anger of the Emperor, who was very much incensed against those who were concerned in this conspiracy, and ordered me to say to the young daughter of Lajolais that she was grieved to be able to do nothing for her just then; but that she might return to Saint-Cloud the next day at five o’clock in the morning, and meanwhile she and Queen Hortense would consult together as to the best means of placing her in the Emperor’s way. The young girl returned next day at the appointed hour; and her Majesty the Empress had her stationed in the green saloon, and there she awaited ten hours, the moment when the Emperor, coming out from the council-chamber, would cross this room to enter his cabinet.

The Empress and her august daughter gave orders that breakfast, and then dinner, should be served to her, and came in person to beg her to take some nourishment; but their entreaties were all in vain, for the poor girl had no other thought, no other desire, than that of obtaining her father’s life. At last, at five o’clock in the afternoon, the Emperor appeared; and a sign being made to Mademoiselle Lajolais by which she could designate the Emperor, who was surrounded by several councilors of state and officers of his household, she sprang towards him; and there followed a touching scene, which lasted a long while. The young girl, prostrating herself at the feet of the Emperor, supplicated him with clasped hands, and in the most touching terms, to grant her father’s pardon. The Emperor at first repulsed her, and said in a tone of great severity, “Your father is a traitor; this is the second time he has committed a crime against the state; I can grant you nothing.” Mademoiselle Lajolais replied to this outburst of the Emperor, “The first time my father was tried and found innocent; this time it is his pardon I implore!” Finally the Emperor, conquered by so much courage and devotion, and a little fatigued besides by an interview which the perseverance of the young girl would doubtless have prolonged indefinitely, yielded to her prayers, and the life of General Lajolais was spared.

[It is well known that the sentence of General Lajolais was commuted to four years detention in a prison of state, that his property was confiscated and sold, and that he died in the Chateau d’If much beyond the time set for the expiration of his captivity.—Note by *constant*.]

Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, the daughter fell unconscious at the Emperor’s feet; he himself raised her, gave her every attention, and presenting her to the persons who witnessed this scene, praised her filial piety in unmeasured terms.

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His Majesty at once gave orders that she should be reconducted to Paris, and several superior officers disputed with each other the pleasure of accompanying her. Generals Wolff, aide-de-camp of Prince Louis, and Lavalette were charged with this duty, and conducted her to the conciergerie where her father was confined. On entering his cell, she threw herself on his neck and tried to tell him of the pardon she had just obtained; but overcome by so many emotions, she was unable to utter a word, and it was General Lavalette

[Marie Chamans, Count de Lavalette, was born in Paris, 1769. Entered the army 1792, made Captain at Arcola 1796, and served in Egyptian campaign. Married Emilie de Beauharnais, a niece of Josephine. Postmaster-general, 1800-1814. Condemned to death during the Hundred Days, he escaped from prison in his wife's dress. His wife was tried, but became insane from excitement. He was pardoned 1822, and died 1830, leaving two volumes of Memoirs.]

who announced to the prisoner what he owed to the brave persistence of his daughter. The next day she obtained, through the favor of the Empress Josephine, the liberty of her mother, who was to have been transported.

Having obtained the life of her father and the liberty of her mother, as I have just related, she still further exerted herself to save their companions in misfortune, who had been condemned to death, and for this purpose joined the ladies of Brittany, who had been led to seek her cooperation by the success of her former petitions, and went with them to Malmaison to beg these additional pardons.

These ladies had succeeded in getting the execution of the condemned delayed for two hours, with the hope that the Empress Josephine would be able to influence the Emperor; but he remained inflexible, and their generous attempt met with no success, whereupon Mademoiselle Lajolais returned to Paris, much grieved that she had not been able to snatch a few more unfortunates from the rigor of the law.

I have already said two things which I am compelled to repeat here: the first is, that, not feeling obliged to relate events in their chronological order, I shall narrate them as they present themselves to my memory; the second is, that I deem it both an obligation and a duty which I owe to the Emperor to relate every event which may serve to make his true character better known, and which has been omitted, whether involuntarily or by design, by those who have written his life. I care little if I am accused of monotony on this subject, or of writing only a panegyric; but, if this should be done, I would reply: So much the worse for him who grows weary of the recital of good deeds! I have undertaken to tell the truth concerning the Emperor, be it good or bad; and every reader who expects to find in my memoirs of the Emperor only evil, as well as he who expects to find only good, will be wise to go no farther, for I have firmly resolved to relate all that I know; and it is not my fault if the kind acts performed by the Emperor are so numerous that my recitals should often turn to praises.

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I thought it best to make these short observations before giving an account of another pardon granted by his Majesty at the time of the coronation, and which the story of Mademoiselle Lajolais has recalled to my recollection.

On the day of the last distribution of the decoration of the Legion of Honor in the Church of the Invalides, as the Emperor was about to retire at the conclusion of this imposing ceremony, a very young man threw himself on his knees on the steps of the throne, crying out, “Pardon, pardon for my father.” His Majesty, touched by his interesting countenance and deep emotion, approached him and attempted to raise him; but the young man still retained his beseeching posture, repeating his demand in moving tones. “What is your father’s name?” demanded the Emperor. “Sire,” replied the young man, hardly able to make himself heard, “it is well known, and has been only too often calumniated by the enemies of my father before your Majesty; but I swear that he is innocent. I am the son of Hugues Destrem.”—“Your father, sir, is gravely compromised by his connection with incorrigible revolutionists; but I will consider your application. Monsieur Destrem is happy in having so devoted a son.” The Emperor added a few consoling words, and the young man retired with the certainty that his father would be pardoned; but unfortunately this pardon which was granted by the Emperor came too late, and Hugues Destrem, who had been transported to the Island of Oleron after the attempt of the 3d Nivose, [The affair of the infernal machine in the Rue Sainte Nicaise] in which he had taken no part, died in his exile before he had even learned that the solicitations of his son had met with such complete success.

On our return from the glorious campaign of Austerlitz, the commune of Saint-Cloud, so favored by the sojourn of the court, had decided that it would distinguish itself on this occasion, and take the opportunity of manifesting its great affection for the Emperor.

The mayor of Saint-Cloud was Monsieur Barre, a well informed man, with a very kind heart. Napoleon esteemed him highly, and took much pleasure in his conversation, and he was sincerely regretted by his subordinates when death removed him.

M. Barre had erected an arch of triumph, of simple but noble design, in excellent taste, at the foot of the avenue leading to the palace, which was adorned with the following inscription:

“*To her beloved sovereign*;
the most fortunate of the communes.”

The evening on which the Emperor was expected, the mayor and his associates, armed with the necessary harangue, passed a part of the night at the foot of the monument. M. Barre, who was old and feeble, then retired, after having placed as sentinel one of his associates, whose duty it was to inform him of the arrival of the first courier; and a ladder was placed across the entrance of the arch of triumph, so that no one might pass under it before his Majesty. Unfortunately, the municipal argus went to sleep; and the

Emperor arrived in the early morning, and passed by the side of the arch of triumph, much amused at the obstacle which prevented his enjoying the distinguished honor which the good inhabitants of Saint-Cloud had prepared for him.

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On the day succeeding this event, a little drawing was circulated in the palace representing the authorities asleep near the monument, a prominent place being accorded the ladder, which barred the passage, and underneath was written the arch barre, alluding to the name of the mayor. As for the inscription, they had travestied it in this manner:

"*Toher beloved sovereign*;
the SLEEPIEST *of the communes*."

Their Majesties were much amused by this episode.

While the court was at Saint-Cloud, the Emperor, who had worked very late one evening with Monsieur de Talleyrand, invited the latter to sleep at the chateau; but the prince, who preferred returning to Paris, refused, giving as an excuse that the beds had a very disagreeable odor. There was no truth whatever in this statement, for there was, as may be believed, the greatest care taken of the furniture, even in the store-rooms of the different imperial palaces; and the reason assigned by M. de Talleyrand being given at random, he could just as well have given any other; but, nevertheless, the remark struck the Emperor's attention, and that evening on entering his bedroom he complained that his bed had an unpleasant odor. I assured him to the contrary, and told his Majesty that he would next day be convinced of his error; but, far from being persuaded, the Emperor, when he rose next morning, repeated the assertion that his bed had a very disagreeable odor, and that it was absolutely necessary to change it. M. Charvet, concierge of the palace, was at once summoned; his Majesty complained of his bed, and ordered another to be brought.

M. Desmasis, keeper of the furniture-room, was also called, who examined mattress, feather-beds, and covering, turned and returned them in every direction; other persons did the same, and each was convinced that there was no odor about his Majesty's bed. In spite of so many witnesses to the contrary, the Emperor, not because he made it a point of honor not to have what he had asserted proved false, but merely from a caprice to which he was very subject, persisted in his first idea, and required his bed to be changed. Seeing that it was necessary to obey, I sent this bed to the Tuileries, and had the one which was there brought to the chateau of Saint-Cloud. The Emperor was now satisfied, and, on his return to the Tuileries, did not notice the exchange, and thought his bed in that chateau very good; and the most amusing part of all was that the ladies of the palace, having learned that the Emperor had complained of his bed, all found an unbearable odor in theirs, and insisted that everything must be overhauled, which created a small revolution. The caprices of sovereigns are sometimes epidemic.

CHAPTER XXX.

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His Majesty was accustomed to say that one could always tell an honorable man by his conduct to his wife, his children, and his servants; and I hope it will appear from these memoirs that the Emperor conducted himself as an honorable man, according to his own definition. He said, moreover, that immorality was the most dangerous vice of a sovereign, because of the evil example it set to his subjects. What he meant by immorality was doubtless a scandalous publicity given to liaisons which might otherwise have remained secret; for, as regards these liaisons themselves, he withstood women no more than any other man when they threw themselves at his head. Perhaps another man, surrounded by seductions, attacks, and advances of all kinds, would have resisted these temptations still less. Nevertheless, please God, I do not propose to defend his Majesty in this respect. I will even admit, if you wish, that his conduct did not offer an example in the most perfect accord with the morality of his discourses; but it must be admitted also that it was somewhat to the credit of a sovereign that he concealed, with the most scrupulous care, his frailties from the public, lest they should be a subject of scandal, or, what is worse, of imitation; and from his wife, to whom it would have been a source of the deepest grief.

On this delicate subject I recall two or three occurrences which took place, I think, about the period which my narrative has now reached.

The Empress Josephine was jealous, and, notwithstanding the prudence which the Emperor exercised in his secret liaisons, could not remain in entire ignorance of what was passing.

The Emperor had known at Genoa Madame Gazani, the daughter of an Italian dancer, whom he continued to receive at Paris; and one day, having an appointment with her in his private apartments, ordered me to remain in his room, and to reply to whoever asked for him, even if it was her Majesty the Empress herself, that he was engaged in his cabinet with a minister.

The place of the interview was the apartment formerly occupied by Bourrienne, communicating by a staircase which opened on his Majesty's bedroom. This room had been arranged and decorated very plainly, and had a second exit on the staircase called the black staircase, because it was dark and badly lighted, and it was through this that Madame Gazani entered, while the Emperor came in by the other door. They had been together only a few moments when the Empress entered the Emperor's room, and asked me what her husband was doing. "Madame, the Emperor is very busy just now; he is working in his cabinet with a minister."—"Constant, I wish to enter."—"That is impossible, Madame. I have received a formal order not to disturb his Majesty, not even for her Majesty the Empress;" whereupon she went away dissatisfied and somewhat irritated, and at the end of half an hour returned; and, renewing her demand, I was obliged to repeat my reply, and,

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though much distressed in witnessing the chagrin of her Majesty the Empress, I could not disobey my orders. That evening on retiring the Emperor said to me, in a very severe tone, that the Empress had informed him she had learned from me, that, at the time she came to question me in regard to him, he was closeted with a lady. Not at all disturbed, I replied to the Emperor, that of course he could not believe that. "No," replied the Emperor, returning to the friendly tone with which he habitually honored me, "I know you well enough to be assured of your discretion; but woe to the idiots who are gossiping, if I can get hold of them." The next night the Empress entered, as the Emperor was retiring, and his Majesty said to her in my presence, "It is very bad to impute falsehood to poor Monsieur Constant; he is not the man to make up such a tale as that you told me." The Empress, seated on the edge of the bed, began to laugh, and put her pretty little hand over her husband's mouth; and, as it was a matter concerning myself, I withdrew. For a few days the Empress was cool and distant to me; but, as this was foreign to her nature, she soon resumed the gracious manner which attached all hearts to her.

The Emperor's liaison with Madame Gazani lasted nearly a year, but they met only at long intervals.

The following instance of jealousy is not as personal to me as that which I have just related.

Madame de Remusat, [Authoress of the well-known Memoirs. Born in Paris, 1780, died 1821. Her husband was first chamberlain to the Emperor.] wife of one of the prefects of the palace, and one of the ladies of honor to whom the Empress was most attached, found her one evening in tears and despair, and waited in silence till her Majesty should condescend to tell her the cause of this deep trouble. She had not long to wait, however; for hardly had she entered the apartment than her Majesty exclaimed, "I am sure that he is now with some woman. My dear friend," added she, continuing to weep, "take this candle and let us go and listen at his door. We will hear much." Madame de Remusat did all in her power to dissuade her from this project, representing to her the lateness of the hour, the darkness of the passage, and the danger they would run of being surprised; but all in vain, her Majesty put the candle in her hand, saying, "It is absolutely necessary that you should go with me, but, if you are afraid, I will go in front." Madame de Remusat obeyed; and behold the two ladies advancing on their tiptoes along the corridor, by the light of a single candle flickering in the air. Having reached the door of the Emperor's antechamber, they stopped, hardly daring to breathe, and the Empress softly turned the knob; but, just as she put her foot into the apartment, Roustan, who slept there and was then sleeping soundly, gave a formidable and prolonged snore. These ladies had not apparently remembered that they would find him there; and Madame de Remusat,

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imagining that she already saw him leaping out of bed saber and pistol in hand, turned and ran as fast as she could, still holding the candle in her hand, and leaving the Empress in complete darkness, and did not stop to take breath until she reached the Empress's bedroom, when she remembered that the latter had been left in the corridor with no light. Madame de Remusat went back to meet her, and saw her returning, holding her sides with laughter, and forgetting her chagrin in the amusement caused by this adventure. Madame de Remusat attempted to excuse herself. "My dear friend," said her Majesty, "you only anticipated me, for that pigheaded Roustan frightened me so that I should have run first, if you had not been a greater coward than I."

I do not know what these ladies would have discovered if their courage had not failed them before reaching the end of their expedition, but probably nothing at all, for the Emperor rarely received at the Tuileries any one for whom he had a temporary fancy. I have already stated that, under the consulate, he had his meetings in a small house in the allee des Veuves; and after he became Emperor, such meetings still took place outside the chateau; and to these rendezvous he went incognito at night, exposing himself to all the chances that a man runs in such adventures.

One evening, between eleven o'clock and midnight, the Emperor called me, asked for a black frock coat and round hat, and ordered me to follow him; and with Prince Murat as the third party, we entered a close carriage with Caesar as driver, and only a single footman, both without livery. After a short ride, the Emperor stopped in the rue de ——, alighted, went a few steps farther, and entered a house alone, while the prince and I remained in the carriage. Some hours passed, and we began to be uneasy; for the life of the Emperor had been so often menaced, that it was very natural to fear some snare or surprise, and imagination takes the reins when beset by such fears. Prince Murat swore and cursed with all his might, sometimes the imprudence of his Majesty, then his gallantry, then the lady and her complaisance. I was not any better satisfied than he, but being calmer I tried to quiet him; and at last, unable longer to restrain his impatience, the prince sprang out of the carriage, and I followed; but, just as his hand was on the knocker of the door, the Emperor came out. It was then already broad daylight, and the Prince informed him of our anxiety, and the reflections we had made upon his rashness. "What childishness!" said his Majesty; "what is there to fear? Wherever I am, am I not in my own house?"

It was as volunteers that any courtiers mentioned to the Emperor any young and pretty persons who wished to make his acquaintance, for it was in no wise in keeping with his character to give such commissions. I was not enough of a courtier to think such an employment honorable, and never voluntarily took part in any business of the kind.

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It was not, however, for want of having been indirectly sounded, or even openly solicited, by certain ladies who were ambitious of the title of favorites, although this title would have given very few rights and privileges with the Emperor; but I would never enter into such bargains, restricting myself to the duties which my position imposed on me, and not going beyond them; and, although his Majesty took pleasure in reviving the usages of the old monarchy, the secret duties of the first valet de chambre were not re-established, and I took care not to claim them.

Many others (not valets de chambre) were less scrupulous than I. General L—— spoke to the Emperor one day of a very pretty girl whose mother kept a gambling-house, and who desired to be presented to him; but the Emperor received her once only, and a few days afterwards she was married. Some time later his Majesty wished to see her again, and asked for her; but the young woman replied that she did not belong to herself any longer, and refused all the invitations and offers made to her. The Emperor seemed in no wise dissatisfied, but on the contrary praised Madame D—— for her fidelity to duty, and approved her conduct highly.

In 1804 her imperial highness Princess Murat had in her household a young reader named Mademoiselle E——, seventeen or eighteen years of age, tall, slender, well made, a brunette, with beautiful black eyes, sprightly, and very coquettish. Some persons who thought it to their interest to create differences between his Majesty and the Empress, his wife, noticed with pleasure the inclination of this young reader to try the power of her glances upon the Emperor, and his disposition to encourage her; so they stirred up the fire adroitly, and one of them took upon himself all the diplomacy of this affair. Propositions made through a third party were at once accepted; and the beautiful E—— came to the chateau secretly, but rarely, and remained there only two or three, hours. When she became enceinte, the Emperor had a house rented for her in the Rue Chantereine, where she bore a fine boy, upon whom was settled at his birth an income of thirty thousand francs. He was confided at first to the care of Madame I——, nurse of Prince Achille Murat, who kept him three or four years, and then Monsieur de Meneval, his Majesty's secretary, was ordered to provide for the education of this child; and when the Emperor returned from the Island of Elba; the son of Mademoiselle E —— was placed in the care of her Majesty, the Empress-mother. The liaison of the Emperor with Mademoiselle E—— did not last long. She came one day with her mother to Fontainebleau, where the court then happened to be, went up to his Majesty's apartment, and asked me to announce her; and the Emperor, being exceedingly displeased by this step, directed me to say to Mademoiselle E—— that he forbade her to present herself before him again without his permission, and not to remain a moment longer at Fontainebleau. In spite of this harshness to the mother, the Emperor loved the son tenderly; and I brought him to him often, on which occasions he caressed the child, gave him a great many dainties, and was much amused by his vivacity and repartees, which showed remarkable intelligence for his age.

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This child and that of the Polish beauty, of whom I will speak later,

[This son of Countess Walewska became Count Walewski, a leading statesman of the Second Empire, ambassador to London, 1852, minister of foreign affairs, 1855, minister of state, 1860, president of Corps Legislatif, 1865. Born 1810, died 1868.—TRANS.]

and the King of Rome, were the only children of the Emperor. He never had a daughter, and I believe he desired none.

I have seen it stated, I know not where, that the Emperor, during the long stay we made at Boulogne, indemnified himself at night for the labors of the day with a beautiful Italian, and I will now relate what I know of this adventure. His Majesty complained one morning, while I was dressing him, in the presence of Prince Murat, that he saw none but moustached faces, which he said was very tiresome; and the prince, ever ready on occasions of this kind to offer his services to his brother-in-law, spoke to him of a handsome and attractive Genoese lady, who had the greatest desire to see his Majesty. The Emperor laughingly granted a tete-a-tete, the prince himself offering to send the message; and two days later, by his kind assistance, the lady arrived, and was installed in the upper town. The Emperor, who lodged at Pont des Briques, ordered me one evening to take a carriage, and find this protegee of Prince Murat. I obeyed, and brought the beautiful Genoese, who, to avoid scandal, although it was a dark night, was introduced through a little garden behind his Majesty's apartments. The poor woman was much excited, and shed tears, but controlled herself quickly on finding that she was kindly received, and the interview was prolonged until three o'clock in the morning, when I was called to carry her back. She returned afterwards four or five times, and was with the Emperor afterwards at Rambouillet. She was gentle, simple, credulous, and not at all intriguing, and did not try to draw any benefit from a liaison which at best was only temporary.

Another of these favorites of the moment, who threw themselves so to speak into the arms of the Emperor without giving him time to make his court to them, was Mademoiselle L. B——, a very pretty girl. She was intelligent, and possessed a kind heart, and, had she received a less frivolous education, would doubtless have been an estimable woman; but I have reason to believe that her mother had from the first the design of acquiring a protector for her second husband, by utilizing the youth and attractions of the daughter of her first. I do not now recall her name, but she was of a noble family, of which fact the mother and daughter were very proud, and the young girl was a good musician, and sang agreeably; but, which appeared to me as ridiculous as indecent, she danced the ballet before a large company in her mother's house, in a costume almost as light as those of the opera, with castanets or tambourines, and ended her dance with a multiplicity of attitudes

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and graces. With such an education she naturally thought her position not at all unusual, and was very much chagrined at the short duration of her liaison with the Emperor; while the mother was in despair, and said to me with disgusting simplicity, “See my poor Lise, how she has ruined her complexion in her vexation at seeing herself neglected, poor child. How good you will be, if you can manage to have her sent for.” To secure an interview for which the mother and daughter were both so desirous, they came together to the chapel at Saint-Cloud, and during mass the poor Lise threw glances at the Emperor which made the young ladies blush who witnessed them, and were, nevertheless, all in vain, for the Emperor remained unmoved.

Colonel L. B—— was aide-de-camp to General L——, the governor of Saint-Cloud; and the general was a widower, which facts alone furnish an excuse for the intimacy of his only daughter with the family of L. B——, which astonished me greatly. One day, when I was dining at the house of the colonel, with his wife, his step-daughter, and Mademoiselle L——, the general sent for his aides-de-camp, and I was left alone, with the ladies; who so earnestly begged me to accompany them on a visit to Mademoiselle le Normand, that it would have been impolite to refuse, consequently we ordered a carriage and went to the Rue de Tournon. Mademoiselle L. B—— was first to enter the Sybil’s cave, where she remained a long while, but on her return was very reserved as to any communications made to her, though Mademoiselle L—— told us very frankly that she had good news, and would soon marry the man she loved, which event soon occurred. These ladies having urged me to consult the prophetess in my turn, I perceived plainly that I was recognized; for Mademoiselle le Normand at once discovered in my hand that I had the happiness of being near a great man and being highly esteemed by him, adding much other nonsense of the same kind, which was so tiresome that I thanked her, and made my adieux as quickly as possible.

CHAPTER XXXI.

While the Emperor was giving crowns to his brothers and sisters,—to Prince Louis, the throne of Holland; Naples to Prince Joseph; the Duchy of Berg to Prince Murat; to the Princess Eliza, Lucca and Massa-Carrara; and Guastalla to the Princess Pauline Borghese; and while, by means of treaties and family alliances, he was assuring still more the co-operation of the different states which had entered into the Confederation of the Rhine,—war was renewed between France and Prussia. It is not my province to investigate the causes of this war, nor to decide which first gave cause of offense.

All I can certify is this, frequently at the Tuileries, and on the campaign, I heard the Emperor, in conversation with his intimate friends, accuse the old Duke of Brunswick, whose name had been so odious in France since 1792, and also the young and beautiful Queen of Prussia, of having influenced King Frederic William to break the

treaty of peace. The Queen was, according to the Emperor, more disposed to war than General Blucher himself. She wore the uniform of the regiment to which she had given her name, appeared at all reviews, and commanded the maneuvers.

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We left Paris at the end of September. I will not enter into the details of this wonderful campaign, in which the Emperor in an incredibly short time crushed to pieces an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, perfectly disciplined, full of enthusiasm and courage, and fighting in defense of their country. In one of the first battles, the young Prince Louis of Prussia, brother of the king, was killed at the head of his troops by Guinde, quartermaster of the Tenth Hussars. The prince fought hand to hand with this brave sub-officer, who said to him, “Surrender, Colonel, or you are a dead man,” to which Prince Louis replied only by a saber stroke, whereupon Guinde plunged his own into the body of his opponent, and he fell dead on the spot.

On this campaign, as the roads had become very rough from the continual passage of artillery, my carriage was one day upset, and one of the Emperor’s hats fell out of the door; but a regiment which happened to pass along the same road having recognized the hat from its peculiar shape, my carriage was immediately set up again, “For,” said these brave soldiers, “we cannot leave the first valet of the little corporal in trouble;” and the hat, after passing through many hands, was at last restored to me before my departure.

On the Emperor’s arrival at the plateau of Weimar, he arranged his army in line of battle, and bivouacked in the midst of his guard. About two o’clock in the morning he arose and went on foot to examine the work on a road that was being cut in the rock for the transportation of artillery, and after remaining nearly an hour with the workmen, decided to take a look at the nearest advance posts before returning to his bivouac.

This round, which the Emperor insisted on making alone and with no escort, came near costing him his life. The night was so dark that the sentinels of the camp could not see ten steps in front of them; and the first, hearing some one in the darkness approaching our line, called out “Qui vive?” and prepared to fire. The Emperor being lost in thought, as he himself told me afterwards, did not notice the sentinel’s challenge, and made no reply until a ball, whistling by his ears, woke him from his reverie, when immediately perceiving his danger, he threw himself face downwards on the ground, which was a very wise precaution; for hardly had his Majesty placed himself in this position, than other balls passed over his head, the discharge of the first sentinel having been repeated by the whole line. This first fire over, the Emperor rose, walked towards the nearest post, and made himself known.

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His Majesty was still there when the soldier who had fired on him joined them, being just relieved at his post; he was a young grenadier of the line. The Emperor ordered him to approach, and, pinching his cheeks hard, exclaimed, “What, you scamp, you took me for a Prussian! This rascal does not throw away his powder on sparrows; he shoots only at emperors.” The poor soldier was completely overcome with the idea that he might have killed the little corporal, whom he adored as much as did the rest of the army; and it was with great difficulty he could say, “Pardon, Sire, but I was obeying orders; and if you did not answer, it was not my fault. I was compelled to have the countersign, and you would not give it.” The Emperor reassured him with a smile, and said, as he left the post, “My brave boy, I do not reproach you. That was pretty well aimed for a shot fired in the dark; but after awhile it will be daylight; take better aim, and I will remember you.”

The results of the Battle of Jena, fought on the 14th of October (1806), are well known. Almost all the Prussian generals, at least the bravest among them, were there taken prisoners, or rendered unable to continue the campaign.

The king and queen took flight, and did not halt till they had reached Koenigsberg.

A few moments before the attack, the Queen of Prussia, mounted on a noble, graceful steed, had appeared in the midst of the soldiers; and, followed by the elite of the youth of Berlin, this royal Amazon had galloped down the front rank of the line of battle. The numerous banners which her own hands had embroidered to encourage her troops, with those of the great Frederick, blackened by the smoke of many battles, were lowered at her approach, amid shouts of enthusiasm which rang through the entire ranks of the Prussian army. The atmosphere was so clear, and the two armies so near each other, that the French could easily distinguish the costume of the queen.

This striking costume was, in fact, one great cause of the danger she encountered in her flight. Her head was covered with a helmet of polished steel, above which waved a magnificent plume, her cuirass glittered with gold and silver, while a tunic of silver cloth completed her costume and fell to her feet, which were shod in red boots with gold spurs. This dress heightened the charms of the beautiful queen.

When the Prussian army was put to flight, the queen was left alone with three or four young men of Berlin, who defended her until two hussars, who had covered themselves with glory during the battle, rushed at a gallop with drawn sabers on this little group, and they were instantly dispersed. Frightened by this sudden onset, the horse which her Majesty rode fled with all the strength of his limbs; and well was it for the fugitive queen that he was swift as a stag, else the two hussars would infallibly have made her a prisoner, for more than once they pressed so close that she heard their rude speeches and coarse jests, which were of such a nature as to shock her ears.

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The queen, thus pursued, had arrived in sight of the gate of Weimar, when a strong detachment of Klein's dragoons were perceived coming at full speed, the chief having orders to capture the queen at any cost; but, the instant she entered the city, the gates swung to behind her, and the hussars and the detachment of dragoons returned disappointed to the battle-field.

The particulars of this singular pursuit soon reached the Emperor's ears, and he summoned the hussars to his presence, and having in strong terms testified his disapproval of the improper jests that they had dared to make regarding the queen; at a time when her misfortunes should have increased the respect due both to her rank and her sex, the Emperor then performed the duty of rewarding these two brave fellows for the manner in which they had borne themselves on the field of battle. Knowing that they had dons prodigies of valor, his Majesty gave them the cross, and ordered three hundred francs to be given each one as gratuity.

The Emperor exercised his clemency toward the Duke of Weimar, who had commanded a Prussian division. The day after the battle of Jena, his Majesty, having reached Weimar, lodged at the ducal palace, where he was received by the duchess regent, to whom he said, "Madame, I owe you something for having awaited me; and in appreciation of the confidence you have manifested in me, I pardon your husband."

While we were in the army I slept in the Emperor's tent, either on a little rug, or on the bearskin which he used in his carriage; or when it happened that I could not make use of these articles, I tried to procure a bed-of straw, and remember one evening having rendered a great service to the King of Naples, by sharing with him the bundle of straw which was to have served as my bed.

I here give a few details from which the reader can form an idea of the manner in which I passed the nights on the campaign.

The Emperor slept on his little iron bedstead, and I slept where I could. Hardly did I fall asleep before the Emperor called me, "Constant."—"Sire."—"See who is on duty" (it was the aides-de-camp to whom he referred).—"Sire, it is M.——"—"Tell him to come to me." I then went out of the tent to summon the officer, and brought him back with me. On his entrance the Emperor said to him, "Report to such a corps, commanded by such a marshal; you will request him to send such a regiment to such a position; you will ascertain the position of the enemy, then you will return to report." The aide-de-camp, having left on horseback to execute these orders, I lay down again, and the Emperor now seemed to be going to sleep; but, at the end of a few moments, I heard him call again, "Constant."—"Sire."—"Have the Prince de Neuchatel summoned." I sent for the prince, who came at once; and during the conversation I must remain at the door of the tent, until the prince wrote several orders and withdrew. These interruptions took place many times during the night, and at last towards morning his Majesty slept, when I also had a few moments of repose.

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When aides-de-camp arrived, bringing any news to the Emperor, I awoke him, by shaking him gently.

“What is it?” said his Majesty, waking with a start; “what o’clock is it? Let him enter.” The aide-de-camp made his report; and if it was necessary, his Majesty rose immediately, and left the tent, his toilet never occupying much time. If a battle was in contemplation the Emperor scanned the sky and the horizon carefully, and often remarked, “We are going to have a beautiful day.”

Breakfast was prepared and served in five minutes, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the cloth was removed. The Prince de Neuchatel breakfasted and dined every day with his Majesty; and, in eight or ten minutes, the longest meal was over. “To horse,” then exclaimed the Emperor, and set out, accompanied by the Prince de Neuchatel, and an aide-de-camp or two, with Roustan, who always carried a silver flask of brandy, which, however, the Emperor rarely ever used. His Majesty passed from one corps to the other, spoke to the officers and soldiers, questioned them, and saw with his own eyes all that it was possible to see.

If a battle was on hand, dinner was forgotten, and the Emperor ate only after his return; but, if the engagement lasted too long, there was carried to him, without his ordering it, a crust of bread and a little wine.

M. Colin, chief of the culinary department, many times braved the cannon to carry a light repast to the Emperor.

At the close of the combat, his Majesty never failed to visit the battle-field, where he had aid given the wounded, and encouraged them with cheering words.

The Emperor sometimes returned overcome by fatigue; he then took a light repast, and lay down again to begin his interrupted sleep.

It was remarkable, that, each time that unexpected circumstances forced the aides-de-camp to have the Emperor waked, he was as ready for work as he would have been at the beginning or in the middle of the day, and his awaking was as amiable as his manner was pleasant. The report of an aide-de-camp being finished, Napoleon went to sleep again as easily as if his sleep had not been interrupted.

During the three or four hours preceding an engagement, the Emperor spent most of the time with large maps spread out before him, the places on which he marked with pins with heads of different colored wax.

I have already said that all the persons of the Emperor’s household emulated each other in seeking the surest and promptest means of carrying out his wishes; and everywhere, whether in traveling or on the campaign, his table, his coffee, his bed, or

even his bath could be prepared in five minutes. How many times were we obliged to remove, in still less time, corpses of men and horses, to set up his Majesty's tent.

In one of the campaigns beyond the Rhine we were delayed in a poor village, and, in order to prepare the Emperor's lodging, were obliged to use a peasant's hut, which had served as a field hospital; and we began preparations by carrying away the dismembered limbs, and washing up the stains of blood, this labor being finished, and everything almost in order, in less than-half an hour.

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The Emperor, sometimes slept a quarter or half an hour on the field of battle when he was fatigued, or wished to await more patiently the result of the orders he had given.

While on the road to Potsdam, we were overtaken by a violent storm, which became so severe, and the rain so heavy, that we were obliged to stop and take refuge in a neighboring house on the road. Well wrapped in his gray overcoat, and not thinking that he could be recognized, the Emperor was much surprised to see, as he entered the house, a young woman who seemed to tremble at his presence. He ascertained that she was an Egyptian, who had retained for my master the religious veneration which all the Arabs bore him, and was the widow of an officer of the army of Egypt, whom chance had led to the same house in Saxony where he had been welcomed. The Emperor granted her a pension of twelve hundred francs, and took upon himself the education of her son, the only legacy left her by her husband. “This is the first time,” said Napoleon, “that I have alighted to avoid a storm; I had a presentiment that an opportunity of doing good awaited me here.”

The loss of the battle of Jena had struck the Prussians with such terror, and the court had fled with such precipitation, that everything had been left in the royal residences; and, consequently, on his arrival at Potsdam, the Emperor found there the sword of the great Frederick, his gorget, the grand cordon of his order, and his alarm-clock, and had them carried to Paris, to be preserved at the Hotel des Invalides. “I prefer these trophies,” said his Majesty, “to all the treasures of the King of Prussia; I will send them to my old soldiers of the campaign of Hanover, who will guard them as a trophy of the victories of the grand army, and of the revenge that it has taken for the disaster of Rosbach.” The Emperor the same day ordered the removal to his capital of the column raised by the great Frederick to perpetuate the remembrance of the defeat of the French at Rosbach. [At Rosbach, November, 1757, the French, under Prince de Soubise, had been shamefully defeated by Frederick the Great] He might have contented himself with changing the inscription.

Napoleon remained at the chateau of Charlottenburg, where he had established his headquarters, until the regiments of the guard had arrived from all points; and as soon as they were assembled, orders were given to put themselves in full uniform, which was done in the little wood before the town. The Emperor made his entry into the capital of Prussia between ten and eleven o’clock in the morning, surrounded by his aides-de-camp, and the officers of his staff, all the regiments filing before him in the most perfect order, drums and music at their head; and the fine appearance of the troops excited the admiration of the Prussians.

Having entered Berlin in the suite of the Emperor, we arrived at the town square, in the midst of which a bust of the great Frederick had been placed. The name of this monarch is so popular at Berlin, and, in fact, throughout all Prussia, that on many occasions, when any one by chance pronounced it, either in a cafe or in any other

public place, or even in private assemblies, I have seen every one present rise, and lift his hat with an air of the most profound respect and genuine adoration.

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When the Emperor arrived in front of the bust, he described a semicircle at a gallop, followed by his staff, and lowering the point of his sword, while uncovering his head, was the first to salute the image of Frederick *ii*. His staff followed his example; and all the general and other officers who composed it ranged themselves in a semicircle around the bust, with the Emperor in the center. His Majesty gave orders that each regiment should present arms in defiling before the bust, which maneuver was not to the taste of some grumblers of the first regiment of the Guard, who, with moustaches scorched, and faces still blackened with the powder of Jena, would have better liked an order for lodgings with the bourgeois than all this parade, and took no pains to conceal their ill-humor. There was one, among others, who, as he passed in front of the bust and before the Emperor, exclaimed between his teeth, without moving a muscle of his face, but still loud enough to be heard by his Majesty, “Damn the bust.” His Majesty pretended not to hear, but that evening he repeated with a laugh the words of the old soldier.

His Majesty alighted at the chateau, where his lodging was prepared, and the officers of his household had preceded him. Having learned that the electoral princess of Hesse-Cassel, sister of the king, was still ill at the end of her confinement, the Emperor ascended to the apartment of this princess, and, after quite a long visit, gave orders that she should be treated with all the deference due to her rank and unfortunate situation.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

I left the Emperor at Berlin, where each day, and each hour of the day, he received news of some victory gained, or some success obtained by his generals. General Beaumont presented to him eighty flags captured from the enemy by his division, and Colonel Gerard also presented sixty taken from Blucher at the battle of Wismar. Madgeburg had capitulated, and a garrison of sixty thousand men had marched out under the eyes of General Savary. Marshal Mortier occupied Hanover in the name of France, and Prince Murat was on the point of entering Warsaw after driving out the Russians.

War was about to recommence, or rather to be continued, against the latter; and since the Prussian army could now be regarded as entirely vanquished, the Emperor left Berlin in order to personally conduct operations against the Russians.

We traveled in the little coaches of the country; and as was the rule always on our journeys, the carriage of the grand marshal preceded that of the Emperor. The season, and the passage of such large numbers of artillery, had rendered the roads frightful; but notwithstanding this we traveled very rapidly, until at last between Kutow and Warsaw,

the grand marshal's carriage was upset, and his collarbone broken. The Emperor arrived a short time after this unfortunate accident, and had him borne under his own eyes into the nearest post-house. We always carried with us a portable medicine-chest in order that needed help might be promptly given to the wounded. His Majesty placed him in the hands of the surgeon, and did not leave him till he had seen the first bandage applied.

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At Warsaw, where his Majesty passed the entire month of January, 1807, he occupied the grand palace. The Polish nobility, eager to pay their court to him, gave in his honor magnificent fetes and brilliant balls, at which were present all the wealthiest and most distinguished inhabitants of Warsaw.

At one of these reunions the Emperor's attention was drawn to a young Polish lady named Madame Valevska, twenty-two years of age, who had just married an old noble of exacting temper and extremely harsh manners, more in love with his titles than with his wife, whom, however, he loved devotedly, and by whom he was more respected than loved. The Emperor experienced much pleasure at the sight of this lady, who attracted his attention at the first glance. She was a blonde, with blue eyes, and skin of dazzling whiteness; of medium height, with a charming and beautifully proportioned figure. The Emperor having approached her, immediately began a conversation, which she sustained with much grace and intelligence, showing that she had received a fine education, and the slight shade of melancholy diffused over her whole person rendered her still more seductive.

His Majesty thought he beheld in her a woman who had been sacrificed, and was unhappy in her domestic relations; and the interest with which this idea inspired him caused him to be more interested in her than he had ever been in any woman, a fact of which she could not fail to be conscious. The day after the ball, the Emperor seemed to me unusually agitated; he rose from his chair, paced to and fro, took his seat and rose again, until I thought I should never finish dressing him. Immediately after breakfast he ordered a person, whose name I shall not give, to pay a visit to Madame Valevska, and inform her of his subjugation and his wishes. She proudly refused propositions which were perhaps too brusque, or which perhaps the coquetry natural to all women led her to repulse; and though the hero pleased her, and the idea of a lover resplendent with power and glory revolved doubtless over and over in her brain, she had no idea of surrendering thus without a struggle. The great personage returned in confusion, much astonished that he had not succeeded in his mission; and the next day when the Emperor rose I found him still preoccupied, and he did not utter a word, although he was in the habit of talking to me at this time. He had written to Madame Valevska several times, but she had not replied; and his vanity was much piqued by such unaccustomed indifference. At last his affecting appeals having touched Madame Valevska's heart, she consented to an interview between ten and eleven o'clock that evening, which took place at the appointed time. She returned a few days after at the same hour, and her visits continued until the Emperor's departure.

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Two months after the Emperor sent for her; and she joined him at his headquarters in Finkenstein, where she remained from this time, leaving at Warsaw her old husband, who, deeply wounded both in his honor and his affections, wished never to see again the wife who had abandoned him. Madame Valevska remained with the Emperor until his departure, and then returned to her family, constantly evincing the most devoted and, at the same time, disinterested affection. The Emperor seemed to appreciate perfectly the charms of this angelic woman, whose gentle and self-abnegating character made a profound impression on me. As they took their meals together, and I served them alone, I was thus in a position to enjoy their conversation, which was always amiable, gay, and animated on the Emperor's part; tender, impassioned, and melancholy on that of Madame Valevska. When his Majesty was absent, Madame Valevska passed all her time, either in reading, or viewing through the lattice blinds of the Emperor's rooms the parades and evolutions which took place in the court of honor of the chateau, and which he often commanded in person. Such was her life, like her disposition, ever calm and equable; and this loveliness of character charmed the Emperor, and made him each day more and more her slave.

After the battle of Wagram, in 1809, the Emperor took up his residence at the palace of Schoenbrunn, and sent immediately for Madame Valevska, for whom a charming house had been rented and furnished in one of the faubourgs of Vienna, a short distance from Schoenbrunn. I went mysteriously to bring her every evening in a close carriage, with a single servant, without livery; she entered by a secret door, and was introduced into the Emperor's apartments. The road, although very short, was not without danger, especially in rainy weather, on account of ruts and holes which were encountered at every step; and the Emperor said to me almost every day, "Be very careful, Constant, it has rained to-day; the road will be bad. Are you sure you have a good driver? Is the carriage in good condition?" and other questions of the same kind, which evidenced the deep and sincere affection he felt for Madame Valevska. The Emperor was not wrong, besides, in urging me to be careful; for one evening, when we had left Madame Valevska's residence a little later than usual, the coachman upset us, and in trying to avoid a rut, drove the carriage over the edge of the road. I was on the right of Madame Valevska and the carriage fell on that side, in such a position that I alone felt the shock of the fall, since Madame Valevska falling on me, received no injury. I was glad to be the means of saving her, and when I said this she expressed her gratitude with a grace peculiarly her own. My injuries were slight; and I began to laugh the first, in which Madame Valevska soon joined, and she related our accident to his Majesty immediately on our arrival.

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I could not undertake to describe all the care and attentions which the Emperor lavished upon her. He had her brought to Paris, accompanied by her brother, a very distinguished officer, and her maid, and gave the grand marshal orders to purchase for her a pretty residence in the Chaussee-d'Antin. Madame Valevska was very happy, and often said to me, "All my thoughts, all my inspirations, come from him, and return to him; he is all my happiness, my future, my life!" She never left her house except to come to the private apartments at the Tuileries, and when this happiness could not be granted, went neither to the theater, the promenade, nor in society, but remained at home, seeing only very few persons, and writing to the Emperor every day. At length she gave birth to a son, [Count Walewski, born 1810; minister to England, 1852; minister of foreign affairs, 1855-1860; died 1868.] who bore a striking resemblance to the Emperor, to whom this event was a source of great joy; and he hastened to her as soon as it was possible to escape from the chateau, and taking the child in his arms, and caressing him, as he had just caressed the mother, said to him, "I make you a count." Later we shall see this son receiving at Fontainebleau a final proof of affection.

Madame Valevska reared her son at her residence, never leaving him, and carried him often to the chateau, where I admitted them by the dark staircase, and when either was sick the Emperor sent to them Monsieur Corvisart. This skillful physician had on one occasion the happiness of saving the life of the young count in a dangerous illness.

Madame Valevska had a gold ring made for the Emperor, around which she twined her beautiful blonde hair, and on the inside of the ring were engraved these words:

"When you cease to love me, do not forget that I love you."

The Emperor gave her no other name but Marie.

I have perhaps devoted too much space to this liaison of the Emperor: but Madame Valevska was entirely different from the other women whose favor his Majesty obtained; and she was worthy to be named the La Valliere of the Emperor, who, however, did not show himself ungrateful towards her, as did Louis *xiv*. towards the only woman by whom he was beloved. Those who had, like myself, the happiness of knowing and seeing her intimately must have preserved memories of her which will enable them to comprehend why in my opinion there exists so great a distance between Madame Valevska, the tender and modest woman, rearing in retirement the son she bore to the Emperor, and the favorites of the conqueror of Austerlitz.

CHAPTER II.

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The Russians, being incited to this campaign by the remembrance of the defeat of Austerlitz, and by the fear of seeing Poland snatched from their grasp, were not deterred by the winter season, and resolved to open the attack on the Emperor at once; and as the latter was not the man to allow himself to be forestalled, he consequently abandoned his winter quarters, and quitted Warsaw at the end of January. On the 8th of February the two armies met at Eylau; and there took place, as is well known, a bloody battle, in which both sides showed equal courage, and nearly fifteen thousand were left dead on the field of battle, equally divided in number between the French and Russians. The gain, or rather the loss, was the same to both armies; and a 'Te Deum' was chanted at St. Petersburg as well as at Paris, instead of the 'De Profundis', which would have been much more appropriate. His Majesty complained bitterly on returning to his headquarters that the order he had sent to General Bernadotte had not been executed, and in consequence of this his corps had taken no part in the battle, and expressed his firm conviction that the victory, which remained in doubt between the Emperor and General Benningsen, would have been decided in favor of the former had a fresh army-corps arrived during the battle, according to the Emperor's calculations. Most unfortunately the aide-de-camp bearing the Emperor's orders to the Prince of Ponte-Corvo had fallen into the hands of a party of Cossacks; and when the Emperor was informed of this circumstance the day after the battle, his resentment was appeased, though not his disappointment. Our troops bivouacked on the field of battle, which his Majesty visited three times, for the purpose of directing the assistance of the wounded, and removal of the dead.

Generals d'Hautpoult, Corbineau, and Boursier were mortally wounded at Eylau; and it seems to me I can still hear the brave d'Hautpoult saying to his Majesty, just as he dashed off at a gallop to charge the enemy: "Sire, you will now see my great claws; they will pierce through the enemy's squares as if they were butter" An hour after he was no more. One of his regiments, being engaged in the interval with the Russian army, was mowed down with grape-shot, and hacked to pieces by the Cossacks, only eighteen men being left. General d'Hautpoult, forced to fall back three times with his division, led it back twice to the charge; and as he threw himself against the enemy the third time shouted loudly, "Forward, cuirassiers, in God's name! forward, my brave cuirassiers?" But the grapeshot had mowed down too many of these brave fellows; very few were left to follow their chief, and he soon fell pierced with wounds in the midst of a square of Russians into which he had rushed almost alone.

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I think it was in this battle also that General Ordenerl killed with his own hands a general officer of the enemy. The Emperor asked if he could not have taken him alive. “Sire,” replied the general with his strong German accent, “I gave him only one blow, but I tried to make it a good one.” On the very morning of the battle, General Corbineau, the Emperor’s aide-de-camp, while at breakfast with the officers on duty, declared to them that he was oppressed by the saddest presentiments; but these gentlemen, attempting to divert his mind, turned the affair into a joke. General Corbineau a few moments after received an order from his Majesty, and not finding some money he wished at Monsieur de Meneval’s quarters, came to me, and I gave it to him from the Emperor’s private purse; at the end of a few hours I met Monsieur de Meneval, to whom I rendered an account of General Corbineau’s request, and the sum I had lent him. I was still speaking to Monsieur de Meneval, when an officer passing at a gallop gave us the sad news of the general’s death. I have never forgotten the impression made on me by this sad news, and I still find no explanation of the strange mental distress which gave warning to this brave soldier of his approaching end.

Poland was relying upon the Emperor to re-establish her independence, and consequently the Poles were filled with hope and enthusiasm on witnessing the arrival of the French army. As for our soldiers, this winter campaign was most distasteful to them; for cold and wretchedness, bad weather and bad roads, had inspired them with an extreme aversion to this country.

In a review at Warsaw, at which the inhabitants crowded around our troops, a soldier began to swear roundly against the snow and mud, and, as a consequence, against Poland and the Poles. “You are wrong, Monsieur soldier,” replied a young lady of a good bourgeois family of the town, “not to love our country, for we love the French very much.”—“You are doubtless very lovable, mademoiselle,” replied the soldier; “but if you wish to persuade me of the truth of what you say, you will prepare us a good dinner, my comrade and I.”—“Come, then, messieurs,” said the parents of the young Pole now advancing, “and we will drink together to the health of your Emperor.” And they really carried off with them the two soldiers, who partook of the best dinner the country afforded.

The soldiers were accustomed to say that four words formed the basis of the Polish language,—kleba? niema; “bread? there is none;” voia? sara; “water? they have gone to draw it.”

As the Emperor was one day passing through a column of infantry in the suburbs of Mysigniez, where the troops endured great privations since the bad roads prevented the arrival of supplies, “Papa, kleba,” cried a soldier. “Niema,” immediately replied the Emperor. The whole column burst into shouts of laughter, and no further request was made.

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During the Emperor's somewhat extended stay at Finkenstein, he received a visit from the Persian ambassador, and a few grand reviews were held in his honor. His Majesty sent in return an embassy to the Shah, at the head of which he placed General Gardanne, who it was then said had an especial reason for wishing to visit Persia. It was rumored that one of his relations, after a long residence at Teheran, had been compelled, having taken part in an insurrection against the Franks, to quit this capital, and before his flight had buried a considerable treasure in a certain spot, the description of which he had carried to France. I will add, as a finale to this story, some facts which I have since learned. General Gardanne found the capital in a state of confusion; and being able neither to locate the spot nor discover the treasure, returned from his embassy with empty hands.

Our stay at Finkenstein became very tiresome; and in order to while away the time, his Majesty sometimes played with his generals and aides-de-camp. The game was usually vingt-et-un; and the Great Captain took much pleasure in cheating, holding through several deals the cards necessary to complete the required number, and was much amused when he won the game by this finesse. I furnished the sum necessary for his game, and as soon as he returned to his quarters received orders to make out his account. He always gave me half of his gains, and I divided the remainder between the ordinary valets de chambre.

I have no intention, in this journal, of conforming to a very exact order of dates; and whenever there recurs to my memory a fact or an anecdote which seems to me deserving of mention, I shall jot it down, at whatever point of my narrative I may have then reached, fearing lest, should I defer it to its proper epoch, it might be forgotten. In pursuance of this plan I shall here relate, in passing, some souvenirs of Saint-Cloud or the Tuileries, although we are now in camp at Finkenstein. The pastimes in which his Majesty and his general officers indulged recalled these anecdotes to my recollection. These gentlemen often made wagers or bets among themselves; and I heard the Duke of Vicenza one day bet that Monsieur Jardin, junior, equerry of his Majesty, mounted backwards on his horse, could reach the end of the avenue in front of the chateau in the space of a few moments; which bet the equerry won.

Messieurs Fain, Meneval, and Ivan once played a singular joke on Monsieur B. d'A——, who, they knew, was subject to frequent attacks of gallantry. They dressed a young man in woman's clothes, and sent him to promenade, thus disguised, in an avenue near the chateau. Monsieur B. d'A—— was very near-sighted, and generally used an eyeglass. These gentlemen invited him to take a walk; and as soon as he was outside the door, he perceived the beautiful promenader, and could not restrain an exclamation of surprise and joy at the sight.

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His friends feigned to share his delight, and urged him, as the most enterprising, to make the first advances, whereupon, in great excitement, he hastened after the pretended young lady, whom they had taught his role perfectly. Monsieur d'A—— outdid himself in politeness, in attentions, in offers of service, insisting eagerly on doing the honors of the chateau to his new conquest. The other acted his part perfectly; and after many coquettish airs on his side, and many protestations on the part of Monsieur d'A, a rendezvous was made for that very evening; and the lover, radiant with hope, returned to his friends, maintaining much discretion and reserve as to his good fortune, while he really would have liked to devour the time which must pass before the day was over. At last the evening arrived which was to put an end to his impatience, and bring the time of his interview; and his disappointment and rage may be imagined when he discovered the deception which had been practiced on him. Monsieur d'A—— wished at first to challenge the authors and actors in this hoax, and could with great difficulty be appeased.

It was, I think, on the return from this campaign, that Prince Jerome saw at Breslau, at the theater of that town, a young and very pretty actress, who played her part badly, but sang very well. He made advances, which she received coolly: but kings do not sigh long in vain; they place too heavy a weight in the balance against discretion. His Majesty, the King of Westphalia, carried off his conquest to Cassel, and at the end of a short time she was married to his first valet de chambre, Albertoni, whose Italian morals were not shocked by this marriage. Some disagreement, the cause, of which I do not know, having caused Albertoni to quit the king, he returned to Paris with his wife, and engaged in speculations, in which he lost all that he had gained, and I have been told that he returned to Italy. One thing that always appeared to me extraordinary was the jealousy of Albertoni towards his wife—an exacting jealousy which kept his eyes open towards all men except the king; for I am well convinced that the liaison continued after their marriage.

The brothers of the Emperor, although kings, were sometimes kept waiting in the Emperor's antechamber. King Jerome came one morning by order of the Emperor, who, having not yet risen, told me to beg the King of Westphalia to wait. As the Emperor wished to sleep a little longer, I remained with the other servants in the saloon which was used as an antechamber, and the king waited with us; I do not say in patience, for he constantly moved from chair to chair, promenaded back and forth between the window and the fireplace, manifesting much annoyance, and speaking now and then to me, whom he always treated with great kindness. Thus more than half an hour passed; and at last I entered the Emperor's room, and when he had put on his dressing-gown, informed him that his Majesty was waiting,

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and after introducing him, I withdrew. The Emperor gave him a cool reception, and lectured him severely, and as he spoke very loud, I heard him against my will; but the king made his excuses in so low a tone that I could not hear a word of his justification. Such scenes were often repeated, for the prince was dissipated and prodigal, which displeased the Emperor above all things else, and for which he reproved him severely, although he loved him, or rather because he loved him so much; for it is remarkable, that notwithstanding the frequent causes of displeasure which his family gave him, the Emperor still felt for all his relations the warmest affection.

A short time after the taking of Dantzig (May 24, 1807), the Emperor, wishing to reward Marshal Lefebvre for the recent services which he had rendered, had him summoned at six o'clock in the morning. His Majesty was in consultation with the chief-of-staff of the army when the arrival of the marshal was announced. "Ah!" said he to Berthier, "the duke does not delay." Then, turning to the officer on duty, "Say to the Duke of Dantzig that I have summoned him so early in order that he may breakfast with me." The officer, thinking that the Emperor had misunderstood the name, remarked to him, that the person who awaited his orders was not the Duke of Dantzig, but Marshal Lefebvre. "It seems, monsieur, that you think me more capable of making a count [faire un conte] than a duke."

The officer was somewhat disconcerted by this reply; but the Emperor reassured him with a smile, and said, "Go, give the duke my invitation, and say to him that in a quarter of an hour breakfast will be served." The officer returned to the marshal, who was, of course, very anxious to know why the Emperor had summoned him. "Monsieur le Due, the Emperor invites you to breakfast with him, and begs you to wait a quarter of an hour." The marshal, not having noticed the new title which the officer gave him, replied by a nod, and seated himself on a folding chair on the back of which hung the Emperor's sword, which the marshal inspected and touched with admiration and respect. The quarter of an hour passed, when another ordnance officer came to summon the marshal to the Emperor, who was already at table with the chief-of-staff; and as he entered, the Emperor saluted him with, "Good-day, Monsieur le Due; be seated next to me."

The marshal, astonished at being addressed by this title, thought at first that his Majesty was jesting; but seeing that he made a point of calling him Monsieur le, Due he was overcome with astonishment. The Emperor, to increase his embarrassment, said to him, "Do you like chocolate, Monsieur le Duc?"—"But—yes, Sire."—"Well, we have none for breakfast, but I will give you a pound from the very town of Dantzig; for since you have conquered it, it is but just that it should make you some return." Thereupon the Emperor left the table, opened a little casket, took therefrom a package in the shape of a

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long square, and handed it to Marshal Lefebvre, saying to him, “Duke of Dantzig, accept this chocolate; little gifts preserve friendship.” The marshal thanked his Majesty, put the chocolate in his pocket, and took his seat again at table with the Emperor and Marshal Berthier. A ‘pate’ in the shape of the town of Dantzig was in the midst of the table; and when this was to be served the Emperor said to the new duke, “They could not have given this dish a form which would have pleased me more. Make the attack, Monsieur le Duc; behold your conquest; it is yours to do the honors.” The duke obeyed; and the three guests ate of the pie, which they found much to their taste. On his return, the marshal, Duke of Dantzig, suspecting a surprise in the little package which the Emperor had given him, hastened to open it, and found a hundred thousand crowns in bank-notes. In imitation of this magnificent present, the custom was established in the army of calling money, whether in pieces or in bank-notes, Dantzig chocolate; and when the soldiers wished to be treated by any comrade who happened to have a little money in his pocket, would say to him, “Come, now, have you no Dantzig chocolate in your pocket?”

The almost superstitious fancy of his Majesty the Emperor in regard to coincidences in dates and anniversaries was strengthened still more by the victory of Friedland, which was gained on June 14, 1807, seven years to the very day after the battle of Marengo. The severity of the winter, the difficulty in furnishing supplies (for which the Emperor had however made every possible provision and arrangement), added to the obstinate courage of the Russians, had made this a severe campaign, especially to conquerors whom the incredible rapidity of their successes in Prussia had accustomed to sudden conquests. The division of glory which he had been compelled to make with the Russians was a new experience in the Emperor’s military career, but at Friedland he regained his advantage and his former superiority. His Majesty, by a feigned retreat, in which he let the enemy see only a part of his forces, drew the Russians into a decoy on the Elbe, so complete that they found themselves shut in between that river and our army. This victory was gained by troops of the line and cavalry; and the Emperor did not even find it necessary to use his Guards, while those of the Emperor Alexander was almost entirely destroyed in protecting the retreat, or rather the flight, of the Russians, who could escape from the pursuit of our soldiers only by the bridge of Friedland, a few narrow pontoons, and an almost impassable ford.

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The regiments of the line in the French army covered the plain; and the Emperor, occupying a post of observation on a height whence he could overlook the whole field of battle, was seated in an armchair near a mill, surrounded by his staff. I never saw him in a gayer mood, as he conversed with the generals who awaited his orders, and seemed to enjoy eating the black Russian bread which was baked in the shape of bricks. This bread, made from inferior rye flour and full of long straws, was the food of all the soldiers; and they knew that his Majesty ate it as well as themselves. The beautiful weather favored the skillful maneuvers of the army, and they performed prodigies of valor. The cavalry charges especially were executed with so much precision that the Emperor sent his congratulations to the regiments.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the two armies were pressing each other on every side, and thousands of cannon caused the earth to tremble, the Emperor exclaimed, "If this continues two hours longer, the French army will be left standing on the plain alone." A few moments after he gave orders to the Count Dorsenne, general of the foot grenadiers of the Old Guard, to fire on a brick-yard, behind which masses of Russians and Prussians were intrenched; and in the twinkling of an eye they were compelled to abandon this position, and a horde of sharpshooters set out in pursuit of the fugitives.

The Guard made this movement at five o'clock, and at six the battle was entirely won. The Emperor said to those who were near him, while admiring the splendid behavior of the Guard, "Look at those brave fellows, with a good-will they would run over the stone-slingers and pop-guns of the line, in order to teach them to charge without waiting for them; but it would have been useless, as the work has been well done without them."

His Majesty went in person to compliment several regiments which had fought the whole day. A few words, a smile, a salute of the hand, even a nod, was sufficient recompense to these brave fellows who had just been crowned with victory.

The number of the dead and prisoners was enormous; and seventy banners, with all the equipments of the Russian army, were left in the hands of the French.

After this decisive day, the Emperor of Russia, who had rejected the proposals made by his Majesty after the battle of Eylau, found himself much disposed to make the game on his own account; and General Bennigsen consequently demanded an armistice in the name of his Emperor, which his Majesty granted; and a short time after a treaty of peace was signed, and the famous interview between the two sovereigns held on the banks of the Niemen. I shall pass over rapidly the details of this meeting, which have been published and repeated innumerable times. His Majesty and the young Czar conceived a mutual affection from the first moment of their meeting, and each gave fetes and amusements in honor of the other. They were in inseparable in public and private, and passed hours together in meetings for pleasure only, from which all intruders were carefully excluded. The town of Tilsit was declared neutral; and French,

Russians, and Prussians followed the example set them by their sovereigns, and lived together in the most intimate brotherhood.

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The King and Queen of Prussia soon after joined their Imperial Majesties at Tilsit; though this unfortunate monarch, to whom there remained hardly one town of the whole kingdom he had possessed, was naturally little disposed to take part in so much festivity. The queen was beautiful and graceful, though perhaps somewhat haughty and severe, which did not prevent her being adored by all who surrounded her. The Emperor sought to please her, and she neglected none of the innocent coquetries of her sex in order to soften the heart of the conqueror of her husband. The queen several times dined with the sovereigns, seated between the two Emperors, who vied with each other in overwhelming her with attentions and gallantries. It is well known that the Emperor Napoleon offered her one day a splendid rose, which after some hesitation she accepted, saying to his Majesty with a most charming smile, “With Magdeburg, at least.” And it is well known also that the Emperor did not accept the condition.

The princess had among her ladies of honor a very old woman, who was most highly esteemed. One evening as the queen was being escorted into the dining-hall by the two Emperors, followed by the King of Prussia, Prince Murat, and the Grand Duke Constantine, this old lady of honor gave way to the two latter princes. Grand Duke Constantine would not take precedence of her, but entirely spoiled this act of politeness by exclaiming in a rude tone, “Pass, madame, pass on!” And turning towards the King of Naples, added, loud enough to be heard, this disgraceful exclamation, “The old woodcock!”

One may judge from this that Prince Constantine was far from exhibiting towards ladies that exquisite politeness and refined gallantry which distinguished his august brother.

The French Imperial Guard on one occasion gave a dinner to the guard of the Emperor Alexander. At the end of this exceedingly gay and fraternal banquet, each French soldier exchanged uniforms with a Russian, and promenaded thus before the eyes of the Emperors, who were much amused by this impromptu disguise.

Among the numerous attentions paid by the Russian Emperor to our own, I would mention a concert by a troop of Baskir musicians, whom their sovereign brought over the Niemen for this purpose, and never certainly did more barbarous music resound in the ears of his Majesty; and this strange harmony, accompanied by gestures equally as savage, furnished one of the most amusing spectacles that can be imagined. A few days after this concert, I obtained permission to make the musicians a visit, and went to their camp, accompanied by Roustan, who was to serve as interpreter. We enjoyed the pleasure of being present at a repast of the Baskirs, where around immense wooden tubs were seated groups consisting of ten men, each holding in his hand a piece of black bread which he moistened with a ladleful of water, in which had been diluted something resembling red clay. After the repast,

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they gave us an exhibition of shooting with the bow; and Roustan, to whom this exercise recalled the scenes of his youth, attempted to shoot an arrow, but it fell at a few paces, and I saw a smile of scorn curl the thick lips of our Baskirs. I then tried the bow in my turn, and acquitted myself in such a manner as to do me honor in the eyes of our hosts, who instantly surrounded me, congratulating me by their gestures on my strength and skill; and one of them, even more enthusiastic and more amicable than the others, gave me a pat on the shoulder which I long remembered.

The day succeeding this famous concert, the treaty of peace between the three sovereigns was signed, and his Majesty made a visit to the Emperor Alexander, who received him at the head of his guard. The Emperor Napoleon asked his illustrious ally to show him the bravest grenadier of this handsome and valiant troop; and when he was presented to his Majesty, he took from his breast his own cross of the Legion of Honor, and fastened it on the breast of the Muscovite soldier, amid the acclamations and hurrahs of all his comrades. The two Emperors embraced each other a last time on the banks of the Niemen, and his Majesty set out on the road to Koenigsberg.

At Bautzen the King of Saxony came out to meet him, and their Majesties entered Dresden together. King Frederick Augustus gave a most magnificent reception to the sovereign who, not content with giving him a scepter, had also considerably increased the hereditary estates of the elector of Saxony. The good people of Dresden, during the week we passed there, treated the French more as brothers and compatriots than as allies.

But it was nearly ten months since we had left Paris; and in spite of all the charms of the simple and cordial hospitality of the Germans, I was very eager to see again France and my own family.

CHAPTER III.

It was during the glorious campaign of Prussia and Poland that the imperial family was plunged in the deepest sorrow by the death of the young Napoleon, eldest son of King Louis of Holland. This child bore a striking resemblance to his father, and consequently to his uncle. His hair was blond, but would probably have darkened as he grew older. His eyes, which were large and blue, shone with extraordinary brilliancy when a deep impression was made on his young mind. Gentle, lovable, and full of candor and gayety, he was the delight of the Emperor, especially on account of the firmness of his character, which was so remarkable that, notwithstanding his extreme youth, nothing could make him break his word. The following anecdote which I recall furnishes an instance of this.

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He was very fond of strawberries; but they caused him such long and frequent attacks of vomiting that his mother became alarmed, and positively forbade his eating them, expressing a wish that every precaution should be taken to keep out of the young prince's sight a fruit which was so injurious to him. The little Napoleon, whom the injurious effects of the strawberries had not disgusted with them, was surprised to no more see his favorite dish; but bore the deprivation patiently, until one day he questioned his nurse, and very seriously demanded an explanation on this subject, which the good woman was unable to give, for she indulged him even to the point of spoiling him. He knew her weakness, and often took advantage of it, as in this instance for example. He became angry, and said to his nurse in a tone which had as much and even more effect on her than the Emperor or the King of Holland could have had, "I will have the strawberries. Give them to me at once." The poor nurse begged him to be quiet, and said that she would give them to him, but she was afraid that if anything happened he would tell the queen who had done this. "Is that all?" replied Napoleon eagerly. "Have no fear; I promise not to tell."

The nurse yielded, and the strawberries had their usual effect. The queen entered while he was undergoing the punishment for his self-indulgence; and he could not deny that he had eaten the forbidden fruit, as the proofs were too evident. The queen was much incensed, and wished to know who had disobeyed her; she alternately entreated and threatened the child, who still continued to reply with the greatest composure, "I promised not to tell." And in spite of the great influence she had over him, she could not force him to tell her the name of the guilty person.

Young Napoleon was devoted to his uncle, and manifested in his presence a patience and self-control very foreign to his usual character. The Emperor often took him on his knee during breakfast, and amused himself making him eat lentils one by one. The pretty face of the child became crimson, his whole countenance manifested disgust and impatience; but his Majesty could prolong this sport without fearing that his nephew would become angry, which he would have infallibly done with any one else.

At such a tender age could he have been conscious of his uncle's superiority to all those who surrounded him? King Louis, his father, gave him each day a new plaything, chosen exactly to suit his fancy: but the child preferred those he received from his uncle; and when his father said to him, "But, see here, Napoleon, those are ugly things; mine are prettier."—"No," said the young prince, "they are very nice; my uncle gave them to me."

One morning when he visited his Majesty, he crossed a saloon where amid many great personages was Prince Murat, at that time, I think, Grand Duke of Berg. The child passed through without saluting any one, when the prince stopped him and said, "Will you not tell me goodmorning?"—"No," replied Napoleon, disengaging himself from the arms of the Grand Duke; "not before my uncle the Emperor."

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At the end of a review which had taken place in the court of the Tuileries, and on the Place du Carrousel, the Emperor went up to his apartments, and threw his hat on one sofa, his sword on another. Little Napoleon entered, took his uncle's sword, passed the belt round his neck, put the hat on his head, and then kept step gravely, humming a march behind the Emperor and Empress. Her Majesty, turning round, saw him, and caught him in her arms, exclaiming, "What a pretty picture!" Ingenious in seizing every occasion to please her husband, the Empress summoned M. Gerard, and ordered a portrait of the young prince in this costume; and the picture was brought to the palace of Saint-Cloud the very day on which the Empress heard of the death of this beloved child.

He was hardly three years old when, seeing his shoemaker's bill paid with five-franc pieces, he screamed loudly, not wishing that they should give away the picture of his Uncle Bibiche. The name of Bibiche thus given by the young prince to his Majesty originated in this manner. The Empress had several gazelles placed in the park of Saint-Cloud, which were very much afraid of all the inhabitants of the palace except the Emperor, who allowed them to eat tobacco out of his snuff-box, and thus induced them to follow him, and took much pleasure in giving them the tobacco by the hands of the little Napoleon, whom he also put on the back of one of them. The latter designated these pretty animals by no other name than that of Bibiche, and amused himself by giving the same name to his uncle.

This charming child, who was adored by both father and mother, used his almost magical influence over each in order to reconcile them to each other. He took his father by the hand, who allowed himself to be thus conducted by this angel of peace to Queen Hortense, and then said to him, "Kiss her, papa, I beg you;" and was perfectly overjoyed when he had thus succeeded in reconciling these two beings whom he loved with an equal affection.

How could such a beautiful character fail to make this angel beloved by all who knew him? How could the Emperor, who loved all children, fail to be devoted to him, even had he not been his nephew, and the godson of that good Josephine whom he never ceased to love for a single instant? At the age of seven years, when that malady, the croup, so dangerous to children, snatched him from his heart-broken family, he already gave evidence of remarkable traits of character, which were the foundation of most brilliant hopes. His proud and haughty character, while rendering him susceptible of the noblest impressions, was not incompatible with obedience and docility. The idea of injustice was revolting to him; but he readily submitted to reasonable advice and rightful authority.

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First-born of the new dynasty, it was fitting he should attract as he did the deepest tenderness and solicitude of the chief. Malignity and envy, which ever seek to defame and villify the great, gave slanderous explanations of this almost paternal attachment; but wise and thoughtful men saw in this adoptive tenderness only what it plainly evinced,—the desire and hope of transmitting his immense power, and the grandest name in the universe, to an heir, indirect it is true, but of imperial blood, and who, reared under the eyes, and by the direction of the Emperor, would have been to him all that a son could be. The death of the young Napoleon appeared as a forerunner of misfortunes in the midst of his glorious career, disarranging all the plans which the monarch had conceived, and decided him to concentrate all his hopes on an heir in a direct line.

It was then that the first thoughts of divorce arose in his mind, though it did not take place until two years later, and only began to be the subject of private conversation during the stay at Fontainebleau. The Empress readily saw the fatal results to her of the death of this godson, and from that time she dwelt upon the idea of this terrible event which ruined her life. This premature death was to her an inconsolable grief; and she shut herself up for three days, weeping bitterly, seeing no one except her women, and taking almost no nourishment. It even seemed that she feared to be distracted from her grief, as she surrounded herself with a sort of avidity with all that could recall her irreparable loss. She obtained with some difficulty from Queen Hortense some of the young prince's hair, which his heart-broken mother religiously preserved; and the Empress had this hair framed on a cushion of black velvet, and kept it always near her. I often saw it at Malmaison, and never without deep emotion.

But how can I attempt to describe the despair of Queen Hortense, of that woman who became as perfect a mother as she had been a daughter. She never left her son a moment during his illness; and when he expired in her arms, still wishing to remain near his lifeless body, she fastened her arms through those of her chair, in order that she might not be torn from this heartrending scene. At last nature succumbed to such poignant grief: the unhappy mother fainted; and the opportunity was taken to remove her to her own apartment, still in the chair which she had not left, and which her arms clasped convulsively. On awaking, the queen uttered piercing screams, and her dry and staring eyes and white lips gave reason to fear that she was near her end. Nothing could bring tears to her eyes, until at last a chamberlain conceived the idea of bringing the young prince's body, and placing it on his mother's knees; and this had such an effect on her that her tears burst forth and saved her life, while she covered with kisses the cold and adored remains. All France shared the grief of the Queen of Holland.

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CHAPTER IV.

We arrived at Saint-Cloud on the 27th of July; and the Emperor passed the summer partly in this residence, and partly at Fontainebleau, returning to Paris only on special occasions, and never remaining longer than twenty-four hours. During his Majesty's absence, the chateau of Rambouillet was restored and furnished anew, and the Emperor spent a few days there. The first time he entered the bathroom, he stopped short at the door and glanced around with every appearance of surprise and dissatisfaction; and when I sought the cause of this, following the direction of his Majesty's eyes, I saw that they rested on various family portraits which the architect had painted on the walls of the room. They were those of madame his mother, his sisters, Queen Hortense, *etc*.; and the sight of such a gallery, in such a place, excited the extreme displeasure of the Emperor. "What nonsense!" he cried. "Constant, summon Marshal Duroc!" And when the grand marshal appeared, his Majesty inquired, "Who is the idiot that could have conceived such an idea? Order the painter to come and efface all that. He must have little respect for women to be guilty of such an indecency."

When the court sojourned at Fontainebleau, the inhabitants indemnified themselves amply for his Majesty's long absences by the high price at which they sold all articles of food. Their extortions became scandalous impositions, and more than one foreigner making an excursion to Fontainebleau thought himself held for ransom by a troop of Bedouins. During the stay of the court; a wretched sacking-bed in a miserable inn cost twelve francs for a single night; the smallest meal cost an incredible price, and was, notwithstanding, detestable; in fact, it amounted to a genuine pillage of travelers. Cardinal Caprara,

> [Giovanni Battista Caprara, born of a noble family at Bologna, 1733; count and archbishop of Milan; cardinal, 1792; Negotiated the Concordat, 1801; died 1810]

whose rigid economy was known to all Paris, went one day to Fontainebleau to pay his court to the Emperor, and at the hotel where he alighted took only a single cup of bouillon, and the six persons of his suite partook only of a very light repast, as the cardinal had arranged to return in three hours; but notwithstanding this, as he was entering his carriage, the landlord had the audacity to present him with a bill for six hundred francs! The prince of the church indignantly protested, flew into a rage, threatened, *etc*., but all in vain; and the bill was paid.

Such an outrageous imposition could not fail to reach the Emperor's ears, and excited his anger to such a degree that he at once ordered a fixed schedule of prices, which it was forbidden the innkeepers to exceed. This put an end to the exactions of the bloodsuckers of Fontainebleau.

On the 21st of August, there arrived at Paris the Princess Catharine of Wurtemberg, future wife of Prince Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia. This princess was about twenty-four years of age, and very beautiful, with a most noble and gracious bearing; and though policy alone had made this marriage, never could love or voluntary choice have made one that was happier.

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The courageous conduct of her Majesty the Queen of Westphalia in 1814, her devotion to her dethroned husband, and her admirable letters to her father, who wished to tear her from the arms of King Jerome, are matters of history. I have seen it stated that this prince never ceased, even after this marriage, which was so flattering to his ambition, to correspond with his first wife, Mademoiselle Patterson, and that he often sent to America his valet de chambre, Rico, to inquire after this lady and their child. If this is true, it is no less so that these attentions to his first wife, which were not only very excusable, but even, according to my opinion, praiseworthy in Prince Jerome, and of which her Majesty the Queen of Westphalia was probably well aware, did not necessarily prevent her being happy with her husband.

No testimony more reliable than that of the queen her self can be given; and she expresses herself as follows in her second letter to his Majesty, the King of Wurtemburg: —

“Forced by policy to marry the king, my husband, fate has willed that I should find myself the happiest woman in the universe. I feel towards my husband the united sentiments of love, tenderness, and esteem. In this painful moment can the best of fathers wish to destroy my domestic happiness, the only kind which now remains to me? I dare to say that you, my dear father, you and all my family, do great injustice to the king, my husband; and I trust the time will come when you will be convinced that you have done him injustice, and then you will ever find in him, as well as in myself, the most respectful and affectionate of children.”

Her Majesty then spoke of a terrible misfortune to which she had been exposed. This event, which was indeed terrible, was nothing less than violence and robbery committed on a fugitive woman defenseless and alone, by a band at the head of which was the famous Marquis de Maubreuil, [A French political adventurer, born in Brittany, 1782; died 1855.] who had been equerry of the King of Westphalia. I will recur in treating of the events of 1814 to this disgraceful affair, and will give some particulars, which I think are not generally known, in regard to the principal authors and participants in this daring act of brigandage.

In the following month of September, a courier from the Russian cabinet arrived from St. Petersburg, bearing a letter to his Majesty from the Emperor Alexander; and among other magnificent gifts were two very handsome fur pelisses of black fox and sable martin.

During their Majesties residence at Fontainebleau, the Emperor often went out in his carriage with the Empress in the streets of the city with neither escort nor guards. One day, while passing before the hospital of Mont Pierreux, her Majesty the Empress saw at a window a very aged clergyman, who saluted their Majesties. The Empress, having returned the old man’s salutation with her habitual grace, pointed him out to the Emperor, who himself saluted him, and ordering his coachman to stop, sent one of the

footmen with a request to the old priest to come and speak to them a moment, if it were not too great an exertion. The old man, who still walked with ease, hastened to descend; and in order to save him a few steps the Emperor had his carriage driven very close to the door of the hospital.

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His Majesty conversed for some time with the good ecclesiastic, manifesting the greatest kindness and respect. He informed their Majesties that he had been, previous to the Revolution, the regular priest of one of the parishes of Fontainebleau, and had done everything possible to avoid emigrating; but that terror had at length forced him to leave his native land, although he was then more than seventy-five years old; that he had returned to France at the time of the proclamation of the Concordat, and now lived on a modest pension hardly sufficient to pay his board in the hospital. "Monsieur l'Abbe," said his Majesty after listening to the old priest attentively, "I will order your pension to be doubled; and if that is not sufficient I hope you will apply to the Empress or to me." The good ecclesiastic thanked the Emperor with tears in his eyes. "Unfortunately, Sire," said he among other things, "I am too old to long enjoy your Majesty's reign or profit by your kindness."—"*You*?" replied the Emperor, smiling, "why, you are a young man. Look at M. de Belloy; he is much your senior, and we hope to keep him with us for a long time yet." Their Majesties then took leave of the old man, who was much affected, leaving him in the midst of a crowd of the inhabitants who had collected before the hospital during this conversation, and who were much impressed by this interesting scene and the generous kindness of the Emperor.

M. de Belloy, cardinal and archbishop of Paris, whose name the Emperor mentioned in the conversation I have just related, was then ninety-eight years of age, though his health was excellent; and I have never seen an old man who had as venerable an air as this worthy prelate. The Emperor had the profoundest respect for him, and never failed to give evidence of it on every occasion. During this same month of September, a large number of the faithful having assembled according to custom on Mount Valerien, the archbishop likewise repaired to the spot to hear mass. As he was about to withdraw, seeing that many pious persons were awaiting his benediction, he addressed them before bestowing it in a few words which showed his kindness of heart and his evangelical simplicity: "My children, I know that I must be very old from the loss of my strength, but not of my zeal and my tenderness for you. Pray God, my children, for your old archbishop, who never fails to intercede on your behalf each day."

During his stay at Fontainebleau, the Emperor enjoyed more frequently than ever before the pleasures of the chase. The costume necessary was a French coat of green dragon color, decorated with buttons and gold lace, white cashmere breeches, and Hessian boots without facings; this was the costume for the grand hunt which was always a stag hunt; that for a hunt with guns being a plain, green French coat with no other ornament than white buttons, on which were cut suitable inscriptions. This costume was the same for all persons taking part in this hunt, with no distinguishing marks, even for his Majesty himself.

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The princesses set out for the rendezvous in a Spanish carriage with either or four six horses, and thus followed the chase, their costume being an elegant riding-habit, and a hat with white or black plumes.

One of the Emperor's sisters (I do not now recall which) never failed to follow the hunt, accompanied by many charming ladies who were always invited to breakfast at the rendezvous, as was always the custom on similar occasions with the persons of the court. One of these ladies, who was both beautiful and intelligent, attracted the attention of the Emperor, a short correspondence ensued, and at last the Emperor again ordered me to carry a letter.

In the palace of Fontainebleau is a private garden called the garden of Diana, to which their Majesties alone had access. This garden is surrounded on four sides by buildings; on the left was the chapel with its gloomy gallery and Gothic architecture; on the right the grand gallery (as well as I can remember); in the middle the building which contained their Majesties' apartments; finally, in front of and facing the square were broad arcades, and behind them the buildings intended for the various persons attached to household of the princes or the Emperor. Madame de B——, the lady whom the Emperor had remarked, lodged in an apartment situated behind these arcades on the ground floor; and his Majesty informed me that I would find a window open, through which I must enter cautiously, in the darkness, and give his note to a person who would ask for it. This darkness was necessary, because this window opened on the garden, and though behind the arcades, would have been noticed had there been a light. Not knowing the interior of these apartments, I entered through the window, thinking I could then walk on a level, but had a terrible fall over a high step which was in the embrasure of the window. I heard some one scream as I fell, and a door was suddenly closed. I had received severe bruises on my knee, elbow, and head, and rising with difficulty, at once began a search around the apartment, groping in the dark; but hearing nothing more, and fearing to make some fresh noise which might be heard by persons who should not know of my presence there, I decided to return to the Emperor, and report to him my adventures.

Finding that none of my injuries were serious, the Emperor laughed most heartily, and then added, "Oh, oh, so there is a step; it is well to know that. Wait till Madame B—— is over her fright; I will go to her, and you will accompany me." At the end of an hour, the Emperor emerged with me from the door of his cabinet which opened on the garden. I conducted him in silence towards the window which was still open and assisted him to enter, and having obtained to my cost a correct idea of the spot, directed him how to avoid a fall.

His Majesty, having entered the chamber without accident, told me to retire. I was not without some anxiety as I informed the Emperor; but he replied that I was a child, and there could be no danger. It appeared that his Majesty succeeded better than I had done,—as he did not return until daybreak, and then jested about my awkwardness,

admitting, however, that if he had not been warned, a similar accident would have befallen him.

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Although Madame de B—— was worthy of a genuine attachment, her liaison with the Emperor lasted only a short while, and was only a passing fancy. I think that the difficulties surrounding his nocturnal visits cooled his Majesty's ardor greatly; for the Emperor was not enough in love to be willing to brave everything in order to see his beautiful mistress. His Majesty informed me of the fright which my fall had caused her, and how anxious this amiable lady had been on my account, and how he had reassured her; this did not, however, prevent her sending next day to know how I was, by a confidential person, who told me again how interested Madame de B—— had been in my accident.

Often at Fontainebleau there was a court representation, in which the actors of the first theaters received orders to play before their Majesties scenes selected from their various repertoires. Mademoiselle Mars was to play the evening of her arrival; but at Essonne, where she was obliged to stop a moment on account of the road being filled with cattle going or returning from Fontainebleau, her trunk had been stolen, a fact of which she was not aware until she had gone some distance from the spot. Not only were her costumes missing, but she had no other clothing except what she wore; and it would be at least twelve hours before she could get from Paris what she needed. It was then two o'clock in the afternoon, and that very evening she must appear in the brilliant role of Celimene. Although much disturbed by this accident, Mademoiselle Mars did not lose her presence of mind, but visited all the shops of the town, and in a few hours had cut and made a complete costume in most excellent taste, and her loss was entirely repaired.

CHAPTER V.

In the month of November of this year I followed their Majesties to Italy. We knew a few days in advance that the Emperor would make this journey; but as happened on all other occasions, neither the day nor the hour was fixed, until we were told on the evening of the 15th that we would set out early on the morning of the 16th. I passed the night like all the household of his Majesty; for in order to carry out the incredible perfection of comfort with which the Emperor surrounded himself on his journeys, it was necessary that everybody should be on foot as soon as the hour of departure was known; consequently I passed the night arranging the service of his Majesty, while my wife packed my own baggage, and had but just finished when the Emperor asked for me, which meant that ten minutes after we would be on the road. At four o'clock in the morning his Majesty entered his carriage.

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As we never knew at what hour or in what direction the Emperor would begin his journey, the grand marshal, the grand equerry, and the grand chamberlain sent forward a complete service on all the different roads which they thought his Majesty might take. The bedroom service comprised a valet de chambre and a wardrobe boy. As for me, I never left his Majesty's person, and my carriage always followed immediately behind his. The conveyance belonging to this service contained an iron bed with its accessories, a dressing-case with linen, coats, *etc*. I know little of the service of the stables, but that of the kitchen was organized as follows: There was a conveyance almost in the shape of the coucous on the Place Louis XV. at Paris, with a deep bottom and an enormous body. The bottom contained wines for the Emperor's table and that of the high officers, the ordinary wine being bought at the places where we stopped. In the body of the wagon were the kitchen utensils and a portable furnace, followed by a carriage containing a steward, two cooks, and a furnace-boy. There was besides this, a baggage-wagon full of provisions and wine to fill up the other as it was emptied; and all these conveyances set out a few hours in advance of the Emperor. It was the duty of the grand marshal to designate the place at which breakfast should be taken. We alighted sometimes at the archbishop's, sometimes at the hotel de ville, sometimes at the residence of the sub-prefect, or even at that of the mayor, in the absence of any other dignitaries. Having arrived at the designated house, the steward gave orders for the provisions, the furnaces were lighted, and spits turned; and if the Emperor alighted and partook of the repast prepared, the provisions which had been consumed were immediately replaced as far as possible, and the carriages filled again with poultry, pastry, *etc*.; before leaving all expenses were paid by the controller, presents were made to the master of the house, and everything which was not necessary for the service left for the use of their servants. It sometimes happened that the Emperor, finding that it was too soon for breakfast, or wishing to make a longer journey, gave orders to pass on, and everything was packed up again and the service continued its route. Sometimes also the Emperor, halting in the open field, alighted, took his seat under a tree, and ordered his breakfast, upon which Roustan and the footmen obtained provisions from his Majesty's carriage, which was furnished with small cooking utensils with silver covers, holding chickens, partridges, *etc*., while the other carriages furnished their proportion. M. Pfister served the Emperor, and every one ate a hasty morsel. Fires were lighted to heat the coffee; and in less than half an hour everything had disappeared, and the carriages rolled on in the same order as before.

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The Emperor's steward and cooks had nearly all been trained in the household of the king and the princes. These were Messieurs Dunau, Leonard, Rouff, and Gerard. M. Colin was chief in command, and became steward-controller after the sad affliction of M. Pfister, who became insane during the campaign of 1809. All were capable and zealous servants; and, as is the case in the household of all sovereigns, each department of the domestic affairs had its chief. Messieurs Soupe and Pierrugues were in charge of the wines, and the sons of these gentleman continued to hold the same office with the Emperor.

We traveled with great speed as far as Mont-Cenis, but were compelled to go more slowly after reaching this pass, as the weather had been very bad for several days, and the road was washed out by the rain, which still fell in torrents. The Emperor arrived at Milan at noon on the 22d; and, notwithstanding our delay at Mont-Cenis, the rest of the journey had been so rapid that no one was expecting the Emperor. The vice-king only learned of the arrival of his step-father when he was half a league from the town, but came in haste to meet us escorted only by a few persons. The Emperor gave orders to halt, and, as soon as the door was opened, held out his hand to Prince Eugene, saying in the most affectionate manner: "Come, get up with us, my fine prince; we will enter together."

Notwithstanding the surprise which this unexpected arrival caused, we had hardly entered the town before all the houses were illuminated, and the beautiful palaces, Litta, Casani, Melzi, and many others, shone with a thousand lights. The magnificent cupola of the cathedral dome was covered with garlands of colored lights; and in the center of the Forum-Bonaparte, the walks of which were also illuminated, could be seen the colossal equestrian statue of the Emperor, on both sides of which transparencies had been arranged, in the shape of stars, bearing the initials S M I and R. By eight o'clock all the populace had collected around the chateau, where superb fireworks were discharged, while spirited and warlike music was performed. All the town authorities were admitted to the Emperor's presence.

On the morning of the next day there was held at the chateau a council of ministers, over which the Emperor presided; and at noon he mounted his horse to take part in the mass celebrated by the grand chaplain of the kingdom. The square of the cathedral was covered by an immense crowd, through which the Emperor advanced on horseback, accompanied by his imperial Highness, the vice-king, and his staff. The noble countenance of Prince Eugene expressed the great joy he felt in the presence of his step-father, for whom he had always so much respect and filial affection, and in hearing the incessant acclamations of the people, which grew more vociferous every moment.

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After the ‘Te Deum’, the Emperor held a review of the troops on the square, and immediately after set out with the viceroy for Monza, the palace at which the queen resided. For no woman did the Emperor manifest more sincere regard and respect than for Princess Amelia; but, indeed there has never been a more beautiful or purer woman. It was impossible to speak of beauty or virtue in the Emperor’s presence without his giving the vice-queen as an example. Prince Eugene was very worthy of so accomplished a wife, and justly appreciated her exalted character; and I was glad to see in the countenance of the excellent prince the reflection of the happiness he enjoyed. Amidst all the care he took to anticipate every wish of his step-father, I was much gratified that he found time to address a few words to me, expressing the great pleasure he felt at my promotion in the service and esteem of the Emperor. Nothing could have been more grateful to me than these marks of remembrance from a prince for whom I had always retained a most sincere, and, I made bold to say, most tender, attachment.

The Emperor remained a long while with the vicequeen, whose intelligence equaled her amiability and her beauty, but returned to Milan to dine; and immediately afterwards the ladies who were received at court were presented to him. In the evening, I followed his Majesty to the theater of la Scala. The Emperor did not remain throughout the play, but retired early to his apartment, and worked the greater part of the night; which did not, however, prevent our being on the road to Verona before eight o’clock in the morning.

His Majesty made no stop at Brescia and Verona. I would have been very glad to have had time on the route to examine the curiosities of Italy; but that was not an easy thing to do in the Emperor’s suite, as he halted only for the purpose of reviewing troops, and preferred visiting fortifications to ruins.

At Verona his Majesty dined, or rather supped (for it was very late), with their Majesties, the King and Queen of Bavaria, who arrived at almost exactly the same time as ourselves; and very early the next day we set out for Vicenza.

Although the season was already advanced, I found great pleasure in the scene which awaits the traveler on’ the road from Verona to Vicenza. Imagine to yourself an immense plain, divided into innumerable fields, each bordered with different kinds of trees with slender trunks,—mostly elms and poplars,—which form avenues as far as the eye can reach. Vines twine around their trunks, climb each tree, and droop from each limb; while other branches of these vines, loosening their hold on the tree which serves as their support, droop clear to the ground, and hang in graceful festoons from tree to tree. Beyond these, lovely natural bowers could be seen far and wide, splendid fields of wheat; or, at least, this had been the case on my former journey, but at this time the harvest had been gathered for several months.

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At the end of a day which I passed most delightfully amid these fertile plains, I entered Vicenza, where the authorities of the town, together with almost the entire population, awaited the Emperor under a superb arch of triumph at the entrance of the town. We were exceedingly hungry; and his Majesty himself said, that evening as he retired, that he felt very much like sitting down to the table when he entered Vicenza. I trembled, then, at the idea of those long Italian addresses, which I had found even longer than those of France, doubtless because I did not understand a single word; but, fortunately, the magistrates of Vicenza were sufficiently well-informed not to take advantage of our position, and their speeches occupied only a few moments.

That evening his Majesty went to the theater; and I was so much fatigued that I would have gladly profited by the Emperor's absence to take some repose, had not an acquaintance invited me to accompany him to the convent of the Servites, in order to witness the effect of the illumination of the town, which I did, and was repaid by the magnificent spectacle which met my eyes. The whole town seemed one blaze of light. On returning to the palace occupied by his Majesty, I learned that he had given orders that everything should be in readiness for departure two hours after midnight; consequently I had one hour to sleep, and I enjoyed it to the utmost.

At the appointed moment, the Emperor entered his carriage; and we were soon rolling along with the rapidity of lightning over the road to Stra, where we passed the night. Very early next morning we set out, following a long causeway raised through marshes. The landscape is almost the same, and yet not so beautiful, as that we passed before reaching Vicenza. We still saw groves of mulberry and olive trees, from which the finest oil is obtained, and fields of maize and hemp, interspersed with meadows. Beyond Stra the cultivation of rice commences; and, although the rice-fields must render the country unhealthy, still it has not the reputation of being more so than any other. On the right and left of the road are seen elegant houses, and cabins which, though covered with thatch, are very comfortable, and present a charming appearance. The vine is little cultivated in this part of the country, where it would hardly succeed, as the land is too low and damp; but there are, nevertheless, a few small vineyards on the slopes, and the vegetation in the whole country is incredibly rich and luxuriant. The late wars have left traces which only a long peace can efface.

CHAPTER VI.

On his arrival at Fusina the Emperor found the Venetian authorities awaiting him, embarked on the 'peote' or gondola of the village, and advanced towards Venice, accompanied by a numerous floating cortege. We followed, the Emperor in little black gondolas, which looked like floating coffins, with which the Brenta was covered; and nothing could be stranger than to hear, proceeding from these coffins of such gloomy aspect, delicious vocal concerts. The boat which carried his Majesty, and the gondolas of the principal persons of his suite, were handsomely ornamented.

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When we arrived at the mouth of the river we were obliged to wait nearly half an hour until the locks were opened, which was done by degrees, and with every precaution; without which the waters of the Brenta, held in their canal and raised considerably above the level of the sea, would have rushed out suddenly, and in their violent descent have driven our gondolas along before them, or sunk them. Released at last from the Brenta, we found ourselves in the gulf, and saw at a distance, rising from the midst of the sea, the wonderful city of Venice. Barks, gondolas, and vessels of considerable size, filled with all the wealthy population, and all the boatmen of Venice in gala dress, appeared on every side, passing, repassing, and crossing each other, in every direction, with the most remarkable skill and speed.

The Emperor was standing at the back of the peote, and, as each gondola passed near his own, replied to the acclamations and cries of “Viva Napoleone imperatore e re!” by one of those profound bows which he made with so much grace and dignity, taking off his hat without bending his head, and carrying it along his body almost to his knees.

Escorted by this innumerable flotilla, of which the peote of the city seemed to be the admirals vessel, his Majesty entered at last the Grand Canal, which flowed between magnificent palaces, hung with banners and filled with spectators. The Emperor alighted before the palace of the procurators, where he was received by a deputation of members of the Senate and the Venetian nobility. He stopped a moment in the square of St. Mark, passed through some interior streets, chose the site for a garden, the plans for which the architect of the city then presented to him, and which were carried out as if it had been in the midst of the country. It was a novel sight to the Venetians to see trees planted in the open air, while hedges and lawns appeared as if by magic. The entire absence of verdure and vegetation, and the silence which reigns in the streets of Venice, where is never heard the hoof of a horse nor the wheels of a carriage, horses and carriages being things entirely unknown in this truly marine city, must give it usually a sad and abandoned air; but this gloom entirely disappeared during his Majesty’s visit.

The prince viceroy and the grand marshal were present in the evening when the Emperor retired; and, while undressing him, I heard a part of their conversation, which turned on the government of Venice before the union of this republic with the French Empire. His Majesty was almost the only spokesman, Prince Eugene and Marshal Duroc contenting themselves with throwing a few words into the conversation, as if to furnish a new text for the Emperor, and prevent his pausing, and thus ending too soon his discourse; a genuine discourse, in fact, since his Majesty took the lead, and left the others but little to say. Such was often his habit; but no one thought of complaining of this, so interesting were nearly always the Emperor’s ideas, and so original and brilliantly expressed. His Majesty did not converse, as had been truthfully said in the journal which I have added to my memoirs, but he spoke with an inexpressible charm; and on this point it seems to me that the author of the “Journal of Aix-la-Chapelle” has done the Emperor injustice.

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As I said just now, his Majesty spoke of the ancient State of Venice, and from what he said on this occasion I learned more than I could have done from the most interesting book. The viceroy having remarked that a few patricians regretted their former liberty, the Emperor exclaimed, “Liberty, what nonsense! liberty no longer existed in Venice, and had, indeed, never existed except for a few families of the nobility, who oppressed the rest of the population. Liberty, with a Council of Ten! Liberty, with the inquisitors of state! Liberty, with the very lions as informers, and Venetian dungeons and bullets!” Marshal Duroc remarked that towards the end these severe regulations were much modified. “Yes, no doubt,”—replied the Emperor. “The lion of St. Mark had gotten old; he had no longer either teeth or nails! Venice was only the shadow of her former self, and her last doge found that he rose to a higher rank in becoming a senator of the French Empire.” His Majesty, seeing that this idea made the vice-king smile, added very gravely, “I am not jesting, gentlemen. A Roman senator prided himself on being more than a king; a French senator is at least the equal of a doge. I desire that foreigners shall accustom themselves to show the greatest respect towards the constituted authorities of the Empire, and to treat with great consideration even the simple title of French citizen. I will take care to insure this. Good-night, Eugene. Duroc, take care to have the reception to-morrow all that it should be. After the ceremony we will visit the arsenal. Adieu, Messieurs. Constant, come back in ten minutes to put out my light; I feel sleepy. One is cradled like an infant on these gondolas.”

The next day his Majesty, after receiving the homage of the Venetian authorities, repaired to the arsenal. This is an immense building, fortified so carefully that it was practically impregnable. The appearance of the interior is singular on account of several small islands which it incloses, joined together by bridges. The magazines and numerous buildings of the fortress thus appear to be floating on the surface of the water. The entrance on the land side, by which we were introduced, is over a very handsome bridge of marble, ornamented with columns and statues. On the side next the sea, there are numerous rocks and sandbanks, the presence of which is indicated by long piles. It is said that in time of war these piles were taken up, which exposed the foreign vessels, imprudent enough to entangle themselves among these shoals, to certain destruction. The arsenal could formerly equip eighty thousand men, both infantry and cavalry, independent of complete armaments for war vessels.

The arsenal is bordered with raised towers, from which the view extends in all directions. On the tallest of these towers, which is placed in the center of the building, as well as all the others, sentinels were stationed, both day and night, to signal the arrival of vessels, which they could see at a very great distance. Nothing can be finer than the dockyards for building vessels, in which ten thousand men can work with ease. The sails are made by women, over whom other elderly women exercise an active surveillance.

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The Emperor delayed only a short time to look at the ‘Bucentaure’; which is the title of the magnificent vessel in which the Doge of Venice was accustomed to celebrate his marriage with the sea; and a Venetian never sees without deep chagrin this old monument of the former glory of his country. I, in company with some persons of the Emperor’s suite, had as our guide an old mariner, whose eyes filled with tears as he related to us in bad French that the last time he witnessed the marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic Sea was in 1796, a year before the capture of Venice. He also told us that he was at that time in the service of the last Doge of the republic, Lord Louis Manini, and that the following year (1797), the French entered Venice at the exact time when the marriage of the Doge to the sea, which took place on Ascension Day, was usually celebrated, and ever since the sea had remained a widow. Our good sailor paid a most touching tribute of praise to his old master, who he said had never succeeded in forcing himself, to take the oath of allegiance to the Austrians, and had swooned away while resigning to them the keys of the city.

The gondoliers are at the same time servants, errand boys, confidants, and companions in adventures to the person who takes them into his service; and nothing can equal the courage, fidelity, and gayety of these brave seamen. They expose themselves fearlessly in their slender gondolas to tempests; and their skill is so great that they turn with incredible rapidity in the narrowest canals, cross each other, follow, and pass each other incessantly, without ever having an accident.

I found myself in a position to judge of the skill of these hardy mariners the day after our visit to the arsenal. His Majesty was conducted through the lagoons as far as the fortified gate of Mala-Mocca, and the gondoliers gave as he returned a boat-race and tournament on the water. On that day there was also a special representation at the grand theater, and the whole city was illuminated. In fact, one might think that there is a continual fete and general illumination in Venice; the custom being to spend the greater part of the night in business or pleasure, and the streets are as brilliant and as full of people as in Paris at four o’clock in the afternoon. The shops, especially those of the square of Saint Mark, are brilliantly lighted, and crowds fill the small decorated pavilions where coffee, ices, and refreshments of all kinds are sold.

The Emperor did not adopt the Venetian mode of life, however, and retired at the same hour as in Paris; and when he did not pass the day working with his ministers, rode in a gondola through the lagoons, or visited the principal establishments and public buildings of Venice; and I thus saw, in company with his Majesty, the church of Saint Mark, and the ancient palace of the Doge.

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The church of Saint Mark has five entrances, superbly decorated with marble columns; the gates are of bronze and beautifully carved. Above the middle door were formerly the four famous bronze horses, which the Emperor carried to Paris to ornament the Arch of Triumph on the Place du Carrousel. The tower is separated from the church by a small square, from the midst of which it rises to a height of more than three hundred feet. It is ascended by an inclined platform without steps, which is very convenient; and on arriving at the summit the most magnificent panorama is spread out before you, Venice with its innumerable islands covered with palaces, churches, and buildings, and extending at a distance into the sea; also the immense dike, sixty feet broad, several fathoms deep, and built of great blocks of stone, which enormous work surrounds Venice and all its islands, and defends it against the rising of the sea.

The Venetians have the greatest admiration for the clock placed in the tower bearing its name, and the mechanism of which shows the progress of the sun and moon through the twelve signs of the zodiac. In a niche above the dialplate is an image of the Virgin, which is gilded and lifesize; and it is said that on certain fete days, each blow of the pendulum makes two angels appear, trumpet in hand, followed by the Three Wise Men, who prostrate themselves at the feet of the Virgin Mary. I saw nothing of all that, but only two large black figures striking the hour on the clock with iron clubs.

The Doge's palace is a gloomy building; and the prisons, which are separated from it only by a narrow canal, render the aspect still more depressing.

At Venice one finds merchants from every nation, Jews and Greeks being very numerous. Roustan, who understood the language of the latter, was sought after by the most distinguished among them; and the heads of a Greek family came one day to invite him to visit them at their residence on one of the islands which lie around Venice. Roustan confided to me his desire to accept this invitation, and I was delighted with his proposition that I should accompany him. On our arrival at their island, we were received by our hosts, who were very wealthy merchants, as if we had been old friends. The apartment, a kind of parlor into which we were ushered, not only evinced cultivation and refinement, but great elegance; a large divan extended around the hall, the inlaid floor of which was covered with artistically woven mats. Our hosts were six men who were associated in the same trade. I would have been somewhat embarrassed had not one of them who spoke French conversed with me, while the others talked to Roustan in their native tongue. We were offered coffee, fruits, ices, and pipes; and as I was never fond of smoking, and knew besides the disgust inspired in the Emperor by odors in general, and especially that of tobacco, I refused the pipe, and expressed a fear that my clothes might be scented by being so near the smokers. I thought I perceived that this delicacy lowered me considerably in the esteem of my hosts, notwithstanding which, as we left, they gave us most urgent invitations to repeat our visit, which it was impossible to do, as the Emperor soon after left Venice.

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On my return, the Emperor asked me if I had been through the city, what I thought of it, and if I had entered any residences; in fact, what seemed to me worthy of notice. I replied as well as I could; and as his Majesty was just then in a mood for light conversation, spoke to him of our excursion, and visit to the Greek family. The Emperor asked me what these Greeks thought of him. "Sire," replied I, "the one who spoke French seemed entirely devoted to your Majesty, and expressed to me the hope which he and also his brothers entertained, that the Emperor of the French, who had successfully combated the mamelukes in Egypt, might also some day make himself the liberator of Greece."

"Ah, Monsieur Constant," said the Emperor to me, pinching me sharply, "you are meddling with politics."—"Pardon me, Sire, I only repeated what I heard, and it is not astonishing that all the oppressed count on your Majesty's aid. These poor Greeks seem to love their country passionately, and, above all, detest the Turks most cordially."—"That is good," said his Majesty; "but I must first of all attend to my own business. Constant!" continued his Majesty suddenly changing the subject of this conversation with which he had deigned to honor me, and smiling with an ironical air, "what do you think of the appearance of the beautiful Greek women? How many models have you seen worthy of Canova or of David?" I was obliged to admit to his Majesty that what had influenced me most in accepting Roustan's proposition was the hope of seeing a few of these much vaunted beauties, and that I had been cruelly disappointed in not having seen the shadow of a woman. At this frank avowal the Emperor, who had expected it in advance, laughed heartily, and took his revenge on my ears, calling me a libertine: "You do not know then, Monsieur le Drole, that your good friends the Greeks have adopted the customs of those Turks whom they detest so cordially, and like them seclude their wives and daughters in order that they may never appear before bad men like yourself."

Although the Greek ladies of Venice may be carefully watched by their husbands, they are neither secluded nor guarded in a seraglio like the Turkish women; for during our stay at Venice, a great person spoke to his Majesty of a young and beautiful Greek, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor of the French. This lady was very ambitious of being received by his Majesty in his private rooms, and although carefully watched by a jealous husband, had found means to send to the Emperor a letter in which she depicted the intensity of her love and admiration. This letter, written with real passion and in an exalted strain, inspired in his Majesty a desire to see and know the author, but it was necessary he should use precautions, for the Emperor was not the man to abuse his power to snatch a woman from her husband; and yet all the care that he took in keeping the affair secret did not prevent her husband from suspecting

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the plans of his wife, and before it was possible for her to see the Emperor, she was carried away far from Venice, and her prudent husband carefully covered her steps and concealed her flight. When her disappearance was announced to the Emperor: "He is an old fool," said his Majesty, laughing, "who thinks he is strong enough to struggle against his destiny." His Majesty formed no other liaison during our stay at Venice.

Before leaving this city, the Emperor rendered a decree which was received with inexpressible enthusiasm, and added much to the regret which his Majesty's departure caused the inhabitants of Venice. The department of the Adriatic, of which Venice was the chief city, was enlarged in all its maritime coasts, from the town of Aquila as far as Adria. The decree ordered, moreover, that the port should be repaired, the canals deepened and cleaned, the great wall of Palestrina of which I have spoken above, and the jetties in front of it, extended and maintained; that a canal of communication between the arsenal of Venice and the Pass of Mala-Mocco should be dug; and finally that this passage itself should be cleared and deepened sufficiently for vessels of the line of seventy-four tons burthen to pass in and out.

Other articles related to benevolent establishments, the administration of which was given to a kind of council called the Congregation of Charities, and the cession to the city from the royal domain of the island of Saint Christopher, to be used as a general cemetery; for until then here, as in the rest of Italy, they had the pernicious custom of interring the dead in churches. Finally the decree ordered the adoption of a new mode of lighting the beautiful square of Saint Mark, the construction of new quays, gateways, *etc*.

When we left Venice the Emperor was conducted to the shore by a crowd of the population fully as numerous as that which welcomed his arrival. Trevise, Undine, and Mantua rivaled each other in their eagerness to receive his Majesty in a becoming manner. King Joseph had left the Emperor to return to Naples; but Prince Murat and the vice-king accompanied his Majesty.

The Emperor stopped only two or three days at Milan, and continued his journey. On reaching the plains of Marengo, he found there the entire population of Alexandria awaiting him, and was received by the light of thousands of torches. We passed through Turin without stopping, and on the 30th of December again descended Mont Cenis, and on the evening of the 1st of January arrived at the Tuileries.

CHAPTER VII.

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We arrived in Paris on the 1st of January at nine o'clock in the evening; and as the theater of the palace of the Tuileries was now completed, on the Sunday following his Majesty's return the Griselda of M. Paer was presented in this magnificent hall. Their Majesties' boxes were situated in front of the curtain, opposite each other, and presented a charming picture, with their hangings of crimson silk draped above, and forming a background to broad, movable mirrors, which reflected at will the audience or the play. The Emperor, still impressed with the recollections of the theaters of Italy, criticised unsparingly that of the Tuileries, saying that it was inconvenient, badly planned, and much too large for a palace theater; but notwithstanding all these criticisms, when the day of inauguration came, and the Emperor was convinced of the very great ingenuity M. Fontaine had shown in distributing the boxes so as to make the splendid toilets appear to the utmost advantage, he appeared well satisfied, and charged the Duke of Frioul to present to M. Fontaine the congratulations he so well deserved.

A week after we saw the reverse of the medal. On that day Cinna was presented, and a comedy, the name of which I have forgotten. It was such extremely cold weather that we were obliged to leave the theater immediately after the tragedy, in consequence of which the Emperor exhausted himself in invectives against the hall, which according to him was good for nothing but to be burnt. M. Fontaine [Born at Pontoise, 1762; erected the arch of the Carrousel; died 1853] was summoned, and promised to do everything in his power to remedy the inconveniences pointed out to him; and in fact, by means of new furnaces placed under the theater, with pipes through the ceiling, and steps placed under the benches of the second tier of boxes, in a week the hall was made warm and comfortable.

For several weeks the Emperor occupied himself almost exclusively with buildings and improvements. The arch of triumph of the Place du Carrousel, from which the scaffolding had been removed in order to allow the Imperial Guard to pass beneath it on their return from Prussia, first attracted his Majesty's attention. This monument was then almost completed, with the exception of a few bas-reliefs which were still to be put in position. The Emperor took a critical view of it from one of the palace windows, and said, after knitting his brows two or three times, that this mass resembled much more a pavilion than a gate, and that he would have much preferred one constructed in the style of the porte Saint-Denis.

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After visiting in detail the various works begun or carried on since his departure, his Majesty one morning sent for M. Fontaine, and having discoursed at length on what he thought worthy of praise or blame in all that he had seen, informed him of his intentions with regard to the plans which the architect had furnished for joining the Tuileries to the Louvre. It was agreed by the Emperor and M. Fontaine that these buildings should be united by two wings, the first of which should be finished in five years, a million to be granted each year for this purpose; and that a second wing should also be constructed on the opposite side, extending from the Louvre to the Tuileries, forming thus a perfect square, in the midst of which would be erected an opera house, isolated on all sides, and communicating with the palace by a subterranean gallery.

The gallery forming the court in front of the Louvre was to be opened to the public in winter, and decorated with statues, and also with all the shrubbery now in boxes in the garden of the Tuileries; and in this court he intended to erect an arch of triumph very similar to that of the Carrousel. Finally, all these beautiful buildings were to be used as lodgings for the grand officers of the crown, as stables, *etc*. The necessary expense was estimated as approximating forty-two millions.

The Emperor was occupied in succession with a palace of arts; with a new building for the Imperial library, to be placed on the spot now occupied by the Bourse; with a palace for the stock-exchange on the quay Desaix; with the restoration of the Sorbonne and the hotel Soubise; with a triumphal column at Neuilly; with a fountain on the Place Louis XV.; with tearing down the Hotel-Dieu to enlarge and beautify the Cathedral quarter; and with the construction of four hospitals at Mont-Parnasse, at Chaillot, at Montmartre, and in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, *etc*. All these plans were very grand; and there is no doubt that he who had conceived them would have executed them; and it has often been said that had he lived, Paris would have had no rival in any department in the world.

At the same time his Majesty decided definitely on the form of the arch of triumph de l’Etoile, which had been long debated, and for which all the architects of the crown had submitted plans. It was M. Fontaine whose opinion prevailed; since among all the plans presented his was the simplest, and at the same time the most imposing.

The Emperor was also much interested in the restoration of the palace of Versailles. M. Fontaine had submitted to his Majesty a plan for the first repairs, by the terms of which, for the sum of six millions, the Emperor and Empress would have had a comfortable dwelling. His Majesty, who liked everything grand, handsome, superb, but at the same time economical, wrote at the bottom of this estimate the following note, which M. de Bausset reports thus in his Memoirs:—

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“The plans in regard to Versailles must be carefully considered. Those which M. Fontaine submits are very reasonable, the estimate being six millions; but this includes dwellings, with the restoration of the chapel and that of the theater, only sufficiently comfortable for present use, not such as they should be one day.

> “By this plan, the Emperor and Empress would have their apartments; but we must remember that this sum should also furnish lodgings for princes, grand and inferior officers.
>
> “It is also necessary to know where will be placed the factory of arms, which will be needed at Versailles, since it puts silver in circulation.
>
> “It will be necessary out of these six millions to find six lodgings for princes, twelve for grand officers, and fifty for inferior officers.

“Then only can we decide to make Versailles our residence, and pass the summers there. Before adopting these plans, it will be necessary that the architect who engages to execute them should certify that they can be executed for the proposed sum.”

A few days after their arrival their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, went to visit the celebrated David

> [Jacques Louis David, born in Paris, 1748, celebrated historical painter, member of convention, 1792, and voted for the death of the king. Died in Brussels, 1825.]

at his studio in the Sorbonne, in order to see the magnificent picture of the coronation, which had just been finished. Their Majesties’ suite was composed of Marshal Bessieres, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, M. Lebrun, several ladies of the palace, and chamberlains. The Emperor and Empress contemplated with admiration for a long while this beautiful painting, which comprised every species of merit; and the painter was in his glory while hearing his Majesty name, one by one, all the different personages of the picture, for the resemblance was really miraculous. “How grand that is!” said the Emperor; “how fine! how the figures are brought out in relief! how truthful! This is not a painting; the figures live in this picture!” First directing his attention to the grand tribune in the midst, the Emperor, recognized Madame his mother, General Beaumont, M. de Cosse, M. de La Ville, Madame de Fontanges, and Madame Soult. “I see in the distance,” said he, “good M. Vien.” M. David replied, “Yes, Sire; I wished to show my admiration for my illustrious master by placing him in this picture, which, on account of its subject, will be the most famous of my works.” The Empress then took part in the conversation, and pointed out to the Emperor how happily M. David had seized upon and represented the interesting moment when the Emperor is on the point

of being crowned. “Yes,” said his Majesty, regarding it with a pleasure that he did not seek to disguise, “the moment is well chosen, and the scene perfectly represented; the two figures are very fine,” and speaking thus, the Emperor looked at the Empress.

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His Majesty continued the examination of the picture in all its details, and praised especially the group of the Italian clergy near the altar, which episode was invented by the painter. He seemed to wish only that the Pope had been represented in more direct action, appearing to give his blessing, and that the crown of the Empress had been borne by the cardinal legate. In regard to this group, Marshal Bessieres made the Emperor laugh heartily, by relating to him the very amusing discussion which had taken place between David and Cardinal Caprara.

It is well known that the artist had a great aversion to dressed figures, especially to those clothed in the modern style. In all his paintings, there may be remarked such a pronounced love for the antique that it even shows itself in his manner of draping living persons. Now, Cardinal Caprara, one of the assistants of the Pope at the ceremony of the coronation, wore a wig; and David, in giving him a place in his picture, thought it more suitable to take off his wig, and represent him with a bald head, the likeness being otherwise perfect. The Cardinal was much grieved, and begged the artist to restore his wig, but received from David a formal refusal. “Never,” said he, “will I degrade my pencil so far as to paint a wig.” His Eminence went away very angry, and complained to M. de Talleyrand, who was at this time Minister of Foreign Affairs, giving, among other reasons, this, which seemed to him unanswerable, that, as no Pope had ever worn a wig, they would not fail to attribute to him, Cardinal Caprara, an intention of aspiring to the pontifical chair in case of a vacancy, which intention would be clearly shown by the suppression of his wig in the picture of the coronation. The entreaties of his Eminence were all in vain; for David would not consent to restore his precious wig, saying, that “he ought to be very glad he had taken off no more than that.”

After hearing this story, the particulars of which were confirmed by the principal actor in the scene, his Majesty made some observations to M. David, with all possible delicacy. They were attentively noted by this admirable artist, who, with a bow, promised the Emperor to profit by his advice. Their Majesties’ visit was long, and lasted until the fading light warned the Emperor that it was time to return. M. David escorted him to the door of his studio; and there, stopping short, the Emperor took off his hat, and, by a most graceful bow, testified to the honor he felt for such distinguished talent. The Empress added to the agitation by which M. David seemed almost overcome by a few of the charming words of appreciation she so well knew how to say, and said so opportunely.

Opposite the picture of the coronation was placed that of the Sabines. The Emperor, who perceived how anxious M. David was to dispose of this, gave orders to M. Lebrun, as he left, to see if this picture could not be placed to advantage in the grand gallery at the Tuileries. But he soon changed his mind when he reflected that most of the figures were represented in naturalibus, which would appear incongruous in an apartment used for grand diplomatic receptions, and in which the Council of Ministers usually sat.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The last of January, Mademoiselle de Tascher, niece of her Majesty the Empress, was married to the Duke of Aremberg. The Emperor on this occasion raised Mademoiselle de Tascher to the dignity of a princess, and deigned, in company with the Empress, to honor with his presence the marriage, which took place at the residence of her Majesty the Queen of Holland, in the Rue de Ceriltti, and was celebrated with a splendor worthy of the august guests. The Empress remained some time after dinner, and opened the ball with the Duke of Aremberg. A few days after this the Prince of Hohenzollern married the niece of the Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, Mademoiselle Antoinette Murat.

His Majesty honored her as he had done Mademoiselle Tascher, and, in company with the Empress, also attended the ball which the Grand Duke of Berg gave on the occasion of this marriage, and at which Princess Caroline presided.

This was a brilliant winter at Paris, owing to the great number of fetes and balls which were given. The Emperor, as I have already said, had an aversion to balls, and especially masked balls, which he considered the most senseless things in the world, and this was a subject on which he was often at war with the Empress; but, notwithstanding this, on one occasion he yielded to the entreaties of M. de Marescalchi, the Italian ambassador, noted for his magnificent balls, which the most distinguished personages of the kingdom attended. These brilliant reunions took place in a hall which the ambassador had built for the purpose, and decorated with extraordinary luxury and splendor; and his Majesty, as I have said, consented to honor with his presence a masked ball given by this ambassador, which was to eclipse all others.

In the morning the Emperor called me, and said, “I have decided to dance this evening at the house of the ambassador of Italy; you will carry, during the day, ten complete costumes to the apartments he has prepared for me.” I obeyed, and in the evening accompanied his Majesty to the residence of M. Marescalchi, and dressed him as best I could in a black domino, taking great pains to render him unrecognizable; and everything went well, in spite of numerous observations on the Emperor’s part as to the absurdity of a disguise, the bad appearance a domino makes, *etc*. But, when it was proposed to change his shoes, he rebelled absolutely, in spite of all I could say on this point; and consequently he was recognized the moment he entered the ballroom. He went straight to a masker, his hands behind his back, as usual, and attempted to enter into an intrigue, and at the first question he asked was called Sire, in reply. Whereupon, much disappointed, he turned on his heel, and came back to me. “You are right, Constant; I am recognized. Bring me lace-boots and another costume.” I put the boots on his feet, and disguised him anew, advising

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him to let his arms hang, if he did not wish to be recognized at once; and his Majesty promised to obey in every particular what he called my instructions. He had hardly entered the room in his new costume, however, before he was accosted by a lady, who, seeing him with his hands again crossed behind his back, said, “Sire, you are recognized!” The Emperor immediately let his arms fall; but it was too late, for already every one moved aside respectfully to make room for him. He then returned to his room, and took a third costume, promising me implicitly to pay attention to his gestures and his walk, and offering to bet that he would not be recognized. This time, in fact, he entered the hall as if it were a barrack, pushing and elbowing all around him; but, in spite of this, some one whispered in his ear, “Your Majesty is recognized.” A new disappointment, new change of costume, and new advice on my part, with the same result; until at last his Majesty left the ambassador’s ball, persuaded that he could not be disguised, and that the Emperor would be recognized whatever mask he might assume.

That evening at supper, the Prince de Neuchatel, the Duke de Trevise, the Duke de Frioul, and some other officers being present, the Emperor related the history of his disguises, and made many jests on his awkwardness. In speaking of the young lady who had recognized him the evening before, and who had, it appeared, puzzled him greatly, “Can you believe it, Messieurs,” said he, “I never succeeded in recognizing the little wretch at all?” During the carnival the Empress expressed a wish to go once to the masked ball at the opera; and when she begged the Emperor to accompany her he refused, in spite of all the tender and enticing things the Empress could say, and all the grace with which, as is well known, she could surround a petition. She found that all was useless, as the Emperor said plainly that he would not go. “Well, I will go without you.”—“As you please,” and the Emperor went out.

That evening at the appointed hour the Empress went to the ball; and the Emperor, who wished to surprise her, had one of her femmes de chambre summoned, and obtained from her an exact description of the Empress’s costume. He then told me to dress him in a domino, entered a carriage without decorations, and accompanied by the grand marshal of the palace, a superior officer, and myself, took the road to the opera. On reaching the private entrance of the Emperor’s household, we encountered some difficulty, as the doorkeeper would not let us pass till I had told my name and rank. “These gentlemen are with you?”—“As you see.”—“I beg your pardon, Monsieur Constant; but it is because in such times as these there are always persons who try to enter without paying.”—“That is good! That is good!” and the Emperor laughed heartily at the doorkeeper’s observations. At last we entered, and having got as far as the hall, promenaded in couples, I giving my arm to the Emperor, who said

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thou to me, and bade me reply in the same way. We gave each other fictitious names, the Emperor calling himself Auguste; the Duke de Frioul, Francois; the superior officer, whose name escapes me, Charles; while I was Joseph. As soon as his Majesty saw a domino similar to the one the femme de chambre had described, he pressed my arm and said, “Is that she?”—“No, Si—— no, Auguste,” replied I, constantly correcting myself; for it was impossible to accustom myself to calling the Emperor otherwise than Sire or your Majesty. He had, as I have said, expressly ordered me to tutoy him; but he was every moment compelled to repeat this order to me, for respect tied my tongue every time I tried to say tu. At last, after having gone in every direction, explored every corner and nook of the saloon, the green-room, the boxes, *etc*., in fact, examined everything, and looked each costume over in detail, his Majesty, who was no more successful in recognizing her Majesty than were we, began to feel great anxiety, which I, however, succeeded in allaying by telling him that doubtless the Empress had gone to change her costume. As I was speaking, a domino arrived who seemed enamoured of the Emperor, accosted him, mystified him, tormented him in every way, and with so much vivacity that Auguste was beside himself; and it is impossible to give even a faint idea of the comical sight the Emperor presented in his embarrassment. The domino, delighted at this, redoubled her wit and raillery until, thinking it time to cease, she disappeared in the crowd.

The Emperor was completely exasperated; he had seen enough, and we left the ball.

The next morning when he saw the Empress, he remarked, “Well, you did not go to the opera ball, after all!”—“Oh, yes, indeed I did.”—“Nonsense!” —“I assure you that I went. And you, my dear, what did you do all the evening?”—“I worked.”—“Why, that is very singular; for I saw at the ball last night a domino who had exactly your foot and boots. I took him for you, and consequently addressed him.” The Emperor laughed heartily on learning that he had been thus duped; the Empress, just as she left for the ball, had changed her costume, not thinking the first sufficiently elegant.

The carnival was extremely brilliant this year, and there were in Paris all kinds of masquerades. The most amusing were those in which the theory advocated by the famous Doctor Gall [Franz Joseph Gall, founder of the system of phrenology. Born in Baden, 1758; died in Paris, 1825] was illustrated. I saw a troop passing the Place du Carrousel, composed of clowns, harlequins, fishwives, *etc*., all rubbing their skulls, and making expressive grimaces; while a clown bore several skulls of different sizes, painted red, blue, or green, with these inscriptions: Skull of a robber, skull of an assassin, skull of a bankrupt, *etc*.; and a masked figure, representing Doctor Gall, was seated on an ass, his head turned to the animal’s tail, and receiving from the hands of a woman who followed him, and was also seated on an ass, heads covered with wigs made of long grass.

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Her Majesty Queen Caroline gave a masked ball, at which the Emperor and Empress were present, which was one of the most brilliant I have ever attended.

The opera of la Vestale was then new, and very much the fashion; it represented a quadrille of priests and vestals who entered to the sound of delicious music on the flute and harp, and in addition to this there were magicians, a Swiss marriage, Tyrolian betrothals, *etc*. All the costumes were wonderfully handsome and true to nature; and there had been arranged in the apartments at the palace a supply of costumes which enabled the dancers to change four or five times during the night, and which had the effect of renewing the ball as many times.

As I was dressing the Emperor for this ball, he said to me, “Constant, you must go with me in disguise. Take whatever costume you like, disguise yourself so that you cannot possibly be recognized, and I will give you instructions.” I hastened to do as his Majesty ordered, donned a Swiss costume which suited me very well, and thus equipped awaited his Majesty’s orders.

He had a plan for mystifying several great personages, and two or three ladies whom the Emperor designated to me with such minute details that it was impossible to mistake them, and told me some singular things in regard to them, which were not generally known, and were well calculated to embarrass them terribly. As I was starting, the Emperor called me back, saying, “Above all, Constant, take care to make no mistake, and do not confound Madame de M—— with her sister; they have almost exactly the same costume, but Madame de M—— is larger than she, so take care.” On my arrival at the ball, I sought and easily found the persons whom his Majesty had designated, and the replies which they made afforded him much amusement when I narrated them as he was retiring.

There was at this time a third marriage at the court, that of the Prince de Neuchatel and the Princess of Bavaria, which was celebrated in the chapel of the Tuileries by Cardinal Fesch.

A traveler just returned from the Isle of France presented to the Empress a female monkey of the orang-outang species; and her Majesty gave orders that the animal should be placed in the menagerie at Malmaison. This baboon was extremely gentle and docile, and its master had given it an excellent education. It was wonderful to see her, when any one approached the chair on which she was seated, take a decent position, draw over her legs and thighs the fronts of a long redingote, and, when she rose to make a bow, hold the redingote carefully in front of her, acting, in fact, exactly as would a young girl who had been well reared. She ate at the table with a knife and fork more properly than many children who are thought to be carefully trained, and liked, while eating, to cover her face with her napkin, and then uncover it with a cry of joy. Turnips were her favorite food; and, when a lady of the palace showed her one, she began to run, caper, and cut somersaults, forgetting entirely the lessons of modesty and

decency her professor had taught her. The Empress was much amused at seeing the baboon lose her dignity so completely under the influence of this lady.

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This poor beast had inflammation of the stomach, and, according to the directions of the traveler who brought her, was placed in bed and a night-dress put on her. She took great care to keep the covering up to her chin, though unwilling to have anything on her head; and held her arms out of the bed, her hands hidden in the sleeves of the night-dress. When any one whom she knew entered the room, she nodded to them and took their hand, pressing it affectionately. She eagerly swallowed the medicines prescribed, as they were sweet; and one day, while a draught of manna was being prepared, which she thought too long delayed, she showed every sign of impatience, and threw herself from side to side like a fretful child; at last, throwing off the covering, she seized her physician by the coat with so much obstinacy that he was compelled to yield. The instant she obtained possession of the eagerly coveted cup she manifested the greatest delight, and began to drink, taking little sips, and smacking her lips with all the gratification of an epicure who tastes a glass of wine which he thinks very old and very delicious. At last the cup was emptied, she returned it, and lay down again. It is impossible to give an idea of the gratitude this poor animal showed whenever anything was done for her. The Empress was deeply attached to her.

CHAPTER IX.

After remaining about a week at the chateau of Saint-Cloud, his Majesty set out, on the 2d of April, at 11 o'clock in the morning, to visit the departments of the South; and as this journey was to begin at Bordeaux, the Emperor requested the Empress to meet him there. This publicly announced intention was simply a pretext, in order, to mislead the curious, for we knew that we were going to the frontier of Spain.

The Emperor remained barely ten days there, and then left for Bayonne alone, leaving the Empress at Bordeaux, and reaching Bayonne on the night of the 14-15th of April, where her Majesty the Empress rejoined him two or three days afterwards.

The Prince of Neuchatel and the grand marshal lodged at the chateau of Marrac, the rest of their Majesties' suite lodged at Bayonne and its suburbs, the guard camped in front of the chateau on a place called the Parterre, and in three days all were comfortably located.

On the morning of the 15th of April, the Emperor had hardly recovered from the fatigue of his journey, when he received the authorities of Bayonne, who came to congratulate him, and questioned them, as was his custom, most pointedly. His Majesty then set out to visit the fort and fortifications, which occupied him till the evening, when he returned to the Government palace, which he occupied temporarily while waiting till the chateau of Marrac should be ready to receive him.

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On his return to the palace the Emperor expected to find the Infant Don Carlos, whom his brother Ferdinand, the Prince of the Asturias, had sent to Bayonne to present his compliments to the Emperor; but he was informed that the Infant was ill, and would not be able to come. The Emperor immediately gave orders to send one of his physicians to attend upon him, with a valet de chambre and several other persons; for the prince had come to Bayonne without attendants, and incognito, attended only by a military service composed of a few soldiers of the garrison. The Emperor also ordered that this service should be replaced by one more suitable, consisting of the Guard of Honor of Bayonne, and sent two or three times each day to inquire the condition of the Infant, who it was freely admitted in the palace was very ill.

On leaving the Government palace to take up his abode at Marrac, the Emperor gave all necessary orders that it should be in readiness to receive the King and Queen of Spain, who were expected at Bayonne the last of the month; and expressly recommended that everything should be done to render to the sovereigns of Spain all the honors due their position. Just as the Emperor entered the chateau the sound of music was heard, and the grand marshal entered to inform his Majesty that a large company of the inhabitants in the costume of the country were assembled before the gate of the chateau. The Emperor immediately went to the window; and, at sight of him, seventeen persons (seven men and ten women) began with inimitable grace a dance called ‘la pamperruque’, in which the women kept time on tambourines, and the men with castanets, to an orchestra composed of flutes and guitars. I went out of the castle to view this scene more closely. The women wore short skirts of blue silk, and pink stockings likewise embroidered in silver; their hair was tied with ribbons, and they wore very broad black bracelets, that set off to advantage the dazzling whiteness of their bare arms. The men wore tight-fitting white breeches, with silk stockings and large epaulettes, a loose vest of very fine woolen cloth ornamented with gold, and their hair caught up in a net like the Spaniards.

His Majesty took great pleasure in witnessing this dance, which is peculiar to the country and very ancient, which the custom of the country has consecrated as a means of rendering homage to great personages. The Emperor remained at the window until the ‘pamperruque’ was finished, and then sent to compliment the dancers on their skill, and to express his thanks to the inhabitants assembled in crowds at the gate.

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His Majesty a few days afterward received from his Royal Highness, the Prince of the Asturias, a letter, in which he announced that he intended setting out from Irun, where he then was, at an early day, in order to have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his brother (it was thus Prince Ferdinand called the Emperor); a pleasure which he had long desired, and which he would at last enjoy if his good brother would allow him. This letter was brought to the Emperor by one of the aides-de-camp of the prince, who had accompanied him from Madrid, and preceded him to Bayonne by only ten days. His Majesty could hardly believe what he read and heard; and I, with several other persons, heard him exclaim, “What, he is coming here? but you must be mistaken; he must be deceiving us; that cannot be possible!” And I can certify that, in these words, the Emperor manifested no pleasure at the announcement.

It was necessary, however, to make preparations to receive the prince, since he was certainly coming; consequently the Prince of Neuchatel, the Duke of Frioul, and a chamberlain of honor, were selected by his Majesty. And the guard of honor received orders to accompany these gentlemen, and meet the Prince of Spain just outside the town of Bayonne; the rank which the Emperor recognized in Ferdinand not rendering it proper that the escort should go as far as the frontier of the two empires. The Prince made his entrance into Bayonne at noon, on the 20th of April. Lodgings which would have been considered very inferior in Paris, but which were elegant in Bayonne, had been prepared for him and his brother, the Infant Don Carlos, who was already installed there. Prince Ferdinand made a grimace on entering, but did not dare to complain aloud; and certainly it would have been most improper for him to have done so, since it was not the Emperor’s fault that Bayonne possessed only one palace, which was at this time reserved for the king, and, besides, this house, the handsomest in the town, was large and perfectly new. Don Pedro de Cevallos, who accompanied the prince, thought it horrible, and unfit for a royal personage. It was the residence of the commissariat. An hour after Ferdinand’s arrival, the Emperor visited him. He was awaiting the Emperor at the door, and held out his arms on his approach; they embraced, and ascended to his apartments, where they remained about half an hour, and when they separated the prince wore a somewhat anxious air. His Majesty on his return charged the grand marshal to convey to the prince and his brother, Don Carlos, the Duke of San-Carlos, the Duke of Infantado, Don Pedro de Cevallos, and two or three other persons of the suite, an invitation to dine with him; and the Emperor’s carriages were sent for these illustrious guests at the appointed hour, and they were conveyed to the chateau. His Majesty descended to the foot of the staircase to receive the prince; but this was the limit of his deference, for not once during dinner did he give

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Prince Ferdinand, who was a king at Madrid, the title of your majesty, nor even that of highness; nor did he accompany him on his departure any farther than the first door of the saloon; and he afterwards informed him, by a message, that he would have no other rank than that of Prince of the Asturias until the arrival of his father, King Charles. Orders were given at the same time to place on duty at the house of the princes, the Bayonnaise guard of honor, with the Imperial Guard in addition to a detachment of picked police.

On the 27th of April the Empress arrived from Bordeaux at seven o'clock in the evening, having made no stay at Bayonne, where her arrival excited little enthusiasm, as they were perhaps displeased that she did not stop there. His Majesty received her with much tenderness, and showed much solicitude as to the fatigue she must have experienced, since the roads were so rough, and badly washed by the rains. In the evening the town and chateau were illuminated.

Three days after, on the 30th, the King and Queen of Spain arrived at Bayonne; and it is impossible to describe the homage which the Emperor paid them. The Duke Charles de Plaisance went as far as Irun, and the Prince de Neuchatel even to the banks of the Bidassoa, in order to pay marked respect to their Catholic Majesties on the part of their powerful friend; and the king and queen appeared to appreciate highly these marks of consideration. A detachment of picked troops, superbly uniformed, awaited them on the frontier, and served as their escort; the garrison of Bayonne was put under arms, all the buildings of the port were decorated, all the bells rang, and the batteries of both the citadel and the port saluted with great salvos. The Prince of the Asturias and his brother, hearing of the arrival of the king and queen, had left Bayonne in order to meet their parents, when they encountered, a short distance from the town, two or three grenadiers who had just left Vittoria, and related to them the following occurrence:

When their Spanish Majesties entered Vittoria, they found that a detachment of the Spanish body guards, who had accompanied the Prince of the Asturias and were stationed in this town, had taken possession of the palace which the king and queen were to occupy as they passed through, and on the arrival of their Majesties had put themselves under arms. As soon as the king perceived this, he said to them in a severe tone, "You will understand why I ask you to quit my palace. You have failed in your duty at Aranjuez. I have no need of your services, and I do not wish them. Go!" These words, pronounced with an energy far from habitual to Charles *iv*., met with no reply. The detachment of the guards retired; and the king begged General Verdier to give him a French guard, much grieved, he said, that he had not retained his brave riflemen, whose colonel he still kept near him as captain of the guards.

This news could not give the Prince of the Asturias a high opinion of the welcome his father had in store for him; and indeed he was very coolly received, as I shall now relate.

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The King and Queen of Spain, on alighting at the governmental palace, found awaiting them the grand marshal, the Duke de Frioul, who escorted them to their apartments, and presented to them General Count Reille, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, performing the duties of governor of the palace; M. d'Audenarde, equerry, with M. Dumanoir and M. de Baral, chamberlains charged with the service of honor near their Majesties.

The grandees of Spain whom their Majesties found at Bayonne were the same who had followed the Prince of the Asturias, and the sight of them, as may well be imagined, was not pleasant to the king; and when the ceremony of the kissing of the hand took place, every one perceived the painful agitation of the unfortunate sovereigns. This ceremony, which consists of falling on your knees and kissing the hand of the king and queen, was performed in the deepest silence, as their Majesties spoke to no one but the Count of Fuentes, who by chance was at Bayonne.

The king hurried over this ceremony, which fatigued him greatly, and retired with the queen into his apartments, where the Prince of the Asturias wished to follow them; but his father stopped him at the door, and raising his arm as if to repulse him, said in a trembling tone, "Prince, do you wish still to insult my gray hairs?" These words had, it is said, the effect of a thunderbolt on the prince. He was overcome by his feelings for a moment, and withdrew without uttering a word.

Very different was the reception their Majesties gave to the Prince de la Paix

> [Manuel Godoi, born at Badajos, 1767. A common soldier, he became the queen's lover, and the virtual ruler of Spain; died in Paris, 1851.]

when he joined them at Bayonne, and he might have been taken for the nearest and dearest relative of their Majesties. All three wept freely on meeting again; at least, this is what I was told by a person in the service—the same, in fact, who gave me all the preceding details.

At five o'clock his Majesty the Emperor came to visit the King and Queen of Spain; and during this interview, which was very long, the two sovereigns informed his Majesty of the insults they had received, and the dangers they had encountered during the past month. They complained greatly of the ingratitude of so many men whom they had overwhelmed with kindness, and above all of the guard which had so basely betrayed them. "Your Majesty," said the king, "does not know what it is to be forced to commiserate yourself on account of your son. May Heaven forbid that such a misfortune should ever come to you! Mine is the cause of all that we have suffered."

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The Prince de la Paix had come to Bayonne accompanied by Colonel Martes, aide-de-camp of Prince Murat, and a valet de chambre, the only servant who had remained faithful to him. I had occasion to talk with this devoted servant, who spoke very good French, having been reared near Toulouse; and he told me that he had not succeeded in obtaining permission to remain with his master during his captivity, and that this unfortunate prince had suffered indescribable torments; that not a day passed without some one entering his dungeon to tell him to prepare for death, as he was to be executed that very evening or the next morning. He also told me that the prisoners were left sometimes for thirty hours without food; that he had only a bed of straw, no linen, no books, and no communication with the outside world; and that when he came out of his dungeon to be sent to Colonel Marts, he presented a horrible appearance, with his long beard, and emaciated frame, the result of mental distress and insufficient food. He had worn the same shirt for a month, as he had never been able to prevail on his captors to give him others; and his eyes had been so long unaccustomed to the light that he was obliged to close them, and felt oppressed in the open air.

On the road from Bayonne, there was handed to the prince a letter from the king and queen which was stained with tears. The prince said to his valet de chambre after reading it, “These are the first consoling words I have received in a month, for every one has abandoned me except my excellent masters. The body guards, who have betrayed and sold their king, will also betray and sell his son; and as for myself, I hope for nothing, except to be permitted to find an asylum in France for my children and myself.” M. Marts having shown him newspapers in which it was stated that the prince possessed a fortune of five hundred million, he exclaimed vehemently that it was an atrocious calumny, and he defied his most cruel enemies to prove that.

As we have seen, their Majesties had not a numerous suite; but they were, notwithstanding, followed by baggage-wagons filled with furniture, goods, and valuable articles, and though their carriages were old-fashioned, they found them very comfortable—especially the king, who was much embarrassed the day after his arrival at Bayonne, when, having been invited to dine with the Emperor, it was necessary to enter a modern carriage with two steps. He did not dare to put his foot on the frail things, which he feared would break under his weight; and the oscillating movement of the body of the carriage made him terribly afraid that it would upset.

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At the table I had an opportunity of observing at my leisure the king and queen. The king was of medium height, and though not strictly handsome had a pleasant face. His nose was very long, his voice high-pitched and disagreeable; and he walked with a mincing air in which there was no majesty, but this, however, I attributed to the gout. He ate heartily of everything offered him, except vegetables, which he never ate, saying that grass was good only for cattle; and drank only water, having it served in two carafes, one containing ice, and poured from both at the same time. The Emperor gave orders that special attention should be paid to the dinner, knowing that the king was somewhat of an epicure. He praised in high terms the French cooking, which he seemed to find much to his taste; for as each dish was served him, he would say, "Louise, take some of that, it is good;" which greatly amused the Emperor, whose abstemiousness is well known.

The queen was fat and short, dressed very badly, and had no style or grace; her complexion was very florid, and her expression harsh and severe. She held her head high, spoke very loud, in tones still more brusque and piercing than those of her husband; but it is generally conceded that she had more character and better manners than he.

Before dinner that day there was some conversation on the subject of dress; and the Empress offered the services of M. Duplan, her hairdresser, in order to give her ladies some lessons in the French toilet. Her proposition was accepted; and the queen came out soon after from the hands of M. Duplan, better dressed, no doubt, and her hair better arranged, but not beautified, however, for the talent of the hairdresser could not go as far as that.

The Prince of the Asturias, now King Ferdinand *vii*., made an unpleasant impression on all, with his heavy step and careworn air, and rarely ever speaking.

Their Spanish Majesties as before brought with them the Prince de la Paix, who had not been invited by the Emperor, and whom for this reason the usher on duty detained outside of the dining-hall. But as they were about to be seated, the king perceived that the prince was absent. "And Manuel," said he quickly to the Emperor, "and Manuel, Sire!" Whereupon the Emperor, smiling, gave the signal, and Don Manuel Godoi was introduced. I was told that he had been a very handsome man; but he showed no signs of this, which was perhaps owing to the bad treatment he had undergone.

After the abdication of the princes, the king and queen, the Queen of Etruria, and the Infant Don Franciso, left Bayonne for Fontainebleau, which place the Emperor had selected as their residence while waiting until the chateau of Compiegne should be put in a condition to make them comfortable. The Prince of the Asturias left the same day, with his brother Don Carlos and his uncle Don Antonio, for the estates of Valencay belonging to the Prince of Benevento. They published, while passing through

Bordeaux, a proclamation to the Spanish people, in which they confirmed the transmission of all their rights to the Emperor Napoleon.

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Thus King Charles, freed from a throne which he had always regarded as a heavy burden, could hereafter give himself up unreservedly in retirement to his favorite pursuits. In all the world he cared only for the Prince de la Paix, confessors, watches, and music; and the throne was nothing to him. After what had passed, the Prince de la Paix could not return to Spain; and the king would never have consented to be separated from him, even if the remembrance of the insults which he had personally received had not been powerful enough to disgust him with his kingdom. He much preferred the life of a private individual, and could not be happier than when allowed without interruption to indulge his simple and tranquil tastes. On his arrival at the chateau of Fontainebleau, he found there M. Remusat, the first chamberlain; M. de Caqueray, officer of the hunt; M. de Lugay, prefect of the palace; and a household already installed. Mesdames de la Rochefoucault, Duchatel, and de Lugay had been selected by the Emperor for the service of honor near the queen.

The King of Spain remained at Fontainebleau only until the chateau of Compiegne could be repaired, and as he soon found the climate of this part of France too cold for his health, went, at the end of a few months, to Marseilles with the Queen of Etruria, the Infant Don Francisco, and the Prince de la Paix. In 1811 he left France for Italy, finding his health still bad at Marseilles, and chose Rome as his residence.

I spoke above of the fondness of the King of Spain for watches. I have been told that while at Fontainebleau, he had half a dozen of his watches worn by his valet de chambre, and wore as many himself, giving as a reason that pocket watches lose time by not being carried. I have also heard that he kept his confessor always near him, in the antechamber, or in the room in front of that in which he worked, and that when he wished to speak to him he whistled, exactly as one would whistle for a dog. The confessor never failed to respond promptly to this royal call, and followed his penitent into the embrasure of a window, in which improvised confessional the king divulged what he had on his conscience, received absolution, and sent back the priest until he felt himself obliged to whistle for him again.

When the health of the king, enfeebled by age and gout, no longer allowed him to devote himself to the pleasures of the chase, he began playing on the violin more than ever before, in order, he said, to perfect himself in it. This was beginning rather late. As is well known, he had for his first violin teacher the celebrated Alexander Boucher, with whom he greatly enjoyed playing; but he had a mania for beginning first without paying any attention to the measure; and if M. Boucher made any observation in regard to this, his Majesty would reply with the greatest coolness, “Monsieur, it seems to me that it is not my place to wait for you.”

Between the departure of the royal family and the arrival of Joseph, King of Naples, the time was passed in reviews and military fetes, which the Emperor frequently honored with his presence. The 7th of June, King Joseph arrived at Bayonne, where it had been

known long in advance that his brother had summoned him to exchange his crown of Naples for that of Spain.

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The evening of Joseph's arrival, the Emperor invited the members of the Spanish Junta, who for fifteen days had been arriving at Bayonne from all corners of the kingdom, to assemble at the chateau of Marrac, and congratulate the new king. The deputies accepted this somewhat sudden invitation without having time to concert together previously any course of action; and on their arrival at Marrac, the Emperor presented to them their sovereign, whom they acknowledged, with the exception of some opposition on the part of the Duke of Infantado, in the name of the grandees of Spain. The deputations from the Council of Castile, from the Inquisition, and from the army, *etc*., submitted most readily. A few days after, the king formed his ministry, in which all were astonished to find M. de Cevallos, who had accompanied the Prince of the Asturias to Bayonne, and had made such a parade of undying attachment to the person of the one whom he called his unfortunate master; while the Duke of Infantado, who had opposed to the utmost any recognition of the foreign monarch, was appointed Captain of the Guard. The king then left for Madrid, after appointing the Grand Duke of Berg lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

CHAPTER X.

At this time it was learned at Bayonne that M. de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, had just died of a cold, contracted at the age of more than ninety-eight years. The day after this sad news arrived, the Emperor, who was sincerely grieved, was dilating upon the great and good qualities of this venerable prelate, and said that having one day thoughtlessly remarked to M. de Belloy, then already more than ninety-six years old, that he would live a century, the good old archbishop had exclaimed, smiling, "Why, does your Majesty think that I have no more than four years to live?"

I remember that one of the persons who was present at the Emperor's levee related the following anecdote concerning M. de Belloy, which seemed to excite the Emperor's respect and admiration.

The wife of the hangman of Genoa gave birth to a daughter, who could not be baptized because no one would act as godfather. In vain the father begged and entreated the few persons whom he knew, in vain he even offered money; that was an impossibility. The poor child had consequently remained unbaptized four or five months, though fortunately her health gave no cause for uneasiness. At last some one mentioned this singular condition of affairs to the archbishop, who listened to the story with much interest, inquired why he had not been informed earlier, and having given orders that the child should be instantly brought to him, baptized her in his palace, and was himself her godfather.

At the beginning of July the Grand Duke of Berg returned from Spain, fatigued, ill, and out of humor. He remained there only two or three days, and held each day an

interview with his Majesty, who seemed little better satisfied with the grand duke than the grand duke was with him, and left afterwards for the springs of Bareges.

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Their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, left the chateau of Marrac the 20th of July, at six o'clock in the evening. This journey of the Emperor was one of those which cost the largest number of snuff-boxes set in diamonds, for his Majesty was not economical with them.

Their Majesties arrived at Pau on the 22d, at ten o'clock in the morning, and alighted at the chateau of Gelos, situated about a quarter of a league from the birthplace of the good Henry *iv*., on the bank of the river. The day was spent in receptions and horseback excursions, on one of which the Emperor visited the chateau in which the first king of the house of Bourbon was reared, and showed how much this visit interested him, by prolonging it until the dinner-hour.

On the border of the department of the Hautes-Pyrenees, and exactly in the most desolate and miserable part, was erected an arch of triumph, which seemed a miracle fallen from heaven in the midst of those plains uncultivated and burned up by the sun. A guard of honor awaited their Majesties, ranged around this rural monument, at their head an old marshal of the camp, M. de Noe, more than eighty years of age. This worthy old soldier immediately took his place by the side of the carriage, and as cavalry escort remained on horseback for a day and two nights without showing the least fatigue.

As we continued our journey, we saw, on the plateau of a small mountain, a stone pyramid forty or fifty feet high, its four sides covered with inscriptions to the praise of their Majesties. About thirty children dressed as mamelukes seemed to guard this monument, which recalled to the Emperor glorious memories. The moment their Majesties appeared, balladeers, or dancers, of the country emerged from a neighboring wood, dressed in the most picturesque costumes, bearing banners of different colors, and reproducing with remarkable agility and vigor the traditional dance of the mountaineers of the south.

Near the town of Tarbes was a sham mountain planted with firs, which opened to let the cortege pass through, surmounted by an imperial eagle suspended in the air, and holding a banner on which was inscribed— "He will open our Pyrenees."

On his arrival at Tarbes, the Emperor immediately mounted his horse to pay a visit to the Grand Duke of Berg, who was ill in one of the suburbs. We left next day without visiting Bareges and Bagneres, where the most brilliant preparations had been made to receive their Majesties.

As the Emperor passed through Agen, there was presented to him a brave fellow named Printemps, over a hundred years old, who had served under Louis *xiv*., XV., and XVI., and who, although bending beneath the weight of many years and burdens, finding himself in the presence of the Emperor, gently pushed aside two of his

grandsons by whom he had been supported, and exclaimed almost angrily that he could go very well alone. His Majesty, who was much touched, met him half-way, and

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most kindly bent over the old centenarian, who on his knees, his white head uncovered, and his eyes full of tears, said in trembling tones, “Ah, Sire, I was afraid I should die without seeing you.” The Emperor assisted him to rise, and conducted him to a chair, in which he placed him with his own hands, and seated himself beside him on another, which he made signs to hand him. “I am glad to see you, my dear Printemps, very glad. You have heard from me lately?” (His Majesty had given this brave man a pension, which his wife was to inherit after his death.) Printemps put his hand on his heart, “Yes, I have heard from you.” The Emperor took pleasure in making him speak of his campaigns, and bade him farewell after a long conversation, handing him at the same time a gift of fifty napoleons.

There was also presented to his Majesty a soldier born at Agen, who had lost his sight in consequence of the campaign in Egypt. The Emperor gave him three hundred francs, and promised him a pension, which was afterwards sent him.

The day after their arrival at Saint-Cloud, the Emperor and Empress went to Paris in order to be present at the fetes of the 15th of August, which it is useless to say were magnificent. As soon as he entered the Tuileries, the Emperor hastened through the chateau to examine the repairs and improvements which had been made during his absence, and, as was his habit, criticised more than he praised all that he saw. Looking out of the hall of the marshals, he demanded of M. de Fleurieu, governor of the palace, why the top of the arch of triumph on the Carrousel was covered with a cloth; and his Majesty was told that it was because all the arrangements had not yet been made for placing his statue in the chariot to which were attached the Corinthian horses, and also because the two Victories who were to guide the four horses were not yet completed. “What!” vehemently exclaimed the Emperor; “but I will not allow that! I said nothing about it! I did not order it!” Then turning to M. Fontaine, he continued, “Monsieur Fontaine, was my statue in the design which was presented to you?”—“No, Sire, it was that of the god Mars.”—“Well, why have you put me in the place of the god of war?”—-“Sire, it was not I, but M. the director-general of the museum.”

“The director-general was wrong,” interrupted the Emperor impatiently. “I wish this statue removed; do you hear, Monsieur Fontaine? I wish it taken away; it is most unsuitable. What! shall I erect statues to myself! Let the chariot and the Victories be finished; but let the chariot let the chariot remain empty.” The order was executed; and the statue of the Emperor was taken down and placed in the orangery, and is perhaps still there. It was made of gilded lead, was a fine piece of work, and a most excellent likeness.

The Sunday following the Emperor’s arrival, his Majesty received at the Tuileries the Persian ambassador, Asker-Khan; M. Jaubert accompanied him, and acted as interpreter. This savant, learned in Oriental matters, had by the Emperor’s orders

received his excellency on the frontiers of France, in company with M. Outrey, vice-consul of France at Bagdad. Later his excellency had a second audience, which took place in state at the palace of Saint-Cloud.

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The ambassador was a very handsome man, tall, with regular features, and a noble and attractive countenance; his manners were polished and elegant, especially towards ladies, with even something of French gallantry. His suite, composed of select personages all magnificently dressed, comprised, on his departure from Erzeroum, more than three hundred persons; but the innumerable difficulties encountered on the journey compelled his excellency to dismiss a large part of his retinue, and, though thus reduced, this suite was notwithstanding one of the most numerous ever brought by an ambassador into France. The ambassador and suite were lodged in the rue de Frejus, in the residence formerly occupied by Mademoiselle de Conti.

The presents which he brought to the Emperor in the name of his sovereign were of great value, comprising more than eighty cashmere shawls of all kinds; a great quantity of fine pearls of various sizes, a few of them very large; an Eastern bridle, the curb adorned with pearls, turquoise, emeralds, *etc*.; and finally the sword of Tamerlane, and that of Thamas-Kouli-Khan, the former covered with pearls and precious stones, the second very simply mounted, both having Indian blades of fabulous value with arabesques of embossed gold.

I took pleasure at the time in inquiring some particulars about this ambassador. His character was very attractive; and he showed much consideration and regard for every one who visited him, giving the ladies attar of roses, the men tobacco, perfumes, and pipes. He took much pleasure in comparing French jewels with those he had brought from his own country, and even carried his gallantry so far as to propose to the ladies certain exchanges, always greatly to their advantage; and a refusal of these proposals wounded him deeply. When a pretty woman entered his residence he smiled at first, and heard her speak in a kind of silent ecstasy; he then devoted his attention to seating her, placed under her feet cushions and carpets of cashmere (for he had only this material about him). Even his clothing and bed-coverings were of an exceedingly fine quality of cashmere. Asker-Khan did not scruple to wash his face, his beard, and hands in the presence of everybody, seating himself for this operation in front of a slave, who presented to him on his knees a porcelain ewer.

The ambassador had a decided taste for the sciences and arts, and was himself a very learned man. Messieurs Dubois and Loyseau conducted near his residence an institution which he often visited, especially preferring to be present at the classes in experimental physics; and the questions which he propounded by means of his interpreter evinced on his part a very extensive knowledge of the phenomena of electricity. Those who traded in curiosities and objects of art liked him exceedingly, since he bought their wares without much bargaining. However, on one occasion he wished to purchase a telescope, and sent for a famous optician, who seized the opportunity to charge him an enormous price. But Asker-Khan having examined the instrument, with which he was much pleased, said to the optician, “You have given me your long price, now give me your short one.”

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He admired above all the printed calicoes of the manufactures of Jouy, the texture, designs, and colors of which he thought even superior to cashmere; and bought several robes to send to Persia as models.

On the day of the Emperor's fete, his Excellency gave in the garden of his residence an entertainment in the Eastern style, at which the Persian musicians attached to the embassy executed warlike pieces, astonishing both for vigor and originality. There were also artificial fireworks, conspicuous among which were the arms of the Sufi, on which were represented most ingeniously the cipher of Napoleon.

His Excellency visited the Imperial library, M. Jaubert serving as interpreter; and the ambassador was overcome with admiration on seeing the order in which this immense collection of books was kept. He remained half an hour in the hall of the manuscripts, which he thought very handsome, and recognized several as being copied by writers of much renown in Persia. A copy of the Koran struck him most of all; and he said, while admiring it, that there was not a man in Persia who would not sell his children to acquire such a treasure.

On leaving, the library, Asker-Khan presented his compliments to the librarians, and promised to enrich the collection by several precious manuscripts which he had brought from his own country.

A few days after his presentation, the ambassador went to visit the Museum, and was much impressed by a portrait of his master, the King of Persia; and could not sufficiently express his joy and gratitude when several copies of this picture were presented to him. The historical pictures, especially the battle-scenes, then engrossed his attention completely; and he remained at least a quarter of an hour in front of the one representing the surrender of the city of Vienna.

Having arrived at the end of the gallery of Apollo, Asker-Khan seated himself to rest, asked for a pipe, and indulged in a smoke; and when he had finished, rose, and seeing around him many ladies whom curiosity had attracted, paid them, through M. Jaubert, exceedingly flattering compliments. Then leaving the Museum, his Excellency went to promenade in the garden of the Tuileries, where he was soon followed by an immense crowd. On that day his Excellency bestowed on Prince de Benevento, in the name of his sovereign, the Grand Order of the Sun, a magnificent decoration consisting of a diamond sun attached to a cordon of red cloth covered with pearls.

Asker-Khan made a greater impression at Paris than the Turkish ambassador. He was generous and more gallant, paid his court with more address, and conformed more readily to French customs and manners. The Turk was irascible, austere, and irritable, while the Persian was fond of and well understood a joke. One day, however, he became red with anger, and it must be admitted not without good reason.

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At a concert given in the apartments of the Empress Josephine, Asker-Khan, whom the music evidently did not entertain very highly, at first applauded by ecstatic gestures and rolling his eyes in admiration, until at last nature overcame politeness, and the ambassador fell sound asleep. His Excellency's position was not the best for sleeping, however, as he was standing with his back against the wall, with his feet braced against a sofa on which a lady was seated. It occurred to some of the officers of the palace that it would be a good joke to take away suddenly this point of support, which they accomplished with all ease by simply beginning a conversation with the lady on the sofa, who rising suddenly, the seat slipped over the floor; his Excellency's feet followed this movement, and the ambassador, suddenly deprived of the weight which had balanced him, extended his length on the floor. On this rude awakening, he tried to stop himself in his fall by clutching at his neighbors, the furniture, and the curtains, uttering at the same time frightful screams. The officers who had played this cruel joke upon him begged him, with the most ridiculously serious air, to place himself on a stationary chair in order to avoid the recurrence of such an accident; while the lady who had been made the accomplice in this practical joke, with much difficulty stifled her laughter, and his Excellency was consumed with an anger which he could express only in looks and gestures.

Another adventure of Asker-Khan's was long a subject of conversation, and furnished much amusement. Having felt unwell for several days, he thought that French medicine might cure him more quickly than Persian; so he sent for M. Bourdois, a most skillful physician whose name he well knew, having taken care to acquaint himself with all our celebrities of every kind. The ambassador's orders were promptly executed; but by a singular mistake it was not Dr. Bourdois who was requested to visit Asker-Khan, but the president of the Court of Accounts, M. Marbois, who was much astonished at the honor the Persian ambassador did him, not being able to comprehend what connection there could be between them. Nevertheless, he repaired promptly to Asker-Khan, who could scarcely believe that the severe costume of the president of the Court of Accounts was that of a physician. No sooner had M. Marbois entered than the ambassador held out his hand and stuck out his tongue, regarding him very attentively. M. Marbois was a little surprised at this welcome; but thinking it was doubtless the Oriental manner of saluting magistrates, he bowed profoundly, and timidly pressed the hand presented to him, and he was in this respectful position when four of the servants of the ambassador brought a vessel with unequivocal signs. M. Marbois recognized the use of it with a surprise and indignation that could not be expressed, and drew back angrily, inquiring what all this meant. Hearing himself called doctor, "What!" cried he, "M. le Docteur!"—"Why; yes; le Docteur Bourdois!" M. Marbois was enlightened. The similarity between the sound of his name and that of the doctor had exposed him to this disagreeable visit.

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CHAPTER XI.

The day preceding the Emperor's fete, or the day following, the colossal bronze statue which was to be placed on the monument in the Place Vendome was removed from the studio of M. Launay. The brewers of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine offered their handsomest horses to draw the chariot on which the statue was carried, and twelve were selected, one from each brewer; and as their masters requested the privilege of riding them, nothing could be more singular than this cortege, which arrived on the Place Vendome at five o'clock in the evening, followed by an immense crowd, amid cries of "Vive l'Empereur." A few days before his Majesty's departure for Erfurt, the Emperor with the Empress and their households played prisoner's base for the last time. It was in the evening; and footmen bore lighted torches, and followed the players when they went beyond the reach of the light. The Emperor fell once while trying to catch the Empress, and was taken prisoner; but he soon broke bounds and began to run again, and when he was free, carried off Josephine in spite of the protests of the players; and thus ended the last game of prisoner's base that I ever saw the Emperor play.

It had been decided that the Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Napoleon should meet at Erfurt on the 27th of September; and most of the sovereigns forming the Confederation of the Rhine had been invited to be present at this interview, which it was intended should be both magnificent and imposing. Consequently the Duke of Frioul, grand marshal of the palace, sent M. de Canouville, marshal of lodgings of the palace, M. de Beausset, prefect of the palace, and two quartermasters to prepare at Erfurt lodgings for all these illustrious visitors, and to organize the grand marshal's service.

The government palace was chosen for the Emperor Napoleon's lodgings, as on account of its size it perfectly suited the Emperor's intention of holding his court there; for the Emperor Alexander, the residence of M. Triebel was prepared, the handsomest in the town; and for S. A. L, the Grand Duke Constantine, that of Senator Remann. Other residences were reserved for the Princes of the Confederation and the persons of their suite; and a detachment of all branches of the service of the Imperial household was established in each of these different lodgings.

There had been sent from the storehouse of the crown a large quantity of magnificent furniture, carpets and tapestry, both Gobelin and la Savonnerie; bronzes, lusters, candelabras, girondoles, Sevres china; in fine, everything which could contribute to the luxurious furnishing of the two Imperial palaces, and those which were to be occupied by the other sovereigns; and a crowd of workmen came from Paris. General Oudinot was appointed Governor of Erfurt, and had under his orders the First regiment of hussars, the Sixth of cuirassiers, and the Seventeenth of light infantry, which the major-general had appointed to compose the garrison. Twenty select police, with a battalion

chosen from the finest grenadiers of the guard, were put on duty at the Imperial palaces.

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The Emperor, who sought by every means to render this interview at Erfurt as agreeable as possible to the sovereigns for whom he had conceived an affection at Tilsit, wished to have the masterpieces of the French stage played in their honor. This was the amusement most worthy of them that he could procure, so he gave orders that the theater should be embellished and repaired. M. Dazincourt was appointed director of the theater, and set out from Paris with Messieurs Talma, Lafon, Saint-Prix, Damas, Despres, Varennes, Lacave; Mesdames Duchesnoir, Raucourt, Talma, Bourgoin, Rose Dupuis, Grosand, and Patrat; and everything was in order before the arrival of the sovereigns.

Napoleon disliked Madame Talma exceedingly, although she displayed most remarkable talent, and this aversion was well known, although I could never discover the cause; and no one was willing to be first to place her name on the list of those selected to go to Erfurt, but M. Talma made so many entreaties that at last consent was given. And then occurred what everybody except M. Talma and his wife had foreseen, that the Emperor, having seen her play once, was much provoked that she had been allowed to come, and had her name struck from the list.

Mademoiselle Bourgoin, who was at that time young and extremely pretty, had at first more success; but it was necessary, in order to accomplish this, that she should conduct herself differently from Madame Talma. As soon as she appeared at the theater of Erfurt she excited the admiration, and became the object of the attentions, of all the illustrious spectators; and this marked preference gave rise to jealousies, which delighted her greatly, and which she increased to the utmost of her ability by every means in her power. When she was not playing, she took her seat in the theater magnificently dressed, whereupon all looks were bent on her, and distracted from the stage, to the very great displeasure of the actors, until the Emperor at last perceived these frequent distractions, and put an end to them by forbidding Mademoiselle Bourgoin to appear in the theater except on the stage.

This measure, which was very wisely taken by his Majesty, put him in the bad graces of Mademoiselle Bourgoin; and another incident added still more to the displeasure of the actress. The two sovereigns attended the theater together almost every evening, and the Emperor Alexander thought Mademoiselle Bourgoin charming. She was aware of this, and tried by every means to increase the monarch's devotion. One day at last the amorous Czar confided to the Emperor his feelings for Mademoiselle Bourgoin. "I do not advise you to make any advances," said the Emperor Napoleon. "You think that she would refuse me?"—"Oh, no; but to-morrow is the day for the post, and in five days all Paris would know all about your Majesty from head to foot." These words singularly cooled the ardor of the autocrat, who thanked the Emperor for his advice, and said to him, "But from the manner in which your Majesty speaks, I should be tempted to believe that you bear this charming actress some ill-will."—"No, in truth," replied the Emperor, "I do not know anything about her." This conversation took place in his bedroom during

the toilet. Alexander left his Majesty perfectly convinced, and Mademoiselle Bourgoin ceased her ogling and her assurance.

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His Majesty made his entrance into Erfurt on the morning of the 27th of September, 1808. The King of Saxony, who had arrived first, followed by the Count de Marcolini, the Count de Haag, and the Count de Boze, awaited the Emperor at the foot of the stairs in the governor's palace; after them came the members of the Regency and the municipality of Erfurt, who congratulated him in the usual form. After a short rest, the Emperor mounted his horse, and left Erfurt by the gate of Weimar, making, in passing, a visit to the King of Saxony, and found outside the city the whole garrison arranged in line of battle,—the grenadiers of the guard commanded by M. d'Arquies; the First regiment of hussars by M. de Juniac; the Seventeenth infantry by M. de Cabannes-Puymisson; and the Sixth cuirassiers, the finest body of men imaginable, by Colonel d'Haugeranville. The Emperor reviewed these troops, ordered a change in some dispositions, and then continued on his way to meet the Emperor Alexander.

The latter had set out from Saint Petersburg on the 17th of September; and the King and Queen of Prussia awaited him at Koenigsberg, where he arrived on the 18th. The Duke of Montebello had the honor of receiving him at Bromberg amid a salute of twenty-one cannon. Alighting from his carriage, the Emperor Alexander mounted his horse, accompanied by the Marshals of the Empire, Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, and Lannes, Duke of Montebello, and set off at a gallop to meet the Nansouty division, which awaited him arranged in line of battle. He was welcomed by a new salute, and by oft repeated cries of "Long live the Emperor Alexander." The monarch, while reviewing the different corps which formed this fine division, said to the officers, "I think it a great honor, messieurs, to be amongst such brave men and splendid soldiers."

By orders of Marshal Soult, who simply executed those given by Napoleon, relays of the post had been arranged on all the roads which the Monarch of the North would pass over, and they were forbidden to receive any compensation. At each relay were escorts of dragoons or light cavalry, who rendered military honors to the Czar as he passed.

After having dined with the generals of the Nansouty division, the Emperor of Russia re-entered his carriage, a barouche with two seats, and seated the Duke of Montebello beside him, who afterwards told me with how many marks of esteem and kind feeling the Emperor overwhelmed him during the journey, even arranging the marshal's cloak around his shoulders while he was asleep.

His Imperial Russian Majesty arrived at Weimar the evening of the 26th, and next day continued his journey to Erfurt, escorted by Marshal Soult, his staff, and the superior officers of the Nansouty division, who had not left him since he had started from Bromberg, and met Napoleon a league and a half from Erfurt, to which place the latter had come on horseback for this purpose.

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The moment the Czar perceived the Emperor, he left his carriage, and advanced towards his Majesty, who had also alighted from his horse. They embraced each other with the affection of two college friends who meet again after a long absence; then both mounted their horses, as did also the Grand Duke Constantine, and passing at a gallop in front of the regiments, all of which presented arms at their approach, entered the town, while the troops, with an immense crowd collected from twenty leagues around, made the air resound with their acclamations. The Emperor of Russia wore on entering Erfurt the grand decoration of the Legion of Honor, and the Emperor of the French that of Saint Andrew of Russia; and the two sovereigns during their stay continued to show each other these marks of mutual deference, and it was also remarked that in his palace the Emperor always gave the right to Alexander. On the evening of his arrival, by his Majesty's invitation, Alexander gave the countersign to the grand marshal, and it was afterwards given alternately by the two sovereigns.

They went first to the palace of Russia, where they remained an hour; and later, when Alexander came to return the visit of the Emperor, he received him at the foot of the staircase, and accompanied him when he left as far as the entrance of the grand hall. At six o'clock the two sovereigns dined at his Majesty's residence, and it was the same each day. At nine o'clock the Emperor escorted the Emperor of Russia to his palace; and they then held a private conversation, which continued more than an hour, and in the evening the whole city was illuminated. The day after his arrival the Emperor received at his levee the officers of the Czar's household, and granted them the grand entry during the rest of their Stay.

The two sovereigns gave to each other proofs of the most sincere friendship and most confidential intimacy. The Emperor Alexander almost every morning entered his Majesty's bedroom, and conversed freely with him. One day he was examining the Emperor's dressing-case in silver gilt, which cost six thousand francs, and was most conveniently arranged and beautifully carved by the goldsmith Biennais, and admired it exceedingly. As soon as he had gone, the Emperor ordered me to have a dressing-case sent to the Czar's palace exactly similar to that which had just been received from Paris.

Another time the Emperor Alexander remarked on the elegance and durability of his Majesty's iron bedstead; and the very next day by his Majesty's orders, conveyed by me, an exactly similar bed was set up in the room of the Emperor of Russia, who was delighted with these polite attentions, and two days after, as an evidence of his satisfaction, ordered M. de Remusat to hand me two handsome diamond rings.

The Czar one day made his toilet in the Emperor's room, and I assisted. I took from the Emperor's linen a white cravat and cambric handkerchief, which I handed him, and for which he thanked me most graciously; he was an exceedingly gentle, good, amiable prince, and extremely polite.

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There was an exchange of presents between these illustrious sovereigns. Alexander made the Emperor a present of three superb pelisses of martin-sable, one of which the Emperor gave to his sister Pauline, another to the Princess de Ponte-Corvo; and the third he had lined with green velvet and ornamented with gold lace, and it was this cloak which he constantly wore in Russia. The history of the one which I carried from him to the Princess Pauline is singular enough to be related here, although it may have been already told.

The Princess Pauline showed much pleasure in receiving the Emperor's present, and enjoyed displaying her cloak for the admiration of the household. One day, when she was in the midst of a circle of ladies, to whom she was dilating on the quality and excellence of this fur, M. de Canouville arrived, and the princess asked his opinion of the present she had received from the Emperor. The handsome colonel not appearing as much struck with admiration as she expected, she was somewhat piqued, and exclaimed, "What, monsieur, you do not think it exquisite?"— "No, madame."—"In order to punish you I wish you to keep this cloak; I give it to you, and require you to wear it; I wish it, you understand." It is probable that there had been some disagreement between her Imperial highness and her protege, and the princess had seized the first means of establishing peace; but however that may be, M. de Canouville needed little entreaty, and the rich fur was carried to his house. A few days after, while the Emperor was holding a review on the Place du Carrousel, M, de Canouville appeared on an unruly horse, which he had great difficulty in controlling. This caused some confusion, and attracted his Majesty's attention, who, glancing at M. de Canouville, saw the cloak which he had given his sister metamorphosed into a hussar's cape. The Emperor had great difficulty in controlling his anger. "M. de Canouville," he cried, in a voice of thunder, "your horse is young, and his blood is too warm; you will go and cool it in Russia." Three days after M. de Canouville had left Paris.

CHAPTER XII.

The Emperor Alexander never tired of showing his regard for actors by presents and compliments; and as for actresses, I have told before how far he would have gone with one of them if Napoleon had not deterred. him. Each day the Grand Duke Constantine got up parties of pleasure with Murat and other distinguished persons, at which no expense was spared, and some of these ladies did the honors. And what furs and diamonds they carried away from Erfurt! The two Emperors were not ignorant of all this, and were much amused thereby; and it was the favorite subject of conversation in the morning. Constantine had conceived an especial affection for King Jerome; the king even carried his affection so far as to 'tutoy' him, and wished him to do the same. "Is it because I am a king," he said one day, "that

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you are afraid to say thou to me? Come, now, is there any need of formality between friends?" They performed all sorts of college pranks together, even running through the streets at night, knocking and ringing at every door, much delighted when they had waked up some honest bourgeois. As the Emperor was leaving, King Jerome said to the grand duke: "Come, tell me what you wish me to send you from Paris."—"Nothing whatever," replied the grand duke; "your brother has presented me with a magnificent sword; I am satisfied, and desire nothing more."—"But I wish to send you something, so tell me what would give you pleasure."—"Well, send me six demoiselles from the Palais Royal."

The play at Erfurt usually began at seven o'clock; but the two Emperors, who always came together, never arrived till half-past seven. At their entrance, all the pit of kings rose to do them honor, and the first piece immediately commenced.

At the representation of Cinna, the Emperor feared that the Czar, who was placed by his side in a box facing the stage, and on the first tier, might not hear very well, as he was somewhat deaf; and consequently gave orders to M. de Remusat, first chamberlain, that a platform should be raised on the floor of the orchestra, and armchairs placed there for Alexander and himself; and on the right and left four handsomely decorated chairs for the King of Saxony and the other sovereigns of the Confederation, while the princes took possession of the box abandoned by their Majesties. By this arrangement the two Emperors found themselves in such a conspicuous position that it was impossible for them to make a movement without being seen by every one. On the 3d of October AEdipus was presented. "All the sovereigns," as the Emperor called them, were present at this representation; and just as the actor pronounced these words in the first scene:

"The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods:"

the Czar arose, and held out his hand with much grace to the Emperor; and immediately acclamations, which the presence of the sovereigns could not restrain, burst forth from every part of the hall.

On the evening of this same day I prepared the Emperor for bed as usual. All the doors which opened into his sleeping-room were carefully closed, as well as the shutters and windows; and there was consequently no means of entering his Majesty's room except through the chamber in which I slept with Roustan, and a sentinel was also stationed at the foot of the staircase. Every night I slept very calmly, knowing that it was impossible any one could reach Napoleon without waking me; but that night, about two o'clock, while I was sleeping soundly, a strange noise woke me with a start. I rubbed my eyes, and listened with the greatest attention, and, hearing nothing whatever, thought this

noise the illusion of a dream, and was just dropping to sleep again, when my ear was struck by low, smothered screams, such as a man might

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utter who was being strangled. I heard them repeated twice, and in an instant was sitting up straight in bed, my hair on end, and my limbs covered with a cold sweat. Suddenly it occurred to me that the Emperor was being assassinated, and I sprang out of bed and woke Roustan; and as the cries now recommenced with added intensity, I opened the door as cautiously as my agitation allowed, and entered the sleeping-room, and with a hasty glance assured myself that no one could have entered. On advancing towards the bed, I perceived his Majesty extended across it, in a position denoting great agony, the drapery and bed-covering thrown off, and his whole body in a frightful condition of nervous contraction. From his open mouth escaped inarticulate sounds, his breathing appeared greatly oppressed, and one of his hands, tightly clinched, lay on the pit of his stomach. I was terrified at the sight, and called him. He did not reply; again, once, twice even, still no reply. At last I concluded to shake him gently; and at this the Emperor awoke with a loud cry, saying, “What is it? What is it?” then sat up and opened his eyes wide; upon which I told him that, seeing him tormented with a horrible nightmare, I had taken the liberty of waking him. “And you did well, my dear Constant,” interrupted his Majesty. “Ah, my friend, I have had a frightful dream; a bear was tearing open my breast, and devouring my heart!” Thereupon the Emperor rose, and, while I put his bed in order, walked about the room. He was obliged to change his shirt, which was wet with perspiration, and at length again retired.

The next day, when he woke, he told me that it was long before he could fall to sleep again, so vivid and terrible was the impression made on him. He long retained the memory of this dream, and often spoke of it, each time trying to draw from it different conclusions, according to circumstances.

As to myself, I avow I was struck with the coincidence of the compliment of Alexander at the theater and this frightful nightmare, especially as the Emperor was not subject to disturbances of this kind. I do not know whether his Majesty related his dream to the Emperor of Russia.

On the 6th of October their Majesties attended a hunting-party which the Grand Duke of Weimar prepared for them in the forest of Ettersbourg. The Emperor set out from Erfurt at noon, with the Emperor of Russia in the same coach. They arrived in the forest at one o’clock, and found prepared for them a hunting-pavilion, which had been erected expressly for this occasion, and was very handsomely decorated. This pavilion was divided into three parts, separated by open columns; that in the middle, raised higher than the others, formed a pretty room, arranged and furnished for the two Emperors. Around the pavilion were placed numerous orchestras, which played inspiriting airs, with which were mingled the acclamations of an immense crowd, who had been attracted by a desire to see the Emperor.

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The two sovereigns were received on their descent from their carriage by the Grand Duke of Weimar and his son, the hereditary prince, Charles Frederic; while the King of Bavaria, King of Saxony, King of Wurtemberg, Prince William of Prussia, the Princes of Mecklenburg, the Prince Primate, and the Duke of Oldenburg awaited them at the entrance to the saloon.

The Emperor had in his suite the Prince of Neuchatel; the Prince of Benevento; the grand marshal of the palace, Duke de Frioul; General Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza; the Duke of Rovigo; General Lauriston, his Majesty's aide-de-camp; General Nansouty, first equerry; the chamberlain, Eugene de Montesquiou; the Count de Beausset, prefect of the palace; and M. Cavaletti.

The Emperor of Russia was accompanied by the Grand Duke Constantine; the Count Tolstoi, grand marshal; and Count Oggeroski, aide-de-camp to his Majesty.

The hunt lasted nearly two hours, during which time about sixty stags and roebucks were killed. The space in which these poor animals had to run was inclosed by netting, in order that the monarchs might shoot them at pleasure, without disturbing themselves while seated in the windows of the pavilion. I have never seen anything more absurd than hunts of this sort, which, nevertheless, give those who engage in them a reputation as fine shots. What skill is there in killing an animal which the gamekeepers, so to speak, take by the ears and place in front of your gun.

The Emperor of Russia was near-sighted, and this infirmity had deterred him from an amusement which he would have enjoyed very much; but that day, however, he wished to make the attempt, and, having expressed this. wish, the Duke of Montebello handed him a gun, and M. de Beauterne had the honor of giving the Emperor his first lesson. A stag was driven so as to pass within about eight steps of Alexander, who brought him down at the first shot.

After the hunt their Majesties repaired to the palace of Weimar; and the reigning duchess received them, as they alighted from their carriages, accompanied by her whole court. The Emperor saluted the duchess affectionately, remembering that he had seen her two years before under very different circumstances, which I mentioned in its place.

The Duke of Weimar had requested from the grand marshal French cooks to prepare the Emperor's dinner, but the Emperor preferred being served in the German style.

Their Majesties invited to dine with them the Duke and Duchess of Weimar, the Queen of Westphalia, the King of Wurtemberg, the King of Saxony, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince William of Prussia, the Prince Primate, the Prince of Neuchatel,

Prince Talleyrand, the Duke of Oldenburg, the hereditary Prince of Weimar, and the Prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

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After this dinner there was a play, followed by a ball, the play being at the town theater, where the ordinary comedians of his Majesty presented the death of Caesar; and the ball, at the ducal palace. The Emperor Alexander opened the ball with the Queen of Westphalia, to the great astonishment of every one; for it was well known that this monarch had never danced since his accession to the throne, conduct which the older men of the court thought very praiseworthy, holding the opinion that a sovereign occupies too high a place to share in the tastes and take pleasure in amusements common to the rest of mankind. Except this, however, there was nothing in the ball of Weimar to scandalize them, as they did not dance, but promenaded in couples, whilst the orchestra played marches.

The morning of the next day their Majesties entered carriages to visit Mount Napoleon, near Jena, where a splendid breakfast was prepared for them under a tent which the Duke of Weimar had erected on the identical spot where the Emperor's bivouac stood on the day of the battle of Jena. After breakfast the two Emperors ascended a temporary pavilion which had been erected on Mount Napoleon; this pavilion, which was very large, had been decorated with plans of the battle. A deputation from the town and university of Jena arrived, and were received by their Majesties; and the Emperor inquired of the deputies the most minute particulars relating to their town, its resources, and the manners and character of its inhabitants; questioned them on the approximate damages which the military hospital, which had been so long left with them, had caused the inhabitants of Jena; inquired the names of those who had suffered most from fire and war, and gave orders that a gratuity should be distributed among them, and the small proprietors entirely indemnified. His Majesty informed himself with much interest of the condition of the Catholic worship, and promised to endow the vicarage in perpetuity, granting three hundred thousand francs for immediate necessities, and promising to give still more.

After having visited, on horseback, the positions which the two armies had held the evening before, and on the day of, the battle of Jena, as well as the plain of Aspolda, on which the duke had prepared a hunt with guns, the two Emperors returned to Erfurt, which they reached at five o'clock in the evening, almost at the very moment the grand hereditary duke of Baden and the Princess Stephanie arrived.

During the entire visit of the sovereigns to the battlefield, the Emperor most graciously made explanations to the young Czar, to which he listened with the greatest interest. His Majesty seemed to take pleasure in explaining at length, first, the plan which he had formed and carried out at Jena, and afterwards the various plans of his other campaigns, the maneuvers which he had executed, his usual tactics, and, in fine, his whole ideas on the art of war. The Emperor thus, for several hours, carried on the whole conversation alone; and his royal audience paid him as much attention as scholars, eager to learn, pay to the instructions of their teacher.

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When his Majesty returned to his apartment, I heard Marshal Berthier say to him, “Sire, are you not afraid that the sovereigns may some day use to advantage against you all that you have just taught them? Your Majesty just now seemed to forget what you formerly told us, that it is necessary to act with our allies as if they were afterwards to be our enemies.”— “Berthier,” replied the Emperor, smiling, “that is a good observation on your part, and I thank you for it; I really believe I have made you think I was an idiot. You think, then,” continued his Majesty, pinching sharply one of the Prince de Neuchatel’s ears, “that I committed the indiscretion of giving them whips with which to return and flog us? Calm yourself, I did not tell them all.”

The Emperor’s table at Erfurt was in the form of a half-moon; and at the upper end, and consequently at the rounded part, of this table their Majesties were seated, and on the right and left the sovereigns of the Confederation according to their rank. The side facing their Majesties was always empty; and there stood M. de Beausset, the prefect of the palace, who relates in his Memoirs that one day he overheard the following conversation:

“On that day the subject of conversation was the Golden Bull, which, until the establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine, had served as a constitution, and had regulated the law for the election of emperors, the number and rank of the electors, *etc*. The Prince Primate entered into some details regarding this Golden Bull, which he said was made in 1409; whereupon the Emperor Napoleon pointed out to him that the date which was assigned to the Golden Bull was not correct, and that it was proclaimed in 1336, during the reign of the Emperor Charles *iv*. ‘That is true, Sire,’ replied the Prince Primate I was mistaken; but how does it happen that your Majesty is so well acquainted with these matters?’—’When I was a mere sub-lieutenant in the artillery, said Napoleon, —at this beginning, there was on the part of the guests a marked movement of interest, and he continued, smiling,—when I had the honor to be simply sub-lieutenant in the artillery I remained three years in the garrison at Valence, and, as I cared little for society, led a very retired life. By fortunate chance I had lodgings with a kind and intelligent bookseller. I read and re-read his library during the three years I remained in the garrison and have forgotten nothing, even matters which have had no connection with my position. Nature, besides, has given me a good memory for figures, and it often happens with my ministers that I can give them details and the sum total of accounts they presented long since.’”

A few days before his departure from Erfurt, the Emperor bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor on M. de Bigi, commandant of arms at this place; M. Vegel, burgomaster of Jena; Messrs. Weiland and Goethe; M. Starlk, senior physician at Jena. He gave to General

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Count Tolstoi, ambassador from Russia, who had been recalled from this post by his sovereign to take a command in the army, the grand decoration of the Legion of Honor; to M. the dean Meimung, who had said mass twice at the palace, a ring of brilliants, with the cipher N surmounted by a crown; and a hundred napoleons to the two priests who had assisted him; finally, to the grand marshal of the palace, Count Tolstoi, the beautiful Gobelin tapestry, Savonnerie carpets, and Sevres porcelain, which had been brought from Paris to furnish the palace of Erfurt. The minister's grand officers, and officers of Alexander's suite, received from his Majesty magnificent presents; and the Emperor Alexander did likewise in regard to the persons attached to his Majesty. He gave the Duke of Vicenza the grand cordon of Saint Andrew, and a badge of the same order set in diamonds to the Princes of Benevento and Neuchatel.

Charmed by the talent of the French comedians, especially that of Talma, the Emperor Alexander sent very handsome presents to her as well as all her companions; he sent compliments to the actresses, and to the director, M. Dazincourt, whom he did not forget in his distribution of gifts.

This interview at Erfurt, which was so brilliant with illuminations, splendor, and luxury, ended on the 14th of October; and all the great personages whom it had attracted left between the 8th and the 14th of October.

The day of his departure the Emperor gave an audience, after his toilet, to Baron Vincent, envoy extraordinary of Austria, and sent by him a letter to his sovereign. At eleven o'clock the Emperor of Russia came to his Majesty, who received him, and reconducted him to his residence with great ceremony; and soon after his Majesty repaired to the Russian palace, followed by his whole suite. After mutual compliments they entered the carriage together, and did not part till they reached the spot on the road from Weimar where they had met on their arrival. There they embraced each other affectionately and separated; and the 18th of October, at half-past nine in the evening, the Emperor was at Saint-Cloud, having made the whole trip incognito.

CHAPTER XIII.

His Majesty remained only ten days at Saint-Cloud, passed two or three of these in Paris at the opening of the session of the Corps Legislatif, and at noon on the 29th set out a second time for Bayonne.

The Empress, who to her great chagrin could not accompany the Emperor, sent for me on the morning of his departure, and renewed in most touching accents the same recommendations which she made on all his journeys, for the character of the Spaniards made her timid and fearful as to his safety.

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Their parting was sad and painful; for the Empress was exceedingly anxious to accompany him, and the Emperor had the greatest difficulty in satisfying her, and making her understand that this was impossible. Just as he was setting out he returned to his dressing-room a moment, and told me to unbutton his coat and vest; and I saw the Emperor pass around his neck between his vest and shirt a black silk ribbon on which was hung a kind of little bag about the size of a large hazel-nut, covered with black silk. Though I did not then know what this bag contained, when he returned to Paris he gave it to me to keep; and I found that this bag had a pleasant feeling, as under the silk covering was another of skin. I shall hereafter tell for what purpose the Emperor wore this bag.

I set out with a sad heart. The recommendations of her Majesty the Empress, and fears which I could not throw off, added to the fatigue of these repeated journeys, all conspired to produce feelings of intense sadness, which was reflected on almost all the countenances of the Imperial household; while the officers said among themselves that the combats in the North were trifling compared with those which awaited us in Spain.

We arrived on the 3d of November at the chateau of Marrac, and four days after were at Vittoria in the midst of the French army, where the Emperor found his brother and a few grandees of Spain who had not yet deserted his cause.

The arrival of his Majesty electrified the troops; and a part of the enthusiasm manifested, a very small part it is true, penetrated into the heart of the king, and somewhat renewed his courage. They set out almost immediately, in order to at once establish themselves temporarily at Burgos, which had been seized by main force and pillaged in a few hours, since the inhabitants had abandoned it, and left to the garrison the task of stopping the French as long as possible.

The Emperor occupied the archiepiscopal palace, a magnificent building situated in a large square on which the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard bivouacked. This bivouac presented a singular scene. Immense kettles, which had been found in the convents, hung, full of mutton, poultry, rabbits, *etc*., above a fire which was replenished from time to time with furniture, guitars, or mandolins, and around which grenadiers, with pipes in their mouths, were gravely seated in gilded chairs covered with crimson damask, while they intently watched the kettles as they simmered, and communicated to each other their conjectures on the campaign which had just opened.

The Emperor remained ten or twelve days at Burgos, and then gave orders to march on Madrid, which place could have been reached by way of Valladolid, and the road was indeed safer and better; but the Emperor wished to seize the Pass of Somo-Sierra, an imposing position with natural fortifications which had always been regarded as impregnable. This pass, between two mountain peaks, defended the capital, and was guarded by twelve thousand insurgents, and twelve pieces of cannon placed so advantageously that they could do as much injury as thirty or forty elsewhere, and were,

in fact, a sufficient obstacle to delay even the most formidable army; but who could then oppose any hindrance to the march of the Emperor?

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On the evening of the 29th of November we arrived within three leagues of this formidable defile, at a village called Basaguillas; and though the weather was very cold, the Emperor did not lie down, but passed the night in his tent, writing, wrapped in the pelisse which the Emperor Alexander had given him. About three o'clock in the morning he came to warm himself by the bivouac fire where I had seated myself, as I could no longer endure the cold and dampness of a cellar which had been assigned as my lodging, and where my bed was only a few handfuls of straw, filled with manure.

At eight o'clock in the morning the position was attacked and carried, and the next day we arrived before Madrid.

The Emperor established his headquarters at the chateau of Champ-Martin, a pleasure house situated a quarter of a league from the town, and belonging to the mother of the Duke of Infantado; and the army camped around this house. The day after our arrival, the owner came in tears to entreat of his Majesty a revocation of the fatal decree which put her son outside the protection of the law; the Emperor did all he could to reassure her, but he could promise her nothing, as the order was general.

We had some trouble in capturing this town; in the first place, because his Majesty recommended the greatest moderation in making the attack, not wishing, as he said, to present to his brother a burned-up city; in the second place, because the Grand Duke of Berg during his stay at Madrid had fortified the palace of Retiro, and the Spanish insurgents had intrenched themselves there, and defended it most courageously. The town had no other defense, and was surrounded only by an old wall, almost exactly similar to that of Paris, consequently at the end of three days it was taken; but the Emperor preferred not to enter, and still resided at Champ-Martin, with the exception of one day when he came incognito and in disguise, to visit the queen's palace and the principal districts.

One striking peculiarity of the Spaniards is the respect they have always shown for everything relating to royalty, whether they regard it as legitimate or not. When King Joseph left Madrid the palace was closed, and the government established itself in a passably good building which had been used as the post-office. From this time no one entered the palace except the servants, who had orders to clean it from time to time; not a piece of furniture even, not a book, was moved. The portrait of Napoleon on Mont St. Bernard, David's masterpiece, remained hanging in the grand reception hall, and the queen's portrait opposite, exactly as the king had placed them; and even the cellars were religiously respected. The apartments of King Charles had also remained untouched, and not one of the watches in his immense collection had been removed.

The act of clemency which his Majesty showed toward the Marquis of Saint-Simon, a grandee of Spain, marked in an especial manner the entrance of the French troops into Madrid. The Marquis of Saint-Simon, a French emigrant, had been in the service of Spain since the emigration, and had the command of a part of the capital. The post

which he defended was exactly in front of that which the Emperor commanded at the gates of Madrid, and he had held out long after all the other leaders had surrendered.

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The Emperor, impatient at being so long withstood at this point, gave orders to make a still more vigorous charge; and in this the marquis was taken prisoner. In his extreme anger the Emperor sent him to be tried before a military commission, who ordered him to be shot; and this order was on the point of being executed, when Mademoiselle de Saint-Simon, a charming young person, threw herself at his Majesty's feet, and her father's pardon was quickly granted.

The king immediately re-entered his capital; and with him returned the noble families of Madrid, who had withdrawn from the stirring scenes enacted at the center of the insurrection; and soon balls, fetes, festivities, and plays were resumed as of yore.

The Emperor left Champ-Martin on the 22d of December, and directed his march towards Astorga, with the intention of meeting the English, who had just landed at Corunna; but dispatches sent to Astorga by a courier from Paris decided him to return to France, and he consequently gave orders to set out for Valladolid.

We found the road from Benavente to Astorga covered with corpses, slain horses, artillery carriages, and broken wagons, and at every step met detachments of soldiers with torn clothing, without shoes, and, indeed, in a most deplorable condition. These unfortunates were all fleeing towards Astorga, which they regarded as a port of safety, but which soon could not contain them all. It was terrible weather, the snow falling so fast that it was almost blinding; and, added to this, I was ill, and suffered greatly during this painful journey.

The Emperor while at Tordesillas had established his headquarters in the buildings outside the convent of Saint-Claire, and the abbess of this convent was presented to his Majesty. She was then more than sixty-five years old, and from the age of ten years back never left this place. Her intelligent and refined conversation made a most agreeable impression on the Emperor, who inquired what were her wishes, and granted each one.

We arrived at Valladolid the 6th of January, 1809, and found it in a state of great disorder. Two or three days after our arrival, a cavalry officer was assassinated by Dominican monks; and as Hubert, one of our comrades, was passing in the evening through a secluded street, three men threw themselves on him and wounded him severely; and he would doubtless have been killed if the grenadiers of the guard had not hastened to his assistance, and delivered him from their hands. It was the monks again. At length the Emperor, much incensed, gave orders that the convent of the Dominicans should be searched; and in a well was found the corpse of the aforesaid officer, in the midst of a considerable mass of bones, and the convent was immediately suppressed by his Majesty's orders; he even thought at one time of issuing the same rigorous orders against all the convents of the city. He took time for reflection, however, and contented himself by appointing an audience,

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at which all the monks of Valladolid were to appear before him. On the appointed day they came; not all, however, but deputations from each convent, who prostrated themselves at the Emperor's feet, while he showered reproaches upon them, called them assassins and brigands, and said they all deserved to be hung. These poor men listened in silence and humility to the terrible language of the irritated conqueror whom their patience alone could appease; and finally, the Emperor's anger having exhausted itself, he grew calmer, and at last, struck by the reflection that it was hardly just to heap abuse on men thus prostrate on their knees and uttering not a word in their own defense, he left the group of officers who surrounded him, and advanced into the midst of the monks, making them a sign to rise from their supplicating posture; and as these good men obeyed him, they kissed the skirts of his coat, and pressed around him with an eagerness most alarming to the persons of his Majesty's suite; for had there been among these devotees any Dominican, nothing surely could have been easier than an assassination.

During the Emperor's stay at Valladolid, I had with the grand marshal a disagreement of which I retain most vivid recollections, as also of the Emperor's intervention wherein he displayed both justice and good-will towards me. These are the facts of the case: one morning the Duke de Frioul, encountering me in his Majesty's apartments, inquired in a very brusque tone (he was very much excited) if I had ordered the carriage to be ready, to which I replied in a most respectful manner that they were always ready. Three times the duke repeated the same question, raising his voice still more each time; and three times I made him the same reply, always in the same respectful manner. "Oh, you fool!" said he at last, "you do not understand, then."—"That arises evidently, Monseigneur, from your Excellency's imperfect explanations!" Upon which he explained that he was speaking of a new carriage which had come from Paris that very day, a fact of which I was entirely ignorant. I was on the point of explaining this to his Excellency; but without deigning to listen, the grand marshal rushed out of the room exclaiming, swearing, and addressing me in terms to which I was totally unaccustomed. I followed him as far as his own room in order to make an explanation; but when he reached his door he entered, and slammed it in my face.

In spite of all this I entered a few moments later; but his Excellency had forbidden his valet de chambre to introduce me, saying that he had nothing to say to me, nor to hear from me, all of which was repeated to me in a very harsh and contemptuous manner.

Little accustomed to such experiences, and entirely unnerved, I went to the Emperor's room; and when his Majesty entered I was still so agitated that my face was wet with tears. His Majesty wished to know what had happened, and I related to him the attack which had just been made upon me by the grand marshal. "You are very foolish to cry," said the Emperor; "calm yourself, and say to the grand marshal that I wish to speak to him."

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His Excellency came at once in response to the Emperor's invitation, and I announced him. "See," said he, pointing to me, "see into what a state you have thrown this fellow! What has he done to be thus treated?" The grand marshal bowed without replying, but with a very dissatisfied air; and the Emperor went on to say that he should have given me his orders more clearly, and that any one was excusable for not executing an order not plainly given. Then turning toward me, his Majesty said, "Monsieur Constant, you may be certain this will not occur again."

This simple affair furnishes a reply to many false accusations against the Emperor. There was an immense distance between the grand marshal of the palace and the simple valet de chambre of his Majesty, and yet the marshal was reprimanded for a wrong done to the valet de chambre.

The Emperor showed the utmost impartiality in meting out justice in his domestic affairs; and never was the interior of a palace better governed than his, owing to the fact that in his household he alone was master.

The grand marshal felt unkindly toward me for sometime after; but, as I have already said, he was an excellent man, his bad humor soon passed away, and so completely, that on my return to Paris he requested me to stand for him at the baptism of the child of my father-in-law, who had begged him to be its godfather; the godmother was Josephine, who was kind enough to choose my wife to represent her. M. le Duke de Frioul did things with as much nobility and magnanimity as grace; and afterwards I am glad to be able to state in justice to his memory, he eagerly seized every occasion to be useful to me, and to make me forget the discomfort his temporary excitement had caused me.

I fell ill at Valladolid with a violent fever a few days before his Majesty's departure. On the day appointed for leaving, my illness was at its height; aid as the Emperor feared that the journey might increase, or at any rate prolong, my illness, he forbade my going, and set out without me, recommending to the persons whom he left at Valladolid to take care of my health. When I had gotten somewhat better I was told that his Majesty had left, whereupon I could no longer be controlled, and against my physician's orders, and in spite of my feebleness, in spite of everything, in fact, had myself placed in a carriage and set out. This was wise; for hardly had I put Valladolid two leagues behind me, than I felt better, and the fever left me. I arrived at Paris five or six days after the Emperor, just after his Majesty had appointed the Count Montesquiou grand chamberlain in place of Prince Talleyrand, whom I met that very day, and who seemed in no wise affected by this disgrace, perhaps he was consoled by the dignity of vice-grand elector which was bestowed on him in exchange.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Emperor arrived at Paris on the 23d of January, and passed the remainder of the winter there, with the exception of a few days spent at Rambouillet and Saint-Cloud.

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On the very day of his arrival in Paris, although he must have been much fatigued by an almost uninterrupted ride from Valladolid, the Emperor visited the buildings of the Louvre and the rue de Rivoli.

His mind was full of what he had seen at Madrid, and repeated suggestions to M. Fontaine and the other architects showed plainly his desire to make the Louvre the finest palace in the world. His Majesty then had a report made him as to the chateau of Chambord, which he wished to present to the Prince of Neuchatel. M. Fontaine found that repairs sufficient to make this place a comfortable residence would amount to 1,700,000 francs, as the buildings were in a state of decay, and it had hardly been touched since the death of Marshal Sage.

His Majesty passed the two months and a half of his stay working in his cabinet, which he rarely left, and always unwillingly; his amusements being, as always, the theater and concerts. He loved music passionately, especially Italian music, and like all great amateurs was hard to please. He would have much liked to sing had he been able, but he had no voice, though this did not prevent his humming now and then pieces which struck his fancy; and as these little reminiscences usually recurred to him in the mornings, he regaled me with them while he was being dressed. The air that I have heard him thus mutilate most frequently was that of The Marseillaise. The Emperor also whistled sometimes, but very rarely; and the air, ‘Malbrook s’en va-t-en guerre’, whistled by his Majesty was an unerring announcement to me of his approaching departure for the army. I remember that he never whistled so much, and was never so gay, as just before he set out for the Russian campaign.

His Majesty’s, favorite singer were Crescentini and Madame Grassini. I saw Crescentini’s debut at Paris in the role of Romeo, in Romeo and Juliet. He came preceded by a reputation as the first singer of Italy; and this reputation was found to be well deserved, notwithstanding all the prejudices he had to overcome, for I remember well the disparaging statements made concerning him before his debut at the court theater. According to these self-appointed connoisseurs, he was a bawler without taste, without method, a maker of absurd trills, an unimpassioned actor of little intelligence, and many other things besides. He knew, when he appeared on the stage, how little disposed in his favor his audience were, yet he showed not the slightest embarrassment; this, and his noble, dignified mien, agreeably surprised those who expected from what they had been told to behold an awkward man with an ungainly figure. A murmur of approbation ran through the hall on his appearance; and electrified by this welcome, he gained all hearts from the first act. His movements were full of grace and dignity; he had a perfect knowledge of the scene, modest gestures perfectly in harmony with the dialogue, and a countenance on which all shades of passion were depicted with the most astonishing accuracy; and all these rare and precious qualities combined to give to the enchanting accents of this artist a charm of which it is impossible to give an idea.

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At each scene the interest he inspired became more marked, until in the third act the emotion and delight of the spectator were carried almost to frenzy. In this act, played almost solely by Crescentini, this admirable singer communicated to the hearts of his audience all that is touching and, pathetic in a love expressed by means of delicious melody, and by all that grief and despair can find sublime in song.

The Emperor was enraptured, and sent Crescentini a considerable compensation, accompanied by most flattering testimonials of the pleasure he had felt in hearing him.

On this day, as always when they played together afterwards, Crescentini was admirably supported by Madame Grassini, a woman of superior talent, and who possessed the most astonishing voice ever heard in the theater. She and Madame Barilli then divided the admiration of the public.

The very evening or the day after the debut of Crescentini, the French stage suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Dazincourt, only sixty years of age. The illness of which he died had begun on his return from Erfurt, and was long and painful; and yet the public, to whom this great comedian had so long given such pleasure, took no notice of him after it was found his sickness was incurable and his death certain. Formerly when a highly esteemed actor was kept from his place for some time by illness (and who deserved more esteem than Dazincourt?), the pit was accustomed to testify its regret by inquiring every day as to the condition of the afflicted one, and at the end of each representation the actor whose duty it was to announce the play for the next day gave the audience news of his comrade. This was not done for Dazincourt, and the pit thus showed ingratitude to him.

I liked and esteemed sincerely Dazincourt, whose acquaintance I had made several years before his death; and few men better deserved or so well knew how to gain esteem and affection. I will not speak of his genius, which rendered him a worthy successor of Preville, whose pupil and friend he was, for all his contemporaries remember Figaro as played by Dazincourt; but I will speak of the nobility of his character, of his generosity, and his well-tested honor. It would seem that his birth and education should have kept him from the theater, where circumstances alone placed him; but he was able to protect himself against the seductions of his situation, and in the greenroom, and in the midst of domestic intrigues, remained a man of good character and pure manners. He was welcomed in the best society, where he soon became a favorite by his piquant sallies, as much as by his good manners and urbanity, for he amused without reminding that he was a comedian.

At the end of February his Majesty went to stay for some time at the palace of the Elysee; and there I think was signed the marriage contract of one of his best lieutenants, Marshal Augereau, recently made Duke of Castiglione, with Mademoiselle Bourlon de Chavanges, the daughter of an old superior officer; and there also was

rendered the imperial decree which gave to the Princess Eliza the grand duchy of Tuscany, with the title of grand duchess.

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About the middle of March, the Emperor passed several days at Rambouillet; there were held some exciting hunts, in one of which his Majesty himself brought to bay and killed a stag near the pool of Saint-Hubert. There was also a ball and concert, in which appeared Crescentini, Mesdames Grassini, Barelli, and several celebrated virtuosos, and lastly Talma recited.

On the 13th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, the Emperor having received news of another invasion of Bavaria by the Austrians, set out for Strasburg with the Empress, whom he left in that city; and on the 15th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, he passed the Rhine at the head of his army. The Empress did not long remain alone, as the Queen of Holland and her sons, the Grand Duchess of Baden and her husband, soon joined her.

The splendid campaign of 1809 at once began. It is known how glorious it was, and that one of its least glorious victories was the capture of Vienna.

At Ratisbon, on the 23d of April, the Emperor received in his right foot a spent ball, which gave him quite a severe bruise. I was with the service when several grenadiers hastened to tell me that his Majesty was wounded, upon which I hastened to him, and arrived while M. Yvan was dressing the contusion. The Emperor's boot was cut open, and laced up, and he remounted his horse immediately; and, though several of the generals insisted on his resting, he only replied: "My friends, do you not know that it is necessary for me to see everything?" The enthusiasm of the soldiers cannot be expressed when they learned that their chief had been wounded, though his wound was not dangerous. "The Emperor is exposed like us," they said; "he is not a coward, not he." The papers did not mention this occurrence.

Before entering a battle, the Emperor always ordered that, in case he was wounded, every possible measure should be taken to conceal it from his troops. "Who knows," said he, "what terrible confusion might be produced by such news? To my life is attached the destiny of a great Empire. Remember this, gentlemen; and if I am wounded, let no one know it, if possible. If I am slain, try to win the battle without me; there will be time enough to tell it afterwards."

Two weeks after the capture of Ratisbon, I was in advance of his Majesty on the road to Vienna, alone in a carriage with an officer of the household, when we suddenly heard frightful screams in a house on the edge of the road. I gave orders to stop at once, and we alighted; and, on entering the house, found several soldiers, or rather stragglers, as there are in all armies, who, paying no attention to the alliance between France and Bavaria, were treating most cruelly a family which lived in this house, and consisted of an old grandmother, a young man, three children, and a young girl.

Our embroidered coats had a happy effect on these madmen, whom we threatened with the Emperor's anger; and we succeeded in driving them out of the house, and soon

after took our departure, overwhelmed with thanks. In the evening I spoke to the Emperor of what I had done; and he approved highly, saying, “It cannot be helped. There are always some cowardly fellows in the army; and they are the ones who do the mischief. A brave and good soldier would blush to do such things!”

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I had occasion, in the beginning of these Memoirs, to speak of the steward, M. Pfister, one of his Majesty's most faithful servants, and also one of those to whom his Majesty was most attached. M. Pfister had followed him to Egypt, and had faced countless dangers in his service. The day of the battle of Landshut, which either preceded or followed very closely the taking of Ratisbon this poor man became insane, rushed out of his tent, and concealed himself in a wood near the field of battle, after taking off all his clothing. At the end of a few hours his Majesty asked for M. Pfister. He was sought for, and every one was questioned; but no one could tell what had become of him. The Emperor, fearing that he might have been taken prisoner, sent an orderly officer to the Austrians to recover his steward, and propose an exchange; but the officer returned, saying that the Austrians had not seen M. Pfister. The Emperor, much disquieted, ordered a search to be made in the neighborhood; and by this means the poor fellow was discovered entirely naked, as I have said, cowering behind a tree, in a frightful condition, his body torn by thorns. He was brought back, and having become perfectly quiet, was thought to be well, and resumed his duties; but a short time after our return to Paris he had a new attack. The character of his malady was exceedingly obscene; and he presented himself before the Empress Josephine in such a state of disorder, and with such indecent gestures, that it was necessary to take precautions in regard to him. He was confided to the care of the wise Doctor Esquirol, who, in spite of his great skill, could not effect a cure. I went to see him often. He had no more violent attacks; but his brain was diseased, and though he heard and understood perfectly, his replies were those of a real madman. He never lost his devotion to the Emperor, spoke of him incessantly, and imagined himself on duty near him. One day he told me with a most mysterious air that he wished to confide to me a terrible secret, the plot of a conspiracy against his Majesty's life, handing me at the same time a note for his Majesty, with a package of about twenty scraps of paper, which he had scribbled off himself, and thought were the details of the plot. Another time he handed me, for the Emperor, a handful of little stones, which he called diamonds of great value. "There is more than a million in what I hand you," said he. The Emperor, whom I told of my visits, was exceedingly touched by the continued monomania of this poor unfortunate, whose every thought, every act, related to his old master, and who died without regaining his reason.

On the 10th of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, the first line of defense of the Austrian capital was attacked and taken by Marshal Oudinot the faubourgs surrendering at discretion. The Duke of Montebello then advanced on the esplanade at the head of his division; but the gates having been closed, the garrison poured a frightful discharge from the top of the ramparts, which fortunately however killed only a very small number. The Duke of Montebello summoned the garrison to surrender the town, but the response of the Archduke Maximilian was that he would defend Vienna with his last breath; which reply was conveyed to the Emperor.

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After taking counsel with his generals, his Majesty charged Colonel Lagrange to bear a new demand to the archduke; but the poor colonel had hardly entered the town than he was attacked by the infuriated populace. General O'Reilly saved his life by having him carried away by his soldiers; but the Archduke Maximilian, in order to defy the Emperor still further, paraded in triumph in the midst of the national guard the individual who has struck the first blow at the bearer of the French summons. This attempt, which had excited the indignation of many of the Viennese themselves, did not change his Majesty's intentions, as he wished to carry his moderation and kindness as far as possible; and he wrote to the archduke by the Prince of Neuchatel the following letter, a copy of which accidentally fell into my hands:

> "The Prince de Neuchatel to his Highness the Archduke Maximilian, commanding the town of Vienna,

"His Majesty the Emperor and King desires to spare this large and worthy population the calamities with which it is threatened, and charges me to represent to your Highness, that if he continues the attempt to defend this place, it will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities of Europe. In every country where he has waged war, my sovereign has manifested his anxiety to avoid the disasters which armies bring on the population. Your Highness must be persuaded that his Majesty is much grieved to see this town, which he has the glory of having already saved, on the point of being destroyed. Nevertheless, contrary to the established usage of fortresses, your Highness has fired your cannon from the city walls, and these cannon may kill, not an enemy of your sovereign, but the wives or children of his most devoted servants. If your Highness prolongs the attempt to defend the place, his Majesty will be compelled to begin his preparations for attack; and the ruin of this immense capital will be consummated in thirty-six hours, by the shells and bombs from our batteries, as the outskirts of the town will be destroyed by the effect of yours. His Majesty does not doubt that these considerations will influence your Highness to renounce a determination which will only delay for a short while the capture of the place. If, however, your Highness has decided not to pursue a course which will save the town from destruction, its population plunged by your fault into such terrible misfortunes will become, instead of faithful subjects, the enemies of your house."

This letter did not deter the grand duke from persisting in his defense; and this obstinacy exasperated the Emperor to such a degree that he at last gave orders to place two batteries in position, and within an hour cannonballs and shells rained upon the town. The inhabitants, with true German indifference, assembled on the hillsides to watch the effect of the fires of attack and defense, and appeared much interested in the sight. A few cannonballs had already fallen

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in the court of the Imperial palace when a flag of truce came out of the town to announce that the Archduchess Marie Louise had been unable to accompany her father, and was ill in the palace, and consequently exposed to danger from the artillery; and the Emperor immediately gave orders to change the direction of the firing so that the bombs and balls would pass over the palace. The archduke did not long hold out against such a sharp and energetic attack, but fled, abandoning Vienna to the conquerors.

On the 12th of May the Emperor made his entrance into Vienna, one month after the occupation of Munich by the Austrians. This circumstance made a deep impression, and did much to foster the superstitious ideas which many of the troops held in regard to the person of their chief. “See,” said one, “he needed only the time necessary for the journey. That man must be a god.”—“He is a devil rather,” said the Austrians, whose stupefaction was indescribable. They had reached a point when many allowed the arms to be taken out of their hands without making the least resistance, or without even attempting to fly, so deep was their conviction that the Emperor and his guard were not men, and that sooner or later they must fall into the power of these supernatural enemies.

CHAPTER XV.

The Emperor did not remain in Vienna, but established his headquarters at the chateau of Schoenbrunn, an imperial residence situated about half a league from the town; and the ground in front of the chateau was arranged for the encampment of the guard. The chateau of Schoenbrunn, erected by the Empress Maria Theresa in 1754, and situated in a commanding position, is built in a very irregular, and defective, but at the same time majestic, style of architecture. In order to reach it, there has been thrown over the little river, la Vienne, a broad and well-constructed bridge, ornamented with four stone sphinxes; and in front of the bridge is a large iron gate, opening on an immense court, in which seven or eight thousand men could be drilled. This court is square, surrounded by covered galleries, and ornamented with two large basins with marble statues; and on each side of the gateway are two large obelisks in rose-colored stone, surmounted by eagles of gilded lead.

‘Schoenbrunn’, in German, signifies beautiful fountain; and this name comes from a clear and limpid spring, which rises in a grove in the park, on a slight elevation, around which has been built a little pavilion, carved on the inside to imitate stalactites. In this pavilion lies a sleeping Naiad, holding in her hand a shell, from which the water gushes and falls into a marble basin. This is a delicious retreat in summer.

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We can speak only in terms of admiration regarding the interior of the palace, the furniture of which was handsome and of an original and elegant style. The Emperor's sleeping-room, the only part of the building in which there was a fireplace, was ornamented with wainscoting in Chinese lacquer work, then very old, though the painting and gilding were still fresh, and the cabinet was decorated like the bedroom; and all the apartments, except this, were warmed in winter by immense stoves, which greatly injured the effect of the interior architecture. Between the study and the Emperor's room was a very curious machine, called the flying chariot, a kind of mechanical contrivance, which had been made for the Empress Maria Theresa, and was used in conveying her from one story to the other, so that she might not be obliged to ascend and descend staircases like the rest of the world. This machine was operated by means of cords, pulleys, and weights, like those at the theater.

The beautiful grove which serves as park and garden to the palace of Schoenbrunn is much too small to belong to an imperial residence; but, on the other hand, it would be hard to find one more beautiful or better arranged. The park of Versailles is grander and more imposing; but it has not the picturesque irregularity, the fantastic and unexpected beauties, of the park of Schoenbrunn, and more closely resembles the park at Malmaison. In front of the interior facade of the palace was a magnificent lawn, sloping down to a broad lake, decorated with a group of statuary representing the triumph of Neptune. This group is very fine; but French amateurs (every Frenchman, as you are aware, desires to be considered a connoisseur) insisted that the women were more Austrian than Grecian, and that they did not possess the slender grace belonging to antique forms; and, for my part, I must confess that these statues did not appear to me very remarkable.

At the end of the grand avenue, and bounding the horizon, rose a hill, which overlooked the park, and was crowned by a handsome building, which bore the name of la Gloriette. This building was a circular gallery, inclosed with glass, supported by a charming colonnade, between the arches of which hung various trophies. On entering the avenue from the direction of Vienna, la Gloriette rose at the farther end, seeming almost to form a part of the palace; and the effect was very fine.

What the Austrians especially admired in the palace of Schoenbrunn was a grove, containing what they called the Ruins, and a lake with a fountain springing from the midst, and several small cascades flowing from it; by this lake were the ruins of an aqueduct and a temple, fallen vases, tombs, broken bas-reliefs, statues without heads, arms, or limbs, while limbs, arms, and heads lay thickly scattered around; columns mutilated and half-buried, others standing and supporting the remains of pediments and entablatures; all combining to form a scene of beautiful disorder, and representing a genuine ancient ruin when viewed from a short distance. Viewed more closely, it is quite another thing: the hand of the modern sculptor is seen; it is evident that all these fragments are made from the same kind of stone; and the weeds which grow in the

hollows of these columns appear what they really are, that is to say, made of stone, and painted to imitate verdure.

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But if the productions of art scattered through the park of Schoenbrunn were not all irreproachable, those of nature fully made up the deficiency. What magnificent trees! What thick hedges! What dense and refreshing shade! The avenues were remarkably high and broad, and bordered with trees, which formed a vault impenetrable to the sun, while the eye lost itself in their many windings; from these other smaller walks diverged, where fresh surprises were in store at every step. At the end of the broadest of these was placed the menagerie, which was one of the most extensive and varied in Europe, and its construction, which was very ingenious, might well serve as a model; it was shaped like a star, and in the round center of this star had been erected a small but very elegant kiosk, placed there by the Empress Maria Theresa as a resting-place for herself, and from which the whole menagerie could be viewed at leisure.

Each point of this star formed a separate garden, where there could be seen elephants, buffaloes, camels, dromedaries, stags, and kangaroos grazing; handsome and substantial cages held tigers, bears, leopards, lions, hyenas, etc; and swans and rare aquatic birds and amphibious animals sported in basins surrounded by iron gratings. In this menagerie I specially remarked a very extraordinary animal, which his Majesty had ordered brought to France, but which had died the day before it was to have started. This animal was from Poland, and was called a ‘curus’; it was a kind of ox, though much larger than an ordinary ox, with a mane like a lion, horns rather short and somewhat curved, and enormously large at the base.

Every morning, at six o’clock, the drums beat, and two or three hours after the troops were ordered to parade in the court of honor; and at precisely ten o’clock his Majesty descended, and put himself at the head of his generals.

It is impossible to give an idea of these parades, which in no particular resembled reviews in Paris. The Emperor, during these reviews, investigated the smallest details, and examined the soldiers one by one, so to speak, looked into the eyes of each to see whether there was pleasure or work in his head, questioned the officers, sometimes also the soldiers themselves; and it was usually on these occasions that the Emperor made his promotions. During one of these reviews, if he asked a colonel who was the bravest officer in his regiment, there was no hesitation in his answer; and it was always prompt, for he knew that the Emperor was already well informed on this point. After the colonel had replied, he addressed himself to all the other officers, saying, “Who is the bravest among you?”—“Sire, it is such an one;” and the two answers were almost always the same. “Then,” said the Emperor, “I make him a baron; and I reward in him, not only his own personal bravery, but that of the corps of which he forms a part. He does not owe this favor to me alone, but also to the esteem of his comrades.” It was the same case with the soldiers; and those most distinguished for courage or good conduct were promoted or received rewards, and sometimes pensions, the Emperor giving one of twelve hundred francs to a soldier, who, on his first campaign, had passed through the enemy’s squadron, bearing on his shoulders his wounded general, protecting him as he would his own father.

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On these reviews the Emperor could be seen personally inspecting the haversacks of the soldiers, examining their certificates, or taking a gun from the shoulders of a young man who was weak, pale; and suffering, and saying to him, in a sympathetic tone, “That is too heavy for you.” He often drilled them himself; and when he did not, the drilling was directed by Generals Dorsenne, Curial, or Mouton. Sometimes he was seized with a sudden whim; for example, one morning, after reviewing a regiment of the Confederation, he turned to the ordnance officers, and addressing Prince Salm, who was among them, remarked “M. de Salm, the soldiers ought to get acquainted with you; approach, and order them to make a charge in twelve movements.” The young prince turned crimson, without being disconcerted, however, bowed, and drawing his sword most gracefully, executed the orders of the Emperor with an ease and precision which charmed him.

Another day, as the engineer corps passed with about forty wagons, the Emperor cried, “Halt!” and pointing out a wagon to General Bertrand, ordered him to summon one of the officers. “What does that wagon contain?”—“Sire, bolts, bags of nails, ropes, hatchets, and saws.”— “How much of each?” The officer gave the exact account. His Majesty, to verify this report, had the wagon emptied, counted the pieces, and found the number correct; and in order to assure himself that nothing was left in the wagon, climbed up into it by means of the wheel, holding on to the spokes. There was a murmur of approbation and cries of joy all along the line. “Bravo!” they said; “well and good! that is the way to make sure of not being deceived.” All these things conspired to make the soldiers adore the Emperor.

CHAPTER XVI.

At one of the reviews which I have just described, and which usually attracted a crowd of curious people from Vienna and its suburbs, the Emperor came near being assassinated. It was on the 13th of October, his Majesty had just alighted from his horse, and was crossing the court on foot with the Prince de Neuchatel and General Rapp beside him, when a young man with a passably good countenance pushed his way rudely through the crowd, and asked in bad French if he could speak to the Emperor. His Majesty received him kindly, but not understanding his language, asked General Rapp to see what the young man wanted, and the general asked him a few questions; and not satisfied apparently with his answers, ordered the police-officer on duty to remove him. A sub-officer conducted the young man out of the circle formed by the staff, and drove him back into the crowd. This circumstance had been forgotten, when suddenly the Emperor, on turning, found again near him the pretended suppliant, who had returned holding his right hand in his breast, as if to draw a petition from the pocket of his coat. General Rapp seized the man by the arm, and said to

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him, “Monsieur, you have already been ordered away; what do you want?” As he was about to retire a second time the general, thinking his appearance suspicious, gave orders to the police-officer to arrest him, and he accordingly made a sign to his subalterns. One of them seizing him by the collar shook him slightly, when his coat became partly unbuttoned, and something fell out resembling a package of papers; on examination it was found to be a large carving knife, with several folds of gray paper wrapped around it as a sheath; thereupon he was conducted to General Savary.

This young man was a student, and the son of a Protestant minister of Naumbourg; he was called Frederic Stabs, and was about eighteen or nineteen years old, with a pallid face and effeminate features. He did not deny for an instant that it was his intention to kill the Emperor; but on the contrary boasted of it, and expressed his intense regret that circumstances had prevented the accomplishment of his design.

He had left his father’s house on a horse which the want of money had compelled him to sell on the way, and none of his relatives or friends had any knowledge of his plan. The day after his departure he had written to his father that he need not be anxious about him nor the horse; that he had long since promised some one to visit Vienna, and his family would soon hear of him with pride. He had arrived at Vienna only two days before, and had occupied himself first in obtaining information as to the Emperor’s habits, and finding that he held a review every morning in the court of the chateau, had been there once in order to acquaint himself with the locality. The next day he had undertaken to make the attack, and had been arrested.

The Duke of Rovigo, after questioning Stabs, sought the Emperor, who had returned to his apartments, and acquainted him with the danger he had just escaped. The Emperor at first shrugged his shoulders, but having been shown the knife which had been taken from Stabs, said, “Ah, ha! send for the young man; I should like very much to talk with him.” The duke went out, and returned in a few moments with Stabs. When the latter entered, the Emperor made a gesture of pity, and said to the Prince de Neuchatel, “Why, really, he is nothing more than a child!” An interpreter was summoned and the interrogation begun.

His Majesty first asked the assassin if he had seen him, anywhere before this. “Yes; I saw you,” replied Stabbs, “at Erfurt last year.”—“It seems that a crime is nothing in your eyes. Why did you wish to kill me?”—“To kill you is not a crime; on the contrary, it is the duty of every good German. I wished to kill you because you are the oppressor of Germany.”—“It is not I who commenced the war; it is your nation. Whose picture is this?” (the Emperor held in his hands the picture of a woman that had been found on Stabs). “It is that of my best friend, my father’s adopted daughter.”—“What!

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and you are an assassin! and have no fear of afflicting and destroying beings who are so dear to you?"—"I wished to do my duty, and nothing could have deterred me from it."—"But how would you have succeeded in, striking me?"—"I would first have asked you if we were soon to have peace; and if you had answered no, I should have stabbed you."—"He is mad!" said the Emperor; "he is evidently mad! And how could you have hoped to escape, after you had struck me thus in the midst of my soldiers?"—"I knew well to what I was exposing myself, and am astonished to be still alive." This boldness made such a deep impression on the Emperor that he remained silent for several moments, intently regarding Stabs, who remained entirely unmoved under this scrutiny. Then the Emperor continued, "The one you love will be much distressed."—"Oh, she will no doubt be distressed because I did not succeed, for she hates you at least as much as I hate you myself."— "Suppose I pardoned you?"—"You would be wrong, for I would again try to kill you." The Emperor summoned M. Corvisart and said to him, "This young man is either sick or insane, it cannot be otherwise."—"I am neither the one nor the other," replied the assassin quickly. M. Corvisart felt Stabs's pulse. "This gentleman is well," he said. "I have already told you so," replied Stabs with a triumphant air.—"Well, doctor," said his Majesty, "this young man who is in such good health has traveled a hundred miles to assassinate me."

Notwithstanding this declaration of the physician and the avowal of Stabs, the Emperor, touched by the coolness and assurance of the unfortunate fellow, again offered him his pardon, upon the sole condition of expressing some repentance for his crime; but as Stabs again asserted that his only regret was that he had not succeeded in his undertaking, the Emperor reluctantly gave him up to punishment.

After he was conducted to prison, as he still persisted in his assertions, he was immediately brought before a military commission, which condemned him to death. He did not undergo his punishment till the 17th; and after the 13th, the day on which he was arrested, took no food, saying that he would have strength enough to go to his death. The Emperor had ordered that the execution should be delayed as long as possible, in the hope that sooner or later Stabs would repent; but he remained unshaken. As he was being conducted to the place where he was to be shot, some one having told him that peace had just been concluded, he cried in a loud voice, "Long live liberty! Long live Germany!" These were his last words.

CHAPTER XVII.

During his stay at Schoenbrunn the Emperor was constantly engaged in gallant adventures. He was one day promenading on the Prater in Vienna, with a very numerous suite (the Prater is a handsome promenade situated in the Faubourg Leopold), when a young German, widow of a rich merchant, saw him, and exclaimed

involuntarily to the ladies promenading with her, “It is he!” This exclamation was overheard by his Majesty, who stopped short, and bowed to the ladies with a smile, while the one who had spoken blushed crimson; the Emperor comprehended this unequivocal sign, looked at her steadfastly, and then continued his walk.

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For sovereigns there are neither long attacks nor great difficulties, and this new conquest of his Majesty was not less rapid than the others. In order not to be separated from her illustrious lover, Madame B—— followed the army to Bavaria, and afterwards came to him at Paris, where she died in 1812.

His Majesty's attention was attracted by a charming young person one morning in the suburbs of Schoenbrunn; and some one was ordered to see this young lady, and arrange for a rendezvous at the chateau the following evening. Fortune favored his Majesty on this occasion. The eclat of so illustrious a name, and the renown of his victories, had produced a deep impression on the mind of the young girl, and had disposed her to listen favorably to the propositions made to her. She therefore eagerly consented to meet him at the chateau; and at the appointed hour the person of whom I have spoken came for her, and I received her on her arrival, and introduced her to his Majesty. She did not speak French, but she knew Italian well, and it was consequently easy for the Emperor to converse with her; and he soon learned with astonishment that this charming young lady belonged to a very honorable family of Vienna, and that in coming to him that evening she was inspired alone by a desire to express to him her sincere admiration. The Emperor respected the innocence of the young girl, had her reconducted to her parents' residence, and gave orders that a marriage should be arranged for her, and that it should be rendered more advantageous by means of a considerable dowry.

At Schoenbrunn, as at Paris, his Majesty dined habitually at six o'clock; but since he worked sometimes very far into the night, care was taken to prepare every evening a light supper, which was placed in a little locked basket covered with oil-cloth. There were two keys to this basket; one of which the steward kept, and I the other. The care of this basket belonged to me alone; and as his Majesty was extremely busy, he hardly ever asked for supper. One evening Roustan, who had been busily occupied all day in his master's service, was in a little room next to the Emperor's, and meeting me just after I had assisted in putting his Majesty to bed, said to me in his bad French, looking at the basket with an envious eye, "I could eat a chicken wing myself; I am very hungry." I refused at first; but finally, as I knew that the Emperor had gone to bed, and had no idea he would take a fancy to ask me for supper that evening, I let Roustan have it. He, much delighted, began with a leg, and next took a wing; and I do not know if any of the chicken would have been left had I not suddenly heard the bell ring sharply. I entered the room, and was shocked to hear the Emperor say to me, "Constant, my chicken." My embarrassment may be imagined. I had no other chicken; and by what means, at such an hour, could I procure one! At last I decided what to do. It was best to cut up the fowl, as

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thus I would be able to conceal the absence of the two limbs Roustan had eaten; so I entered proudly with the chicken replaced on the dish Roustan following me, for I was very willing, if there were any reproaches, to share them with him. I picked up the remaining wing, and presented it to the Emperor; but he refused it, saying to me, “Give me the chicken; I will choose for myself.” This time there was no means of saving ourselves, for the dismembered chicken must pass under his Majesty’s eyes. “See here,” said he, “since when did chickens begin to have only one wing and one leg? That is fine; it seems that I must eat what others leave. Who, then, eats half of my supper?” I looked at Roustan, who in confusion replied, “I was very hungry, Sire, and I ate a wing and leg.”—“What, you idiot! so it was you, was it?”

“Ah, I will punish you for it.” And without another word the Emperor ate the remaining leg and wing.

The next day at his toilet he summoned the grand marshal for some purpose, and during the conversation said, “I leave you to guess what I ate last night for my supper. The scraps which M. Roustan left. Yes, the wretch took a notion to eat half of my chicken.” Roustan entered at that moment. “Come here, you idiot,” continued the Emperor; “and the next time this happens, be sure you will pay for it.” Saying this, he seized him by the ears and laughed heartily.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the 22d of May, ten days after the triumphant entry of the Emperor into the Austrian capital, the battle of Essling took place, a bloody combat lasting from four in the morning till six in the evening. This battle was sadly memorable to all the old soldiers of the Empire, since it cost the life of perhaps the bravest of them all,—the Duke of Montebello, the devoted friend of the Emperor, the only one who shared with Marshal Augereau the right to speak to him frankly face to face.

The evening before the battle the marshal entered his Majesty’s residence, and found him surrounded by several persons. The Duke of—— always undertook to place himself between the Emperor and persons who wished to speak with him. The Duke of Montebello, seeing him play his usual game, took him by the lappet of his coat, and, wheeling him around, said to him: “Take yourself away from here! The Emperor does not need you to stand guard. It is singular that on the field of battle you are always so far from us that we cannot see you, while here we can say nothing to the Emperor without your being in the way.” The duke was furious. He looked first at the marshal, then at the Emperor, who simply said, “Gently Lannes.”

That evening in the domestic apartments they were discussing this apostrophe of the marshal's. An officer of the army of Egypt said that he was not surprised, since the Duke of Montebello had never forgiven the Duke of —— for the three hundred sick persons poisoned at Jaffa.

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Dr. Lannefranque, one of those who attended the unfortunate Duke of Montebello, said that as he was mounting his horse on starting to the island of Lobau, the duke was possessed by gloomy presentiments. He paused a moment, took M. Lannefranque's hand, and pressed it, saying to him with a sad smile, "Au revoir; you will soon see us again, perhaps. There will be work for you and for those gentlemen to-day," pointing to several surgeons and doctors standing near. "M. le Duc," replied Lannefranque, "this day will add yet more to your glory."—"My glory," interrupted the marshal eagerly; "do you wish me to speak frankly? I do not approve very highly of this affair; and, moreover, whatever may be the issue, this will be my last battle." The doctor wished to ask the marshal his reasons for this conviction; but he set off at a gallop, and was soon out of sight.

On the morning of the battle, about six or seven o'clock, the Austrians had already advanced, when an aide-de-camp came to announce to his Majesty that a sudden rise in the Danube had washed down a great number of large trees which had been cut down when Vienna was taken, and that these trees had driven against and broken the bridges which served as communication between Essling and the island of Lobau; and in consequence of this the reserve corps, part of the heavy cavalry, and Marshal Davoust's entire corps, found themselves forced to remain inactive on the other side. This misfortune arrested the movement which the Emperor was preparing to make, and the enemy took courage.

The Duke of Montebello received orders to hold the field of battle, and took his position, resting on the village of Essling, instead of continuing the pursuit of the Austrians which he had already begun, and held this position from nine o'clock in the morning till the evening; and at seven o'clock in the evening the battle was gained. At six o'clock the unfortunate marshal, while standing on an elevation to obtain a better view of the movements, was struck by a cannon-ball, which broke his right thigh and his left knee.

He thought at first that he had only a few moments to live, and had himself carried on a litter to the Emperor, saying that he wished to embrace him before he died. The Emperor, seeing him thus weltering in his blood, had the litter placed on the ground, and, throwing himself on his knees, took the marshal in his arms, and said to him, weeping, "Lannes, do you know me?"—"Yes, Sire; you are losing your best friend." —-"No! no! you will live. Can you not answer for his life, M. Larrey?" The wounded soldiers hearing his Majesty speak thus, tried to rise on their elbows, and cried, "Vive l'Empereur!"

The surgeons carried the marshal to a little village called Ebersdorf, on the bank of the river, and near the field of battle. At the house of a brewer they found a room over a stable where the heat was stifling, and was rendered still more unendurable from the odor of the corpses by which the house was surrounded.

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But as no other place could be found, it was necessary to make the best of it. The marshal bore the amputation of his limb with heroic courage; but the fever which came on immediately was so violent that, fearing he would die under the operation, the surgeons postponed cutting off his other leg. This fever was caused partly by exhaustion, for at the time he was wounded the marshal had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Finally Messieurs Larrey,

[Baron Dominique Jean Larrey, eminent surgeon, born at Bagneres-de -Bigorre, 1766. Accompanied Napoleon to Egypt. Surgeon-in-chief of the grand army, 1812. Wounded and taken prisoner at Waterloo. In his will the Emperor styles him the best man he had ever known. Died 1842.]

Yvan, Paulet, and Lannefranque decided on the second amputation; and after this had been performed the quiet condition of the wounded man made them hopeful of saving his life. But it was not to be. The fever increased, and became of a most alarming character; and in spite of the attentions of these skillful surgeons, and of Doctor Frank, then the most celebrated physician in Europe, the marshal breathed his last on the 31st of May, at five o'clock in the morning, barely forty years of age.

During his week of agony (for his sufferings may be called by that name) the Emperor came often to see him, and always left in deep distress. I also went to see the marshal each day for the Emperor, and admired the patience with which he endured these sufferings, although he had no hope; for he knew well that he was dying, and saw these sad tidings reflected in every face. It was touching and terrible to see around his house, his door, in his chamber even, these old grenadiers of the guard, always stolid and unmoved till now, weeping and sobbing like children. What an atrocious thing war seems at such moments.

The evening before his death the marshal said to me, "I see well, my dear Constant, that I must die. I wish that your master could have ever near him men as devoted as I. Tell the Emperor I would like to see him." As I was going out the Emperor entered, a deep silence ensued, and every one retired; but the door of the room being half open we could hear a part of the conversation, which was long and painful. The marshal recalled his services to the Emperor, and ended with these words, pronounced in tones still strong and firm: "I do not say this to interest you in my family; I do not need to recommend to you my wife and children. Since I die for you, your glory will bid you protect them; and I do not fear in addressing you these last words, dictated by sincere affection, to change your plans towards them. You have just made a great mistake, and although it deprives you of your best friend you will not correct it. Your ambition is insatiable, and will destroy you. You sacrifice unsparingly and unnecessarily those men who serve you best; and when they fall you do not regret them. You have around you only flatterers; I see no friend who dares to tell you the truth. You will be betrayed and abandoned. Hasten to end this war; it is the general wish. You will never be more

powerful, but you may be more beloved. Pardon these truths in a dying man—who, dying, loves you."

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The marshal, as he finished, held out his hand to the Emperor, who embraced him, weeping, and in silence.

The day of the marshal's death his body was given to M. Larrey and M. Cadet de Gassicourt, ordinary chemist to the Emperor, with orders to preserve it, as that of Colonel Morland had been, who was killed at the battle of Austerlitz. For this purpose the corpse was carried to Schoenbrunn, and placed in the left wing of the chateau, far from the inhabited rooms. In a few hours putrefaction became complete, and they were obliged to plunge the mutilated body into a bath filled with corrosive sublimate. This extremely dangerous operation was long and painful; and M. Cadet de Gassicourt deserves much commendation for the courage he displayed under these circumstances; for notwithstanding every precaution, and in spite of the strong disinfectants burned in the room, the odor of this corpse was so fetid, and the vapor from the sublimate so strong, that the distinguished chemist was seriously indisposed.

Like several other persons, I had a sad curiosity to see the marshal's body in this condition. It was frightful. The trunk, which had been covered by the solution, was greatly swollen; while on the contrary, the head, which had been left outside the bath, had shrunk remarkably, and the muscles of the face had contracted in the most hideous manner, the wide-open eyes starting out of their sockets. After the body had remained eight days in the corrosive sublimate, which it was necessary to renew, since the emanations from the interior of the corpse had decomposed the solution, it was put into a cask made for the purpose, and filled with the same liquid; and it was in this cask that it was carried from Schoenbrunn to Strasburg. In this last place it was taken out of the strange coffin, dried in a net, and wrapped in the Egyptian style; that is, surrounded with bandages, with the face uncovered. M. Larrey and M. de Gassicourt confided this honorable task to M. Fortin, a young chemist major, who in 1807 had by his indefatigable courage and perseverance saved from certain death nine hundred sick, abandoned, without physicians or surgeons, in a hospital near Dantzic, and nearly all suffering from an infectious malady. In the month of March, 1810 (what follows is an extract from the letter of M. Fortin to his master and friend M. Cadet de Gassicourt), the Duchess of Montebello, in passing through Strasburg, wished to see again the husband she loved so tenderly.

"Thanks to you and M. Larrey (it is M. Fortin who speaks), the embalming of the marshal has succeeded perfectly. When I drew the body from the cask I found it in a state of perfect preservation. I arranged a net in a lower hall of the mayor's residence, in which I dried it by means of a stove, the heat being carefully regulated. I then had a very handsome coffin made of hard wood well oiled; and the marshal wrapped in bandages, his face uncovered, was placed in an open coffin near that of General Saint-Hilaire in a subterranean vault, of which I have the key. A sentinel watches there day and night. M. Wangen de Gueroldseck, mayor of Strasburg, has given me every assistance in my work.

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“This was the state of affairs when, an hour after her Majesty the Empress’s arrival, Madame, the Duchess of Montebello, who accompanied her as lady of honor, sent M. Cretu, her cousin at whose house she was to visit, to seek me. I came in answer to her orders; and the duchess questioned and complimented me on the honorable mission with which I was charged, and then expressed to me, with much agitation, her desire to see for the last time the body of her husband. I hesitated a few moments before answering her, and foreseeing the effect which would be produced on her by the sad spectacle, told her that the orders which I had received would prevent my doing what she wished; but she insisted in such a pressing manner that I yielded. We agreed (in order not to compromise me, and that she might not be recognized) that I would-go for her at midnight, and that she would be accompanied by one of her relatives.

“I went to the duchess at the appointed hour; and as soon as I arrived, she rose and said that she was ready to accompany me. I waited a few moments, begging her to consider the matter well. I warned her of the condition in which she would find the marshal, and begged her to reflect on the impression she would receive in the sad place she was about to visit. She replied that she was well, prepared for this, and felt that she had the necessary, courage, and she hoped to find in this last visit some amelioration of the bitter sorrow she endured. While speaking thus, her sad and beautiful countenance was calm and pensive. We then started, M. Cretu giving his arm to his cousin. The duchess’s carriage followed at a distance, empty; and two servants followed us.

“The city was illuminated; and the good inhabitants were all taking holiday, and in many houses gay music was inspiriting them to the celebration of this memorable day. What a contrast between this gayety and the quest in which we were engaged! I saw that the steps of the duchess dragged now and then, while she sighed and shuddered; and my own heart seemed oppressed, my ideas confused.

“At last we arrived at the mayor’s residence, where Madame de Montebello gave her servants orders to await her, and descended slowly, accompanied by her cousin and myself, to the door of the lower hall. A lantern lighted our way, and the duchess trembled while she affected a sort of bravery; but when she entered a sort of cavern, the silence of the dead which reigned in this subterranean vault, the mournful light which filled it, the sight of the corpse extended in its coffin, produced a terrible effect on her; she gave a piercing scream, and fainted. I had foreseen this, and had watched her attentively; and as soon as I saw her strength failing, supported her in my arms and seated her, having in readiness everything necessary to restore her. I used these remedies, and she revived at the end of a few moments; and we then begged her to withdraw, but she refused; then

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rose, approached the coffin, and walked around it slowly in silence; then stopping and letting her folded hands fall by her side, she remained for some time immovable, regarding the inanimate figure of her husband, and watering it with her tears. At last she in a measure regained her self-control and exclaimed in stifled tones through her sobs, Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! how he is changed!' I made a sign to M. Cretu that it was time to retire; but we could drag the duchess away only by promising her to bring her back next day,—a promise which could not be kept. I closed the door quickly, and gave my arm to the duchess, which she gratefully accepted. When we left the mayoralty I took leave of her; but she insisted on my entering her carriage, and gave orders to carry me to my residence. In this short ride she shed a torrent of tears; and when the carriage stopped, said to me with inexpressible kindness, 'I shall never forget, Monsieur, the important service you have just rendered me.'"

Long after this the Emperor and Empress Marie Louise visited together the manufacture of Sevres porcelain, and the Duchess of Montebello accompanied the Empress as lady of honor. The Emperor, seeing a fine bust of the marshal, in bisque, exquisitely made, paused, and, not noticing the pallor which overspread the countenance of the duchess, asked her what she thought of this bust, and if it was a good likeness. The widow felt as if her old wound was reopened; she could not reply, and retired, bathed in tears, and it was several days before she reappeared at court. Apart from the fact that this unexpected question renewed her grief, the inconceivable thoughtlessness the Emperor had shown wounded her so deeply that, her friends had much difficulty in persuading her to resume her duties near the Empress.

CHAPTER XIX.

The battle of Essling was disastrous in every respect. Twelve thousand Frenchmen were slain; and the source of all this trouble was the destruction of the bridges, which could have been prevented, it seems to me, for the same accident had occurred two or three days before the battle. The soldiers complained loudly, and several corps of the infantry cried out to the generals to dismount and fight in their midst; but this ill humor in no wise affected their courage or patience, for regiments remained five hours under arms, exposed to the most terrible fire. Three times during the evening the Emperor sent to inquire of General Massena if he could hold his position; and the brave captain, who that day saw his son on the field of battle for the first time, and his friends and his bravest officers falling by dozens around him, held it till night closed in. "I will not fall back," said he, "while there is light. Those rascally Austrians would be too glad." The constancy of the marshal saved the day; but, as he himself said, he was always blessed with good luck. In the beginning of the battle, seeing that one of his stirrups was too long, he called a soldier to shorten it, and during this operation placed his leg on his horse's neck; a cannon-ball whizzed by, killed the soldier, and cut off the stirrup, without

touching the marshal or his horse. “There,” said he, “now I shall have to get down and change my saddle;” which observation the marshal made in a jesting tone.

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The surgeon and his assistants conducted themselves admirably on this terrible day, and displayed a zeal equal to every emergency, combined with an activity which delighted the Emperor so much, that several times, in passing near them, he called them “my brave surgeons.” M. Larrey above all was sublime. After having attended to all the wounded of the guard, who were crowded together on the Island of Lobau, he asked if there was any broth to give them. “No,” replied the assistants. “Have some made,” said he, “have some made of that group,” pointing to several horses near him; but these horses belonged to a general, and when it was attempted to carry out M. Larrey’s orders, the owner indignantly refused to allow them to be taken. “Well, take mine then,” said the brave soldier, “and have them killed, in order that my comrades may have broth.” This was done; and as no pots could be found on the island it was boiled in helmets, and salted with cannon powder in place of salt. Marshal Massena tasted this soup, and thought it very good. One hardly knows which to admire most,—-the zeal of the surgeons, the courage with which they confronted danger in caring for the wounded on the field of battle, and even in the midst of the conflict; or the stoical constancy of the soldiers, who, lying on the ground, some without an arm, some without a leg, talked over their campaigns with each other while waiting to be operated on, some even going so far as to show excessive politeness. “M. Docteur, begin with my neighbor; he is suffering more than I. I can wait.”

A cannoneer had both legs carried away by a ball; two of his comrades picked him up and made a litter with branches of trees, on which they placed him in order to convey him to the island. The poor mutilated fellow did not utter a single groan, but murmured, “I am very thirsty,” from time to time, to those who bore him. As they passed one of the bridges, he begged them to stop and seek a little wine or brandy to restore his strength. They believed him, and did as he requested, but had not gone twenty steps when the cannoneer called to them, “Don’t go so fast, my comrades; I have no legs, and I will reach the end of my journey sooner than you. ‘Vive la France;’” and, with a supreme effort, he rolled off into the Danube.

The conduct of a surgeon-major of the guard, some time after, came near compromising the entire corps in his Majesty’s opinion. This surgeon, M. M——, lodged with General Dorsenne and some superior officers in a pretty country seat, belonging to the Princess of Lichtenstein, the concierge of the house being an old German who was blunt and peculiar, and served them with the greatest repugnance, making them as uncomfortable as possible. In vain, for instance, they requested of him linen for the beds and table; he always pretended not to hear.

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General Dorsenne wrote to the princess, complaining of this condition of affairs; and in consequence she no doubt gave orders, but the general's letter remained unanswered, and several days passed with no change of affairs. They had had no change of napkins for a month, when the general took a fancy to give a grand supper, at which Rhenish and Hungarian wine were freely indulged in, followed by punch. The host was highly complimented; but with these praises were mingled energetic reproaches on the doubtful whiteness of the napery, General Dorsenne excusing himself on the score of the ill-humor and sordid economy of the concierge, who was a fit exponent of the scant courtesy shown by the princess. "That is unendurable!" cried the joyous guests in chorus. "This hostess who so completely ignores us must be called to order. Come, M ——, take pen and paper and write her some strong epigrams; we must teach this princess of Germany how to live. French officers and conquerors sleeping in rumpled sheets, and using soiled napkins! What an outrage!" M. M was only too faithful an interpreter of the unanimous sentiments of these gentlemen; and under the excitement of the fumes of these Hungarian wines wrote the Princess of Lichtenstein a letter such as during the Carnival itself one would not dare to write even to public women. How can I express what must have been Madame Lichtenstein's horror on reading this production,—an incomprehensible collection of all the low expressions that army slang could furnish! The evidence of a third person was necessary to convince her that the signature, M——, Surgeon-major of the Imperial French Guard, was not the forgery of some miserable drunkard. In her profound indignation the princess hastened to General Andreossy, his Majesty's Governor of Vienna, showed him this letter, and demanded vengeance. Whereupon the general, even more incensed than she, entered his carriage, and, proceeding to Schoenbrunn, laid the wonderful production before the Emperor. The Emperor read it, recoiled three paces, his cheeks reddened with anger, his whole countenance was disturbed, and in a terrible tone ordered the grand marshal to summon M. M——, while every one waited in trembling suspense.

"Did you write this disgusting letter?"—"Sire."—"Reply, I order you; was it you?"—"Yes, Sire, in a moment of forgetfulness, after a supper." —"Wretch!" cried his Majesty, in such a manner as to terrify all who heard him. "You deserve to be instantly shot! Insult a woman so basely! And an old woman too. Have you no mother? I respect and honor every old woman because she reminds me of my mother!"—"Sire, I am guilty, I admit, but my repentance is great. Deign to remember my services. I have followed you through eighteen campaigns; I am the father of a family." These last words only increased the anger of his Majesty. "Let him be arrested! Tear off his decorations; he is unworthy to wear them. Let him be tried in twenty-four hours." Then turning to the generals, who stood stupefied and immovable around him, he exclaimed, "Look, gentlemen! read this! See how this blackguard addresses a princess, and at the very moment when her husband is negotiating a peace with me."

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The parade was very short that day; and as soon as it was ended, Generals Dorsenne and Larrey hastened to Madame Lichtenstein, and, describing to her the scene which had just taken place, made her most humble apologies, in the name of the Imperial Guard, and at the same time entreated her to intercede for the unfortunate fellow, who deserved blame, no doubt, but who was not himself when he wrote the offensive epistle. "He repents bitterly, Madame," said good M. Larrey; "he weeps over his fault, and bravely awaits his punishment, esteeming it a just reparation of the insult to you. But he is one of the best officers of the army; he is beloved and esteemed; he has saved the life of thousands, and his distinguished talents are the only fortune his family possesses. What will become of them if he is shot?"—"Shot!" exclaimed the princess; "shot! Bon-Dieu! would the matter be carried as far as that?" Then General Dorsenne described to her the Emperor's resentment as incomparably deeper than her own; and the princess, much moved, immediately wrote the Emperor a letter, in which she expressed herself as grateful, and fully satisfied with the reparation which had already been made, and entreated him to pardon M. M——

His Majesty read the letter, but made no reply. The princess was again visited; and she had by this time become so much alarmed that she regretted exceedingly having shown the letter of M. M—— to the general; and, having decided at any cost to obtain the surgeon's pardon, she addressed a petition to the Emperor, which closed with this sentence, expressing angelic forgiveness: "Sire, I am going to fall on my knees in my oratory, and will not rise until I have obtained from Heaven your Majesty's pardon." The Emperor could no longer hold out; he granted the pardon, and M. M—— was released after a month of close confinement. M. Larrey was charged by his Majesty to reprove him most severely, with a caution to guard more carefully the honor of the corps to which he belonged; and the remonstrances of this excellent man were made in so paternal a manner that they doubled in M. M——'s eyes the value of the inestimable service M. Larrey had rendered him.

M. le Baron Larrey was always most disinterested in his kind services, a fact which was well known and often abused. General d'A——, the son of a rich senator, had his shoulder broken by a shell at Wagram; and an exceedingly delicate operation was found necessary, requiring a skilled hand, and which M. Larrey alone could perform. This operation was a complete success; but the wounded man had a delicate constitution, which had been much impaired, and consequently required the most incessant care and attention. M. Larrey hardly ever left his bedside, and was assisted by two medical students, who watched by turns, and assisted him in dressing the wound. The treatment was long and painful, but a complete cure was the result; and when almost entirely recovered, the general took leave of the Emperor to return to France. A pension and decorations canceled the debt of the head of the state to him, but the manner in which he acquitted his own towards the man who had saved his life is worthy of consideration.

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As he entered his carriage he handed to one of his friends a letter and a little box, saying to this general, “I cannot leave Vienna without thanking M. Larrey; do me the favor of handing to him for me this mark of my gratitude. Good Larrey, I will never forget the services he has rendered me.” Next day the friend performed his commission; and a soldier was sent with the letter and the present, and, as he reached Schoenbrunn during the parade, sought M. Larrey in the line. “Here is a letter and a box which I bring from General A——.” M. Larrey put both in his pocket, but after the parade examined them, and showed the package to Cadet de Gassicourt, saying, “Look at it, and tell me what you think of it.” The letter was very prettily written; as for the box, it contained a diamond worth about sixty francs.

This pitiful recompense recalls one both glorious and well-earned which M. Larrey received from the Emperor during the campaign in Egypt. At the battle of Aboukir, General Fugieres was operated on by M. Larrey under the enemies’ fire for a dangerous wound on the shoulder; and thinking himself about to die, offered his sword to General Bonaparte, saying to him, “General, perhaps one day you may envy my fate.” The general-in-chief presented this sword to M. Larrey, after having engraved on it the name of M. Larrey and that of the battle. However, General Fugieres did not die; his life was saved by the skillful operation he had undergone, and for seventeen years he commanded the Invalids at Avignon.

CHAPTER XX.

It is not in the presence of the enemy that differences in the manner and bearing of soldiers can be remarked, for the requirements of the service completely engross both the ideas and time of officers, whatever their grade, and uniformity of occupation produces also a kind of uniformity of habit and character; but, in the monotonous life of the camp, differences due to nature and education reassert themselves. I noted this many times after the truces and treaties of peace which crowned the most glorious campaigns of the Emperor, and had occasion to renew my observations on this point during the long sojourn which we made at Schoenbrunn with the army. Military tone in the army is a most difficult thing to define, and differs according to rank, time of service, and kind of service; and there are no genuine soldiers except those who form part of the line, or who command it. In the soldiers’ opinion, the Prince de Neuchatel and his brilliant staff, the grand marshal, Generals Bertrand, Bacler d’Albe, *etc*., were only men of the cabinet council, whose experience might be of some use in such deliberations, but to whom bravery was not indispensable.

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The chief generals, such as Prince Eugene, Marshals Oudinot, Davoust, Bessieres, and his Majesty's aides-decamp, Rapp, Lebrun, Lauriston, Mouton, *etc*., were exceedingly affable, and every one was most politely received by them; their dignity never became haughtiness, nor their ease an excessive familiarity, though their manners were at all times slightly tinged by the austerity inseparable from the character of a warrior. This was not the idea held in the army in regard to a few of the ordnance and staff officers (aides-de-camp); for, while according them all the consideration due both to their education and their courage, they called them the jay-birds of the army; receiving favors which others deserved; obtaining cordons and promotions for carrying a few letters into camp, often without having even seen the enemy; insulting by their luxury the modest temperance of the braver officers; and more foppish in the midst of their battalions than in the boudoirs of their mistresses. The silver-gilt box of one of these gentlemen was a complete portable dressing-case, and contained, instead of cartridges, essence bottles, brushes, a mirror, a tongue-scraper, a shell-comb, and—I do not know that it lacked even a pot of rouge. It could not be said that they were not brave, for they would allow themselves to be killed for a glance; but they were very, rarely exposed to danger. Foreigners would be right in maintaining the assertion that the French soldier is frivolous, presumptuous, impertinent, and immoral, if they formed their judgment alone from these officers by courtesy, who, in place of study and faithful service, had often no other title to their rank than the merit of having emigrated.

The officers of the line, who had served in several campaigns and had gained their epaulettes on the field of battle, held a very different position in the army. Always grave, polite, and considerate, there was a kind of fraternity among them; and having known suffering and misery themselves, they were always ready to help others; and their conversation, though not distinguished by brilliant information, was often full of interest. In nearly every case boasting quitted them with their youth, and the bravest were always the most modest. Influenced by no imaginary points of honor, they estimated themselves at their real worth; and all fear of being suspected of cowardice was beneath them. With these brave soldiers, who often united to the greatest kindness of heart a mettle no less great, a flat contradiction or even a little hasty abuse from one of their brothers in arms was not obliged to be washed out in blood; and examples of the moderation which true courage alone has a right to show were not rare in the army. Those who cared least for money, and were most generous, were most exposed, the artillerymen and the hussars, for instance. At Wagram I saw a lieutenant pay a louis for a bottle of brandy, and immediately divide it among the soldiers of his company; and brave officers

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often formed such an attachment to their regiment, especially if it had distinguished itself, that they sometimes refused promotion rather than be separated from their children, as they called them. In them we behold the true model of the French soldier; and it is this kindness, mingled with the austerity of a warrior, this attachment of the chief to the soldier, which the latter is so capable of appreciating, and an impregnable honor, which serve to distinguish our soldiers from all others, and not, as foreigners think, presumption, braggadocio, and libertinage, which latter are ever the characteristics of the parasites of glory alone.

In the camp of Lobau on the evening before the battle of Wagram, the Emperor, as he was walking outside his tent, stopped a moment watching the grenadiers of his guard who were breakfasting. "Well, my children, what do you think of the wine?"—"It will not make us tipsy, Sire; there is our cellar," said a soldier pointing to the Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered a bottle of good wine to be distributed to each soldier, was surprised to see that they were so abstemious the evening before a battle. He inquired of the Prince de Neuchatel the cause of this; and upon investigation, it was learned that two storekeepers and an employee in the commissary department had sold forty thousand bottles of the wine which the Emperor had ordered to be distributed, and had replaced it with some of inferior quality. This wine had been seized by the Imperial Guard in a rich abbey, and was valued at thirty thousand florins. The culprits were arrested, tried, and condemned to death.

There was in the camp at Lobau a dog which I think all the army knew by the name of corps-de-garde. He was old, emaciated, and ugly; but his moral qualities caused his exterior defects to be quickly lost sight of. He was sometimes called the brave dog of the Empire; since he had received a bayonet stroke at Marengo, and had a paw broken by a gun at Austerlitz, being at that time attached to a regiment of dragoons. He had no master. He was in the habit of attaching himself to a corps, and continuing faithful so long as they fed him well and did not beat him. A kick or a blow with the flat of a sword would cause him to desert this regiment, and pass on to another. He was unusually intelligent; and whatever position of the corps in which he might be the was serving, he did not abandon it, or confound it with any other, and in the thickest of the fight was always near the banner he had chosen; and if in the camp he met a soldier from the regiment he had deserted, he would droop his ears, drop his tail between his legs, and scamper off quickly to rejoin his new brothers in arms. When his regiment was on the march he circled as a scout all around it, and gave warning by a bark if he found anything unusual, thus on more than one occasion saving his comrades from ambush.

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Among the officers who perished at the battle of Wagram, or rather in a small engagement which took place after the battle had ended, one of those most regretted by the soldiers was General Oudet. He was one of the bravest generals of the army; but what brings his name especially to mind, among all those whom the army lost on that memorable day, is a note which I have preserved of a conversation I held several years after this battle with an excellent officer who was one of my sincerest friends.

In a conversation with Lieutenant-colonel B—— in 1812, he remarked, “I must tell you, my dear Constant, of a strange adventure which happened to me at Wagram. I did not tell you at the time, because I had promised to be silent; but since at the present time no one can be compromised by my indiscretion, and since those who then had most to fear if their singular ideas (for I can call them by no other name) had been revealed, would now be first to laugh at them, I can well inform you of the mysterious discovery I made at that period.

“You well know that I was much attached to poor F—— whom we so much regretted; and he was one of our most popular and attractive officers, his good qualities winning the hearts of all, especially of those who like himself had an unfailing fund of frankness and good humor. All at once I noticed a great change in his manner, as well as in that of his habitual companions; they appeared gloomy, and met together no more for gay conversation, but on the contrary spoke in low tones and with an air of mystery. More than once this sudden change had struck me; and if by chance I met them in retired places, instead of receiving me cordially as had always been their custom, they seemed as if trying to avoid me. At last, weary of this inexplicable mystery, I took F—— aside, and asked him what this strange conduct meant. ’You have forestalled me, my dear friend,’ said he. ’I was on the point of making an important disclosure; I trust you will not accuse me of want of confidence, but swear to me before I confide in you that you will tell no living soul what I am now going to reveal.’ When I had taken this oath, which he demanded of me in a tone of gravity which surprised me inexpressibly, he continued, ’If I have not already told you of the ‘Philadelphi’, it is only because I knew that reasons which I respect would prevent your ever joining them; but since you have asked this secret, it would be a want of confidence in you, and at the same time perhaps an imprudence, not to reveal it. Some patriots have united themselves under the title of ‘Philadelphi’, in order to save our country from the dangers to which it is exposed. The Emperor Napoleon has tarnished the glory of the First Consul Bonaparte; he had saved our liberty, but he has since destroyed it by the reestablishment of the nobility and by the Concordat. The society of the ‘Philadelphi’ has as yet no well-defined plans for preventing the evils with which ambition

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will continue to overwhelm France; but when peace is restored we shall see if it is impossible to force Bonaparte to restore republican institutions, and meanwhile we are overcome by grief and despair. The brave chief of the 'Philadelphi', the pure Oudet, has been assassinated, and who is worthy to take his place? Poor Oudet! never was one braver or more eloquent than he! With a noble haughtiness and an immovable firmness of character, he possessed an excellent heart. His first battle showed his intrepid spirit. When cut down at Saint Bartholomew by a ball, his comrades wished to bear him away, "No, no," cried he; "don't waste time over me. The Spaniards! the Spaniards!"— "Shall we leave you to the enemy?" said one of those who had advanced towards him. "Well, drive them back if you do not wish me to be left with them." At the beginning of the campaign of Wagram, he was colonel of the Ninth regiment of the line, and was made general of brigade on the evening before the battle, his corps forming part of the left wing commanded by Massena. Our line was broken on this side for a moment, and Oudet made heroic efforts to reform it; and after he had been wounded by three bayonet strokes, with the loss of much blood, and dragged away by those of us who were forced to fall back, still had himself fastened on his horse in order that he might not be forced to leave the battlefield.

"After the battle, he received orders to advance to the front, and to place himself with his regiment in an advantageous position for observation, and then return immediately to headquarters, with a certain number of his officers, to receive new orders. He executed these orders, and was returning in the night, when a discharge of musketry was suddenly heard, and he fell into an ambush; he fought furiously in the darkness, knowing neither the number nor character of his adversaries, and at break of day was found, covered with wounds, in the midst of twenty officers who had been slain around him. He was still breathing, and lived three days; but the only words he pronounced were those of commiseration for the fate of his country. When his body was taken from the hospital to prepare it for burial, several of the wounded in their despair tore the bandages from their wounds, a sergeant-major threw himself on his sword near the grave, and a lieutenant there blew out his brains. Behold,' said F——, 'a death that plunges us into the deepest despair!' I tried to prove to him that he was mistaken, and that the plans of the 'Philadelphi' were mad, but succeeded very imperfectly; and though he listened to my advice, he again earnestly recommended secrecy."

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The day after the battle of Wagram, I think, a large number of officers were breakfasting near the Emperor's tent, the generals seated on the grass, and the officers standing around them. They discussed the battle at length, and related numerous remarkable anecdotes, some of which remain engraven on my memory. A staff-officer of his Majesty said, "I thought I had lost my finest horse. As I had ridden him on the 5th and wished him to rest, I gave him to my servant to hold by the bridle; and when he left him one moment to attend to his own, the horse was stolen in a flash by a dragoon, who instantly sold him to a dismounted captain, telling him he was a captured horse. I recognized him in the ranks, and claimed him, proving by my saddle-bags and their contents that he was not a horse taken from the Austrians, and had to repay the captain the five louis which he had paid to the dragoon for this horse which had cost me sixty."

The best anecdote, perhaps, of the day was this: M. Salsdorf, a Saxon, and surgeon in Prince Christian's regiment, in the beginning of the battle had his leg fractured by a shell. Lying on the ground, he saw, fifteen paces from him, M. Amedee de Kerbourg, who was wounded by a bullet, and vomiting blood. He saw that this officer would die of apoplexy if something was not done for him, and collecting all his strength, dragged himself along in the dust, bled him, and saved his life.

M. de Kerbourg had no opportunity to embrace the one who had saved his life; for M. de Salsdorf was carried to Vienna, and only survived the amputation four days.

CHAPTER XXI.

At Schoenbrunn, as elsewhere, his Majesty marked his presence by his benefactions. I still retain vivid recollections of an occurrence which long continued to be the subject of conversation at this period, and the singular details of which render it worthy of narration.

A little girl nine years old, belonging to a very wealthy and highly esteemed family of Constantinople, was carried away by bandits as she was promenading one day with her attendant outside the city. The bandits carried their two captives to Anatolia, and there sold them. The little girl, who gave promise of great beauty, fell to the lot of a rich merchant of Broussa, the harshest, most severe, and intractable man of the town; but the artless grace of this child touched even his ferocious heart. He conceived a great affection for her, and distinguished her from his other slaves by giving her only light employment, such as the care of flowers, *etc*. A European gentleman who lived with this merchant offered to take charge of her education; to which the man consented, all the more willingly since she had gained his heart, and he wished to make her his wife as soon as she reached a marriageable age. But the European had the same idea; and as he was young, with an agreeable and intelligent countenance, and very rich, he succeeded in winning the young slave's affection; and she escaped one day from her

master, and, like another Heloise, followed her Abelard to Kutahie, where they remained concealed for six months.

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She was then ten years old. Her preceptor, who became more devoted to her each day, carried her to Constantinople, and confided her to the care of a Greek bishop, charging him to make her a good Christian, and then returned to Vienna, with the intention of obtaining the consent of his family and the permission of his government to marry a slave.

Two years then passed, and the poor girl heard nothing from her future husband. Meanwhile the bishop had died, and his heirs had abandoned Marie (this was the baptismal name of the convert); and she, with no means and no protector, ran the risk of being at any moment discovered by some relation or friend of her family—and it is well known that the Turks never forgive a change of religion.

Tormented by a thousand fears, weary of her retreat and the deep obscurity in which she was buried, she took the bold resolution of rejoining her benefactor, and not deterred by dangers of the road set out from Constantinople alone on foot. On her arrival in the capital of Austria, she learned that her intended husband had been dead for more than a year.

The despair into which the poor girl was plunged by this sad news can be better imagined than described. What was to be done? What would become of her? She decided to return to her family, and for this purpose repaired to Trieste, which town she found in a state of great commotion. It had just received a French garrison; but the disturbances inseparable from war were not yet ended, and young Marie consequently entered a Greek convent to await a suitable opportunity of returning to Constantinople. There a sub-lieutenant of infantry, named Dartois, saw her, became madly in love, won her heart, and married her at the end of a year.

The happiness which Madame Dartois now enjoyed did not cause her to renounce her plan of visiting her own family; and, as she now had become a Frenchwoman, she thought this title would accelerate her return to her parents' favor. Her husband's regiment received orders to leave Trieste; and this gave Madame Dartois the opportunity to renew her entreaties to be allowed to visit Constantinople, to which her husband gave his consent, not without explaining to her, however, all she had to fear, and all the dangers to which this journey would again expose her. At last she started, and a few days after her arrival was on the point of making herself known to her family, when she recognized on the street through her veil, the Broussan merchant, her former master, who was seeking her throughout Constantinople, and had sworn to kill her on sight.

This terrible 'rencontre' threw her into such a fright, that for three days she lived in constant terror, scarcely daring to venture out, even on the most urgent business, and always fearing lest she should see again the ferocious Anatolian. From time to time she received letters from her husband, who still marched with the French army; and, as it

was now advancing, he conjured her in his last letters to return to France, hoping to be able soon to rejoin her there.

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Deprived of all hope of a reconciliation with her family, Madame Dartois determined to comply with her husband's request; and, although the war between Russia and Turkey rendered the roads very unsafe, she left Constantinople in the month of July, 1809.

After passing through Hungary and the midst of the Austrian camp, Madame Dartois bent her steps towards Vienna, where she had the sorrow to learn that her husband had been mortally wounded at the battle of Wagram, and was now in that town; she hastened to him, and he expired in her arms.

She mourned her husband deeply, but was soon compelled to think of the future, as the small amount of money remaining to her when she left Constantinople had been barely sufficient for the expenses of her journey, and M. Dartois had left no property. Some one having advised the poor woman to go to Schoenbrunn and ask his Majesty's assistance, a superior officer gave her a letter of recommendation to M. Jaubert, interpreting secretary of the Emperor.

Madame Dartois arrived as his Majesty was preparing to leave Schoenbrunn, and made application to M. Jaubert, the Duke of Bassano, General Lebrun, and many other persons who became deeply interested in her misfortunes.

The Emperor, when informed by the Duke of Bassano of the deplorable condition of this woman, at once made a special order granting Madame Dartois an annual pension of sixteen hundred francs, the first year of which was paid in advance. When the Duke of Bassano announced to the widow his Majesty's decision, and handed her the first year's pension, she fell at his feet, and bathed them with her tears.

The Emperor's fete was celebrated at Vienna with much brilliancy; and as all the inhabitants felt themselves obliged to illumine their windows, the effect was extraordinarily brilliant. They had no set illuminations; but almost all the windows had double sashes, and between these sashes were placed lamps, candles, *etc*., ingeniously arranged, the effect of which was charming. The Austrians appeared as gay as our soldiers; they had not feted their own Emperor with so much ardor, and, though deep down in their hearts they must have experienced a feeling of constraint at such unaccustomed joy, appearances gave no sign of this.

On the evening of the fete, during the parade, a terrible explosion was heard at Schoenbrunn, the noise of which seemed to come from the town; and a few moments afterwards a gendarme appeared, his horse in a gallop. "Oh, oh!" said Colonel Mechnem, "there must be a fire at Vienna, if a gendarme is galloping." In fact, he brought tidings of a very deplorable event. While an artillery company had been preparing, in the arsenal of the town, numerous fireworks to celebrate his Majesty's fete, one of them, in preparing a rocket, accidentally set the fuse on fire, and becoming frightened threw it away from him. It fell on the powder which the shop contained, and eighteen cannoneers were killed by the explosion, and seven wounded.

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During his Majesty's fete, as I entered his cabinet one morning, I found with him M. Charles Sulmetter, commissary general of the police of Vienna, whom I had seen often before. He had begun as head spy for the Emperor; and this had proved such a profitable business that he had amassed an income of forty thousand pounds. He had been born at Strasburg; and in his early life had been chief of a band of smugglers, to which vocation he was as wonderfully adapted by nature as to that which he afterwards pursued. He admitted this in relating his adventures, and maintained that smuggling and police service had many points of similarity, since the great art of smuggling was to know how to evade, while that of a spy was to know how to seek. He inspired such terror in the Viennese that he was equal to a whole army-corps in keeping them in subjection. His quick and penetrating glance, his air of resolution and severity, the abruptness of his step and gestures, his terrible voice, and his appearance of great strength, fully justified his reputation; and his adventures furnish ample materials for a romance. During the first campaigns of Germany, being charged with a message from the French government to one of the most prominent persons in the Austrian army, he passed among the enemy disguised as a German peddler, furnished with regular passports, and provided with a complete stock of diamonds and jewelry. He was betrayed, arrested, and searched; and the letter concealed in the double bottom of a gold box was found, and very foolishly read before him. He was tried and condemned to death, and delivered to the soldiers by whom he was to be executed; but as night had arrived by this time, they postponed his execution till morning. He recognized among his guards a French deserter, talked with him, and promised him a large sum of money: he had wine brought, drank with the soldiers, intoxicated them, and disguised in one of their coats, escaped with the Frenchman. Before re-entering the camp, however, he found means to inform the person for whom the letter was intended, of its contents, and of what had happened.

Countersigns difficult to remember were often given in the army in order to attract the soldiers' attention more closely. One day the word was Pericles, Persepolis; and a captain of the guard who had a better knowledge of how to command a charge than of Greek history and geography, not hearing it distinctly, gave as the countersign, 'perce l'eglise', which mistake furnished much amusement. The old captain was not at all angry, and said that after all he was not very far wrong.

The secretary of General Andreossy, Governor of Vienna, had an unfortunate passion for gambling; and finding that he did not gain enough to pay his debts, sold himself to the enemy. His correspondence was seized; he admitted his treachery, and was condemned to death, and in confronting death evinced astonishing self-possession. "Come nearer," said he to the soldiers who were to shoot, "so that you may see me better, and I will have less to suffer."

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In one of his excursions in the environs of Vienna, the Emperor met a very young conscript who was rejoining his corps. He stopped him, asked his name, his age, regiment, and country. “Monsieur,” said the soldier, who did not know him, “my name is Martin; I am seventeen years old, and from the Upper Pyrenees.”—“you are a Frenchman, then?”—“yes, Monsieur.” —“Ah, you are a miserable’ Frenchman. Disarm this man, and hang him!”— “Yes, you fool, I am French,” repeated the conscript; “and Vive l’Empereur!” His Majesty was much amused; the conscript was undeceived, congratulated, and hastened to rejoin his comrades, with the promise of a reward,—a promise which the Emperor was not slow to perform.

Two or three days before his departure from Schoenbrunn, the Emperor again came near being assassinated. This time the attack was to have been made by a woman.

The Countess at this time was well known, both on account of her astonishing beauty and the scandal of her liaisons with Lord Paget, the English ambassador.

It would be hard to find words which would truthfully describe the grace and charms of this lady, whom the best society of Vienna admitted only with the greatest repugnance, but who consoled herself for their scorn by receiving at her own house the most brilliant part of the French army.

An army contractor conceived the idea of procuring this lady for the Emperor, and, without informing his Majesty, made propositions to the countess through one of his friends, a cavalry officer attached to the military police of the town of Vienna.

The cavalry officer thought he was representing his Majesty, and in good faith said to the countess that his Majesty was exceedingly anxious to see her at Schoenbrunn. One morning, accordingly, he made propositions for that evening, which, appearing somewhat abrupt to the countess, she did not decide at once, but demanded a day for reflection, adding that she must have good proof that the Emperor was really sincere in this matter. The officer protested his sincerity, promised, moreover, to give every proof she required, and made an appointment for that evening. Having given the contractor an account of his negotiation, the latter gave orders that a carriage, escorted by the cavalry officer, should be ready for the countess on the evening indicated. At the appointed hour the officer returned to the countess, expecting her to accompany him, but she begged him to return next day, saying that she had not yet decided, and needed the night for longer reflection. At the officer’s solicitations she decided, however, and appointed the next day, giving her word of honor to be ready at the appointed hour.

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The carriage was then sent away, and ordered for the next evening at the same hour. This time the contractor's envoy found the countess well disposed; she received him gayly, eagerly even, and told him that she had given orders in regard to her affairs as if she were going on a journey; then, regarding him fixedly, said, tutoying him, "You may return in an hour and I will be ready; I will go to him, you may rely upon it. Yesterday I had business to finish, but to-day I am free. If you are a good Austrian, you will prove it to me; you know how much harm he has done our country! This evening our country will be avenged! Come for me; do not fail!"

The cavalry officer, frightened at such a confidence as this, was unwilling to accept the responsibility, and repeated everything at the chateau; in return for which the Emperor rewarded him generously, urged him for his own sake not to see the countess again, and expressly forbade his having anything more to do with the matter. All these dangers in no wise-depressed the Emperor; and he had a habit of saying, "What have I to fear? I cannot be assassinated; I can die only on the field of battle." But even on the field of battle he took no care of himself, and at Essling, for example, exposed himself like a chief of battalion who wants to be a colonel; bullets slew those in front, behind, beside him, but he did not budge. It was then that a terrified general cried, "Sire, if your Majesty does not retire, it will be necessary for me to have you carried off by my grenadiers." This anecdote proves took any precautions in regard to himself. The signs of exasperation manifested by the inhabitants of Vienna made him very watchful, however, for the safety of his troops, and he expressly forbade their leaving their cantonments in the evening. His Majesty was afraid for them.

The chateau of Schoenbrunn was the rendezvous of all the illustrious savants of Germany; and no new work, no curious invention, appeared, but the Emperor immediately gave orders to have the author presented to him. It was thus that M. Maelzel, the famous inventor of metronomy, was allowed the honor of exhibiting before his Majesty several of his own inventions. The Emperor admired the artificial limbs intended to replace more comfortably and satisfactorily than wooden ones those carried off by balls, and gave him orders to have a wagon constructed to convey the wounded from the field of battle. This wagon was to be of such a kind that it could be folded up and easily carried behind men on horseback, who accompanied the army, such as surgeons, aides, servants, *etc*. M. Maelzel had also built an automaton known throughout Europe under the name of the chess player, which he brought to Schoenbrunn to show to his Majesty, and set it up in the apartments of the Prince de Neuchatel. The Emperor visited the Prince; and I, in company with several other persons, accompanied him, and found this automaton seated before a table on which the

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chessmen were arranged. His Majesty took a chair, and seating himself in front of the automaton, said, with a laugh, “Come, my comrade, we are ready.” The automaton bowed and made a sign with his hand to the Emperor, as if to tell him to begin, upon which the game commenced. The Emperor made two or three moves, and intentionally made a wrong one. The automaton bowed, took the piece, and put it in its proper place. His Majesty cheated a second time; the automaton bowed again, and took the piece. “That is right,” said the Emperor; and when he cheated a third time, the automaton, passing his hand over the chess-board, spoiled the game.

The Emperor complimented the inventor highly. As we left the room, accompanied by the Prince de Neuchatel we found in the antechamber two young girls, who presented to the prince, in the name of their mother, a basket of beautiful fruit. As the prince welcomed them with an air of familiarity, the Emperor, curious to find out who they were, drew near and questioned them; but they did not understand French: Some one then told his Majesty that these two pretty girls were daughters of a good woman, whose life Marshal Berthier had saved in 1805. On this occasion he was alone on horseback, the cold was terrible, and the ground covered with snow, when he perceived, lying at the foot of a tree, a woman who appeared to be dying, and had been seized with a stupor. The marshal took her in his arms, and placed her on his horse with his cloak wrapped around her, and thus conveyed her to her home, where her daughters were mourning her absence. He left without making himself known; but they recognized him at the capture of Vienna, and every week the two sisters came to see their benefactor, bringing him flowers or fruit as a token of their gratitude.

CHAPTER XXII.

Towards the end of September the Emperor made a journey to Raab; and, as he was mounting his horse to return to his residence at Schoenbrunn, he saw the bishop a few steps from him. “Is not that the bishop?” said he to M. Jardin, who was holding his horse’s head. “No, Sire, it is Soliman.”—“I asked you if that was not the bishop,” repeated his Majesty, pointing to the prelate. M. Jardin, intent on business, and thinking only of the Emperor’s horse which bore the name of Bishop, again replied, “Sire, you forget that you rode him on the last relay.” The Emperor now perceived the mistake, and broke into a laugh. I was witness at Wagram of an act which furnished a fine illustration of the Emperor’s kindness of heart and consideration for others, of which I have already given several instances; for, although in the one I shall now relate, he was forced to refuse an act of clemency, his very refusal challenges admiration as an exhibition of the generosity and greatness of his soul.

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A very rich woman, named Madame de Combray, who lived near Caen, allowed her chateau to be occupied by a band of royalists, who seemed to think they upheld their cause worthily by robbing diligences on the highway. She constituted herself treasurer of this band of partisans, and consigned the funds thus obtained to a pretended treasurer of Louis XVIII. Her daughter, Madame Aquet, joined this troop, and, dressed in men's clothing, showed most conspicuous bravery. Their exploits, however, were not of long duration; and pursued and overcome by superior forces, they were brought to trial, and Madame Aquet was condemned to death with her accomplices. By means of a pretended illness she obtained a reprieve, of which she availed herself to employ every means in her power to obtain a pardon, and finally, after eight months of useless supplications, decided to send her children to Germany to intercede with the Emperor. Her physician, accompanied by her sister and two daughters, reached Schoenbrunn just as the Emperor had gone to visit the field of Wagram, and for an entire day awaited the Emperor's return on the steps of the palace; and these children, one ten, the other twelve, years old, excited much interest. Notwithstanding this, their mother's crime was a terrible one; for although in political matters opinions may not be criminal, yet under every form of government opinions are punished, if thereby one becomes a robber and an assassin. The children, clothed in black, threw themselves at the Emperor's feet, crying, "Pardon, pardon, restore to us our mother." The Emperor raised them tenderly, took the petition from the hands of the aunt, read every word attentively, then questioned the physician with much interest, looked at the children, hesitated—but just as I, with all who witnessed this touching scene, thought he was going to pronounce her pardon, he recoiled several steps, exclaiming, "I cannot do it!" His changing color, eyes suffused with tears, and choking voice, gave evidence of the struggle through which he was passing; and witnessing this, his refusal appeared to me an act of sublime courage.

Following upon the remembrance of these violent crimes, so much the more worthy of condemnation since they were the work of a woman, who, in order to abandon herself to them, was forced to begin by trampling under foot all the gentle and modest virtues of her sex, I find recorded in my notes an act of fidelity and conjugal tenderness which well deserved a better result. The wife of an infantry colonel, unwilling to be parted from her husband, followed the march of his regiment in a coach, and on the days of battle mounted a horse and kept herself as near as possible to the line. At Friedland she saw the colonel fall, pierced by a ball, hastened to him with her servant, carried him from the ranks, and bore him away in an ambulance, though too late, for he was already dead. Her grief was silent, and no one saw her shed a tear.

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She offered her purse to a surgeon, and begged him to embalm her husband's corpse, which was done as well as possible under the circumstances; and she then had the corpse wrapped in bandages, placed in a box with a lid, and put in a carriage, and seating herself beside it, the heart-broken widow set out on her return to France. A grief thus repressed soon affected her mind; and at each halt she made on the journey, she shut herself up with her precious burden, drew the corpse from its bog, placed it on a bed, uncovered its face, and lavished on it the most tender caresses, talking to it as if it was living, and slept beside it. In the morning she replaced her husband in the box, and, resuming her gloomy silence, continued her route. For several days her secret remained unknown, and was discovered only a few days before she reached Paris.

The body had not been embalmed in such a manner as to preserve it long from decay; and this soon reached such a point, that, when she arrived at an inn, the horrible odor from the box aroused suspicion, and the unhappy wife's room was entered that evening, and she was found clasping in her arms the already sadly disfigured corpse of her husband. "Silence," she cried to the frightened innkeeper. "My husband is asleep, why do you come to disturb his glorious rest?" With much difficulty the corpse was removed from the arms of the insane woman who had guarded it with such jealous care, and she was conveyed to Paris, where she afterward died, without recovering her reason for an instant.

There was much astonishment at the chateau of Schoenbrunn because the Archduke Charles never appeared there; for he was known to be much esteemed by the Emperor, who never spoke of him except with the highest consideration. I am entirely ignorant what motives prevented the prince from coming to Schoenbrunn, or the Emperor from visiting him; but, nevertheless, it is a fact, that, two or three days before his departure from Munich, his Majesty one morning attended a hunting-party, composed of several officers and myself; and that we stopped at a hunting-box called la Venerie on the road between Vienna and Bukusdorf, and on our arrival we found the Archduke Charles awaiting his Majesty, attended by a suite of only two persons. The Emperor and the archduke remained for a long while alone in the pavilion; and we did not return to Schoenbrunn until late in the evening.

On the 16th of October at noon the Emperor left this residence with his suite, composed of the grand marshal, the Duke of Frioul; Generals Rapp, Mouton, Savary, Nansouty, Durosnell and Lebrun; of three chamberlains; of M. Labbe, chief of the topographical bureau; of M. de Meneval, his Majesty's secretary, and M. Yvan; and accompanied by the Duke of Bassano, and the Duke of Cadore, then minister of foreign relations.

We arrived at Passau on the morning of the 18th; and the Emperor passed the entire day in visiting Forts Maximilian and Napoleon, and also seven or eight redoubts whose names recalled the principal battles of the campaign. More than twelve thousand men

were working on these important fortifications, to whom his Majesty’s visit was a fete. That evening we resumed our journey, and two days after we were at Munich.

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At Augsburg, on leaving the palace of the Elector of Treves, the Emperor found in his path a woman kneeling in the dust, surrounded by four children; he raised her up and inquired kindly what she desired. The poor woman, without replying, handed his Majesty a petition written in German, which General Rapp translated. She was the widow of a German physician named Buiting, who had died a short time since, and was well known in the army from his faithfulness in ministering to the wounded French soldiers when by chance any fell into his hands. The Elector of Treves, and many persons of the Emperor's suite, supported earnestly this petition of Madame Buiting, whom her husband's death had reduced almost to poverty, and in which she besought the Emperor's aid for the children of this German physician, whose attentions had saved the lives of so many of his brave soldiers. His Majesty gave orders to pay the petitioner the first year's salary of a pension which he at once allowed her; and when General Rapp had informed the widow of the Emperor's action, the poor woman fainted with a cry of joy.

I witnessed another scene which was equally as touching. When the Emperor was on the march to Vienna, the inhabitants of Augsburg, who had been guilty of some acts of cruelty towards the Bavarians, trembled lest his Majesty should take a terrible revenge on them; and this terror was at its height when it was learned that a part of the French army was to pass through the town.

A young woman of remarkable beauty, only a few months a widow, had retired to this place with her child in the hope of being more quiet than anywhere else, but, frightened by the approach of the troops, fled with her child in her arms. But, instead of avoiding our soldiers as she intended, she left Augsburg by the wrong gate, and fell into the midst of the advance posts of the French army. Fortunately, she encountered General Decourbe, and trembling, and almost beside herself with terror, conjured him on her knees to save her honor, even at the expense of her life, and immediately swooned away. Moved even to tears, the general showed her every attention, ordered a safe-conduct given her, and an escort to accompany her to a neighboring town, where she had stated that several of her relatives lived. The order to march was given at the same instant; and, in the midst of the general commotion which ensued, the child was forgotten by those who escorted the mother, and left in the outposts. A brave grenadier took charge of it, and, ascertaining where the poor mother had been taken, pledged himself to restore it to her at the earliest possible moment, unless a ball should carry him off before the return of the army. He made a leather pocket, in which he carried his young protege, arranged so that it was sheltered from the weather. Each time he went into battle the good grenadier dug a hole in the ground, in which he placed the little one, and returned for it when the battle was over; and though his comrades ridiculed him the first day, they could not but fail to admire the nobility of his conduct. The child escaped all danger, thanks to the incessant care of its adopted father; and, when the march to Munich was again begun, the grenadier, who was singularly attached to the little waif, almost regretted to see the moment draw near when he must restore it to its mother.

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It may easily be understood what this poor woman suffered after losing her child. She besought and entreated the soldiers who escorted her to return; but they had their orders, which nothing could cause them to infringe. Immediately on her arrival she set out again on her return to Augsburg, making inquiries in all directions, but could obtain no information of her son, and at last being convinced that he was dead, wept bitterly for him. She had mourned thus for nearly six months, when the army re-passed Augsburg; and, while at work alone in her room one day, she was told that a soldier wished to see her, and had something precious to commit to her care; but he was unable to leave his corps, and must beg her to meet him on the public square. Little suspecting the happiness in store for her, she sought the grenadier, and the latter leaving the ranks, pulled the “little good man” out of his pocket, and placed him in the arms of the poor mother, who could not believe the evidence of her own eyes. Thinking that this lady was probably not rich, this excellent man had collected a sum of money, which he had placed in one of the pockets of the little one’s coat.

The Emperor remained only a short time at Munich; and the day of his arrival a courier was sent in haste by the grand marshal to M. de Lucay to inform him that his Majesty would be at Fontainebleau on the 27th of October, in the evening probably, and that the household of the Emperor, as well as that of the Empress, should be at this residence to receive his Majesty. But, instead of arriving on the evening of the 27th, the Emperor had traveled with such speed, that, on the 26th at ten o’clock in the morning, he was at the gates of the palace of Fontainebleau; and consequently, with the exception of the grand marshal, a courier, and the gate-keeper of Fontainebleau, he found no one to receive him on his descent from the carriage. This mischance, which was very natural, since it had been impossible to foresee an advance of more than a day in the time appointed, nevertheless incensed the Emperor greatly. He was regarding every one around him as if searching for some one to scold, when, finding that the courier was preparing to alight from his horse, on which he was more stuck than seated, he said to him: “You can rest to-morrow; hasten to Saint-Cloud and announce my arrival,” and the poor courier recommenced his furious gallop.

This accident, which vexed his Majesty so greatly, could not be considered the fault of any one; for by the orders of the grand marshal, received from the Emperor, M. de Lucay had commanded their Majesties’ service to be ready on the morning of the next day. Consequently, that evening was the earliest hour at which the service could possibly be expected to arrive; and he was compelled to wait until then.

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During this time of waiting, the Emperor employed himself in visiting the new apartments that had been added to the chateau. The building in the court of the Cheval-Blanc, which had been formerly used as a military school, had been restored, enlarged, and decorated with extraordinary magnificence, and had been turned entirely into apartments of honor, in order, as his Majesty said, to give employment to the manufacturers of Lyons, whom the war deprived of any, outside market. After repeated promenades in all directions, the Emperor seated himself with every mark of extreme impatience, asking every moment what time it was, or looking at his watch; and at last ordered me to prepare writing materials, and took his seat all alone at a little table, doubtless swearing internally at his secretaries, who had not arrived.

At five o'clock a carriage came from Saint-Cloud; and as the Emperor heard it roll into the court he descended the stairs rapidly, and while a footman was opening the door and lowering the steps, he said to the persons inside: "Where is the Empress?" The answer was given that her Majesty the Empress would arrive in a quarter of an hour at most. "That is well," said the Emperor; and turning his back, quickly remounted the stairs and entered a little study, where he prepared himself for work.

At last the Empress arrived, exactly at six o'clock. It was now dark. The Emperor this time did not go down; but listening until he learned that it was her Majesty, continued to write, without interrupting himself to go and meet her. It was the first time he had acted in this manner. The Empress found him seated in the cabinet. "Ah!" said his Majesty, "have you arrived, Madame? It is well, for I was about to set out for Saint-Cloud." And the Emperor, who had simply lifted his eyes from his work to glance at her Majesty, lowered them again, and resumed his writing. This harsh greeting, distressed Josephine exceedingly, and she attempted to excuse herself; but his Majesty replied in such a manner as to bring tears to her eyes, though he afterwards repented of this, and begged pardon of the Empress, acknowledging that he had been wrong.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It is not, as has been stated in some Memoirs, because and as a result of the slight disagreement which I have related above, that the first idea of a divorce came to his Majesty. The Emperor thought it necessary for the welfare of France that he should have an heir of his own line; and as it was now certain that the Empress would never bear him one, he was compelled to think of a divorce. But it was by most gentle means, and with every mark of tender consideration, that he strove to bring the Empress to this painful sacrifice. He had no recourse, as has been said, to either threats or menaces, for it was to his wife's reason that he appealed; and her consent was entirely voluntary. I repeat that there was no violence

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on the part of the Emperor; but there was courage, resignation, and submission on that of the Empress. Her devotion to the Emperor would have made her submit to any sacrifice, she would have given her life for him; and although this separation might break her own heart, she still found consolation in the thought that by this means she would save the one she loved more than all beside from even one cause of distress or anxiety. And when she learned that the King of Rome was born, she lost sight of her own disappointment in sympathizing with the happiness of her friend; for they had always treated each other with all the attention and respect of the most perfect friendship.

The Emperor had taken, during the whole day of the 26th, only a cup of chocolate and a little soup; and I had heard him complain of hunger several times before the Empress arrived. Peace being restored, the husband and wife embraced each other tenderly, and the Empress passed on into her apartments in order to make her toilet. During this time the Emperor received Messieurs Decres and De Montalivet, whom he had summoned in the morning by a mounted messenger; and about half-past seven the Empress reappeared, dressed in perfect taste. In spite of the cold, she had had her hair dressed with silver wheat and blue flowers, and wore a white satin polonaise, edged with swan's down, which costume was exceedingly becoming. The Emperor interrupted his work to regard her: "I did not take long at my toilet, did I?" said she, smiling; whereupon his Majesty, without replying, showed her the clock, then rose, gave her his hand, and was about to enter the dining-room, saying to Messieurs De Montalivet and Decres, "I will be with you in five minutes."—"But," said the Empress, "these gentlemen have perhaps not yet dined, as they have come from Paris."--"Ah, that is so!....." and the ministers entered the dining-room with their Majesties. But hardly had the Emperor taken his seat, than he rose, threw aside his napkin, and re-entered his cabinet, where these gentlemen were compelled to follow him, though much against their inclinations.

The day ended better than it had begun. In the evening there was a reception, not large, but most agreeable, at which the Emperor was very gay, and in excellent humor, and acted as if anxious to efface the memory of the little scene with the Empress. Their Majesties remained at Fontainebleau till the 14th of November. The King of Saxony had arrived the evening before at Paris; and the Emperor, who rode on horseback nearly all the way from Fontainebleau to Paris, repaired on his arrival to the Palace de l'Elysee. The two monarchs appeared very agreeably impressed with each other, and went in public together almost every day, and one morning early left the Tuileries on foot, each accompanied by a single escort. I was with the Emperor. They directed their steps, following the course of the stream, towards the bridge of Jena, the work on which was being rapidly

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carried to completion, and reached the Place de la Revolution, where fifty or sixty persons collected with the intention of accompanying the two sovereigns; but as this seemed to annoy the Emperor, agents of the police caused them to disperse. When he had reached the bridge, his Majesty examined the work attentively; and finding some defects in the construction, had the architect called, who admitted the correctness of his observations, although, in order to convince him, the Emperor had to talk for some time, and often repeated the same explanations. His Majesty, turning then towards the King of Saxony, said to him, “You see, my cousin, that the master’s eye is necessary everywhere.”—“Yes,” replied the King of Saxony; “especially an eye so well trained as your Majesty’s.”

We had not been long at Fontainebleau, when I noticed that the Emperor in the presence of his august spouse was preoccupied and ill at ease. The same uneasiness was visible on the countenance of the Empress; and this state of constraint and mutual embarrassment soon became sufficiently evident to be remarked by all, and rendered the stay at Fontainebleau extremely sad and depressing. At Paris the presence of the King of Saxony made some diversion; but the Empress appeared more unhappy than ever, which gave rise to numerous conjectures, but as for me, I knew only too well the cause of it all. The Emperor’s brow became more furrowed with care each day, until the 30th of November arrived.

On that day the dinner was more silent than ever. The Empress had wept the whole day; and in order to conceal as far as possible her pallor, and the redness of her eyes, wore a large white hat tied under her chin, the brim of which concealed her face entirely. The Emperor sat in silence, his eyes fastened on his plate, while from time to time convulsive movements agitated his countenance; and if he happened to raise his eyes, glanced stealthily at the Empress with unmistakable signs of distress. The officers of the household, immovable as statues, regarded this painful and gloomy scene with sad anxiety; while the whole repast was simply a form, as their Majesties touched nothing, and no sound was heard but the regular movement of plates placed and carried away, varied sadly by the monotonous tones of the household officers, and the tinkling sound made by the Emperor’s striking his knife mechanically on the edge of his glass. Once only his Majesty broke the silence by a deep sigh, followed by these words addressed to one of the officers: “What time is it?” An aimless question of the Emperor’s, it seemed, for he did not hear, or at any rate did not seem to hear, the answer; but almost immediately he rose from the table, and the Empress followed him with slow steps, and her handkerchief pressed against her lips as if to suppress her sobs. Coffee was brought, and, according to custom, a page presented the waiter to the Empress that she might herself pour it out; but the Emperor took it himself,

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poured the coffee in the cup, and dissolved the sugar, still regarding the Empress, who remained standing as if struck with a stupor. He drank, and returned the cup to the page; then gave a signal that he wished to be alone, and closed the door of the saloon. I remained outside seated by the door; and soon no one remained in the dining-room except one of the prefects of the palace, who walked up and down with folded arms, foreseeing, as well as I, terrible events. At the end of a few moments I heard cries, and sprang up; just then the Emperor opened the door quickly, looked out, and saw there no one but us two. The Empress lay on the floor, screaming as if her heart were breaking: "No; you will not do it! You would not kill me!" The usher of the room had his back turned. I advanced towards him; he understood, and went out. His Majesty ordered the person who was with me to enter, and the door was again closed. I have since learned that the Emperor requested him to assist him in carrying the Empress to her apartment. "She has," he said, "a violent nervous attack, and her condition requires most prompt attention." M. de B----- with the Emperor's assistance raised the Empress in his arms; and the Emperor, taking a lamp from the mantel, lighted M. de B----- along the passage from which ascended the little staircase leading to the apartments of the Empress. This staircase was so narrow, that a man with such a burden could not go down without great risk of falling; and M. de B-----, having called his Majesty's attention to this, he summoned the keeper of the portfolio, whose duty it was to be always at the door of the Emperor's cabinet which opened on this staircase, and gave him the light, which was no longer needed, as the lamps had just been lighted. His Majesty passed in front of the keeper, who still held the light, and carrying the feet of the Empress himself, descended the staircase safely with M. de B-----; and they thus reached the bedroom. The Emperor rang for her women, and when they entered, retired with tears in his eyes and every sign of the deepest emotion. This scene affected him so deeply that he said to M. de B----- in a trembling, broken tone, some words which he must never reveal under any circumstances. The Emperor's agitation must have been very great for him to have informed M. de B----- of the cause of her Majesty's despair, and to have told him that the interests of France and of the Imperial Dynasty had done violence to his heart, and the divorce had become a duty, deplorable and painful, but none the less a duty.

Queen Hortense and M. Corvisart soon reached the Empress, who passed a miserable night. The Emperor also did not sleep, and rose many times to ascertain Josephine's condition. During the whole night her Majesty did not utter a word. I have never witnessed such grief.

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Immediately after this, the King of Naples, the King of Westphalia, the King of Wurtemberg, and the king and princesses of the Imperial family, arrived at Paris to be present at the fetes given by the city of Paris to his Majesty in commemoration of the victories and the pacification of Germany, and at the same time to celebrate the anniversary of the coronation. The session of the legislative corps was also about to open. It was necessary, in the interval between the scene which I have just described and the day on which the decree of divorce was signed, that the Empress should be present on all these occasions, and attend all these fetes, under the eyes of an immense crowd of people, at a time when solitude alone could have in any degree alleviated her sorrow; it was also necessary that she should cover up her face with rouge in order to conceal her pallor and the signs of a month passed in tears. What tortures she endured, and how much she must have bewailed this elevation, of which nothing remained to her but the necessity of concealing her feelings!

On the 3d of December their Majesties repaired to Notre Dame, where a ‘Te Deum’ was sung; after which the Imperial cortege marched to the palace of the Corps Legislatif, and the opening of the session was held with unusual magnificence. The Emperor took his place amidst inexpressible enthusiasm, and never had his appearance excited such bursts of applause: even the Empress was more cheerful for an instant, and seemed to enjoy these proofs of affection for one who was soon to be no longer her husband; but when he began to speak she relapsed into her gloomy reflections.

It was almost five o’clock when the cortege returned to the Tuileries, and the Imperial banquet was to take place at half-past seven. During this interval, a reception of the ambassadors was held, after which the guests passed on to the gallery of Diana.

The Emperor held a grand dining in his coronation robes, and wearing his plumed hat, which he did not remove for an instant. He ate more than was his custom, notwithstanding the distress under which he seemed to be laboring, glanced around and behind him every moment, causing the grand chamberlain continually to bend forward to receive orders which he did not give. The Empress was seated in front of him, most magnificently dressed in an embroidered robe blazing with diamonds; but her face expressed even more suffering than in the morning.

On the right of the Emperor was seated the King of Saxony, in a white uniform with red facings, and collar richly embroidered in silver, wearing a false cue of prodigious length.

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By the side of the King of Saxony was the King of Westphalia, Jerome Bonaparte, in a white satin tunic, and girdle ornamented with pearls and diamonds, which reached almost up to his arms. His neck was bare and white, and he wore no whiskers and very little beard; a collar of magnificent lace fell over his shoulders; and a black velvet cap ornamented with white plumes, which was the most elegant in the assembly, completed this costume. Next him was the King of Wurtemberg with his enormous stomach, which forced him to sit some distance from the table; and the King of Naples, in so magnificent a costume that it might almost be considered extravagant, covered with crosses and stars, who played with his fork, without eating or drinking.

On the right of the Empress was Madame Mere, the Queen of Westphalia, the Princess Borghese, and Queen Hortense, pale as the Empress, but rendered only more beautiful by her sadness, her face presenting a striking contrast on this occasion to that of the Princess Pauline, who never appeared in better spirits. Princess Pauline wore an exceedingly handsome toilet; but this did not increase the charms of her person nearly so much as that worn by the Queen of Holland, which, though simple, was elegant and full of taste.

Next day a magnificent fete was held at the Hotel de Ville, where the Empress displayed her accustomed grace and kind consideration. This was the last time she appeared on occasions of ceremony.

A few days after all these rejoicings, the Vice-king of Italy, Eugene de Beauharnais, arrived, and learned from the lips of the Empress herself the terrible measure which circumstances were about to render necessary. This news overcame him: agitated and despairing, he sought his Majesty; and, as if he could not believe what he had just heard asked the Emperor if it was true that a divorce was about to take place. The Emperor made a sign in the affirmative, and, with deep grief depicted on his countenance, held out his hand to his adopted son. “Sire, allow me to quit your service.”—“What!”—“Yes, Sire; the son of one who is no longer Empress cannot remain vice-king. I wish to accompany my mother to her retreat, and console her.”—“Do you wish to leave me, Eugene? You? Ah, you do not know how imperious are the reasons which force me to pursue such a course. And if I obtain this son, the object of my most cherished wishes, this son who is so necessary to me, who will take my place with him when I shall be absent? Who will be a father to him when I die? Who will rear him, and who will make a man of him?” Tears filled the Emperor’s eyes as he pronounced these words; he again took Eugene’s hand, and drawing him to his arms, embraced him tenderly. I did not hear the remainder of this interesting conversation.

At last the fatal day arrived; it was the 16th of December. The Imperial family were assembled in ceremonial costume, when the Empress entered in a simple white dress, entirely devoid of ornament; she was pale, but calm, and leaned on the arm of Queen Hortense, who was equally as pale, and much more agitated than her august mother. The Prince de Beauharnais stood beside the Emperor, and trembled so violently that it

was thought he would fall every moment. When the Empress entered, Count Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely read the act of separation.

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This was heard in the midst of profound silence, and the deepest concern was depicted on every face. The Empress appeared calmer than any one else in the assemblage, although tears incessantly flowed from her eyes. She was seated in an armchair in the midst of the saloon, resting her elbow on a table, while Queen Hortense stood sobbing behind her. The reading of the act ended, the Empress rose, dried her eyes, and in a voice which was almost firm, pronounced the words of assent, then seated herself in a chair, took a pen from the hand of M. Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, and signed the act. She then withdrew, leaning on the arm of Queen Hortense; and Prince Eugene endeavored to retire at the same moment through the cabinet, but his strength failed, and he fell insensible between the two doors. The cabinet usher immediately raised him up, and committed him to the care of his aide-de-camp, who lavished on him every attention which his sad condition demanded.

During this terrible ceremony the Emperor uttered not a word, made not a gesture, but stood immovable as a statue, his gaze fixed and almost wild, and remained silent and gloomy all day. In the evening, when he had just retired, as I was awaiting his last orders, the door opened, and the Empress entered, her hair in disorder, and her countenance showing great agitation. This sight terrified me. Josephine (for she was now no more than Josephine) advanced towards the Emperor with a trembling step, and when she reached him, paused, and weeping in the most heartrending manner, threw herself on the bed, placed her arms around the Emperor's neck, and lavished on him most endearing caresses. I cannot describe my emotions. The Emperor wept also, sat up and pressed Josephine to his heart, saying to her, "Come, my good Josephine, be more reasonable! Come, courage, courage; I will always be your friend." Stifled by her sobs, the Empress could not reply; and there followed a silent scene, in which their tears and sobs flowed together, and said more than the tenderest expressions could have done. At last his Majesty, recovering from this momentary forgetfulness as from a dream, perceived that I was there, and said to me in a voice choked with tears, "Withdraw, Constant." I obeyed, and went into the adjoining saloon; and an hour after Josephine passed me, still sad and in tears, giving me a kind nod as she passed. I then returned to the sleeping-room to remove the light as usual; the Emperor was silent as death, and so covered with the bedclothes that his face could not be seen.

The next morning when I entered the Emperor's room he did not mention this visit of the Empress; but I found him suffering and dejected, and sighs which he could not repress issued from his breast. He did not speak during the whole time his toilet lasted, and as soon as it was completed entered his cabinet. This was the day on which Josephine was to leave the Tuileries for Malmaison, and all persons

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not engaged in their duties assembled in the vestibule to see once more this dethroned empress whom all hearts followed in her exile. They looked at her without daring to speak, as Josephine appeared, completely veiled, one hand resting on the shoulder of one of her ladies, and the other holding a handkerchief to her eyes. A concert of inexpressible lamentations arose as this adored woman crossed the short space which separated her from her carriage, and entered it without even a glance at the palace she was—quitting—quitting forever;—the blinds were immediately lowered, and the horses set off at full speed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The marriage of the Emperor to Marie Louise was the first step in a new career. He flattered himself that it would be as glorious as that he had just brought to a close, but it was to be far otherwise. Before entering on a recital of the events of the year 1810, I shall narrate some recollections, jotted down at random, which, although I can assign them no precise date, were, nevertheless, anterior to the period we have now reached.

The Empress Josephine had long been jealous of the beautiful Madame Gazani, one of her readers, and treated her coldly; and when she complained to the Emperor, he spoke to Josephine on the subject, and requested her to show more consideration for her reader, who deserved it on account of her attachment to the person of the Empress, and added that she was wrong in supposing that there was between Madame Gazani and himself the least liaison. The Empress, without being convinced by this last declaration of the Emperor, had nevertheless become much more cordial to Madame Gazani, when one morning the Emperor, who apparently was afraid the beautiful Genoese might obtain some ascendency over her, suddenly entered the Empress's apartment, and said to her, "I do not wish to see Madame Gazani here longer; she must return to Italy." This time it was the good Josephine who defended her reader. There were already rumors of a divorce; and the Empress remarked to his Majesty, "You know well, my friend, that the best means of being rid of Madame Gazani's presence is to allow her to remain with me. Let me keep her, then. We can weep together; she and I understand each other well."

From this time the Empress was a firm friend of Madame Gazani, who accompanied her to Malmaison and Navarre. What increased the kind feelings of the Empress for this lady was that she thought her distressed by the Emperor's inconstancy. For my part, I have always believed that Madame Gazani's attachment to the Emperor was sincere, and her pride must have suffered when she was dismissed; but she had no difficulty in consoling herself in the midst of the homage and adoration which naturally surrounded such a pretty woman.

The name of the Empress Josephine recalls two anecdotes which the Emperor himself related to me. The outrageous extravagance in the Empress's household was a continual vexation to him, and he had dismissed several furnishers of whose disposition to abuse Josephine's ready credulity he had ample proof.

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One morning he entered the Empress's apartments unannounced, and found there assembled several ladies holding a secret toilet council, and a celebrated milliner making an official report as to all the handsomest and most elegant novelties. She was one of the very persons whom the Emperor had expressly forbidden to enter the palace; and he did not anticipate finding her there. Yet he made no outburst; and Josephine, who knew him better than any one else, was the only one who understood the irony of his look as he retired, saying, "Continue ladies; I am sorry to have disturbed you." The milliner, much astonished that she was not put rudely out of the door, hastened to retire; but when she reached the last step of the stairs leading to the apartments of her Majesty the Empress, she encountered an agent of the police, who requested her as politely as possible to enter a cab which awaited her in the Court of the Carrousel. In vain she protested that she much preferred walking; the agent, who had received precise instructions, seized her arm in such a manner as to prevent all reply, and she was obliged to obey, and to take in this unpleasant company the road to Bicetre.

Some one related to the Emperor that this arrest had caused much talk in Paris, and that he was loudly accused of wishing to restore the Bastile; that many persons had visited the prisoner, and expressed their sympathy, and there was a procession of carriages constantly before the prison.

His Majesty took no notice of this, and was much amused by the interest excited in this seller of topknots, as he called her. "I will," said his Majesty on this subject, "let the gossips talk, who think it a point of honor to ruin themselves for gewgaws; but I want this old Jewess to learn that I put her inside because she had forgotten that I told her to stay outside."

Another celebrated milliner also excited the surprise and anger of his Majesty one day by observations which no one in France except this man would have had the audacity to make. The Emperor, who was accustomed, as I have said, to examine at the end of every month the accounts of his household, thought the bill of the milliner in question exorbitant, and ordered me to summon him. I sent for him; and he came in less than ten minutes, and was introduced into his Majesty's apartment while he was at his toilet. "Monsieur," said the Emperor, his eyes fixed on the account, "your prices are ridiculous, more ridiculous, if possible, than the silly, foolish people who think they need your goods. Reduce this to a reasonable amount or I will do it myself." The merchant, who held in his hand the duplicate of his bill, began to explain article by article the price of his goods, and concluded the somewhat long narration with a mild surprise that the sum total was no more. The Emperor, whom I was dressing during all this harangue, could hardly restrain his impatience; and I had already foreseen that this singular

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scene would end unpleasantly, when the milliner filled up the measure of his assurance by taking the unparalleled liberty of remarking to his Majesty that the sum allowed for her Majesty's toilet was insufficient, and that there were simple citizens' wives who spent more than that. I must confess that at this last impertinence I trembled for the shoulders of this imprudent person, and watched the Emperor's movements anxiously. Nevertheless, to my great astonishment, he contented himself with crumpling in his hand the bill of the audacious milliner, and, his arms folded on his breast, made two steps towards him, pronouncing this word only, "Really!" with such an accent and such a look that the merchant rushed to the door, and took to his heels without waiting for a settlement.

The Emperor did not like me to leave the chateau, as he wished always to have me within call, even when my duties were over and he did not need me; and I think it was with this idea of detaining me that his Majesty several times gave me copying to do. Sometimes, also, the Emperor wished notes to be taken while he was in bed or in his bath, and said to me, "Constant, take a pen and write;" but I always refused, and went to summon M. de Meneval. I have already stated that the misfortunes of the Revolution had caused my education to be more imperfect than it should have been; but even had it been as good as it is defective, I much doubt whether I would ever have been able to write from the Emperor's dictation. It was no easy thing to fill this office, and required that one should be well accustomed to it; for he spoke quickly, all in one breath, made no pause, and was impatient when obliged to repeat.

In order to have me always at hand, the Emperor gave me permission to hunt in the Park of Saint-Cloud, and was kind enough to remark that since I was very fond of hunting, in granting me this privilege he was very glad to have combined my pleasure with his need of me. I was the only person to whom permission was given to hunt in the park. At the same time the Emperor made me a present of a handsome double-barreled gun which had been presented to him at Liege, and which I have still in my possession. His Majesty himself did not like double-barreled guns, and used in preference the simple, small guns which had belonged to Louis XVI., and on which this monarch, who was an excellent gunsmith, had worked, it is said, with his own hands.

The sight of these guns often led the Emperor to speak of Louis XVI., which he never did except in terms of respect and pity. "That unfortunate prince," said the Emperor, "was good, wise, and learned. At another period he would have been an excellent king, but he was worth nothing in a time of revolution. He was lacking in resolution and firmness, and could resist neither the foolishness nor the insolence of the Jacobins. The courtiers delivered him up to the Jacobins, and they led him to the scaffold. In his place I would have mounted my horse, and, with a few concessions on one side, and a few cracks of my whip on the other, I would have reduced things to order."

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When the diplomatic corps came to pay their respects to the Emperor at Saint-Cloud (the same custom was in use at the Tuileries), tea, coffee, chocolate, or whatever these gentlemen requested, was served in the saloon of the ambassadors. M. Colin, steward controller, was present at this collation, which was served by the domestics of the service.

There was at Saint-Cloud an apartment which the Emperor fancied very much; it opened on a beautiful avenue of chestnut-trees in the private park, where he could walk at any hour without being seen. This apartment was surrounded with full-length portraits of all the princesses of the Imperial family, and was called the family salon. Their Highnesses were represented standing, surrounded by their children; the Queen of Westphalia only was seated. She had, as I have said, a very fine bust, but the rest of her figure was ungraceful. Her Majesty the Queen of Naples was represented with her four children; Queen Hortense with only one, the oldest of her living sons; the Queen of Spain with her two daughters; Princess Eliza with hers, dressed like a boy; the Vice-Queen alone, having no child at the time this portrait was made; Princess Pauline was also alone.

The theater and hunting were my chief amusements at Saint-Cloud. During my stay at this chateau I received a visit from a distant cousin whom I had not seen for many years. All that he had heard of the luxury which surrounded the Emperor, and the magnificence of the court, had vividly excited his curiosity, which I took pleasure in gratifying; and he was struck with wonder, at every step. One evening when there was a play at the chateau, I took him into my box, which was near the pit; and the view which the hall offered when filled so delighted my cousin, that I was obliged to name each personage in order to satisfy his insatiable curiosity, which took them all in succession, one by one. It was a short time before the marriage of the Emperor to the Archduchess of Austria, and the court was more brilliant than ever. I showed my cousin in succession their Majesties, the King and Queen of Westphalia, the King and Queen of Naples, the Queen of Holland, King of Bavaria, their Highnesses the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Prince and Princess Borghese, the Princess of Baden, the Grand Duke of Wurzburg, *etc*., besides the numerous dignitaries, princes, marshals, ambassadors, *etc*., by whom the hall was filled. My cousin was in ecstasy, and thought himself at least a foot taller from being in the midst of this gilded multitude, and consequently paid no attention to the play, being much more interested in the interior of the hall; and when we left the theater could not tell me what piece had been played. His enthusiasm, however, did not carry him so far as to make him forget the incredible tales that had been related to him about the pickpockets of the capital, and the recommendations which had been made to him on this subject. In

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the promenades at the theater, in every assemblage whatever, my cousin watched with anxious solicitude over his purse, watch, and handkerchief; and this habitual prudence did not abandon him even at the court theater, for just as we were leaving our box, to mingle with the brilliant crowd which came out of the pit and descended from the boxes, he said to me with the utmost coolness, covering with his hand his chain and the seals of his watch, “After all, it is well to take precautions; one does not know every one here.”

At the time of his marriage the Emperor was more than ever overwhelmed with petitions, and granted, as I shall relate farther on, a large number of pardons and petitions.

All petitions sent to the Emperor were handed by him to the aide-de-camp on duty, who carried them to his Majesty’s cabinet, and received orders to make a report on them the next day; and not even as many as ten times did I find any petitions in his Majesty’s pockets, though I always examined them carefully, and even these rare instances were owing to the fact that the Emperor had no aide-de-camp near him when they were presented. It is then untrue, as has been so often said and written, that the Emperor placed in a private pocket, which was called the good pocket, the petitions he wished to grant, without even examining them. All petitions which deserved it received an answer, and I remember that I personally presented a large number to his Majesty; he did not put these in his pocket, and in almost every instance I had the happiness of seeing them granted. I must, however, make an exception of some which I presented for the Cerf-Berr brothers, who claimed payment for supplies furnished the armies of the republic; for to them the Emperor was always inexorable. I was told that this was because Messieurs Cerf-Berr had refused General Bonaparte a certain sum which he needed during the campaign of Italy.

These gentlemen interested me deeply in their cause; and I several times presented their petition to his Majesty, and in spite of the care I took to place it in his Majesty’s hands only when he was in good humor, I received no reply. I nevertheless continued to present the petition, though I perceived that when the Emperor caught a glimpse of it he always became angry; and at length one morning, just as his toilet was completed, I handed him as usual his gloves, handkerchief, and snuff-box, and attached to it again this unfortunate paper. His Majesty passed on into his cabinet, and I remained in the room attending to my duties, and while busied with these saw the Emperor re-enter, a paper in his hand. He said to me, “Come, Constant, read this; you will see that you are mistaken, and the government owes nothing to the Cerf-Berr brothers; so say nothing more to me about it; they are regular Arabs.” I threw my eyes on the paper, and read a few words obediently; and though I understood almost nothing of it, from that moment I was certain that the claim of these

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gentlemen would never be paid. I was grieved at this, and knowing their disappointment, made them an offer of services which they refused. The Cerf-Berr brothers, notwithstanding my want of success, were convinced of the zeal I had manifested in their service, and thanked me warmly. Each time I addressed a petition to the Emperor, I saw M. de Meneval, whom I begged to take charge of it. He was very obliging, and had the kindness to inform me whether my demands could hope for success; and he told me that as for the Cerf-Berr brothers, he did not think the Emperor would ever compensate them.

In fact, this family, at one time wealthy, but who had lost an immense patrimony in advances made to the Directory, never received any liquidation of these claims, which were confided to a man of great honesty, but too much disposed to justify the name given him.

Madame Theodore Cerf-Berr on my invitation had presented herself several times with her children at Rambouillet and Saint-Cloud, to beseech the Emperor to do her justice. This respectable mother of a family whom nothing could dismay, again presented herself with the eldest of her daughters at Compiegne. She awaited the Emperor in the forest, and throwing herself in the midst of the horses, succeeded in handing him her petition; but this time what was the result? Madame and Mademoiselle Cerf-Berr had hardly re-entered the hotel where they were staying, when an officer of the secret police came and requested them to accompany him. He made them enter a mean cart filled with straw, and conducted them under the escort of two gens d'armes to the prefecture of police at Paris, where they were forced to sign a contract never to present themselves again before the Emperor, and on this condition were restored to liberty.

About this time an occasion arose in which I was more successful. General Lemarrois, one of the oldest of his Majesty's aides-de-camp, a soldier of well-known courage, who won all hearts by his excellent qualities, was for some time out of favor with the Emperor, and several times endeavored to obtain an audience with him; but whether it was that the request was not made known to his Majesty, or he did not wish to reply, M. Lemarrois received no answer. In order to settle the matter he conceived the idea of addressing himself to me, entreating me to present his petition at an opportune moment. I did this, and had the happiness to succeed; and in consequence M. Lemarrois obtained an audience with such gratifying results that a short time after he obtained the governorship of Magdeburg.

The Emperor was absent-minded, and often forgot where he had put the petitions which were handed to him, and thus they were sometimes left in his coats, and when I found them there I carried them to his Majesty's cabinet and handed them to M. de Meneval or M. Fain; and often, too, the, papers for which he was hunting were found in the apartments of the Empress. Sometimes the Emperor gave me papers to put away, and

those I placed in a box of which I alone had the key. One day there was a great commotion in the private apartments over a paper which could not be found. These were the circumstances:

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Near the Emperor's cabinet was a small room in which the secretaries stayed, furnished with a desk, on which notes or petitions were—often placed. This room was usually occupied by the cabinet usher, and the Emperor was accustomed to enter it if he wished to hold a private conversation without being overheard by the secretaries. When the Emperor entered this room the usher withdrew and remained outside the door; he was responsible for everything in this room, which was never opened except by express orders from his Majesty.

Marshal Bessieres had several days before presented to the Emperor a request for promotion from a colonel of the army which he had warmly supported. One morning the marshal entered the little room of which I have just spoken, and finding his petition already signed lying on the desk, he carried it off, without being noticed by my wife's uncle who was on duty. A few hours after, the Emperor wished to examine this petition again, and was very sure he had left it in this small room; but it was not there, and it was thought that the usher must have allowed some one to enter without his Majesty's orders. Search was made everywhere in this room and in the Emperor's cabinet, and even in the apartments of the Empress, and at last it was necessary to announce to his Majesty that the search had been in vain; whereupon the Emperor gave way to one of those bursts of anger which were so terrible though fortunately so rare, which terrified the whole chateau, and the poor usher received orders never to appear in his sight again. At last Marshal Bessieres, having been told of this terrible commotion, came to accuse himself. The Emperor was appeased, the usher restored to favor, and everything forgotten; though each one was more careful than ever that nothing should be disturbed, and that the Emperor should find at his finger's end whatever papers he needed.

The Emperor would not allow any one to be introduced without his permission, either into the Empress's apartments or his own; and this was the one fault for which the people of the household could not expect pardon. Once, I do not exactly remember when, the wife of one of the Swiss Guard allowed one of her lovers to enter the apartments of the Empress; and this unfortunate woman, without the knowledge of her imprudent mistress, took in soft wax an impression of the key of the jewel-box which I have already mentioned as having belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette, and, by means of a false key made from this impression, succeeded in stealing several articles of jewelry. The police soon discovered the author of the robbery who was punished as he deserved, though another person was also punished who did not deserve it, for the poor husband lost his place.

CHAPTER XXV

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After his divorce from the Empress Josephine, the Emperor appeared much preoccupied; and as it was known that he thought of marrying again, all persons at the chateau and in his Majesty's service were greatly concerned about this marriage, though all our conjectures concerning the princess destined to share the Imperial crown proved to be wrong. Some spoke of a Russian princess, while others said the Emperor would marry none but a French woman; but no one thought of an Austrian archduchess. When the marriage had been decided, nothing was spoken of at the court but the youth, grace, and native goodness of the new Empress. The Emperor was very gay, and paid more attention to his toilet, giving me orders to renew his wardrobe, and to order better fitting coats, made in a more modern style. The Emperor also sat for his portrait, which the Prince de Neuchatel carried to Marie Louise; and the Emperor received at the same time that of his young wife, with which he appeared delighted.

The Emperor, in order to win Marie Louise's affection, did more undignified things than he had ever done for any woman. For instance, one day when he was alone with Queen Hortense and the Princess Stephanie, the latter mischievously asked him if he knew how to waltz; and his Majesty replied that he had never been able to go beyond the first lesson, because after two or three turns he became so dizzy that he was compelled to stop. "When I was at l'ecole militaire," added the Emperor, "I tried again and again to overcome dizziness which waltzing produced, but I could not succeed. Our dancing-master having advised us, in learning to waltz, to take a chair in our arms instead of a lady, I never failed to fall with the chair, which I pressed so lovingly that it broke; and thus the chairs in my room, and that of two or three of my companions, were destroyed, one after the other." This tale told in the most animated and amusing manner by his Majesty excited bursts of laughter from the two princesses.

When this hilarity had somewhat subsided, Princess Stephanie returned to the charge, saying, "It really is a pity that your Majesty does not know how to waltz, for the Germans are wild over waltzing, and the Empress will naturally share the taste of her compatriots; she can have no partner but the Emperor, and thus she will be deprived of a great pleasure through your Majesty's fault."—"You are right!" replied the Emperor; "well, give me a lesson, and you will have a specimen of my skill." Whereupon he rose, took a few turns with Princess Stephanie, humming the air of the Queen of Prussia; but he could not take more than two or three turns, and even this he did so awkwardly that it increased the amusement of these ladies. Then the Princess of Baden stopped, saying, "Sire, that is quite enough to convince me that you will never be anything but a poor pupil. You were made to give lessons, not to take them."

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Early in March the Prince de Neuchatel set out for Vienna commissioned to officially request the hand of the Empress in marriage. The Archduke Charles, as proxy of the Emperor, married the Archduchess Marie Louise, and she set out at once for France, the little town of Brannan, on the frontier between Austria and Bavaria, having been designated as the place at which her Majesty was to pass into the care of a French suite. The road from Strasburg was soon filled with carriages conveying to Brannan. the household of the new Empress. Most of these ladies had passed from the household of the Empress Josephine into that of Marie Louise.

The Emperor wished to see for himself if the trousseau and wedding presents intended for his new wife were worthy of him and of her, consequently all the clothing and linen were brought to the Tuileries, spread out before him, and packed under his own eyes. The good taste and elegance of each article were equaled only by the richness of the materials. The furnishers and modistes of Paris had worked according to models sent from Vienna; and when these models were presented to the Emperor he took one of the shoes, which were remarkably small, and with it gave me a blow on the cheek in the form of a caress. “See, Constant,” said his Majesty, “that is a shoe of good augury. Have you ever seen a foot like that? This is made to be held in the hand.”

Her Majesty the Queen of Naples had been sent to Brannan, by the Emperor to receive the Empress. Queen Caroline, of whom the Emperor once said that she was a man among her sisters, as Prince Joseph was a woman among his brothers, mistook, it is said, the timidity of Marie Louise for weakness, and thought that she would only have to speak and her young sister-in-law would hasten to obey. On her arrival at Brannan the formal transfer was solemnly made; and the Empress bade farewell to all her Austrian household, retaining in her service only her first lady of honor, Madame de Lajanski, who had reared her and never been absent from her. Etiquette required that the household of the Empress should be entirely French, and the orders of the Emperor were very precise in this regard; but I do not know whether it is true, as has been stated, that the Empress had demanded and obtained from the Emperor permission to retain for a year this lady of honor. However that may be, the Queen of Naples thought it to her interest to remove a person whose influence over the mind of the Empress she so much feared; and as the ladies of the household of her Imperial Majesty were themselves eager to be rid of the rivalry of Madame de Lajanski, and endeavored to excite still more the jealousy of her Imperial highness, a positive order was demanded from the Emperor, and Madame de Lajanski was sent back from Munich to Vienna. The Empress obeyed without complaint, but knowing who had instigated the blow, cherished a profound resentment against her Majesty the Queen of Naples. The Empress traveled only by short

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stages, and was welcomed by fetes in each town through which she passed. Each day the Emperor sent her a letter from his own hand, and she replied regularly. The first letters of the Empress were very short, and probably cold, for the Emperor said nothing about them; but afterwards they grew longer and gradually more affectionate, and the Emperor read them in transports of delight, awaiting the arrival of these letters with the impatience of a lover twenty years of age, and always saying the couriers traveled slowly, although they broke down their horses.

The Emperor returned from the chase one day holding in his hands two pheasants which he had himself killed, and followed by footmen bearing in their hands the rarest flowers from the conservatory of Saint-Cloud. He wrote a note, and immediately said to his first page, “In ten minutes be ready to enter your carriage. You will find there this package which you will give with your own hand to her Majesty the Empress, with the accompanying letter. Above all do not spare the horses; go as fast as possible, and fear nothing. The Duke of Vicenza shall say nothing to you.” The young man asked nothing better than to obey his Majesty; and strong in this authority, which gave him perfect liberty, he did not grudge drink money to the postilions, and in twenty-four hours had reached Strasburg and delivered his message.

I do not know whether he received a reprimand from the grand equerry on his return; but if there was any cause for this, the latter would not have failed to bestow it, in spite of the Emperor’s assurance to the first page. The Duke of Vicenza had organized and kept in admirable order the service of the stables, where nothing was done except by his will, which was most absolute; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Emperor himself could change an order which the grand equerry had given. For instance, his Majesty was one day en route to Fontainebleau, and being very anxious to arrive quickly, gave orders to the outrider who regulated the gait of the horses, to go faster. This order he transmitted to the Duke of Vicenza whose carriage preceded that of the Emperor; and finding that the grand equerry paid no attention to this order, the Emperor began to swear, and cried to the outrider through the door, “Let my carriage pass in front, since those in front will not go on.” The outriders and postilions were about to execute this maneuver when the grand equerry also put his head out of the door and exclaimed, “Keep to a trot, the first man who gallops I will dismiss on arriving.” It was well known that he would keep his word, so no one dared to pass, and his carriage continued to regulate the pace of the others. On reaching Fontainebleau the Emperor demanded of the Duke of Vicenza an explanation of his conduct. “Sire,” replied the duke to his Majesty, “when you allow me a larger sum for the expenses of the stables, you can kill your horses at your pleasure.”

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The Emperor cursed every moment the ceremonials and fetes which delayed the arrival of his young wife. A camp had been formed near Soissons for the reception of the Empress. The Emperor was now at Compiegne, where he made a decree containing several clauses of benefits and indulgences on the occasion of his marriage, setting at liberty many condemned, giving Imperial marriage dowries to six thousand soldiers, amnesties, promotions, *etc*. At length his Majesty learned that the Empress was not more than ten leagues from Soissons, and no longer able to restrain his impatience, called me with all his might, “Ohe ho, Constant! order a carriage without livery, and come and dress me.” The Emperor wished to surprise the Empress, and present himself to her without being announced; and laughed immoderately at the effect this would produce. He attended to his toilet with even more exquisite care than usual, if that were possible, and with the coquetry of glory dressed himself in the gray redingote he had worn at Wagram; and thus arrayed, the Emperor entered a carriage with the King of Naples. The circumstances of this first meeting of their Imperial Majesties are well known.

In the little village of Courcelles, the Emperor met the last courier, who preceded by only a few moments the carriages of the Empress; and as it was raining in torrents, his Majesty took shelter on the porch of the village church. As the carriage of the Empress was passing, the Emperor made signs to the postilions to stop; and the equerry, who was at the Empress’s door, perceiving the Emperor, hastily lowered the step, and announced his Majesty, who, somewhat vexed by this, exclaimed, “Could you not see that I made signs to you to be silent?” This slight ill-humor, however, passed away in an instant; and the Emperor threw himself on the neck of Marie Louise, who, holding in her hand the picture of her husband, and looking attentively first at it, then at him, remarked with a charming smile, “It is not flattered.” A magnificent supper had been prepared at Soissons for the Empress and her cortege; but the Emperor gave orders to pass on, and drove as far as Compiegne, without regard to the appetites of the officers and ladies in the suite of the Empress.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On their Majesties’ arrival at Compiegne, the Emperor presented his hand to the Empress, and conducted her to her apartment. He wished that no one should approach or touch his young wife before himself; and his jealousy was so extreme on this point that he himself forbade the senator de Beauharnais, the Empress’s chevalier of honor, to present his hand to her Imperial Majesty, although this was one of the requirements of his position. According to the programme, the Emperor should have occupied a different residence from the Empress, and have slept at the hotel of the Chancellerie; but he did nothing of the sort, since after a long conversation with the Empress, he returned to his room, undressed, perfumed himself with cologne, and wearing only a nightdress returned secretly to the Empress.

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The next morning the Emperor asked me at his toilet if any one noticed the change he had made in the programme; and I replied that I thought not, though at the risk of falsehood. Just then one of his Majesty's intimate friends entered who was unmarried, to whom his Majesty, pulling his ears, said, "My dear fellow, marry a German. They are the best wives in the world; gentle, good, artless, and fresh as roses." From the air of satisfaction with which the Emperor said this, it was easy to see that he was painting a portrait, and it was only a short while since the painter had left the model. After making his toilet, the Emperor returned to the Empress, and towards noon had breakfast sent up for her and him, and served near the bed by her Majesty's women. Throughout the day he was in a state of charming gayety, and contrary to his usual custom, having made a second toilet for dinner, wore the coat made by the tailor of the King of Naples; but next day he would not allow it to be put on again, saying it was much too uncomfortable.

The Emperor, as may be seen from the preceding details, loved his new wife most tenderly. He paid her constant attentions, and his whole conduct was that of a lover deeply enamoured. Nevertheless, it is not true, as some one has said, that he remained three months almost without working, to the great astonishment of his ministers; for work was not only a duty with the Emperor, it was both a necessity and an enjoyment, from which no other pleasure, however great, could distract him; and on this occasion, as on every other, he knew perfectly well how to combine the duties he owed to his empire and his army with those due to his charming wife.

The Empress Marie Louise was only nineteen years old at the period of her marriage. Her hair was blond, her eyes blue and expressive, her carriage noble, and her figure striking, while her hand and foot might have served as models; in fact, her whole person breathed youth, health, and freshness. She was diffident, and maintained a haughty reserve towards the court; but she was said to be affectionate and friendly in private life, and one fact I can assert positively is that she was very affectionate toward the Emperor, and submissive to his will. In their first interview the Emperor asked her what recommendations were made to her on her departure from Vienna. "To be entirely devoted to you, and to obey you in all things," which instructions she seemed to find no difficulty in obeying.

No one could resemble the first Empress less than the second, and except in the two points of similarity of temperament, and an extreme regard for the Emperor, the one was exactly the opposite of the other; and it must be confessed the Emperor congratulated himself on this difference, in which he found both novelty and charm. He himself drew a parallel between his two wives in these terms: "The one [Josephine] was all art and grace; the other [Marie Louise] innocence

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and natural simplicity. At no moment of her life were the manners or habits of the former other than agreeable and attractive, and it would have been impossible to take her at a disadvantage on these points; for it was her special object in life to produce only advantageous impressions, and she gained her end without allowing this effort to be seen. All that art can furnish to supplement attractions was practiced by her, but so skillfully that the existence of this deception could only be suspected at most. On the contrary, it never occurred to the mind of the second that she could gain anything by innocent artifices. The one was always tempted to infringe upon the truth, and her first emotion was a negative one. The other was ignorant of dissimulation, and every deception was foreign to her. The first never asked for anything, but she owed everywhere. The second did not hesitate to ask if she needed anything, which was very rarely, and never purchased anything without feeling herself obliged to pay for it immediately. To sum it all up, both were good, gentle wives, and much attached to their husband." Such, or very nearly these, were the terms in which the Emperor spoke of his Empresses. It can be seen that he drew the comparison in favor of the second; and with this idea he gave her credit for qualities which she did not possess, or at least exaggerated greatly those really belonging to her.

The Emperor granted Marie Louise 500,000 francs for her toilet, but she never spent the entire amount. She had little taste in dress, and would have made a very inelegant appearance had she not been well advised. The Emperor was present at her toilet those days on which he wished her to appear especially well, and himself tried the effect of different ornaments on the head, neck, and arms of the Empress, always selecting something very handsome. The Emperor was an excellent husband, of which he gave proof in the case of both his wives. He adored his son, and both as father and husband might have served as a model for all his subjects; yet in spite of whatever he may have said on the subject himself, I do not think he loved Marie Louise with the same devoted affection as Josephine. The latter had a charming grace, a kindness, an intelligence, and a devotion to her husband which the Emperor knew and appreciated at its full value; and though Marie Louise was younger, she was colder, and had far less grace of manner. I think she was much attached to her husband; but she was reserved and reticent, and by no means took the place of Josephine with those who had enjoyed the happiness of being near the latter.

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Notwithstanding the apparent submission with which she had bidden farewell to her Austrian household, it is certain that she had strong prejudices, not only against her own household, but also against that of the Emperor, and never addressed a gracious word to the persons in the Emperor's personal service. I saw her frequently, but not a smile, a look, a sign, on the part of the Empress showed me that I was in her eyes anything more than a stranger. On my return from Russia, whence I did not arrive until after the Emperor, I lost no time in entering his room, knowing that he had already asked for me, and found there his Majesty with the Empress and Queen Hortense. The Emperor condoled with me on the sufferings I had recently undergone, and said many flattering things which proved his high opinion of me; and the queen, with that charming grace of which she is the only model since the death of her august mother, conversed with me for some time in the kindest manner. The Empress alone kept silence; and noticing this the Emperor said to her, "Louise, have you nothing to say to poor Constant?"—"I had not perceived him," said the Empress. This reply was most unkind, as it was impossible for her Majesty not to have "perceived" me, there being at that moment present in the room only the Emperor, Queen Hortense, and I.

The Emperor from the first took the severest precautions that no one, and especially no man, should approach the Empress, except in the presence of witnesses.

During the time of the Empress Josephine, there were four ladies whose only duty was to announce the persons received by her Majesty. The excessive indulgence of Josephine prevented her repressing the jealous pretensions of some persons of her household, which gave rise to endless debates and rivalries between the ladies of the palace and those of announcement. The Emperor had been much annoyed by all these bickerings, and, in order to avoid them in future, chose, from the ladies charged with the education of the daughters of the Legion of Honor in the school at Rouen, four new ladies of announcement for the Empress Marie Louise. Preference was at first given to the daughters or widows of generals; and the Emperor decided that the places becoming vacant belonged by right to the best pupils of the Imperial school of Rouen, and should be given as a reward for good conduct. A short time after, the number of these ladies now being as many as six, two pupils of Madame de Campan were named, and these ladies changed their titles to that of first ladies of the Empress.

This change, however, excited the displeasure of the ladies of the palace, and again aroused their clamors around the Emperor; and he consequently decided that the ladies of announcement should take the title of first ladies of the chamber. Great clamor among the ladies of announcement in their turn, who came in person to plead their cause before the Emperor; and he at last ended the matter by giving them the title of readers to the Empress, in order to reconcile the requirements of the two belligerent parties.

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These ladies of announcement, or first ladies of the chamber, or readers, as the reader may please to call them, had under their orders six femmes de chambre, who entered the Empress's rooms only when summoned there by a bell. These latter arranged her Majesty's toilet and hair in the morning; and the six first ladies took no part in her toilet except the care of the diamonds, of which they had special charge. Their chief and almost only employment was to follow the steps of the Empress, whom they left no more than her shadow, entering her room before she arose, and leaving her no more till she was in bed. Then all the doors opening into her room were closed, except that leading into an adjoining room, in which was the bed of the lady on duty, and through which, in order to enter his wife's room, the Emperor himself must pass.

With the exception of M. de Meneval, secretary of orders of the Empress, and M. Ballouhai, superintendent of expenses, no man was admitted into the private apartments of the Empress without an order from the Emperor; and the ladies even, except the lady of honor and the lady of attire, were received only after making an appointment with the Empress. The ladies of the private apartments were required to observe these rules, and were responsible for their execution; and one of them was required to be present at the music, painting, and embroidery lessons of the Empress, and wrote letters by her dictation or under her orders.

The Emperor did not wish that any man in the world should boast of having been alone with the Empress for two minutes; and he reprimanded very severely the lady on duty because she one day remained at the end of the saloon while M. Biennais, court watchmaker, showed her Majesty a secret drawer in a portfolio he had made for her. Another time the Emperor was much displeased because the lady on duty was not seated by the side of the Empress while she took her music-lesson with M. Pier.

These facts prove conclusively the falsity of the statement that the milliner Leroy was excluded from the palace for taking the liberty of saying to her Majesty that she had beautiful shoulders. M. Leroy had the dresses of the Empress made at his shop by a model which was sent him; and they were never tried on her Majesty, either by him, or any person of her Majesty's household, and necessary alterations were indicated by her femmes de chambre. It was the same with the other merchants and furnishers, makers of corsets, the shoemaker, glovemaker, *etc*.; not one of whom ever saw the Empress or spoke to her in her private apartments.

CHAPTER XXVII.

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Their Majesties' civil marriage was celebrated at Saint-Cloud on Sunday, the 1st of April, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The religious ceremony was solemnized the next day in the grand gallery of the Louvre. A very singular circumstance in this connection was the fact that Sunday afternoon at Saint-Cloud the weather was beautiful, while the streets of Paris were flooded with a heavy shower lasting some time, and on Monday there was rain at Saint-Cloud, while the weather was magnificent in Paris, as if the fates had decreed that nothing should lessen the splendor of the cortege, or the brilliancy of the wonderful illuminations of that evening. "The star of the Emperor," said some one in the language of that period, "has borne him twice over equinoctial winds."

On Monday evening the city of Paris presented a scene that might have been taken from the realms of enchantment: the illuminations were the most brilliant I have ever witnessed, forming a succession of magic panorama in which houses, hotels, palaces, and churches, shone with dazzling splendor, the glittering towers of the churches appeared like stars and comets suspended in the air. The hotels of the grand dignitaries of the empire, the ministers, the ambassadors of Austria and Russia, and the Duke d'Abrantes, rivaled each other in taste and beauty. The Place Louis XV. was like a scene from fairyland; from the midst of this Place, surrounded with orange-trees on fire, the eye was attracted in succession by the magnificent decorations of the Champs-Elysees, the Garde Meuble, the Temple of Glory, the Tuileries, and the Corps Legislatif. The palace of the latter represented the Temple of Hymen, the transparencies on the front representing Peace uniting the august spouses. Beside them stood two figures bearing shields, on which were represented the arms of the two empires; and behind this group came magistrates, warriors, and the people presenting crowns. At the two extremities of the transparencies were represented the Seine and the Danube, surrounded by children-image of fecundity. The twelve columns of the peristyle and the staircase were illuminated; and the columns were united by garlands of colored lights, the statues on the peristyle and the steps also bearing lights. The bridge Louis XV., by which this Temple of Hymen was reached, formed in itself an avenue, whose double rows of lamps, and obelisks and more than a hundred columns, each surmounted by a star and connected by spiral festoons of colored lights, produced an effect so brilliant that it was almost unendurable to the naked eye. The cupola of the dome of Saint Genevieve was also magnificently lighted, and each side outlined by a double row of lamps. At each corner were eagles, ciphers in colored glass, and garlands of fire suspended between torches of Hymen. The peristyle of the dome was lighted by lamps placed between each column, and as the columns were not lighted they seemed as if suspended in the air. The lantern tower was a blaze of

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light; and all this mass of brilliancy was surmounted by a tripod representing the altar of Hymen, from which shot tongues of flame, produced by bituminous materials. At a great elevation above the platform of the observatory, an immense star, isolated from the platform, and which from the variety of many-colored glasses composing it sparkled like a vast diamond, under the dome of night. The palace of the senate also attracted a large number of the curious; but I have already extended too far the description of this wonderful scene which unfolded itself at every step before us.

The city of Paris did homage to her Majesty the Empress by presenting her with a toilet set even more magnificent than that formerly presented to the Empress Josephine. Everything was in silver gilt, even the arm chair and the cheval glass. The paintings on the exquisite furniture had been made by the first artists, and the elegance and finish of the ornaments surpassed even the rich ness of the materials.

About the end of April their Majesties set out together to visit the departments of the North; and the journey was an almost exact repetition of the one I made in 1804 with the Emperor, only the Empress was no longer the good, kind Josephine. While passing again through all these towns, where I had seen her welcomed with so much enthusiasm, and who now addressed the same adoration and homage to a new sovereign, and while seeing again the chateaux of Lacken, Brussels, Antwerp, Boulogne, and many other places where I had seen Josephine pass in triumph, as at present Marie Louise passed, I thought with chagrin of the isolation of the first wife from her husband, and the suffering which must penetrate even into her retreat, as she was told of the honors rendered to the one who had succeeded her in the Emperor’s heart and on the Imperial throne.

The King and Queen of Westphalia and Prince Eugene accompanied their Majesties. We saw a vessel with eighty cannon launched at Antwerp, which received, before leaving the docks, the benediction of M. de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines. The King of Holland, who joined the Emperor at Antwerp, felt most unkindly towards his Majesty, who had recently required of him the cession of a part of his states, and soon after seized the remainder. He was, however, present in Paris at the marriage fetes of the Emperor, who had even sent him to meet Marie Louise; but the two brothers had not ceased their mutual distrust of each other, and it must be admitted that that of King Louis had only too good foundation. What struck me as very singular in their altercations was that the Emperor, in the absence of his brother, gave vent to the most terrible bursts of rage, and to violent threats against him, while if they had an interview they treated each other in the most amicable and familiar and brotherly manner. Apart they were, the one, Emperor of the French, the other, King of Holland, with opposite interests and views; together they were no more than, if I may be permitted to so express myself, Napoleon and Louis, companions and friends from childhood.

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Prince Louis was habitually sad and melancholy. The annoyances he experienced on the throne, where he had been placed against his will, added to his domestic troubles, made him evidently very unhappy, and all who knew him pitied him sincerely; for King Louis was an excellent master, and an honest man of much merit. It has been said that when the Emperor had decided on the union of Holland and France, King Louis resolved to defend himself in the town of Amsterdam to the last extremity, and to break the dikes and inundate the whole country if necessary, in order to arrest the invasion of the French troops. I do not know whether this is true; but from what I have seen of this prince's character, I am very sure that, while having enough personal courage to expose his own person to all the chances of this desperate alternative, his naturally kind heart and his humanity would have prevented the execution of this project.

At Middleburg the Emperor embarked on board the Charlemagne to visit the mouth of the Scheldt and the port and island of Flushing. During this excursion we were assailed by a terrible tempest, three anchors were broken in succession; we met with other accidents, and encountered great dangers.

The Emperor was made very sick, and every few moments threw himself on his bed, making violent but unsuccessful efforts to vomit, which rendered his sickness more distressing. I was fortunate enough not to be at all inconvenienced, and was thus in a position to give him all the attention he required; though all the persons of his suite were sick, and my uncle, who was usher on duty, and obliged to remain standing at the door of his Majesty's cabin, fell over continually, and suffered agony. During this time of torment, which lasted for three days, the Emperor was bursting with impatience. "I think," said he, "that I would have made a pretty admiral."

A short time after our return from this voyage, the Emperor wished her Majesty the Empress to learn to ride on horseback; and for this purpose she went to the riding-hall of Saint-Cloud. Several persons of the household were in the gallery to see her take her first lesson, I among the number; and I noticed the tender solicitude of the Emperor for his young wife, who was mounted on a gentle, well-broken horse, while the Emperor held her hand and walked by her side, M. Jardin, Sr., holding the horse's bridle. At the first step the horse made, the Empress screamed with fright, whereupon the Emperor said to her, "Come, Louise, be brave. What have you to fear? Am I not here?" And thus the lesson passed, in encouragement on one side and fright on the other. The next day the Emperor ordered the persons in the gallery to leave, as they embarrassed the Empress; but she soon overcame her timidity, and ended by becoming a very good horsewoman, often racing in the park with her ladies of honor and Madame the Duchess of Montebello, who also rode with much grace. A coach with some ladies followed the Empress, and Prince Aldobrandini, her equerry, never left her in her rides.

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The Empress was at an age in which one enjoys balls and fetes; but the Emperor feared above all things her becoming tired, and consequently rejoicings and amusements were given up at the court and in the city. A fete given in honor of their Majesties by the Prince of Schwartzenberg, ambassador from Austria, ended in a frightful accident.

The prince occupied the former Hotel de la Montesson in the rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; and in order to give this ball had added to this residence a broad hall and wooden gallery, decorated with quantities of flowers, banners, candelabra, *etc*. Just as the Emperor, who had been present at the fete for two or three hours, was about to retire, one of the curtains, blown by the breeze, took fire from the lights, which had been placed too near the windows, and was instantly in flames. Some persons made ineffectual efforts to extinguish the fire by tearing down the drapery and smothering the flames with their hands; but in the twinkling of an eye the curtains, papers, and garlands caught, and the wood-work began to burn.

The Emperor was one of the first to perceive the rapid progress of the fire, and foresee the results. He approached the Empress, who had already risen to join him, and got out with her, not without some difficulty, on account of the crowd which rushed towards the doors; the Queens of Holland, Naples, Westphalia, the Princess Borghese, *etc*., following their Majesties, while the Vice-queen of Italy, who was pregnant, remained in the hall, on the platform containing the Imperial boxes. The vice-king, fearing the crowd as much as the fire for his wife, took her out through a little door that had been cut in the platform in order to serve refreshments to their Majesties. No one had thought of this opening before Prince Eugene, and only a few persons went out with him. Her Majesty the Queen of Westphalia did not think herself safe, even when she had reached the terrace, and in her fright rushed into the rue Taitbout, where she was found by a passer-by.

The Emperor accompanied the Empress as far as the entrance of the Champs-Elysees, where he left her to return to the fire, and did not re-enter Saint-Cloud until four o'clock in the morning. From the time of the arrival of the Empress we were in a state of terrible apprehension, and every one in the chateau was a prey to the greatest anxiety in regard to the Emperor. At last he arrived unharmed, but very tired, his clothing all in disorder, and his face blackened with smoke, his shoes and stockings scorched and burned by the fire. He went directly to the chamber of the Empress to assure himself if she had recovered from the fright she had experienced; and then returned to his room, and throwing his hat on the bed, dropped on a sofa, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! What a fete!" I remarked that the Emperor's hands were all blackened, and he had lost his gloves at the fire. He was much dejected, and while I was undressing him, asked if I had attended

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the prince's fete, and when I replied in the negative, deigned to give me some details of this deplorable event. The Emperor spoke with an emotion which I saw him manifest only two or three times in his life, and which he never showed in regard to his own misfortunes. "The fire," said his Majesty, "has to-night devoured a heroic woman. The sister-in-law of the Prince of Schwartzenberg, hearing from the burning hall cries which she thought were uttered by her eldest daughter, threw herself into the midst of the flames, and the floor, already nearly burned through, broke under her feet, and she disappeared. After all the poor mother was mistaken, and all her children were out of danger. Incredible efforts were made, and at last she was recovered from the flames; but she was entirely dead, and all the attentions of the physicians have been unsuccessful in restoring her to life." The emotion of the Emperor increased at the end of this recital. I had taken care to have his bath in readiness, foreseeing he would need it on his return; and his Majesty now took it, and after his customary rubbing, found himself in much better condition. Nevertheless, I remember his expressing fear that the terrible accident of this night was the precursor of some fatal event, and he long retained these apprehensions. Three years after, during the deplorable campaign of Russia, it was announced to the Emperor one day, that the army-corps commanded by the Prince of Schwartzenberg had been destroyed, and that the prince himself had perished; afterwards he found fortunately that these tidings were false, but when they were brought to his Majesty, he exclaimed as if replying to an idea that had long preoccupied him, "Then it was he whom the bad omen threatened."

Towards morning the Emperor sent pages to the houses of all those who had suffered from the catastrophe with his compliments, and inquiries as to their condition. Sad answers were brought to his Majesty. Madame the Princess de la Layen, niece of the Prince Primate, had died from her wounds; and the lives of General Touzart, his wife, and daughter were despaired of,—in fact, they died that same day. There were other victims of this disaster; and among a number of persons who recovered after long-continued sufferings were Prince Kourakin and Madame Durosnel, wife of the general of that name.

Prince Kourakin, always remarkable for the magnificence as well as the singular taste of his toilet, wore at the ball a coat of gold cloth, and it was this which saved his life, as sparks and cinders slipped off his coat and the decorations with which he was covered like a helmet; yet, notwithstanding this, the prince was confined to his bed for several months. In the confusion he fell on his back, was for some time, trampled under foot and much injured, and owed his life only to the presence of mind and strength of a musician, who raised him in his arms and carried him out of the crowd.

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General Durosnel, whose wife fainted in the ball-room, threw himself in the midst of the flames, and reappeared immediately, bearing in his arms his precious burden. He bore Madame Durosnel into a house on the boulevard, where he placed her until he could find a carriage in which to convey her to his hotel. The Countess Durosnel was painfully burned, and was ill more than two years. In going from the ambassador's hotel to the boulevard he saw by the light of the fire a robber steal the comb from the head of his wife who had fainted in his arms. This comb was set with diamonds, and very valuable.

Madame Durosnel's affection for her husband was equal to that he felt for her; and when at the end of a bloody combat, in the second campaign of Poland, General Durosnel was lost for several days, and news was sent to France that he was thought to be dead, the countess in despair fell ill of grief, and was at the point of death. A short time after it was learned that the general was badly but not mortally wounded, and that he had been found, and his wounds would quickly heal. When Madame Durosnel received this happy news her joy amounted almost to delirium; and in the court of her hotel she made a pile of her mourning clothes and those of her people, set fire to them, and saw this gloomy pile turn to ashes amid wild transports of joy and delight.

Two days after the burning of the hotel of the Prince of Schwartzenberg, the Emperor received the news of the abdication of his brother Louis, by which event his Majesty seemed at first much chagrined, and said to some one who entered his room just as he had been informed of it, "I foresaw this madness of Louis, but I did not think he would be in such haste." Nevertheless, the Emperor soon decided what course to take; and a few days afterwards his Majesty, who during the toilet had not opened his mouth, came suddenly out of his preoccupation just as I handed him his coat, and gave me two or three of his familiar taps. "Monsieur Constant," said he, "do you know what are the three capitals of the French Empire?" and without giving me time to answer, the Emperor continued, "Paris, Rome, and Amsterdam. That sounds well, does it not?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the latter part of July large crowds visited the Church of the Hotel des Invalides, in which were placed the remains of General Saint-Hilaire and the Duke de Montebello, the remains of the marshal being placed near the tomb of Turenne. The mornings were spent in the celebration of several masses, at a double altar which was raised between the nave and the dome; and for four days there floated from the spire of the dome a long black banner or flag edged with white.

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The day the remains of the marshal were removed from the Invalides to the Pantheon, I was sent from Saint-Cloud to Paris with a special message for the Emperor. After this duty was attended to, I still had a short time of leisure, of which I availed myself to witness the sad ceremony and bid a last adieu to the brave warrior whose death I had witnessed. At noon all the civil and military authorities assembled at the Invalides; and the body was transferred from the dome into the church, and placed on a catafalque in the shape of a great Egyptian pyramid, raised on an elevated platform, and approached through four large arches, the posts of which were entwined with garlands of laurels interlaced with cypress. At the corners were statues in the attitude of grief, representing Force, Justice, Prudence, and Temperance, virtues characteristic of the hero. This pyramid ended in a funeral urn surmounted by a crown of fire. On the front of the pyramid were placed the arms of the duke, and medallions commemorating the most remarkable events of his life borne by genii. Under the obelisk was placed the sarcophagus containing the remains of the marshal, at the corners of which were trophies composed of banners taken from his enemies, and innumerable silver candelabra were placed on the steps by which the platform was reached. The oaken altar, in the position it occupied before the Revolution, was double, and had a double tabernacle, on the doors of which were the commandments, the whole surmounted by a large cross, from the intersection of which was suspended a shroud. At the corners of the altar were the statues of St. Louis and St. Napoleon. Four large candelabra were placed on pedestals at the corners of the steps, and the pavement of the choir and that of the nave were covered with a black carpet. The pulpit, also draped in black and decorated with the Imperial eagle, and from which was pronounced the funeral oration over the marshal, was situated on the left in front of the bier; on the right was a seat of ebony decorated with Imperial arms, bees, stars, lace, fringes, and other ornaments in silver, which was intended for the prince arch-chancellor of the Empire, who presided at the ceremony. Steps were erected in the arches of the aisles, and corresponded to the tribunes which were above; and in front of these steps were seats and benches for the civil and military authorities, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, *etc*. The arms, decorations, baton, and laurel crown of the marshal were placed on the bier.

All the nave and the bottom of the aisles were covered with black with a white bordering, as were the windows also, and the draperies displayed the marshal’s arms, baton, and cipher.

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The organ was entirely concealed by voluminous hangings which in no wise lessened the effect of its mournful tones. Eighteen sepulchral silver lamps were suspended by chains from lances, bearing on their points flags taken from the enemy. On the pilasters of the nave were fastened trophies of arms, composed of banners captured in the numerous engagements which had made the marshal's life illustrious. The railing of the altar on the side of the esplanade was draped in black, and above this were the arms of the duke borne by two figures of Fame holding palms of victory; above was written: "Napoleon to the Memory of the Duke of Montebello, who died gloriously on the field of Essling, 22d. May, 1809."

The conservatory of music executed a mass composed of selections from the best of Mozart's sacred pieces. After the ceremony the body was carried as far as the door of the church and placed on the funeral car, which was ornamented with laurel and four groups of the banners captured from the enemy by his army-corps in the numerous battles in which the marshal had taken part, and was preceded by a military and religious procession, followed by one of mourning and honor. The military cortege was composed of detachments from all branches of the army, cavalry, and light infantry, and the line, and artillery both horse and foot; followed by cannon, caissons, sappers, and miners, all preceded by drums, trumpets, bands, *etc*.; and the general staff, with the marshal, Prince of Wagram, at its head, formed of all the general officers, with the staff of the division and of the place.

The religious procession was composed of children and old men from the hospitals, clergy from all the parishes and from the metropolitan church of Paris, bearing crosses and banners, with singers and sacred music, and his Majesty's chaplain with his assistants. The car on which was placed the marshal's body followed immediately after. The marshals, Duke of Conegliano, Count Serrurier, Duke of Istria, and Prince of Eckmuhl, bore the corners of the pall. On each side of the car two of the marshal's aides-de-camp bore a standard, and on the bier were fastened the baton of the marshal and the decorations of the Duke of Montebello.

After the car came the cortege of mourning and of honor; the marshal's empty carriage, with two of his aides-de-camp on horseback at the door, four mourning carriages for the marshal's family, the carriages of the princes, grand dignitaries, marshals, ministers, colonel-generals, and chief inspectors. Then came a detachment of cavalry preceded by trumpets, and bands on horseback followed the carriages and ended the procession. Music accompanied the chants, all the bells of the churches tolled, and thirteen cannon thundered at intervals.

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On arriving at the subterranean entrance of the church of Saint-Genevieve, the body was removed from the car by grenadiers who had been decorated and wounded in the same battles as the marshal. His Majesty's chaplain delivered the body to the arch-priest. The Prince of Eckmuhl addressed to the new Duke of Montebello the condolences of the army, and the prince arch-chancellor deposited on the bier the medal destined to perpetuate the memory of these funeral honors of the warrior to whom they were paid, and of the services which so well merited them. Then all the crowd passed away, and there remained in the church only a few old servants of the marshal, who honored his memory as much and even more by the tears which they shed in silence than did all this public mourning and imposing ceremony. They recognized me, for we had been together on the campaign. I remained some time with them, and we left the Pantheon together.

During my short excursion to Paris, their Majesties had left Saint-Cloud for Rambouillet, so I set out to rejoin them with the equipages of the marshal, Prince de Neuchatel, who had left court temporarily to be present at the obsequies of the brave Duke of Montebello.

It was, if I am not mistaken, on arriving at Rambouillet that I learned the particulars of a duel which had taken place that day between two gentlemen, pages of his Majesty. I do not recall the subject of the quarrel; but, though very trivial in its origin, it became very serious from the course of conduct to which it led. It was a dispute between schoolboys; but these school-boys wore swords, and regarded each other, not without reason, as more than three-fourths soldiers, so they had decided to fight. But for this fight, two things were necessary,—time and secrecy; as to their time, it was employed from four or five in the morning till nine in the evening, almost constantly, and secrecy was not maintained.

M. d'Assigny, a man of rare merit and fine character, was then sub-governor of the pages, by whom his faithfulness, kindness, and justice had caused him to be much beloved. Wishing to prevent a calamity, he called before him the two adversaries; but these young men, destined for army service, would hear of no other reparation than the duel. M. d'Assigny had too much tact to attempt to argue with them, knowing that he would not have been obeyed; but he offered himself as second, was accepted by the young men, and being given the selection of arms, chose the pistol, and appointed as the time of meeting an early hour next morning, and everything was conducted in the order usual to such affairs. One of the pages shot first, and missed his adversary; the other discharged his weapon in the air, upon which they immediately rushed into each other's arms, and M. d'Assigny took this opportunity of giving them a truly paternal lecture. Moreover, the worthy sub-governor not only kept their secret, but he kept his own also; for the pistols loaded by M. d'Assigny contained only cork balls; a fact of which the young men are still ignorant.

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Some persons saw the 25th of August, which was the fete day of the Empress, arrive with feelings of curiosity. They thought that from a fear of exciting the memories of the royalists, the Emperor would postpone this solemnity to another period of the year, which he could easily have done by feting his august spouse under the name of Marie. But the Emperor was not deterred by such fears, and it is also very probable that he was the only one in the chateau to whom no such idea occurred. Secure in his power, and the hopes that the French nation then built upon him, he knew well that he had nothing to dread from exiled princes, or from a party which appeared dead without the least chance of resurrection. I have heard it asserted since, and very seriously too, that his Majesty was wrong to fete Saint Louis, which had brought him misfortune, *etc*.; but these prognostications, made afterwards, did not then occupy the thoughts of any one, and Saint Louis was celebrated in honor of the Empress Marie Louise with almost unparalleled pomp and brilliancy.

A few days after these rejoicings, their Majesties held in the Bois de Boulogne a review of the regiments of the Imperial Guard of Holland, which the Emperor had recently ordered to Paris. In honor of their arrival his Majesty had placed here and there in the walks of the Bois casks of wine with the heads knocked in, so that each soldier could drink at will; but this imperial munificence had serious results which might have become fatal. The Holland soldiery more accustomed to strong beer than to wine, nevertheless found the latter much to their taste, and imbibed it in such great quantities, that in consequence their heads were turned to an alarming extent. They began at first with some encounters, either among themselves or with the curious crowd who observed them too closely. Just then a storm arose suddenly, and the promenaders of Saint-Cloud and its environs hastened to return to Paris, passing hurriedly through the Bois de Boulogne; and these Hollanders, now in an almost complete state of intoxication, began fighting with each other in the woods, stopping all the women who passed, and threatening very, rudely the men by whom, most of them were accompanied. In a flash the Bois resounded with cries of terror, shouts, oaths, and innumerable combats. Some frightened persons ran as far as Saint-Cloud, where the Emperor then was; and he was no sooner informed of this commotion, than he ordered squad after squad of police to march on the Hollanders and bring them to reason. His Majesty was very angry, and said, “Has any one ever seen anything equal to these big heads? See them turned topsy-turvy by two glasses of wine!” but in spite of this jesting, the Emperor was not without some anxiety and placed himself at the grating of the park, opposite the bridge, and in person gave directions to the officers and soldiers sent to restore order. Unfortunately the darkness was too far

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advanced for the soldiers to see in what direction to march; and there is no knowing how it would have ended if an officer of one of the patrol guards had not conceived the happy idea of calling out, “The Emperor! there is the Emperor!” And the sentinels repeated after him, “There is the Emperor,” while charging the most mutinous Hollanders. And such was the terror inspired in these soldiers by the simple name of his Majesty, that thousands of armed men, drunken and furious, dispersed before this name alone, and regained their quarters as quickly and secretly as they could. A few were arrested and severely punished.

I have already said that the Emperor often superintended the toilet of the Empress, and even that of her ladies. In fact, he liked all the persons surrounding him to be well and even richly dressed.

But about this time he gave an order the wisdom of which I much admired. Having often to hold at the baptismal font the children of his grand officers, and foreseeing that the parents would not fail to dress their new-born babes in magnificent toilets, the Emperor ordered that children presented for baptism should wear only a simple long linen robe. This prudent measure spared at the same time the purse and the vanity of the parents. I remarked during this ceremony that the Emperor had some trouble in paying the necessary attention to the questions of the officiating priest. The Emperor was usually very absentminded during the services at church, which were not long, as they never lasted more than ten or fifteen minutes; and yet I have been told that his Majesty asked if it were not possible to perform them in less time.—He bit his nails, took snuff oftener than usual, and looked about him constantly, while a prince of the church uselessly took the trouble to turn the leaves of his Majesty’s book, in order to follow the service.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The pregnancy of Marie Louise had been free from accident, and promised a happy deliverance, which was awaited by the Emperor with an impatience in which France had joined for a long while. It was a curious thing to observe the state of the public mind, while the people formed all sorts of conjectures, and made unanimous and ardent prayers that the child should be a son, who might receive the vast inheritance of Imperial glory. The 19th of March, at seven o’clock in the evening, the Empress was taken ill; and from that moment the whole palace was in commotion. The Emperor was informed, and sent immediately for M. Dubois, who had been staying constantly at the chateau for some time past, and whose attentions were so valued at such a time.

All the private household of the Empress, as well as Madame de Montesquieu, were gathered in the apartment, the Emperor, his mother, sisters, Messieurs Corvisart, Bourdier, and Yvan in an adjoining room.

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The Emperor came in frequently, and encouraged his young wife. In the interior of the palace, the attention was eager, impassioned, clamorous; and each vied with the other as to who should first have the news of the birth of the child. At five o'clock in the morning, as the situation of the Empress continued the same, the Emperor ordered every one to retire, and himself withdrew in order to take his bath; for the anxiety he had undergone made a moment of repose very necessary to him in his great agitation. After fifteen minutes spent in the bath he was hastily summoned, as the condition of the Empress had become both critical and dangerous. Hastily throwing on his dressing-gown, he returned to the apartment of the Empress, and tenderly encouraged her, holding her hand. The physician, M. Dubois, informed him that it was improbable both mother and child could be saved; whereupon he cried, "Come, M. Dubois, keep your wits about you! Save the mother, think only of the mother, I order you."

As the intense suffering continued, it became necessary to use instruments; and Marie Louise, perceiving this, exclaimed with bitterness, "Is it necessary to sacrifice me because I am an Empress?" The Emperor overcome by his emotions had retired to the dressing-room, pale as death, and almost beside himself. At last the child came into the world; and the Emperor immediately rushed into the apartment, embracing the Empress with extreme tenderness, without glancing at the child, which was thought to be dead; and in fact, it was seven minutes before he gave any signs of life, though a few drops of brandy were blown into his mouth and many efforts made to revive him. At last he uttered a cry.

The Emperor rushed from the Empress's arms to embrace this child, whose birth was for him the last and highest favor of fortune, and seemed almost beside himself with joy, rushing from the son to the mother, from the mother to the son, as if he could not sufficiently feast his eyes on either. When he entered his room to make his toilet, his face beamed with joy; and, seeing me, he exclaimed, "Well, Constant, we have a big boy! He is well made to pinch ears for example;" announcing it thus to every one he met. It was in these effusions of domestic bliss that I could appreciate how deeply this great soul, which was thought impressible only to glory, felt the joys of family life.

From the moment the great bell of Notre Dame and the bells of the different churches of Paris sounded in the middle of the night, until the hour when the cannon announced the happy delivery of the Empress, an extreme agitation was felt throughout Paris. At break of day the crowd rushed towards the Tuileries, and filled the streets and quays, all awaiting in anxious suspense the first discharge of the cannon. But this curious sight was not only seen in the Tuileries and neighboring districts, but at half-past nine in streets far removed from the chateau, and in all parts of Paris, people could be seen stopping to count with emotion the discharges of the cannon.

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The twenty-second discharge which announced the birth of a boy was hailed with general acclamations. To the silence of expectation, which had arrested as if by enchantment the steps of all persons scattered over all parts of the city, succeeded a burst of enthusiasm almost indescribable. In this twenty-second [It had been announced in the papers that if it, was a girl a salute of twenty-one guns would be fired; if a boy, one hundred guns.] boom of the cannon was a whole dynasty, a whole future, and simultaneously hats went up in the air; people ran over each other, and embraced those to whom they were strangers amid shouts of “Vive l’Empereur!” Old soldiers shed tears of joy, thinking that they had contributed by their labors and their fatigues to prepare the heritage of the King of Rome, and that their laurels would wave over the cradle of a dynasty.

Napoleon, concealed behind a curtain at one of the windows of the Empress’s room, enjoyed the sight of the popular joy, and seemed deeply touched. Great tears rolled from his eyes, and overcome by emotion he came again to embrace his son. Never had glory made him shed a tear; but the happiness of being a father had softened this heart on which the most brilliant victories and the most sincere testimonials of public admiration seemed hardly to make an impression. And in truth Napoleon had a right to believe in his good fortune, which had reached its height on the day when an archduchess of Austria made him the father of a king, who had begun as a cadet in a Corsican family. At the end of a few hours the event which was awaited with equal impatience by France and Europe had become the personal joy of every household.

At half-past ten Madame Blanchard set out from L’Ecole Militaire in a balloon for the purpose of carrying into all the towns and villages through which she passed, the news of the birth of the King of Rome.

The telegraph carried the happy news in every direction; and at two o’clock in the afternoon replies had already been received from Lyons, Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, Brest, and many other large towns of the Empire, which replies, as may well be imagined were in perfect accord with the sentiments entertained at the capital.

In order to respond to the eagerness of the crowd which pressed continually around the doors of the palace to learn of the welfare of the Empress and her august child, it was decided that one of the chamberlains should stand from morning till evening in the first saloon of the state apartments, to receive those who came, and inform them of the bulletins which her Majesty’s physicians issued twice a day. At the end of a few hours, special couriers were sent on all roads leading to foreign courts, bearing the news of the delivery of the Empress; the Emperor’s pages being charged with this mission to the Senate of Italy, and the municipal bodies of Milan and Rome. Orders were given in the fortified towns and ports that the

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same salutes should be fired as at Paris, and that the fleets should be decorated. A beautiful evening favored the special rejoicings at the capital where the houses were voluntarily illuminated. Those who seek to ascertain by external appearances the real feelings of a people amid events of this kind, remarked that the topmost stories of houses in the faubourgs were as well lighted as the most magnificent hotels and finest houses of the capital. Public buildings, which under other circumstances are remarkable from the darkness of the surrounding houses, were scarcely seen amid this profusion of lights with which public gratitude had lighted every window. The boatmen gave an impromptu fete which lasted part of the night, and to witness which an immense crowd covered the shore, testifying the most ardent joy. This people, who for thirty years had passed through so many different emotions, and who had celebrated so many victories, showed as much enthusiasm as if it had been their first fete, or a happy change in their destiny. Verses were sung or recited at all the theaters; and there was no poetic formula, from the ode to the fable, which was not made use of to celebrate the event of the 20th of March, 1811. I learned from a well-informed person that the sum of one hundred thousand francs from the private funds of the Emperor was distributed by M. Dequevauvilliers, secretary of the treasury of the chamber, among the authors of the poetry sent to the Tuileries; and finally, fashion, which makes use of the least events, invented stuffs called roi-de-Rome, as in the old regime they had been called dauphin. On the evening of the 20th of March at nine o'clock the King of Rome was anointed in the chapel of the Tuileries. This was a most magnificent ceremony. The Emperor Napoleon, surrounded by the princes and princesses of his whole court, placed him in the center of the chapel on a sofa surmounted by a canopy with a Prie-Dieu. Between the altar and the balustrade had been placed on a carpet of white velvet a pedestal of granite surmounted by a hand some silver gilt vase to be used as a baptismal font. The Emperor was grave; but paternal tenderness diffused over his face an expression of happiness, and it might have been said that he felt himself half relieved of the burdens of the Empire on seeing the august child who seemed destined to receive it one day from the hands of his father. When he approached the baptismal font to present the child to be anointed there was a moment of silence and religious contemplation, which formed a touching contrast to the vociferous gayety which at the same moment animated the crowd outside, whom the spectacle of the brilliant fireworks had drawn from all parts of Paris to the Tuileries.

Madame Blanchard, who as I have said had set out in her balloon an hour after the birth of the King of Rome, to carry the news into all places she passed, first descended at Saint-Tiebault near Lagny, and from there, as the wind had subsided, returned to Paris. Her balloon rose after her departure, and fell at a place six leagues farther on, and the inhabitants, finding in this balloon only clothing and provisions, did not doubt that the intrepid aeronaut had been killed; but fortunately just as her death was announced at Paris, Madame Blanchard herself arrived and dispelled all anxiety.

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Many persons had doubted Marie Louise's pregnancy. Some believed it assumed, and I never could comprehend the foolish reasons given by these persons on this subject which malevolence tried to 'gular' fact which carries its great number of these evil-thinking, suspicious persons, one part accused the Emperor of being a libertine, supposing him the father of many natural children, and the other thought him incapable of obtaining children even by a young princess only nineteen years of age, their hatred thus blinding their judgment. If Napoleon had natural children, why could he not have legitimate ones, especially with a young wife who was known to be in most flourishing health. Besides, it was not the first, as it was not the last, shaft of malice aimed at Napoleon; for his position was too high, his glory too brilliant, not to inspire exaggerated sentiments whether of joy or hatred.

There were also some ill-wishers who took pleasure in saying that Napoleon was incapable of tender sentiments, and that the happiness of being a father could not penetrate this heart so filled with ambition as to exclude all else. I can cite, among many others in my knowledge, a little anecdote which touched me exceedingly, and which I take much pleasure in relating, since, while it triumphantly answers the calumnies of which I have spoken, it also proves the special consideration with which his Majesty honored me, and consequently, both as a father and a faithful servant, I experience a mild satisfaction in placing it in these Memoirs. Napoleon was very fond of children; and having one day asked me to bring mine to him, I went to seek him. Meanwhile Talleyrand was announced to the Emperor; and as the interview lasted a long time, my child grew weary of waiting, and I carried him back to his mother. A short time after he was taken with croup, which cruel disease, concerning which his Majesty had made a special appeal to the faculty of Paris, [on the occasion of the death from croup in 1807 of his heir presumptive, the young son of the King of Holland]. It snatched many children from their families. Mine died at Paris. We were then at the chateau of Compiegne, and I received the sad news just as I was preparing to go to the toilet. I was too much overcome by my loss to perform my duties; and when the Emperor asked what prevented my coming, and was told that I had just heard of the death of my son, said kindly, "Poor Constant! what a terrible sorrow! We fathers alone can know what it is!"

A short time after, my wife went to see the Empress Josephine at Malmaison; and this lovely princess deigned to receive her alone in the little room in front of her bedroom. There she seated herself beside her, and tried in touching words of sympathy to console her, saying that this stroke did not reach us alone, and that her grandson, too, had died of the same disease. As she said this she began to weep; for this remembrance reopened in her soul recent griefs, and my wife bathed

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with tears the hands of this excellent princess. Josephine added many touching remarks, trying to alleviate her sorrow by sharing it, and thus restore resignation to the heart of the poor mother. The remembrance of this kindness helped to calm our grief, and I confess that it is at once both an honor and a consolation to recall the august sympathy which the loss of this dear child excited in the hearts of Napoleon and Josephine. The world will never know how much sensibility and compassion Josephine felt for the sorrows of others, and all the treasures of goodness contained in her beautiful soul.

CHAPTER XXX.

Napoleon was accustomed to compare Marie Louise with Josephine, attributing to the latter all the advantages of art and grace, and to the former all the charms of simplicity, modesty, and innocence. Sometimes, however, this simplicity had in it something childish, an instance of which I received from good authority. The young Empress, thinking herself sick, consulted M. Corvisart, who, finding that her imagination alone was at fault, and that she was suffering simply from the nervousness natural to a young woman, ordered, as his only prescription, a box of pills composed of bread and sugar, which the Empress was to take regularly; after doing which Marie Louise found herself better, and thanked M. Corvisart, who did not think proper, as may well be believed, to enlighten her as to his little deception. Having been educated in a German court, and having learned French only from masters, Marie Louise spoke the language with the difficulty usually found in expressing one's self in a foreign tongue. Among the awkward expressions she often used, but which in her graceful mouth were not without a certain charm, the one which struck me especially, because it often recurred, was this: "Napoleon qu'est ce que veux-to?" The Emperor showed the deepest affection for his young wife, and at the same time made her conform to all the rules of etiquette, to which the Empress submitted with the utmost grace. In the month of May, 1811, their Majesties made a journey into the departments of Calvados and La Manche, where they were received with enthusiasm by all the towns; and the Emperor made his stay at Caen memorable by his gifts, favors, and acts of benevolence. Many young men belonging to good families received sub-lieutenancies, and one hundred and thirty thousand francs were devoted to various charities. From Caen their Majesties went to Cherbourg. The day after their arrival the Emperor set out on horseback early in the morning, visited the heights of the town, and embarked on several vessels, while the populace pressed around him crying "Vive l'Empereur!" The following day his Majesty held several Councils, and in the evening visited all the marine buildings, and descended to the bottom of the basin which is cut out of the solid rock in order to allow the passage of vessels

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of the line, and which was to be covered with fifty-five feet of water. On this brilliant journey the Empress received her share of the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, and in return, at the different receptions which took place, gave a graceful welcome to the authorities of the country. I dwell purposely on these details, as they prove that joy over the birth of the King of Rome was not confined to Paris alone, but, on the contrary, the provinces were in perfect sympathy with the capital.

The return of their Majesties to Paris brought with them a return of rejoicings and fetes on the occasion of the baptismal ceremony of the King of Rome, and the fetes by which it was accompanied were celebrated at Paris with a pomp worthy of their object. They had as spectators the entire population of Paris, increased by a prodigious crowd of strangers of every class.

At four o'clock the Senate left its palace; the Council of State, the Tuileries; the Corps Legislatif, its palace; the Court of Cassation, the Court of Accounts, the Council of the University, and the Imperial Court, the ordinary places of their sittings; the municipal corps of Paris and the deputations from the forty-nine good towns, the Hotel de Ville. On their arrival at the Metropolitan Church these bodies were placed by the master of ceremonies with his aides, according to their rank, on the right and left of the throne, reaching from the choir to the middle of the nave. The diplomatic corps at five o'clock took their place on the platform erected for this purpose.

At half-past five cannon announced the departure of their Majesties from the Tuileries. The Imperial procession was dazzlingly magnificent; the fine bearing of the troops, the richness and elegance of the carriages, the brilliant costumes, made up a ravishing spectacle. The acclamations of the people which resounded on their Majesties' route, the houses hung with garlands and drapery, the banners streaming from the windows, the long line of carriages, the trappings and accouterments of which progressively increased in magnificence, following each other as in the order of a hierarchy, this immense paraphernalia of a fete which inspired true feeling and hopes for the future-all this is profoundly engraved on my memory, and often occupies the long leisure hours of the old servitor of a family which has disappeared. The baptismal ceremony took place with unusual pomp and solemnity. After the baptism the Emperor took his august son in his arms, and presented him to the clergy present. Immediately the acclamations, which had been repressed till then from respect to the ceremony and the sanctity of the place, burst forth on all sides. The prayers being ended, their Majesties, at eight o'clock in the evening, went to the Hotel de Ville, and were there received by the municipal corps. A brilliant concert and a sumptuous banquet had been tendered them by the city of Paris. The decorations of the banquet hall showed the, arms of the forty-nine

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good cities, Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, being placed first, and the forty-six others in alphabetical order. After the banquet their Majesties took their places in the concert hall; and at the conclusion of the concert they repaired to the throne room, where all invited persons formed a circle. The Emperor passed round this circle, speaking affably, sometimes even familiarly, to most of the persons who composed it, each of whom responded in the most cordial manner.

At last, before retiring, their Majesties were invited to pass into the artificial garden which had been made in the court of the Hotel de Ville, the decorations of which were very elegant. At the bottom of the garden, the Tiber was represented by flowing water, the course of which was directed most artistically, and diffused a refreshing coolness. Their Majesties left the Hotel de Ville about half-past eleven, and returned to the Tuileries by the light of most beautiful illuminations and luminous emblems, designed in most exquisite taste. Perfect weather and a delightful temperature favored this memorable day.

The aeronaut Garnerin left Paris at half-past six in the evening, and descended the morning of the next day at Maule, in the department of Seine-et-Oise. After resting there a short while, he re-entered his balloon and continued his journey.

The provinces vied in magnificence with the capital in celebrating the fetes of the birth and baptism of the King of Rome. Every imaginable device, both in emblems and illuminations, had been made use of in order to add still more pomp to these fetes; and each town had been governed in the form of homage it rendered to the new king, either by its geographical position or by its especial industry. For instance, at Clermont-Ferrand an immense fire had been lighted at ten o'clock in the evening on the summit of the Puy-de-Dome, at a height of more than five thousand feet; and several departments could enjoy during the whole night this grand and singular sight. In the port of Flushing the vessels were covered with flags and banners of all colors. In the evening the whole squadron was illuminated; thousands of lanterns hung from the masts, yards, and rigging, forming a beautiful scene. Suddenly, at the signal of a gun fired from the admiral's vessel, all the vessels sent forth at once tongues of flame, and it seemed as if the most brilliant day succeeded to the darkest night, outlining magnificently those imposing masses reflected in the water of the sea as in a glass.

We passed so continually from one fete to another it was almost confusing. The rejoicings over the baptism were followed by a fete given by the Emperor in the private park of Saint-Cloud, and from early in the morning the road from Paris to Saint-Cloud was covered with carriages and men on foot. The fete took place in the inclosed park and the orangery, all the boxes of which and the front of the chateau were decorated with rich hangings, while temples and kiosks rose in the groves, and the whole avenue of chestnut-trees was hung with garlands of colored glass. Fountains of barley water

and currant wine had been distributed so that all persons attending the fete might refresh themselves, and tables, elegantly arranged, had been placed in the walks. The whole park was illuminated by pots-a-feu concealed among the shrubbery and groups of trees.

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Madame Blanchard had received orders to hold herself in readiness to set out at half-past nine at a given signal.

At nine o'clock, the balloon being filled, she entered the basket, and was carried to the end of the basin of the swans, in front of the chateau; and until the moment of departure she remained in this position, above the height of the tallest trees, and thus for more than half an hour could be seen by all the spectators present at the fete. At half-past nine, a gun fired from the chateau having given the expected signal, the cords which held the balloon were cut; and immediately the intrepid aeronaut could be seen rising majestically into the air before the eyes of the crowd assembled in the throne room. Having arrived at a certain height, she set off an immense star constructed around the basket, the center of which she thus occupied; and this star for seven or eight moments threw from its points and angles numerous other small stars, producing a most extraordinary effect. It was the first time a woman had been seen to rise boldly into the air surrounded by fireworks, and she appeared as if sailing in a chariot of fire at an immense height. I imagined myself in fairyland.

The whole of the garden which their Majesties traversed presented a view of which it is impossible to give an idea. The illuminations were designed in perfect taste; there were a variety of amusements, and numerous orchestras concealed amid the trees added yet more to the enchantment. At a given signal three doves flew from the top of a column surmounted with a vase of flowers, and offered to their Majesties numerous and most ingenious devices. Farther on German peasants danced waltzes on a charming lawn, and crowned with flowers the bust of her Majesty the Empress, and shepherds and nymphs from the opera executed dances, Finally, a theater had been erected in the midst of the trees, on which was represented a village fete, a comedy composed by M. Ittienne, and set to music by Nicolo. The Emperor and Empress were seated under a dais during this play, when suddenly a heavy shower fell, throwing all the spectators into commotion. Their Majesties did not notice the rain at first, protected as they were by the dais, and the Emperor being engaged in conversation with the mayor of the town of Lyons. The latter was complaining of the sales of the cloths of that town, when Napoleon, noticing the frightful rain which was falling, said to this functionary, "I answer for it that to-morrow you will have large orders."

The Emperor kept his position during most of the storm, while the courtiers, dressed in silk and velvet, with uncovered heads, received the rain with a smiling face. The poor musicians, wet to the skin, at last could no longer draw any sound from their instruments, of which the rain had snapped or stretched the cords, and it was time to put an end to this state of affairs. The Emperor gave the signal for departure, and they retired.

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On that day Prince Aldobrandini, who in his quality of first equerry of Marie Louise accompanied the Empress, was very happy to find and borrow an umbrella in order to shelter Marie Louise; but there was much dissatisfaction in the group where this borrowing was done because the umbrella was not returned. That evening the Prince Borghese and Princess Pauline nearly fell into the Seine in their carriage while returning to their country house at Neuilly. Those persons who took pleasure in finding omens, and those especially (a very small number) who saw with chagrin the rejoicings of the Empire, did not fail to remark that every fete given to Marie Louise had been attended by some accident. They spoke affectedly of the ball given by the Prince of Schwartzenberg on the occasion of the espousals, and of the fire which consumed the dancing-hall, and the tragic death of several persons, notably of the sister of the prince. They drew from this coincidence bad auguries; some from ill-will, and in order to undermine the enthusiasm inspired by the high fortunes of Napoleon; others from a superstitious credulity, as if there could have been any serious connection between a fire which cost the lives of several persons, and the very usual accident of a storm in June, which ruined the toilets, and wet to the skin thousands of spectators.

It was a very amusing scene for those who had no finery to spoil, and who ran only the risk of taking cold, to see these poor women drenched with the rain, running in every direction, with or without a cavalier, and hunting for shelter which could not be found.

A few were fortunate enough to find modest umbrellas; but most of them saw the flowers fall from their heads, beaten down by the rain, or their finery dripping with water, dragging on the ground, in a pitiable state. When it was time to return to Paris the carriages were missing, as the coachmen, thinking that the fete would last till daylight, had prudently thought that they would not take the trouble to wait all night. Those persons with carriages could not use them, as the press was so great that it was almost impossible to move. Several ladies got lost, and returned to Paris on foot; others lost their shoes, and it was a pitiable sight to see the pretty feet in the mud. Happily there were few or no accidents, and the physician and the bed repaired everything. But the Emperor laughed heartily at this adventure, and said that the merchants would gain by it.

M. de Remusat, so good and ready to render a service, always forgetting himself for others, had succeeded in procuring an umbrella, when he met my wife and mother-in-law, who were escaping like the others, took them on his arm, and conducted them to the palace without their having received the least injury. For an hour he traveled back and forth from the palace to the park, and from the park to the garden, and had the happiness to be useful to a great number of ladies whose toilets he saved from entire ruin. It was an act of gallantry which inspired infinite gratitude, because it was performed in a manner evincing such kindness of heart.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

This seemed to be a year of fetes, and I dwell upon it with pleasure because it preceded one filled with misfortunes. The years 1811 and 1812 offered a striking contrast to each other. All those flowers lavished on the fetes of the King of Rome and his august mother covered an abyss, and all this enthusiasm was changed to mourning a few months later. Never were more brilliant fetes followed by more overwhelming misfortunes. Let us, then, dwell a little longer upon the rejoicings which preceded 1812. I feel that I need to be fortified before entering upon reminiscences of that time of unprofitable sacrifices, of bloodshed without preserving or conquering, and of glory without result. On the 25th of August, the Empress's fete was celebrated at Trianon; and from early in the morning the road from Paris to Trianon was covered with an immense number of carriages and people on foot, the same sentiment attracting the court, the citizens, the people, to the delightful place at which the fete was held. All ranks were mingled, all went pell-mell; and I have never seen a crowd more singularly variegated, or which presented a more striking picture of all conditions of society. Ordinarily the multitude at fetes of this kind is composed of little more than one class of people and a few modest bourgeois that is all; very rarely of people with equipages, more rarely still people of the court; but here there were all, and there was no one so low that he could not have the satisfaction of elbowing a countess or some other noble inhabitant of the Faubourg St. Germain, for all Paris seemed to be at Versailles. That town so beautiful, but yet so sadly beautiful, which seemed since the last king to be bereft of its inhabitants, those broad streets in which no one was to be seen, those squares, the least of which could hold all the inhabitants of Versailles, and which could hardly contain the courtiers of the Great King, this magnificent solitude which we call Versailles, had been populated suddenly by the capital. The private houses could not contain the crowd which arrived from every direction. The park was inundated with a multitude of promenaders of every sex and all ages; in these immense avenues one walked on foot, one needed air on this vast plateau which was so airy, one felt cramped on this theater of a great public fete, as at balls given in those little saloons of Paris built for about a dozen persons, and where fashion crams together a hundred and fifty.

Great preparations had been made for four or five days in the delightful gardens of Trianon; but the evening before, the sky became cloudy, and many toilets which had been eagerly prepared were prudently laid aside; but the next day a beautiful blue sky reassured every one, and they set out for Trianon in spite of the recollections of the storm which had dispersed the spectators at the fete of Saint Cloud. Nevertheless,

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at three o’clock a heavy shower made every one fear for a short while that the evening might end badly. “Afternoon shower making its obeisance,” as the proverb says; but, on the contrary, this only made the fete pleasanter, by refreshing the scorching air of August, and laying the dust which was most disagreeable. At six o’clock the sun had reappeared, and the summer of 1811 had no softer or more agreeable evening.

All the outlines of the architecture of the Grand Trianon were ornamented with lamps of different colors. In the gallery could be seen six hundred women, brilliant with youth and adornments; and the Empress addressed gracious words to several among them, and all were charmed by the cordial and affable manners of a young princess who had lived in France only fifteen months.

At this fete, as at all the fetes of the Empire, there were not wanting poets to sing praises of those in whose honor they were given. There was a play which had been composed for the occasion, the author of which I remember perfectly was M. Alissan de Chazet; but I have forgotten the title. At the end of the piece, the principal artists of the opera executed a ballet which was considered very fine. When the play was over, their Majesties commenced a promenade in the park of the Petit-Trianon, the Emperor, hat in hand, giving his arm to the Empress, and being followed by all his court. They first visited the Isle of Love, and found all the enchantments of fairyland and its illusions there united. The temple, situated in the midst of the lake, was splendidly. illuminated, and the water reflected its columns of fire. A multitude of beautiful boats furrowed this lake, which seemed on fire, manned by a swarm of Cupids, who appeared to sport with each other in the rigging. Musicians concealed on board played melodious airs; and this harmony, at once gentle and mysterious, which seemed to spring from the bosom of the waves, added still more to the magic of the picture and the charms of the illusion. To this spectacle succeeded scenes of another kind, taken from rural life,—a Flemish living picture, with its pleasant-faced, jolly people, and its rustic ease; and groups of inhabitants from every province of France, giving an impression that all parts of the Empire were convened at this fete. In fine, a wonderful variety of attractions in turn arrested the attention of their Majesties. Arrived at the saloon of Polhymnie, they were welcomed by a charming choir, the music composed, I think, by Paer, and the words by the same M. Alissan de Chazet. At last, after a magnificent supper, which was served in the grand gallery, their Majesties retired at one o’clock in the morning.

There was only one opinion in this immense assembly as to the grace and perfect dignity of Marie Louise. This young princess was really charming, but with peculiarities rather than traits of character. I recall some occurrences in her domestic life which will not be without interest to the reader.

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Marie Louise talked but little with the people of her household; but whether this arose from a habit brought with her from the Austrian court, whether she feared to compromise her dignity by her foreign accent before persons of inferior condition, or whether it arose from timidity or indifference, few of these persons could remember a word she had uttered. I have heard her steward say that in three years she spoke to him only once.

The ladies of the household agreed in saying that in private she was kind and agreeable. She did not like Madame de Montesquieu. This was wrong; since there were no cares, endearments, attentions of all sorts, which Madame de Montesquieu did not lavish on the King of Rome.

The Emperor, however, appreciated highly this excellent lady who was so perfect in every respect. As a man he admired the dignity, perfect propriety, and extreme discretion of Madame de Montesquieu; and as a father he felt an infinite gratitude for the cares she lavished on his son. Each one explained in his own way the coolness which the young Empress showed to this lady; and there were several reasons assigned for this, all more or less untrue, though the leisure moments of the ladies of the palace were much occupied with it. What appeared to me the most likely solution, and most in accordance with the artless simplicity of Marie Louise, was this: The Empress had as lady of honor Madame de Montebello, a charming woman of perfect manners. Now, there was little friendship between Madame de Montesquieu and Madame de Montebello, as the latter feared it is said to have a rival in the heart of her august friend; and, in fact, Madame de Montesquieu would have proved a most dangerous rival for this lady, as she combined all those qualities which please and make one beloved. Born of an illustrious family, she had received a distinguished education, and united the tone and manners of the best society with a solid and enlightened piety. Never had calumny dared to attack her conduct, which was as noble as discreet. I must admit that she was somewhat haughty; but this haughtiness was tempered by such elegant politeness, and such gracious consideration, that it might be considered simple dignity. She was attentive and assiduous in her devotion to the King of Rome, and was entitled to the deep gratitude of the Empress; for she afterwards, actuated by the most generous devotion, tore herself from her country, her friends, her family, to follow the fate of a child whose every hope was blasted.

Madame de Montebello was accustomed to rise late. In the morning when the Emperor was absent, Marie Louise went to converse with her in her room; and in order not to go through the saloon where the ladies of the palace were assembled, she entered the apartment of her lady of honor through a very dark closet, and this conduct deeply wounded the feelings of the other ladies. I have heard Josephine say that Madame de Montebello was wrong to initiate the young Empress into the scandalous adventures, whether true or false, attributed to some of these ladies, and which a young, pure, simple woman like Marie Louise should not have known; and that this was one cause of

her coldness towards the ladies of her court, who on their side did not like her, and confided their feelings to their neighbors and friends.

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Josephine tenderly loved Madame de Montesquieu, and when they were parted wrote to her often; this correspondence lasted till Josephine's death. One day Madame de Montesquieu received orders from the Emperor to take the little king to Bagatelle, where Josephine then was. She had obtained permission to see this child, whose birth had covered Europe with fetes. It is well known how disinterested Josephine's love for Napoleon was, and how she viewed everything that could increase his glory and render it more durable; and there entered into the prayers she made for him since the burning disgrace of the divorce, even the hope that he might be happy in his private life, and that his new wife might bear this child, this firstborn of his dynasty, to him whom she herself could not make a father.

This woman of angelic goodness, who had fallen into a long swoon on learning her sentence of repudiation, and who since that fatal day had dragged out a sad life in the brilliant solitude of Malmaison; this devoted wife who had shared for fifteen years the fortunes of her husband, and who had assisted so powerfully in his elevation, was not the last to rejoice at the birth of the King of Rome. She was accustomed to say that the desire to leave a posterity, and to be represented after our death by beings who owe their life and position to us, was a sentiment deeply engraved in the heart of man; that this desire, which was so natural, and which she had felt so deeply as wife and mother, this desire to have children to survive and continue us on earth, was still more augmented when we had a high destiny to transmit to them; that in Napoleon's peculiar position, as founder of a vast empire, it was impossible he should long resist a sentiment which is at the bottom of every heart, and which, if it is true that this sentiment increases in proportion to the inheritance we leave our children, no one could experience more fully than Napoleon, for no one had yet possessed so formidable a power on the earth; that the course of nature having made her sterility a hopeless evil, it was her duty to be the first to sacrifice the sentiments of her heart to the good of the state, and the personal happiness of Napoleon sad but powerful reasoning, which policy invoked in aid of the divorce, and of which this excellent princess in the illusion of her devotion thought herself convinced in the depths of her heart.

The royal child was presented to her. I know nothing in the world which could be more touching than the joy of this excellent woman at the sight of Napoleon's son. She at first regarded him with eyes swimming in tears; then she took him in her arms, and pressed him to her heart with a tenderness too deep for words. There were present no indiscreet witnesses to take pleasure in indulging irreverent curiosity, or observe with critical irony the feelings of Josephine, nor was there ridiculous etiquette to freeze the expression of this tender soul; it was a

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scene from private life, and Josephine entered into it with all her heart. From the manner in which she caressed this child, it might have been said that it was some ordinary, child, and not a son of the Caesars, as flatterers said, not the son of a great man, whose cradle was surrounded with so many honors, and who had been born a king. Josephine bathed him with her tears, and said to him some of those baby words with which a mother makes herself understood and loved by her new born. It was necessary at last to separate them. The interview had been short, but it had been well employed by the loving soul of Josephine. In this scene one could judge from her joy of the sincerity of her sacrifice, while at the same time her stifled sighs testified to its extent. Madame de Montesquieu's visits were made only at long intervals, which distressed Josephine greatly; but the child was growing larger, an indiscreet word lisped by him, a childish remembrance, the least thing, might offend Marie Louise, who feared Josephine. The Emperor wished to avoid this annoyance, which would have affected his domestic happiness; so he ordered that the visits should be made more rarely, and at last they were stopped. I have heard Josephine say that the birth of the King of Rome repaid her for all sacrifices, and surely never was the devotion of a woman more disinterested or more complete.

Immediately after his birth the King of Rome was confided to the care of a nurse of a healthy, robust constitution, taken from among the people. This woman could neither leave the palace nor receive a visit from any man; the strictest precautions were observed in this respect. She was taken out to ride for her health in a carriage, and even then she was accompanied by several women.

These were the habits of Marie Louise with her son. In the morning about nine o'clock the king was brought to his mother; she took him in her arms and caressed him a few moments, then returned him to his nurse, and began to read the papers. The child grew tired, and the lady in charge took him away. At four o'clock the mother went to visit her son; that is to say, Marie Louise went down into the king's apartments, carrying with her some embroidery, on which she worked at intervals. Twenty minutes after she was informed that M. Isabey or M. Prudhon had arrived for the lesson in painting or drawing, whereupon the Empress returned to her apartments.

Thus passed the first months which followed the birth of the King of Rome. In the intervals between fetes, the Emperor was occupied with decrees, reviews, monuments, and plans, constantly employed, with few distractions, indefatigable in every work, and still not seeming to have anything to occupy his powerful mind, and happy in his private life with his young wife, by whom he was tenderly beloved. The Empress led a very simple life, which suited her disposition well. Josephine needed more excitement; her life had been also more in the outside world, more animated, more expansive; though this did not prevent her being very faithful to the duties of her domestic life, and very

tender and loving towards her husband, whom she knew how to render happy in her own way.

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One day Bonaparte returned from a hunt worn out with fatigue, and begged Marie Louise to come to him. She came, and the Emperor took her in his arms and gave her a sounding kiss on the cheek. Marie Louise took her handkerchief and wiped her cheek. "Well, Louise, you are disgusted with me?"—"No," replied the Empress, "I did it from habit; I do the same with the King of Rome." The Emperor seemed vexed. Josephine was very different; she received her husband's caresses affectionately, and even met him half way. The Emperor sometimes said to her, "Louise, sleep in my room."—"It is too warm there," replied the Empress. In fact, she could not endure the heat, and Napoleon's apartments were constantly warmed. She had also an extreme repugnance to odors, and in her own rooms allowed only vinegar or sugar to be burnt.

VOLUME III.

CHAPTER I.

In September, 1811, the Emperor decided to make a journey into Flanders in company with the Empress, that he might personally ascertain if his orders had been carried out in all matters concerning both the civil and religious administration. Their Majesties left Compiegne on the 19th, and arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer at nine o'clock in the evening. I accompanied the Emperor on this journey. I have read in O'Meara's Memorial that M. Marchand was at that time in the service of Napoleon. This is incorrect; for M. Marchand did not enter the Emperor's private service until 1814, at Fontainebleau. His Majesty at that time ordered me to select from the domestics of the service an intelligent young man to assist me in my duties near his person, since none of the ordinary 'valets de chambre' were to remain on the island of Elba. I mentioned the name of M. Marchand, son of a nurse of the King of Rome, as a suitable person for the place. He was accepted by his Majesty, and from that time M. Marchand formed a part of the private service of the Emperor. He may have been on this journey to Holland; but Napoleon was not aware of it, as his duties did not bring him near his Majesty's person.

I will now relate some of the circumstances which occurred on this journey, and are not generally known to the public, and at the same time take advantage of the opportunity to refute other assertions similar to those I have just mentioned, and which I have read with surprise, sometimes mixed with indignation, in the Contemporary Memoirs. I deem it important that the public should have correct information as to everything pertaining to this journey, in order that light may thus be thrown on certain incidents, by means of which calumny has attacked the honor of Napoleon, and even my own. A devoted though humble servant of the Emperor, it is natural that I should be deeply interested in explaining all that seems doubtful, in refuting all falsehoods, and in giving minute corrections of many incorrect statements which might influence the judgment of the public concerning my master and myself. I shall fulfil this duty with perfect frankness, as I have sufficiently proved in the foregoing volumes of these Memoirs.

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A little incident occurred at Montreuil, which I take pleasure in narrating, since it proves how carefully Napoleon examined both the fortifications and improvements being made in the towns, either by his personal orders, or from the impulse given by him to these important departments of public service. After investigating the work done in the past year on the fortifications of Montreuil, and having made a tour of all the ramparts, the Emperor returned to the citadel, whence he again emerged to visit the exterior works. An arm of the river Canche, which lies at the foot of the wall on one side of the city, intercepted his route. The whole suite set to work to construct a temporary bridge of planks and logs; but the Emperor, impatient at the delay, walked through the stream in water up to his knees. The owner of a mill on the opposite shore took his Majesty by the arm to assist him in mounting the bank, and profited by this opportunity to explain to the Emperor that his mill, being in the line of the projected fortifications, would necessarily be torn down; whereupon the Emperor turned to the engineers and said, "This brave man must be indemnified for any loss he may sustain." He then continued his rounds, and did not re-enter his carriage until he had examined everything at leisure, and held a long interview with the civil and military authorities of Montreuil. On the route a soldier who had been wounded at Ratisbon was presented to him; and his Majesty ordered that a present should be made him on the spot, and that his petition should be presented to him on his arrival at Boulogne on the 20th.

This was the second time Boulogne had received the Emperor within its walls. Immediately on his arrival he went on board the flotilla and held a review. As an English frigate was evidently preparing to approach in order to observe more closely what was taking place in the roadstead, his Majesty immediately sent out a French frigate under full sail against the hostile ship, whereupon the latter, taking the alarm, at once disappeared. On the 29th of September his Majesty reached Flushing, and from Flushing went to visit the fortifications at Tervueren. As he was overlooking the various works at that place, a young woman threw herself at his feet, her cheeks wet with tears, .and extended a petition to the Emperor with a trembling hand. Napoleon most graciously assisted her to rise, and inquired the object of her petition. "Sire," said the poor woman between her sobs, "I am the mother of three children, whose father is conscripted by your Majesty; the children and the mother are in the deepest distress."—"Monsieur," said his Majesty to some one of his suite, "make a note of this man's name; I will make him an officer." The young woman tried to express her gratitude, but her emotion and tears prevented the utterance of a word, and the Emperor went on his way.

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Another kind act marked his departure from Ostend. On leaving that town he followed the course of the Estrau, and as he did not care to pass through the locks, in order to cross the Swine, entered a fishing-boat in company with the Duke of Vicenza, his grand equerry, Count Lobau, one of his aides-de-camp, and two chasseurs of the guard. This boat, which was owned by two poor fishermen, was worth only about one hundred and fifty florins, including its equipment, and was their only source of wealth. The crossing required about half an hour, and his Majesty alighted at Fort Orange, on the island of Cadsand, where the prefect with his suite awaited him; and as he was wet and suffering with the cold, a large fire was kindled, by which he warmed himself with evident enjoyment. The fishermen were then asked how much they charged for the passage, and upon their replying a florin for each passenger, Napoleon ordered that a hundred napoleons should be counted out to them, and they should be granted a pension of three hundred francs for life. It is impossible to give an idea of the joyful surprise of these poor men, who had not in the least suspected the exalted rank of their passenger; but no sooner were they informed than the whole country was told, and thus many hearts were won for Napoleon; while at the same time the Empress Marie Louise was being welcomed on his account at the theater, and whenever she appeared on the streets, with sincere and vociferous applause.

Preparations had been made everywhere in Holland two months before the arrival of their Majesties, in order that they might be suitably received; and there was no village on the Emperor’s route so small that it was not eager to earn his approbation by the proportional magnificence of the welcome accorded his Majesty. Almost the whole court of France accompanied him on this journey, and grand dignitaries, ladies of honor, superior officers, aides-de-camp, chamberlains, equerries, ladies of attire, quartermasters, valets de chambre, regulators of soldiers’ quarters, the kitchen service —nothing was wanting. Napoleon intended to dazzle the eyes of the good Dutchmen by the magnificence of his court; and, in truth, his gracious manner, his affability, and the recital of the numerous benefits he scattered around his path, had already had their effect in conquering this population, in spite of the frowning brows of a few, who, as they smoked their pipes, murmured against the impediments to commerce caused by the Continental system.

The city of Amsterdam, where the Emperor had decided to remain some time, found itself suddenly in a condition of peculiar embarrassment, owing to the following circumstance: This town had a very extensive palace, but no coaches nor stables attached to them, which for the suite of Napoleon was a prime necessity; and the stables of King Louis, besides their insufficiency, were placed too far from the palace to be occupied by even a portion of the Emperor’s service.

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Consequently there was great embarrassment in the city, and much difficulty was experienced in quartering the Emperor's horses; since to improvise stables in a few days, almost in a moment, was impossible, and to build carriage-houses in the midst of courts would have had a ludicrous effect. But fortunately this difficult situation was ended by one of the quartermasters of the palace named M. Emery, a man of great intelligence, and an old soldier, who, having learned from Napoleon and the force of circumstances never to be overcome by difficulties, conceived the happy thought of converting the flower-market into stables and coach-houses, and placing the equipages of the Emperor there under immense tents.

The Emperor at last rejoined his august spouse at Brussels, where the enthusiasm excited by his presence was unanimous. On a suggestion from him, which was as delicate as politic, Marie Louise during her stay bought laces to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, in order to encourage the manufacturers. The introduction into France of English merchandise was at that time severely prohibited, and all that was found was indiscriminately burned.

Of the whole system of offensive policy maintained by Napoleon against the maritime tyranny of England, nothing more nearly aroused open opposition than the vigorous observance of prohibitory decrees. Belgium then contained a quantity of English merchandise, which was most carefully concealed, and which every one was anxious to obtain, as is ever the case with forbidden fruit. All the ladies in the suite of the Empress made large purchases of these articles; and one even filled several carriages with them, not without fear, however, that Napoleon might be informed of this, and might seize everything on its arrival in France. These carriages, bearing the arms of the Emperor, passed the Rhine filled with this precious luggage, and arrived at the gates of Coblentz, which furnished an occasion of painful uncertainty to the officers of the custom-house, while they deliberated whether they should arrest and examine the carriages, or should permit a convoy to pass unmolested because it professed to belong to the Emperor. After mature deliberation, the majority adopted this alternative; and the carriages successfully passed the first line of French custom-houses, and reached port in safety, —that is to say, Paris,—with its cargo of prohibited merchandise. If the carriages had been stopped, it is probable that Napoleon would have highly applauded the courage of the inspectors of customs, and would have pitilessly burned the confiscated articles.

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Their Majesties arrived at Utrecht the 6th of October, and found every house on the quays as well as the streets decorated with ribbons and garlands. The rain was falling in torrents; but this did not prevent the authorities being on foot from early in the morning, and the population filling the streets. As soon as he alighted from his carriage, Napoleon, in spite of the weather, mounted his horse, and went to hold a review of several regiments stationed at the gates of Utrecht, accompanied by a numerous staff, and a large number of curious persons, most of them wet to the skin. After the review Napoleon entered the palace, where the entire deputation awaited him in an immense hall, still unfurnished, though it had been built by King Louis, and without changing his clothing gave audience to all who were eager to congratulate him, and listened with most exemplary patience to the harangues addressed to him.

The entrance of their Majesties into Amsterdam was most brilliant. The Empress, in a chariot drawn by splendid horses, was a few hours in advance of the Emperor, who made his entry on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant staff, glittering with gold and embroideries, who advanced at a slow pace amid shouts of admiration and astonishment from the good Hollanders. Through his simple and unaffected bearing there shone a profound satisfaction, and perhaps even a natural sentiment of pride, in seeing the welcome accorded to his glory here as elsewhere, and the universal sympathy aroused in the masses by his presence alone. Drapery in three colors, which produced a very fine effect, hung from posts erected at regular intervals and formed the decoration of the streets through which his Majesty was to pass; and he who three years later was to enter the palace of the Tuileries by night, and as a fugitive, after having with much difficulty gained admission through the gates of the chateau, passed then under arches of triumph, with a glory yet unsullied by defeat, and a fortune still faithful. These reminiscences are painful to me, but they recur to my mind even against my will; for no year of the Empire was marked by more fetes, more triumphant entries, or more popular rejoicings, than that which preceded the disastrous year of 1812.

Some of the actors of the French Theater at Paris had accompanied the court to Holland, and Talma there played the roles of Bayard and d'Orosmane; and M. Alissan de Chazet directed at Amsterdam the performance by French comedians of a vaudeville in honor of their Majesties, the title of which I have forgotten. Here, again, I wish to refute another assertion no less false made by the author of these 'Contemporary Memoirs', concerning a fictitious liaison between the Emperor and Mademoiselle Bourgoin. I cite the passage in question: "Mademoiselle Bourgoin, one of the delegates from the court of Thalia, in order to be permitted to accompany the party on this journey, had thoughtlessly succumbed to the temptation

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of making indiscreet revelations; even boasting aloud that she attracted the Emperor to the theater in which she played; and these boasts, which were by no means virtuous, having reached the Emperor's ears, he would no longer attend the theater. He charged Talma, for whom he had much consideration, to urge the pretty actress to be silent; and to inform her that on the slightest indiscretion she would be reconducted to France under good escort."

This by no means agrees with what his Majesty said one day in regard to this actress while at Erfurt. These words, which the author of the Memoirs would do well to recall, prove that the Emperor had no views in regard to her; and the most important proof of all, is the great discretion which the Emperor always exercised in regard to his amours.

During the entire passage through Holland, the Emperor showed himself cordial and affable, welcoming every one most kindly, and accosting each in a suitable manner, and at no time was he ever more amiable or anxious to please. He visited the manufactures, inspected dock-yards, reviewed troops, addressed the sailors, and attended the ball's given in his honor in all the towns through which he passed; and amid this life of seeming pleasure and distraction, he exerted himself almost more than in the quiet, monotonous life of the camp, and was affable, gracious, and accessible to all his subjects. But in these processions, in the very midst of these fetes, amid all this acclamation of whole cities rushing out to meet him, eager to serve as his escort, under these arches of triumph which were erected to him sometimes even at the entrance of an obscure village, his abstraction was deeper than ever, and his heart more oppressed with care; for his thoughts were from this time filled with the expedition to Russia. And perhaps into this amenity of manner, this friendliness, and these acts of benevolence, most of which were foreign to his character, there entered the design of lessening in advance the discontent which this expedition would produce; and perhaps in attaching all hearts to himself, in exhausting every means of pleasing, he imagined he was obtaining pardon in advance, by means of the enthusiasm of his subjects, for a war which, whatever might be the result, was to cost the Empire so much blood and so many tears.

During their Majesties' stay at Amsterdam, there was placed in the apartments of the Empress a piano so constructed as to appear like a desk with a division in the middle, and in this space was placed a small bust of the Emperor of Russia. Soon after, the Emperor wished to see if the apartments of the Empress were suitable, and while visiting them perceived this bust, which he placed under his arm without a word. He afterwards said to one of the ladies of the Empress, that he wished this bust removed; and he was obeyed, though this caused considerable astonishment, as it was not then known that any coolness had arisen between the two Emperors.

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A few days after his arrival at Amsterdam, the Emperor made several excursions into the country, accompanied by a somewhat numerous suite. He visited at Saardam the thatched cottage which sheltered Peter the Great when he came to Holland under the name of Pierre Michaeloff to study ship-building; and after remaining there half an hour, the Emperor, as he left, remarked to the grand marshal of the palace. “That is the finest monument in Holland.” The evening before, her Majesty the Empress had visited the village of Broek, which is the pride of the whole north of Holland. Almost all the houses of the village are built of wood, and are of one story, the fronts ornamented with numerous paintings in accordance with the caprice of the owners. These paintings are cared for most zealously, and preserved in a state of perfect freshness. Through the windows of clearest glass are seen curtains of embroidered China silk, and of painted muslin and beautiful India stuffs. The streets are paved with brick and very clean, and are washed and rubbed daily, and covered with fine white sand, in which various figures are imitated, especially flowers. Placards at the end of each street forbid the entrance of carriages into the village, the houses of which resemble children’s toys. The cattle are cared for by hirelings at some distance from the town; and there is, outside the village, an inn for strangers, for they are not permitted to lodge inside. In front of some houses I remarked either a grass plot or an arrangement of colored sand and shells, sometimes little painted wooden statues, sometimes hedges oddly cut. Even the vessels and broom-handles were painted various colors, and cared for like the remainder of the establishment; the inhabitants carrying their love of cleanliness so far as to compel those who entered to take off their shoes, and replace them with slippers, which stood at the door for this singular purpose. I am reminded on this subject of an anecdote relating to the Emperor Joseph the Second. That prince, having presented himself in boots at the door of a house in Broek, and being requested to remove them before entering, exclaimed, “I am the Emperor!” —“Even if you were the burgomaster of Amsterdam, you should not enter in boots,” replied the master of the dwelling. The good Emperor thereupon put on the slippers.

During the journey to Holland their Majesties were informed that the first tooth of the King of Rome had just made its appearance, and that the health of this august child was not impaired thereby.

In one of the little towns in the north of Holland, the authorities requested the Emperor’s permission to present to him an old man aged one hundred and one years, and he ordered him brought before him. This more than centenarian was still vigorous, and had served formerly in the guards of the Stadtholder; he presented a petition entreating the Emperor to exempt from conscription one of his grandsons, the

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support of his old age. His Majesty assured him, through an interpreter, that he would not deprive him of his grandson, and Marshal Duroc was ordered to leave with the old man a testimonial of Imperial liberality. In another little town in Friesland, the authorities made the Emperor this singular address: “Sire, we were afraid you would come with the whole court; you are almost alone, and thereby we see you the better, and the more at our ease.” The Emperor applauded this loyal compliment, and honored the orator by most touching thanks. After this long journey, passed in fetes, reviews, and displays of all kinds, where the Emperor, under the guise of being entertained, had made profound observations on the moral, commercial, and military situation of Holland, observations which bore fruit after his return to Paris, and even while in the country, in wise and useful decrees, their Majesties left Holland, passing through Haarlem, The Hague, and Rotterdam, where they were welcomed, as they had been in the whole of Holland, by fetes. They crossed the Rhine, visited Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, and arrived at Saint-Cloud early in November, 1811.

CHAPTER II.

Marie Louis was a very handsome woman. She had a majestic figure and noble bearing, fresh complexion, blond hair, and blue eyes full of expression; her hands and feet were the admiration of the court. Her figure was, perhaps, a trifle too stout; but she lost some of this superfluous flesh during her stay in France, though thereby she gained as much in grace and beauty. Such was her appearance. In her intercourse with those immediately around her she was affable and cordial; and the enjoyment she felt in the freedom of these conversations was depicted on her countenance, which grew animated, and took on an infinite grace. But when she was obliged to appear in public she became extremely timid; formal society served of itself to isolate her; and as persons who are not naturally haughty always appear so with a poor grace, Marie Louise, being always much embarrassed on reception days, was often the subject of unjust criticism; for, as I have said, her coldness in reality arose from an excessive timidity.

Immediately after her arrival in France, Marie Louise suffered from this embarrassment to a very great degree, which can be easily understood in a young princess who found herself so suddenly transported into an entirely new society, to whose habits and tastes she felt obliged to conform, and in which, although her high position must naturally attract the world to her, the circumstances of this position rendered it necessary that she should take the initiative in any advances made, a fact which explains the awkwardness of her early relations with the ladies of her court. After intimacies had been formed, and the young Empress had chosen her friends with all the abandon of her young heart, then haughtiness and constraint vanished, or reappeared only on occasions of ceremony. Marie Louise was of a calm, thoughtful character; it took little to arouse her

sensitive spirit; and yet, although easily moved, she was by no means demonstrative. The Empress had received a very careful education, her mind was cultivated and her tastes very simple, and she possessed every accomplishment.

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She detested the insipid hours passed in idleness, and liked occupation because it suited her tastes, and also because in a proper employment of her time she found the only means of driving away ennui. I think she was, in fact, a most congenial wife for the Emperor. She was too much interested in the concerns of her own private life to ever mingle in political intrigues, and, although she was both Empress and Queen, very often was in entire ignorance of public affairs, except what knowledge she obtained from the journals. The Emperor at the end of days filled with agitation could find a little relaxation only in a quiet domestic hearth, which restored to him the happiness of family life; and, consequently, an intriguing woman or a talkative politician would have annoyed him exceedingly.

Nevertheless, the Emperor sometimes complained of the want of affability the Empress showed to the ladies of her court, and said that this excessive reserve was injurious to him in a country where the opposite extreme is most common.

This was because he was recalling the past somewhat, and thinking of the Empress Josephine, whose constant gayety was the chief charm of the court. He was necessarily struck by the contrast; but was there not some injustice at the foundation of this? The Empress Marie Louise was the daughter of an Emperor, and had seen and known only courtiers, and, having no acquaintance with any other class, knew nothing of any world outside the walls of the palace of Vienna. She arrived one fine day at the Tuileries, in the midst of a people whom she had never seen except as soldiers; and on this account the constraint of her manner towards the persons composing the brilliant society of Paris seems to me to a certain point excusable. It seems to me, besides, that the Empress was expected to show a frankness and simplicity which were entirely misplaced; and, by being cautioned over and over again to be natural, she was prevented from the observance of that formality also suitable on the part of the great, who should be approached only when they themselves give the signal. The Empress Josephine loved the people because she had been one of them; and in mounting a throne her expansive nature had everything to gain, for she found it was only extending her friendship among a larger circle. Inspired by her own kind heart, the Empress Marie Louise sought to make those around her happy; and her benevolent deeds were long the subject of conversation, and, above all, the delicate manner in which they were performed. Each month she took from the sum allotted for her toilet ten thousand francs for the poor, which was not the limit of her charities; for she always welcomed with the greatest interest those who came to tell her of distresses to be alleviated. From the eagerness with which she listened to those soliciting aid, it would seem that she had been recalled suddenly to a duty; and yet it was simply an evidence that the chords of her

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sensitive heart had been touched. I do not know if any one ever received from her a refusal of a demand of this sort. The Emperor was deeply touched each time that he was informed of a benevolent act of the Empress. At eight o'clock in the morning the curtains and blinds were half opened in the apartments of the Empress Marie Louise, and the papers were handed her; after reading which, chocolate or coffee was served, with a kind of pastry called tongue. This first breakfast she took in bed. At nine o'clock Marie Louise arose, made her morning toilet, and received those persons privileged to attend at this hour. Every day in the Emperor's absence, the Empress ascended to the apartment of Madame de Montebello, her lady of honor, followed by her service, composed of the chevalier of honor, and some of the ladies of the palace; and on her return to her apartments, a light breakfast was served, consisting of pastry and fruits. After her lessons in drawing, painting, and music, she commenced her grand toilet. Between six and seven o'clock she dined with the Emperor, or in his absence with Madame de Montebello, the dinner comprising only one course. The evening was spent in receptions, or at concerts, plays, *etc*.; and the Empress retired at eleven o'clock. One of her women always slept in the room in front of her bedroom, and it was through this the Emperor was obliged to pass when he spent the night in his wife's room.

This customary routine of the Empress was changed, however, when the Emperor was at the chateau; but when alone she was punctual in all her employments, and did exactly the same things at the same hours. Her personal domestics seemed much attached to her; for though cool and distant in her manner, they always found her good and just.

In the Emperor's absence the portrait of the Duchess of Montebello ornamented the Empress's room with those of the entire Imperial family of Austria; but when the Emperor returned, the portrait of the duchess was removed; and during the war between Napoleon and the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the portrait of Francis *ii*. was removed from his daughter's room, by order of his Majesty, and was, I think, consigned to some secret spot.

The King of Rome was a very fine child; and though he resembled the Emperor less than the son of Hortense had done, his features were an agreeable union of those of his father and mother. I never knew him except in his infancy, and what was most remarkable in him at that age was the great kindness and affection he showed to those around him. He was much devoted to a young and pretty person named Fanny Soufflot, daughter of the first lady of the bedchamber, who was his constant companion; and, as he liked to see her always well dressed, he begged of Marie Louise, or his governess, Madame the Countess of Montesquiou, any finery that struck his fancy, which he wished to give to his young friend. He made her promise to follow him to the

war when he was grown, and said many charming things which showed his affectionate disposition.

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There was chosen as companion for the little king (as he styled himself) a young child named Albert Froment, I think, the son of one of the ladies of honor. One morning as they were playing together in the garden on which the apartments of the king opened at Saint-Cloud, Mademoiselle Fanny was watching them without interfering with their games, Albert tried to take the king's wheelbarrow; and, when the latter resisted, Albert struck him, whereupon the king exclaimed, "Oh, suppose some one had seen you! But I will not tell!" I consider this a fine evidence of character.

One day he was at the windows of the chateau with his governess, amusing himself by looking at the passers-by, and pointing out with his finger those who attracted his attention. While standing there he saw below a woman in deep mourning, holding by the hand a little boy also dressed in mourning. The little child carried a petition, which he waved from a distance to the prince, and seemed to be entreating him to receive. Their black clothing made a deep impression on the prince, and he asked why the poor child was dressed all in black. "Doubtless because his papa is dead," replied the governess, whereupon the child expressed an earnest desire to speak to the little petitioner. Madame de Montesquiou, who especially desired to cultivate in her young pupil this disposition to mercy, gave orders that the mother and child should be brought up. She proved to be the widow of a brave man who had lost his life in the last campaign; and by his death she had been reduced to poverty, and compelled to solicit a pension from the Emperor. The young prince took the petition, and promised to present it to his papa. And next day when he went as usual to pay his respects to his father, and handed him all the petitions presented to him the evening before, one alone was kept apart; it was that of his little protege. "Papa," said he, "here is a petition from a little boy whose father was killed on your account; give him a pension." Napoleon was deeply moved, and embraced his son, and orders for the pension were given that day. This conduct in so young a child gives undeniable evidence of an excellent heart.

His early training was excellent; as Madame de Montesquiou had an unbounded influence over him, owing to the manner at once gentle and grave in which she corrected his faults. The child was generally docile, but, nevertheless, sometimes had violent fits of anger, which his governess had adopted an excellent means of correcting, which was to remain perfectly unmoved until he himself controlled his fury. When the child returned to himself, a few severe and pertinent remarks transformed him into a little Cato for the remainder of the day. One day as he was rolling on the floor refusing to listen to the remonstrances of his governess, she closed tie windows and shutters; and the child, astonished by this performance, forgot what had enraged him, and asked her why she did this. "I did it because I was afraid you would be heard; do you suppose the French people would want you as their prince, if they knew that you gave way to such fits of anger?"—"Do you think they heard me?" he inquired; "I would be very sorry if they had. Pardon, Mamma Quiou [this was his name for her], I will not do it again."

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The Emperor was passionately devoted to his son; took him in his arms every time he saw him, and jumped him up and down most merrily, and was delighted with the joy he manifested. He teased him by carrying him in front of the glass and making grimaces, at which the child laughed till he cried. While at breakfast he took him on his knee, dipped his finger in the sauce and made him suck it, and smeared his face with it; and when the governess scolded, the Emperor laughed still more heartily, and the child, who enjoyed the sport, begged his father to repeat it. This was an opportune moment for the arrival of petitions at the chateau; for they were always well received at such times, thanks to the all-powerful credit of the little mediator.

The Emperor in his tender moods was sometimes even more childish than his son. The young prince was only four months old when his father put his three-cornered hat on the pretty infant.

The child usually cried a good deal, and at these times the Emperor embraced him with an ardor and delight which none but a tender father could feel, saying to him,

“What, Sire, you crying! A king weeping; fie, then, how ugly that is!” He was just a year old when I saw the Emperor, on the lawn in front of the chateau, place his sword-belt over the shoulders of the king, and his hat on his head, and holding out his arms to the child, who tottered to him, his little feet now and then entangled in his father’s sword; and it was beautiful to see the eagerness with which the Emperor extended his arms to keep him from falling.

One day in his cabinet the Emperor was lying on the floor, the king riding horseback on his knee, mounting by jumps up to his father’s face, and kissing him. On another occasion the child entered the council chamber after the meeting had ended, and ran into his father’s arms without paying attention to any one else, upon which the Emperor said to him, “Sire, you have not saluted these gentlemen.” The child turned, bowed most gracefully, and his father then took him in his arms. Sometimes when going to visit the Emperor, he ran so fast that he left Madame de Montesquiou far behind, and said to the usher, “Open the door for me, I want to see papa.” The usher replied, “Sire, I cannot do it.” —“But I am the little king.”—“No, Sire, I cannot open it.” At this moment his governess appeared; and strong in her protection he proudly repeated, “Open the door, the king desires it.”

Madame de Montesquiou had added to the prayers which the child repeated morning and evening, these words: “My God, inspire papa to make peace for the happiness of France.” One evening the Emperor was present when his son was retiring, and he made the same prayer, whereupon the Emperor embraced him in silence, smiling most kindly on Madame de Montesquiou.

The Emperor was accustomed to say to the King of Rome when he was frightened at any noise or at his grimaces, “Come, come! a king should have no fear.”

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I recall another anecdote concerning the young son of the Emperor, which was related to me by his Majesty himself one evening when I was undressing him as usual, and at which the Emperor laughed most heartily. “You would not believe,” said he, “the singular reward my son desired of his governess for being good. Would she not allow him to go and wade in the mud?” This was, true, and proves, it seems to me, that the greatness which surrounds the cradle of princes cannot eradicate from their minds the singular caprices of childhood.

CHAPTER III.

All the world is familiar with the name of the Abbe Geoffroy of satirical memory, who drove the most popular actors and authors of the time to desperation. This pitiless Aristarchus must have been most ardently enamored of this disagreeable profession; for he sometimes endangered thereby, not his life, which many persons would have desired earnestly perhaps, but at any rate his health and his repose. It is well, doubtless, to attack those who can reply with the pen, as then the consequences of the encounter do not reach beyond the ridicule which is often the portion of both adversaries. But Abbe Geoffroy fulfilled only one of the two conditions by virtue of which one can criticise,—he had much bitterness in his pen, but he was not a man of the sword; and every one knows that there are persons whom it is necessary to attack with both these weapons.

An actor whom Geoffroy had not exactly flattered in his criticisms decided to avenge himself in a piquant style, and one at which he could laugh long and loud. One evening, foreseeing what would appear in the journal of the next day, he could think of nothing better than to carry off Geoffroy as he was returning from the theater, and conduct him with bandaged eyes to a house where a schoolboy’s punishment would be inflicted on this man who considered himself a master in the art of writing.

This plan was carried out. Just as the abbe regained his lodging, rubbing his hands perhaps as he thought of some fine point for tomorrow’s paper, three or four vigorous fellows seized him, and conveyed him without a word to the place of punishment; and some time later that evening, the abbe, well flogged, opened his eyes in the middle of the street, to find himself alone far from his dwelling. The Emperor, when told of this ludicrous affair, was not at all amused, but, on the contrary, became very angry, and said that if he knew the authors of this outrage, he would have them punished. “When a man attacks with the pen,” he added, “he should be answered with the same weapon.” The truth is also that the Emperor was much attached to M. Geoffroy, whose writings he did not wish submitted to censure like those of other journalist. It was said in Paris that this predilection of a great man for a caustic critic came from the fact that these contributions to the Journal of the Empire, which attracted much attention at this period, were a useful diversion to the minds of the capital. I know nothing positively in regard to this; but when I reflect on the character of the Emperor, who wished no one to occupy

themselves with his political affairs, these opinions seem to me not devoid of foundation.

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Doctor Corvisart was not a courtier, and came rarely to the Emperor, except on his regular visit each Wednesday and Saturday. He was very candid with the Emperor, insisted positively that his directions should be obeyed to the letter, and made full use of the right accorded to physicians to scold their negligent patient. The Emperor was especially fond of him, and always detained him, seeming to find much pleasure in his conversation.

After the journey to Holland in 1811, M. Corvisart came to see the Emperor one Saturday, and found him in good health. He left him after the toilet, and immediately went to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, of which he was exceedingly fond. He was in the habit of not announcing where he was going, solely in order that he might not be interrupted for some slight cause, as had happened to him sometimes, for the doctor was most obliging and considerate. That day after his breakfast, which, according to custom, he had devoured rapidly, the Emperor was taken suddenly with a violent colic, and was quite ill. He asked for M. Corvisart, and a courier was dispatched for him, who, not finding him in Paris, hastened to his country house; but the doctor was at the chase, no one knew where, so the courier was obliged to return without him. The Emperor was deeply vexed, and as he continued to suffer extremely, at last went to bed, and Marie Louise came and spent a few moments with him; at last M. Yvan was summoned, and administered remedies which soon relieved the Emperor.

M. Corvisart, somewhat anxious perhaps, came on Monday instead of Wednesday; and when he entered Napoleon's room, the latter, who was in his dressing-gown, ran to him, and taking him by both ears, said, "Well, Monsieur, it seems that if I were seriously ill, I should have to dispense with your services." M. Corvisart excused himself, asked the Emperor how he had been affected, what remedies he had used, and promised always to leave word where he could be found, in order that he might be summoned immediately on his Majesty's orders, and the Emperor was soon appeased. This event was really of advantage to the doctor; for he thus abandoned a bad habit, at which it is probable his patients rejoiced.

M. Corvisart had a very great influence with the Emperor, so much so that many persons who knew him gave him the soubriquet of doctor of petitions; and it was very rarely he failed to obtain a favorable answer to his requests. Nevertheless, I often heard him speak warmly in favor of M. de Bourrienne, in order to impress upon the Emperor's mind that he was much attached to his Majesty; but the latter always replied, "No, Bourrienne is too much of an Englishman; and besides, he is doing very well; I have located him at Hamburg. He loves money, and he can make it there."

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It was during the year 1811 that Cardinal Fesch came most frequently to the Emperor's apartments, and their discussions seemed to me very animated. The cardinal maintained his opinions most vehemently, speaking in a very loud tone and with great volubility. These conversations did not last more than five moments before they became very bitter, and I heard the Emperor raise his voice to the same pitch; then followed an exchange of harsh terms, and each time the cardinal arrived I felt distressed for the Emperor, who was always much agitated at the close of these interviews. One day as the cardinal was taking leave of the Emperor, I heard the latter say to him sharply, "Cardinal, you take advantage of your position."

A few days before our departure for Russia the Emperor had me summoned during the day, and ordered me to bring from the treasury the box of diamonds, and place it in his room, and not to go far away, as he had some important business for me. About nine o'clock in the evening I was again summoned, and found M. de Lavalette, director-general of the post, in the Emperor's room. His Majesty opened the box in my presence, and examined the contents, saying to me, "Constant, carry this box yourself to the count's carriage, and remain there till he arrives." The carriage was standing at the foot of the grand staircase in the court of the Tuileries; and I opened it, took my seat, and waited until half-past eleven, when M. de Lavalette arrived, having spent all this time in conversation with the Emperor. I could not understand these precautions in delivering the diamonds to M. de Lavalette, but they were certainly not without a motive.

The box contained the sword, on the pommel of which was mounted the regent diamond, the handle also set with diamonds of great value; the grand collar of the Legion of Honor; the ornaments, hatcord, shoulder-piece, and buttons of the coronation robes, with the shoe-buckles and garters, all of which were of immense value.

A short time before we set out for the Russian campaign, Josephine sent for me, and I went at once to Malmaison, where this excellent woman renewed her earnest recommendations to watch most carefully over the Emperor's health and safety; and made me promise that if any accident, however slight, happened to him, I would write to her, as she was exceedingly anxious to know the real truth concerning him. She wept much; talked to me constantly about the Emperor, and after a conversation of more than an hour, in which she gave full vent to her emotions, presented me with her portrait painted by Saint on a gold snuff-box. I felt much depressed by this interview; for nothing could be more touching than to see this woman disgraced, but still loving, entreating my care over the man who had abandoned her, and manifesting the same affectionate interest in him which the most beloved wife would have done.

On entering Russia, a thing of which I speak here more according to the order of my reminiscences than in the order of time, the Emperor sent out, on three different roads, details of select police to prepare in advance lodgings, beds, supplies, *etc*. These officers were Messieurs Sarrazin, adjutant-lieutenant, Verges, Molene, and Lieutenant Pachot. I will devote farther on an entire chapter to our itinerary from Paris to Moscow.

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A short time before the battle of La Moskwa, a man was brought to the camp dressed in the Russian uniform, but speaking French; at least his language was a singular mixture of French and Russian. This man had escaped secretly from the enemy's lines; and when he perceived that our soldiers were only a short distance from him, had thrown his gun on the ground, crying in a very strong Russian accent, "I am French," and our soldiers had at once taken him prisoner.

Never was prisoner more charmed with his change of abode. This poor fellow, who seemed to have been forced to take arms against his will in the service of the enemies of his country, arrived at the French camp, called himself the happiest of men in finding again his fellow-countrymen, and pressed the hand of all the soldiers with an ardor which delighted them. He was brought to the Emperor, and appeared much over-awed at finding himself in the presence of the King of the French, as he called his Majesty. The Emperor questioned him closely, and in his reply he declared that the noise of the French cannon had always made his heart beat; and that he had feared only one thing, which was that he might be killed by his compatriots. From what he told the Emperor it appeared that he belonged to that numerous class of men who find themselves transplanted by their family to a foreign land, without really knowing the cause of their emigration. His father had pursued at Moscow an unremunerative industrial profession, and had died leaving him without resources for the future, and, in order to earn his bread, he had become a soldier. He said that the Russian military discipline was one of his strongest incentives to desert, adding that he had strong arms and a brave heart, and would serve in the French army if the general permitted. His frankness pleased the Emperor, and he endeavored to obtain from him some positive information on the state of the public mind at Moscow; and ascertained from his revelations, more or less intelligent, that there was much disturbance in that ancient capital.

He said that in the street could be heard cries of, "No more of Barclay!

[Prince Michael Barclay de Tolly, born in Livonia, 1755, of Scottish extraction; distinguished himself in wars against Sweden, Turkey, and Poland, 1788 and 1794, and against the French, 1806; commanded Russian army against Napoleon in 1812, until superseded, after battle of Smolensk, by Kutusoff, and commanded the right wing at Borodino; afterwards commanded at Bautzen and Leipsic; died 1818]

Down with the traitor! dismiss him! Long live Kutusoff!" The merchant class, which possessed great influence on account of its wealth, complained of a system of temporizing which left men in uncertainty, and compromised the honor of the Russian arms; and it was thought unpardonable in the Emperor that he had bestowed his confidence on a foreigner when old Kutusoff, with the blood and the heart of a Russian,

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was given a secondary position. The Emperor Alexander had paid little attention to these energetic complaints, until at last, frightened by the symptoms of insurrection which began to be manifest in the army, he had yielded, and Kutusoff had been named generalissimo, over which important event there had been rejoicings and illuminations at Moscow. A great battle with the French was talked of; enthusiasm was at its height in the Russian army, and every soldier had fastened to his cap a green branch. The prisoner spoke with awe of Kutusoff, and said that he was an old man, with white hair and great mustaches, and eyes that struck him with terror; that he lacked much of dressing like the French generals; that he wore very ordinary clothes—he who could have such fine ones; that he roared like a lion when he was angry; that he never started on a march without saying his prayers; and that he crossed himself frequently at different hours of the day. "The soldiers love him because they say he so much resembles Suwarrow. I am afraid he will do the French much harm," said he. The Emperor, satisfied with this information, dismissed the prisoner, and gave orders that he should be allowed the freedom of the camp; and afterwards he fought bravely beside our soldiers. The Emperor made his entrance into Gjatsk with a most singular escort.

Some Cossacks had been taken in a skirmish; and his Majesty, who was at this time very eager for information from every quarter, desired to question these savages, and for this purpose had two or three brought to his headquarters. These men seemed formed to be always on horseback, and their appearance when they alighted on the ground was most amusing. Their legs, which the habit of pressing their horses' sides had driven far apart, resembled a pair of pincers, and they had a general air of being out of their element. The Emperor entered Gjatsk, escorted by two of these barbarians on horseback, who appeared much flattered by this honor. I remarked that sometimes the Emperor could with difficulty repress a smile as he witnessed the awkward appearance made by these cavaliers from the Ukraine, above all when they attempted to put on airs. Their reports, which the interpreter of the Emperor had some difficulty in comprehending, seemed a confirmation of all his Majesty had heard concerning Moscow. These barbarians made the Emperor understand by their animated gestures, convulsive movements, and warlike postures, that there would soon be a great battle between the French and the Russians. The Emperor had brandy given them, which they drank like water, and presented their glasses anew with a coolness which was very amusing. Their horses were small, with cropped manes and long tails, such as unfortunately can be seen without leaving Paris.

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It is a matter of history that the King of Naples made a most favorable impression on these barbarians. When it was announced to the Emperor one day that they desired to appoint him their hetman, the Emperor was much amused by this offer, and said jestingly that he was ready to indorse this choice of a free people. The King of Naples had something theatrical in his appearance which fascinated these barbarians, for he always dressed magnificently. When his steed bore him in front of his column, his beautiful hair disordered by the wind, as he gave those grand saber strokes which mowed down men like stubble, I can well comprehend the deep impression he made on the fancy of these warlike people, among whom exterior qualities alone can be appreciated. It is said that the King of Naples by simply raising this powerful sword had put to flight a horde of these barbarians. I do not know how much truth there is in this statement, but it is at least possible.

The Cossacks, in common with all races still in their infancy, believe in magicians. A very amusing anecdote was told of the great chief of the Cossacks, the celebrated Platoff. Pursued by the King of Naples, he was beating a retreat, when a ball reached one of the officers beside him, on which event the hetman was so much irritated against his magician that he had him flogged in presence of all his hordes, reproaching him most bitterly because he had not turned away the balls by his witchcraft. This was plain evidence of the fact that he had more faith in his art than the sorcerer himself possessed.

On the 3d of September, from his headquarters at Gjatsk, the Emperor ordered his army to prepare for a general engagement. There had been for some days much laxity in the police of the bivouacs, and he now redoubled the severity of the regulations in regard to the countersigns. Some detachments which had been sent for provisions having too greatly prolonged their expedition, the Emperor charged the colonels to express to them his dissatisfaction, adding that those who had not returned by the next day could not take part in the battle. These words needed no commentary.

The country surrounding Gjatsk was very fertile, and the fields were now covered with rye ready for the sickle, through which we saw here and there broad gaps made by the Cossacks in their, flight. I have often since compared the aspect of these fields in November and September. What a horrible thing is war! A few days before the battle, Napoleon, accompanied by two of his marshals, made a visit of inspection on foot in the outskirts of the city.

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On the eve of this great event he discussed everything in the calmest manner, speaking of this country as he would have done of a beautiful, fertile province of France. In hearing him one might think that the granary of the army had here been found, that it would consequently furnish excellent winter quarters, and the first care of the government he was about to establish at Gjatsk would be the encouragement of agriculture. He then pointed out to his marshals the beautiful windings of the river which gives its name to the village, and appeared delighted with the landscape spread before his eyes. I have never seen the Emperor abandon himself to such gentle emotions, nor seen such serenity manifested both in his countenance and conversation; and at the same time I was never more deeply impressed with the greatness of his soul.

On the 5th of September the Emperor mounted the heights of Borodino, hoping to take in at a glance the respective positions of the two armies; but the sky was overcast. One of those fine, cold rains soon began to fall, which so often come in the early autumn, and resemble from a distance a tolerably thick fog. The Emperor tried to use his glasses; but the kind of veil which covered the whole country prevented his seeing any distance, by which he was much vexed. The rain, driven by the wind, fell slanting against his field-glasses, and he had to dry them over and over again, to his very great annoyance. The atmosphere was so cold and damp that he ordered his cloak, and wrapped himself in it, saying that as it was impossible to remain there, he must return to headquarters, which he did, and throwing himself on the bed slept a short while. On awaking he said, “Constant, I hear a noise outside; go see what it is.” I went out, and returned to inform him that General Caulaincourt had arrived; at which news the Emperor rose hastily, and ran to meet the general, asking him anxiously, “Do you bring any prisoners?” The general replied that he had not been able to take prisoners, since the Russian soldiers preferred death to surrender. The Emperor immediately cried, “Let all the artillery be brought forward.” He had decided that in his preparations to make this war one of extermination, the cannon would spare his troops the fatigue of discharging their muskets.

On the 6th, at midnight, it was announced to the Emperor that the fires of the Russians seemed less numerous, and the flames were extinguished at several points; and some few said they had heard the muffled sound of drums. The army was in a state of great anxiety. The Emperor sprang wildly from his bed, repeatedly exclaiming, “It is impossible!”

I tried to hand him his garments, that he might clothe himself warmly, as the night was so cold; but he was so eager to assure himself personally of the truth of these statements, that he rushed out of the tent with only his cloak wrapped around him. It was a fact that the fires of the bivouac had grown paler, and the Emperor had reason for the gravest suspicions. Where would the war end if the Russians fell back now? He re-entered his tent much agitated, and retired to bed again, repeating many times, “We will know the truth to-morrow morning.”

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On the 7th of September, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and the Emperor exclaimed, “It is the sun of Austerlitz!” These words of the Emperor were reported to the army, and repeated by them amid great enthusiasm. The drums were beaten, and the order of the day was read as follows:

Soldiers,—Behold the battle you have so long desired! Henceforth that victory depends on you which is so necessary to us, since it will furnish us abundant provisions, good winter quarters, and a prompt return to our native land. Conduct yourselves as at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensk, and let the most remote posterity refer with pride to your conduct on this day; let it be said of you, “He took part in the great battle under the walls of Moscow.”

The army replied by reiterated acclamations. The Emperor, a few hours before the battle, had dictated this proclamation, and it was read in the morning to the soldiers. Napoleon was then on the heights of Borodino; and when the enthusiastic cries of the army struck his ear, he was standing with folded arms, the sun shining full in his eyes, reflected from the French and Russian bayonets. He smiled, then became more serious until the affair was terminated.

On that day the portrait of the King of Rome was brought to Napoleon. He needed some gentle emotion to divert his mind from this state of anxious suspense. He held this portrait long on his knees, contemplating it with delight, and said that it was the most agreeable surprise he had ever received, and repeated several times in a low tone, “My good Louise! This is a charming attention!” On the Emperor’s countenance there rested an expression of happiness difficult to describe, though the first emotions excited were calm and even melancholy. “The dear child,” was all that he said. But he experienced all the pride of a father and an Emperor when by his orders officers, and even soldiers, of the old guard came to see the King of Rome. The portrait was placed on exhibition in front of the tent; and it was inexpressibly touching to see these old soldiers uncover themselves with respect before this image, in which they sought to find some of the features of Napoleon. The Emperor had at this moment the expansive joy of a father who knows well that next to him his son has no better friends than his old companions in endurance and glory.

At four o’clock in the morning, that is to say one hour before the battle opened, Napoleon felt a great exhaustion in his whole person, and had a slight chill, without fever, however, and threw himself on his bed. Nevertheless, he was not as ill as M. de Segur states. He had had for some time a severe cold that he had somewhat neglected, and which was so much increased by the fatigue of this memorable day that he lost his voice almost entirely. He treated this with the soldier’s prescription, and drank light punch during the whole night, which he spent working in his cabinet without being able to speak. This inconvenience lasted two days; but on the 9th he was well, and his hoarseness almost gone.

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After the battle, of every six corpses found, one would be French and five Russian. At noon an aide-de-camp came to inform the Emperor that Count Auguste de Caulaincourt, brother of the Duke of Vicenza, had been struck by a ball. The Emperor drew a deep sigh, but said not a word; for he well knew that his heart would most likely be saddened more, than once that day. After the battle, he expressed his condolences to the Duke of Vicenza in the most touching manner.

Count Auguste de Caulaincourt was a young man full of courage, who had left his young wife a few hours after his marriage to follow the French army, and to find a glorious death at the battle of La Moskwa. He was governor of the pages of the Emperor, and had married the sister of one of his charges. This charming person was so young that her parents preferred that the marriage should not take place until he returned from the campaign, being influenced in this decision by the fate of Prince Aldobrandini after his marriage with Mademoiselle de la Rochefoucault before the campaign of Wagram. General Auguste de Caulaincourt was killed in a redoubt to which he had led the cuirassiers of General Montbrun, who had just been fatally wounded by a cannon-ball in the attack on this same redoubt.

The Emperor often said, in speaking of generals killed in the army, “Such an one is happy in having died on the field of honor, while I shall perhaps be so unfortunate as to die in my bed.” He was less philosophical on the occasion of Marshal Lannes’s death, when I saw him, while at breakfast, weeping such large tears that they rolled over his cheeks, and fell into his plate. He mourned deeply for Desaix, Poniatowski, and Bessieres, but most of all for Lannes, and next to him Duroc.

During the whole of the battle of the Moskwa the Emperor had attacks resembling stone in the bladder. He had been often threatened with this disease unless he was more prudent in his diet, and suffered much, although he complained little, and only when attacked by violent pain uttered stifled groans. Now, nothing causes more anxiety than to hear those complain who are unaccustomed to do so; for then one imagines the suffering most intense, since it is stronger than a strong man. At Austerlitz the Emperor said, “Ordener is worn out. There is only one time for military achievement in a man’s life. I shall be good for six years longer, and after that I shall retire.”

The Emperor rode over the field of battle, which presented a horrible spectacle, nearly all the dead being covered with wounds; which proved with what bitterness the battle had been waged. The weather was very inclement, and rain was falling, accompanied by a very high wind. Poor wounded creatures, who had not yet been removed to the ambulances, half rose from the ground in their desire not to be overlooked and to receive aid; while some among them still cried, “Vive l’Empereur!” in spite of their suffering and exhaustion. Those

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of our soldiers who had been killed by Russian balls showed on their corpses deep and broad wounds, for the Russian balls were much larger than ours. We saw a color-bearer, wrapped in his banner as a winding-sheet, who seemed to give signs of life, but he expired in the shock of being raised. The Emperor walked on and said nothing, though many times when he passed by the most mutilated, he put his hand over his eyes to avoid the sight. This calm lasted only a short while; for there was a place on the battlefield where French and Russians had fallen pell-mell, almost all of whom were wounded more or less grievously. And when the Emperor heard their cries, he became enraged, and shouted at those who had charge of removing the wounded, much irritated by the slowness with which this was done. It was difficult to prevent the horses from trampling on the corpses, so thickly did they lie. A wounded soldier was struck by the shoe of a horse in the Emperor's suite, and uttered a heartrending cry, upon which the Emperor quickly turned, and inquired in a most vehement manner who was the awkward person by whom the man was hurt. He was told, thinking that it would calm his anger, that the man was nothing but a Russian. "Russian or French," he exclaimed, "I wish every one removed!"

Poor young fellows who were making their first campaign, being wounded to the death, lost courage, and wept like children crying for their mothers. The terrible picture will be forever engraven on my memory.

The Emperor urgently repeated his orders for removing the wounded quickly, then turned his horse in silence, and returned to his headquarters, the evening being now far advanced. I passed the night near him, and his sleep was much disturbed; or, rather, he did not sleep at all, and repeated over and over, restlessly turning on his pillow, "Poor Caulaincourt! What a day! What a day!"

CHAPTER IV.

As I have announced previously, I shall endeavor to record in this chapter some recollections of events personal to the Emperor which occurred during the journey between the frontiers of France and Prussia. How sad a contrast results, alas! as we attempt to compare our journey to Moscow with that of our return. One must have seen Napoleon at Dresden, surrounded by a court of princes and of kings, to form an idea of the highest point which human greatness can reach. There more than ever elsewhere the Emperor was affable to all; fortune smiled upon him, and none of those who enjoyed with us the spectacle of his glory could even conceive the thought that fortune could soon prove unfaithful to him and in so striking a manner. I remember, among other particulars of our stay at Dresden, a speech I heard the Emperor make to Marshal Berthier, whom he had summoned at a very early hour. When the marshal arrived, Napoleon had not yet risen, but I received orders to bring him in at once; so that while

dressing the Emperor, I heard between him and his major-general a conversation of which I wish I could remember the whole, but at least I am sure of repeating correctly one thought which struck me. The Emperor said in nearly these words:—

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“I wish no harm to Alexander; it is not on Russia that I am making war, no more than on Spain; I have only one enemy,—England, and it is her I am striving to reach in Russia; I will pursue her everywhere.” During this speech the marshal bit his nails, as was his constant habit. On that day a magnificent review was held, at which all the princes of the Confederation were present, surrounding their chief as great vassals of his crown.

When the various army-corps marshaled from the other side of the Elbe had advanced to the confines of Poland, we left Dresden, meeting everywhere the same enthusiasm on the advent of the Emperor. We were as a result sumptuously entertained in every place at which we halted, so anxious were the inhabitants to testify their regard for his Majesty, even in the person of those who had the honor of serving him.

At this time there was a general rumor in the army, and among the persons of the Emperor’s household, that his intention was to re-establish the kingdom of Poland. Ignorant as I was, and from my position should naturally be, of all political matters, I heard no less than others the expression of an opinion which was universal, and which was discussed openly by all. Sometimes the Emperor condescended to ask me what I heard, and always smiled at my report, since I could not tell the truth and say anything that would have been disagreeable to him; for he was then, and I do not speak too strongly, universally adored by the Polish population.

On the 23d of June we were on the banks of the Niemen, that river already become so famous by the interview between the two Emperors, under circumstances very different from those in which they now found themselves.

The passage of the army began in the evening, and lasted for forty-eight hours, during which time the Emperor was almost constantly on horseback, so well he knew that his presence expedited matters. Then we continued our journey to Wilna, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, and on the 27th arrived in front of this town, occupied by the Russians; and it may truly be said that there, and there alone, military operations began, for up to this time the Emperor had traveled as he would have done in the departments of the interior of France. The Russians, being attacked, were beaten and fell back, so that two days after we entered Wilna, a town of considerable size, which seemed to me to contain about thirty thousand inhabitants. I was struck with the incredible number of convents and churches which are there. At Wilna the Emperor was much gratified by the demand of five or six hundred students that they should be formed into a regiment. It is needless to say that such solicitations were always eagerly granted by his Majesty.

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We rested for some time at Wilna; the Emperor thence followed the movement of his armies, and occupied himself also with organizing the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, of which this town, as is well known, is the capital. As the Emperor was often on horseback, I had sufficient leisure to acquaint myself thoroughly with the town and its environs. The Lithuanians were in a state of enthusiasm impossible to describe; and although I have seen during my life many fetes, I shall never forget the joyous excitement of the whole population when the grand national fete of the regeneration of Poland was celebrated, which owing either to a singular coincidence, or the calculation of the Emperor, was appointed for the 14th of July. The Poles were still uncertain as to the ultimate fate which the Emperor reserved for their country; but a future bright with hope shone before their eyes, until these visions were rudely dispelled by the Emperor's reply to the deputation from the Polish confederation established at Warsaw. This numerous deputation, with a count palatine at its head, demanded the integral re-establishment of the ancient kingdom of Poland. This was the Emperor's reply:—

"Messieurs, deputies of the Confederation of Poland, I have heard with interest what you have just said. Were I a Pole, I should think and act as you have done, and I should have voted like you in the assembly at Warsaw; for love of country is the first virtue of civilized man.

"In my position I have many opposing interests to reconcile, and many duties to fulfill. If I had reigned at the time of the first, second, or third division of Poland, I would have armed all my people to sustain you. As soon as victory permitted me to restore your ancient laws to your capital and to a part of your provinces, I have done so readily, without, however, prolonging a war which would have shed the blood of my subjects.

"I love your nation. For sixteen years I have seen your soldiers by my side on the fields of Italy as on those of Spain.

"I applaud all that you have done; I authorize the efforts you wish to make; and all that depends on me to carry out your resolutions shall be done.

"If your efforts are unanimous, you may indulge the hope of forcing your enemies to recognize your rights. But in these countries, so distant and so extensive, any hope of success can be founded only on the unanimous efforts of the population which occupies them.

"I have maintained the same position since my first appearance in Poland. I should add here that I have guaranteed to the Emperor of Austria the integrity of his States, and I could authorize no movement tending to disturb him in the peaceful possession of what remains to him of the Polish provinces. Let Lithuania, Samogitia, Witepsk, Polotsk, Mohilow, Wolhynia, Ukraine, and Podolia be animated by the same spirit I have seen in great Poland, and Providence will crown with success the holiness of your cause; it will recompense this devotion to your native country which has made you such an object of

interest, and has obtained for you the right to my esteem and protection, on which you may rely under all circumstances.”

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I have thought it best to give here the entire reply of the Emperor to the deputies of the Polish confederation, as I was a witness of the effect it produced at Wilna. A few Poles with whom I was associated spoke to me of it with sorrow; but their consternation was not loudly expressed, and the air did not the less resound with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” each time the Emperor showed himself in public, which is to say almost every day.

During our stay at Wilna some hopes were entertained that a new peace was about to be concluded, as an envoy had arrived from the Emperor Alexander. But these hopes were of short duration; and I have since ascertained that the Russian officer, M. Balochoff, fearing, like almost all of his nation, a reconciliation between the two emperors, delivered his message in such a manner as to rouse the pride of his Majesty, who sent him back after a cool reception. Everything smiled on the Emperor. He was then at the head of the most numerous as well as most formidable army he had ever commanded. On M. Balachoff’s departure everything was set in order for the execution of his Majesty’s plans.

When on the point of penetrating into the Russian territory, his Majesty no longer maintained his customary serenity; at least, I had occasion to remark that he was unusually silent at the hours I had the honor to approach him; and, nevertheless, as soon as his plans were made, and he had brought his troops from the other side of the Vilia, the river on which Wilna is situated, the Emperor took possession of the Russian territory with the enthusiastic ardor one would expect in a young man. One of the escort which accompanied him related to me that the Emperor spurred his horse to the front, and made him run at his utmost speed nearly a league through the woods alone, and notwithstanding the numerous Cossacks scattered through these woods which lie along the right bank of the Vilia.

I have more than once seen the Emperor much annoyed because there was no enemy to fight. For instance, the Russians had abandoned Wilna, which we had entered without resistance; and again, on leaving this town scouts announced the absence of hostile troops, with the exception of those Cossacks of whom I have spoken. I remember one day we thought we heard the distant noise of cannon, and the Emperor almost shuddered with joy; but we were soon undeceived, the noise was the sound of thunder, and suddenly the most frightful storm I have ever seen burst over the army. The land for a space of more than four leagues was so covered with water that the road could not be seen; and this storm, as fatal as a battle could have been, cost us a large number of men, several thousand horses, and a part of the immense equipments of the expedition.

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It was known in the army that the Russians had done an immense amount of work at Drissa, where they had constructed an enormous intrenched camp; and the number of troops collected there, the considerable sums expended in the works, all gave reason to believe that the Russian army would await the French at this point; and this belief was all the more reasonable since the Emperor Alexander, in his numerous proclamations disseminated through the army, and several of which fell into our hands, boasted of conquering the French at Drissa, where (said these proclamations) we should find our grave. It was otherwise ordained by destiny; for the Russians, constantly falling back towards the heart of Russia, abandoned this famous camp of Drissa on the approach of the Emperor: I heard it said by many general officers that a great battle would have been at that time a salutary event for the French army, in which discontent was beginning to increase, first, for want of enemies to fight, and second; because privations of every kind became each day more unendurable. Whole divisions lived, so to speak, by pillage. The soldiers devastated the dwellings and cottages found at rare intervals in the country; and, in spite of the severe orders of the Emperor against marauding and pillaging, these orders could not be executed, for the officers themselves lived for the most part on the booty which the soldiers obtained and shared with them.

The Emperor affected before his soldiers a serenity which he was far from feeling; and from a few detached words which I heard him pronounce in this grave situation, I am authorized to believe that the Emperor desired a battle so ardently, only in the hope that the Emperor Alexander would make him new overtures leading to peace. I think that he would then have accepted it after the first victory; but he would never have consented to retrace his steps after such immense preparations without having waged one of those great battles which furnish sufficient glory for a campaign; at least, that is what I heard him say repeatedly. The Emperor also often spoke of the enemies he had to combat with an affected disdain which he did not really feel; his object being to cheer the officers and soldiers, many of whom made no concealment of their discouragement.

Before leaving Wilna, the Emperor established there a kind of central government, at the head of which he had placed the Duke of Bassano, with the object of having an intermediate point between France and the line of operations he intended to carry on in the interior of Russia. Disappointed, as I have said, by the abandonment of the camp of Drissa by the Russian army, he marched rapidly towards Witepsk, where the greater part of the French forces were then collected: but here the ire of the Emperor was again aroused by a new retreat of the Russians; for the encounters of Ostrovno and Mohilev, although important, could not be considered as the kind of battle the Emperor so ardently desired. On entering Witepsk, the Emperor learned that the Emperor Alexander, who a few days before had his headquarters there, and also the Grand Duke Constantine, had quitted the army, and returned to St. Petersburg.

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At this period, that is to say, on our arrival at Witepsk, the report was spread abroad that the Emperor would content himself with taking position there, and organizing means of subsistence for his army, and that he would postpone till the next year the execution of his vast designs on Russia. I could not undertake to say what his inmost thoughts were on this subject; but what I can certify is that, being in a room adjoining his, I one day heard him say to the King of Naples, that the first campaign of Russia was ended, and that he would be the following year at Moscow, the next at St. Petersburg, and that the Russian war was a three years' campaign. Had it pleased Providence that his Majesty had executed this plan, which he outlined to the King of Naples so earnestly, so many of the brave would not have laid down their lives a few months after in the frightful retreat, the horrors of which I shall hereafter describe.

During our stay at Witepsk, the heat was so excessive that the Emperor was much exhausted, and complained of it incessantly; and I have never seen him under any circumstances so oppressed by the weight of his clothing. In his room he rarely wore his coat, and frequently threw himself on his bed to rest. This is a fact which many persons can attest as well as I; for he often received his general officers thus, though it had been his custom never to appear before them without the uniform which he habitually wore. Nevertheless, the influence which the heat had on his physical condition had not affected his great soul; and his genius ever on the alert embraced every branch of the administration. But it was easily seen by those whose positions enabled them best to know his character that the source of his greatest suffering at Witepsk was the uncertainty whether he should remain in Poland, or should advance without delay into the heart of Russia. While he was hesitating between these two decisions he was nearly always sad and taciturn.

In this state of vacillation between repose and motion, the Emperor's preference was not doubtful; and at the end of a council where I heard it said that his Majesty met with much opposition, I learned that we were to move forward and advance on Moscow, from which it was said that we were only twenty days' march distant. Among those who opposed most vehemently this immediate march on Moscow, I heard the names cited of the Duke of Vicenza and the Count of Lobau; but what I can assert of my own knowledge, and which I learned in a manner to leave no room for doubt, is that the grand marshal of the palace tried on numerous occasions to dissuade the Emperor from this project. But all these endeavors were of no avail against his will.

We then directed our course towards the second capital of Russia, and arrived after a few days march at Smolensk, a large and beautiful city. The Russians, whom he thought he had caught at last, had just evacuated it, after destroying much booty, and burning the greater part of the stores.

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We entered by the light of the flames, but it was nothing in comparison to what awaited us at Moscow. I remarked at Smolensk two buildings which seemed to me of the greatest beauty,—the cathedral and the episcopal palace, which last seemed to form a village in itself, so extensive are the buildings, and being also separated from the city.

I will not make a list of the places with barbarous names through which we passed after leaving Smolensk. All that I shall add as to our itinerary during the first half of this gigantic campaign is that on the 5th of September we arrived on the banks of the Moskwa, where the Emperor saw with intense satisfaction that at last the Russians were determined to grant him the great battle which he so ardently desired, and which he had pursued for more than two hundred leagues as prey that he would not allow to escape him.

CHAPTER V.

The day after the battle of the Moskwa, I was with the Emperor in his tent which was on the field of battle, and the most perfect calm reigned around us. It was a fine spectacle which this army presented, calmly re-forming its columns in which the Russian cannon had made such wide gaps, and proceeding to the repose of the bivouac with the security which conquerors ever feel. The Emperor seemed overcome with fatigue. From time to time he clasped his hands over his crossed knees, and I heard him each time repeat, with a kind of convulsive movement, “Moscow! Moscow!” He sent me several times to see what was going on outside, then rose himself, and coming up behind me looked out over my shoulder. The noise made by the sentinel in presenting arms each time warned me of his approach. After about a quarter of an hour of these silent marches to and fro, the sentinel advanced and cried, “To arms!” and like a lightning flash the battalion square was formed around the Emperor’s tent. He rushed out, and then re-entered to take his hat and sword. It proved to be a false alarm, as a regiment of Saxons returning from a raid had been mistaken for the enemy.

There was much laughter over this mistake, especially when the raiders came in sight, some bearing quarters of meat spitted on the ends of their bayonets, others with half-picked fowls or hams which made the mouth water. I was standing outside the tent, and shall never forget the first movement of the sentinel as he gave the cry of alarm. He lowered the stock of his gun to see if the priming was in place, shook the barrel by striking it with his fist, then replaced the gun on his arm, saying, “Well, let them come; we are ready for them.” I told the occurrence to the Emperor, who in his turn related it to Prince Berthier; and in consequence the Emperor made this brave soldier drink a glass of his best Chambertin wine.

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It was the Duke of Dantzic who first entered Moscow, and the Emperor came only after him. This entry was made in the night, and never was there a more depressing scene. There was something truly frightful in this silent march of an army halted at intervals by messages from inside the city, which seemed to be of a most ominous character. No Muscovite figures could be distinguished except those of a few beggars covered with rags, who watched with stupid astonishment the army file past; and as some few of these appeared to be begging alms, our soldiers threw them bread and a few pieces of money. I cannot prevent a sad reflection on these unfortunate creatures, whose condition alone remains unchanged through great political upheavals, and who are totally without affection and without national sympathies.

As we advanced on the streets of the faubourgs, we looked through the windows on each side, and were astonished to perceive no human being; and if a solitary light appeared in the windows of a few houses, it was soon extinguished, and these signs of life so suddenly effaced made a terrible impression. The Emperor halted at the faubourg of Dorogomilow, and spent the night there, not in an inn, as has been stated, but in a house so filthy and wretched that next morning we found in the Emperor's bed, and on his clothes, vermin which are by no means uncommon in Russia. We were tormented by them also to our great disgust, and the Emperor did not sleep during the whole night he passed there. According to custom, I slept in his chamber; and notwithstanding the precaution I had taken to burn vinegar and aloes wood, the odor was so disagreeable that every moment the Emperor called me.

"Are you asleep, Constant?"—"No, Sire."—"My son, burn more vinegar, I cannot endure this frightful odor; it is a torment; I cannot sleep." I did my best; but a moment after, when the fumes of the vinegar were evaporated, he again recommended me to burn sugar or aloes wood.

It was two o'clock in the morning when he was informed that a fire had broken out in the city. The news was received through Frenchmen residing in this country, and an officer of the Russian police confirmed the report, and entered into details too precise for the Emperor to doubt the fact. Nevertheless, he still persisted in not believing it. "That is not possible. Do you believe that, Constant? Go, and find out if it is true." And thereupon he threw himself again on his bed, trying to rest a little; then he recalled me to make the same inquiries.

The Emperor passed the night in extreme agitation, and when daylight came he knew all. He had Marshal Mortier called, and reprimanded both him and the young guard. Mortier in reply showed him, houses covered with iron the roofs of which were uninjured, but the Emperor pointed out to him the black smoke which was issuing from them, pressed his hands together, and stamped his heels on the rough planks of his sleeping-room.

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At six o'clock in the morning we were at the palace of the Kremlin, where Napoleon occupied the apartment of the Czars, which opened on a vast esplanade reached by a broad stone staircase. On this same esplanade could be seen the church in which were the tombs of the ancient sovereigns, also the senatorial palace, the barracks, the arsenal, and a splendid clock tower, the cross on which towers above the whole city. This is the gilded cross of Ivan. The Emperor threw a satisfied glance over the beautiful scene spread out before him; for no sign of fire was yet seen in all the buildings which surrounded the Kremlin. This palace is a mixture of Gothic and modern architecture, and this mingling of the two styles gives it a most singular appearance.

Within these walls lived and died the old dynasties of the Romanoff and Ruric; and this is the same palace which has been so often stained with blood by the intrigues of a ferocious court, at a period when all quarrels were settled with the poniard. His Majesty could not obtain there even a few hours of quiet sleep.

In fact, the Emperor, somewhat reassured by the reports of Marshal Mortier, was dictating to the Emperor Alexander words of peace, and a Russian flag of truce was about to bear this letter, when the Emperor, who was promenading the length and breadth of his apartment, perceived from his windows a brilliant light some distance from the palace. It was the fire, which had burst out again fiercer than ever; and as the wind from the north was now driving the flames in the direction of the Kremlin, the alarm was given by two officers who occupied the wing of the building nearest the fire. Wooden houses of many various colors were devoured in a few moments, and had already fallen in; magazines of oil, brandy, and other combustible materials, threw out flames of a lurid hue, which were communicated with the rapidity of lightning to other adjoining buildings. A shower of sparks and coals fell on the roofs of the Kremlin; and one shudders to think that one of these sparks alone falling on a caisson might have produced a general explosion, and blown up the Kremlin; for by an inconceivable negligence a whole park of artillery had been placed under the Emperor's windows.

Soon most incredible reports reached the Emperor; some said that Russians had been seen stirring the fire themselves, and throwing inflammable material into the parts of houses still unburned, while those of the Russians who did not mingle with the incendiaries, stood with folded arms, contemplating the disaster with an imperturbability which cannot be described. Except for the absence of cries of joy and clapping of hands they might have been taken for men who witness a brilliant display of fireworks. It was soon very evident to the Emperor that it was a concerted plot laid by the enemy.

He descended from his apartment by the great northern staircase made famous by the massacre of the Strelitz. The fire had already made such enormous progress that on this side the outside doors were half burned through, and the horses refused to pass, reared, and it was with much difficulty they could be made to clear the gates. The Emperor had his gray overcoat burned in several places, and even his hair; and a moment later we were walking over burning firebrands.

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We were not yet out of danger, and were obliged to steer clear of the burning rubbish which encumbered our path. Several outlets were tried, but unsuccessfully, as the hot breezes from the fire struck against our faces, and drove us back in terrible confusion. At last a postern opening on the Moskwa was discovered, and it was through this the Emperor with his officers and guard succeeded in escaping from the Kremlin, but only to re-enter narrow streets, where the fire, inclosed as in a furnace, was increased in intensity, and uniting above our heads the flames thus formed a burning dome, which overshadowed us, and hid from us the heavens. It was time to leave this dangerous place from which one means of egress alone was open to us,—a narrow, winding street encumbered with debris of every kind, composed of flaming beams fallen from the roofs, and burning posts. There was a moment of hesitation among us, in which some proposed to the Emperor to cover him from head to foot with their cloaks, and transport him thus in their arms through this dangerous passage. This proposition the Emperor rejected, and settled the question by throwing himself on foot into the midst of the blazing debris, where two or three vigorous jumps put him in a place of safety.

Then ensued a touching scene between the Emperor and the Prince of Eckmuhl, who, wounded at the Moskwa, had himself borne back in order to attempt to save the Emperor, or to die with him. From a distance the marshal perceived him calmly emerging from so great a peril; and this good and tender friend by an immense effort hastened to throw himself into the Emperor’s arms, and his Majesty pressed him to his heart as if to thank him for rousing such gentle emotions at a moment when danger usually renders men selfish and egotistical.

At length the air itself, filled with all these flaming masses, became so heated that it could no longer be breathed. The atmosphere itself was burning, the glass of the windows cracked,’ and apartments became untenable. The Emperor stood for a moment immovable, his face crimson, and great drops of perspiration rolling from his brow, while the King of Naples, Prince Eugene, and the Prince de Neuchatel begged him to quit the palace, whose entreaties he answered only by impatient gestures. At this instant cries came from the wing of the palace situated farthest to the north, announcing that the walls had fallen, and that the fire was spreading with frightful rapidity; and seeing at last that his position was no longer tenable, the Emperor admitted that it was time to leave, and repaired to the imperial chateau of Petrovskoi.

On his arrival at Petrovskoi the Emperor ordered M. de Narbonne to inspect a palace which I think had belonged to Catherine. This was a beautiful building, and the apartments handsomely furnished. M. de Narbonne returned with this information; but almost immediately flames burst from every side, and it was soon consumed.

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Such was the fury of these wretches who were hired to burn everything, that the boats which covered the Moskwa laden with grain; oats, and other provisions, were burned, and sunk beneath the waves with a horrible crackling sound. Soldiers of the Russian police had been seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances, and in the ovens of some houses shells had been placed which wounded many of our soldiers in exploding.

In the streets filthy women and hideous, drunken men ran to the burning houses and seized flaming brands, which they carried in every direction, and which our soldiers were obliged repeatedly to knock out of their hands with the hilts of their swords before they would relinquish them. The Emperor ordered that these incendiaries when taken in the act should be hung to posts in the public squares; and the populace prostrated themselves around these gallows, kissing the feet of those executed, praying, and signing themselves with the sign of the cross. Such fanaticism is almost unparalleled.

One incident of which I was a witness proves that those hired to carry out this vast plot acted, evidently, according to instructions given by higher authorities. A man covered with a sheepskin, old and tattered, with a miserable capon his head, boldly mounted the steps of the Kremlin. Under this filthy disguise an elegant costume was concealed; and when a stricter surveillance was instituted, this bold beggar himself was suspected, arrested, and carried before the police, where he was questioned by the officer of the post. As he made some resistance, thinking this proceeding somewhat arbitrary, the sentinel put his hand on his breast to force him to enter; and this somewhat abrupt movement pushing aside the sheepskin which covered him, decorations were seen, and when his disguise was removed he was recognized as a Russian officer. He had on his person matches which he had been distributing to the men of the people, and when questioned admitted that he was specially charged to keep alive the fire of the Kremlin. Many questions were asked, each eliciting new confessions, all of which were made in the most indifferent manner, and he was put in prison, and was, I think, punished as an incendiary; but of this I am not certain. When any of these wretches were brought before the Emperor, he shrugged his shoulders, and with gestures of scorn and anger ordered that they should be removed from his sight, and the grenadiers sometimes executed justice on them with their bayonets; but such exasperation can be well understood in soldiers thus driven by these base and odious measures from a resting-place earned by the sword.

In Petrovskoi, a pretty residence belonging to one of Alexander’s chamberlains, a man was found concealed in one of the apartments his Majesty was to occupy; but not being armed he was released, as it was concluded that fright alone had driven him into this dwelling. The Emperor arrived during the night at his new residence, and waited there in intense anxiety till the fire should be extinguished at the Kremlin, intending to return thither, for the pleasure house of a chamberlain was no suitable place for his Majesty. Thanks to the active and courageous actions of a battalion of the guard, the Kremlin was preserved from the flames, and the Emperor thereupon gave the signal for departure.

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In order to re-enter Moscow it was necessary to cross the camp, or rather the several camps, of the army; and we wended our way over cold and miry ground, through fields where all was devastation and ruin. This camp presented a most singular aspect; and I experienced feelings of bitter melancholy as I saw our soldiers compelled to bivouac at the gates of a large and beautiful city of which they were the conquerors, but the fire still more than they. The Emperor, on appointing Marshal Mortier governor of Moscow, had said to him, “Above all, no pillage; you will answer for it with your head.” The order was strictly enforced up to the moment the fire began; but when it was evident that the fire would devour everything, and that it was useless to abandon to the flames what would be of much value to the soldiers, liberty was given them to draw largely from this great storehouse of the north.

It was at once sad and amusing to see around poor plank sheds, the only tents our soldiers had, the most magnificent furniture, silk canopies, priceless Siberian furs, and cashmere shawls thrown pell-mell with silver dishes; and then to see the food served on these princely dishes,—miserable black gruel, and pieces of horseflesh still bleeding. Good ammunition-bread was worth at this time treble all these riches, and there came a time when they had not even horseflesh.

On re-entering Moscow the wind bore to us the insufferable odor of burning houses, warm ashes filled our mouths and eyes, and frequently we drew back just in time before great pillars which had been burned in two by the fire, and fell noiselessly on this calcined soil. Moscow was not so deserted as we had thought. As the first impression conquest produces is one of fright, all the inhabitants who remained had concealed themselves in cellars, or in the immense vaults which extend under the Kremlin; and driven out by the fire like wolves from their lairs, when we re-entered the city nearly twenty thousand inhabitants were wandering through the midst of the debris, a dull stupor depicted on faces blackened with smoke, and pale with hunger; for they could not comprehend how having gone to sleep under human roofs, they had risen next morning on a plain. They were in the last extremity of want; a few vegetables only remained in the gardens, and these were devoured raw, while many of these unfortunate creatures threw themselves at different times into the Moskwa, endeavoring to recover some of the grain cast therein by Rostopchin’s orders;

> [Count Feodor Rostopchin, born 1765; died 1826. He denied that Moscow was burnt by his authority. He claimed that it was burnt partly by the French, and partly by Russians without orders.]

and a large number perished in the water in these fruitless efforts. Such was the scene of distress through which the Emperor was obliged to pass in order to reach the Kremlin.

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The apartments which he occupied were spacious and well lighted, but almost devoid of furniture; but his iron bedstead was set up there, as in all the chateaux he occupied in his campaigns. His windows opened on the Moskwa, and from there the fire could still be plainly seen in various quarters of the city, reappearing on one side as soon as extinguished on the other. His Majesty said to me one evening with deep feeling, "These wretches will not leave one stone upon another." I do not believe there was ever in any country as many buzzards as at Moscow. The Emperor was annoyed by their presence, and exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! will they follow us everywhere?"

There were a few concerts during our stay at the Emperor's residence in Moscow; but Napoleon seemed much dejected when he appeared at them, for the music of the saloons made no impression on his harassed mind, and the only kind that ever seemed to stir his soul was that of the camp before and after a battle.

The day after the Emperor's arrival, Messieurs Ed—— and V—— repaired to the Kremlin in order to interview his Majesty, and after waiting some time without seeing him, were expressing their mutual regret at having failed in this expectation, when they suddenly heard a shutter open above their heads, and, raising their eyes, recognized the Emperor, who said, "Messieurs, who are you?"—"Sire, we are Frenchmen!" He requested them to mount the stairs to the room he occupied, and there continued his questions. "What is the nature of the occupation which has detained you in Moscow?"—"We are tutors in the families of two Russian noblemen, whom the arrival of the French troops have driven from their homes. We have submitted to the entreaties made by them not to abandon their property, and we are at present alone in their palaces." The Emperor inquired of them if there were still other Frenchmen at Moscow, and asked that they should be brought to him; and then proposed that they should charge themselves with maintaining order, appointing as chief, M. M——, whom he decorated with a tri-colored scarf. He recommended them to prevent the pillage of the French soldiers in the churches, and to have the malefactors shot, and enjoined them to use great rigor towards the galley-slaves, whom Rostopchin had pardoned on condition that they would set fire to the city.

A part of these Frenchmen followed our army in its retreat, seeing that a longer stay at Moscow would be most disagreeable to them; and those who did not follow their example were condemned to work on the streets.

The Emperor Alexander, when informed of the measures of Rostopchin, harshly rebuked the governor, and ordered him at once to restore to liberty these unfortunate Frenchmen.

CHAPTER VI.

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We re-entered the Kremlin the morning of the 18th of September. The palace and the hospital for foundlings were almost the only buildings remaining uninjured. On the route our carriages were surrounded by a crowd of miserable Muscovites begging alms. They followed us as far as the palace, walking through hot ashes, or over the heated stones, which crumbled beneath their feet. The poorest were barefoot; and it was a heart-rending sight to see these creatures, as their feet touched the burning debris, give vent to their sufferings by screams and gestures of despair. As the only unencumbered part of the street was occupied by our carriages, this swarm threw themselves pell-mell against the wheels or under the feet of our horses. Our progress was consequently very slow, and we had so much the longer under our eyes this picture of the greatest of all miseries, that of a people burned out of their homes, and without food or the means to procure it. The Emperor had food and money given them.

When we were again established at the Kremlin, and had resumed our regular routine of living, a few days passed in perfect tranquillity. The Emperor appeared less sad, and in consequence those surrounding him became somewhat more cheerful. It seemed as if we had returned from the campaign, and taken up again the customary occupations of city life; but if the Emperor sometimes indulged in this illusion, it was soon dispelled by the sight Moscow presented as seen from the windows of his apartments, and each time Napoleon's eyes turned in that direction it was evident that he was oppressed by the saddest presentiments, although he no longer manifested the same vehement impatience as on his first stay at the palace, when he saw the flames surrounding him and driving him from his apartments. But he exhibited the depressing calm of a careworn man who cannot foresee how things will result. The days were long at the Kremlin while the Emperor awaited Alexander's reply, which never came. At this time I noticed that the Emperor kept constantly on his table Voltaire's history of Charles XII.

The Emperor was a prey to his genius for administration, even in the midst of the ruins of this great city; and in order to divert his mind from the anxiety caused by outside affairs, occupied himself with municipal organization, and had already arranged that Moscow should be stocked with provisions for the winter.

A theater was erected near the Kremlin, but the Emperor never attended. The troupe was composed of a few unfortunate French actors, who had remained in Moscow in a state of utter destitution; but his Majesty encouraged this enterprise in the hope that theatrical representations would offer some diversion to both officers and soldiers. It was said that the first actors of Paris had been ordered to Moscow, but of that I know nothing positively. There was at Moscow a celebrated Italian singer whom the Emperor heard several times, but only in his apartments, and he did not form part of the regular troupe.

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Until the 18th of October the time was spent in discussions, more or less heated, between the Emperor and his generals, as to the best course to be pursued. Every one well knew that retreat had now become inevitable, and the Emperor was well aware of this fact himself; but it was plainly evident that it cost his pride a terrible struggle to speak the decisive word. The last days preceding the 18th were the saddest I have ever known. In his ordinary intercourse with his friends and counselors his Majesty manifested much coldness of manner; he became taciturn, and entire hours passed without any one present having the courage to begin a conversation. The Emperor, who was generally so hurried at his meals, prolonged them most surprisingly. Sometimes during the day he threw himself on a sofa, a romance in his hand which he simply pretended to read, and seemed absorbed in deep reverie. Verses were sent to him from Paris which he read aloud, expressing his opinion in a brief and trenchant style; he spent three days writing regulations for the French comedy at Paris. It is difficult to understand this attention to such frivolous details when the future was so ominous. It was generally believed, and probably not without reason, that the Emperor acted thus from motives of deep policy, and that these regulations for the French comedy at this time, when no bulletin had yet arrived to give information of the disastrous position of the French army, were written with the object of making an impression on the inhabitants of Paris, who would not fail to say, “All cannot be going so badly, since the Emperor has time to occupy himself with the theater.”

The news received on the 18th put an end to all uncertainty. The Emperor was reviewing, in the first court of the Kremlin palace, the divisions of Ney, distributing the cross to the bravest among them, and addressing encouraging words to all, when an aide-de-camp, young Beranger, brought the news that a sharp engagement had taken place at Winkowo between Murat and Kutusoff, and that the vanguard of Murat had been overwhelmed and our position taken. Russia’s intention to resume hostilities was now plainly evident, and in the first excitement of the news the Emperor’s astonishment was at its height. There was, on the contrary, among the soldiers of Marshal Ney an electric movement of enthusiasm and anger which was very gratifying to his Majesty. Charmed to see how the shame of a defeat, even when sustained without dishonor, excited the pride and aroused a desire to retrieve it in these impassioned souls, the Emperor pressed the hand of the colonel nearest to him, continued the review, and ordered that evening a concentration of all the corps; and before night the whole army was in motion towards Woronowo.

A few days before quitting Moscow, the Emperor had the churches of the Kremlin stripped of their finest ornaments. The ravages of the fire had relaxed the protection that the Emperor had extended to the property of the Russians.

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The most magnificent trophy in this collection was the immense cross of the great Ivan. It was necessary to demolish a part of the tower on which it stood in order to take it down, and it required stupendous efforts to break this vast mass of iron. It was the Emperor's intention to place it upon the dome of the Invalides, but it was sunk in the waters of Lake Semlewo.

The evening before the Emperor was to hold a review, the soldiers were busily employed polishing their arms and putting everything in order, to conceal as far as possible the destitute condition to which they were reduced. The most imprudent had exchanged their winter clothing for provisions, many had worn out their shoes on the march, and yet each one made it a point of honor to make a good appearance on review; and when the glancing rays of the sun shone on the barrels of the well-polished guns, the Emperor felt again in witnessing this scene some slight return of the emotions with which his soul was filled on the glorious day of his departure for the campaign.

The Emperor left twelve hundred wounded at Moscow, four hundred of whom were removed by the last corps which quitted the city. Marshal Mortier was the last to go. At Feminskoe, ten leagues from Moscow, we heard the noise of a frightful explosion; it was the Kremlin which had been blown up by the Emperor's orders. A fuse was placed in the vaults of the palace, and everything arranged so that the explosion should not take place within a certain time. Some Cossacks came to pillage the abandoned apartments, in ignorance that a fire was smoldering under their feet, and were thrown to a prodigious height in the air. Thirty thousand guns were abandoned in the fortress. In an instant part of the Kremlin was a mass of ruins. A part was preserved, and a circumstance which contributed no little to enhance the credit of their great St. Nicholas with the Russians was that an image in stone of this saint remained uninjured by the explosion, in a spot where almost everything else was destroyed. This fact was stated to me by a reliable person, who heard Count Rostopchin himself relate it during his stay in Paris.

On the 28th of October the Emperor retraced his way to Smolensk, and passed near the battle-field of Borodino. About thirty thousand corpses had been left on this vast plain; and on our approach flocks of buzzards, whom an abundant harvest had attracted, flew away with horrible croakings. These corpses of so many brave men presented a sickening spectacle, half consumed, and exhaling an odor which even the excessive cold could not neutralize. The Emperor hastened past, and slept in the chateau of Oupinskoe which was almost in ruins; and the next day he visited a few wounded who had been left in an abbey. These poor fellows seemed to recover their strength at the sight of the Emperor, and forgot their sufferings, which must have been very severe, as wounds are always much more painful

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when cold weather first begins. All these pale countenances drawn with suffering became more serene. These poor soldiers also rejoiced to see their comrades, and questioned them with anxious curiosity concerning the events which had followed the battle of Borodino. When they learned that we had bivouacked at Moscow, they were filled with joy; and it was very evident that their greatest regret was that they could not have been with the others to see the fine furniture of the rich Muscovites used as fuel at the bivouac fires. Napoleon directed that each carriage of the suite should convey one of these unfortunates; and this was done, everybody complying with the order with a readiness which gratified the Emperor exceedingly; and the poor wounded fellows said in accents of most ardent gratitude, that they were much more comfortable on these soft cushions than in the ambulances, which we could well believe. A lieutenant of the cuirassiers who had just undergone an amputation was placed in the landau of the Emperor, while he traveled on horseback.

This answers every accusation of cruelty so gratuitously made against the memory of a great man who has passed away. I have read somewhere with intense disgust that the Emperor sometimes ordered his carriage to pass over the wounded, whose cries of agony made not the slightest impression on him; all of which is false and very revolting. None of those who served the Emperor could have been ignorant of his solicitude for the unfortunate victims of war, and the care he had taken of them. Foreigners, enemies, or Frenchmen,—all were recommended to the surgeon's care with equal strictness.

From time to time frightful explosions made us turn our heads, and glance behind us. They were caissons which were being exploded that we might no longer be encumbered with them, as the march became each day more painful. It produced a sad impression to see that we were reduced to such a point of distress as to be compelled to throw our powder to the winds to keep from leaving it to the enemy. But a still sadder reflection came into our minds at each detonation,—the grand army must be rapidly hastening to dissolution when the material remaining exceeded our needs, and the number of men still left was so much short of that required to use it. On the 30th, the Emperor's headquarters were in a poor hovel which had neither doors nor windows. We had much difficulty in enclosing even a corner sufficient for him to sleep. The cold was increasing, and the nights were icy; the small fortified palisades of which a species of post relays had been made, placed from point to point, marked the divisions of the route, and served also each evening as Imperial headquarters. The Emperor's bed was hastily set up there, and a cabinet arranged as well as possible where he could work with his secretaries, or write his orders to the different chiefs whom he had left on the road and in the towns.

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Our retreat was often annoyed by parties of Cossacks. These barbarians rushed upon us, lance in hand, and uttering rather howls of ferocious beasts than human cries, their little, long-tailed horses dashing against the flanks of the different divisions. But these attacks, though often repeated, had not, at least at the beginning of the retreat, serious consequences for the army. When they heard this horrible cry the infantry was not intimidated, but closed ranks and presented bayonets, and the cavalry made it their duty to pursue these barbarians, who fled more quickly than they came.

On the 6th of November, before leaving the army, the Emperor received news of the conspiracy of Malet and everything connected with it. He was at first astonished, then much dissatisfied, and ended by making himself very merry over the discomfiture of the chief of police, General Savary; and said many times that had he been at Paris no one would have budged, and that he could never leave at all without every one losing their heads at the least disturbance; and from this time he often spoke of how much he was needed in Paris.

Speaking of General Savary recalls to my memory an affair in which he was somewhat nonplussed. After quitting the command of the gendarmerie, to succeed Fouche in the office of minister of police, he had a little discussion with one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp. As he went so far as to threaten, the latter replied, "You seem to think you have handcuffs always in your pockets."

On the 8th of November the snow was falling, the sky covered with clouds, the cold intense, while a violent wind prevailed, and the roads were covered with sleet. The horses could make no progress, for their shoes were so badly worn that they could not prevent slipping on the frozen ground.

The poor animals were emaciated, and it was necessary that the soldiers should put their shoulders to the wheels in order to lighten their burdens.

There is something in the panting breath which issues from the nostrils of a tired horse, in the tension of their muscles, and the prodigious efforts of their loins, which gives us, in a high degree, the idea of strength; but the mute resignation of these animals, when we know them to be overladen, inspires us with pity, and makes us regret the abuse of so much endurance.

The Emperor on foot in the midst of his household, and staff in hand, walked with difficulty over these slippery roads, meanwhile encouraging the others with kind words, each of whom felt himself full of good-will; and had any one then uttered a complaint he would have been badly esteemed by his comrades. We arrived in sight of Smolensk. The Emperor was the least fatigued of all; and though he was pale, his countenance was calm, and nothing in his appearance indicated his mental sufferings; and indeed they must needs have been intense to be evident to the public. The roads were strewn

with men and horses slain by fatigue or famine; and men as they passed turned their eyes aside. As for the horses they were a prize for our famished soldiers.

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We at last reached Smolensk on the 9th, and the Emperor lodged in a beautiful house on the Place Neuve. Although this important city had suffered since we had passed through before, it still had some resources, and we found there provisions of all kinds for the Emperor's household and the officers; but the Emperor valued but little this privileged abundance, so to speak, when he learned that the army needed food for man and beast. When he learned of this his rage amounted to frenzy, and I have never seen him so completely beside himself. He had the commissary in charge of the provisions summoned, and reproached him in such unmeasured terms that the latter turned pale, and could find no words to justify himself, whereupon the Emperor became still more violent, and uttered terrible threats. I heard cries from the next room; and I have been told since that the quartermaster threw himself at the feet of his Majesty, beseeching pardon, and the Emperor, when his rage had spent itself, pardoned him. Never did he sympathize more truly with the sufferings of his army; never did he suffer more bitterly from his powerlessness to struggle against such overwhelming misfortunes.

On the 14th we resumed the route which we had traversed a few months before under far different auspices. The thermometer registered twenty degrees, and we were still very far from France. After a slow and painful march we arrived at Krasnoi. The Emperor was obliged to go in person, with his guard, to meet the enemy, and release the Prince of Eckmuhl. He passed through the fire of the enemy, surrounded by his old guard, who pressed around their chief in platoons in which the shell made large gaps, furnishing one of the grandest examples in all history of the devotion and love of thousands of men to one. When the fire was hottest, the band played the air, 'Where can one be better than in the bosom of his family?' Napoleon interrupted them, exclaiming, "Play rather, 'Let us watch over the safety of the Empire.'" It is difficult to imagine anything grander.

The Emperor returned from this combat much fatigued. He had passed several nights without sleeping, listening to the reports made to him on the condition of the army, expediting orders necessary to procure food for the soldiers, and putting in motion the different corps which were to sustain the retreat. Never did his stupendous activity find more constant employment; never did he show a higher courage than in the midst of all these calamities of which he seemed to feel the weighty responsibility.

Between Orcha and the Borysthenes those conveyances for which there were no longer horses were burned, and the confusion and discouragement became so great that in the rear of the army most of the stragglers threw down their arms as a heavy and useless burden. The officers of the armed police had orders to return by force those who abandoned their corps, and often they were obliged to prick them with their swords to

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make them advance. The intensity of their sufferings had hardened the heart of the soldier, which is naturally kind and sympathizing, to such an extent that the most unfortunate intentionally caused commotions in order that they might seize from some better equipped companion sometimes a cloak, sometimes food. “There are the Cossacks!” was their usual cry of alarm; and when these guilty tricks became known, and our soldiers recovered from their surprise, there were reprisals, and the confusion reached its height.

The corps of Marshal Davoust was one of those which suffered most in the whole army. Of the seventy thousand men with which it left France, there only remained four or five thousand, and they were dying of famine. The marshal himself was terribly emaciated. He had neither clothing nor food. Hunger and fatigue had hollowed his cheeks, and his whole appearance inspired pity. This brave marshal, who had twenty times escaped Russian bullets, now saw himself dying of hunger; and when one of his soldiers gave him a loaf, he seized it and devoured it. He was also the one who was least silent; and while thawing his mustache, on which the rain had frozen, he railed indignantly against the evil destiny which had thrown them into thirty degrees of cold. Moderation in words was difficult while enduring such sufferings.

For some time the Emperor had been in a state of great anxiety as to the fate of Marshal Ney, who had been cut off, and obliged to clear for himself a passage through the midst of the Russians, who followed us on every side.

As time passed the alarm increased. The Emperor demanded incessantly if Ney had yet been seen, accusing himself of having exposed this brave general too much, asking for him as for a good friend whom one has lost. The whole army shared and manifested the same anxiety, as if this brave soldier were the only one in danger. A few regarding him as certainly lost, and seeing the enemy threaten the bridges of the Borysthenes, proposed to cut them; but the army was unanimous in their opposition to this measure.

On the 20th, the Emperor, whom this idea filled with the deepest dejection, arrived at Basanoni, and was dining in company with the Prince of Neuchatel and the Duke of Dantzic, when General Gourgaud rushed in with the announcement that Marshal Ney and his troops were only a few leagues distant. The Emperor exclaimed with inconceivable joy, “Can it be true?” M. Gourgaud gave him particulars, which were soon known throughout the camp. This news brought joy to the hearts of all, each of whom accosted the other eagerly, as if each had found a long-lost brother; they spoke of the heroic courage which had been displayed; the talent shown in saving his corps in spite of snows, floods, and the attacks of the enemy. It is due Marshal Ney, to state here, that according to the opinion I have heard expressed by our most illustrious warriors, his safe retreat is a feat of arms to which history furnishes no parallel.

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The heart of our soldiers palpitated with enthusiasm, and on that day they felt the emotions of the day of victory! Ney and his division gained immortality by this marvelous display of valor and energy. So much the better for the few survivors of this handful of braves, who can read of the great deeds they have done, in these annals inspired by them. His Majesty said several times, “I would give all the silver in the vaults of the Tuileries to have my brave Ney at my side.”

To Prince Eugene was given the honor of going to meet Marshal Ney, with a corps of four thousand soldiers. Marshal Mortier had disputed this honor with him, but among these illustrious men there were never any but noble rivalries. The danger was immense; the cannon of Prince Eugene was used as a signal, understood by the marshal, to which he replied by platoon fires. The two corps met, and even before they were united, Marshal Ney and Prince Eugene were in each other’s arms; and it is said that the latter wept for joy. Such scenes make this horrible picture seem somewhat less gloomy. As far as the Beresina, our march was only a succession of small skirmishes and terrible sufferings.

The Emperor passed one night at Caniwki, in a wooden cabin containing only two rooms. The one at the back was selected by him, and in the other the whole service slept pell-mell. I was more comfortable, as I slept in his Majesty’s room; but several times during the night I was obliged to pass into this room, and was then compelled to step over the sleepers worn out by fatigue. Although I took care not to hurt them, they were so close together that it was impossible not to place my feet on their legs or arms.

In the retreat from Moscow, the Emperor walked on foot, wrapped in his pelisse, his head covered with a Russian cap tied under the chin. I marched often near the brave Marshal Lefebvre, who seemed very fond of me, and said to me in his German-French, in speaking of the Emperor, “He is surrounded by a set of who do not tell the truth; he does not distinguish sufficiently his good from his bad servants. How will he get out of this, the poor Emperor, whom I love so devotedly? I am always in fear of his life; if there were needed to save him only my blood, I would shed it drop by drop; but that would change nothing, and perhaps he may have need of me.”

CHAPTER VII.

The day preceding the passage of the Beresina was one of terrible solemnity. The Emperor appeared to have made his decision with the cool resolution of a man who commits an act of desperation; nevertheless, councils were held, and it was resolved that the army should strip itself of all useless burdens which might harass its march. Never was there more unanimity of opinion, never were deliberations more calm or

grave. It was the calm of men who decide to make one last effort, trusting in the will of God and their own

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courage. The Emperor had the eagles brought from each corps and burned, since he thought that fugitives had no need of them. It was a sad sight to see these men advancing from the ranks one by one, and casting in the flames what they valued more than their lives, and I have never seen dejection more profound, or shame more keenly felt; for this seemed much like a general degradation to the brave soldiers of the battle of La Moskwa. The Emperor had made these eagles talismans, and this showed only too plainly he had lost faith in them. And although the soldiers realized that the situation of affairs must be desperate to have come to this, it was at least some consolation to think that the Russians would have only the ashes. What a scene was presented by the burning of these eagles, above all to those who like myself had been present at the magnificent ceremonies attending their distribution to the army in the camp of Boulogne before the campaign of Austerlitz!

Horses were needed for the artillery, and at this critical moment the artillery was the safeguard of the army. The Emperor consequently gave orders that the horses should be impressed, for he estimated the loss of a single cannon or caisson as irreparable. The artillery was confided to the care of a corps composed entirely of officers, and numbering about five hundred men. His Majesty was so much touched at seeing these brave officers become soldiers again, put their hand to the cannon like simple cannoneers, and resume their practice of the manual of arms in their devotion to duty, that he called this corps his sacred squadron. With the same spirit which made these officers become soldiers again, the other superior officers descended to a lower rank, with no concern as to the designation of their grade. Generals of division Grouchy and Sebastiani took again the rank of simple captain.

When near Borizow we halted at the sound of loud shouts, thinking ourselves cut off by the Russian army. I saw the Emperor grow pale; it was like a thunderbolt. A few lancers were hastily dispatched, and we saw them soon returning waving their banners in the air. His Majesty understood the signal, and even before the cuirassiers had reassured us, so clearly did he keep in mind even the possible position of each corps of his army, he exclaimed, “I bet it is Victor.” And in fact it was Marshal Victor, who awaited us with lively impatience. It seemed that the marshal’s army had received very vague information of our disasters, and was prepared to receive the Emperor with joy and enthusiasm. His soldiers still fresh and vigorous, at least compared with the rest of the army, could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes when they saw our wretched condition; but the cries of “Vive l’Empereur” were none the less enthusiastic.

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But a different impression was made when the rear guard of the army filed before them; and great confusion ensued, as each one of the marshal's army who recognized a friend rushed out of the ranks and hastened to him, offering food and clothing, and were almost frightened by the voracity with which they ate, while many embraced each other silently in tears. One of the marshal's best and bravest officers stripped off his uniform to give it to a poor soldier whose tattered clothing exposed him almost naked to the cold, donning himself an old cloak full of holes, saying that he had more strength to resist the freezing temperature. If an excess of misery sometimes dries up the fountains of the heart, sometimes also it elevates men to a great height, as we see in this instance. Many of the most wretched blew out their brains in despair; and there was in this act, the last which nature suggests as an end to misery, a resignation and coolness which makes one shudder to contemplate. Those who thus put an end to their lives cared less for death than they did to put an end to their insupportable sufferings, and I witnessed during the whole of this disastrous campaign what vain things are physical strength and human courage when the moral strength springing from a determined will is lacking. The Emperor marched between the armies of Marshal Victor and Marshal Oudinot; and it was a depressing sight to see these movable masses halt sometimes in succession,—first those in front, then those who came next, then the last. And when Marshal Oudinot who was in the lead suspended his march from any unknown cause, there was a general movement of alarm, and ominous rumors were circulated; and since men who have seen much are disposed to believe anything, false rumors were as readily credited as true, and the alarm lasted until the front of the army again moved forward, and their confidence was somewhat restored.

On the 25th, at five o'clock in the evening, there had been thrown across the river temporary bridges made of beams taken from the cabins of the Poles. It had been reported in the army that the bridges would be finished during the night. The Emperor was much disturbed when informed that the army had been thus deceived; for he knew how much more quickly discouragement ensues when hope has been frustrated, and consequently took great pains to keep the rear of the army informed as to every incident, so that the soldiers should never be left under cruel delusions. At a little after five the beams gave way, not being sufficiently strong; and as it was necessary to wait until the next day, the army again abandoned itself to gloomy forebodings. It was evident that they must endure the fire of the enemy all the next day. But there was no longer any choice; for it was only at the end of this night of agony and suffering of every description that the first beams were secured in the river. It is hard to comprehend how men could submit to stand up

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to their mouths in water filled with ice, and rallying all the strength which nature had given them, with all that the energy of devotion furnished, and drive piles several feet deep into a miry bed, struggling against the most horrible fatigue, pushing back with their hands enormous blocks of ice, which would have submerged and sunk them with their weight; in a word, warring even to the death with cold, the greatest enemy of life. This marvelous feat was accomplished by our French pontoon corps. Many perished, borne away by the current or benumbed by the cold. The glory of this achievement, in my opinion, exceeds in value many others.

The Emperor awaited daylight in a poor hut, and in the morning said to Prince Berthier, “Well, Berthier, how can we get out of this?” He was seated in his room, great tears flowing down his cheeks, which were paler than usual; and the prince was seated near him.

They exchanged few words, and the Emperor appeared overcome by his grief. I leave to the imagination what was passing in his soul. At last the King of Naples opened his heart to his brother-in-law, and entreated him, in the name of the army, to think of his own safety, so imminent had the peril become. Some brave Poles had offered themselves as escort for the Emperor; he could cross the Beresina higher up, and reach Wilna in five days. The Emperor silently shook his head in token of refusal, which the king understood, and the matter was no longer considered.

Amid overwhelming disasters, the few blessings which reach us are doubly felt. I observed this many times in the case of his Majesty and his unfortunate army. On the banks of the Beresina, just as the first supports of the bridge had been thrown across, Marshal Ney and the King of Naples rushed at a gallop to the Emperor, calling to him that the enemy had abandoned his threatening position; and I saw the Emperor, beside himself with joy, not being able to believe his ears, go himself at a run to throw a searching glance in the direction they said Admiral Tschitzakoff had taken. This news was indeed true; and the Emperor, overjoyed and out of breath from his race, exclaimed, “I have deceived the admiral.” This retrograde movement of the enemy was hard to understand, when the opportunity to overwhelm us was within his reach; and I doubt whether the Emperor, in spite of his apparent satisfaction, was very sure of the happy consequences which this retreat of the enemy might bring to us.

Before the bridge was finished, about four hundred men were carried part of the way across the river on two miserable rafts, which could hardly sustain themselves against the current; and we saw them from the bank rudely shaken by the great blocks of ice which encumbered the river. These blocks came to the very edge of the raft, where, finding an obstacle, they remained stationary for some time, then were suddenly ingulfed under these frail planks with a terrible shock, though the soldiers stopped the largest with their bayonets, and turned their course aside from the rafts.

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The impatience of the army was at its height. The first who reached the opposite bank were the brave Jacqueminot, aide-de-camp of Marshal Oudinot, and Count Predzieczki, a brave Lithuanian, of whom the Emperor was very fond, especially since he had shared our sufferings with such fidelity and devotion. Both crossed the river on horseback, and the army uttered shouts of admiration as they saw that the chiefs were the first to set the example of intrepidity. They braved enough dangers to make the strongest brain reel. The current forced their horses to swim diagonally across, which doubled the length of the passage; and as they swam, blocks of ice struck against their flanks and sides, making terrible gashes.

At one o'clock General Legrand and his division were crossing the bridge constructed for the infantry, while the Emperor sat on the opposite bank, and some of the cannon becoming entangled had for an instant delayed the march. The Emperor rushed on the bridge, put his hand to the work, and assisted in separating the pieces. The enthusiasm of the soldiers was at its height; and it was amid cries of "Vive l'Empereur" that the infantry set foot on the opposite bank.

A short time after, the Emperor, learning that General Partonneaux had laid down his arms, was deeply affected by this news, and gave vent to reproaches which were somewhat unjust to the general. Later, when he had received more correct information, he understood perfectly the part which necessity and despair had played in this surrender.

It is a fact that the brave general did not come to this decision till he had done all that a brave man could under the circumstances; for it is permitted a man to recoil when there is nothing left but to let himself be killed to no purpose.

When the artillery and baggage-wagons passed, the bridge was so overloaded that it fell in; and instantly a retrograde movement took place, which crowded together all the multitude of stragglers who were advancing, like a flock being herded, in the rear of the artillery. Another bridge had been constructed, as if the sad thought had occurred that the first might give way. But the second was narrow and without a railing; nevertheless, it at first seemed a very valuable makeshift in such a calamity. But how disasters follow each other! The stragglers rushed there in crowds. The artillery, the baggage-wagons, in a word, all the army material, had been in the front on the first bridge when, it was broken; and when, from the sudden panic which seized on those in the rear of this multitude, the dreadful catastrophe was learned, the last there found themselves first in gaining the other bridge. It was urgent the artillery should pass first, consequently it rushed impetuously towards the only road to safety which remained. No pen can describe the scene of horror which now ensued; for it was literally over a road of trampled human bodies that conveyances of all sorts reached the bridge. On this occasion could be seen how much brutality, and even cold-blooded ferocity, can be produced in the human mind by the instinct of self-preservation. There were some stragglers most frantic of all, who wounded, and even killed, with their bayonets, the

unfortunate horses which obeyed the lash of their guides; and several caissons were left on the road in consequence of this slaughter.

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As I have said, the bridge had no railing; and crowds of those who forced their way across fell into the river and were ingulfed beneath the ice. Others in their fall tried to stop themselves by grasping the planks of the bridge, and remained suspended over the abyss until their hands, crushed by the wheels of the vehicles, lost their grasp, and they went to join their comrades as the' waves closed over them. Entire caissons, with drivers and horse were precipitated into the water.

Poor women were seen holding their children out of the water in the effort to delay for a few instants their death, and death in such a frightful form, a truly admirable maternal incident, which the genius of the painter has divined in painting scenes from the Deluge, and which we saw in all its heartrending and frightful reality! The Emperor wished to retrace his steps, believing that his presence might restore order; but he was dissuaded from this project so earnestly, that he withstood the promptings of his heart and remained, though certainly it was not his elevated rank which kept him on the bank. All the suffering he endured could be seen when he inquired every instant where the crossing was, if they could still hear cannon rolling over the bridge, if the cries had not ceased somewhat in that direction. "The reckless creatures! Why could they not wait a little?" said he.

There were fine examples of devotion under these distressing circumstances. A young artilleryman threw himself into the water to save a poor mother with two children, who was attempting to gain the other shore in a little canoe. The load was too heavy; an enormous block of ice floated against and sunk the little boat. The cannoneer seized one of the children, and, swimming vigorously, bore it to the bank; but the mother and the other child perished. This kind young man adopted the orphan as his son. I do not know if he had the happiness of regaining France.

Officers harnessed themselves to sleds to carry some of their companions who were rendered helpless by their wounds. They wrapped these unfortunates as warmly as possible, cheered them from time to time with a glass of brandy when they could procure it, and lavished on them most touching attentions.

There were many who behaved in this manner, many of whose names we are ignorant; and how few returned to enjoy in their own country the remembrance of the most admirable deeds of their lives.

The bridge was burned at eight o'clock in the morning.

On the 29th the. Emperor quitted the banks of the Beresina, and we slept at Kamen, where his Majesty occupied a poor wooden building which the icy air penetrated from all sides through the windows; nearly all the glass of which being broken, we closed the openings as well as we could with bundles of hay. A short distance from us, in a large lot, were penned up the wretched Russian prisoners whom the army drove before it. I had much difficulty in comprehending this delusion of victory which our poor soldiers still

kept up by dragging after them this wretched luxury of prisoners, who could only be an added burden, as they required their constant surveillance.

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When the conquerors are dying of famine, what becomes of the conquered? These poor Russians, exhausted by marches and famine, nearly all perished this night. In the morning they were found huddled pell-mell against each other, striving thus to obtain a little warmth. The weakest had succumbed; and their stiffened bodies were propped the whole night against the living without their even being aware of it. Some in their hunger ate their dead companions. The hardihood with which the Russians endure pain has often been remarked. I can cite one instance which surpasses belief. One of these fellows, after being separated from his corps, had been struck by a cannonball which had cut off both his legs and killed his horse. A French officer on a reconnoitering tour on the bank of the river where this Russian had fallen, perceived at some distance an object which appeared to be a dead horse, and yet he could see that it moved.

He approached, and saw the bust of a man whose extremities were concealed in the stomach of the horse.

This poor creature had been there four days, inclosing himself in his horse as a shelter against the cold, and feeding upon infected morsels torn from this horrible retreat.

On the 3d of December we arrived at Malodeczno. During the whole day the Emperor appeared thoughtful and anxious. He had frequent confidential conversations with the grand equerry, M. de Caulaincourt, and I suspected some extraordinary measure. I was not deceived in my conjectures. At two leagues from Smorghoni, the Duke of Vicenza summoned me, and told me to go on in front and give orders to have the six best horses harnessed to my carriage, which was the lightest of all, and keep them in constant readiness. I reached Smorghoni before the Emperor, who did not arrive till the following night. The cold was excessive; and the Emperor alighted in a poor house on a square, where he established his headquarters. He took a light repast, wrote with his own hand the twenty-ninth bulletin of the army, and ordered all the marshals to be summoned.

Nothing had yet transpired as to the Emperor’s plans, but in great and desperate measures there is always something unusual which does not escape the most clear-sighted. The Emperor was never so amiable nor so communicative, and one felt that he was endeavoring to prepare his most devoted friends for some overwhelming news. He talked for some time on indifferent subjects, then spoke of the great deeds performed during the campaign, referring with pleasure to the retreat of General Ney whom they had at last found.

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Marshal Davoust appeared abstracted; and the Emperor said to him, “At least say something, Marshal.” There had been for some time a little coolness between him and the Emperor, and his Majesty reproached him with the rarity of his visits, but he could not dissipate the cloud which darkened every brow; for the Emperor’s secret had not been as well kept as he had hoped. After supper the Emperor ordered Prince Eugene to read the twenty-ninth bulletin, and spoke freely of his plan, saying that his departure was essential in order to send help to the army. He gave his orders to the marshals, all of whom appeared sad and discouraged. It was ten o’clock when the Emperor, saying it was time to take some repose, embraced all the marshals and retired. He felt the need of withdrawing; for he had been oppressed by the constraint of this interview, as could easily be seen by the extreme agitation his countenance manifested at its close. About half an hour after, the Emperor called me into his room and said, “Constant, I am about to leave; I thought I should be able to take you with me, but I have taken into consideration the fact that several carriages would attract attention; it is essential that I experience no delay, and I have given orders that you are to set out immediately upon the return of my horses, and you will consequently follow me at a short distance.” I was suffering greatly from my old malady; hence the Emperor would not allow me to go with him on the boot as I requested, in order that he should receive his customary attentions from me. He said, “No, Constant, you will follow me in a carriage, and I hope that you will be able to arrive not more than a day behind me.” He departed with the Duke of Vicenza, and Roustan on the box; my carriage was unharnessed, and I remained to my great regret. The Emperor left in the night.

By daybreak the army had learned the news, and the impression it made cannot be depicted. Discouragement was at its height; and many soldiers cursed the Emperor, and reproached him for abandoning them. There was universal indignation. The Prince of Neuchatel was very uneasy, and asked news of every one, though he would naturally have been the first to receive any information. He feared lest Napoleon, who had a feeble escort, should be made prisoner by the Cossacks, who, if they had learned his departure, would make the greatest efforts to carry him off.

This night, the 6th, the cold increased greatly; and its severity may be imagined, as birds were found on the ground frozen stiff with the cold. Soldiers who had seated themselves with their head in their hands, and bodies bent forward in order to thus feel less the emptiness of their stomachs, were found dead in this position. As we breathed, the vapor from our lips froze on our eyebrows, little white icicles formed on the mustaches and beards of the soldiers; and in order to melt them they warmed their chins by the bivouac fire, and as may be imagined a large number did not do this with impunity. Artillerymen held their hands to the horses’ nostrils to get a little warmth from the strong breathing of these animals. Their flesh was the usual food of the soldiers. Large slices of this meat were thrown on the coals; and when frozen by the cold, it was carried without spoiling, like salted bacon, the powder from the cartridge-boxes taking the place of salt.

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This same night we had with us a young Parisian belonging to a very wealthy family, who had endeavored to obtain employment in the Emperor's household. He was very young, and had been received among the boys of the apartments, and the poor child was taking his first journey. He was seized with the fever as we left Moscow, and was so ill this evening that we could not remove him from the wagon belonging to the wardrobe service in which he had been made as comfortable as possible. He died there in the night, much to be regretted by all who knew him. Poor Lapouriel was a youth of charming character, fine education, the hope of his family, and an only son. The ground was so hard that we could not dig a grave, and experienced the chagrin of leaving his remains unburied.

I set out next day armed with an order from the Prince de Neuchatel that all on the road should furnish me horses in preference to all others. At the first post after leaving Smorghoni, whence the Emperor had set out with the Duke of Vicenza, this order was of invaluable aid to me, for there were horses for only one carriage. I found myself a rival to M. the Count Daru, who arrived at the same time. It is useless to say that without the Emperor's orders to rejoin him as quickly as possible I would not have exercised my right to take precedence over the intendant general of the army; but impelled by my duty I showed the order of the Prince de Neuchatel to M. the Count Daru, and the latter, after examining it, said to me, "You are right, M. Constant; take the horses, but I beg you send them back as quickly as possible." How crowded with disasters was this retreat.

After much suffering and privation we arrived at Wilna, where it was necessary to pass a long, narrow bridge before entering the town. The artillery and wagons occupied the whole bridge so entirely that no other carriage could pass; and it was useless to say "His Majesty's service," as we received only maledictions. Seeing the impossibility of advancing, I alighted from my carriage, and found there the Prince of Aremberg, ordnance officer of the Emperor, in a pitiable condition, his face, nose, ears, and feet having been frozen. He was seated behind my carriage. I was cut to the heart, and said to the prince that if he had informed me of his condition I would have given him my place. He could hardly answer me. I helped him for some time; but seeing how necessary it was that we should both advance, I undertook to carry him. He was delicate, slender, and about medium height. I took him in my arms; and with this burden, elbowing, pushing, hurting some, being hurt by others, I at last reached the headquarters of the King of Naples, and deposited the prince there, recommending that he should receive every attention which his condition required. After this I resumed my carriage.

Everything had failed us. Long before reaching Wilna, the horses being dead, we had received orders to burn our carriages with all the contents. I lost heavily in this journey, as I had purchased several valuable articles which were burned with my baggage of which I always had a large quantity on our journeys. A large part of the Emperor's baggage was lost in the same manner.

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A very handsome carriage of Prince Berthier, which had just arrived and had not been used, was also burned. At these fires, four grenadiers were stationed, who with fixed bayonet prevented any one from taking from the fire what had been ordered to be sacrificed.

The next day the carriages which had been spared were visited in order to be assured that nothing had been kept back. I was allowed to keep only two shirts. We slept at Wilna; but the next day very early the alarm was given that the Russians were at the gates of the town. Men rushed in, beside themselves with terror, crying, “We are lost!” The King of Naples was quickly aroused; sprang from his bed; and the order was instantly given that the Emperor’s service should leave at once. The confusion made by all this can be imagined. There was no time for any arrangements; we were obliged to start without delay. The Prince of Aremberg was put into one of the king’s carriages with what could be secured for the most pressing needs; and we had hardly left the town before we heard shouts behind us, and the thunder of cannon accompanied by rapid firing. We had to climb a mountain of ice. The horses were fatigued, and we made no progress. The wagon with the treasure-chest of the army was abandoned; and a part of the money was pillaged by men who had not gone a hundred steps before they were obliged to throw it away in order to save their lives.

CHAPTER VIII.

During the whole Russian campaign, the Emperor was nearly always badly lodged. It was necessary, however, to accommodate himself to circumstances; though this was a somewhat difficult task to those who were accustomed to lodge in palaces. The Emperor accepted the situation bravely, and all his followers consequently did the same. In consequence of the system of incendiarism adopted as the policy of Russia, the wealthy part of the population withdrew into the country, abandoning to the enemy their houses already ruined. In truth, on the whole road leading to Moscow, with the exception of a few unimportant towns, the dwellings were very wretched; and after long and fatiguing marches, we were very happy if we found even a hut at the place the Emperor indicated as headquarters. The owners of these miserable hovels on quitting them left there sometimes two or three seats and wooden beds, in which were an abundant supply of vermin that no invasion could drive out. The least filthy place was chosen, which was usually the most airy; and we knew when the cold came, icy breezes would not fail us. When the location had been chosen, and we decided to halt there, a carpet was spread on the ground, the Emperor’s iron bedstead set up, and a dressing-case containing everything necessary in a bedroom placed open on a small table. This case also contained a breakfast service for several persons, which luxury was displayed when the Emperor entertained his marshals. It was necessary, at

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all events, to bring ourselves down to the habits of the humblest citizens of the province. If the house had two rooms, one served as sleeping and dining room, the other for his Majesty's cabinet. The box of books, geographical maps, the portfolio, and a table covered with green cloth, were the entire furniture. This was also the council chamber; and from these beggarly huts were sent forth those prompt and trenchant decisions which changed the order of battle and often the fortunes of the day, and those strong and energetic proclamations which so quickly reanimated the discouraged army. When our residence was composed of three rooms,—an extremely rare occurrence, then the third room, or closet, was occupied by the Prince de Neuchatel, who always slept as near by as possible. We often found in these wretched dwellings old decayed furniture of singular shapes, and little images in wood or plaster of male or female saints which the proprietors had left. Frequently, however, we found poor people in these dwellings, who, having nothing to save from conquest, had remained. These good people seemed much ashamed to entertain so badly the Emperor of the French, gave us what they had, and were not, on that account, less badly esteemed by us. More of the poor than rich received the Emperor into their houses; and the Kremlin was the last of the foreign palaces in which the Emperor slept during the Russian campaign.

When there were no houses to be found, we erected the Emperor's tent, and, in order to divide it into three apartments curtains were hung; in one of these apartments the Emperor slept, the next was the Emperor's cabinet, and the third was occupied by his aides-de-camp and officers of the service; this latter room being ordinarily used as the Emperor's dining-room, his meals being prepared outside. I alone slept in his room. Roustan, who accompanied his Majesty on horseback, slept in the entrance room of the tent, in order that the sleep which was so necessary to him should not be disturbed. The secretaries slept either in the cabinet or the entrance room. The higher officers and those of the service ate where and when they could, and, like the simple soldiers, made no scruple of eating without tables.

Prince Berthier's tent was near that of the Emperor, and the prince always breakfasted and dined with him. They were like two inseparable friends. This attachment was very touching, and points of difference rarely arose between them. Nevertheless, there was, I think, a little coolness between him and the Emperor at the time his Majesty left the army of Moscow. The old marshal wished to accompany him; but the Emperor refused, and thereupon ensued an animated but fruitless discussion.

The meals were served on the campaign by M. Colin, controller of the kitchen service, and Roustan, or a bedroom servant.

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During this campaign more than any other the Emperor rose often in the night, put on his dressing-gown, and worked in his cabinet: frequently he had insomnia, which he could not overcome; and when the bed at last became unbearable, he sprang from it suddenly, took a book and read, walking back and forth, and when his head was somewhat relieved lay down again. It was very rarely he slept the whole of two nights in succession; but often he remained thus in the cabinet till the hour for his toilet, when he returned to his room and I dressed him. The Emperor took great care of his hands; but on this campaign he many times neglected this species of coquetry, and during the excessive heat did not wear gloves, as they inconvenienced him so greatly. He endured the cold heroically, though it was easy to see he suffered much from it physically.

At Witepsk the Emperor, finding the space in front of the house in which he had his quarters too small to hold a review of the troops, had several small buildings torn down in order to enlarge it. There was a small dilapidated chapel which it was also necessary to destroy in order to accomplish this, and it had been already partly torn down, when the inhabitants assembled in large numbers, and loudly expressed their disapprobation of this measure. But the Emperor having given his consent to their removing the sacred objects contained in the chapel, they were pacified; and, armed with this authority, several among them entered the sacred place, and emerged bearing with great solemnity wooden images of immense height, which they deposited in the other churches.

We were witnesses while in this town of a singular spectacle, and one well calculated to shock our sense of decency. For many days during the intense heat we saw the inhabitants, both men and women, rushing to the banks of the river, removing their clothing with the greatest indifference to spectators, and bathing together, most of them nearly naked. The soldiers of the guard took pleasure in mingling with these bathers of both sexes; but as the soldiers were not so decorous as the inhabitants, and as the imprudencies committed by our men soon went too far, these worthy people relinquished the pleasures of their bath, very much displeased because sport was made of an exercise they had enjoyed with so much gravity and seriousness.

One evening I was present at a grand review of the foot grenadiers of the guard, in which all the regiments seemed to take much delight, since it was in honor of the installation of General Friant

[Louis Friant, born in Picardy, 1758; brigadier-general, 1794; served on the Rhine and in Italy; accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, and became general of division; wounded at Austerlitz (1805), and was at Jena and Wagram; commanded the grenadiers of the guard in Russian campaign, and was severely wounded at Waterloo; died 1829]

as commander of the corps. The Emperor gave him the accolade, which was the only occasion on which I saw this done during the campaign; and as the general was much

beloved by the army, it was amidst the acclamations of all that he received this honor from the Emperor.

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Promotions were usually welcomed by the soldiers with great enthusiasm, for the Emperor required that they should take place with much pomp and ceremony.

Many persons thought that to be near the Emperor was a proof of being well provided for on the campaign. This is a great mistake, as even the kings and princes who accompanied his Majesty on his campaigns could easily prove; and if these great personages lacked absolute necessaries, it may well be believed that the persons comprising the different services fared badly. The Emperor himself often dispensed with ordinary comforts which would have been very agreeable to him after the fatigues of the day.

At the hour for the bivouac it was a general “lodge who can;” but the poorest soldier never had in his deprivation the chagrin of seeing his superiors enjoying abundance and scandalous luxury. The first generals of the army often dined on ammunition-bread with as much pleasure as the simple soldier, and on the retreat the misery could not have been more general. This idea of deprivations shared by all did much to restore hope and energy to the most discouraged; and, I may add, never has more reciprocal sympathy between chiefs and soldiers been seen, in support of which statement innumerable instances could be given.

When evening came the fires were kindled, and those foragers who had been most successful invited their companions to share their good cheer. In the worst times there was poor, yet still not the worst, fare to offer, consisting of slices of broiled horse-flesh.

Many soldiers deprived themselves of some valuable booty to offer it to their chief, and selfishness was not so general that this noble French courtesy did not reappear from time to time to recall the happy days of France. Straw was the bed of all; and those of the marshals who in Paris slept on most luxurious beds of down did not find this couch too hard in Russia.

M. de Beausset has given me a very amusing account of one night, when sleeping pell-mell on a little straw, in very narrow quarters, the aides-de-camp attending upon the Emperor stepped mercilessly on the limbs of their sleeping companions, who, fortunately, did not all suffer from gout like M. Beausset, and were not injured by such sudden and oft-repeated onslaughts. He cried, “What brutes!” and drawing his legs under him, cowered down in his corner until this passing and repassing had ceased for a while.

Picture to yourself large rooms, filthy, unfurnished, and open to the wind, which entered through every window, nearly all the glass of which was broken, with crumbling walls and fetid air, which we warmed as well as possible with our breath, a vast litter of straw prepared as if for horses, and on this litter men shivering with cold, throwing themselves about, pressing against each other, murmuring, swearing, some unable to close their eyes, others more fortunate snoring loudly, and in the midst of this mass of legs and

feet, a general awakening in the night when an order from the Emperor arrived, and you may form an idea of the inn and the guests.

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As for myself, during the entire campaign I did not a single time undress to retire to bed, for I never found one anywhere. It was necessary to supply this deficiency by some means; and as it is well known that necessity is ever ready with inventions, we supplied deficiency in our furnishings in the following manner: we had great bags of coarse cloth made, into which we entered, and thus protected, threw ourselves on a little straw, when we were fortunate enough to obtain it; and for several months I took my rest during the night in this manner, and even this I frequently could not enjoy for as many as five or six nights at a time, so exacting were the requirements of my position.

If it is remembered that all these sufferings continued in their petty details each day, and that when night came we had not even a bed on which to stretch our weary limbs, some idea may be formed of the privations we endured on this campaign. The Emperor never uttered a word of complaint when beset by such discomforts, and his example inspired us with courage; and at last we became so accustomed to this fatiguing and wandering existence, that, in spite of the cold and privations of every sort to which we were subjected, we often jested about the dainty arrangements of our apartments. The Emperor on the campaign was affected only by the sufferings of others, though his health was sometimes so much impaired as to cause anxiety, especially when he denied himself all rest not absolutely required; and yet I heard him constantly inquiring if there were lodgings for all, and he would not be satisfied until fully informed of every particular.

Although the Emperor nearly always had a bed, the poor quarters in which it was set up were often so filthy, that in spite of all the care taken to clean it, I more than once found on his clothing a kind of vermin very disagreeable, and very common in Russia. We suffered more than the Emperor from this inconvenience, being deprived as we were of proper linen and other changes of clothing, since the greater part of our effects had been burned with the wagons containing them. This extreme measure had been taken, as I have said, for good reasons, all the horses having died from cold or famine.

We were little better lodged in the palace of the Czars than on the bivouac. For several days we had only mattresses; but as a large number of wounded officers had none, the Emperor ordered ours to be given them. We made the sacrifice willingly, and the thought that we were assisting others more unfortunate than ourselves would have made the hardest bed endurable. Besides, in this war we had more than one opportunity to learn how to put aside all feelings of egotism and narrow personality; and had we been guilty of such forgetfulness, the Emperor was ever ready to recall us to this plain and simple duty.

CHAPTER IX.

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The only too famous twenty-ninth bulletin of the grand army was not published in Paris, where the consternation it spread through all classes is well known, until the 16th of December; and the Emperor, following close upon the heels of this solemn manifesto of our disasters, arrived in his capital forty-eight hours after, as if endeavoring to annul by his presence the evil effects which this communication might produce. On the 28th, at half past eleven in the evening, his Majesty alighted at the palace of the Tuileries. This was the first time since his accession to the consulate that Paris had witnessed his return from a campaign without announcing a new peace conquered by the glory of our arms. Under these circumstances, the numerous persons who from attachment to the Empress Josephine had always seen or imagined they saw in her a kind of protecting talisman of the success of the Emperor, did not fail to remark that the campaign of Russia was the first which had been undertaken since the Emperor's marriage to Marie Louise. Without any superstition, it could not be denied that, although the Emperor was always great even when fortune was contrary to him, there was a very marked difference between the reign of the two Empresses. The one witnessed only victories followed by peace. And the other, only wars, not devoid of glory, but devoid of results, until the grand and fatal conclusion in the abdication at Fontainebleau.

But it is anticipating too much to describe here events which few men dared to predict directly after the disasters of Moscow. All the world knows that the cold and a freezing temperature contributed more to our reverses than the enemy, whom we had pursued even into the heart of his burning capital. France still offered immense resources; and the Emperor was now there in person to direct their employment and increase their value. Besides, no defection was as yet apparent; and, with the exception of Spain, Sweden, and Russia, the Emperor considered all the European powers as allies. It is true the moment was approaching when General Yorck would give the signal,—for as well as I can recall, the first news came to the Emperor on the 10th of the following January,—and it was easy to see that his Majesty was profoundly affected by it, as he saw that Prussia would have many imitators in the other corps of the allied armies.

At Smorghoni, where the Emperor had left me setting out, as I have before related, with the Duke of Vicenza in the coach which had been destined for me, scarcely anything was thought of but how to extricate ourselves from the frightful situation in which we found ourselves placed. I well remember that after a few regrets that the Emperor was not in the midst of his lieutenants, the idea of being assured that he had escaped from all danger became the dominant sentiment, so much confidence did all place in his genius. Moreover, in departing, he had given the command to the King of Naples, whose

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valor the whole army admired, although it is said that a few marshals were secretly jealous of his royal crown. I have learned since, that the Emperor reached Warsaw on the 10th, having avoided passing through Wilna by making a circuit through the suburbs; and at last, after passing through Silesia, he had arrived at Dresden, where the good and faithful King of Saxony, although very ill, had himself borne to the Emperor. From this place his Majesty had followed the road by Nassau and Mayence.

I followed also the same route, but not with the same rapidity, although I lost no time. Everywhere, and above all in Poland at the places where I stopped, I was astonished to find the feeling of security I saw manifested. From all directions I heard the report that the Emperor was to return at the head of an army of three hundred thousand men. The Emperor had been known to do such surprising things, that nothing seemed impossible; and I learned that he himself had spread these reports on his passage, in order to restore the courage of the population. In several places I could procure no horses; and consequently, in spite of all my zeal, I did not reach Paris until six or eight days after the Emperor.

I had hardly alighted from my carriage, when the Emperor, who had been informed of my arrival, had me summoned. I observed to the messenger that I was not in a condition which would allow me to present myself before his Majesty. “That makes no difference,” replied he; “the Emperor wishes you to come immediately, just as you are.” I obeyed instantly; and went, or rather ran, to the Emperor’s cabinet, where I found him with the Empress, Queen Hortense, and another person whose name I do not perfectly recall. The Emperor deigned to give me a most cordial welcome; and as the Empress seemed to pay no attention to me, said to her in a manner whose kindness I shall never forget, “Louise, do you not recognize Constant?”

“I perceived him.” [Elsewhere Constant has stated her reply was, “I had not perceived him.”] This was the only reply of her Majesty the Empress; but such was not the case with Queen Hortense, who welcomed me as kindly as her adorable mother had always done.

The Emperor was very gay, and seemed to have forgotten all his fatigue. I was about to retire respectfully; but his Majesty said to me, “No, Constant, remain a minute longer, and tell me what you saw on your road.” Even if I had any intention to conceal from the Emperor a part of the truth, taken thus unawares I should have lacked the time to prepare an agreeable falsehood; so I said to him that everywhere, even in Silesia, my eyes had been struck by the same frightful spectacle, for everywhere I had seen the dead and the dying, and poor unfortunates struggling hopelessly against cold and hunger. “That is true, that is true,” he said; “go and rest, my poor boy, you must be in need of it. To-morrow you will resume your service.”

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The next day, in fact, I resumed my duties near the Emperor, and I found him exactly the same as he had been before entering on the campaign; the same placidity was evident on his countenance. It would have been said that the past was no longer anything to him; and living ever in the future, he already saw victory perched again on our banner, and his enemies humiliated and vanquished. It is true that the numerous addresses he received, and discourses which were pronounced in his presence by the presidents of the senate and the council of state, were no less flattering than formerly; but it was very evident in his replies that if he pretended to forget this disastrous experience in Russia, he was more deeply concerned about the affair of General Malet than anything else.

> [In the reply of the Emperor to the council of state occurred the following remarkable passage, which it may not be amiss to repeat at this period as very singular:

"It is to idealism and that gloomy species of metaphysics which, seeking subtilely for first causes, wishes to place on such foundations the legislation of a people, instead of adapting the laws to their knowledge of the human heart, and to the lessons of history, that it is necessary to attribute all the misfortunes our beautiful France has experienced. These errors have necessarily led to the rule of the men of blood. In fact, who has proclaimed the principle of insurrection as a duty? Who has paid adulation to the nation while claiming for it a sovereignty which it was incapable of exercising? Who has destroyed the sanctity and respect for the laws, in making them depend, not on the sacred principles of justice, or the nature of things and on civil justice, but simply on the will of an assembly of men strangers to the knowledge of civil, criminal, administrative, political, and military law? When one is called on to regenerate a state, there are directly opposite principles by which one must necessarily be guided."—*Note by the editor* of *French edition*.Claude Francois de Malet, born at Dole, 1754. In 1806 was a general officer, and was dismissed the service. Plotting against the Emperor, he was imprisoned from 1808 to 1812. On October 24 he issued a proclamation that the Emperor had died in Russia, and that he (Malet) had been appointed Governor of Paris by the senate. He made Savary prisoner, and shot General Hullin. He was made prisoner in turn by General Laborde, and summarily shot.-TRANS. (See "The Memoirs" by Bourrienne for the detail of this plot. D.W.)]

As for myself I cannot deny the painful feelings I experienced the first time I went out in Paris, and passed through the public promenades during my hours of leisure; for I was struck with the large number of persons in mourning whom I met,—the wives and sisters of our brave soldiers mowed down on the fields of Russia; but I kept these disagreeable impressions to myself.

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A few days after my return to Paris their Majesties were present at the opera where 'Jerusalem Delivered' was presented. I occupied a box which Count de Remusat had the kindness to lend me for that evening (he was first chamberlain of the Emperor, and superintendent of theaters), and witnessed the reception given the Emperor and Empress. Never have I seen more enthusiasm displayed, and I must avow that the transition seemed to me most sudden from the recent passage of the Beresina to those truly magical scenes. It was on Sunday, and I left the theater a little before the close in order to reach the palace before the Emperor's return. I was there in time to undress him, and I well remember that his Majesty spoke to me that evening of the quarrel between Talma and Geoffroy which had occurred a few days before his arrival. The Emperor, although he had a high opinion of Talma, thought him completely in the wrong, and repeated several times, "A man of his age! A man of his age! that is inexcusable. Zounds!" added he, smiling, "do not people speak evil of me also? Have I not also critics who do not spare me? He should not be more sensitive than I?" This affair, however, had no disagreeable result for Talma; for the Emperor was much attached to him, and overwhelmed him with pensions and presents.

Talma in this respect was among the very privileged few; for giving presents was not in his Majesty's role, especially to those in his private service. It was then near the 1st of January; but we built no air castles at this period, for the Emperor never made gifts. We knew that we could not expect any emoluments; though I, especially, could exercise no economy, for the Emperor required that my toilet should always be extremely elegant. It was something really extraordinary to see the master of half of Europe not disdaining to occupy himself with the toilet of his valet de chambre; even going so far that when he saw me in a new coat which pleased him he never failed to compliment me on it, adding, "You are very handsome, Monsieur Constant."

Even on the occasion of the marriage of the Emperor and Marie Louise, and that of the birth of the King of Rome, those composing the private service of his Majesty received no present, and the Emperor thought the expenses of these ceremonies too great. On one occasion, however, but not in consequence of any unusual circumstance, the Emperor said to me one morning as I finished dressing him, "Constant, go to M. Meneval; I have given him orders to allow you eighteen hundred livres of income." Now, it happened that the funds had gone up in the interval between the order and its execution; and instead of receiving eighteen hundred livres of rent, I received only seventeen, which I sold a short time after, and with the product of this sale bought a modest piece of property in the forest of Fontainebleau.

Sometimes the Emperor made presents to the princes and princesses of his family, of which I was nearly always the bearer; and I can assert that with two or three rare exceptions this duty was perfectly gratuitous, a circumstance which I recall here simply as a recollection. Queen Hortense and Prince Eugene were never included, according to my recollection, in the distribution of Imperial gifts, and the Princess Pauline was most often favored.

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In spite of the numerous occupations of the Emperor, who after his return from the army spent much time during the day, and most of the nights, working in his cabinet, he showed himself more frequently in public than heretofore, going out almost without escort. On the 2d of January, 1813, for instance, I remember he went, accompanied only by Marshal Duroc, to visit the basilica of Notre Dame, the works of the archbishopric, those of the central depot of wines, and then, crossing the bridge of Austerlitz, the granaries, the fountain of the elephant, and finally the palace of the Bourse, which his Majesty often said was the handsomest building then existing in Europe. Next to his passion for war, that for monuments was strongest in the Emperor's heart. The cold was quite severe while his Majesty was taking these solitary excursions; but in fact the cold weather in Paris seemed a very mild temperature to all who had just returned from Russia.

I remarked at this time, that is to say at the end of 1812 and the beginning of 1813, that the Emperor had never hunted so frequently. Two or three times a week I assisted him to don his hunting-costume, which he, like all persons of his suite, wore in accordance with the recently revived usage of the ancient monarchy.

The Empress often accompanied him in a coach, although the cold was intense; but when he gave an order there was nothing to be said. Knowing how distasteful the pleasures of the chase ordinarily were to his Majesty, I was surprised at this recent fondness he manifested, but soon learned that he was acting purely from political motives. One day Marshal Duroc was in his room, while he was putting on his green coat with gold lace; and I heard the Emperor say to the marshal, "It is very necessary that I should be in motion, and have the journals speak of it; for the imbeciles who write for the English journals repeat every day that I am sick, that I cannot move, and am no longer good for anything. Have patience! I will soon show them that I have as much strength of body as of mind." Besides all this, I think that the exercise of hunting in moderation was very good for the Emperor's health; for I never saw him in better condition than during the very time the English journals took pleasure in describing him as ill, and perhaps by these false statements were contributing to still further improve his health.

CHAPTER X.

On the 19th of January the Emperor sent to inform the Empress that he was to hunt in the wood of Grosbois, and would breakfast with the Princess de Neuchatel, and requested that her Majesty would accompany him. The Emperor ordered me also to be at Grosbois in order to assist him in changing his linen after the hunt. This hunting-party took place according to announcement; but to the unbounded amazement of the entire suite of the Emperor, just as we were on the point of re-entering

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our carriages, instead of taking the road to Paris, his Majesty gave orders to proceed to Fontainebleau. The Empress and the ladies who accompanied her had nothing except their hunting costumes, and the Emperor was much diverted by the tribulations their vanity underwent in being unexpectedly engaged in a campaign without toilet equipments. Before leaving Paris the Emperor had given orders that there should be sent in all haste to Fontainebleau all that the "Empress could need; but her ladies found themselves totally unprovided for, and it was very amusing to see them immediately on their arrival expedite express after express for objects of prime necessity which they ordered should be sent posthaste. Nevertheless, it was soon evident that the hunting-party and breakfast at Grosbois had been simply a pretext, and that the Emperor's object had been to put an end to the differences which had for some time existed between his Holiness and his Majesty. Everything having been settled and prearranged, the Emperor and the Pope signed on the 25th an agreement under the name of Concordat, of which this is the purport:
"His Majesty, the Emperor and King, and his Holiness, wishing to settle the differences which had arisen between them, and provide for difficulties which have unexpectedly arisen in regard to various affairs of the church, have agreed on the following articles as forming a basis for a definite arrangement:

> *Art*. 1. His Holiness will exercise the pontificate in France, and in the Kingdom of Italy, in the same manner and under the same regulations as his predecessors.

2. The ambassadors, ministers, and charges d'affaires to the Holy Father, and the ambassadors, ministers, and charges d'affaires from him to foreign powers, will enjoy the immunities and privileges of members of the diplomatic corps.3. The domains possessed by the Holy Father, and which have not been alienated, shall be exempt from all kinds of impost; they shall be administered by his agents or representatives. Those which have been alienated shall be replaced to the value of two million francs of revenue.4. During the six months which usually follow the notification of appointments made by the Emperor to the archbishoprics and bishoprics of the Empire and the Kingdom of Italy the Pope shall perform the canonical institution in conformity with the Concordat, and by virtue of the present agreement; previous information concerning which shall be given by the archbishop. If six months shall expire without the Pope having performed this institution, the archbishop, and in his absence, where his duties are concerned, the senior bishop of the province, shall proceed to the institution of the aforementioned bishop, to the end that a see shall never be vacant more than one year.

> 5. The Pope shall appoint in France and in the Kingdom of Italy to ten bishoprics, which shall later be designated by mutual agreement.

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6. The six suburban bishoprics shall be re-established, and shall be appointed to by the Pope. The property now held shall be restored, and similar measures taken in regard to that already sold. On the death of the bishops of Anagni and Rieti, their dioceses shall be united with that of the six bishops aforesaid, in conformity with the agreement between his Majesty and the Holy Father.7. In respect to the bishops of the Roman States, unavoidably absent from their dioceses, the Holy Father shall exercise his right of bestowing bishoprics 'in partibus'. He shall give them a pension equal to the revenue they formerly enjoyed, and their places in the sees thus vacated shall be supplied, both in the Empire and the Kingdom of Italy.8. His Majesty and His Holiness will agree on some opportune occasion as to the reduction to be made in the bishoprics of Tuscany, and the province of Genoa, as well as those to be established in Holland, and the Hanseatic departments.

9. The propaganda, the penitential court, and the court of archives shall be established in the place of residence of the Holy Father.

10. His Majesty pardons freely the cardinals, bishops, priests, and laity who have incurred his disgrace in consequence of certain events.

11. The Holy Father agrees to the above resolutions in consideration of the existing condition of the church, and his confidence that his Majesty will grant his powerful assistance to the needs of the church, which are so numerous in the times in which we live.

"*Napoleon*." "*Pius vii*."

"Fontainebleau, 25 January, 1813."

It has been attempted by every possible means to throw odium on the conduct of the Emperor in this affair. He has been accused of having insulted the Pope, and even of having threatened him, all of which is most signally false. Everything was arranged in the most agreeable manner. M. Devoisin, bishop of Nantes, an ecclesiastic who was highly esteemed by the Emperor, and was his favorite mediator, in the frequent points of difference which arose between the Pope and his Majesty, had come to the Tuileries on the 19th of January, and after being closeted with the Emperor for two hours, had left for Fontainebleau. And it was immediately after this interview that the Emperor entered his carriage with the Empress in hunting costume, followed by the whole suite, similarly attired.

The Pope, forewarned by the Bishop of Nantes, awaited his Majesty; and as the most important points had been discussed and arranged in advance, and only a few clauses accessory to the main body of the Concordat remained to be decided, it was impossible

that the interview should have been otherwise than amicable, a truth which is still more evident when we reflect on the kind feelings of the Holy Father towards the

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Emperor, their friendship for each other, and the admiration inspired in the Pope by the great genius of Napoleon. I affirm then, and I think with good reason, that the affair was conducted in a most honorable manner, and that the Concordat was signed freely and without compulsion by his Holiness, in presence of the cardinals assembled at Fontainebleau. It is an atrocious calumny which some one has dared to make that, on the reiterated refusal of the Pope, the Emperor placed in his hand a pen dipped in ink, and seizing him by the arm and hair, forced him to sign, saying that he ordered it, and that his disobedience would be punished by perpetual imprisonment. The one who invented this absurd fabrication must have known little of the Emperor's character. A person who was present at this interview, the circumstances of which have been so falsified, related them to me, and is my authority on the subject. Immediately on his arrival at Fontainebleau, the Emperor paid a visit to the Holy Father, who returned it next day, remaining two hours at least; and during this time his Majesty's manner was calm and firm, it is true, but full of respect and kind feeling for the person of the venerable Pope. A few stipulations of the proposed treaty alarmed the conscience of the Holy Father, which the Emperor perceived; and without waiting for any arguments declared that he would renounce them, and every scruple remaining in the mind of the Holy Father being thus satisfied, a secretary was called, who drew up the articles, which the Pope approved one by one, with most paternal benignity.

On the 25th of January, after the Concordat was definitely settled, the Holy Father repaired to the apartments of her Majesty the Empress; and both of the contracting parties appeared equally well satisfied, which is a sufficient proof that neither treachery nor violence had been used. The Concordat was signed by the august parties in the midst of a magnificent assemblage of cardinals, bishops, soldiers, *etc*. Cardinal Doria performed the duties of grand master of ceremonies, and it was he who received the signatures.

A countless number of congratulations were given and received, pardons asked and obtained, and relics, decorations, chaplets, and tobacco-boxes distributed by both parties. Cardinal Doria received from his Majesty the gold eagle of the Legion of Honor. The great eagle was also given to Cardinal Fabricio Ruffo; Cardinal Maury, the Bishop of Nantes, and the Archbishop of Tours received the grand cross of the order of the Reunion; the Bishops of Evreux and Treves, the cross of officers of the Legion of Honor; and finally the Cardinal of Bayonne and the Bishop of Evreux were made senators by his Majesty. Doctor Porta, the Pope's physician, was presented with a pension of twelve thousand francs, and the ecclesiastical secretary who entered the cabinet to copy the articles of the Concordat received a present of a magnificent ring set with brilliants.

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His Holiness had hardly signed the Concordat before he repented of it. The following was related to Marshal Kellerman by the Emperor at Mayence the last of April:

“The day after the signing of the famous Concordat of Fontainebleau, the Pope dined in public with me; but in the night he was ill, or pretended to be. He was a lamblike, honest, and truly good man, whom I highly esteemed and loved, and who had some regard for me I am sure. Would you believe it, he wrote me a week after signing the Concordat that he much regretted having done so, that his conscience reproached him for it, and urged me earnestly to consider it as of no effect. This was owing to the fact that immediately after leaving me he had fallen into the hands of his usual advisers, who made a scarecrow out of what had just occurred. If we had been together I could easily have reassured him. I replied that what he demanded was contrary to the interests of France; and moreover, being infallible, he could not have made a mistake, and his conscience was too quick to take the alarm for him to have done wrong.

“In fact, compare the condition of Rome formerly with what it is to-day. Paralyzed by the necessary consequences of the Revolution, could she have risen again and maintained her position? A vicious government as to political matters has taken the place of the former Roman legislation, which, without being perfect, nevertheless contributed to form great men of every kind. Modern Rome has applied to its political government principles better suited to a religious order, and has carried them out in a manner fatal to the happiness of the people.

“Thus charity is the most perfect of Christian virtues; it is necessary to give charity to all who ask it. This form of reasoning has rendered Rome the receptacle of the dregs of all nations. One sees collected there (so I am told, for I have never visited it) all the idlers of the earth, who come thither to take refuge, assured of finding an abundant support with much to spare. And thus the papal territory, which nature has destined to produce immense wealth from its situation under a favorable sky, from the multiplicity of streams with which it is watered, and above all from the fertility of the soil, languishes for want of cultivation. Berthier has often told me that large tracts of country may be traversed without perceiving the impress of the hand of man. The women even, who are regarded as the most beautiful of Italy, are indolent, and their minds evince no activity even in the ordinary duties of life. The inhabitants have all the languor of Asiatic manners.

“Modern Rome limits itself to preserving a certain pre-eminence by virtue of the marvelous works of art which it contains; but we have greatly weakened this claim. Our museum is enriched by all the masterpieces which were a source of so much pride, and soon the magnificent edifice of the Bourse which is to be erected at Paris will eclipse all those of Europe, either ancient or modern.

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“France before all.”

“Viewed from a political standpoint, how would the papal government in these days appear compared with the great kingdoms of Europe? Formerly mediocre men succeeded to the pontifical throne at an age in which one breathes well only after resting. At this period of life routine and habit are everything; and nothing is considered but the elevated position, and how to make it redound to the advantage of his family. A pope now arrives at sovereign power with a mind sharpened by being accustomed to intrigue, and with a fear of making powerful enemies who may hereafter revenge themselves on his family, since his successor is always unknown. In fine, he cares for nothing but to live and die in peace. In the seat of Sixtus V.

[Sixtus V., originally Felix Peretti, born at Montalto, 1525, and in 1585 succeeded Gregory XIII. as pope. He was distinguished by his energy and munificence. He constructed the Vatican Library, the great aqueduct, and other public works, and placed the obelisk before St. Peter’s. Died 1589.]

how many popes have there been who have occupied themselves only with frivolous subjects, as little advantageous to the best interests of religion as fruitful in inspiring scorn for such a government! But that would lead us too far.”

From the time of his return from Moscow, his Majesty occupied himself with unequaled activity in seeking means to arrest the invasion of the Russians, who, having united with the Prussians since General Yorck’s defection, constituted a most formidable mass. New levies had been ordered. For two months he had received and utilized the innumerable offers of horses and cavalry made by all the towns of the Empire, by official bodies, and by rich individuals holding positions near the court, *etc*. The Imperial Guard was reorganized under the brave Duke de Frioul, who was alas! a few months later to be torn from his numerous friends.

In the midst of these grave occupations his Majesty did not for a moment lose sight of his cherished plan of making Paris the most beautiful city of the world; and not a week passed without interviews with architects and engineers, who presented estimates, made reports, *etc*.

“It is a shame,” said the Emperor one day, while inspecting the barracks of the guard, a species of black and smoke-begrimed shed, “it is a shame,” said he to M. Fontaine, “to make buildings as frightful as those of Moscow. I should never have allowed such a building to be erected. Are you not my chief architect?”

M. Fontaine excused himself by pointing out to his Majesty that he was not responsible for the buildings of Paris, as although he had the honor of being chief architect of the Emperor, it was for the Tuileries and the Louvre alone.

“That is true,” replied his Majesty; “but could there not be built here,” pointing to the quay, “in place of this wooden dockyard, which produces such a bad effect, a residence for the Italian minister?”

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M. Fontaine replied that the plan was very feasible, but that it would require three or four millions.

The Emperor then seemed to abandon this idea, and turning his attention to the garden of the Tuileries, perhaps in consequence of the conspiracy of General Malet,gave orders to arrange all the entrances to the palace so that the same key might serve for all the locks; “and this key,” his Majesty added, “should be put in charge of the grand marshal after the doors were closed for the night.”

A few days after this conversation with M. Fontaine, the Emperor sent to him and M. Costaz the following note, a copy of which fell into my hands. His Majesty had that morning visited the buildings of Chaillot.

> “There is yet ample time to discuss the construction of the palace for the King of Rome.
>
> I do not wish to be led into foolish expenditures; I should like a palace not so large as Saint-Cloud, but larger than the Luxemburg.

I wish to be able to occupy it after the sixteenth million has been expended; then it will be a practicable affair. But if a more expensive building is attempted, it will result like the Louvre, which has never been finished.

> The parks are first to be considered, their boundaries determined and inclosed.
>
> I wish this new palace to be somewhat handsomer than the Elysee; and although that cost less than eight millions, it is one of the most beautiful palaces of Paris.

That of the King of Rome will rank next to the Louvre, which is itself a magnificent palace. It will be, so to speak, only a country seat for one residing in Paris, for of course the winters would be passed at the Louvre or the Tuileries.I can with difficulty believe that Saint-Cloud cost sixteen millions. Before inspecting the plan, I wish it to be carefully examined and discussed by the committee on buildings, so that I may have the assurance that the sum of sixteen millions will not be exceeded. I do not wish an ideal residence, but one constructed for my own enjoyment, and not for the pleasure of the architect alone. Finishing the Louvre will suffice for his glory; and when the plan is once adopted, I will see that it is executed.The Elysee does not suit me, and the Tuileries is barely inhabitable. Nothing will please me unless it is perfectly simple, and constructed according to my tastes and manner of living, for then the palace will be useful to me. I wish it constructed in such a manner that it may be a complete ‘Sans Souci’; [Frederick the Great’s palace in the country near Berlin.] and I especially desire that it may be an agreeable palace rather than a handsome garden,—two conditions which are

incompatible. Let there be something between a court and a garden, like the Tuileries, that from my apartments I may promenade in the garden and the park, as at Saint-Cloud, though Saint-Cloud has the inconvenience of having no park for the household.

> It is necessary also to study the location, so that my apartments may face north and south, in order that I may change my residence according to the season.

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> I wish the apartments I occupy to be as handsomely furnished as my small apartments at Fontainebleau.
>
> I wish my apartments to be very near those of the Empress, and on the same floor.

Finally, I wish a palace that would be comfortable for a convalescent, or for a man as age approaches. I wish a small theater, a small chapel, *etc*.; and above all great care should be taken that there be no stagnant water around the palace."

The Emperor carried his passion for building to excess, and seemed more active, more eager in the execution of his plans, and more tenacious of his ideas, than any architect I have ever known. Nevertheless, the idea of putting the palace of the King of Rome on the heights of Chaillot was not entirely his own, and M. Fontaine might well claim to have originated it.

It was mentioned the first time while discussing the palace of Lyons, which in order to present a handsome appearance M. Fontaine remarked should be situated on an elevation overlooking the city, as, for example, the heights of Chaillot overlooked Paris. The Emperor did not appear to notice M. Fontaine's remark, and had two or three days previously given orders that the chateau of Meudon should be put in a condition to receive his son, when one morning he summoned the architect, and ordered him to present a plan for embellishing the Bois de Boulogne, by adding a country house on the summit of Chaillot. "What do you think of it?" added he, smiling; "does the site appear well chosen?"

One morning in the month of March, the Emperor brought his son to a review on the Champ-de-Mars; he was received with indescribable enthusiasm, the sincerity of which was undoubted; and it could easily be seen that these acclamations came from the heart.

The Emperor was deeply moved by this reception, and returned to the Tuileries in a most charming frame of mind, caressed the King of Rome, covered him with kisses, and dilated to M. Fontaine and myself on the precocious intelligence displayed by this beloved child. "He was not at all frightened; he seemed to know that all those brave men were my friends." On that day he held a long conversation with M. Fontaine, while amusing himself with his son, whom he held in his arms; and when the conversation turned on Rome and its monuments, M. Fontaine spoke of the Pantheon with the most profound admiration. The Emperor asked if he had ever lived at Rome; and M. Fontaine having replied that he remained there three years on his first visit, his Majesty remarked, "It is a city I have not seen; I shall certainly go there some day. It is the city whose people formerly were the sovereigns of the world." And his eyes were fixed on the King of Rome with paternal pride.

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When M. Fontaine had left, the Emperor made me a sign to approach, and began by pulling my ears, according to custom when in good humor. After a few personal questions, he asked me what was my salary. "Sire, six thousand francs."—"And Monsieur Colin, how much has he?"—"Twelve thousand francs."—"Twelve thousand francs! that is not right; you should not have less than M. Colin. I will attend to that." And his Majesty was kind enough to make immediate inquiries, but was told that the accounts for the year were made out; whereupon the Emperor informed me that till the end of the year, M. le Baron Fain

> [Born in Paris, 1778; attended Napoleon in his campaigns as Secretary of the Records; wrote memoirs of the last three years of Napoleon's reign; died 1837.]

would give me each month out of his privy purse five hundred francs, as he wished that my salary should equal that of M. Colin.

CHAPTER XI.

After the Emperor left the army and committed, as we have seen, the command to the King of Naples, his Sicilian Majesty also abandoned the command intrusted to him, and set out for his states, leaving Prince Eugene at the head of the forces. The Emperor was deeply interested in the news he received from Posen, where the general headquarters were in the latter part of February and beginning of March, and where the prince vice-king had under his orders only the remains of different corps, some of which were represented by a very small number of men.

Moreover, each time that the Russians appeared in force, there was nothing to be done but to fall back; and each day during the month of March the news became more and more depressing. The Emperor consequently decided at the end of March to set out at an early day for the army.

For some time previous the Emperor, much impressed by Malet's conspiracy during his last absence, had expressed the opinion that it was dangerous to leave his government without a head; and the journals had been filled with information relative to the ceremonies required when the regency of the kingdom had been left in the hands of queens in times past. As the public well knew the means frequently adopted by his Majesty to foster in advance opinions favorable to any course of conduct he intended to pursue, no one was surprised to see him before leaving confide the regency to the Empress Marie Louise, circumstances not having yet furnished him the opportunity of having her crowned, as he had long desired. The Empress took the solemn oath at the palace of the Elysee, in presence of the princes, great dignitaries, and ministers. The Duke of Cadore was made secretary of the regency, as counselor to her Majesty the

Empress, together with the arch-chancellor; and the command of the guard was confided to General Caffarelli.

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The Emperor left Saint-Cloud on the 15th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, and at midnight of the 16th entered Mayence. On his arrival his Majesty learned that Erfurt and the whole of Westphalia were in a state of the deepest alarm. This news added incredible speed to his march, and in eight hours he was at Erfurt. His Majesty remained but a short while in that town, as the information that he there received set his mind at rest as to the result of the campaign. On leaving Erfurt the Emperor wished to pass through Weimar in order to salute the grand duchess, and made his visit on the same day and at the same hour that the Emperor Alexander went from Dresden to Toeplitz in order to visit another Duchess of Weimar (the hereditary princess, her sister).

The grand duchess received the Emperor with a grace which enchanted him, and their conversation lasted nearly half an hour. On leaving, his Majesty said to the Prince de Neuchatel, "That is an astonishing woman; she has the intellect of a great man." The Duke accompanied the Emperor as far as the borough of Eckhartsberg, where his Majesty detained him to dine.

Note by constant.—His Majesty's household, reorganized in part for this campaign of 1813, was composed of the following persons:

Grand marshal of the palace, the Duke of Frioul.

Grand equerry, the Duke of Vicenza.

Aides-de-camp: Generals Mouton, Count de Lobau; Lebrun, Duke de Plaisance; Generals Drouot, Flahaut, Dejean, Corbineau, Bernard, Durosnel, and Aogendorp.

First ordinance officer, Colonel Gourgaud.

Ordinance officers: Baron de Mortemart, Baron Athalin, M. Beranger, M. de Lauriston; Messieurs Barons Desaix, Laplace, and de Caraman; Messieurs de Saint Marsan, de Lamezan, Pretet, and Pailhou; there was also M. d'Aremberg, but at this time he was a prisoner in the town of Dantzic.

First chamberlain and master of the wardrobe, the Count of Turenne.

Prefect of the palace, Baron de Beausset.

Quartermaster of the palace, Baron de Canouville.

Equerries, Barons Van Lenneps, Montaran, and de Mesgrigny.

Private secretaries, Baron Mounier and Baron Fain.

Clerks, Messieurs Jouanne and Provost.

Secretary interpreters, Messieurs Lelorgue, Dideville, and Vouzowitch.

Director of the topographical bureau, Baron Bacler d’Albe.

Geographical engineers, Messieurs Lameau and Duvivier.

Pages, Messieurs Montarieu, Devienne, Sainte Perne, and Ferreri.

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The Emperor had his headquarters on the square of Eckhartsberg. He had only two rooms, and his suite slept on the landing and the steps of the staircase. This little town, transformed in a few hours into headquarters, presented a most extraordinary spectacle. On a square surrounded by camps, bivouacs, and military parks, in the midst of more than a thousand vehicles, which crossed each other from every direction, mingled together, became entangled in every way, could be seen slowly defiling regiments, convoys, artillery trains, baggage wagons, *etc*. Following them came herds of cattle, preceded or divided by the little carts of the canteen women and sutlers,—-such light, frail vehicles that the least jolt endangered them; with these were marauders returning with their booty, peasants pulling vehicles by their own strength, cursing and swearing amid the laughter of our soldiers; and couriers, ordinance officers, and aides-de-camp, galloping through all this wonderfully variegated and diversified multitude of men and beasts.

And when to this is added the neighing of horses, bellowing of cattle, rumbling of wheels over the stones, cries of the soldiers, sounds from trumpets, drums, fifes, and the complaints of the inhabitants, with hundreds of persons all together asking questions at the same time, speaking German to the Italians, and French to the Germans, how could it be possible that his Majesty should be as tranquil and as much at his ease in the midst of this fearful uproar as in his cabinet at Saint-Cloud or the Tuileries? This was nevertheless the case; and the Emperor, seated before a miserable table covered with a kind of cloth, a map spread before him, compass and pen in hand, entirely given up to meditation, showed not the least impatience; and it would have been said that no exterior noise reached his ears. But let a cry of pain be heard in any direction, the Emperor instantly raised his head, and gave orders to go and ascertain what had happened.

The power of thus isolating one’s self completely from all the surrounding world is very difficult to acquire, and no one possessed it to the same degree as his Majesty.

On the 1st of May the Emperor was at Lutzen, though the battle did not occur till next day. On that day, at six o’clock in the evening, the brave Marshal Bessieres, Duke of Istria, was killed by a cannon-ball, just at the moment when, mounted on a height, wrapped in a long cloak which he had put on in order not to be remarked, he had just given orders for the burial of a sergeant of his escort, whom a ball had just slain a few steps in front of him.

From the first campaigns in Italy the Duke of Istria had hardly left the Emperor at all; had followed him in all his campaigns; had taken part in all his battles, and was always distinguished for his well-proved bravery, and a frankness and candor very rare among the high personages by whom his Majesty was surrounded. He had passed through almost all grades up to the command of the Imperial Guard; and his great experience, excellent character, good heart, and unalterable attachment to the Emperor, had rendered him very dear to his Majesty.

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The Emperor was much moved on learning of the death of the marshal, and remained some time silent with bent head, and eyes fastened on the ground. At last he said, “He has died like Turenne; his fate is to be envied.” He then passed his hand over his eyes and withdrew.

The body of the marshal was embalmed and carried to Paris, and the Emperor wrote the following letter to the Duchess of Istria:

“*My cousin*,—

Your husband has died on the field of honor. The loss sustained by you and your children is doubtless great, but mine is greater still. The Duke of Istria has died a most glorious death, and without suffering. He leaves a stainless reputation, the richest heritage he could have left his children. My protection is assured, and they will also inherit the affection I bore their father. Find in all these considerations some source of consolation in your distress, and never doubt my sentiments towards you.

This letter having no other object, I pray that God, my cousin, may have you in his holy keeping.

“*Napoleon*.”

The King of Saxony reared a monument to the Duke of Istria on the exact spot where he fell. The victory so long disputed in this battle of Lutzen was on that account only the more glorious for the Emperor, and was gained principally by the young conscripts, who fought like lions. Marshal Ney expected this of them; for before the battle he said to his Majesty, “Sire, give me a good many of those young men, I will lead them wherever I wish. The old bearded fellows know as much as we, they reflect, they are too cold blooded; but these intrepid children know no difficulties, they look straight before them, and neither to the right nor left.”

In fact, in the midst of the battle, the Prussians, commanded by the king in person, attacked the corps of Marshal Ney with such fury that it fell back, but the conscripts did not take flight. They withstood the fire, rallied by platoons, and flanked the enemy, crying with all their might, “Vive l’Empereur.” The Emperor appeared; and recovering from the terrible shock they had sustained, and electrified by the presence of their hero, they attacked in their turn with incredible violence. His Majesty was astonished. “In the twenty years,” said he, “I have commanded French armies I have never witnessed such remarkable bravery and devotion.”

It was indeed a touching sight to see those youthful soldiers, although grievously wounded, some without an arm, some without a leg, with but a few moments of life remaining, making a last effort, as the Emperor approached, to rise from the ground,

and shout with their latest breath, “Vive l’Empereur.” Tears fill my eyes as I think of those youths, so brilliant, so strong, and so courageous.

The enemy displayed the same bravery and enthusiasm. The light infantry of the Prussian guard were almost all young men who saw fire for the first time; they exposed themselves to every hazard, and fell by hundreds before they would recoil a step.

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In no other battle, I think, was the Emperor so visibly protected by his destiny. Balls whistled around his ears, carrying away as they passed pieces of the trappings of his horse, shells and grenades rolled at his feet, but nothing touched him. The soldiers observed this, and their enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch.

At the beginning of the battle, the Emperor saw a battalion advancing whose chief had been suspended from his office two or three days before for some slight breach of discipline. The disgraced officer marched in the second rank with his soldiers, by whom he was adored. The Emperor saw him, and halting the battalion, took the officer by the hand, and placed him again at the head of his troop. The effect produced by this scene was indescribable.

On the 8th of May, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Emperor entered Dresden, and took possession of the palace, which the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia had quitted that very evening. A short distance from the barriers the Emperor was saluted by a deputation from the municipality of that town.

"You deserve," said he to these deputies, "that I should treat you as a conquered country. I know all that you have done while the allies occupied your town; I have a statement of the number of volunteers whom you have clothed, equipped, and armed against me, with a generosity which has astonished even the enemy. I know the insults you have heaped on France, and how many shameless libels you have to suppress or to burn today. I am fully aware with what transports of joy you received the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia within your walls. Your houses are still decorated with the garlands, and we still see lying on the earth the flowers which the young girls scattered in their path. Nevertheless, I am willing to pardon everything. Thank your king for this; it is he who saves you, and I pardon you only from love of him. Send a deputation to entreat him to return to you. My aide-de-camp, General Durosnel, will be your governor. Your good king himself could not make a better selection."

As soon as he entered the city the Emperor was informed that a part of the Russian rear-guard sought to hold its ground in the new town, separated from the old by the river Elbe, and had fallen into the power of our army.

His Majesty immediately ordered that everything should be done in order to drive out this remnant of the enemy; and during an entire day there was a continued cannonading and shooting in the town from one bank to the other. Bullets and shell fell like hail on the spot occupied by the Emperor. A shell struck the walls of a powder-magazine not far from him, and scattered the pieces around his head, but fortunately the powder did not ignite. A few moments after another shell fell between his Majesty and several Italians; they bent to avoid the explosion. The Emperor saw this movement, and laughingly said to them, "Ah, coglioni! non fa male." ["Ah, scamps! don't behave badly."]

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On the 11th of May, in the morning, the Russians were put to flight and pursued, the French army entering the city from all sides. The Emperor remained on the bridge the whole day, watching his troops as they filed in. The next day at ten o'clock the Imperial Guard under arms were placed in line of battle on the road from Pirna to Gross Garten. The Emperor reviewed it, and ordered General Flahaut to advance.

The King of Saxony arrived about noon. On meeting again, the two sovereigns alighted from their horses and embraced each other, and then entered Dresden amid general acclamations.

General Flahaut, who had gone to meet the King of Saxony with a part of the imperial Guard, received from this good king the most flattering testimonials of appreciation and gratitude. It is impossible to show more cordiality and friendliness than the King of Saxony displayed. The Emperor said of him and his family that they were a patriarchal family, and that all who comprised it joined to striking virtues an expansive kindness of manner which made them adored by their subjects. His Majesty paid this royal personage the most affectionate attentions, and as long as the war lasted sent couriers each day to keep the king informed of the least circumstance: He came himself as often as possible, and, in fact, constantly treated him with that cordiality he so well knew how to display and to render irresistible when he chose.

A few days after his arrival at Dresden his Majesty held a long conversation with the King of Saxony, in which the Emperor Alexander was the principal subject of conversation.

The characteristics and faults of this prince were fully analyzed; and the conclusion drawn from this conversation was that the Emperor Alexander had been sincere in the interview at Erfurt, and that it must have been very complicated intrigues which had thus led to the rupture of all their treaties of friendship. "Sovereigns are most unfortunate," said his Majesty; "always deceived, always surrounded by flatterers or treacherous counselors, whose greatest desire is to prevent the truth from reaching the ears of their masters, who have so much interest in knowing it."

The two sovereigns next spoke of the Emperor of Austria. His Majesty appeared profoundly grieved that his union with the Archduchess Marie Louise, whom he did all in his power to render the happiest of women, should have failed in producing the result he had anticipated, of obtaining for him the confidence and friendship of her father. "It is perhaps because I was not born a sovereign," said the Emperor; "and nevertheless, I should think that this would be an additional inducement to the friendship of my father-in-law. I shall never be convinced that such ties are not strong enough to obtain the alliance of the Emperor of Austria; for, in fact, I am his son-in-law, my son is his grandson, he loves his daughter, and she is happy; how, then, can he be my enemy?"

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On learning of the victory of Lutzen, and the entrance of the Emperor into Dresden, the Emperor of Austria hastened to send M. de Bubna to his son-in-law. He arrived on the evening of the 16th; and the interview, which his Majesty immediately granted, lasted until two hours after midnight. This led us to hope that peace was about to be concluded, and we consequently formed a thousand conjectures, each more encouraging than the other; but when two or three days had passed away, and we still witnessed only preparations for war, we saw that our hopes were cruelly deceived. Then it was I heard the unfortunate Marshal Duroc exclaim, “This is lasting too long! We will none of us outlive it!” He had a presentiment of his own death.

During the whole of this campaign the Emperor had not a moment of repose. The days passed away in combats or marches, always on horseback; the nights in labors in the cabinet. I never comprehended how his body could endure such fatigue, and yet he enjoyed almost continuously the most perfect health. The evening before the battle of Bautzen he retired very late, after visiting all the military posts, and, having given all necessary orders, slept profoundly. Early next morning, the 20th of May, movements began, and we awaited at headquarters with eager impatience the results of this day. But the battle was not over even then; and after a succession of encounters, always ending in our favor, although hotly contested, the Emperor, at nine o’clock in the evening, returned to headquarters, took a light repast, and remained with Prince Berthier until midnight. The remainder of the night was passed in work, and at five o’clock in the morning he was on his feet and ready to return to the combat. Three or four hours after his arrival on the battlefield the Emperor was overcome by an irresistible desire for sleep, and, foreseeing the issue of the day, slept on the side of a ravine, in the midst of the batteries of the Duke of Ragusa, until he was awaked with the information that the battle was gained.

This fact, which was related to me in the evening, did not astonish me in the least; for I have already remarked that when he was compelled to yield to the necessity of sleep, that imperious want of nature, the Emperor took the repose which was so necessary to him when and where he could, like a true soldier.

Although the result was decided, the battle was continued until five o’clock in the evening. At six o’clock the Emperor had his tent erected near a solitary inn, which had served as headquarters for the Emperor Alexander during the two preceding days. I received orders to attend him there, and did so with all speed; but his Majesty, nevertheless, passed the whole night receiving and congratulating the chief generals, and working with his secretaries.

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All the wounded who were able to march were already on the road to Dresden, where all necessary help awaited them. But on the field of battle were stretched more than ten thousand men, Frenchmen, Russians, Prussians, *etc*.,—hardly able to breathe, mutilated, and in a most pitiable condition. The unremitting labors of the kind and indefatigable Baron Larrey and the multitude of surgeons encouraged by his heroic example did not suffice even to dress their wounds. And what means could be found to remove the wounded in this desolate country, where all the villages had been sacked and burned, and where it was no longer possible to find either horses or conveyances? Must they then let all these men perish after most horrible sufferings, for lack of means to convey them to Dresden?

It was then that this population of Saxon villagers, who it might have been thought must be embittered by the horrors of war,—in seeing their dwellings burned, their fields ravaged,—furnished to the army an example of the sublime sentiments which pity can inspire in the heart of man. They perceived the cruel anxiety which M. Larrey and his companions suffered concerning the fate of so many unfortunate wounded, and immediately men, women, children, and even old men, hastily brought wheelbarrows. The wounded were lifted, and placed on these frail conveyances. Two or three persons accompanied each wheelbarrow all the way to Dresden, halting if by a cry or gesture even, the wounded indicated a desire to rest, stopping to replace the bandages which the motion had displaced, or near a spring to give them water to allay the fever which devoured them. I have never seen a more touching sight.

Baron Larrey had an animated discussion with the Emperor. Among the wounded, there were found a large number of young soldiers with two fingers of their right hand torn off; and his Majesty thought that these poor young fellows had done it purposely to keep from serving. Having said this to M. Larrey, the latter vehemently exclaimed that it was an impossibility, and that such baseness was not in keeping with the character of these brave young conscripts. As the Emperor still maintained his position, Larrey at length became so angry that he went so far as to tax the Emperor with injustice. Things were in this condition when it was positively proved that these uniform wounds came from the haste with which these young soldiers loaded and discharged their guns, not being accustomed to handling them. Whereupon his Majesty saw that M. de Larrey was right, and praised him for his firmness in maintaining what he, knew to be the truth. “You are a thoroughly good man, M. de Larrey,” said the Emperor. “I wish I could be surrounded only with men like you; but such men are very rare.”

CHAPTER XII.

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We had now reached the eve of the day on which the Emperor, still deeply affected by the loss he had sustained in the death of the Duke of Istria, was to receive a blow which he felt perhaps most keenly of all those which struck deep into his heart as he saw his old companions in arms fall around him. The day following that on which the Emperor had, with Baron Larrey, the discussion which I related at the end of the preceding chapter was made memorable by the irreparable loss of Marshal Duroc. The Emperor's heart was crushed; and indeed not one of us failed to shed sincere tears—so just and good was he, although grave and severe in his manner towards persons whom the nature of their duties brought into contact with him. It was a loss not only to the Emperor, who possessed in him a true friend, but, I dare to assert, also to the whole of France. He loved the Emperor with a passionate devotion, and never failed to bestow on him his faithful admonitions, although they were not always heeded. The death of Marshal Duroc was an event so grievous and so totally unexpected, that we remained for some time uncertain whether to believe it, even when the only too evident reality no longer permitted us to remain under any delusion.

These are the circumstances under which this fatal event occurred which spread consternation throughout the army: The Emperor was pursuing the rear guard of the Russians, who continually eluded him, and had just escaped for the tenth time since the morning, after having killed and taken prisoners large numbers of our brave soldiers, when two or three shells dug up the ground at the Emperor's feet, and caused him to exclaim, "What! after such butchery no result! no prisoners! those men there will not leave me a nail." Hardly had he finished speaking when a shell passed, and threw a chasseur of the cavalry escort almost under the legs of his Majesty's horse. "Ah, Duroc," added he, turning towards the grand marshal, "fortune protects us to-day."—-"Sire," said an aide-de-camp, rushing, up at a gallop, "General Bruyeres has just been killed." "My poor comrade of Italy! Is it possible? Ah! it is necessary to push on, nevertheless." And noticing on the left an elevation from which he could better observe what was passing, the Emperor started in that direction amidst a cloud of dust. The Duke of Vicenza, the Duke of Treviso, Marshal Duroc, and general of engineers Kirgener followed his Majesty closely; but the wind raised such a cloud of dust and smoke that they could hardly see each other. Suddenly a tree near which the Emperor passed was struck by a shell and cut in half. His Majesty, on reaching the plateau, turned to ask for his field-glass, and saw no one near him except the Duke of Vicenza. Duke Charles de Plaisance came up, his face showing a mortal pallor, leaned towards the grand equerry, and said a few words in his ear. "What is it?" vehemently inquired the Emperor; "what has happened?"—"Sire," said the Duke of Plaisance, weeping, "the grand

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marshal is dead!”— “Duroc? But you must be mistaken. He was here a moment ago by my side.” Several aides-de-camp arrived, and a page with his Majesty’s field-glass. The fatal news was confirmed, in part at least. The Grand Duke of Frioul was not yet dead; but the shell had wounded him in the stomach, and all surgical aid would be useless. The shell after breaking the tree had glanced, first striking General Kirgener, who was instantly killed, and then the Duke of Frioul. Monsieurs Yvan and Larrey were with the wounded marshal, who had been carried into a house at Markersdorf. There was no hope of saving him.

The consternation of the army and his Majesty’s grief on this deplorable event were indescribable. He mechanically gave a few orders and returned to camp, and when he had reached the encampment of the guard, seated himself on a bench in front of his tent, with lowered head and clasped hands, and remained thus for nearly an hour without uttering a word. Since it was nevertheless essential that orders should be given for the next day, General Drouot approached,

[Count Antoine Drouot, chief of artillery of the guard, born at Nancy, 1774; fought as captain at Hohenlinden,1800; distinguished himself at Wagram (1809) and Borodino (1812); made general of division at Bautzen, 1813; went to Elba as commander of the guard, and was by the Emperor’s side at Waterloo; died in 1847. He was a Protestant, and was often seen during heavy firing reading his Testament calmly.]

and in a voice interrupted by sobs asked what should be done. “To-morrow, everything,” replied the Emperor, and said not a word more. “Poor man!” exclaimed the old watchdogs of the guard; “he has lost one of his children.” Night closed in. The enemy was in full retreat; and the army having taken its position, the Emperor left the camp, and, accompanied by the Prince de Neuchatel, M. Yvan, and the Duke of Vicenza, repaired to the house where the grand marshal had been conveyed. The scene was terrible. The Emperor, distracted with grief, repeatedly embraced this faithful friend, endeavoring to cheer him; but the duke, who was perfectly conscious of his condition, replied only by entreaties to have opium given him. At these words the Emperor left the room; he could no longer control his emotions.

The Duke de Frioul died next morning; and the Emperor ordered that his body should be conveyed to Paris, and paced under the dome of the Invalides.

[On either side of the entrance to the sarcophagus of porphyry which holds the mortal remains of the great Emperor, rest Duroc and Bertrand, who in life watched over him as marshals of his Palace.— TRANS.]

He bought the house in which the grand marshal died, and charged the pastor of the village to have a stone placed in the spot where his bed had stood, and these words engraved thereon:

"*Here general Duroc*, *duke of Frioul*,
grand marshal of the palace of the emperor Napoleon,
mortally wounded by A *shell*,
died in the arms of his friend, *the emperor*."

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The preservation of this monument was imposed as an obligation on the occupant of the house, who received it as a gift with this condition annexed. The pastor, the magistrate of the village, and the one who accepted this gift, were summoned to his Majesty's presence; and he made known to them his wishes, which they solemnly engaged to fulfill. His Majesty then drew from his privy purse the necessary funds, and handed them to these gentlemen.

It is well that the reader should know how this agreement so solemnly made was executed. This order of the Russian staff will inform him.

"A copy of a receipt dated the 16th (28th) of March states that the Emperor Napoleon handed to Hermann, pastor of the church at Markersdorf, the sum of two hundred gold napoleons for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Marshal Duroc, who died on the field of battle. His Excellency Prince Repnin, Governor-General of Saxony, having ordered that a deputy from my office be sent to Markersdorf in order to bring the said sum and deposit it with me until it is finally disposed of, my secretary, Meyerheim, is charged with this mission, and consequently will go at once to Dlarkersdorf, and, as an evidence of his authority, will present to Minister Hermann the accompanying order, and take possession of the above mentioned sum of two hundred gold napoleons. The secretary Meyerheim will account to me alone for the execution of this order. At Dresden this 20th of March (1st of April), 1814.

"(Signed) *baron de Rosen*."

This order needs no comment. After the battles of Bautzen and Wurschen, the Emperor entered Silesia. He saw on every occasion combined armies of the allies put to flight before his own in every encounter; and this sight, while flattering his vanity exceedingly, also greatly strengthened him in the belief that he would soon find himself master of a rich and fertile country, where the abundant means of subsistence would be of much advantage in all his undertakings. Many times a day he exclaimed, "How far are we from such a town? When do we arrive at Breslau?" His impatience did not prevent him meanwhile from occupying his mind with every object which struck his attention, as if he were free from all care. He examined the houses, one by one, as he passed through each village, remarked the direction of rivers and mountain ranges, and collected the most minute information which the inhabitants could or would give him. On the 27th of May, his Majesty, when not more than three days march from Breslau, met in front of a little town called Michelsdorf several regiments of Russian cavalry who held the road. They were quite near the Emperor and his staff before his Majesty had even perceived them. The Prince de Neuchatel, seeing the enemy so near, hastened to the Emperor, and said, "Sire, they are still advancing."— "Well, we will advance also," replied his Majesty, smiling. "Look behind you—"

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And he showed the prince the French infantry approaching in close columns. A few discharges soon drove the Russians from this position; but half a league or a league farther we found them again, and this maneuver was again and again repeated. The Emperor, perceiving this, maneuvered accordingly, and in person directed with the greatest precision the troops as they advanced. He went from one height to another, and thoroughly inspected the towns and villages on the route in order to reconnoiter their position, and ascertain what resources he could obtain from the country; and, as a result of his attentive care and indefatigable oversight, the scene changed ten times a day. If a column emerged from a deep ravine, a wood, or a village, it could take immediate possession of a height, since a battery was found already in position to defend it. The Emperor indicated every movement with admirable tact, and in such a manner that it was impossible to be taken at a disadvantage. He commanded only the troops as a whole, transmitting either personally, or through his staff officers, his orders to the commander of the corps and divisions, who in their turn transmitted or had them transmitted to the chiefs of battalions. All orders given by his Majesty were short, precise, and so clear that it was never necessary to ask explanations.

On the 29th of May, not knowing how far on the road to Breslau it was prudent to advance, his Majesty established himself on a little farm called Rosnig, which had been pillaged, and presented a most miserable aspect. As there could be found in the house only a small apartment with a closet suitable for the Emperor’s use, the Prince de Neuchatel and his suite established themselves as well as they could in the surrounding cottages, barns, and even in the gardens, since there was not sufficient shelter for all. The next day a fire broke out in a stable near the lodging of the Emperor. There were fourteen or fifteen wagons in this barn, which were all burned. One of these wagons contained the traveling treasury chest; in another were the clothes and linen belonging to the Emperor, as well as jewelry, rings, tobacco boxes, and other valuable objects. We saved very few things from this fire; and if the reserve corps had not arrived promptly, his Majesty would have been obliged to change his customary toilet rules for want of stockings and shirts. The Saxon Major d’Odeleben, who has written some interesting articles on this campaign, states that everything belonging to his Majesty was burned; and that it was necessary to have him some pantaloons made in the greatest haste at Breslau. This is a mistake. I do not think that the baggage-wagon was burned; but even if it had been, the Emperor would not on that account have needed clothing, since there were always four or five complete suits either in advance or in the rear of the headquarters. In Russia, when the order was given to burn all carriages which lacked horses, this order was rigorously executed in regard to the persons of the household, and they were consequently left with almost nothing; but everything was reserved which might be considered indispensable to his Majesty.

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At length on the 1st of June, at six o'clock in the morning, the advance guard entered Breslau, having at its head General Lauriston, and General Hogendorp, whom his Majesty had invested in advance with the functions of governor of this town, which was the capital of Silesia. Thus was fulfilled in part the promise the Emperor had made in passing through Warsaw on his return from Russia: "I go to seek three hundred thousand men. Success will render the Russians bold. I will deliver two battles between the Elbe and the Oder, and in six months I will be again on the Niemen."

These two battles fought and gained by conscripts, and without cavalry, had re-established the reputation of the French army. The King of Saxony had been brought back in triumph to his capital. The headquarters of the Emperor were at Breslau; one of the corps of the grand army was at the gates of Berlin, and the enemy driven from Hamburg. Russia was about to be forced to withdraw into its own boundaries, when the Emperor of Austria, acting as mediator in the affairs of the two allied sovereigns, advised them to propose an armistice. They followed this advice; and as the Emperor had the weakness to consent to their demands, the armistice was granted and signed on the fourth of June, and his Majesty at once set out on his return to Dresden. An hour after his departure he said, "If the allies do not in good faith desire peace, this armistice may become very fatal to us."

On the evening of the 8th of June, his Majesty reached Gorlitz. On that night fire broke out in the faubourg where the guard had established its quarters; and at one o'clock one of the officials of the town came to the headquarters of the Emperor to give the alarm, saying that all was lost. The troops extinguished the fire, and an account was rendered the Emperor of what had occurred. I dressed him in all haste, as he wished to set out at break of day. "To how much does the loss amount?" demanded the Emperor. "Sire, to seven or eight thousand francs at least for the cases of greatest need."—"Let ten thousand be given, and let it be distributed immediately." The inhabitants were immediately informed of the generosity of the Emperor; and as he left the village an hour or two after, he was saluted with unanimous acclamations.

On the morning of the 10th we returned from Dresden. The Emperor's arrival put an end to most singular rumors which had been circulated there since the remains of Grand Marshal Duroc had passed through the city. It was asserted that the coffin contained the body of the Emperor; that he had been killed in the last battle, and his body mysteriously concealed in a room of the chateau, through the windows of which lights could be seen burning all night. When he arrived, some persons perfectly infatuated with this idea went so far as to repeat what had already been reported, with the added circumstance that it was not the Emperor who was seen in his carriage, but a figure made of wax. Nevertheless, when next day he appeared before the eyes of all on horseback in a meadow in front of the gates of the city, they were compelled to admit that he still lived.

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The Emperor alighted at the Marcolini palace, a charming summer residence situated in the faubourg of Friedrichstadt. An immense garden, the beautiful meadows of Osterwise on the banks of the Elbe, in addition to an extremely fine landscape, rendered this sojourn much more attractive than that of the winter palace; and consequently the Emperor was most grateful to the King of Saxony for having prepared it for him. There he led the same life as at Schoenbrunn; reviews every morning, much work during the day, and few distractions in the evening; in fact, more simplicity than display. The middle of the day was spent in cabinet labors; and during that time such perfect tranquillity reigned in the palace, that except for the presence of two sentinels on horseback and videttes, which showed that it was the dwelling of a sovereign, it would have been difficult to imagine that this beautiful residence was inhabited even by the simplest private citizen.

The Emperor had chosen for his apartments the right wing of the palace; the left was occupied by the Prince de Neuchatel. In the center of the building were a large saloon and two smaller ones which served as reception rooms.

Two days after his return, his Majesty sent orders to Paris that the actors of the “Comedy” Theater from Paris should spend the time of the armistice at Dresden. The Duke of Vicenza, charged in the interim with the duties of grand marshal of the palace, was ordered to make all necessary preparations to receive them. He committed this duty to the care of Messieurs de Beausset and de Turenne, to whom the Emperor gave the superintendence of the theater; and a hall to be used for this purpose was erected in the orangery of the Marcolini palace. This hall communicated with the apartments, and could seat about two hundred persons. It was erected as if by magic, and was opened, while awaiting the arrival of the French troupe, with two or three representations given by the Italian comedians of the King of Saxony.

The actors from Paris were: For tragedy, Messieurs Saint-Prix and Talma and Mademoiselle Georges.

For comedy: Messieurs Fleury, Saint-Fal, Baptiste the younger, Armand, Thenard, Michot, Devigny, Michelot and Barbier; Mesdames Mars, Bourgoin, Thenard, Emilie Contat, and Mezeray.

The management of the theater was given to M. Despres.

All these actors arrived on the 19th of June, and found every arrangement made for their comfort,—tastefully furnished lodgings, carriages, servants, everything which could enable them to agreeably endure the ennui of a residence in a foreign land, and prove to them at the same time how highly his Majesty appreciated their talents; an appreciation which most of them richly merited, both on account of their excellent social qualities, and the nobility and refinement of their manners.

The debut of the French troupe at the theater of the Orangery took place on the 22d of June, in the ‘Gageure Imprevue’, and another piece, then much in vogue at Paris, and which has often since been witnessed with much pleasure, ‘La Suite d’un Bal Masque’.

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As the theater of the Orangery would have been too small for the representation of tragedy, that was reserved for the grand theater of the city; and persons were admitted on those occasions only by cards from the Count of Turenne, no admission fee being charged.

At the grand theater on the days of the French play, and also in the theater at the Marcolini palace, the footmen of his Majesty attended upon the boxes, and served refreshments while the piece was being played.

This is how the days were spent after the arrival of the actors of the French theater.

Everything was quiet until eight o'clock in the morning, unless a courier arrived, or some aide-de-camp was unexpectedly summoned. At eight o'clock I dressed the Emperor; at nine he held his levee, which all could attend who held as high a rank as colonel. The civil and military authorities of the country were also admitted; the Dukes of Weimar and d'Anhalt, the brothers and nephews of the King of Saxony, sometimes attended. Next came breakfast; then the parade in the meadows of Osterwise, about one hundred paces distant from the palace, to which the Emperor always went on horseback, and dismounted on arriving; the troops filed before him, and cheered him three times with their customary enthusiasm. The evolutions were commanded sometimes by the Emperor, sometimes by the Count of Lobau. As soon as the cavalry began to defile, his majesty re-entered the palace and began to work. Then began that perfect stillness of which I have spoken; and dinner was not served until late,—seven or eight o'clock. The Emperor often dined alone with the Prince de Neuchatel, unless there were guests from the royal family of Saxony. After dinner they attended the theater, when there was a play; and afterwards the Emperor returned to his cabinet to work again, either alone or with his secretaries.

Each day it was the same thing, unless, which was very rarely the case, fatigued beyond measure by the labors of the day, the Emperor took a fancy to send for Madame Georges after the tragedy. Then she passed two or three hours in his apartment, but never more.

Sometimes the Emperor invited Talma or Mademoiselle Mars to breakfast. One day, in a conversation with this admirable actress, the Emperor spoke to her concerning her debut. "Sire," said she, in that graceful manner which every one remembers, "I began very young. I slipped in without being perceived."—"Without being perceived!" replied his Majesty quickly; "you are mistaken. Be assured moreover, Mademoiselle, that I have always, in common with all France, highly appreciated your wonderful talents."

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The Emperor's stay at Dresden brought wealth and abundance. More than six million francs of foreign money were spent in this city between the 8th of May and 16th of November, if one can believe the statements published on Saxon authority of the number of lodgings distributed. This sojourn was a harvest of gold, which keepers of boarding-houses, hotels, and merchants carefully reaped. Those in charge of military lodgings furnished by the inhabitants also made large profits. At Dresden could be seen Parisian tailors and bootmakers, teaching the natives to work in the French style. Even bootblacks were found on the bridges over the Elbe, crying, as they had cried on the bridges of the Seine, "Shine your boots!"

Around the city numerous camps had been established for the wounded, convalescents, *etc*. One of these, called the Westphalian camp, presented a most beautiful scene. It was a succession of beautiful small gardens; there a fortress made of turf, its bastions crowned with hortensias; here a plot had been converted into a terrace, its walks ornamented with flowers, like the most carefully tended parterre; on a third was seen a statue of Pallas. The whole barrack was decked with moss, and decorated with boughs and garlands which were renewed each day.

As the armistice would end on the 15th of August, the fete of his Majesty was advanced five days. The army, the town, and the court had made extensive preparations in order that the ceremony might be worthy of him in whose honor it was given. All the richest and most distinguished inhabitants of Dresden vied with each other in balls, concerts, festivities, and rejoicings of all sorts. The morning before the day of the review, the King of Saxony came to the residence of the Emperor with all his family, and the two sovereigns manifested the warmest friendship for each other. They breakfasted together, after which his Majesty, accompanied by the King of Saxony, his brothers and nephews, repaired to the meadow behind the palace, where fifteen thousand men of the guard awaited him in as fine condition as on the most brilliant parades on the Champ-de-Mars.

After the review, the French and Saxon troops dispersed through the various churches to hear the Te Deum; and at the close of the religious ceremony, all these brave soldiers seated themselves at banqueting tables already prepared, and their joyous shouts with music and dancing were prolonged far into the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

The entire duration of the armistice was employed in negotiations tending to a treaty of peace, which the Emperor ardently desired, especially since he had seen the honor of his army restored on the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen; but unfortunately he desired it only on conditions to which the enemy would not consent, and soon the second series of our disasters recommenced, and rendered peace more and more impossible.

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Besides, from the beginning of negotiations relative to the armistice, whose limit we had now nearly reached, the emperor Alexander, notwithstanding the three battles won by Napoleon, would listen to no direct proposals from France, except on the sole condition that Austria should act as mediator. This distrust, as might be expected, did not tend to produce a final. reconciliation, and, being the conquering party, the Emperor was naturally irritated by it; nevertheless, under these grave circumstances he conquered the just resentment caused by the conduct of the Emperor of Russia towards himself. The result of the time lost at Dresden, like the prolongation of our sojourn at Moscow, was a great advantage to the enemy.

All hopes of a peaceful adjustment of affairs now having vanished, on the 15th of August the Emperor ordered his carriage; we left Dresden, and the war recommenced. The French army was still magnificent and imposing, with a force of two hundred thousand infantry, but only forty thousand cavalry, as it had been entirely impossible to repair completely the immense loss of horses that had been sustained. The most serious danger at that time arose from the fact that England was the soul of the coalition of Russia, Prussia, and Sweden against France. Her subsidies having obtained her the supreme control, nothing could be decided without consulting her; and I have since learned that even during the pretended negotiations the British government had declared to the Emperor of Russia that under the circumstances the conditions of the treaty of Luneville would be far too favorable to France. All these complications might be expressed in these words: “We desire war!” War was then waged, or rather the scourge continued to desolate Germany, and soon threatened and invaded France. I should, moreover, call attention to the fact that what contributed to render our position extremely critical in case of reverses was that Prussia waged on us not simply a war of regular armies, but that it had now assumed the character of a national war, by the calling out of the Zandwehr and Zandsturm which made the situation far more dangerous than against the tactics of the best disciplined army. To so many other complications was added the fear, soon only too well justified, of seeing Austria from an inoffensive and unbiased mediator become a declared enemy.

Before going farther, I deem it best to refer again to two or three occurrences I have inadvertently omitted which took place during our stay at Dresden previous to what might be called the second campaign of 1813. The first of these was the appearance at Dresden of the Duke of Otranto, whom his Majesty had summoned.

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He had been very rarely seen at the Tuileries since the Duke of Rovigo had replaced him as minister of general police; and I noticed that his presence at headquarters was a great surprise to every one, as he was thought to be in complete disgrace. Those who seek to explain the causes of the smallest events think that his Majesty's idea was to oppose the subtle expedients of the police under M. Fouche to the then all-powerful police of the Baron de Stein, the armed head of all the secret parties which were forming in every direction, and which were regarded, not without reason, as the rulers of popular opinion in Prussia and Germany, and, above all, in the numerous schools, where the students were only awaiting the moment for taking up arms. These conjectures as to M. Fouche's presence at Dresden were without foundation. The Emperor in recalling him had a real motive, which he, however, disguised under a specious pretext. Having been deeply impressed by the conspiracy of Malet, his Majesty thought that it would not be prudent to leave at Paris during his absence a person so discontented and at the same time so influential as the Duke of Otranto; and I heard him many times express himself on this subject in a manner which left no room for doubt. But in order to disguise this real motive, the Emperor appointed M. Fouche governor of the Illyrian provinces in place of Count Bertrand, who was given the command of an army-corps, and was soon after appointed to succeed the adorable General Duroc in the functions of grand marshal of the palace. Whatever the justice of this distrust of Fouche, it is very certain that few persons were so well convinced of the superiority of his talents as a police officer as his Majesty himself. Several times when anything extraordinary occurred at Paris, and especially when he learned of the conspiracy of Malet, the Emperor, recalling in the evening what had impressed him most deeply during the day, ended by saying, "This would not have happened if Fouche had been minister of police!" Perhaps this was undue partiality; for the Emperor assuredly never had a more faithful and devoted servant than the Duke of Rovigo, although many jests were made in Paris over his custom of punishing by a few hours imprisonment.

Prince Eugene having returned to Italy at the beginning of the campaign in order to organize a new army in that country, we did not see him at Dresden; the King of Naples, who had arrived on the night of the 13th or 14th August presented himself there almost alone; and his contribution to the grand army consisted of only the small number of Neapolitan troops he had left there on his departure for Naples.

I was in the Emperor's apartment when the King of Naples entered, and saw him for the first time. I did not know to what cause to attribute it, but I noticed that the Emperor did not give his brother-in-law as cordial a welcome as in the past. Prince Murat said that he could no longer remain idle at Naples, knowing that the French army to which he still belonged was in the field, and he asked only to be allowed to fight in its ranks. The Emperor took him with him to the parade, and gave him the command of the Imperial Guard; and a more intrepid commander would have been difficult to find. Later he was given the general command of the cavalry.

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During the whole time of the armistice, spun out rather than filled with the slow and useless conferences of the Congress of Prague, it would be impossible to describe the various labors in which the Emperor occupied himself from morning till evening, and often far into the night. He could frequently be seen bending over his maps, making, so to speak, a rehearsal of the battles he meditated. Nevertheless, greatly exasperated by the slowness of the negotiations as to the issue of which he could no longer delude himself, he ordered, shortly before the end of July, that everything should be prepared and in readiness for a journey he intended making as far as Mayence. He made an appointment to meet the Empress there; and as she was to arrive on the 25th, the Emperor consequently arranged his departure so as to arrive only a short time after. I recall this journey only as a fact, since it was signalized by nothing remarkable, except the information the Emperor received at this time of the death of the Duke of Abrantes, who had just succumbed at Dijon to a violent attack of his former malady. Although the Emperor was already aware that he was in a deplorable state of mental alienation, and must consequently have expected this loss, he felt it none the less sensibly, and sincerely mourned his former aide-decamp.

The Emperor remained only a few days with the Empress, whom he met again with extreme pleasure. But as important political considerations recalled him, he returned to Dresden, visiting several places on his route, and the 4th of August we returned to the capital of Saxony. Travelers who had seen this beautiful country only in a time of peace would have recognized it with difficulty. Immense fortifications had metamorphosed it into a warlike town; numerous batteries had been placed in the suburbs overlooking the opposite bank of the Elbe. Everything assumed a warlike attitude, and the Emperor's time became so completely and entirely absorbed that he remained nearly three days without leaving his cabinet.

Nevertheless, in the midst of the preparations for war all arrangements were made to celebrate on the 10th of August the Emperor's fete, which had been advanced five days, because, as I have previously observed, the armistice expired precisely on the anniversary of Saint-Napoleon; and, as may be readily inferred from his natural passion for war, the resumption of hostilities was not an addition to his fete which he would be likely to disdain.

There was at Dresden, as had been customary at Paris, a special representation at the theater on the evening before the Emperor's fete. The actors of the French theater played two comedies on the 9th at five o'clock in the evening; which representation was the last, as the actors of the French Comedy received orders immediately afterwards to return to Paris. The next day the King of Saxony, accompanied by all the princes of the royal family, repaired at nine

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o’clock in the morning to the Marcolini palace, in order to pay his respects to the Emperor; after which a grand morning reception was held as was the custom at the Tuileries, and a review, at which the Emperor inspected a part of his guard, several regiments, and the Saxon troops, who were invited to dine by the French troops. On that day the city of Dresden without much exaggeration might have been compared to a great dining-hall. In fact, while his Majesty was dining in state at the palace of the King of Saxony, where the whole family of this prince was assembled, the entire diplomatic corps was seated at the table of the Duke of Bassano; Baron Bignon, envoy from France to Warsaw, feasted all the distinguished Poles present in Dresden; Count Darn gave a grand dinner to the French authorities; General Friant to the French and Saxon generals; and Baron de Serra, minister from France to Dresden, to the chiefs of the Saxon colleges. This day of dinings was concluded by a supper for nearly two hundred guests, which General Henri Durosnel, Governor of Dresden, gave that evening at the close of a magnificent ball at the residence of M. de Serra.

On our return from Mayence to Dresden I learned that the residence of General Durosnel was the rendezvous of all the highest circles of society, both Saxon and French. During the absence of his Majesty, the general, taking advantage of this leisure, gave numerous fetes, among others one to the actors and actresses of French Comedy. I recall in this connection an amusing anecdote which was related to me at the time. Baptiste junior, with no lack either of decorum or refinement, contributed greatly to the amusement of the evening, being presented under the name of my Lord Bristol, English diplomat, en route to the Council of Prague. His disguise was so perfect, his accent so natural, and his phlegm so imperturbable, that many persons of the Saxon court were completely deceived, which did not in the least astonish me; and I thereby saw that Baptiste junior’s talent for mystification had lost nothing since the time when I had been so highly diverted at the breakfasts of Colonel Beauharnais. How many events had occurred since that time.

The Emperor, seeing that nothing could longer delay the resumption of hostilities, had consequently divided the two hundred thousand men of his infantry into fourteen army corps, the command of which was given to Marshals Victor, Ney, Marmont, Augereau, Macdonald, Oudinot, Davoust, and Gouvion Saint-Cyr, Prince Poniatowski, and Generals Reynier, Rapp, Lauriston, Vandamme, and Bertrand. The forty thousand cavalry formed six grand divisions under the command of Generals Nansouty, Latour-Maubourg, Sebastiani, Arrighi, Milhaud, and Kellermann; and, as I have already said, the King of Naples had the command of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, in this campaign appeared for the first time on our fields of battle the guard of honor, a select troop recruited from the richest and most distinguished

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families, and which had been increased to more than ten thousand men, divided into two divisions under the simple title of regiments; one of which was commanded by General Count of Pully, and the other, if I am not mistaken, by General Segur. These youths, but lately idlers given up to repose and pleasure, became in a short time most excellent cavalry, which signalized itself on various occasions, notably at the battle of Dresden, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak.

The strength of the French army has been previously stated. The combined army of the allies amounted to four hundred and twenty thousand infantry, and its cavalry to hardly less than one hundred thousand, without counting a reserve army corps of eighty thousand Russians, in readiness to leave Poland under the command of General Beningsen. Thus the enemy's army outnumbered ours in the proportion of two to one.

At the time we entered into this campaign, Austria had just declared war openly against us. This blow, although not unexpected, struck the Emperor deeply, and he expressed himself freely in regard to it before all persons who had the honor to approach him. M. de Metternich, I have heard it stated, had almost certainly forewarned him of this in the last interviews this minister had at Dresden with his Majesty; but the Emperor had been entirely unable to bring himself to the belief that the Emperor of Austria would make common cause with the coalition of the north against his own daughter and grandson. Finally all doubts were solved by the arrival of Count Louis de Narbonne, who was returning from Prague to Dresden, as bearer of a declaration of war from Austria. Every one foresaw that France must soon count among its enemies all the countries no longer occupied by its troops, and results justified this prediction only too well. Nevertheless, everything was not lost, for we had not yet been compelled to take the defensive.

CHAPTER XIV.

War recommenced before negotiations were finally broken, for the Duke of Vicenza was still in communication with M. de Metternich. The Emperor, as he mounted his horse, said to the numerous generals surrounding him that he now marched to conquer a peace. But what hope could remain after the declaration of war by Austria, and above all, when it was known that the allied sovereigns had incessantly increased their pretensions in proportion as the Emperor granted the concessions demanded? The Emperor left Dresden at five o'clock in the afternoon, advancing on the road to Koenigstein, and passed the next day at Bautzen, where he revisited the battlefield, the scene of his last victory. There the king of Naples, who did not wish royal honors to be rendered himself, came to rejoin the Emperor at the head of the Imperial Guard, who presented as imposing an appearance as in its pristine days.

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We arrived at Gorlitz on the 18th, where the Emperor found the Duke of Vicenza, who was returning from Bohemia. He confirmed the truth of the report his Majesty had already received at Dresden, that the Emperor of Austria had already decided to make common cause with the Emperor of Russia and the Kings of Prussia and Sweden against the husband of his daughter, the princess whom he had given to the Emperor as a pledge of peace. It was also through the Duke of Vicenza that the Emperor learned that General Blucher had just entered Silesia at the head of an army of one hundred thousand men, and, in violation of most sacred promises, had seized on Breslau the evening before the day fixed for the rupture of the armistice. This same day General Jomini, Swiss by birth, but until recently in the service of France, chief of staff to Marshal Ney, and loaded with favors by the Emperor, had deserted his post, and reported at the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander, who had welcomed him with demonstrations of most intense satisfaction.

[Baron Henri Jomini, author of the celebrated treatise on the art of war, was born in the Canton de Vaud, 1779; aide-de-camp to Ney, 1804; distinguished himself in several battles, and on his desertion was made lieutenant-general and aide to Emperor Alexander; died 1869.]

The Duke of Vicenza gave the particulars of this desertion, which seemed to affect his Majesty more than all the other news. He told him, among other things, that when General Jomini had entered the presence of Alexander, he found this monarch surrounded by his chiefs, among whom Moreau was pointed out to him. This was the first information the Emperor had received of General Moreau's presence at the enemy's headquarters. The Duke of Vicenza added, that when the Emperor Alexander presented General Jomini to Moreau the latter saluted him coolly, and Jomini replied only by a slight inclination of his head, and retired without uttering a word, and the remainder of the evening remained in gloomy silence in a corner of the saloon opposite to that occupied by General Moreau. This constraint had not escaped the Emperor Alexander's observation; and the next morning, as he was making his toilet, he addressed Marshal Ney's ex-chief of staff: "General Jomini," said he, "what is the cause of your conduct yesterday? It seems to me that it would have been agreeable to you to meet General Moreau."—"Anywhere else, Sire."—"What!"—"If I had been born a Frenchman, like the general, I should not be to-day in the camp of your Majesty." When the Duke of Vicenza had finished his report to the Emperor, his Majesty remarked with a bitter smile, "I am sure that wretch Jomini thinks he has performed a fine action! Ah, Caulaincourt, these desertions will destroy me!" Perhaps Moreau, in welcoming General Jomini so coldly, was actuated by the thought that were he still serving in the French army he would not have betrayed it with arms in his hand; and after all it is not an unusual thing to see two traitors each blush for the other, deluding themselves at the same time in regard to their own treachery, not comprehending that the sentiments they feel are the same as those they inspire.

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However that may be, the news which M. de Caulaincourt brought caused the Emperor to make some changes in his plans for the campaign. His Majesty entirely abandoned the idea of repairing in person to Berlin, as he had expressed his intention of doing, and, realizing the necessity of ascertaining first of all the contemplated operations of the grand army of Austria, commanded by the Prince of Schwarzenberg, penetrated into Bohemia; but learning through the couriers of the army and his spies that eighty thousand Russians still remained on the opposite side with a considerable body of the Austrian army, he retraced his steps after a few engagements in which his presence decided the victory, and on the 24th we found ourselves again at Bautzen. His Majesty from this place sent the King of Naples to Dresden, in order to restore the courage of the King of Saxony and the inhabitants when they should find the enemy at the gates of their city. The Emperor sent them the assurance that the enemy's forces would not enter, since he had returned to defend its approaches, and urged them at the same time not to allow themselves to be dismayed by any sudden or unexpected attack made by isolated detachments. Murat arrived at a most opportune moment, for we learned later that consternation had become general in the city; but such was the prestige attached to the Emperor's assurances that all took courage again on learning of his presence.

After the King of Naples had gone to fulfill this mission, Colonel Gourgaud was called during the morning into the Emperor's tent, where I then was. "I will be tomorrow on the road to Pirna," said his Majesty; "but I shall halt at Stolpen. As for you, hasten to Dresden; go with the utmost speed; reach it this night. Interview on your arrival the King of Naples, Durosnel, the Duke of Bassano, and Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr; reassure them all. See also the Saxon minister Gersdorf. Say to him that you could not see the king because you set out in such haste; but that I can to-morrow bring forty thousand men into Dresden, and that I am preparing to enter with all the army. Next day you will see the commandant of the engineering corps; you will visit the redoubts and the fortifications of the town; and when you have inspected everything, you will return quickly and meet me at Stolpen. Report to me exactly the real state of affairs, as well as the opinion of Marshal Saint-Cyr and the Duke of Bassano. Set out." The colonel left immediately at a gallop, though he had eaten nothing as yet that day.

The next evening at eleven o'clock, Colonel Gourgaud returned to the Emperor, after performing all the requirements of his mission. Meanwhile the allied army had descended into the plain of Dresden, and had already made some attacks upon the advance posts. It resulted from information given by the colonel that when the King of Naples arrived, the city, which had been in a state of complete demoralization, now felt that its only hope was in the Emperor's arrival.

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In truth, hordes of Cossacks were already in sight of the faubourgs, which they threatened to attack; and their appearance had compelled the inhabitants of these faubourgs to take refuge in the interior of the city. “As I left,” said Colonel Gourgaud, “I saw a village in flames half a league from the great gardens, and Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr was preparing to evacuate that position.”—“But after all,” said the Emperor eagerly, “what is the opinion of the Duke of Bassano?”—“Sire, the Duke of Bassano does not think that we can hold out twenty-four hours.”—“And you?”—“I, Sire? I think that Dresden will be taken to-morrow if your Majesty is not there.”—“I can then rely upon what you tell me?”— “Sire, I will answer for it with my head.”

Then his Majesty summoned General Haxo, and said to him, his finger on the map, “Vandamme is advancing by way of Pirna beyond the Elbe. The eagerness of the enemy in penetrating as far as Dresden has been extreme. Vandamme will find himself in his rear. I intend to sustain his movement with my whole army; but I am uneasy as to the fate of Dresden, and am not willing to sacrifice that city. I can reach it in a few hours, and I shall do so, although it grieves me much to abandon a plan which if well executed might furnish the means of routing all the allies at one blow. Happily Vandamme is still in sufficient strength to supplement the general movement by attacks at special points which will annoy the enemy. Order him, then, to go from Pirna to Ghiesubel, to gain the defiles of Peterswalde, and when intrenched in this impregnable position, to await the result of operations under the walls of Dresden. I reserve for him the duty of receiving the swords of the vanquished. But in order to do this it is necessary that he should keep his wits about him, and pay no attention to the tumult made by the terrified inhabitants. Explain to General Vandamme exactly what I expect of him. Never will he have a finer opportunity to gain the marshal’s baton.”

General Haxo set out instantly; and the Emperor made Colonel Gourgaud reenter his apartment, and ordered him to take a fresh horse, and return to Dresden more quickly than he had come, in order to announce his arrival. “The old guard will precede me,” said his Majesty. “I hope that they will have no more fear when they see that.”

On the morning of the 26th the Emperor was seated on his horse on the bridge of Dresden, and began, amid cries of joy from both the young and old guard, to make dispositions for the terrible battle which lasted three days.

It was ten o’clock in the morning when the inhabitants of Dresden, now reduced to despair, and speaking freely of capitulation, witnessed his Majesty’s arrival. The scene changed suddenly; and to the most complete discouragement succeeded most entire confidence, especially when the haughty cuirassiers of Latour-Maubourg defiled over the bridge, holding their heads high, and their eyes fixed on the neighboring hillsides covered by the enemy’s lines. The Emperor immediately alighted at the palace of the king, who was preparing to seek an asylumn in the new town, but whose intentions were changed by the arrival of this great man. The interview was extremely touching.

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I cannot undertake to describe all the occurrences of those memorable days, in which the Emperor covered himself with glory, and was more exposed to danger than he had ever been at any time. Pages, equerries, and aides-decamp fell dead around him, balls pierced the stomach of his horse, but nothing could touch him. The soldiers saw this and redoubled their ardor, and also their confidence and admiration. I shall simply state that the Emperor did not re-enter the chateau until midnight, and then spent the hours until daylight dictating orders, while promenading up and down the room with great strides, until at break of day he remounted his horse. The weather was horrible, and the rain lasted the whole day. In the evening, the enemy being completely routed, the Emperor returned to the palace in a frightful condition. From the time he mounted his horse, at six o'clock in the morning, the rain had not ceased a single instant, and he was so wet that it could be said without any figure of speech that the water ran down into his boots from the collar of his coat, for they were entirely filled with it. His hat of very fine beaver was so ruined that it fell down over his shoulders, his buff belt was perfectly soaked with water; in fact a man just drawn out of the river would not be wetter than the Emperor. The King of Saxony, who awaited him, met him in this condition, and embraced him as a cherished son who had just escaped a great danger; and this excellent prince's eyes were full of tears as he pressed the saviour of his capital to his heart. After a few reassuring and tender words from the Emperor, his Majesty entered his apartments, leaving everywhere traces of the water which dripped from every part of his clothing, and I had much difficulty in undressing him. Knowing that the Emperor greatly enjoyed a bath after a fatiguing day, I had it prepared; but as he felt unusually fatigued, and in addition to this began to shiver considerably, his Majesty preferred retiring to his bed, which I hurriedly warmed. Hardly had the Emperor retired, however, than he had Baron Fain, one of his secretaries, summoned to read his accumulated correspondence, which was very voluminous. After this he took his bath, but had remained in it only a few moments when he was seized with a sudden sickness accompanied by vomiting, which obliged him to retire to bed.

His Majesty said to me, "My dear Constant, a little rest is absolutely indispensable to me; see that I am not awaked except for matters of the gravest importance; say this to Fain." I obeyed the Emperor's orders, after which I took my position in the room in front of his Majesty's chamber, watching with the attention of a sentinel on duty lest he should be awakened, or any one should even approach his apartment.

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The next morning the Emperor rang very early, and I entered his room immediately, anxious to know how he had passed the night. I found him almost entirely restored, and in fine spirits. He told me, however, that he had had a short attack of fever. I must here remark that it was the only time the Emperor had fever, and during the whole time I was with him I never saw him ill enough to keep his bed for twenty-four hours. He rose at his usual hour, and when he descended was intensely gratified by the fine appearance made by the battalion on duty. Those brave grenadiers, who the evening before had served as his escort, and reentered Dresden with him in a most pitiable condition, this morning he saw ranged in the court of the palace in splendid condition, and bearing arms as brilliant as if it were a day of parade on the Place du Carrousel. These brave fellows had spent the night polishing their arms, and drying themselves around great fires which they had kindled for the purpose, having thus preferred the satisfaction of presenting themselves in faultless condition before their Emperor's eyes to the sleep and rest which they must so greatly have needed.

One word of approbation repaid them for their fatigue, and it may be truly said never was a military chief so much beloved by his soldiers as his Majesty.

The last courier who had returned from Paris to Dresden, and whose dispatches were read, as I have said, to the Emperor, bore several letters for me written by my family and two or three of my friends; and all who have accompanied his Majesty on his campaigns, in whatever rank or employment, well know how we valued news received from home. These letters informed me, I remember, of a famous lawsuit going on in the court of assizes between the banker Michel and Reynier, which scandalous affair caused much comment in the capital, and almost divided with the news from the army the interest and attention of the public; and also of the journey the Empress was about to make to Cherbourg, to be present at the opening of the dikes, and filling the harbor with water from the ocean. This journey, as may well be imagined, had been suggested by the Emperor, who sought every opportunity of putting the Empress forward, and making her perform the duties of a sovereign, as regent of the Empire. She summoned and presided over the council of ministers, and more than once I heard the Emperor congratulate himself after the declaration of war with Austria that his Louise, as he called her, acted solely for the interests of France, and had nothing Austrian but her birth. He also allowed her the satisfaction of herself publishing and in her own name all the official news of the army. The bulletins were no longer issued; but the news was transmitted to her all ready for publication, which was doubtless an attention on the part of his Majesty in order to render the Empress Regent more popular, by making her the medium of communication between the government and the public. Moreover, it is a fact, that we who were on the spot, although we knew at once whether the battle was gained or lost, often did not know the entire operations of the different corps maneuvering on an immense line of battle, except through the journals of Paris; and our eagerness to read them may well be imagined.

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CHAPTER XV.

During the second day of the battle of Dresden, at the end of which the Emperor had the attack of fever I mentioned in the preceding chapter, the King of Naples, or rather Marshal Murat, performed prodigies of valor. Much has been said of this truly extraordinary prince; but only those who saw him personally could form a correct idea of him, and even they never knew him perfectly until they had seen him on a field of battle. There he seemed like those great actors who produce a complete illusion amid the fascinations of the stage, but in whom we no longer find the hero when we encounter them in private life. While at Paris I attended a representation of the death of 'Hector' by Luce de Lancival, and I could never afterwards hear the verses recited in which the author describes the effect produced on the Trojan army by the appearance of Achilles without thinking of Prince Murat; and it may be said without exaggeration that his presence produced exactly this effect the moment he showed himself in front of the Austrian lines. He had an almost gigantic figure, which alone would have sufficed to make him remarkable, and in addition to this sought every possible means to draw attention to himself, as if he wished to dazzle those who, might have intended to attack him. His regular and strongly marked features, his handsome blue eyes rolling in their orbits, enormous mustaches, and black hair falling in long ringlets over the collar of a kurtka with narrow sleeves, struck the attention at first sight. Add to this the richest and most elegant costume which one would wear even at the theater,—a Polish coat richly embroidered, and encircled by a gilded belt from which hung the scabbard of a light sword, with a straight and pointed blade, without edge and without guard; large amaranth-colored pantaloons embroidered in gold on the seams, and nankeen boots; a large hat embroidered in gold with a border of white feathers, above which floated four large ostrich plumes with an exquisite heron aigrette in the midst; and finally the king's horse, always selected from the strongest and handsomest that could be found, was covered with an elegantly embroidered sky-blue cloth which extended to the ground, and was held in place by a Hungarian or Turkish saddle of the richest workmanship, together with a bridle and stirrups not less magnificent than the rest of the equipment. All these things combined made the King of Naples a being apart, an object of terror and admiration. But what, so to speak, idealized him was his truly chivalrous bravery, often carried to the point of recklessness, as if danger had no existence for him. In truth, this extreme courage was by no means displeasing to the Emperor; and though he perhaps did not always approve of the manner in which it was displayed, his Majesty rarely failed to accord it his praise, especially when he thought necessary to contrast it with the increasing prudence shown by some of his old companions in arms.

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On the 28th the Emperor visited the battlefield, which presented a frightful spectacle, and gave orders that everything possible should be done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and also of the inhabitants and peasants who had been ravaged and pillaged, and their fields and houses burned, and then ascended the heights from which he could follow the course of the enemy's retreat. Almost all the household followed him in this excursion. A peasant was brought to him from Nothlitz, a small village where the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia had their headquarters during the two preceding days. This peasant, when questioned by the Duke of Vicenza, said he had seen a great personage brought into Nothlitz, who had been wounded the evening before on the staff of the allies. He was on horseback, and beside the Emperor of Russia, at the moment he was struck. The Emperor of Russia appeared to take the deepest interest in his fate. He had been carried to the headquarters of Nothlitz on lances of the Cossacks interlaced, and to cover him they could find only a cloak wet through with the rain. On his arrival at Nothlitz the Emperor Alexander's surgeon came to perform the amputation, and had him carried on an extending chair to Dippoldiswalde, escorted by several Austrian, Prussian, and Russian detachments.

On learning these particulars the Emperor was persuaded that the Prince von Schwarzenberg was the person in question. "He was a brave man," said he; "and I regret him." Then after a silent pause, "It is then he," resumed his Majesty, "who is the victim of the fatality! I have always been oppressed by a feeling that the events of the ball were a sinister omen, but it is very evident now that it was he whom the presage indicated."

While the Emperor gave himself up to these conjectures, and recalled his former presentiments, prisoners who were brought before his Majesty had been questioned; and he learned from their reports that the Prince von Schwarenzberg had not been wounded, but was well, and was directing the retreat of the Austrian grand army. Who was, then, the important personage struck by a French cannonball? Conjectures were renewed on this point, when the Prince de Neuchatel received from the King of Saxony a collar unfastened from the neck of a wandering dog which had been found at Nothlitz. On the collar was written these words, "I belong to General Moreau." This furnished, of course, only a supposition; but soon exact information arrived, and confirmed this conjecture.

Thus Moreau met his death the first occasion on which he bore arms against his native country,—he who had so often confronted with impunity the bullets of the enemy. History has judged him severely; nevertheless, in spite of the coldness which had so long divided them, I can assert that the Emperor did not learn without emotion the death of Moreau, notwithstanding his indignation that so celebrated a French general could have taken up arms against France, and worn the Russian cockade. This unexpected death produced an evident effect in both camps, though our soldiers saw in it only a just judgment from Heaven, and an omen favorable to the Emperor. However that may be,

these are the particulars, which I learned a short time after, as they were related by the valet de chambre of General Moreau.

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The three sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia had been present on the 27th at the battle on the heights of Nothlitz, but had retired as soon as they saw that the battle was lost. That very day General Moreau was wounded by a cannon-ball near the intrenchments in front of Dresden, and about four o'clock in the afternoon was conveyed to Nothlitz, to the country house of a merchant named Salir, where the Emperors of Austria and Russia had established their headquarters. Both limbs of the general were amputated above the knee. After the amputation, as he requested something to eat and a cup of tea, three eggs were brought him on a plate; but he took only the tea. About seven o'clock he was placed on a litter, and carried to Passendorf by Russian soldiers, and passed the night in the country house of M. Tritschier, grand master of forests. There he took only another cup of tea, and complained greatly of the sufferings he endured. The next day, the 28th of August, at four o'clock in the morning, he was conveyed, still by Russian soldiers, from Passendorf to Dippodiswalde, where he took a little white bread and a glass of lemonade at the house of a baker named Watz. An hour after he was carried nearer to the frontiers of Bohemia, borne by Russian soldiers in the body of a coach taken off the wheels. During the entire route he incessantly uttered cries which the extremity of his sufferings drew from him.

These are the details which I learned in regard to Moreau; and, as is well known, he did not long survive his wound. The same ball which broke both his legs carried off an arm from Prince Ipsilanti, then aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander; so that if the evil that is done can be repaired by the evil received, it might be said that the cannon-shot which tore away from us General Kirgener and Marshal Duroc was this day sent back on the enemy. But alas! it is a sad sort of consolation that is drawn from reprisals.

It may be seen from the above, and especially from the seemingly decisive benefits arising from the battle of Dresden, that since the resumption of hostilities, in every place where our troops had been sustained by the all-powerful presence of the Emperor, they had obtained successes; but unfortunately this was not the case at points distant from the main line of operations. Nevertheless, seeing the allies routed by the army which he commanded in person, and certain, moreover, that General Vandamme had held the position which he had indicated to him through General Haxo, his Majesty returned to his first idea of marching on Berlin, and already even had disposed his troops with this intention, when the fatal news arrived that Vandamme, the victim of his own rashness, had disappeared from the field of battle, and his ten thousand men, surrounded on all sides, and overwhelmed by numbers, had been cut to pieces. It was believed that Vandamme was dead, and it was not until later we learned that he had been taken prisoner with a

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part of his troop. It was learned also that Vandamme, incited by his natural intrepidity, and unable to resist a desire to attack the enemy whom he saw within his grasp, had left his intrenchments to make the attack. He had conquered at first, but when after his victory he attempted to resume his former position he found it occupied, as the Prussians had seized it; and though he fought with all the abandon of despair, it was all in vain, and General Kleist, proud of this fine trophy, conducted him in triumph to Prague. It was while speaking of this audacious attack of Vandamme that the Emperor used this expression, which has been so justly admired, “For a retreating enemy it is necessary to make a bridge of gold, or oppose a wall of brass.” The Emperor heard with his usual imperturbability the particulars of the loss he had just experienced, but nevertheless repeatedly expressed his astonishment at the deplorable recklessness of Vandamme, and said he could not comprehend how this experienced general could have allowed himself to be drawn away from his position. But the deed was done, and in such instances the Emperor never lost time in useless recriminations. “Come,” said he, addressing the Duke of Bassano, “you have just heard—that means war from early in the morning until late in the evening.”

After giving various orders to the army and his chiefs, the Emperor left Dresden on the evening of the 3d of September, with the intention of regaining what he had lost from the audacious imprudence of General Vandamme. But this defeat, the first we had sustained since the resumption of hostilities, became the forerunner of the long series of reverses which awaited us. It might have been said that victory, having made one last effort in our favor at Dresden, had finally grown weary; for the remainder of the campaign was but a succession of disasters, aggravated by treachery of every description, and ending in the horrible catastrophe at Leipzig. Before leaving Dresden we had learned of the desertion to the enemy of a Westphalian regiment, with arms and baggage.

The Emperor left Marshal Saint-Cyr in Dresden with thirty thousand men, with orders to hold it to the last extremity, since the Emperor wished to preserve this capital at any price. The month of September was spent in marches and countermarches around this city, with no events of decided importance. Alas! the Emperor was never again to see the garrison of Dresden. Circumstances becoming still more embarrassed, imperiously demanded that his Majesty should promptly oppose some obstacle to the progress of the allies. The King of Saxony, furnishing an example of fidelity rare among kings, determined to accompany the Emperor, and entered his carriage in company with the queen and the Princess Augusta, having the headquarters’ staff as escort. Two days after his departure the Saxon troops joined the French army at Eilenburg, on the banks of the Mulda. The Emperor exhorted

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these allies, whom he believed faithful, to maintain the independence of their country, pointed out to them how Prussia was threatening Saxony, and endeavoring to acquire her most beautiful provinces, and reminded them of the proclamation of their sovereign, his worthy and faithful ally; finally he spoke to them in the name of military honor, urging them, in closing, to take it always as their guide, and to show themselves worthy rivals of the soldiers of the grand army with whom they had made common cause, and beside whom they were now about to fight. The words of the Emperor were translated and repeated to the Saxons by the Duke of Vicenza; and this language from the lips of one whom they regarded as the friend of their sovereign and the saviour of their capital seemed to produce a profound impression. The march was then begun in confidence, with no premonition of the approaching defection of these very men who had so often greeted the Emperor with their cries of enthusiasm, swearing to fight to the death rather than abandon him.

His Majesty's plan then was to fall on Blucher and the Prince Royal of Sweden, from whom the French army was separated only by a river. We therefore left Eilenburg, where the Emperor parted with the King of Saxony and his family, the Duke of Bassano, the grand park of artillery, and all the conveyances, and directed our course towards Duben. Blucher and Bernadotte had retired, leaving Berlin uncovered. Then the Emperor's plans became known; and it was seen that he was marching on Berlin, and not on Leipzig, and that Diiben was only the meeting-place for the various corps, who, when united, were to march on the capital of Prussia, which the Emperor had already seized twice.

The time was unfortunately past when a simple indication of the Emperor's plans was regarded as a signal of victory. The chiefs of the army, who had until now been perfectly submissive, began to reflect, and even took the liberty of disapproving of plans which they were afraid to execute. When the army became aware of the Emperor's intention to march on Berlin, it was the signal for almost unanimous discontent. The generals who had escaped the disasters of Moscow, and the dangers of the double campaign in Germany, were fatigued, and perhaps eager to reap the benefits of their good fortune, and at last to enjoy repose in the bosom of their families. A few went so far as to accuse the Emperor of being anxious to still extend the war. "Have there not been enough killed?" said they, "Must we all share the same fate?" And these complaints were not kept for secret confidences, but were uttered publicly, and often even loud enough to reach the ears of the Emperor; but in that case his Majesty seemed not to hear.

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Amidst this disaffection of a large number of the chiefs of the army, the defection of Bavaria was learned, and gave an added strength to the anxiety and discontent inspired by the Emperor's resolution; and then occurred what had never taken place before: his staff united their entreaties that he should abandon his plans in regard to Berlin, and march on Leipzig. I saw how much the Emperor suffered from the necessity of listening to such remonstrances, notwithstanding the respectful language in which they were couched. For two entire days his Majesty remained undecided; and how long these forty-eight hours were! Never did abandoned cabin or bivouac present a more mournful sight than the sad chateau of Duben. In this doleful residence I saw the Emperor for the first time entirely unemployed; the indecision to which he was a prey absorbed him so entirely that his character seemed entirely changed. Who could believe it? To the activity which drove him on, and, so to speak, incessantly devoured him, had succeeded a seeming indifference which is perfectly indescribable. I saw him lie on the sofa nearly a whole day, the table before him covered with maps and papers at which he did not even glance, and with no other occupation for hours than slowly tracing large letters on sheets of white paper. This was while he was vacillating between his own will and the entreaties of his generals. At the end of two days of most painful suspense he yielded; and from that time all was lost. How much better it would have been had he not listened to their complaints, but had again allowed himself to be guided by the presentiments which possessed him! He repeated often, with grief, while recalling the concessions he made at that time, "I should have avoided many disasters by continuing to follow my own impulses; I failed only by yielding to those of others."

The order for departure was given; and as if the army felt as much pride in triumphing over the will of its Emperor as they would have felt in beating the enemy by obeying the dictates of his genius, they abandoned themselves to outbursts of joy which were almost beyond reason. Every countenance was radiant. "We shall now," they repeated on all sides, "we shall now see France again, embrace our children, our parents, and our friends!" The Emperor and Marshal Augereau alone did not share the general light-heartedness. The Duke of Castiglione had just arrived at headquarters, after having in some measure avenged on the army of Bohemia, Vandamme's defeat. He, like the Emperor, had dark presentiments as to the consequences of this retrograde movement, and knew that desertions on the way would add to the number of the enemy, and were so much the more dangerous since these deserters had so recently been our allies and knew our positions. His Majesty yielded with a full conviction of the evil which would result; and I heard him at the end of a conversation with the marshal which had lasted more than an hour, utter these words, "They would have it so."

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The Emperor on his march to Duben was at the head of a force which might be estimated at one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. He had taken this direction with the hope of finding Blucher again on the Mulda; but the Prussian general had recrossed the river, which contributed much to give credit to a rumor which had been circulated for some time. It was said that in a council of the allied sovereigns held recently at Prague, and at which Moreau and the Prince Royal of Sweden were present, it had been agreed that as far as possible they should avoid engaging in a battle whenever the Emperor commanded his army in person, and that operations should be directed only against smaller bodies commanded by his lieutenants. It is impossible, certainly, to render more striking homage to the superiority of the Emperor's genius; but it was at the same time stopping him in his glorious career, and paralyzing his usually all-powerful action.

However that may be, the evil genius of France having obtained the ascendency over the good genius of the Emperor, we took the road to Leipzig, and reached it early on the morning of the 15th of October. At that very moment the King of Naples was in the midst of an engagement with the Prince von Schwarzenberg; and his Majesty, on hearing the sound of cannon, crossed the town, and visited the plain where the engagement was taking place. On his return he received the royal family of Saxony, who had come to join him. During his short stay at Leipzig, the Emperor performed an act of clemency which must undoubtedly be considered most meritorious if we take into consideration the gravity of the circumstances in which we were placed. A merchant of this city named Moldrecht was accused and convicted of having distributed among the inhabitants, and even in the army, several thousand copies of a proclamation in which the Prince Royal of Sweden invited the Saxons to desert the cause of the Emperor. When arraigned before a tribunal of war, M. Moldrecht could not exculpate himself; and, indeed, this was an impossibility, since several packages of the fatal proclamation had been found at his residence. He was condemned to death, and his family in deep distress threw themselves at the feet of the King of Saxony; but, the facts being so evident and of such a nature that no excuse was possible, the faithful king did not dare to grant indulgence for a crime committed even more against his ally than against himself. Only one recourse remained for this unhappy family, which was to address the Emperor; but as it was difficult to reach him, M. Leborgne D'Ideville, interpreting secretary, was kind enough to undertake to place a note on the Emperor's desk, who after reading it ordered a postponement which was equivalent to a full pardon. Events followed in their course, and the life of M. Moldrecht was saved.

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Leipzig, at this period, was the center of a circle in which engagements took place at numerous points and almost incessantly. Engagements lasted during the days of the 16th, 17th, and 18th; and his Majesty, as a poor return for his clemency towards M. Moldrecht, reaped the bitter fruits of the proclamation which had been scattered in every direction through the efforts of this merchant. On that day the Saxon army deserted our cause, and reported to Bernadotte. This left the Emperor a force of only one hundred and ten thousand men, with an opposing force of three hundred and thirty thousand; so that if when hostilities were resumed we were only as one to two, we were now only one to three. The day of the 18th was, as is well known, the fatal day. In the evening the Emperor, seated on a folding stool of red morocco in the midst of the bivouac fires, was dictating to the Prince of Neuchatel his orders for the night, when two commanders of artillery were presented to his Majesty, and gave him an account of the exhausted condition of the ammunition chests. In five days we had discharged more than two hundred thousand cannon-balls, and the ammunition being consequently exhausted there was barely enough left to maintain the fire for two hours longer; and as the nearest supplies were at Madgeburg and Erfurt, whence it would be impossible to obtain help in time, retreat was rendered absolutely necessary.

Orders were therefore given for a retreat, which began next day, the 19th, at the end of a battle in which three hundred thousand men had engaged in mortal combat, in a confined space not more than seven or eight leagues in circumference. Before leaving Leipzig, the Emperor gave to. Prince Poniatowski, who had just earned the baton of a marshal of France, the defense of one of the faubourgs. “You will defend the faubourg on the south,” said his Majesty to him. “Sire,” replied the prince, “I have very few men.”—“You will defend it with those you have.” “Ah, Sire, we will remain; we are all ready to die for your Majesty.” The Emperor, moved by these words, held out his arms to the prince, who threw himself into them with tears in his eyes. It was really a farewell scene, for this interview of the prince with the Emperor was their last; and soon the nephew of the last king of Poland found, as we shall soon see, a death equally as glorious as deplorable under the waves of the Elster.

[Prince Joseph Anthony Poniatowski, born at Warsaw, 1762. Nephew of Stanislas Augustus, the last king of Poland. He commanded the Polish army against Russia, 1792, and served under Kosciuszko, 1794. He led an army of Poles under Napoleon, 1807 and 1809, and commanded a corps in the Russian campaign. Had Napoleon succeeded in that campaign, Poniatowski would have been made king of Poland. Wounded, and made a marshal at Liepzig, he was drowned on the retreat.]

At nine o’clock in the morning the Emperor took leave of the royal family of Saxony. The interview was short, but distressing and most affectionate on the part of each.

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The king manifested the most profound indignation at the conduct of his troops. “I could never have imagined it,” said he; “I thought better of my Saxons; they are only cowards;” and his grief was so intense that the Emperor, notwithstanding the immense disadvantage which had accrued to him from the desertion of the Saxons during the battle, sought to console this excellent prince.

As his Majesty urged him to quit Leipzig in order that he might not be exposed to the dangers attending the capitulation which had now become absolutely necessary, this venerable prince replied, “No; you have already done enough, and it is carrying generosity too far to risk your person by remaining a few minutes longer in order to console us.” Whilst the King of Saxony was expressing himself thus, the sound of heavy firing of musketry was heard, and the queen and Princess Augusta joined their entreaties to those of the monarch, in their excessive fright already seeing the Emperor taken and slain by the Prussians. Some officers entered, and announced that the Prince Royal of Sweden had already forced the entrance of one of the faubourgs; that General Beningsen, General Blucher, and the Prince von Swarzenberg were entering the city on every side; and that our troops were reduced to the necessity of defending themselves from house to house, and the Emperor was himself exposed to imminent peril. As there was not a moment to lose, he consented at. last to withdraw; and the King of Saxony escorted him as far as the foot of the palace staircase, where they embraced each other for the last time.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was exceedingly difficult to find an exit from Leipzig, as this town was surrounded on every side by the enemy. It had been proposed to the Emperor to burn the faubourgs which the heads of the columns of the allied armies had reached, in order to make his retreat more sure; but he indignantly rejected this proposal, being unwilling to leave as a last adieu to the King of Saxony his cities abandoned to the flames. After releasing him from his oath of fidelity, and exhorting him to now consider only his own interests, the Emperor left him, and directed his course to the gate of Ramstadt; but he found it so encumbered that it was an impossibility to clear a passage, and he was compelled to retrace his steps, again cross the city, and leave it through the northern gate, thus regaining the only point from which he could, as he intended, march on Erfurt; that is, from the boulevards on the west. The enemy were not yet completely masters of the town, and it was the general opinion that it could have been defended much longer if the Emperor had not feared to expose it to the horrors of a siege. The Duke of Ragusa continued to offer strong resistance in the faubourg of Halle to the repeated attacks of General Blucher; while Marshal Ney calmly saw the combined forces of General Woronzow, the Prussian corps under the orders of General Billow, and the Swedish army, break themselves to pieces against his impregnable defenses.

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So much valor was nevertheless at last compelled to yield to numbers, and above all to treachery; for at the height of the combat before the gates of Leipzig, a battalion from Baden, which until then had fought valiantly in the French ranks, suddenly abandoned the gate Saint-Peter, which it was commissioned to defend, and at the entrance to the city gave itself up to the enemy. Thereupon, according to what I have heard related by several officers who were in this terrible tumult, the streets of Leipzig presented a most horrible sight; and our soldiers, now compelled to retire, could do so only by disputing every step of the ground. An irreparable misfortune soon filled the Emperor's soul with despair.

I shall now relate the events which signalized this deplorable day just as my memory recalls them. I do not know to what cause to attribute it, but none of the many stirring events which I witnessed present themselves more distinctly before my mind than a scene which took place under the walls of Leipzig. Having triumphed over incredible obstacles, we at last succeeded in crossing the Elster on the bridge at the mill of Lindenau. I can still see the Emperor as he stationed officers along the road charged to indicate to stragglers where they might rejoin their respective commands. On this day, after the immense loss sustained owing to a disparity of numbers, he showed the same solicitude concerning everything as after a decisive triumph. But he was so overcome by fatigue that a few moments of sleep became absolutely necessary, and he slept profoundly under the noise of the cannon which thundered around him on all sides. Suddenly a terrible explosion occurred, and a few moments after the King of Naples entered his Majesty's barrack accompanied by Marshal Augereau. They brought sad news-the great bridge over the Elster had just been blown up. This was the last point of communication with the rear guard, which consisted of twenty thousand men now left on the other side of the river under the command of Marshal Macdonald. "This, then, is how my orders are executed!" exclaimed the Emperor, clasping his head between his hands. He remained a moment buried in thought and absorbed in his own reflections.

The fact was, his Majesty had given orders to undermine all the bridges over the Elster and have them blown up, but not until after the French army had crossed the river in safety. I have since heard this event discussed from many points of view, and have read many contradictory accounts. It is not my province to shed light on a point of history which forms such a subject of controversy, and I have consequently limited myself to relating as I have done only what came within my own knowledge. Nevertheless, I may be permitted to make to my readers one simple observation which presents itself to my mind whenever I read or hear it said that the Emperor himself had the bridge blown up in order to shelter himself from the enemy's pursuit. I ask pardon for such

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an expression, but this supposition appeared to me an absurdity so incredible as to surpass belief; for it is very evident that if under these disastrous circumstances he could think only of his own personal safety, he would not a short time before have voluntarily prolonged his stay in the palace of the King of Saxony, where he was exposed to much more imminent danger than he could have encountered after leaving Leipzig. Moreover, the Emperor was far from enjoying the consternation which struck him when he learned that twenty thousand of his brave soldiers were separated from him perhaps forever.

How many misfortunes were the inevitable results of the destruction of the last bridge on the road from Leipzig to Lindenau! And how many deeds of heroism, the greater part of which will remain forever unknown, mark this disaster! Marshal Macdonald, seeing himself separated from the army, plunged on horseback into the Elster, and was fortunate enough to reach the other bank; but General Dumortier, attempting to follow his intrepid chief, disappeared and perished in the waves with a great number of officers and soldiers; for all had sworn not to surrender themselves to the enemy, and it was only a small number who submitted to the cruel necessity of being made prisoners. The death of Prince Poniatowski caused intense sorrow in the heart of the Emperor; and it may be said that every one at headquarters was deeply distressed at the loss of our Polish hero, and all were eager to learn the particulars of so grievous and irreparable a misfortune. As was well known, his Majesty had given him orders to cover the retreat of the army, and all felt that the Emperor could not have bestowed this trust more worthily. It is related that seeing himself pressed by the enemy against the bank of the river, with no means of crossing, he was heard to say to those around him, “Gentlemen, here we must die with honor!” It is added that putting into practice this heroic resolution he swam across the waters of the Pleisse in spite of the wounds he had received in the stubborn combat he had sustained since morning. Then finding no longer any refuge from inevitable captivity, except in the waters of the Elster, the brave prince had thrown himself into it without considering the impassable steepness of the opposite bank, and in a few moments he with his horse was ingulfed beneath the waves. His body was not found until five days afterwards, and then drawn from the water by a fisherman. Such was the end, both deplorable and glorious, of one of the most brilliant and chivalrous of officers, who showed himself worthy to rank among the foremost French generals. Meanwhile the lack of ammunition compelled the Emperor to retire promptly, although in remarkably good order, to Erfurt, a town well furnished with both provisions and forage, as well as material for arming and equipping the army,—in fact with all the materials of war. His Majesty arrived on the 23d, having

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engagements each day, in order to protect his retreat against forces four or five times as numerous as those remaining at his disposal. At Erfurt the Emperor remained only two days, and left on the 25th after bidding adieu to his brother-in-law the King of Naples, whom he was never to see again. I witnessed a part of this last interview, and remarked a certain constraint in the manner of the King of Naples, which, however, his Majesty seemed not to perceive. It is true that the king did not announce his immediate departure, and his Majesty was ignorant that this prince had secretly received an Austrian general.

> [This was Count Mier, charged to guarantee to Murat the possession of his kingdom if he abandoned the cause of the Emperor. He abandoned him. What did he gain?—*Note by the editor*.]

His Majesty was not informed of this until afterwards, and manifested little surprise. Moreover (I call attention to this because I so often had occasion to remark it), so many severe blows repeated in such quick succession had struck the Emperor for some time past, that he seemed to have become almost insensible, and it might well have been said that he felt himself perfectly intrenched in his ideas of fatality. Nevertheless, his Majesty, though unmoved under his own misfortunes, gave full vent to his indignation on learning that the allied sovereigns considered the King of Saxony as their prisoner, and had declared him a traitor, simply because he was the only one who had not betrayed him. Certainly if fortune had again become favorable to him, as in the past, the King of Saxony would have found himself master of one of the most extensive kingdoms of Europe; but fortune was hereafter to be always adverse, and even our victories brought us only a barren glory.

Thus, for instance, the French army soon covered itself with glory at Hanau, through which it was necessary to pass by overwhelming the immense army of Austrians and Bavarians collected at this point under the command of General Wrede. Six thousand prisoners were the result of this triumph, which at the same time opened to us the road to Mayence, which we expected to reach without other obstacles. It was on the 2d of November, after a march of fourteen days from Leipzig, that we again beheld the banks of the Rhine, and felt that we could breathe in safety.

Having devoted five days to reorganizing the army, giving his orders, and assigning to each of the marshals and chiefs of the several corps the post he was to occupy during his absence, the Emperor left Mayence on the 7th, and on the 9th slept at Saint-Cloud, to which he returned preceded by a few trophies, as both at Erfurt and Frankfort we had taken twenty banners from the Bavarians. These banners, presented to the minister of war by M. Lecouteux aide-de-camp to the Prince de Neuchatel, had preceded his Majesty's arrival in Paris by two days, and had already been presented to the Empress, to whom the Emperor had done homage in the following terms:

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"*Madame*, *and my very dear wife*,—

I send you twenty banners taken by my army at the battles of Wachau, Leipzig, and Hanau. This is an homage it gives me pleasure to render to you. I desire that you will accept it as a mark of my entire satisfaction with the manner in which you have administered the regency which I confided to you."

Under the Consulate and during the first six years of the Empire, whenever the Emperor had returned to Paris after a campaign, it was because that campaign was finished, and the news of a peace concluded in consequence of a victory had always preceded him. For a second time he returned from Mayence under different circumstances. In this case, as on the return from Smorghoni, he left the war still in progress, and returned, not for the purpose of presenting to France the fruit of his victories, but to demand new subsidies of men and money in order to repair the defeat and losses sustained by our army. Notwithstanding this difference in the result of our wars, the welcome accorded to his Majesty by the nation was still the same, apparently at least; and the addresses by the different towns of the interior were not less numerous, nor less filled with expressions of devotion; and those especially who were the prey of fears for the future showed themselves even more devoted than all others, fearing lest their fatal premonitions should be discovered. For my own part, it had never occurred to me that the Emperor could finally succumb in the struggle he was maintaining; for my ideas had never reached this point, and it is only in reflecting upon it since that I have been able to comprehend the dangers which threatened him at the period we had now reached. He was like a man who had passed the night on the edge of a precipice, totally unaware of the danger to which he was exposed until it was revealed by the light of day. Nevertheless, I may say that every one was weary of the war, and that all those of my friends whom I saw on the return from Mayence spoke to me of the need of peace.

Within the palace itself I heard many persons attached to the Emperor say the same thing when he was not present, though they spoke very differently in the presence of his Majesty. When he deigned to interrogate me, as he frequently did, on what I had heard people say, I reported to him the exact truth; and when in these confidential toilet conversations of the Emperor I uttered the word peace, he exclaimed again and again, "Peace! Peace! Ah! who can desire it more than I? There are some, however, who do not desire it, and the more I concede the more they demand."

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An extraordinary event which took place the very day of his Majesty's arrival at Saint-Cloud, when it became known, led to the belief that the allies had conceived the idea of entering upon new negotiations. In fact, it was learned that M. de Saint-Aignan, his Majesty's minister at the ducal court of Saxony, had been taken by main force and conducted to Frankfort, where were then assembled M. de Metternich, the Prince von Schwarzenberg, and the ministers of Russia and Prussia. There overtures entirely in the interests of peace were made to him on the part of the allied sovereigns, after which M. de Saint-Aignan was allowed to return immediately to the Emperor to inform him of the details of his seizure and the propositions which had been made to him. These offers made by the allies, of which I was not informed, and consequently can say nothing, seemed to strike the Emperor as worthy of consideration; and there was soon a general rumor in the palace that a new Congress was to be assembled at Manheim; that the Duke of Vicenza had been appointed by his Majesty as minister plenipotentiary; and that in order to give more dignity to his mission, the portfolio of foreign affairs had been at the same time committed to him. I remember that this news revived the hopes of all, and was most favorably received; for although it was doubtless the effect of prejudice, no one could be ignorant that the general public did not see with pleasure the Duke of Bassano in the place to which the Duke of Vicenza was called to succeed him. The Duke of Bassano was said to have acted in accordance with what he believed to be the secret wishes of the Emperor, and to be averse to peace. It will be seen later, by an answer which his Majesty made to me at Fontainebleau, how groundless and without foundation were these rumors. It seemed then exceedingly probable that the enemy really intended to treat for peace; since in procuring openly by force a French negotiator, they had forestalled any credit which might accrue to the Emperor from making overtures for peace.

What above all gave great weight to the general belief in the disposition of Europe towards peace was that not simply a Continental peace was in question as at Tilsit and Schoenbrunn, but also a general peace, in which England was to enter as a contracting party; so that in consequence it was hoped that the gain in the permanence of such peace would offset the severity of its terms. But unfortunately this hope, which was indulged with the joy of anticipation, lasted only a short time; and it was soon learned that the propositions made to M. de Saint-Aignan were only a bait, and an old diplomatic ruse which the foreigners had made use of simply in order to gain time by deluding the Emperor with vain hopes. In fact, a month had not passed away, there had not even been time to complete the preliminary correspondence usual in such cases, when the Emperor learned of the famous declaration of Frankfort, in which, far from entering into negotiations

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with his Majesty, it was attempted to separate his cause from that of France. What a mass of intrigues! Let one bless with a thankful heart his mediocrity when he compares himself with men condemned to live amid this labyrinth of high impostures and honorable hypocrisies! A sad certainty was obtained that the foreigners wished a war of extermination, and renewed consternation ensued where hope had begun to reign; but the genius of his Majesty had not yet deserted him, and from this time all his efforts were directed towards the necessity of once again meeting the enemy face to face, no longer in order to conquer his provinces, but to prevent an invasion of the sacred soil of his own country.

CHAPTER XVII.

In speaking of the year 1813, an account of the incredible number of affiliations which took place at this time between secret societies recently formed in Italy and Germany should not be omitted. The Emperor from the time when he was only First Consul, not only did not oppose the opening of Masonic lodges, but we have every reason to believe secretly favored them. He was very sure that nothing originated in these meetings which could be dangerous to his person or injurious to his government; since Freemasonry counted among its votaries, and even had as chiefs, the most distinguished personages of the state. Moreover, it would have been impossible in these societies, where a few false brethren had slipped in, for a dangerous secret, had there been one, to escape the vigilance of the police. The Emperor spoke of it sometimes as pure child's play, suitable to amuse idlers; and I can affirm that he laughed heartily when told that the archchancellor, in his position as chief of the Grand Orient, had presided at a Masonic banquet with no less dignity than would have comported with the presidency of the senate or of the council of state. Nevertheless, the Emperor's indifference did not extend to societies known in Italy under the name of Carbonari, and in Germany under various titles. We must admit, in fact, that since the undertakings of two young Germans initiated in Illuminism, it was natural that his Majesty should not have seen without anxiety the propagation of those bonds of virtue in which young fanatics were transformed into assassins.

I know nothing remarkable in relation to the Carbonari, since no circumstance connected our affairs with those of Italy. In regard to the secret societies of Germany, I remember that during our stay at Dresden I heard them mentioned with much interest, and not without fears for the future, by a Saxon magistrate with whom I had the honor of associating frequently. He was a man about sixty years of age, who spoke French well, and united in the highest degree German stolidity with the gravity natural to age. In his youth he had lived in France, and part of his education had been received at the College of Soreze; and I attributed the friendship which he showed for me to the pleasure he experienced in conversing about a country the memory of which seemed

very dear to him. I remember perfectly well to-day the profound veneration with which this excellent man spoke to me of one of his former professors of Soreze, whom he called Don Ferlus; and I must have had a defective memory indeed had I forgotten a name which I heard repeated so often.

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My Saxon friend was named M. Gentz, but was no relation of the diplomat of the same name attached to the Austrian chancellery. He was of the Reformed religion, very faithful in the performance of his religious duties; and I can assert that I never knew a man with more simple tastes, or who was more observant of his duties as a man and a magistrate. I would not like to risk saying what were his inmost thoughts concerning the Emperor; for he rarely spoke of him, and if he had anything unpleasant to say it may be readily understood that he would not have chosen me as his confidant. One day when we were together examining the fortifications which his Majesty had erected at many points on the left bank of the Elbe, the conversation for some reason happened to fall on the secret societies of Germany, a subject with which I was perfectly unacquainted. As I was questioning him in order to obtain information, M. Gentz said to me, “It must not be believed that the secret societies which are multiplying in Germany in such an extraordinary manner have been protected by the sovereigns; for the Prussian government sees them grow with terror, although it now seeks to use them in order to give a national appearance to the war it has waged against you. Societies which are to-day tolerated have been, even in Prussia, the object of bitter persecutions. It has not been long, for instance, since the Prussian government used severe measures to suppress the society called ‘Tugendverein’, taking the precaution, nevertheless, to disguise it under a different title. Doctor Jahn put himself at the head of the Black Chevaliers, who were the precursors of a body of partisans known under the name of the Black Chasseurs, and commanded by Colonel Lutzow. In Prussia the still vivid memory of the late queen exercised a great influence over the new direction given to its institutions, in which she occupied the place of an occult divinity. During her lifetime she gave to Baron Nostitz a silver chain, which as her gift became the decoration, or we might rather say the rallying signal, of a new society, to which was given the name of the Conederation of Louise. And lastly, M. Lang declared himself the chief of an order of Concordists, which he instituted in imitation of the associations of that name which had for some time existed in the universities.

“My duties as magistrate,” added M. Gentz, “have frequently enabled me to obtain exact information concerning these new institutions; and you may consider the information which I give you on this subject as perfectly authentic. The three chiefs whom I have just mentioned apparently direct three separate societies; but it is very certain that the three are in reality only one, since these gentlemen engage themselves to follow in every particular the vagaries of the Tugendverein, and are scattered throughout Germany in order that by their personal presence they may have a more direct influence. M. Jahn is more especially in control of Prussia; M. Lang of

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the north, and Baron de Nostitz of the south, of Germany. The latter, knowing perhaps the influence of a woman over young converts, associated with himself a beautiful actress named Madame Brede; and she has already been the means of making a very important acquisition to the Confederation of Louise, and one which might become still more so in the future if the French should meet with reverses. The former Elector of Hesse, admitted through the influence of Madame Brede, accepted almost immediately after his reception the grand chieftancy of the Confederation of Louise, and the very day of his installation placed in the hands of M. de Nostitz the sum necessary to create and equip a free corps of seven hundred men destined to enter the service of Prussia. It is true that having once obtained possession of this sum the baron did nothing towards the formation of the corps, which greatly incensed the ex-elector; but by dint of skill and diplomacy Madame Brede succeeded in reconciling them. It has been proved, in fact, that M, de Nostitz did not appropriate the funds deposited with him, but used them for other purposes than the arming of a free corps. M. de Nostitz is beyond doubt the most zealous, ardent, and capable of the three chiefs. I do not know him personally, but I know he is one of those men best calculated to obtain unbounded influence over all with whom he comes in contact. He succeeded in gaining such dominion over M. Stein, the Prussian minister, that the latter placed two of his secretaries at the disposal of Baron de Nostitz to prepare under his direction the pamphlets with which Germany is flooded; but I cannot too often repeat," continued M. Gentz, "that the hatred against the French avowed by these various societies is simply an accidental thing, a singular creation of circumstances; since their prime object was the overthrow of the government as it existed in Germany, and their fundamental principle the establishment of a system of absolute equality. This is so true that the question has been earnestly debated amongst the members of the Tugendverein of proclaiming the sovereignty of the people throughout Germany; and they have openly declared that the war should not be waged in the name of the governments, which according to their belief are only the instruments. I do not know what will be the final result of all these machinations; but it is very certain that by giving themselves an assumed importance these secret societies have given themselves a very real one. According to their version it is they alone who have decided the King of Prussia to openly declare himself against France, and they boast loudly that they will not stop there. After all, the result will probably be the same as in nearly all such cases,—if they are found useful they will be promised wonderful things in order to gain their allegiance, and will be abandoned when they no longer serve the intended purposes; for it is an entire impossibility that reasonable governments should lose sight of the real end for which they are instituted."

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This is, I think, an exact summary, not of all M. Gentz said to me concerning the secret societies of Germany, but of what I recall; and I also remember that when I gave the Emperor an account of this conversation, his Majesty deigned to give most earnest attention, and even made me repeat certain parts, which, however, I do not now remember positively. As to the Carbonari, there is every reason to think that they belonged by secret ramifications to the German societies; but as I have already said, I have not been able to obtain exact information as to them. Nevertheless, I will endeavor to repeat here what I heard concerning the initiation of a Carbonari.

This story, which may perhaps be only imaginary, struck my attention deeply. Moreover, I give it here with much hesitation, not knowing whether some one has not already profited by it, as I was by no means the only auditor of this narration. I obtained it from a Frenchman who lived in the north of Italy at the time my conversation with M. Gentz occurred.

A French officer, formerly attached to General Moreau, a man of enthusiastic but at the same time gloomy and melancholy character, left the service after the trial instituted against his general at Paris. He took no part in the conspiracy; but unalterably attached to republican principles, this officer, whose tastes were very simple, and who possessed an ample competence, left France when the Empire was established, and took no pains to disguise his aversion to the head of an absolute government. Finally, although of most inoffensive conduct, he was one of those designated under the name of malcontents. After traveling several years in Greece, Germany, and Italy, he settled himself in a little village in the Venetian Tyrol. There he lived a very retired life, holding little communication with his neighbors, occupied in the study of natural science, given up to meditation, and no longer occupying himself, so to speak, with public affairs. This was his position, which appeared mysterious to some persons, at the time the institution of the ventes of the Carbonari were making such incredible progress in most of the Italian provinces, especially in those on the borders of the Adriatic. Several notable inhabitants of the country, who were ardent Carbonari, conceived the plan of enrolling in their society this French officer, whom they knew, and being aware of his implacable resentment against the chief of the Imperial government, whom he regarded as a great man, in fact, but at the same time as the destroyer of his beloved republic. In order not to rouse the supposed susceptibilities of this officer, they organized a hunting-party to meet in the locality where he usually took his solitary rambles. This plan was adopted, and so well carried out that the intended meeting took place apparently by chance. The officer did not hesitate to engage in conversation with the hunters, some of whom he already knew; and after some desultory remarks the conversation turned

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on the Carbonari, those new votaries of secret liberty. The magic word liberty had not lost its power to stir to its depths the heart of this officer, and consequently produced upon him the exact effect they desired, by awaking enthusiastic memories of his youth, and a joy to which he had long been a stranger; and consequently when they proposed to add his name to the brotherhood which was now around him, no difficulty was experienced. The officer was received, the secret signs and words of recognition were given him, and he took the oath by which he engaged to be always and at every hour at the disposal of his brethren, and to perish rather than betray their secrets; and was then initiated and continued to live as in the past, but expecting every moment a summons.

The adventurous character of the inhabitants of the Venetian Tyrol afford a striking contrast to the character of the inhabitants of Italy; but they have in common suspicious natures, and from suspicion to revenge the descent is rapid. The French officer had hardly been admitted, than there were found among them some who condemned this action, and regarded it as dangerous; and there were some who even went so far as to say that his being a Frenchman should have been a sufficient impediment, and that, besides, at a time when the police were employing their best men to uncover all disguises, it was necessary that the firmness and constancy of the newly elected should be put to some other proof than the simple formalities they had required. The sponsors of the officer, those who had, so to speak, earnestly desired him as a brother, raised no objections, being perfectly satisfied as to the correctness of their choice.

This was the state of affairs when news of the disaster of the French army at Leipzig were received in the neighboring provinces of the Adriatic, and redoubled the zeal of the Carbonari. About three months had passed since the reception of the French officer; and having received no news from his brethren, he thought that the duties of the Carbonari must be very inconsiderable, when one day he received a mysterious letter enjoining him to be the following night in a neighboring wood, at a certain spot exactly at midnight, and to wait there until some, one came to him. The officer was promptly at the rendezvous at the appointed hour, and remained until daylight, though no one appeared. He then returned to his home, thinking that this had been simply a proof of his patience. His convictions, in this respect, were somewhat changed, however, when a few days afterwards he received another letter ordering him to present himself in the same manner at the same spot; and he again passed the night there in vain expectation.

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Nothing further had occurred, when a third and similar rendezvous was appointed, at which the French officer presented himself with the same punctuality and inexhaustible patience. He had waited several hours, when suddenly, instead of witnessing the arrival of his brethren, he heard the clash of swords; and moved by irresistible impulse, he rushed towards the spot from which the noise issued and seemed to recede as he advanced. He soon arrived at a spot where a frightful crime had just been committed, and saw a man weltering in his blood, attacked by two assassins. Quick as lightning he threw himself, sword in hand, on the two murderers; but, as they immediately disappeared in the thick woods, he was devoting his attention to their victim, when four gendarmes arrived on the scene; and the officer then found himself alone with unsheathed sword near the murdered man. The latter, who still breathed, made a last effort to speak, and expired while indicating his defender as his murderer, wherepon the gendarmes arrested him; and two of them took up the corpse, while the others fastened the arms of the officer with ropes, and escorted him to a neighboring village, one league distant, where they arrived at break of day. He was there conducted before a magistrate, questioned, and incarcerated in the prison of the place.

Imagine the situation of this officer, with no friends in that country, not daring to recommend himself to his own government, by whom his well-known opinions had rendered him suspected, accused of a horrible crime, well aware of all the proofs against him, and, above all, completely crushed by the last words of the dying man! Like all men of firm and resolute character, he accepted the situation without complaint, saw that it was without remedy, and resigned himself to his fate. Meanwhile, a special commission had been appointed, in order to make at least a pretense of justice; but when he was led before this commission, he could only repeat what he had already said; that is to say, give an exact account of the occurrence, protest his innocence, and admit at the same time that appearances were entirely against him. What could he reply when asked wherefore, and with what motive, he had been found alone in the night, armed with a sword, in the thickest of the wood? Here his oath as Carbonari sealed his lips, and his hesitation was taken as additional proof. What could he reply to the deposition of the gendarmes who had arrested him in the very act? He was consequently unanimously condemned to death, and reconducted to his prison until the time fixed for the execution of his sentence.

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A priest was first sent to him. The officer received him with the utmost respect, but refused to make confession, and was next importuned by the visit of a brotherhood of penitents. At last the executioner came to conduct him to the place of punishment; and while he was on the way, accompanied by several gendarmes and a long line of penitents, the funeral procession was interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the colonel of the gendarmerie, whom chance brought to the scene. This officer bore the name of Colonel Boizard, a man well known in all upper Italy, and the terror of all malefactors. The colonel ordered a halt, for the purpose of himself questioning the condemned, and made him give an account of the circumstances of the crime and the sentence. When he was alone with the officer, he said, “You see that all is against you, and nothing can save you from the death which awaits you. I can, nevertheless, save you, but only on one condition. I know that you belong to the society of the Carbonari. Give me the names of your accomplices in these terrible conspiracies and your life shall be the reward.”—“Never!”—“Consider, nevertheless.”—“Never, I tell you; lead me to execution.”

It was then necessary to set out anew for the place of execution. The executioner was at his post; and as the officer with a firm step mounted the fatal scaffold, Colonel Boizard rushed up to him and begged him still to save his life on the conditions he had offered. “No! no! never!” Instantly the scene changed; the colonel, the executioner, the gendarmes, the priest, penitents, and spectators, all gathered round the officer, each one eager to press him to their hearts, and he was conducted in triumph to his dwelling. All that had passed was simply an initiation. The assassins in the forest and their victim, as well as the judges and the pretended Colonel Boizard, had been playing a role; and the most suspicious Carbonari now knew how far their new brother would carry the constancy of his heroism and the observance of his oath.

This is almost exactly the recital which I heard, as I have said, with the deepest interest, and which I take the liberty of repeating, though I well understand how much it will lose by being written. Can it be implicitly believed? This is what I would not undertake to decide; but I can affirm that my informant gave it as the truth, and was perfectly certain that the particulars would be found in the archives of Milan, since this extraordinary initiation was at the time the subject of a circumstantial report addressed to the vice-king, whom fate had determined should nevermore see the Emperor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

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I digressed considerably, in the preceding chapter, from my recollections of Paris subsequent to our return from Germany after the battle of Leipzig, and the Emperor's short sojourn at Mayence. I cannot even now write the name of the latter town without recalling the spectacle of tumult and confusion which it presented after the glorious battle of Hanau, where the Bavarians fought so bravely on this the first occasion when they presented themselves as enemies before those in whose ranks they had so recently stood. It was, if I am not mistaken, in this last engagement that the Bavarian general, Wrede, was, with his family, the immediate victims of their treachery. The general, whom the Emperor had overwhelmed with kindness, was mortally wounded, all his relatives in the Bavarian army were slain, and his son-in-law, Prince of Oettingen, met the same fate. It was one of those events which never failed to make a deep impression on the mind of his Majesty, since it strengthened his ideas of fatality. It was also at Mayence that the Emperor gave orders for the assembling of the Corps Legislatif on the 2d of December. The opening was delayed, as we shall see; and far better would it have been had it been indefinitely postponed; since in that case his Majesty would not have experienced the misfortunes he afterwards endured from their opposition, symptoms of which now manifested themselves for the first time in a manner which was, to say the least, intemperate.

One of the things which astonished me most at the time, and which still astonishes me when I recall it now, was the incredible activity of the Emperor, which, far from diminishing, seemed to increase each day, as if the very exercise of his strength redoubled it. At the period of which I now speak, it is impossible to describe how completely every moment of his Majesty's time was filled. Since he had again met the Empress and his son, the Emperor had resumed his accustomed serenity; and I rarely surprised him in that open abandonment to dejection to which he sometimes gave way, in the retirement of his chamber, immediately after our return from Moscow. He was occupied more ostensibly than usual in the numerous public works which were being prosecuted in Paris, and which formed a useful distraction to his engrossing thoughts of war and the distressing news which reached him from the army. Almost every day, troops, equipped as if by magic, were reviewed by his Majesty, and ordered immediately to the Rhine, nearly the whole course of which was threatened; and the danger, which we then scarcely thought possible, must have appeared most imminent to the inhabitants of the capital, not infatuated, like ourselves, by the kind of charm the Emperor exercised over all those who had the honor of approaching his august person. In fact, for the first time he was compelled to demand of the senate to anticipate the levy for the ensuing year, and each day also brought depressing news. The prince arch-treasurer returned the following autumn, forced to quit Holland after the evacuation of this kingdom by our troops; whilst Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr was compelled at Dresden to sign a capitulation for himself and the thirty thousand men whom he had held in reserve at that place.

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The capitulation of Marshal Saint-Cyr will never, surely, occupy an honorable place in the history of the cabinet of Vienna. It is not my province to pass judgment on these political combinations; but I cannot forget the indignation which was generally manifested at the palace when it was learned that this capitulation had been shamelessly violated by those who had now become the stronger party. It was stated in this capitulation that the marshal should return to France with the troops under his command, carrying with him a part of his artillery, and that these troops should be exchanged for a like number of the allied troops; that the wounded French who remained at Dresden should be returned to France on their restoration to health; and that, finally, the marshal should begin these movements on the 16th of November. No part of this agreement was complied with. Imagine, then, the indignation of the Emperor, already so deeply afflicted by the capitulation of Dresden, when he learned that, contrary to every stipulation agreed upon, these troops had been made prisoners by the Prince von Swarzenberg. I remember one day the Prince de Neuchatel being in his Majesty's cabinet, which I happened to enter at the moment, the Emperor remarked to him, with considerable vehemence, "You speak to me of peace. How can I believe in the good faith of those people? You see what happened at Dresden. No, I tell you, they do not wish to treat with us; they are only endeavoring to gain time, and it is our business not to lose it." The prince did not reply; or, at least, I heard no more, as I just then left the cabinet, having executed the duty which had taken me there. Moreover, I can add, as an additional proof of the confidence with which his Majesty honored me, that when I entered he never interrupted himself in what he was saying, however important it might be; and I dare to affirm that if my memory were better, these souvenirs would contain much more valuable information.

Since I have spoken of the evil tidings which overwhelmed the Emperor in such quick succession during the last months of the year 1813, there is one I should not omit, since it affected his Majesty so painfully. I refer to the death of Count Louis de Narbonne. Of all those who had not begun their careers under the eyes of the Emperor, M. de Narbonne was the one for whom he felt the deepest affection; and it must be admitted that it was impossible to find a man in whom genuine merit was united to more attractive manners. The Emperor regarded him as a most proper person to conduct a negotiation, and said of him one day, "Narbonne is a born ambassador." It was known in the palace why the Emperor had appointed him his aide-decamp at the time he formed the household of the Empress Marie Louise. The Emperor had at first intended to appoint him chevalier of honor to the new Empress, but a skillfully concocted intrigue caused him to refuse this position; and it was in some degree to make amends for this that he received the appointment of aide-de-camp to his Majesty. There was not at that time a position more highly valued in all France; many foreign and even sovereign princes had solicited in vain this high mark of favor, and amongst these I can name Prince Leopold de Saxe-Coburg,

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[Later he became King of the Belgians (in 1831), and the next year married the daughter of Louis Philippe. His first wife, Princess Charlotte of England, whom he married in 1816, died the same year. Leopold was born 1790, and died 1865.]

who married Princess Charlotte of England, and who refused to be King of Greece, after failing to obtain the position of aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

I would not dare to say, according to my recollection, that no one at the court was jealous on seeing M. de Narbonne appointed aide-de-camp to the Emperor; but if there were any I have forgotten their names. However that may have been, he soon became very popular, and each day the Emperor appreciated more highly his character and services. I remember on one occasion to have heard his Majesty say—I think it was at Dresden—that he had never thoroughly known the cabinet of Vienna until the fine nose of Narbonne—that was the Emperor's expression—had scented out those old diplomats. After the pretended negotiations, of which I have spoken above, and which occupied the entire time of the armistice at Dresden, M. de Narbonne had remained in Germany, where the Emperor had committed to him the government of Torgau; and it was there he died, on the 17th of November, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in spite of all the attentions lavished on him by Baron Desgenettes. With the exception of the death of Marshal Duroc and Prince Poniatowski, I do not remember to have ever seen the Emperor show more sincere sorrow than on this occasion. Meanwhile, almost at the very moment he lost M. de Narbonne, but before he had heard of his death, the Emperor had made arrangements to fill the place near his person of the man he had loved most, not even excepting General Desaix. He had just called General Bertrand to the high position of grand marshal of the palace; and this choice was generally approved by all who had the honor of Count Bertrand's acquaintance. But what is there for me to say here of a man whose name in history will never be separated from that of the Emperor? This same period had seen the fall of the Duke of Istria, one of the four colonel-generals of the guard, and Marshal Duroc: and this same appointment included the names of their successors; for Marshal Suchet was appointed at the same time as General Bertrand, and took the place of Marshal Bessieres as colonel-general of the guard.

[Louis Gabriel Suchet, born at Lyons, 1770. Served in the Italian campaign in 1796. Brigadier-general, 1797; general of division, 1799. Governor of Genoa, 1800, and served at Austerlitz, 1805. For his brilliant services in Spain he was created Duke of Albufera and marshal, 1811. At St. Helena, Napoleon stated he was the ablest of his generals then surviving. Suchet married the niece of the wives of Joseph Bonaparte and Bernadotte, and his widow died as recently as 1891. Suchet died 1826.]

At the same time his Majesty made several other changes

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in the higher offices of the Empire. A committee of the senate having conferred on the Emperor the right to appoint, of his own choice, the president of the Corps Legislatif, his Majesty bestowed this presidency on the Duke of Massa, who was replaced in his former position as grand judge by Count Mole, the youngest of the Emperor's ministers. The Duke of Bassano became the secretary of state, and the Duke of Vicenza received the portfolio of foreign relations.

As I have said, during the autumn of 1813 his Majesty frequently visited the public works. He usually went almost unattended, and on foot, to visit those of the Tuileries and the Louvre, and afterwards mounted his horse, accompanied by one or two officers at most, and M. Fontaine, and went to examine those which were more distant. One day,—it was about the end of November, having seized the opportunity of his Majesty's absence to take a walk through the Faubourg Saint Germain, I unexpectedly encountered his Majesty on his way to the Luxembourg, just as he arrived at the entrance of the Rue de Tournon; and it is impossible to describe the intense satisfaction with which I heard shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" break forth as he approached. I found myself driven by the crowd very near the Emperor's horse, and yet I did not imagine for a moment that he had recognized me. On his return, however, I had proofs to the contrary. His Majesty had seen me; and as I assisted him to change his clothing the Emperor gayly remarked to me, "Well, M. le Drole! Ah! ah! what were you doing in the Faubourg Saint Germain? I see just how it is! A fine thing really! You spy on me when I go out," and many other jests of the same kind; for on that day the Emperor was in such fine spirits that I concluded he had been much pleased with his visit.

Whenever at this time the Emperor experienced any unusual anxiety, I noticed that in order to dispel it he took pleasure in exhibiting himself in public more frequently, perhaps, than during his other sojourns in Paris, but always without any ostentation. He went frequently to the theater; and, thanks to the obliging kindness of Count de Remusat, I myself frequently attended these assemblies, which at that time always had the appearance of a fete. Assuredly, when on the occasion of the first representation of the ballet of Nina, their Majesties entered their box, it would have been difficult to imagine that the Emperor had already enemies among his subjects. It is true that the mothers and widows in mourning were not there; but I can affirm that I have never seen more perfect enthusiasm. The Emperor enjoyed this from the depths of his heart, even more, perhaps, than after his victories. The conviction that he was beloved by the French people impressed him deeply, and in the evening he condescended to speak to me of it—shall I dare to say like a child puffed up with pride at the reward he has just received? Then in the perfect freedom of privacy he said repeatedly,

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“My wife! my good Louise! Truly, she should be well satisfied.” The truth is, that the desire to see the Emperor at the theater was so great in Paris, that as he always took his place in the box at the side, opening on the proscenium, each time that he made his appearance there the boxes situated on the opposite side of the hall were rented at incredible figures, and even the uppermost tiers were preferred to those from which they could not see him easily. No one who lived in Paris at that time can fail to recognize the correctness of this statement.

Some time after the first representation of the ballet of Nina, the Emperor again attended the theater, and I was also present. As formerly, the Emperor accompanied her Majesty; and I could not keep back the thought, as the play proceeded, that the Emperor had some memories sufficient to distract his attention from the exquisite music. It was at the Italian theater then occupying the Odeon. The Cleopatra of Nazzolini was played; and the representation was among the number of those called extraordinary, since it was on the occasion of Madame Grassini’s benefit. It had been only a short while since this singer, celebrated in more ways than one, had first appeared in public on a Parisian stage, I think this was really only the third or fourth time; and I should state, in order to be exactly correct, that she did not produce on the Parisian public exactly the impression which had been expected from her immense reputation. It had been long since the Emperor had received her privately; but, nevertheless, her voice and Crescentini’s had been reserved until then for the privileged ears of the spectators of Saint-Cloud and the theater of the Tuileries. On, this occasion the Emperor was very generous towards the beneficiary, but no interview resulted; for, in the language of a poet of that period, the Cleopatra of Paris did not conquer another Antony.

Thus, as we see, the Emperor on a few occasions laid aside the important affairs which occupied him, less to enjoy the theater than for the purpose of showing himself in public. All useful undertakings were the objects of his care; and he did not depend entirely even on the information of men to whom he had most worthily committed them, but saw everything for himself. Among the institutions especially protected by his Majesty, there was one in which he took an especial interest. I do not think that in any of the intervals between his wars the Emperor had come to Paris without making a visit to the institution of the Daughters of the Legion of Honor, of which Madame Campan was in charge, first at Ecouen, and afterwards at Saint-Denis. The Emperor visited it in the month of November, and I remember an anecdote which I heard related to his Majesty on this occasion which diverted him exceedingly. Nevertheless, I cannot remember positively whether this anecdote relates to the visit of 1813, or one made previously.

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In the first place, it must be explained that, in accordance with the regulation of the household of the young ladies of the Legion of Honor, no man, with the exception of the Emperor, was admitted into the interior of the establishment. But as the Emperor was always attended by an escort, his suite formed in some sort a part of himself, and entered with him. Besides his officers, the pages usually accompanied him. In the evening on his return from Saint-Denis, the Emperor said to me, laughing, as he entered his room, where I was waiting to undress him, “Well, my pages wish to resemble the pages of former times! The little idiots! Do you know what they do? When I go to Saint-Denis, they have a contest among themselves as to who shall be on duty. Ha! ha!” The Emperor, while speaking, laughed and rubbed his hands together; and then, having repeated several times in the same tone; “The little idiots,” he added, following out one of those singular reflections which sometimes struck him, “I, Constant, would have made a very poor page; I would never have had such an idea. Moreover, these are good young men; good officers have already come from among them. This will lead one day to some marriages.” It was very rare, in fact, that a thing, though frivolous in appearance, did not lead, on the Emperor’s part, to some serious conclusion. Hereafter, indeed, with the exception of a few remembrances of the past, I shall have only serious and often very sad events to relate; for we have now arrived at the point where everything has taken a serious turn, and clothed itself in most somber tints.

CHAPTER XIX.

For the last time we celebrated in Paris the anniversary fete of his Majesty’s coronation. The gifts to the Emperor on this occasion were innumerable addresses made to him by all the towns of the Empire, in which offers of sacrifices and protestations of devotion seemed to increase in intensity in proportion to the difficulty of the circumstances. Alas! in four months the full value of these protestations was proved; and, nevertheless, how was it possible to believe that this enthusiasm, which was so universal, was not entirely sincere? This would have been an impossibility with the Emperor, who, until the very end of his reign, believed himself beloved by France with the same devotion which he felt for her. A truth, which was well proved by succeeding events, is that the Emperor became more popular among that part of the inhabitants called the people when misfortunes began to overwhelm him. His Majesty had proofs of this in a visit he made to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; and it is very certain that, if under other circumstances he had been able to bend from his dignity to propitiate the people, a means which was most repugnant to the Emperor in consequence of his remembrances of the Revolution, all the faubourgs of Paris would have armed themselves in his defense. How can this be doubted after the event which I here describe?

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The Emperor, towards the end of 1813 or the beginning of 1814, on one occasion visited the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I cannot to-day give the precise date of this unexpected visit; but at any rate he showed himself on this occasion familiar, even to the point of good fellowship, which emboldened those immediately around to address him. I now relate the conversation which occurred between his Majesty and several of the inhabitants, which has been faithfully recorded, and admitted to be true by several witnesses of this really touching scene.

An Inhabitant.—“Is it true, as I am told, that the condition of affairs is so bad?”

The Emperor.—“I cannot say that they are in a very good condition.”

The Inhabitant.—“But how, then, will all this end?”

The Emperor.—“By my faith, God alone knows.”

The Inhabitant.—“But what! Is it possible the enemy could really enter France?”

The Emperor.—“That might occur, and they might even penetrate as far as this place, if you do not come to my aid. I have not a million arms. I cannot do everything alone.”

Numerous Voices.—“We will uphold you, we will uphold you.”

Still more Voices.—“Yes, yes. Count on us.”

The Emperor.—“In that case the enemy will be beaten, and we will preserve our glory untarnished.”

Several Voices.—“But what, then, shall we do?”

The Emperor.—“Be enrolled and fight.”

A New Voice.—“We would do this gladly, but we would like to make certain conditions.”

The Emperor.—“Well, speak out frankly. Let us know; what are these conditions?”

Several Voices.—“That we are not to pass the frontiers.”

The Emperor.—“You shall not pass them.”

Several Voices.—“We wish to enter the guard.”

The Emperor.—“Well, then, you shall enter the guard.”

His Majesty had hardly pronounced these last words, when the immense crowd which surrounded him made the air resound with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” and their number continued to increase all the way as the Emperor slowly returned to the Tuileries, until, by the time he reached the gates of the Carrousel, he was accompanied by an innumerable cortege. We heard these noisy acclamations; but they were so badly interpreted by the commandant of the post at the palace, that he thought it was an insurrection, and the iron gates of the Tuileries on that side of the court were closed.

When I saw the Emperor, a few moments after his return, he appeared more annoyed than pleased; for everything having an appearance of disorder was excessively distasteful to him, and a popular tumult, whatever its cause, had always in it something unpleasant to him.

Meanwhile this scene, which his Majesty might well have repeated, produced a deep impression on the people; and this enthusiasm had positive and immediate results, since on that day more than two thousand men were voluntarily enrolled, and formed a new regiment of the guard.

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On the anniversary fete of the coronation and of the battle of Austerlitz, there were as usual free representations in all the theaters of Paris; but at these the Emperor did not appear, as he had so often done. There were also amusements, a free distribution of eatables, and also illuminations; and twelve young girls, whose marriage dowries were given by the city of Paris, were married to old soldiers. I remember that among everything which marked the ceremonials of the Empire, the custom of performing these marriages was the one most pleasing to the Emperor, and he often spoke of it in terms of approbation; for, if I may be allowed to make the observation, his Majesty had what might be called a kind of mania on the subject of marriage. We were now settled at the Tuileries, which the Emperor had not left since the 20th of November when he had returned from Saint-Cloud, and which he did not leave again until his departure for the army. His Majesty often presided over the deliberations of the council of state, which were of grave interest. I learned at that time, in relation to a certain decree, a circumstance which appeared to me very singular. The Commune of Montmorency had long since lost its ancient name; but it was not until the end of November, 1813, that the Emperor legally took away the name of Emile which it had received under the republic in honor of J. J. Rousseau. It may well be believed that it had retained it so long simply because the Emperor's attention had not been directed to it sooner.

I do not know but I should ask pardon for relating so trivial an event, when so many great measures were being adopted by his Majesty. In fact, each day necessitated new dispositions, since the enemy was making progress at every point. The Russians occupied Holland under the command of General Witzengerode, who had opposed us so bitterly during the Russian campaign; already, even, the early return to Amsterdam of the heir of the House of Orange was discussed; in Italy Prince Eugene was holding out only by dint of superior skill against the far more numerous army of Bellegarde, who had just passed the Adige; that of the Prince von Swarzenberg occupied the confines of Switzerland; the Prussians and the troops of the Confederation were passing the Rhine at several points. There remained to the Emperor not a single ally, as the King of Denmark, the only one who had until now remained faithful, had succumbed to the northern torrent, and concluded an armistice with Russia; and in the south all the strategy of Marshal Soult barely sufficed to delay the progress of the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing on our frontiers at the head of an army far more numerous than that with which we could oppose him, and which, moreover, was not suffering from the same privations as our own. I remember well to have heard several generals blame the Emperor at that time, because he had not abandoned Spain, and recalled all his troops to France. I make a note of this,

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but, as may well be believed, am not willing to risk my judgment on such matters. At all events, it is evident that war surrounded us on every side; and in this state of affairs, and with our ancient frontiers threatened, it would have been strange if there had not been a general cry for peace. The Emperor desired it also; and no one now holds a contrary opinion. All the works which I have read, written by those persons best situated to learn the exact truth of these events, agree on this point. It is known that his Majesty had dictated to the Duke of Bassano a letter in which he adhered to the basis of the proposal for a new congress made at Frankfort by the allies. It is also known that the city of Mannheim was designated for the session of this new congress, to which the Duke of Vicenza was to be sent. The latter, in a note of the 2d of December, made known again the adhesion of the Emperor to the original principles and summary to be submitted to the Congress of Mannheim. The Count de Metternich, on the 10th, replied to this communication that the sovereigns would inform their allies of his Majesty's adhesion. All these negotiations were prolonged only on account of the allies, who finally declared at Frankfort that they would not consent to lay down their arms. On the 20th of December they openly announced their intention to invade France by passing through Switzerland, whose neutrality had been solemnly recognized by treaty. At the period of which I speak, my position kept me, I must admit, in complete ignorance of these affairs; but, on learning them since, they have awakened in me other remembrances which have powerfully contributed to prove their truth. Every one, I hope, will admit that if the Emperor had really desired war, it is not before me he would have taken the trouble to express his desire for the conclusion of peace, as I heard him do several times; and this by no means falsifies what I have related of a reply given by his Majesty to the Prince of Neuchatel, since in this reply he attributes the necessity of war to the bad faith of his enemies. Neither the immense renown of the Emperor nor his glory needs any support from me, and I am not deluding myself on this point; but I ask to be allowed like any other man to give my mite of the truth.

I have said previously, that when passing through Mayence the Emperor had convened the Corps Legislatif for the 2d of December; but by a new decree it was postponed until the 19th of that month, and this annual solemnity was marked by the introduction of unaccustomed usages. In the first place, as I have said, to the Emperor alone was given the right of naming the president without the presentation of a triple list, as was done in former times by the senate; moreover, the senate and the council of state repaired in a body to the hall of the Corps Legislatif to be present at the opening of the session. I also remember that this ceremony was anticipated with more than usual interest; since throughout Paris all were curious and eager to hear the address of the Emperor, and what he would say on the situation of France. Alas, we were far from supposing that this annual ceremony would be the last.

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The senate and the council of state, having taken the places indicated to them in the hall, the Empress, arrived, and entered the reserved gallery, surrounded by her ladies and the officers of her household. At last the Emperor appeared, a quarter of an hour after the Empress, and was introduced with the accustomed ceremonials. When the new president, the Duke of Massa, had taken the oath at the hands of the Emperor, his Majesty pronounced the following discourse:

> “Senators; Councilors of State; Deputies from the Departments to the Corps Legislatif:

Brilliant victories have made the French arms illustrious in this campaign, but unexampled defections have rendered these victories useless. Everything has turned against us. Even France would be in danger were it not for the energy and union of the French people.

> Under these momentous circumstances my first thought was to summon you. My heart felt the need of the presence and affection of my subjects.

I have never been seduced by prosperity; adversity will find me above the reach of its attacks. I have many times given peace to nations, even when they had lost all. On a part of my conquests I have erected thrones for kings who have now abandoned me.I have conceived and executed great plans for the happiness of the world. Both as a monarch and a father I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones and of families. Negotiations have been entered into with the Confederated Powers. I have adhered to the fundamental principles which they have presented. I then hoped that, before the opening of this session, the Congress of Mannheim would have assembled; but renewed delays, which cannot be attributed to France, have deferred this moment, which the whole world so eagerly desires.I have ordered that all the original articles contained in the portfolio of Foreign Affairs should be submitted to you. You will be informed of them through a committee. The spokesmen of my Council will inform you of my wishes on this subject.Nothing has been interposed on my part to the re-establishment of peace; I know and share the sentiments of the French people. I repeat, of the French people, since there are none among them who desire peace at the expense of honor. It is with regret that I demand of this generous people new sacrifices, but they are necessary for their noblest and dearest interests. I have been compelled to re-enforce my armies by numerous levies, for nations treat with security only when they display all their strength. An increase of receipts has become indispensable. The propositions which my minister of finance will submit to you are in conformity with the system of finance I have established. We will meet all demands without borrowing, which uses up the resources of the future, and without paper money, which is the greatest enemy of social order.

I am well satisfied with the sentiments manifested towards me under these circumstances by my people of Italy.

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Denmark, and Naples alone remain faithful to their alliance. The Republic of the United States of America successfully continues its war with England. I have recognized the neutrality of the nineteen Swiss cantons.

Senators; Councillors of State; Deputies of the Departments in the Corps Legislatif:

You are the natural organs of the throne. It is your province to display an energy which will hold our country up to the admiration of all future generations. Let it not be said of us: 'They sacrificed the first interests of their country; they submitted to the control which England has sought in vain for four centuries to impose on France.'"My people need not fear that the policy of their Emperor will ever betray the glory of the nation; and on my part I have the conviction that the French people will ever prove worthy of themselves and of me."

This address was received with unanimous shouts of "Vive l'Empereur;" and, when his Majesty returned to the. Tuileries, he had an air of intense satisfaction, although he had a slight headache, which disappeared after half an hour's repose. In the evening it was entirely gone, and the Emperor questioned me on what I had heard people say. I told, him truthfully that the persons of my acquaintance unanimously agreed that the desire for peace was universal. "Peace, peace!" said the Emperor, "who can desire it more than I? Go, my son, go." I withdrew, and his Majesty went to the Empress.

It was about this time, I do not remember the exact day, that the Emperor gave a decision on a matter in which I had interested myself with him; and I affirm that it will be seen from this decision what a profound respect his Majesty had for the rights of a legitimate marriage, and his excessive antipathy to divorced persons. But, in order to support this assertion, I will give an anecdote which recurs to my memory at this moment.

During the Russian campaign General Dupont-Derval was slain on the battlefield, fighting valiantly. His widow, after his Majesty's return to Paris, had often, but always in vain, endeavored to present a petition to his Majesty describing her unfortunate condition. At length some one advised her to secure my services; and, touched by her unhappiness, I presented her demand to the Emperor. His Majesty but rarely refused my solicitations of this kind, as I conducted them with the utmost discretion; and consequently I was fortunate enough to obtain for Madame Dupont-Derval a very considerable pension. I do not remember how the Emperor discovered that General Dupont-Derval had been divorced, and had left a daughter by a former marriage, who, as well as her mother, was still living. He learned besides that General Dupont-Derval's second wife was the widow of a general officer by whom she had two daughters. None of these circumstances, as may be imagined, had been cited in the petition; but, when they came to

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the Emperor's knowledge, he did not withdraw the pension, for which the order had not yet been given, but simply changed its destination, and gave it to the first wife of—-General Dupont-Derval, making it revertible to her daughter, though she was sufficiently wealthy not to need it, and the other Madame Dupont-Derval was in actual need. Meanwhile, as one is always pleased to be the bearer of good tidings, I had lost no time in informing my petitioner of the Emperor's favorable decision. When she learned what had taken place, of which I was still in entire ignorance, she returned to me, and from what she said I imagined she was the victim of some mistake. In this belief I took the liberty of again speaking to his Majesty on the subject, and my astonishment may be imagined when his Majesty himself condescended to relate to me the whole affair. Then he added: "My poor child, you have allowed yourself to be taken for a simpleton. I promised a pension, and I gave it to the wife of General Derval, that is to say, to his real wife, the mother of his daughter." The Emperor was not at all angry with me. I know very well that the matter would not have been permitted to continue thus without my interesting myself further in it; but events followed each other in rapid succession until the abdication of his Majesty, and the affair finally remained as thus settled.

CHAPTER XX.

It was not only by force of arms that the enemies of France endeavored at the end of 1813 to overthrow the power of the Emperor. In spite of our defeats the Emperor's name still inspired a salutary terror; and it was apparent that although so numerous, the foreigners still despaired of victory as long as there existed a common accord between the Emperor and the French people. We have seen in the preceding chapter in what language he expressed himself to the great united bodies of the state, and events have proved whether his Majesty concealed the truth from the representatives of the nation as to the real condition of France. To this discourse which history has recorded, I may be allowed to oppose here another made at the same period. This is the famous declaration of Frankfort, copies of which the enemies of the Emperor caused to be circulated in Paris; and I would not dare to wager that persons of his court, while performing their duties near him, did not have a copy in their pockets. If there still remains any doubt as to which party was acting in good faith, the reading of what follows is sufficient to dispel these; for there is no question here of political considerations, but simply the comparison of solemn promises with the actions which succeeded.

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“The French government has just ordered a new levy of three hundred thousand men; the proclamations of the senate contain a challenge to the allied powers. They find themselves called on again to promulgate to the world the views by which they are guided in this present war, the principles which form the basis of their conduct, their wishes, and their intentions. The allied powers are not making war on France, but on the openly admitted preponderance which, to the great misfortune of Europe and France, the Emperor Napoleon has too long maintained outside the limits of his Empire.Victory has brought the allied armies to the Rhine. The first use their imperial and royal Majesties have made of victory has been to offer peace to his Majesty the Emperor of the French. A position reenforced by the accession of all the sovereigns and princes of Germany has had no influence on the conditions of this peace, for these conditions are founded on the independence of the other states of Europe. The objects of these powers are just in their aims, generous and liberal in their application, reassuring to all, and honorable to each.The allied sovereigns desire that France should be great, strong, and happy, since its greatness and power is one of the foundations of the social edifice. They desire that France should be happy, that French commerce should revive, that the arts, those blessings of peace, should flourish, because a great people are tranquil only when satisfied. The powers confirm the French Empire in the possession of an extent of territory which France has never attained under her kings, since a generous nation should not be punished because it has experienced reverses in a bloody and well-contested struggle in which it has fought with its accustomed bravery.But the powers themselves also wish to be happy and peaceful. They desire a condition of peace which, by a wise partition of force, by a just equilibrium, may hereafter preserve their people from the innumerable calamities which have for twenty years overwhelmed Europe.“The allied powers will not lay down their arms until they have obtained this grand and beneficent result, the worthy object of all their efforts. They will not lay down their arms until the political condition of Europe is again secure; until immutable principles have regained their ascendency over new pretensions, and the sanctity of treaties has finally assured a genuine peace to Europe.”

It needs only common sense to ascertain whether the allied powers were sincere in this declaration, the object of which evidently was to alienate from the Emperor the affections of his people by holding up his Majesty before them as an obstacle to peace, and separating his cause from that of France; and on this point I am glad to support my own opinion by that of M. de Bourrienne, whom surely no one will accuse of partiality for his Majesty.

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Several passages of his Memoirs, above all those in which he blames the Emperor, have pained me, I must confess; but on this occasion he does not hesitate to admit the insincerity of the allies, which opinion is of much weight according to my poor judgment.

M. de Bourrienne was then at Paris under the special surveillance of the Duke of Rovigo. I frequently heard this minister mention him to the Emperor, and always favorably; but the enemies of the former secretary of the First Consul must have been very powerful, or his Majesty's prejudices very strong, for M. de Bourrienne never returned to favor. The Emperor, who, as I have said, sometimes condescended to converse familiarly with me, never spoke to me of M. de Bourrienne, whom I had not seen since the Emperor had ceased to receive him. I saw him again for the first time among the officers of the National Guard, the day these gentlemen were received at the palace, as we shall see later, and I have never seen him since; but as we were all much attached to him on account of his kind consideration for us, he was often the subject of conversation, and, I may add, of our regrets. Moreover, I was long ignorant that at the period of which I am now speaking, his Majesty had offered him the mission to Switzerland, as I learned this circumstance only from reading his Memoirs. I would not conceal, however, that I was painfully affected by reading this, so greatly would I have desired that Bourrienne should overcome his resentment against his Majesty, who in the depths of his heart really loved him.

Whatever was done, it is evident now to all that the object of the declaration of Frankfort was to cause alienation between the Emperor and the French people, and subsequent events have shown that this was fully understood by the Emperor, but unfortunately it was soon seen that the enemy had partly obtained their object. Not only in private society persons could be heard expressing themselves freely in condemnation of the Emperor, but dissensions openly arose even in the body of the Corps Legislatif.

After the opening session, the Emperor having rendered a decree that a commission should be named composed of five senators and five members of the Corps Legislatif, these two bodies consequently assembled. This commission, as has been seen from his Majesty's address, had for its object the consideration of articles submitted relative to pending negotiations between France and the allied powers. Count Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely bore the decree to the Corps Legislatif, and supported it with his usual persuasive eloquence, recalling the victories of France and the glory of the Emperor; but the ballot elected as members of the commission five deputies who had the reputation of being more devoted to the principles of liberty than to the Emperor. These were M. Raynouard, Laine, Gallois, Flaugergues, and Maine de Biran. The Emperor from the first moment appeared much dissatisfied with this selection, not imagining, however, that this commission would soon show itself so entirely hostile. I remember well that I heard his Majesty say in my presence to the Prince of Neuchatel, with some exasperation though without anger, "They have appointed five lawyers."

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Nevertheless, the Emperor did not allow the least symptoms of his dissatisfaction to be seen; and as soon as he had officially received the list of commissioners, addressed to the President of the Corps Legislatif the following letter bearing the date of the 23d of December:

"*Monsieur*, Duke of Massa, President of the Legislative Corps: We address you the inclosed letter to make known to you our intention that you report to-morrow, the 24th instant, at the residence of our cousin the prince archchancellor of the Empire, in company with the commission appointed yesterday by the Legislative Corps in compliance with our decree of the 20th instant, and which is composed of the following gentlemen: Raynouard, Lain, Galiois, Flaugergues, and Maine de Biran, for the purpose of considering the articles relative to the negotiations, and also the declaration of the confederated powers, which will be communicated by Count Regnault minister of state, and Count d'Hauterive councilor of state attached to the department of foreign relations, who will be the bearer of the aforesaid articles and declaration.

> "Our intention also is that our cousin aforesaid should preside over this commission. With this *etc*."

The members of the senate appointed on this commission were M. de Fontanel, M. the Prince of Benevent, M. de Saint Marsan, M. de Barbe-Marbois, and M. de Beurnonville.

With the exception of one of these gentlemen, whose disgrace and consequent opposition were publicly known, the others were thought to be sincerely attached to the Emperor; and whatever may have been their opinions and their subsequent conduct they had done nothing then to deserve the same distrust from the Emperor as the members of the committee from the Corps Legislatif. No active opposition, no signs of discontent, had been shown by the conservative senate.

At this time the Duke of Rovigo came frequently, or I might rather say every day, to the Emperor. His Majesty was much attached to him, and that alone suffices to prove that he was not afraid to hear the truth; for since he had been minister, the Duke of Rovigo had never concealed it; which fact I can affirm, having been frequently an eyewitness. In Paris there was nevertheless only unanimous opposition to this minister. I can, however, cite one anecdote that the Duke of Rovigo has not included in his Memoirs, and of which I guarantee the authenticity; and it will be seen from this incident whether or not the minister of police sought to increase the number of persons who compromised themselves each day by their gratings against the Emperor.

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Among the employees of the treasury was a former receiver of the finances who led a retired and contented life in this modest employment. He was a very enthusiastic man of much intelligence. His devotion to the Emperor amounted to a passion, and he never mentioned him without a sort of idolatry. This employee was accustomed to pass his evenings with a circle of friends who met in the Rue de Vivienne. The regular attendants of this place, whom the police very naturally had their eyes upon, did not all hold the same opinion as the person of whom I have just spoken, and began openly to condemn the acts of government, the opposing party allowing their discontent to be plainly manifest; and the faithful adorer of his Majesty became proportionately more lavish of his expressions of admiration, as his antagonists showed themselves ready with reproaches. The Duke of Rovigo was informed of these discussions, which each day became more eager and animated; and one fine day our honest employee found on returning to his home a letter bearing the seal of the general of police. He could not believe his eyes. He, a good, simple, modest man living his retired life, what could the minister of general police desire of him? He opens the letter, and finds that the minister orders him to appear before him the next morning. He reports there as may be imagined with the utmost punctuality, and then a dialogue something like this ensued between these gentlemen. "It appears, Monsieur," said the Duke of Rovigo, "that you are very devoted to the Emperor."—"Yes, I love him; I would give him my blood, my life."—"You admire him greatly?"— "Yes, I admire him! The Emperor has never been so great, his glory has never—"—"That is all very well, Monsieur; your sentiments do you honor, and I share those sentiments with you; but I urge on you to reserve the expression of them for yourself, for, though I should regret it very much, you may drive me to the necessity of having you arrested."—"I, my Lord, have me arrested? Ah! but doubtless—why?"—"Do you not see that you cause the expression of opinions that might remain concealed were it not for your enthusiasm; and finally, you will force, many good men to compromise themselves to a certain extent, who will return to us when things are in better condition. Go, Monsieur, let us continue to love, serve, and admire the Emperor; but at such a time as this let us not proclaim our fine sentiments so loudly, for fear of rendering many guilty who are only a little misguided." The employee of the treasury then left the minister, after thanking him for his advice and promising to follow it. I would not dare to assert that he kept his word scrupulously, but I can affirm that all I have just said is the exact truth; and I am sure that if this passage in my Memoirs falls under the eyes of the Duke of Rovigo it will remind him of an occurrence which he may perhaps have forgotten, but which he will readily recall.

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Meanwhile the commission, composed as I have said of five senators and five members of the Corps Legislatif, devoted itself assiduously to the duty with which it was charged. Each of these two grand bodies of the state presented to his Majesty a separate address. The senate had received the report made by M. de Fontanes; and their address contained nothing which could displease the Emperor, but was on the contrary expressed in most proper terms. In it a peace was indeed demanded, but a peace which his Majesty could obtain by an effort worthy of him and of the French people. "Let that hand so many times victorious," they said, "lay down its arms after having assured the repose of the world." The following passage was also noteworthy: "No, the enemy shall not destroy this beautiful and noble France, which for fourteen hundred years has borne itself gloriously through such diverse fortunes, and which for the interest of the neighboring nations themselves should always bear considerable weight in the balance of power in Europe. We have as pledges of this your heroic constancy and the national honor." Then again, "Fortune does not long fail nations which do not fail in their duty to themselves."

This language, worthy of true Frenchmen, and which the circumstances at least required, was well pleasing to the Emperor, as is evident from the answer he made on the 29th of December to the deputation from the senate with the prince archchancellor at its head:

"Senators," said his Majesty, "I am deeply sensible of the sentiments you express. You have seen by the articles which I have communicated to you what I am doing towards a peace. The sacrifices required by the preliminary basis which the enemy had proposed to me I have accepted; and I shall make them without regret, since my life has only one object,—the happiness of the French people.

"Meanwhile Bearn, Alsace, Franche-Comte, and Brabant have been entered, and the cries of that part of my family rend my soul. I call the French to the aid of the French! I call the Frenchmen of Paris, Brittany, Normandy, Champagne, Burgundy, and the other departments to the aid of their brothers. Will they abandon them in misfortune? Peace and the deliverance of our territory should be our rallying cry. At the sight of this whole people in arms the foreigner will flee, or will consent to peace on the terms I have proposed to him. The question is no longer the recovery of the conquests we have made."

It was necessary to be in a position to thoroughly know the character of the Emperor to understand how much it must have cost him to utter these last words; but from a knowledge of his character also resulted the certainty that it would have cost him less to do what he promised than to say them. It would seem that this was well understood in Paris; for the day on which the 'Moniteur' published the reply of his Majesty to the senate, stocks increased in value more than two francs, which the Emperor did not fail to remark with much satisfaction; for as is well known, the rise and decline of stocks was with him the real thermometer of public opinion.

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In regard to the conduct of the Corps Legislatif, I heard it condemned by a man of real merit deeply imbued with republican principles. He uttered one day in my presence these words which struck me: "The Corps Legislatif did then what it should have done at all times, except under these circumstances." From the language used by the spokesman of the commission, it is only too evident that the speaker believed in the false promises of the declaration of Frankfort. According to him, or rather according to the commission of which he was after all only the organ, the intention of the foreigners was not to humiliate France; they only wished to keep us within our proper limits, and annul the effects of an ambitious activity which had been so fatal for twenty years to all the nations of Europe. "The propositions of the confederated powers," said the commission, "seem to us honorable for the nation, since they prove that foreigners both fear and respect us." Finally the speaker, continuing his reading, having reached a passage in which allusion was made to the Empire of the Lily, added in set phrase that the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the two seas inclosed a vast territory, several provinces of which had not belonged to ancient France, and that nevertheless the crown royal of France shone brilliantly with glory and majesty among all other diadems.

At these words the Duke of Massa interrupted the speaker, exclaiming, "What you say is unconstitutional;" to which the speaker vehemently replied, "I see nothing unconstitutional here except your presence," and continued to read his report. The Emperor was each day informed of what took place in the sitting of the Corps Legislatif; and I remember that the day on which their report was read he, appeared much disturbed, and before retiring walked up and down the room in much agitation, like one trying to make some important decision. At last he decided not to allow the publication of the address of the Corps Legislatif, which had been communicated to him according to custom. Time pressed; the next day would have been too late, as the address would be circulated in Paris, where the public mind was already much disturbed. The order was consequently given to the minister of general police to have the copy of the report and the address seized at the printing establishment, and to break the forms already set up. Besides this the order was also given to close the doors of the Corps Legislatif, which was done, and the legislature thus found itself adjourned.

I heard many persons at this time deeply regret that his Majesty had taken these measures, and, above all, that having taken them he had not stopped there. It was said that since the Corps Legislatif was now adjourned by force, it was better, whatever might be the result, to convoke another chamber, and that the Emperor should not recognize the members of the one he had dismissed. His Majesty thought otherwise, and gave the deputies a farewell audience. They came to the Tuileries; and there his only too just resentment found vent in these words:

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“I have suppressed your address, as it was incendiary. Eleven-twelfths of the Corps Legislatif are composed of good citizens whom I know and for whom I have much regard; the other twelfth is composed of seditious persons who are devoted to England. Your Commission and its chairman, M. Laine, are of this number. He corresponds with the Prince Regent, through the lawyer Deseze. I know it, and have proof of it. The other four are of the same faction. If there are abuses to be remedied, is this a time for remonstrances, when two hundred thousand Cossacks are crossing our frontiers? Is this the moment to dispute as to individual liberty and safety, when the question is the preservation of political liberty and national independence? The enemy must be resisted; you must follow the example of the Alsatians, Vosges, and inhabitants of Franche-Comte, who wish to march against them, and have applied to me—for arms. You endeavor in your address to separate the sovereign from the nation. It is I who here represent the people, who have given me four million of their suffrages. If I believed you I should cede to the enemy more than he demands. You shall have peace in three months or I shall perish. Your address was an insult to me and to the Corps Legislatif.”

Although the journals were forbidden to repeat the details of this scene, the rumors of it spread through Paris with the rapidity of lightning. The Emperor’s words were repeated and commented on; the dismissed deputies sounded them through all the departments. I remember seeing the prime arch-chancellor next day come to the Emperor and request an audience; it was in favor of M. Deseze, whose protector he then was. In spite of the threatening words of his Majesty, he found him not disposed to take severe measures; for his anger had already exhausted itself, as was always the case with the Emperor when he had abandoned himself to his first emotions of fury. However, the fatal misunderstanding between the Corps Legislatif and the Emperor, caused by the report of the committee of that body, produced the most grievous effects; and it is easy to conceive how much the enemy must have rejoiced over this, as they never failed to be promptly informed by the numerous agents whom they employed in France. It was under these sad circumstances that the year 1813 closed. We will see in future what were the consequences of it, and in fact the history, until now unwritten, of the Emperor’s inner life at Fontainebleau; that is to say, of the most painful period of my life.

CHAPTER, XXI.

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In order to neutralize the effects which might be produced in the provinces by the reports of the members of the Corps Legislatif and the correspondence of the alarmists, his Majesty appointed from the members of the conservative senate a certain number of commissioners whom he charged to visit the departments and restore public confidence. This was a most salutary measure, and one which circumstances imperiously demanded; for discouragement began to be felt among the masses of the population, and as is well known in such cases the presence of superior authority restores confidence to those who are only timid. Nevertheless, the enemy were advancing at several points, and had already pressed the soil of Old France. When this news reached the Emperor, it afflicted him deeply without overcoming him. At times, however, his indignation broke forth; above all, when he learned from the reports that French emigrants had entered the enemy's ranks, whom he stigmatized by the name of traitors, infamous and wretched creatures, unworthy of pity. I remember that on the occasion of the capture of Huningen he thus characterized a certain M. de Montjoie, who was now serving in the Bavarian army after taking a German name, which I have forgotten. The Emperor added, however: "At least, he has had the modesty not to keep his French name." In general easy to conciliate on nearly all points, the Emperor was pitiless towards all those who bore arms against their country; and innumerable times I have heard him say that there was no greater crime in his eyes.

In order not to add to the complication of so many conflicting interests which encountered and ran contrary to each other still more each day, the Emperor already had the thought of sending Ferdinand *vii*. back into Spain. I have the certainty that his Majesty had even made some overtures to him on this subject during his last stay in Paris; but it was the Spanish prince who objected to this, not ceasing, on the contrary, to demand the Emperor's protection. He desired most of all to become the ally, of his Majesty, and it was well known that in his letters to his Majesty he urged him incessantly to give him a wife of the Emperor's selection. The Emperor had seriously thought of marrying him to the eldest daughter of King Joseph, which seemed a means of conciliating at the same time the rights of Prince Joseph and those of Ferdinand *vii*., and King Joseph asked nothing better than to be made a party to this arrangement; and from the manner in which he had used his royalty since the commencement of his reign, we may be permitted to think that his Majesty did not greatly object to this. Prince Ferdinand had acquiesced in this alliance, which appeared very agreeable to him, when suddenly at the end of the year 1813 he demanded time; and the course of events placed this affair among the number of those which existed only in intention. Prince Ferdinand left Valencay at last, but later than the Emperor had authorized him to do, and for some time his presence had been only an additional embarrassment. However, the Emperor had no reason to complain of his conduct towards him until after the events of Fontainebleau.

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At any rate, in the serious situation of affairs, matters concerning the Prince of Spain were only an incidental matter, no more important than the stay of the Pope at Fontainebleau; the great point, the object which predominated everything, was the defense of the soil of France, which the first days of January found invaded at many points. This was the one thought of his Majesty, which did not prevent him, nevertheless, from entering according to custom into all the duties of his administration; and we will soon see the measures he took to re-establish the national guard of Paris. I have on this subject certain documents and particulars which are little known, from a person whose name I am not permitted to give, but whose position gave him the opportunity of learning all the intricacies of its formation. As all these duties still required for more than a month the presence of his Majesty at Paris, he remained there until the 25th of January.

But what fatal news he received during those twenty-five days!

First the Emperor learned that the Russians, as unscrupulous as the Austrians in observing the conditions of a capitulation which are usually considered sacred, had just trampled under their feet the stipulations made at Dantzic. In the name of the Emperor Alexander, the Prince of Wurtemberg who commanded the siege had acknowledged and guaranteed to General Rapp and the troops placed under his command the right to return to France, which agreement was no more respected than had been a few months before that made with Marshal Saint-Cyr by the Prince of Schwarzenberg; thus the garrison of Dantzic were made prisoners with the same bad faith as that of Dresden had been. This news, which reached him at almost the same time as that of the surrender of Torgau, distressed his Majesty so much the more as it contributed to prove to him that these powerful enemies wished to treat of peace only in name, with a resolution to retire always before a definite conclusion was reached.

At the same period the news from Lyons was in no wise reassuring. The command of this place had been confided to Marshal Augereau, and he was accused of having lacked the energy necessary to foresee or arrest the invasion of the south of France. Further I will not now dwell on this circumstance, proposing in the following chapter to collect my souvenirs which relate more especially to the beginning of the campaign in France, and some circumstances which preceded it. I limit myself consequently to recalling, as far as my memory serves, events which occurred during the last days the Emperor passed in Paris.

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From the 4th of January his Majesty, although having lost, as I said a while since, all hope of inducing the invaders to conclude a peace, which the whole world so much needed, gave his instructions to the Duke of Vicenza, and sent him to the headquarters of the allies; but he was compelled to wait a long time for his passports. At the same time special orders were sent to the prefects of departments in the invaded territory as to the conduct they should pursue under such difficult circumstances. Thinking at the same time that it was indispensable to make an example in order to strengthen the courage of the timid, the Emperor ordered the creation of a commission of inquiry, charged to inquire into the conduct of Baron Capelle, prefect of the department of the Leman at the time of the entrance of the enemy into Geneva. Finally a decree mobilized one hundred and twenty battalions of the National Guard of the Empire, and ordered a levy en masse on all the departments of the east of all men capable of bearing arms. Excellent measures doubtless, but vain! Destiny was stronger than even the genius of a great man.

Meanwhile on the 8th of January appeared the decree which called out for active duty thirty thousand men of the National Guard of Paris on the very day when by a singular and fatal coincidence the King of Naples signed a treaty of alliance with Great Britain. The Emperor reserved for himself the chief command of the National Parisian Guard, and constituted the staff as follows: a vice-commander-in-chief, four aides who were major-generals, four adjutant commandants, and eight assistant captains. A legion was formed in each district, and each legion was divided into four battalions subdivided into five companies.—Next the Emperor appointed the following to superior grades:

General vice-commander-in-chief.—Marshal de Moncey, Duke of Conegliano.

Aides—major-generals.—General of division, Count Hullin; Count Bertrand, grand marshal of the palace; Count of Montesquieu, grand chamberlain; Count de Montmorency, chamberlain of the Emperor.

Adjutant-commandants.—Baron Laborde, adjutant-commandant of the post of Paris; Count Albert de Brancas, chamberlain of the Emperor; Count Germain, chamberlain of the Emperor; M. Tourton.

Assistant captains.—Count Lariboisiere; Chevalier Adolphe de Maussion; Messieurs Jules de Montbreton, son of the equerry of the Princess Borghese; Collin, junior, the younger; Lecordier, junior; Lemoine, junior; Cardon, junior; Malet, junior.

Chiefs of the twelve Legions.—First legion, Count de Gontaut, senior; second legion, Count Regnault de Saint Jean d’Angely; third legion, Baron Hottinguer, banker; fourth legion, Count Jaubert, governor of the bank of France; fifth legion, M. Dauberjon de Murinais; sixth legion, M. de Fraguier; seventh legion, M. Lepileur de Brevannes; eighth legion, M. Richard Lenoir; ninth legion, M. Devins de Gaville; tenth legion, the Duke of

Cadore; eleventh legion, Count de Choiseul-Praslin, chamberlain of the Emperor; twelfth legion, M. Salleron.

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From the names we have just read, we may judge of the incredible insight by which his Majesty was enabled to choose, among the most distinguished persons of the different classes of society, those most popular and most influential from their positions. By the side of the names which had gained glory under the eyes of the Emperor, and by seconding him in his great undertakings, could be found those whose claim to distinction was more ancient and recalled noble memories, and finally the heads of the principal industries in the capital. This species of amalgamation delighted the Emperor greatly; and he must have attached to it great political importance, for this idea occupied his attention to such an extent that I have often heard him say, “I wish to confound all classes, all periods, all glories. I desire that no title may be more glorious than the title of Frenchman.” Why is it fate decreed that the Emperor should not be allowed time to carry out his extensive plans for the glory and happiness of France of which he so often spoke? The staff of the National Guard and the chiefs of the twelve legions being appointed, the Emperor left the nomination of the other officers, as well as the formation of the legions, to the selection of M. de Chabrol, prefect of the Seine. This worthy magistrate, to whom the Emperor was much attached, displayed under these circumstances the greatest zeal and activity, and in a short time the National Guard presented an imposing appearance. They were armed, equipped, and clothed in the best possible manner; and this ardor, which might be called general, was in these last days one of the consolations which most deeply touched the heart of the Emperor, since he saw in it a proof of the attachment of the Parisians to his person, and an additional motive for feeling secure as to the tranquillity of the capital during his approaching absence. Be that as it may, the bureau of the National Guard was soon formed, and established in the residence which Marshal Moncey inhabited on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore, near the square Beauveau; and one master of requests and two auditors of the council of state were attached to it. The master of requests, a superior officer of engineers, the Chevalier Allent, soon became the soul of the whole administration of the National Guard, no one being more capable than he of giving a lively impulse to an organization which required great promptness. The person from whom I obtained this information, which I intermingle with my personal souvenirs, has assured me that following upon, that is to say, after our departure for Chalons-sur-Marne, M. Allent became still more influential in the National Guard, of which he was the real head. In fact, when King Joseph had received the title of lieutenant-general to the Emperor, which his Majesty conferred on him during the time of his absence, M. Allent found himself attached on one hand to the staff of King Joseph as officer of engineers, and on the other to the vice-general-in-chief

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in his quality of master of requests. It resulted that he was the mediator and counselor in all communications which were necessarily established between the lieutenant-general of the Emperor and Marshal Moncey, and the promptness of his decisions was a source of great benefit to that good and grave marshal. He signed all letters, “The Marshal, Duke de Conegliano;” and wrote so slowly that M. Allent had, so to speak, time to write the correspondence while the marshal was signing his name. The auditors to the council of state duties of the two were nothing, or nearly so; but these men were by no means nobodies, as has been asserted, though a few of that character of course slipped into the council, since the first condition for holding this office was simply to prove an income of at least six thousand francs. These were Messieurs Ducancel, the dean of the auditors, and M. Robert de Sainte-Croix. A shell had broken the latter’s leg during the return from Moscow; and this brave young man, a captain of cavalry, had returned, seated astride a cannon, from the banks of the Beresina to Wilna. Having little physical strength, but gifted with a strong mind, M. Robert de Sainte-Croix owed it to his moral courage not to succumb; and after undergoing the amputation of his leg, left the sword for the pen, and it was thus he became auditor to the council of state.

The week after the National Guard of the city of Paris had been called into service, the chiefs of the twelve legions and the general staff were admitted to take the oath of fidelity at the Emperor’s hands. The National Guard had already been organized into legions; but the want of arms was keenly felt, and many citizens could procure only lances, and those who could not obtain guns or buy them found themselves thereby chilled in their ardor to equip themselves. Nevertheless, the Citizen Guard soon enrolled the desired number of thirty thousand men, and by degrees it occupied the different posts of the capital; and whilst fathers of families and citizens employed in domestic work were enrolled without difficulty, those who had already paid their debts to their country on the battlefield also demanded to be allowed to serve her again, and to shed for her the last drop of their blood. Invalided soldiers begged to resume their service. Hundreds of these brave soldiers forgot their sufferings, and covered with honorable wounds went forth again to confront the enemy. Alas! very few of those who then left the Hotel des Invalides were fortunate enough to return.

Meanwhile the moment of the Emperor’s departure approached; but before setting out he bade a touching adieu to the National Guard, as we shall see in the next chapter, and confided the regency to the Empress as he had formerly intrusted it to her during the campaign in Dresden. Alas this time it was not necessary to make a long journey before the Emperor was at the head of his army.

CHAPTER XXII.

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We are now about to begin the campaign of miracles; but before relating the events which I witnessed on this campaign, during which I, so to speak, never left the Emperor, it is necessary that I here inscribe some souvenirs which may be considered as a necessary introduction. It is well known that the Swiss cantons had solemnly declared to the Emperor that they would not allow their territory to be violated, and that they would do everything possible to oppose the passage of the allied armies who were marching on the frontiers of France by way of the Breisgau. The Emperor, in order to stop them on their march, relied upon the destruction of the bridge of Bale; but this bridge was not destroyed, and Switzerland, instead of maintaining her promised neutrality, entered into the coalition against France. The foreign armies passed the Rhine at Bale, at Schaffhausen, and at Mannheim. Capitulations made with the generals of the confederated troops in regard to the French garrisons of Dantzic, Dresden, and other strong towns had been, as we have seen, openly violated. Thus Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr and his army corps had been, contrary to the stipulations contained in the treaties, surrounded by superior forces, disarmed, and conducted as prisoners to Austria; and twenty thousand men, the remains of the garrison of Dantzic, were thus arrested by order of the Emperor Alexander, and conveyed to the Russian deserts. Geneva opened its gates to the enemy in the following January. Vesoul, Epinal, Nancy, Langres, Dijon, Chalons-sur-Saone, and Bar-sur-Aube were occupied by the allies.

The Emperor, in proportion as the danger became more pressing, displayed still more his energy and indefatigable activity. He urged the organization of new levies, and in order to pay the most urgent expenses drew thirty millions from his secret treasury in the vaults of the pavilion Marsan. The levies of conscripts were, however, made with difficulty; for in the course of the year 1813 alone, one million forty thousand soldiers had been summoned to the field, and France could no longer sustain such enormous drains. Meanwhile veterans came from all parts to be enrolled; and General Carnot offered his services to the Emperor, who was much touched by this proceeding, and confided to him the defense of Antwerp. The zeal and courage with which the general acquitted himself of this important mission is well known. Movable columns and corps of partisans placed themselves under arms in the departments of the east, and a few rich proprietors levied and organized companies of volunteers, while select cavalry formed themselves into corps, the cavaliers of which equipped themselves at their own expense.

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In the midst of these preparations the Emperor received news which moved him deeply,—the King of Naples had just joined the enemies of the French. On a previous occasion, when his Majesty had seen the Prince Royal of Sweden, after having been marshal and prince of the Empire, enter into a coalition against his native country, I heard him break forth into reproaches and exclamations of indignation, although the King of Sweden had more than one reason to offer in his own defense, being alone in the north, and shut in by powerful enemies against whom he was entirely unable to struggle, even had the interests of his new country been inseparable from those of France. By refusing to enter into the coalition he would have drawn on Sweden the anger of her formidable neighbors, and with the throne he would have sacrificed and fruitlessly ruined the nation which had adopted him. It was not to the Emperor he owed his elevation. But King Joachim, on the contrary, owed everything to the Emperor; for it was he who had given him one of his sisters as a wife, who had given him a throne, and had treated him as well as, and even better than, if he had been a brother. It was consequently the duty of the King of Naples as well as his interest not to separate his cause from that of France; for if the Emperor fell, how could the kings of his own family, whom he had made, hope to stand? Both King Joseph and Jerome had well understood this, and also the brave and loyal Prince Eugene, who supported courageously in Italy the cause of his adopted father. If the King of Naples had united with him they could together have marched on Vienna, and this audacious but at the same time perfectly practicable movement would have infallibly saved France.

These are some of the reflections I heard the Emperor make in speaking of the treachery of the King of Naples, though in the first moments, however, he did not reason so calmly. His anger was extreme, and with it was mingled grief and emotions near akin to pity: “Murat!” cried he, “Murat betray me! Murat sell himself to the English! The poor creature! He imagines that if the allies succeed in overthrowing me they would leave him the throne on which I have seated him. Poor fool! The worst fate that can befall him is that his treachery should succeed; for he would have less pity to expect from his new allies than from me.”

The evening before his departure for the army, the Emperor received the corps of officers of the National Parisian Guard, and the reception was held in the great hall of the Tuileries. This ceremony was sad and imposing. His Majesty presented himself before the assembly with her Majesty the Empress, who held by the hand the King of Rome, aged three years lacking two months. Although his speech on this occasion is doubtless already well known, I repeat it here, as I do not wish that these beautiful and solemn words of my former master should be wanting in my Memoirs:

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“*Gentlemen*, Officers of the National Guard,—It is with much pleasure I see you assembled around me. I leave to-night to place myself at the head of the army. On leaving the capital I place with confidence in your care my wife and my son on whom rests so many hopes. I owe you this proof of my confidence, in return for all the innumerable proofs you have repeatedly given me in the important events of my life. I shall depart with my mind free from anxiety, since they will be under your faithful protection. I leave with you what is dearest to me in the world, next to France, and I freely commit it to your care.“It may occur that in consequence of the maneuvers I am about to make, the enemy may find the opportunity of approaching your walls. If this should take place, remember that it will be an affair of only a few days, and I will soon come to your assistance. I recommend to you to preserve unity among yourselves, and to resist all the insinuations by which efforts will be made to divide you. There will not be wanting endeavors to shake your fidelity to duty, but I rely upon you to repel these perfidious attempts.”

At the end of this discourse, the Emperor bent his looks on the Empress and the King of Rome, whom his august mother held in her arms, and presenting both by his looks and gestures to the assembly this child whose expressive countenance seemed to reflect the solemnity of the occasion, he added in an agitated voice, “I confide him to you, Messieurs; I confide him to the love of my faithful city of Paris!” At these words of his Majesty innumerable shouts were heard, and innumerable arms were raised swearing to defend this priceless trust. The Empress, bathed in tears and pale with the emotion by which she was agitated, would have fallen if the Emperor had not supported her in his arms. At this sight the enthusiasm reached its height, tears flowed from all eyes, and there was not one present who did not seem willing as he retired to shed his blood for the Imperial family. On this occasion I again saw for the first time M. de Bourrienne at the palace; he wore, if I am not mistaken, the uniform of captain in the National Guard.

On the 25th of January the Emperor set out for the army, after conferring the regency on her Majesty the Empress; and that night we reached Chalons-sur-Marne. His arrival stopped the progress of the enemy’s army and the retreat of our troops. Two days after he, in his turn, attacked the allies at Saint-Dizier. His Majesty’s entrance into this town was marked by most touching manifestations of enthusiasm and devotion. The very moment the Emperor alighted, a former colonel, M. Bouland, an old man more than seventy years old, threw himself at his Majesty’s feet, expressing to him the deep grief which the sight of foreign bayonets had caused him, and his confidence that the Emperor would drive them from the soil of France. His Majesty assisted the old veteran to rise, and said to him cheerfully that he would spare nothing to accomplish such a favorable prediction. The allies conducted themselves in the most inhuman manner at Saint-Dizier: women and old men died or were made ill under the cruel treatment which they received; and it may be imagined what a cause of rejoicing his Majesty’s arrival was to the country.

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The enemy having been repulsed at Saint-Dizier, the Emperor learned that the army of Silesia was being concentrated on Brienne, and immediately set out on the march through the forest of Deo, the brave soldiers who followed him appearing as indefatigable as he. He halted at the village of Eclaron, where his Majesty paid a certain sum to the inhabitants to repair their church, which the enemy had destroyed. The surgeon of this town advanced to thank the Emperor; and his Majesty examining him attentively said to him, “You have served in the army, Monsieur?”—“Yes, Sire; I was in the army of Egypt.”—“Why have you no cross?”—“Sire, because I have never asked for it.”—“Monsieur, you are only the more worthy of it. I hope you will wear the one I shall give you.” And in a few moments his certificate was signed by the Emperor, and handed to the new chevalier, whom the Emperor recommended to give the most careful attention to the sick and wounded of our army who might be committed to his care.

[It is known that the Emperor was not lavish in the distribution of the Cross of Honor. Of this fact I here give an additional proof. He was much pleased with the services of M. Veyrat, inspector general of police, and he desired the Cross. I presented petitions to this effect to his Majesty, who said to me one day, “I am well satisfied with Veyrat. He serves me well, and I will give him as much money as he wishes; but the Cross, never!” —*Constant*.]

On entering Mezieres his Majesty was received by the authorities of the city, the clergy, and the National Guard. “Messieurs,” said the Emperor to the National Guard who pressed around him, “we fight to day for our firesides; let us defend them in such a manner that the Cossacks may not come to warm themselves beside them. They are bad guests, who will leave no place for you. Let us show them that every Frenchman is born a soldier, and a brave one!” His Majesty on receiving the homage of the curate, perceiving that this ecclesiastic regarded him with extreme interest and agitation, consequently considered the good priest more attentively, and soon recognized in him one of the former regents of the college of Brienne. “What! is it you, my dear master?” cried the Emperor. “You have, then, never left your retirement! So much the better, since for that reason you will be only the better able to serve the cause of your native land. I need not ask if you know the country around here.”—“Sire,” replied the curate, “I could find my way with my eyes shut.”—“Come with us, then; you will be our guide, and we will converse.” The worthy priest immediately saddled his well-broken horse, and placed himself in the center of the Imperial staff.

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The same day we arrived before Brienne. The Emperor's march had been so secret and so rapid that the Prussians had heard nothing of it until he suddenly appeared before their eyes. A few general officers were made prisoners; and Blucher himself, who was quietly coming out of the chateau, had only time to turn and fly as quickly as he could, under a shower of balls from our advance guard. The Emperor thought for a moment that the Prussian general had been taken, and exclaimed, "We have got that old swash-buckler. Now the campaign will not be long." The Russians who were established in the village set it on fire, and an engagement took place in the midst of the flames. Night arrived, but the combat still continued; and in the space of twelve hours the village was taken and retaken many times. The Emperor was furious that Blucher should have escaped. As he returned to headquarters, which had been established at Mezieres, his Majesty narrowly escaped being pierced through with the lance of a Cossack; but before the Emperor perceived the movement of the wretch, the brave Colonel Gourgaud, who was marching behind his Majesty, shot the Cossack dead with his pistol.

The Emperor had with him only fifteen thousand men, and they had waged an equal struggle with eighty thousand foreign soldiers. At the close of the combat the Prussians retreated to Bar-sur-Aube; and his Majesty established himself in the chateau of Brienne, where he passed two nights. I recalled during this stay the one that I had made ten years before in this same chateau of Brienne, when the Emperor was on his way to Milan with the intention of adding the title of King of Italy to that of Emperor of the French. "To-day," I said to myself, "not only is Italy lost to him, but here in the center of the French Empire, and a few leagues from his capital, the Emperor is defending himself against innumerable enemies!" The first time I saw Brienne, the Emperor was received as a sovereign by a noble family who fifteen years before had welcomed him as a protege. He had there revived the happiest remembrances of his childhood and youth; and in comparing himself in 1805 with what he had been at the Ecole Militaire had spoken with pride of the path he had trod. In 1814, on the 31st of January, the end to which this path was tending began to be seen. It is not that I wish to announce myself as having foreseen the Emperor's fall, for I did not go so far as that. Accustomed to see him trust to his star, the greater part of those who surrounded him trusted it no less than he; but nevertheless we could not conceal from ourselves that great changes had taken place. To delude ourselves in this respect it would have been necessary to close our eyes that we might neither see nor hear this multitude of foreigners, whom we had until now seen only in their own country, and who, in their turn, were now in our midst.

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At each step, in fact, we found terrible proofs of the enemy's presence. After taking possession of the towns and villages, they had arrested the inhabitants, maltreated them with saber-strokes and the butt ends of their guns, stripping them of their clothing, and compelling those to follow them whom they thought capable of serving as guides on their march; and if they were not guided as they expected they killed with the sword or shot their unfortunate prisoners. Everywhere the inhabitants were made to furnish provisions, drink, cattle, forage, in a word, everything that could be useful to an army making enormous requisitions; and when they had exhausted all the resources of their victims, they finished their work of destruction by pillage and burning. The Prussians, and above all the Cossacks, were remarkable for their brutal ferocity. Sometimes these hideous savages entered the houses by main force, shared among themselves everything that fell into their hands, loaded their horses with the plunder, and broke to pieces what they could not carry away. Sometimes, not finding sufficient to satisfy their greed, they broke down the doors and windows, demolished the ceiling in order to tear out the beams, and made of these pieces and the furniture, which was too heavy to be carried away, a fire, which being communicated to the roofs of neighboring houses consumed in a moment the dwellings of the unhappy inhabitants, and forced them to take refuge in the woods.

Sometimes the more wealthy inhabitants gave them what they demanded, especially brandy, of which they drank eagerly, thinking by this compliance to escape their ferocity; but these barbarians, heated by drink, then carried their excesses to the last degree. They seized girls, women, and servants, and beat them unmercifully, in order to compel them to drink brandy until they fell in a complete state of intoxication. Many women and young girls had courage and strength to defend themselves against these brigands; but they united three or four against one, and often to avenge themselves for the resistance of these poor creatures mutilated and slew them, after having first violated them, or threw them into the midst of the bivouac fires. Farms were burned up, and families recently opulent or in comfortable circumstances were reduced in an instant to despair and poverty. Husbands and old men were slain with the sword while attempting to defend the honor of their wives and daughters; and when poor mothers attempted to approach the fires to warm the children at their breasts, they were burned or killed by the explosion of packages of cartridges, which the Cossacks threw intentionally into the fire; and the cries of pain and agony were stifled by the bursts of laughter from these monsters.

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I should never end if I attempted to relate all the atrocities committed by these foreign hordes. It was the custom at the time of the Restoration to say that the complaints and narrations of those who were exposed to these excesses were exaggerated by fear or hatred. I have even heard very dignified persons jest pleasantly over the pretty ways of the Cossacks. But these wits always kept themselves at a distance from the theater of war, and had the good fortune to inhabit departments which suffered neither from the first nor second invasion. I would not advise them to address their pleasantries to the unfortunate inhabitants of Champagne, or of the departments of the east in general. It has been maintained also that the allied sovereigns and the general officers of the Russian and Prussian army severely forbade all violence in their regular troops, and that the atrocities were committed by undisciplined and ungovernable bands of Cossacks. I have been in a position to learn, on many occasions, especially at Troves, proofs to the contrary. This town has not forgotten, doubtless, how the Princes of Wurtemberg and Hohenlohe and the Emperor Alexander himself justified the burnings, pillage, violations, and numerous assassinations committed under their very eyes, not only by the Cossacks, but also by regularly enlisted and disciplined soldiers. No measures were taken by the sovereigns or by their generals to put an end to such atrocities, and nevertheless when they left a town there was needed only an order from them to remove at once the hordes of Cossacks who devastated the country.

The field of the La Rothiere was, as I have said, the rendezvous of the pupils of the military school of Brienne. It was there that the Emperor, when a child, had foreshadowed in his engagement with the scholars his gigantic combats. The engagement at La Rothiere was hotly contested; and the enemy obtained, only at the price of much blood, an advantage which they owed entirely to their numerical superiority. In the night which followed this unequal struggle, the Emperor ordered the retreat from Troves. On returning to the chateau after the battle, his Majesty narrowly escaped an imminent danger. He found himself surrounded by a troop of uhlans, and drew his sword to defend himself. M. Jardin, junior, his equerry, who followed the Emperor closely, received a ball in his arm. Several chasseurs of the escort were wounded, but they at last succeeded in extricating his Majesty. I can assert that his Majesty showed the greatest self-possession in all encounters of this kind. On that day, as I unbuckled his sword-belt, he drew it half out of the scabbard, saying, “Do you know, Constant, the wretches have made me cut the wind with this? The rascals are too impudent. It is necessary to teach them a lesson, that they may learn to hold themselves at a respectful distance.”

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It is not my intention to write the history of this campaign in France, in which the Emperor displayed an activity and energy which excited to the highest point the admiration of those who surrounded him. Unfortunately, the advantages which he had obtained gradually exhausted his own troops, while only creating losses in the enemy's, which they easily repaired. It was, as M. Bourrienne has well said, a combat of an Alpine eagle with a flock of ravens: "The eagle may kill them by hundreds. Each blow of his beak is the death of an enemy; but the ravens return in still greater numbers, and continue their attack on the eagle until they at last overcome him." At Champ-Aubert, at Montmirail, at Nangis, at Montereau, and at Arcis, and in twenty other engagements, the Emperor obtained the advantage by his genius and by the courage of our army; but it was all in vain. Hardly had these masses of the enemy been scattered, before fresh ones were formed again in front of our soldiers, exhausted by continuous battles and forced marches. The army, especially that which Blucher commanded, seemed to revive of itself, and whenever beaten reappeared with forces equal, if not superior, to those which had been destroyed or dispersed. How can such an immense superiority of numbers be indefinitely resisted?

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Emperor had never shown himself so worthy of admiration as during this fatal campaign in France, when, struggling against misfortunes, he performed over again the prodigies of his first wars in Italy, when fortune smiled on him. His career had begun with an attack, and the end was marked by the most magnificent defense recorded in the annals of war. And it may be said with truth that at all times and everywhere his Majesty showed himself both the perfect general and the soldier, under all circumstances furnishing an example of personal courage to such an extent, indeed, that all those who surrounded him, and whose existence was dependent on his own, were seriously alarmed. For instance, as is well known, the Emperor, at the battle of Montereau, pointed the pieces of artillery himself, recklessly exposed himself to the enemy's fire, and said to his soldiers, who were much alarmed at his danger and attempted to remove him, "Let me alone, my friends; the bullet which is to kill me has not yet been molded."

At Arcis the Emperor again fought as a common soldier, and more than once drew his sword in order to cut his way through the midst of the enemy who surrounded him. A shell fell a few steps from his horse. The animal, frightened, jumped to one side, and nearly unhorsed the Emperor, who, with his field-glass in his hand, was at the moment occupied in examining the battlefield. His Majesty settled himself again firmly in his saddle, stuck his spurs in the horse's sides, forced him to approach and put his nose to it. Just then the shell burst, and, by an almost incredible chance, neither the Emperor nor his horse was even wounded.

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In more than one similar circumstance the Emperor seemed, during this campaign, to put his life at a venture; and yet it was only in the last extremity that he abandoned the hope of preserving his throne. It was a painful sacrifice to him to treat with the enemy so long as they occupied French territory; for he wished to purge the soil of France of the presence of foreigners before entering into any agreement with them whatever. And this feeling was the reason of his hesitation and refusal to accept the peace which was offered him on various occasions.

On the 8th of February, the Emperor, at the end of a long discussion with two or three of his intimate advisers, retired very late, and in a state of extreme preoccupation. He woke me often during the night, complaining of being unable to sleep, and made me extinguish and relight his lamp again and again. About five o'clock in the morning I was called again. I was almost fainting with fatigue, which his Majesty noticed, and said to me kindly, "You are worn out, my poor Constant; we are making a severe campaign, are we not? But hold out only a little longer; you will soon rest."

Encouraged by the sympathizing tones of his Majesty, I took the liberty of replying that no one could think of complaining of the fatigue or privations he endured, since they were shared by his Majesty; but that, nevertheless, the desire and hope of every one were for peace. "Ah, yes," replied the Emperor, with a kind of subdued violence, "they will have peace; they will realize what a dishonorable peace is!" I kept silence; his Majesty's chagrin distressed me deeply; and I wished at this moment that his army could have been composed of men of iron like himself, then he would have made peace only on the frontiers of France.

The tone of kindness and familiarity in which the Emperor spoke to me on this occasion recalls another circumstance which I neglected to relate in its proper place, and which I must not pass over in silence, since it furnishes such a fine example of his Majesty's conduct towards the persons of his service, and especially myself. Roustan witnessed the occurrence, and it was from him I learned the opening details.

In one of his campaigns beyond the Rhine (I do not remember which), I had passed several nights in succession without sleep, and was exhausted. The Emperor went out at eleven o'clock, and remained three or four hours; and I seated myself in his armchair, near his table, to await his return, intending to rise and retire as soon as I heard him enter, but was so exhausted with fatigue that sleep suddenly overtook me, and I dropped into a deep slumber, my head resting on my arm, and my arm on his Majesty's table. The Emperor returned at last with Marshal Berthier, and followed by Roustan. I heard nothing. The Prince de Neuchatel wished to approach and shake me that I might awake and resign to his Majesty his seat and table; but the Emperor stopped him, saying,

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“Let the poor fellow sleep; he has passed many nights with none.” Then, as there was no other chair in the apartment, the Emperor seated himself on the edge of the bed, made the marshal also seat himself there, and they held a long conversation while I continued to sleep. At length, needing one of the maps from the table on which my arm rested, his Majesty, although he drew it out most cautiously, awoke me; and I immediately sprang to my feet, overwhelmed with confusion, and excusing myself for the liberty I had so involuntarily taken. “Monsieur Constant,” the Emperor then said with an exceedingly kind smile, “I am distressed to have disturbed you. Pray, excuse me.” I trust that this, in addition to what I have already related of the same nature, may serve as an answer to those who have accused him of harshness to his servants. I resume my recital of the events of 1814.

On the night of the 8th the Emperor seemed to have decided on making peace; and the whole night was spent in preparing dispatches, which on the morning of the 9th at nine o’clock were brought to him to sign; but he had changed his mind. At seven o’clock he had received news from the Russian and Prussian army; and when the Duke of Bassano entered, holding in his hand the dispatches to be signed, his Majesty was asleep over the maps where he had stuck his pens. “Ah, it is you,” said he to his minister; “we will no longer need those. We are now laying plans to attack Blucher; he has taken the road from Montmirail. I am about to start. To-morrow I will fight, and again the next day. The aspect of affairs is on the point of changing, as we shall see. Let us not be precipitate; there is time enough to make such a peace as they propose.” An hour after we were on the road to Sezanne.

For several days in succession after this, the heroic efforts of the Emperor and his brave soldiers were crowned with brilliant success. Immediately on their arrival at Champ-Aubert, the army, finding itself in presence of the Russian army corps, against which they had already fought at Brienne, fell on it without even waiting to take repose, separated it from the Prussian army, and took the general-in-chief and several general officers prisoners. His Majesty, whose conduct towards his conquered foes was always honorable and generous, made them dine at his table, and treated them with the greatest consideration.

The enemy were again beaten at the Farm des Frenaux by Marshals Ney and Mortier, and by the Duke of Ragusa at Vaux-Champs, where Blucher again narrowly escaped being made prisoner. At Nangis the Emperor dispersed one hundred and fifty thousand men commanded by the Prince von Schwarzenberg, and ordered in pursuit of them Marshals Oudinot, Kellermann, Macdonald, and Generals Treilhard and Gerard.

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The eve of the battle of Wry, the Emperor inspected all the surroundings of this little town; and his observing glasses rested on an immense extent of marshy ground in the midst of which is the village of Bagneux, and at a short distance the village of Anglure, past which the Aube flows. After rapidly passing over the unsafe ground of these dangerous marshes, he set foot on solid ground, and seated himself on a bundle of reeds, and there, leaning against the wall of a night-hunter's hut, he unrolled his map of the campaign; and, after examining it a few moments, remounted his horse and set off at a gallop.

At this moment a flock of teal and snipe flew up before his Majesty; and he exclaimed laughingly: "Go, go, my beauties; make room for other game." His Majesty said to those around him, "This time we have them!"

The Emperor was galloping towards Anglure, in order to see if the hill of Baudemont, which is near this village, was occupied by the artillery, when the noise of cannon heard in the direction of Wry compelled him to retrace his steps; and he accordingly returned to Wry, saying to the officers who accompanied him, "Let us gallop, gentlemen, our enemies are in a hurry; we should not keep them waiting." A half hour after he was on the battlefield. Enormous clouds of smoke from the burning of Wry were driven in the faces of the Russian and Prussian columns, and partly hid the maneuvers of the French army. At that moment everything indicated the success of the plans the Emperor had formed that morning in the marshes of Bagneux, for all went well. His Majesty foresaw the defeat of the allies, and France saved, while at Anglure all were given up to despair. The population of many villages shuddered at the approach of the enemy; for not a piece of cannon was there to cut off their retreat, not a soldier to prevent them from crossing the river.

The position of the allies was so exceedingly critical that the whole French army believed them destroyed, as they had plunged with all their artillery into the marshes, and would have been mowed down by the shower of balls from our cannon if they had remained there. But suddenly they were seen to make a new effort, place themselves in line of battle, and prepare to pass the Aube. The Emperor, who could pursue them no farther without exposing his army to the danger of being swallowed up in the marshes, arrested the impetuosity of his soldiers, believing that the heights of Baudemont were covered with artillery ready to overwhelm the enemy; but hearing not a single shot in this direction, he hurried to Sezanne to hasten the advance of the troops, only to learn that those he expected to find there had been sent toward Fere Champenoise.

During this interval, a man named Ansart, a land owner at Anglure, mounted his horse, and hurried at the utmost speed to Sezanne in order to inform the marshal that the enemy were pursued by the Emperor, and about to cross the Aube. Having reached the Duke, and seeing that the corps he commanded was not taking the road to Anglure, he hastened to speak. Apparently the Emperor's, orders had not been received; for the

marshal would not listen to him, treated him as a spy, and it was with much difficulty this brave man escaped being shot.

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While this scene was taking place, his Majesty had already reached Sezanne; and seeing many inhabitants of this village around him, he requested some one to guide him to Fere Champenoise, whereupon a bailiff presented himself. The Emperor immediately set out, escorted by the officers who had accompanied him to Sezanne, and left the town, saying to his guide, “Go in front, monsieur, and take the shortest road.” Arrived at a short distance from the battlefield of Fere Champenoise, his Majesty saw that every report of the artillery made the poor bailiff start. “You are afraid,” said the Emperor to him. “No, Sire.”—“Then, what makes you dodge your head?”—“It is because I am not accustomed like your Majesty to hearing all this uproar.”—“One should accustom himself to everything. Fear nothing; keep on.” But the guide, more dead than alive, reined in his horse, and trembled in every limb. “Come, come; I see you are really afraid. Go behind me.” He obeyed, turned his horse’s head, and galloped as far as Sezanne without stopping, promising himself most faithfully never again to serve as guide to the Emperor on such an occasion.

At the battle of Mery, the Emperor, under the very fire of the enemy, had a little bridge thrown over the river which flows near the town. This bridge was constructed in an hour by means of ladders fastened together, and supported by wooden beams; but as this was not sufficient, it was necessary that planks should be placed on this. None could be found, however; for those who might have been able to procure them did not dare to approach the exposed spot his Majesty occupied at this moment. Impatient, and even angry, because he could not obtain the planks for this bridge, his Majesty had the shutters of several large houses a short distance from the river taken down, and had them placed and nailed down under his own eyes. During this work he was tormented by intense thirst, and was about to dip water up in his hand to slake it, when a young girl, who had braved danger in order to draw near the Emperor, ran to a neighboring house, and brought him a glass of water and some wine, which he eagerly drank.

Astonished to see this young girl in so perilous a place, the Emperor said to her, smiling, “You would make a brave soldier, Mademoiselle; and if you are willing to wear epaulets you shall be one of my aides-de-camp.” The young girl blushed, and made a courtesy to the Emperor, and was going away, when he held out his hand to her, and she kissed it. “Later,” he said, “come to Paris, and remind me of the service you have rendered me to-day. You will be satisfied of my gratitude.” She thanked the Emperor and withdrew, very proud of his words of commendation.

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The day of the battle of Nangis an Austrian officer came in the evening to headquarters, and had a long, secret conference with his Majesty. Forty-eight hours after, at the close of the engagement at Mery, appeared a new envoy from the Prince von Schwarzenberg, with a reply from the Emperor of Austria to the confidential letter which his Majesty had written two days before to his father-in-law. We had left Mery in flames; and in the little hammock of Chatres, where headquarters had been established, there could no shelter be found for his Majesty except in the shop of a wheelwright; and the Emperor passed the night there, working, or lying on the bed all dressed, without sleeping. It was there also he received the Austrian envoy, the Prince of Lichtenstein. The prince long remained in conversation with his Majesty; and though nothing was known of the subject of their conversation, no one doubted that it related to peace. After the departure of the prince, the Emperor was in extraordinarily high spirits, which affected all those around him.

Our army had taken from the enemy thousands of prisoners; Paris had just received the Russian and Prussian banners taken at Nangis and Montereau; the Emperor had put to flight the foreign sovereigns, who even feared for a time that they might not be able to regain the frontiers; and the effect of so much success had been to restore to his Majesty his former confidence in his good fortune, though this was unfortunately only a dangerous illusion.

The Prince of Lichtenstein had hardly left headquarters when M. de Saint-Aignan, the brother-in-law of the Duke of Vicenza, and equerry of the Emperor, arrived. M. de Saint-Aignan went, I think, to his brother-in-law, who was at the Congress of Chatillon, or at least had been; for the sessions of this congress had been suspended for several days. It seems that before leaving Paris M. de Saint-Aignan held an interview with the Duke of Rovigo and another, minister, and they had given him a verbal message to the Emperor. This mission was both delicate and difficult. He would have much preferred that these gentlemen should have sent in writing the communications which they insisted he should bear to his Majesty, but they refused; and as a faithful servant M. de Saint-Aignan performed his duty, and prepared to speak the whole truth, whatever danger he might incur by so doing.

When he arrived at the wheelwright’s shop at Chatres, the Emperor, as we have just seen, was abandoning himself to most brilliant dreams; which circumstance was most unfortunate for M. de Saint-Aignan, since he was the bearer of disagreeable news. He came, as we have learned since, to announce to his Majesty that he should not count upon the public mind at the capital, since they were murmuring at the prolongation of the war, and desired that the Emperor should seize the occasion of making peace. It has even been stated that the word disaffection was uttered during

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this secret conference by the sincere and truthful lips of M. de Saint-Aignan. I cannot assert that this is true; for the door was closely shut, and M. de Saint-Aignan spoke in a low tone. It is certain, however, that his report and his candor excited his Majesty's anger to the highest degree; and in dismissing him with an abruptness he had certainly not merited, the Emperor raised his voice to such a pitch as to be heard outside. When M. de Saint-Aignan withdrew, and his Majesty summoned me to my duties near him, I found him much agitated, and pale with anger. A few hours after this scene the Emperor ordered his horse, and M. de Saint-Aignan, who had resumed his duties as equerry, approached to hold his stirrup; but as soon as the Emperor perceived him he threw on him an angry glance, made him a sign to withdraw, exclaiming loudly, "Mesgrigny!" This was Baron de Mesgrigny, another of his Majesty's squires. In compliance with his Majesty's wishes, M. de Mesgrigny performed the duties of M. de Saint-Aignan, who withdrew to the rear of the army to wait till the storm should be past. At the end of a few days his disgrace was ended, and all who knew him rejoiced; for the Baron de Saint-Aignan was beloved by all for his affability and loyalty.

From Chatres the Emperor marched on Troyes. The enemy who occupied this town seemed at first disposed to defend themselves there, but soon yielded, and evacuated it at the close of a capitulation. During the short time the, allies passed at Troyes, the Royalists had publicly announced their hatred to the Emperor, and their adherence to the allied powers, who came, they said, only to establish the Bourbons on the throne, and even had the imprudence to display the white flag and white cockade; and the foreign troops had consequently protected them, while exercising extreme harshness and severity towards those inhabitants who held contrary opinions.

Unfortunately for the Royalists they were in a very feeble minority, and the favor shown to them by the Russians and Prussians led the populace oppressed by the latter to hate the proteges as much as their protectors.

Even before the entrance of the Emperor into Troyes, Royalist proclamations addressed to the officers of his household or the army had fallen into his hands. He had showed no anger, but had urged those who had received, or who might receive, communications of this nature, to destroy them, and to inform no one of the contents. On his arrival at Troyes his Majesty rendered a decree proclaiming penalty of death against all Frenchmen in the service of the enemy, and those who wore the emblems and decorations of the ancient dynasty. An unfortunate emigre, accused before a council of war, was convicted of having worn the cross of St. Louis and the white cockade during the stay of the allies at Troyes, and of having furnished to the foreign generals all the information in his power.

The council pronounced sentence of death, for the proofs were positive, and the law not less so; and Chevalier Gonault fell a victim to his ill-judged devotion to a cause which

was still far from appearing national, especially in the departments occupied by the allied armies, and was executed according to military usage.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

After the brilliant successes obtained by the Emperor in such a short time, and with forces so exceedingly inferior to the great masses of the enemy, his Majesty, realizing the necessity of allowing his troops to take a rest of some days at Troyes, entered into negotiations for an armistice with the Prince von Schwarzenberg.

At this juncture it was announced to the Emperor that General Blucher, who had been wounded at Mery, was descending along both banks of the Maine, at the head of an army of fresh troops, estimated at not less than one hundred thousand men, and that he was marching on Meaux. The Prince von Schwarzenberg, having been informed of this movement of Blucher's, immediately cut short the negotiations, and assumed the offensive at Bar-sur-Seine. The Emperor, whose genius followed by a single glance all the marches and, operations of the enemy, though he could not be everywhere at once, resolved to confront Blucher in person, while by means of a stratagem he made it appear that he was present opposite Schwarzenberg; and two army corps, commanded, one by Marshal Oudinot, the other by Marshal Macdonald, were then sent to meet the Austrians. As soon as the troops approached the enemy's camp they made the air resound with the shouts of confidence and cheers with which they usually announced the presence of his Majesty, though at this very moment he was repairing in all haste to meet General Blucher.

We halted at the little village of Herbisse, where we passed the night in the manse; and the curate, seeing the Emperor arrive with his marshals, aides-de-camp, ordnance officers, service of honor, and the other services, almost lost his wits. His Majesty on alighting said to him, "Monsieur le Cure, we come to ask your hospitality for a night. Do not be frightened by this visit; we shall disturb you as little as possible." The Emperor, conducted by the good curate, beside himself with eagerness and embarrassment, established himself in the only apartment the house contained, which served at the same time as kitchen, diningroom, bedroom, cabinet, and reception-room. In an instant his Majesty had his maps and papers spread out before him, and prepared himself for work with as much ease as in his cabinet at the Tuileries. But the persons of his suite needed somewhat more time to install themselves, for it was no easy thing for so many persons to find a place in a bakehouse which, with the room occupied by his Majesty, composed the entire manse of Herbisse; but these gentlemen, although there were among them more than one dignitary and prince of the Empire, were uncomplaining, and readily disposed to accommodate themselves to circumstances. The gay good humor of these gallant soldiers, in spite of all the combats they had to sustain each day, while events every instant took a more alarming turn, was most noteworthy, and depicts well the French character.

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The youngest officers formed a circle around the curate's niece, who sang to them the songs of the country. The good curate, in the midst of continual comings and goings, and the efforts he made to play worthily his role of master of the mansion, found himself attacked on his own territory, that is to say, on his breviary, by Marshal Lefebvre, who had studied in his youth to be a priest, and said that he had preserved nothing from his first vocation except the shaven head, because it was so easy to comb. The worthy marshal intermingled his Latin quotations with those military expressions he so freely used, causing those present to indulge in bursts of laughter, in which even the curate himself joined, and said, "Monseigneur, if you had continued your studies for the priesthood you would have become a cardinal at least."—"Very likely," observed one of the officers; "and if the Abbe Maury had been a sergeant-major in '89, he might to-day be marshal of France."—"Or dead," added the Duke of Dantzic, using a much more energetic expression; "and so much the better for him, since in that case he would not see the Cossacks twenty leagues from Paris."—"Oh, bah! Monseigneur, we will drive them away," said the same officer. "Yes," the marshal muttered between his clinched teeth; "we shall see what we shall see."

At this moment the mule arrived bearing the sutler's supplies, which had been long and impatiently expected. There was no table; but one was made of a door placed on casks, and seats were improvised with planks. The chief officers seated themselves, and the others ate standing. The curate took his place at this military table on which he had himself placed his best bottles of wine, and with his native bonhomie continued to entertain the guests. At length the conversation turned on Herbisse and its surroundings, and the host was overcome with astonishment on finding that his guests knew the country so thoroughly.

"Ah, I have it!" exclaimed he, considering them attentively one after the other; "you are Champenois!" And in order to complete his surprise these gentlemen drew from their pockets plans on which they made him read the names of the very smallest localities. Then his astonishment only changed its object, for he had never dreamed that military science required such exact study. "What labor!" replied the good curate, "what pains! and all this in order the better to shoot cannon-balls at each other!" The supper over, the next thought was the arrangements for sleeping; and for this purpose we found in the neighboring barns a shelter and some straw. There remained outside, and near the door of the room occupied by the Emperor, only the officers on duty, Roustan and myself, each of whom had a bundle of straw for his bed. Our worthy host, having given up his bed to his Majesty, remained with us, and rested like us from the fatigues of the day, and was still sleeping soundly when the staff left the manse; for the Emperor arose, and set off at break of day. The curate when he awoke expressed the deepest chagrin that he had not been able to make his adieux to his Majesty. A purse was handed him containing the sum the Emperor was accustomed to leave private individuals of limited means at whose residences he halted as indemnity for their expense and trouble; and we resumed our march in the steps of the Emperor, who hastened to meet the Prussians.

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The Emperor wished to reach Soissons before the allies; but although they had been obliged to traverse roads which were practically impassable, they had arrived before our troops, and as he entered La Ferte his Majesty saw them retiring to Soissons. The Emperor was rejoiced at this sight. Soissons was defended by a formidable garrison, and could delay the enemy, while Marshals Marmont and Mortier and his Majesty in person attacked Blucher in the rear and on both flanks, and would have inclosed him as in a net. But this time again the enemy escaped from the snare the Emperor had laid for him at the very moment he thought he had seized him, for Blucher had hardly presented himself in front of Soissons before the gates were opened. General Moreau, commandant of the place, had already surrendered the town to Billow, and thus assured to the allies the passage of the Aisne. On receiving this depressing news the Emperor exclaimed, “The name of Moreau has always been fatal to me!”

Meanwhile his Majesty, continuing his pursuit of the Prussians, was occupied in delaying the passage of the Aisne. On the 5th of March he sent General Nansouty in advance, who with his cavalry took the bridge, drove the enemy back as far as Corbeny, and made a Russian colonel prisoner. After passing the night at Bery-au-Bac, the Emperor was marching towards Laon when it was announced to him that the enemy was coming to meet us; these were not Prussians, but an army corps of Russians commanded by Sacken. On advancing farther, we found the Russians established on the heights of Craonne, and covering the road to Laon in what appeared to be an impregnable position; but nevertheless the advance guard of our army, commanded by Marshal Ney, rushed forward and succeeded in taking Craonne. That was enough glory for this time, and both sides then passed the night preparing for the battle of next day. The Emperor spent it at the village of Corbeny, but without sleeping, as inhabitants of the neighboring villages arrived at all hours to give information as to the position of the enemy and the geography of the country. His Majesty questioned them himself, praised them or recompensed their zeal, and profited by their information and services. Thus, having recognized in the mayor of one of the communes in the suburbs of Craonne one of his former comrades in the regiment of La Fere, he placed him in the number of his aides-de-camp, and arranged that he should serve as guide through this country, which no one knew better than he. M. de Bussy (that was the officer’s name) had left France during the reign of terror, and on his return had not re-entered the army, but lived in retirement on his estates.

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The Emperor met again this same night one of his old companions in arms in the regiment of La Fere, an Alsatian named Wolff, who had been a sergeant of artillery in the regiment in which the Emperor and M. de Bussy had been his superior officers. He came from Strasburg, and testified to the good disposition of the inhabitants through the whole extent of the country he had traversed. The dismay caused in the allied armies by the first attacks of the Emperor made itself felt even to the frontiers; and on each road the peasants rose, armed themselves, and cut off the retreat, and killed many, of the enemy. Corps of the Emperor's adherents were formed in the Vosges, with officers of well-proved bravery at their head, who were accustomed to this species of warfare. The garrisons of the cities and fortified places of the east were full of courage and resolution; and it would have well suited the wishes of the population of this part of the Empire had France become, according to the wish expressed by the Emperor, the tomb of the foreign armies. The brave Wolff, after having given this information to the Emperor, repeated it before many other persons, myself among the number. He took only a few hours' repose, and set out again immediately; but the Emperor did not dismiss him until he had been decorated with the cross of honor, as the reward of his devotion.

The battle of Craonne commenced, or I should say recommenced, on the 7th at break of day, the infantry commanded by the Prince of Moskwa—[Marshall Ney] and the Duke of Belluno, who was wounded on this day. Generals Grouchy and Nansouty, the first commanding the cavalry of the army, the second at the head of the cavalry of the guard, also received severe wounds. The difficulty was not so much to take the heights, as to hold them when taken. Meanwhile the French artillery, directed by the modest and skillful General Drouot, forced the enemy's artillery to yield their ground foot by foot. This was a terribly bloody struggle; for the sides of the heights were too steep to allow of attacking the Russians on the flank, and the retreat was consequently slow and murderous. They fell back at length, however, and abandoned the field of battle to our troops, who pursued them as far as the inn of the Guardian Angel, situated on the highroad from Soissons to Laon, when they wheeled about, and held their position in this spot for several hours.

The Emperor, who in this battle as in every other of this campaign, had exposed his person and incurred as many dangers as the most daring soldiers, now transferred his headquarters to the village of Bray. As soon as he entered the room which served as his cabinet, he had me summoned, and I pulled off his boots, while he leaned on my shoulder without uttering a word, threw his hat and sword on the table, and threw himself on his bed, uttering a deep sigh, or rather one of those exclamations which we cannot tell whether they arise from discouragement or simply from fatigue.

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His Majesty's countenance was sad and careworn, nevertheless he slept from sheer weariness for many hours. I awoke him to announce the arrival of M. de Rumigny, who was the bearer of dispatches from Chatillon. In the condition of the Emperor's mind at this moment he seemed ready to accept any reasonable conditions which might be offered him; therefore I admit I hoped (in which many joined me) that we were approaching the moment when we should obtain the peace which we so ardently desired. The Emperor received M. de Rumigny without witnesses, and the interview lasted a long while. Nothing transpired of what had been said, and it occurred to me that this mystery argued nothing good. The next day early M. de Rumigny returned to Chatillon, where the Duke of Vicenza awaited him; and from the few words his Majesty uttered as he mounted his horse to return to his advance posts, it was easy to see that he had not yet resigned himself to the idea of making a peace which he regarded as dishonorable.

While the Duke of Vicenza was at Chatillon or Lusigny for the purpose of treating for a peace, the orders of the Emperor delayed or hastened the conclusion of the treaty according to his successes or repulses. On the appearance of a ray of hope he demanded more than they were willing to grant, imitating in this respect the example which the allied sovereigns had set him, whose requirements since the armistice of Dresden increased in proportion as they advanced towards France. At last everything was finally broken off, and the Duke of Vicenza rejoined his Majesty at Saint-Dizier. I was in a small room so near his sleeping-room that I could not avoid hearing their conversation. The Duke of Vicenza earnestly besought the Emperor to accede to the proposed conditions, saying that they were reasonable now, but later would no longer be so. As the Duke of Vicenza still returned to the charge, arguing against the Emperor's postponing his positive decision, his Majesty burst out vehemently, "You are a Russian, Caulaincourt!"—"No, Sire," replied the duke with spirit, "no; I am a Frenchman! I think that I have proved this by urging your Majesty to make peace."

The discussion thus continued with much warmth in terms which unfortunately I cannot recall. But I remember well that every time the Duke of Vicenza insisted and endeavored to make his Majesty appreciate the reasons on account of which peace had become indispensable, the Emperor replied, "If I gain a battle, as I am sure of doing, I will be in a situation to exact the most favorable conditions. The grave of the Russians is under the walls of Paris! My measures are all taken, and victory cannot fail."

After this conversation, which lasted more than an hour, and in which the Duke of Vicenza was entirely unsuccessful, he left his Majesty's room, and rapidly crossed the saloon where I was; and I remarked as he passed that his countenance showed marks of agitation, and that, overcome by his deep emotion, great tears rolled from his eyes. Doubtless he was deeply wounded by what the Emperor had said to him of his partiality

for Russia; and whatever may have been the cause, from that day I never saw the Duke of Vicenza except at Fontainebleau.

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The Emperor, meanwhile, marched with the advance guard, and wished to reach Laon on the evening of the 8th; but in order to gain this town it was necessary to pass on a narrow causeway through marshy land. The enemy was in possession of this road, and opposed our passage. After a few cannon-shots were exchanged his Majesty deferred till next day the attempt to force a passage, and returned, not to sleep (for at this critical time he rarely slept), but to pass the night in the village of Chavignon.

In the middle of this night General Flahaut

[Count Auguste Charles Joseph Flahaut de la Billarderie, born in Paris, 1785; colonel in 1809; aide-de-camp to the Emperor, 1812; and made a general of division for conduct at Leipzig; was at Waterloo. Ambassador to Vienna, 1841-1848, and senator, 1853; died 1870. He was one of the lovers of Queen Hortense, and father by her of the late Duc de Morny.—TRANS.]

came to announce to the Emperor that the commissioners of the allied powers had broken the conferences at Lusigny. The army was not informed of this, although the news would probably have surprised no one. Before daylight General Gourgaud set out at the head of a detachment selected from the bravest soldiers of the army, and following a cross road which turned to the left through the marshes, fell unexpectedly on the enemy, slew many of them in the darkness, and drew the attention and efforts of the allied generals upon himself, while Marshal Ney, still at the head of the advance guard, profited by this bold maneuver to force a passage of the causeway. The whole army hastened to follow this movement, and on the evening of the 9th was in sight of Laon, and ranged in line of battle before the enemy who occupied the town and its heights. The army corps of the Duke of Ragusa had arrived by another road, and also formed in line of battle before the Russian and Prussian armies. His Majesty passed the night expediting his orders, and preparing everything for the grand attack which was to take place next morning at daylight.

The appointed hour having arrived, I had just finished in haste the toilet of the Emperor, which was very short, and he had already put his foot in the stirrup, when we saw running towards us on foot, with the utmost speed and all out of breath, some cavalrymen belonging to the army corps of the Duke of Ragusa. His Majesty had them brought before him, and inquired angrily the meaning of this disorder. They replied that their bivouacs had been attacked unexpectedly by the enemy; that they and their comrades had resisted to the utmost these overwhelming forces, although they had barely time to seize their arms; that they had at last been compelled to yield to numbers, and it was only by a miracle they had escaped the massacre. “Yes,” said the Emperor knitting his brow, “by a miracle of agility, as we have just seen. What has become of the marshal?” One of the soldiers replied that he saw the Duke of Ragusa fall

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dead, another that he had been taken prisoner. His Majesty sent his aide-de-camp and orderly officers to ascertain, and found that the report of the cavalrymen was only too true. The enemy had not waited to be attacked, but had fallen on the army corps of the Duke of Ragusa, surrounded it, and taken a part of his artillery. The marshal, however, had been neither wounded nor taken prisoner, but was on the road to Rheims, endeavoring to arrest and bring back the remains of his army corps.

The news of this disaster greatly increased his Majesty's chagrin; but nevertheless the enemy was driven back to the gates of Laon, though the recapture of the city was impossible. After a few fruitless attempts, or rather after some false attacks, the object of which was to conceal his retreat from the enemy, the Emperor returned to Chavignon and passed the night. The next day, the 11th, we left this village, and the army fell back to Soissons. His Majesty alighted at the bishopric, and immediately commanded Marshal Mortier, together with the principal officials of the place, to take measures to put the town in a state of defense. For two days the Emperor shut himself up at work in his cabinet, and left it only to examine the locality, visit the fortifications, and everywhere give orders and see that they were executed. In the midst of these preparations for defense, his Majesty learned that the town of Rheims had been taken by the Russian general, Saint-Priest, notwithstanding the vigorous resistance of General Corbineau, of whose fate we were ignorant, but it was believed that he was dead or had fallen into the hands of the Russians. His Majesty confided the defense of Soissons to the Marshal Duke of Treviso, and himself set out for Rheims by forced marches; and we arrived the same evening at the gates of the city, where the Russians were not expecting his Majesty. Our soldiers entered this battle without having taken any repose, but fought with the resolution which the presence and example of the Emperor never failed to inspire. The combat lasted the whole evening, and was prolonged far into the night; but after General Saint-Priest had been grievously wounded the resistance of his troops became less vigorous, and at two o'clock in the morning they abandoned the town. The Emperor and his army entered by one gate while the Russians were emerging from the other; and as the inhabitants pressed in crowds around his Majesty, he inquired before alighting from his horse what havoc the enemy was supposed to have made. It was answered that the town had suffered only the amount of injury which was the inevitable result of a bloody nocturnal struggle, and that moreover the enemy had maintained severe discipline among the troops during their stay and up to the moment of retreat. Among those who pressed around his Majesty at this moment was the brave General Corbineau. He wore a citizen's coat, and had remained disguised and concealed in a private house of the town.

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On the morning of the next day he again presented himself before the Emperor, who welcomed him cordially, and complimented him on the courage he had displayed under such trying circumstances. The Duke of Ragusa had rejoined his Majesty under the walls of Rheims, and had contributed with his army corps to the capture of the town. When he appeared before the Emperor, the latter burst out in harsh and severe reproaches regarding the affair at Laon; but his anger was not of long duration, and his Majesty soon resumed towards the marshal the tone of friendship with which he habitually honored him. They held a long conference, and the Duke of Ragusa remained to dine with the Emperor.

His Majesty spent three days at Rheims in order to give his troops time to rest and recuperate before continuing this arduous campaign. They were in sore need of this; for even old soldiers would have had great difficulty in enduring such continued forced marches, which often ended only in a bloody battle; nevertheless, the greater part of the brave men who obeyed with such unwearied ardor the Emperor's orders, and who never refused to endure any fatigue or any danger, were conscripts who had been levied in haste, and fought against the most warlike and best disciplined troops in Europe. The greater part had not had even sufficient time to learn the drill, and took their first lessons in the presence of the enemy, brave young fellows who sacrificed themselves without a murmur, and to whom the Emperor once only did injustice,—in the circumstance which I have formerly related, and in which M. Larrey played such a heroic part. It is a well-known fact that the wonderful campaign of 1814 was made almost entirely with conscripts newly levied.

During the halt of three days which we made at Rheims, the Emperor saw with intense joy, which he openly manifested, the arrival of an army corps of six thousand men, whom the brave Dutch General Janssens brought to his aid. This re-enforcement of experienced troops could not have come more opportunely. While our soldiers were taking breath before recommencing a desperate struggle, his Majesty was giving himself up to the most varied labors with his accustomed ardor. In the midst of the cares and dangers of war the Emperor neglected none of the affairs of the Empire, but worked for several hours each day with the Duke of Bassano, received couriers from Paris, dictated his replies, and fatigued his secretaries almost as much as his generals and soldiers. As for himself, he was indefatigable as of yore.

CHAPTER XXV.

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Affairs had reached a point where the great question of triumph or defeat could not long remain undecided. According to one of the habitual expressions of the Emperor, the pear was ripe; but who was to gather it? The Emperor while at Rheims appeared to have no doubt that the result would be in his favor. By one of those bold combinations which astonish the world, and change in a single battle the face of affairs, although the enemy had approached the capital, his Majesty being unable to prevent it, he nevertheless resolved to attack them in the rear, compel them to wheel about, and place themselves in opposition to the army which he commanded in person, and thus save Paris from their invasion. With the intention of executing this bold combination the Emperor left Rheims. Meanwhile, being anxious concerning his wife and son, the Emperor, before attempting this great enterprise, wrote in the greatest secrecy to his brother, Prince Joseph, lieutenant-general of the Empire, to have them conveyed to a place of safety in case the danger became imminent. I knew nothing of this order the day it was sent, as the Emperor kept it a secret from every one; but when I learned afterwards that it was from Rheims that this command had been addressed to Prince Joseph, I thought that I could without fear of being mistaken fix the date at March 15th. That evening, in fact, his Majesty had talked to me as he retired of the Empress and the King of Rome; and as usual, whenever he had during the day been deeply impressed with any idea, it always recurred to him in the evening; and for that reason I conclude that this was the day on which his mind had been occupied with putting in a place of shelter from the dangers of the war the two objects of his most devoted affection.

From Rheims we directed our course to Epernay, the garrison and inhabitants of which had just repulsed the enemy, who the evening before had attempted to capture it. There the Emperor learned of the arrival at Troyes of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. His Majesty, in order to testify to the inhabitants of Epernay his satisfaction with their admirable conduct, rewarded them in the person of their mayor by giving him the cross of the Legion of Honor. This was M. Moet, whose reputation has become almost as European as that of Champagne wine.

During this campaign, without being too lavish of the cross of honor, his Majesty presented it on several occasions to those of the inhabitants who were foremost in resisting the enemy. Thus, for example, I remember that before leaving Rheims he gave one to a simple farmer of the village of Selles whose name I have forgotten. This brave man, on learning that a detachment of Prussians was approaching his commune, put himself at the head of the National Guard, whom he encouraged both by word and example; and the result of his enterprise was forty-five prisoners, among them three officers, whom he brought into the town.

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How many deeds similar to this occurred which it is impossible to remember! However all that may be, the Emperor on leaving Epernay marched towards Fere-Champenoise, I will not say in all haste, for that is a term which might be used concerning all his Majesty's movements, who sprang with the rapidity of an eagle on the point where his presence seemed most necessary. Nevertheless, the enemy's army, which had crossed the Seine at Pont and Nogent, having learned of the re-occupation of Rheims by the Emperor, and understanding the movement he wished to make on their rear, began their retreat on the 17th, and retook successively the bridges which he had constructed at Pont, Nogent, and Arcis-sur-Aube. On the 18th occurred the battle of Fere-Champenoise, which his Majesty fought to clear the road intervening between him and Arcis-sur-Aube, where were the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, who, on learning of this new success of the Emperor, quickly fell back to Troyes. The pronounced intention of his Majesty was then to go as far as Bar-sur-Aube. We had already passed the Aube at Plancy, and the Seine at Mery, but it was necessary to return to Plancy. This was on the 19th, the same day on which the Count d'Artois arrived at Nancy, and on which the rupture of the Congress of Chatillon occurred, which I mentioned in the preceding chapter, following the order in which my souvenirs recurred to my mind.

The 20th March was, as I have said, an eventful date in the Emperor's life, and was to become still more so one year later. The 20th March, 1814, the King of Rome completed his third year, while the Emperor was exposing himself, if it were possible, even more than was his usual custom. At the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, which took place on that day, his Majesty saw that at last he would have new enemies to encounter. The Austrians themselves entered the line of battle; and an immense army, under the command of the Prince von Schwarzenberg, spread itself out before him, when he supposed he had only an advance guard to resist. The coincidence may not perhaps appear unimportant that the Austrian army did not begin to fight seriously or attack the Emperor in person until the day after the rupture of the Congress of Chatillon. Was this the result of chance, or did the Emperor of Austria indeed prefer to remain in the second line, and spare the person of his son-in-law, so long as peace appeared possible to him? This is a question which it is not my province to answer.

The battle of Arcis-sur-Aube was terrible, and ended only with the close of day. The Emperor still occupied the city in spite of the combined efforts of an army of one hundred and thirty thousand fresh troops, who attacked thirty thousand worn out by fatigue. The battle still continued during the night, while the fire of the faubourgs lighted our defenses and the works of the besieging-party. It was at last found impossible to hold our position longer, and

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only one bridge remained by which the army could effect its retreat. The Emperor had another constructed; and the retreat commenced, but in good order, in spite of the numerous masses which closely threatened us. This unfortunate affair was the most disastrous his Majesty had experienced during the whole campaign, since the roads leading to the capital had been left uncovered; and the prodigies of his genius and valor were unavailing against such overwhelming numbers. An instance which furnishes an excellent proof of the presence of mind which the Emperor preserved in the most critical positions was, that before evacuating Arcis he committed to the Sisters of Charity a sum sufficient for the first needs of the wounded.

On the evening of the 21st we arrived at Sommepuis, where the Emperor passed the night. There I heard him for the first time pronounce the name of the Bourbons. His Majesty was extremely agitated, and spoke in such broken tones that I understood only these words, which he repeated many times: “Recall them myself—recall the Bourbons! What would the enemy say? No, no? it is impossible! Never!” These words which escaped the Emperor in one of those attacks of preoccupation to which he was subject whenever his soul was deeply moved astonished me inexpressibly; for the idea had never once entered my mind that there could be any other government in France than that of his Majesty. Besides, it may be easily understood that in the position I then occupied I had scarcely heard the Bourbons mentioned, except to the Empress Josephine in the early days of the Consulate, while I was still in her service.

The various divisions of the French army and the masses of the enemy were then so closely pressed against each other, that the enemy occupied each point the moment we were compelled to abandon it; thus, on the 22d the allies seized Epernay, and, in order to punish this faithful town for the heroic defense it had previously made, orders were given that it should be pillaged. Pillage? The Emperor called it the crime of war; and I heard him often express in most vehement terms the horror with which it inspired him, which was so extreme that at no time did he authorize it during his long series of triumphs. Pillage! And yet every proclamation of our devastators declared boldly that they made war only on the Emperor; they had the audacity to repeat this statement, and some were foolish enough to believe them. On this point I saw too plainly what actually occurred to have ever believed in the ideal magnanimity which has since been so much vaunted.

On the 23d we were at Saint-Dizier, where the Emperor returned to his first plan of attacking the enemy’s rear. The next day, just as his Majesty mounted his horse to go to Doulevent, a general officer of the Austrians was brought to him, whose arrival caused a great sensation at headquarters, as it delayed the Emperor’s departure for a few moments. I soon learned that it was Baron de Weissemberg, ambassador

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from Austria to London, who was returning from England. The Emperor ordered that he should follow him to Doulevent, where his Majesty gave him a verbal message to the Emperor of Austria, while Colonel Galbois was charged with a letter which the Emperor had the Duke of Vicenza write. But after a movement by the French army towards Chaumont, by the road of Langres, the Emperor of Austria, finding himself separated from the Emperor Alexander, was forced to fall back as far as Dijon. I remember that on his arrival at Doulevent his Majesty received secret information from his faithful director-general of the post, M. de Lavalette. This information, the purport of which I did not know, appeared to produce the deepest impression on the Emperor; but he soon resumed before the eyes of those around his accustomed serenity, though for some time past I had seen that this was only assumed. I have learned since that M. de Lavalette informed the Emperor that there was not a moment to lose if he would save the capital. Such an opinion from such a man could only be an expression of the real truth, and it was this conviction which contributed to increase the Emperor's anxiety. Until then the news from Paris had been favorable; and much had been said of the zeal and devotion of the National Guard, which nothing could dismay. At the various theaters patriotic pieces had been played, and notably the 'Oriflamme' at the Opera, a very trivial circumstance apparently, but which nevertheless acted very powerfully on the minds of enthusiasts, and for this reason was not to be disdained. Indeed, the small amount of news that we had received represented Paris as entirely devoted to his Majesty, and ready to defend itself against any attacks. And in fact, this news was not untrue; and the handsome conduct of the National Guard under the orders, of Marshal Moncey, the enthusiasm of the different schools, and the bravery of the pupils of the polytechnic schools, soon furnished proof of this. But events were stronger than men. Meanwhile, time passed on, and we were approaching the fatal conclusion; each day, each moment, saw those immense masses collecting from the extremities of Europe, inclosing Paris, and pressing it with a thousand arms, and during these last days it might well be said that the battle raged incessantly. On the 26th the Emperor, led by the noise of a fierce cannonade, again repaired to Saint-Dizier, where his rear-guard was attacked by very superior forces, and compelled to evacuate the town; but General Milhaud and General Sebastiani repulsed the enemy on the Marne at the ford of Valcourt; the presence of the Emperor produced its accustomed effect, and we re-entered Saint-Dizier, while the enemy fled in the greatest disorder over the road to Vitry-le-Francais and that of Bar-sur-Ornain. The Emperor moved towards the latter town, thinking that he now had the Prince of Schwarzenberg in his power; but just as he arrived there learned that it was not the Austrian general-in-chief whom he had fought, but only one of his lieutenants, Count Witzingerode. Schwarzenberg had deceived him; on the 23d he had made a junction with General Blucher, and these two generals at the head of the coalition had rushed with their masses of soldiers upon the capital.

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However disastrous might be the news brought to headquarters, the Emperor wished to verify its truth in person, and on his return from Saint-Dizier made a detour to Vitry, in order to assure himself of the march of the allies on Paris; and all his doubts were dissipated by what he saw. Could Paris hold out long enough for him to crush the enemy against its walls? Thereafter this was his sole and engrossing thought. He immediately placed himself at the head of his army, and we marched on Paris by the road to Troyes. At Doulencourt he received a courier from King Joseph, who announced to him the march of the allies on Paris. That very moment he sent General Dejean in haste to his brother to inform him of his speedy arrival. If he could defend himself for two days, only two days, the allied armies would enter Paris, only to find there a tomb. In what a state of anxiety the Emperor then was! He set out with his headquarters squadrons. I accompanied him, and left him for the first time at Troyes, on the morning of the 30th, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

What a time was this! How sad the period and events of which I have now to recall the sad memory! I have now arrived at the fatal day when the combined armies of Europe were to sully the soil of Paris, of that capital, free for so many years from the presence of the invader. What a blow to the Emperor! And what cruel expiation his great soul now made for his triumphant entries into Vienna and Berlin! It was, then, all in vain that he had displayed such incredible activity during the admirable campaign of France, in which his genius had displayed itself as brilliantly as during his Italian campaign. The first time I saw him on the day after a battle was at Marengo; and what a contrast his attitude of dejection presented when I saw him again on the 31st of March at Fontainebleau.

Having accompanied His Majesty everywhere, I was near him at Troyes on the morning of the 30th of March.

The Emperor set out at ten o’clock, accompanied only by the grand marshal and the Duke of Vicenza. It was then known at headquarters that the allied troops were advancing on Paris; but we were far from suspecting that at the very moment of the Emperor’s hurried departure the battle before Paris was being most bitterly waged. At least I had heard nothing to lead me to believe it. I received an order to move to Essonne, and, as means of transportation had become scarce and hard to obtain, did not arrive there until the morning of the 31st, and had been there only a short time when the courier brought me an order to repair to Fontainebleau, which I immediately did. It was then I learned that the Emperor had gone from Troyes to Montereau in two hours, having made the journey of ten leagues in that short space of time. I also learned that the Emperor and his small suite had been obliged to make use of a chaise on the road to Paris, between Essonne and Villejuif. He advanced as far as the Cour de France

with the intention of marching on Paris; but there, verifying the news and the cruel certainty of the surrender of Paris, had sent to me the courier whom I mentioned above.

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I had been at Fontainebleau only a short while when the Emperor arrived. His countenance was pale and harassed to a greater degree than I had ever seen it; and he who knew so well how to control all the emotions of his soul did not seem to attempt to conceal the dejection which was so manifest both in his attitude and in his countenance. It was evident how greatly he was suffering from all the disastrous events which had accumulated one after the other in terrible progression. The Emperor said nothing to any one, and closeted himself immediately in his cabinet, with the Dukes of Bassano and Vicenza and the Prince of Neuchatel. These generals remained a long while with the Emperor, who afterwards received some general officers. His Majesty retired very late, and appeared to me entirely crushed. From time to time I heard stifled sighs escape from his breast, with which were mingled the name of Marmont, which I could not then understand, as I had heard nothing of the terms of the surrender, and knew that the Duke of Ragusa was a marshal to whom the Emperor seemed always deeply attached. I saw that evening, at Fontainebleau, Marshal Moncey, who the evening before had bravely commanded the national guard at the barricade of Clichy, and also the Duke of Dantzic.

A gloomy and silent sadness which is perfectly indescribable reigned at Fontainebleau during the two days which followed. Overcome by so many repeated blows, the Emperor seldom entered his cabinet, where he usually passed so many hours engaged in work. He was so absorbed in his conflicting thoughts, that often he did not notice the arrival of persons whom he had summoned, looked at them, so to speak, without seeing them, and sometimes remained nearly half an hour without addressing them; then, as if awaking from this state of stupefaction, asked them questions without seeming to hear the reply; and even the presence of the Duke of Bassano and the Duke of Vicenza, whom he summoned more frequently, did not interrupt this condition of preoccupation or lethargy, so to speak. The hours for meals were the same, and they were served as usual; but all took place amid complete silence, broken only by the necessary noise of the service. At the Emperor’s toilet the same silence; not a word issued from his lips; and if in the morning I suggested to him one of the drinks that he usually took, he not only did not reply, but nothing in his countenance which I attentively observed could make me believe that he had heard me. This situation was terrible for all the persons attached to his Majesty.

Was the Emperor really so overwhelmed by his evil fortune? Was his genius as benumbed as his body? I must admit, in all candor, that seeing him so different from what he appeared after the disasters of Moscow, and even when I had left him at Troyes a few days before, I strongly believed it. But this was by no means the case; his soul was a prey to one fixed idea that of taking the offensive and marching on Paris.

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And though, indeed, he remained overwhelmed with consternation in his intimate intercourse with his most faithful ministers and most skillful generals, he revived at sight of his soldiers, thinking, doubtless, that the one would suggest only prudent counsels while the others would never reply aught but in shouts of “Vive l’Empereur!” to the most daring orders he might give. For instance, on the 2d of April he momentarily, so to speak, shook off his dejection, and in the court of the palace held a review of his guard, who had just rejoined him at Fontainebleau. He addressed his soldiers in a firm voice, saying:
“Soldiers! the enemy has stolen three marches on us, and has taken possession of Paris; we must drive them out. Unworthy Frenchmen, emigres to whom we have extended pardon, have donned the white cockade, and gone over to our enemies. The cowards! They will reap the reward of this new treason. Let us swear to conquer or to die, and to have respect shown to this tricolored cockade, which for twenty-five years we have borne on the road to glory and honor.”

The troops were roused to enthusiasm at the sound of their chief’s voice, and shouted in unison, “Paris! Paris!” But the Emperor, nevertheless, resumed his former dejection on crossing the threshold of the palace, which arose no doubt from the fear, only too well founded, of seeing his desire to march on Paris thwarted by his lieutenants. It is only since, that reflecting on the events of that time, I am enabled to conjecture as to the struggles which passed in the soul of the Emperor; for then, as during my entire period of service, I would not have dared to think of going outside the limits of my ordinary duties and functions.

Meanwhile, the situation became more and more unfavorable to the wishes and plans of the Emperor. The Duke of Vicenza had been sent to Paris, where a provisional government had been formed under the presidency of the Prince of Benevento, without having succeeded in his mission to the Emperor Alexander; and each day his Majesty with deep grief witnessed the adhesion of the marshals and a large number of generals to the new government. He felt the Prince de Neuchatel’s desertion deeply; and I must say that, unaccustomed as we were to political combinations, we were overcome with astonishment.

Here I find that I am compelled to speak of myself, which I have done as little as possible in the course of these memoirs, and I think this is a justice which all my readers will do me; but what I have to say is too intimately connected with the last days I passed with the Emperor, and concerns my personal honor too nearly, for me to suppose that I can be reproached for so doing. I was, as may well be supposed, very anxious as to the fate of my family, of whom I had received no news for a long while; and, at the same time, the cruel disease from which I had long suffered had made frightful progress, owing to the

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fatigue of the last campaign. Nevertheless, the mental suffering to which I saw the Emperor a victim so entirely absorbed all my thoughts, that I took no precautions against the physical suffering which I endured; and I had not even thought of asking for a safeguard for the country-house I possessed in the environs of Fontainebleau. A free corps having seized it, had established themselves there, after having pillaged and destroyed everything, even the little flock of merino sheep which I owed to the kindness of the Empress Josephine. The Emperor, having been informed of it by others than myself, said to me one morning at his toilet, “Constant, I owe you indemnity.”—-“Sire?”—“Yes, my child, I know that your place has been pillaged, I know that you have incurred considerable losses in the Russian campaign; I have given an order that fifty thousand francs should be handed you to cover the whole.” I thanked his Majesty, who more than indemnified me for my losses.

This occurred during the first days of our last stay at Fontainebleau. At the same period the Emperor’s removal to the Island of Elba having been already discussed, the grand marshal of the palace asked me if I would follow his Majesty to this residence. God is my witness that I had no other wish than to consecrate all my life to the service of the Emperor; therefore I did not need a moment’s reflection to reply that this could not be a matter of doubt; and I occupied myself almost immediately with preparations for the sojourn, which proved to be not a long one, but the duration of which no human intelligence could then have been able to foretell.

Meanwhile, in the retirement of his chamber, the Emperor became each day more sad and careworn; and when I saw him alone, which often occurred, for I tried to be near him as much as possible, I remarked the extreme agitation which the reading of the dispatches he received from Paris caused him; this agitation was many times so great that I noticed he had torn his leg with his nails until the blood flowed, without being aware of it. I then took the liberty of informing him of the fact as gently as possible, with the hope of putting an end to this intense preoccupation, which cut me to the heart. Several times also the Emperor asked Roustan for his pistols; fortunately I had taken the precaution, seeing his Majesty so unnerved, to recommend him not to give them to him, however much the Emperor might insist. I thought it my duty to give an account of all this to the Duke of Vicenza, who entirely approved of my conduct. One morning, I do not recall whether it was the 10th or 11th of April, but it was certainly on one of those days, the Emperor, who had said nothing to me in the morning, had me called during the day. I had hardly entered his room when he said to me, in a tone of most winning kindness, “My dear Constant, there is a hundred thousand francs waiting for you at Peyrache’s; if your wife arrives before our departure, you will

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give them to her; if she should not, put them in the corner of your country-place, note the exact location of the spot, which you will send to her by some safe person. When one has served me well he should not be in want. Your wife will build a farm, in which she will invest this money; she will live with your mother and sister, and you will not have the fear of leaving her in need." Even more moved by the provident kindness of the Emperor, who thus deigned to consider the interests of my family affairs, than delighted with the great value of the present he had made me, I could hardly find words to express to him my gratitude; and such was, besides, my carelessness of the future, so far from me had been the thought that this great Empire could come to an end, that this was the first time I had really considered the embarrassed condition in which I would have left my family, if the Emperor had not thus generously provided for them. I had, in fact, no fortune, and possessed in all the world only my pillaged house, and the fifty thousand francs destined to repair it.

Under these circumstances, not knowing when I should see my wife again, I made arrangements to follow the advice his Majesty had been kind enough to give me; converted my hundred thousand francs into gold, which I put into five bags; and taking with me the wardrobe boy Denis, whose honesty was above suspicion, we followed the road through the forest to avoid being seen by any of the persons who occupied my house. We cautiously entered a little inclosure belonging to me, the gate of which could not be seen on account of the trees, although they were now without foliage; and with the aid of Denis I succeeded in burying my treasure, after taking an exact note of the place, and then returned to the palace, being certainly very far from foreseeing how much chagrin and tribulation those hundred thousand francs would cause me, as we shall see in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Here more than ever I must beg the indulgence of my readers as to the order in which I relate the events I witnessed during the Emperor's stay at Fontainebleau, and those connected with them which did not come to my knowledge until later. I must also apologize for any inaccuracy in dates of which I may be guilty, though I remember collectively, so to speak, all that occurred during the unhappy twenty days which ensued between the occupation of Paris and the departure of his Majesty for the Island of Elba; for I was so completely absorbed in the unhappy condition of my good master that all my faculties hardly sufficed for the sensations I experienced every moment. We suffered in the Emperor's sufferings; it occurred to none of us to imprint on his memory the recollection of so much agony, for we lived, so to speak, only provisionally.

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During the first days of our stay at Fontainebleau the idea that the Emperor would soon cease to reign over France was very far from entering the minds of any of those around him, for every one was possessed with the conviction that the Emperor of Austria would not consent that his son-in-law, daughter, and grandson should be dethroned; in this they were strangely mistaken. I remarked during these first days that even more petitions than usual were addressed to his Majesty; but I am ignorant whether he responded favorably, or even if he replied at all. The Emperor often took up the daily papers, but after casting his eyes over them threw them down angrily; and if we recall the shameless abuse in which those writers indulged who had so often lavished fulsome praises on him, it may well be understood that such a transition would naturally excite his Majesty's disgust. The Emperor usually remained alone; and the person whom he saw most frequently was the Duke of Bassano, the only one of his ministers then at Fontainebleau; for the Duke of Vicenza, being charged continually with missions, was, so to speak, constantly on the wing, especially as long as his Majesty retained the hope of seeing a regency in favor of his son succeed him in the government. In seeking to recall the varied feelings whose impress I remarked on his Majesty's countenance, I think I may affirm that he was even more deeply affected by being compelled to renounce the throne for his son than in resigning it for himself. When the marshals or the Duke of Vicenza spoke to his Majesty of arrangements relating to his person, it was easy to see that he forced himself to listen to them only with the greatest repugnance. One day when they spoke of the Island of Elba, and I do not know what sum per year, I heard his Majesty reply vehemently: "That is too much, much too much for me. If I am no longer anything more than a common soldier, I do not need more than one louis per day."

Nevertheless, the time arrived when, pressed on every side, his Majesty submitted to sign the act of abdication pure and simple, which was demanded of him. This memorable act was conceived in these terms:

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even his life, which he is not willing to make for the interests of France.

Done at the palace of Fontainebleau, 11th of April, 1814.

"*Napoleon*."

I do not need to say that I then had no knowledge of the act of abdication above given; it was one of those state secrets which emanated from the cabinet, and hardly entered into the confidence of the bedroom. I only recall that there was some discussion of the matter, though very vague, that same day in the household; and, besides, it was evident that something extraordinary was taking place, and the whole day his Majesty seemed

more depressed than at any previous time; but, nevertheless, I was far from anticipating the agony which followed this fatal day!

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I beg the reader in advance to give earnest attention to the event which I shall now relate. I now become a historian, since I inscribe the painful remembrance of a striking act in the career of the Emperor; of an event which has been the subject of innumerable controversies, though it has been necessarily only a matter of surmise, since I alone knew all the painful details. I refer to the poisoning of the Emperor at Fontainebleau. I trust I do not need to protest my perfect truthfulness; I feel too keenly the great importance of such a revelation to allow myself to omit or add the least circumstance to the truth. I shall therefore relate events just as they occurred, just as I saw them, and as memory, has engraved the painful details indelibly on my mind.

On the 11th of April I undressed the Emperor as usual, I think rather earlier than usual; for, if I remember aright, it was not quite half-past ten. As he retired he appeared to me better than during the day, and in nearly the same condition he had been on previous evenings. I slept in a room on the next floor, situated behind the Emperor's room, with which it communicated by a small, dark staircase. For some time past I had slept in my clothes, in order to attend the Emperor more promptly if he should call me; and I was sleeping soundly, when at midnight I was awaked by M. Pelard, who was on duty. He told me that the Emperor had asked for me, and on opening my eyes I saw on his face an expression of alarm which astounded me. I threw myself out of the bed, and rapidly descended the staircase, as M. Pelard added, "The Emperor has poured something in a glass and drunk it." I entered his Majesty's room, a prey to indescribable anxiety. The Emperor had lain down; but in advancing towards his bed I saw on the floor between the fireplace and the bed the little bag of black silk and skin, of which I spoke some time since. It was the same he had worn on his neck since the campaign in Spain, and which I had guarded so carefully from one campaign to another. Ah! if I had suspected what it contained. In this terrible moment the truth was suddenly revealed to me!

Meanwhile, I was at the head of the Emperor's bed. "Constant," said he, in a voice painfully weak and broken, "Constant, I am dying! I cannot endure the agony I suffer, above all the humiliation of seeing myself surrounded by foreign emissaries! My eagles have been trailed in the dust! I have not been understood! My poor Constant, they will regret me when I am no more! Marmont dealt me the finishing stroke. The wretch! I loved him! Berthier's desertion has ruined me! My old friends, my old companions in arms!" The Emperor said to me many other things which I fear I might not repeat correctly; and it may well be understood that, overwhelmed as I was with despair, I did not attempt to engrave in my memory the words which at intervals escaped the Emperor's lips; for he did not speak continuously, and the complaints I have

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related were uttered only between intervals of repose, or rather of stupor. While my eyes were fastened on the Emperor's countenance, I noticed on it a sudden contraction, which was the premonition of a convulsion which frightened me terribly; fortunately this convulsion brought on a slight attack of vomiting, which gave me some hope. The Emperor, amidst his complicated physical and mental sufferings, maintained perfect selfpossession, and said to me, after the first vomiting spell, "Constant, call M. Yvan and Caulaincourt." I half opened the door, and gave the order to M. Pelard, without leaving the Emperor's room, and returning to his bed, besought and entreated him to take a soothing potion; but all my efforts were in vain, so strong was his determination to die, even when in the presence of death.

In spite of the obstinate refusal of the Emperor, I was still entreating him when M. de Caulaincourt and M. Yvan entered the room. His Majesty made a sign to the Duke of Vicenza to approach his bed, and said to him, "Caulaincourt, I recommend to you my wife and child; serve them as you have served me. I have not long to live!" At this moment the Emperor was interrupted by another fit of vomiting, but slighter than the first, during which I tried to tell the duke that the Emperor had taken poison; he understood rather than heard me, for sobs stifled my voice to such an extent that I could not pronounce a word distinctly. M. Yvan drew near, and the Emperor said to him, "Do you believe the dose was strong enough?" These words were really an enigma to M. Yvan; for he was not aware of the existence of this sachet, at least not to my knowledge, and therefore answered, "I do not know what your Majesty means;" to which his Majesty made no reply.

The Duke of Vicenza, M. Yvan, and I, having united our entreaties to the Emperor, were so fortunate at length as to induce him, though not without much difficulty, to drink a cup of tea, which he had refused when I had made it in much haste and presented it to him, saying, "Let me alone, Constant; let me alone." But, as a result of our redoubled efforts, he drank it at last, and the vomiting ceased. Soon after taking the tea the Emperor appeared calmer and fell asleep. These gentlemen quietly retired; and I remained alone in his room, where I awaited until he woke.

After a sleep of a few hours the Emperor awoke, seeming almost as usual, although his face still bore traces of what he had suffered, and while I assisted him in his morning toilet did not utter a word relating in the most indirect manner to the frightful night he had just passed. He breakfasted as usual, only a little later than ordinary. His appearance had resumed its usual calm, and he seemed more cheerful than for a long time past. Was it the result of his satisfaction at having escaped death, which a momentary despair had made him desire? Or did it not rather arise from the certainty of no longer fearing it in his bed more than on the battlefield? However that may be, I attribute the remarkable preservation of the Emperor's life to the fact that the poison contained in the bag had lost its efficacy.

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When everything had returned to its usual order, without any one in the palace except those I have named suspecting what had occurred, I learned that M. Yvan had left Fontainebleau. Overwhelmed by the question the Emperor had addressed to him in the presence of the Duke of Vicenza, and fearing that he might suspect that he had given his Majesty the means of attempting his life, this skillful physician, so long and so faithfully attached to the Emperor's person, had, so to speak, lost his head in thinking of the responsibility resting on him. Hastily descending the stairs from the Emperor's apartments, and finding a horse ready saddled and bridled in one of the courts of the palace, he threw himself upon it, and hastily took the road to Paris. This was the morning of the same day that Roustan left Fontainebleau.

On the 12th of April, the Emperor also received the last adieux of Marshal Macdonald. When he was introduced, the Emperor was still feeling the effects of the events of the preceding night; and I am sure the Duke of Tarentum perceived, without divining the cause, that his Majesty was not in his usual condition. He was accompanied by the Duke of Vicenza; and at this moment the Emperor was still so much depressed, and seemed so entirely absorbed in thought, that he did not at first perceive these gentlemen, although he was perfectly wide awake. The Duke of Tarentum brought to the Emperor the treaty with the allies, and I left the room as he was preparing to sign it. A few moments after the Duke of Vicenza summoned me; and his Majesty said, "Constant, bring me the saber which Mourad-Bey presented to me in Egypt. You know which it is?"—"Yes, Sire." I went out, and immediately returned with this magnificent sword, which the Emperor had worn at the battle of Mount Tabor, as I have heard many times. I handed it to the Duke of Vicenza, from whose hands the Emperor took it, and presented it to Marshal Macdonald; and as I retired heard the Emperor speaking to him most affectionately, and calling him his worthy friend.

These gentlemen, according to my recollection, were present at the Emperor's breakfast, where he appeared calmer and more cheerful than for a long time past; and we were all surprised to see him converse familiarly and in the most amiable manner with persons to whom for some time past he had usually addressed very brief and distant remarks. However, this gayety was only momentary; and, indeed, the manner in which the Emperor's mood varied from one moment to another during the whole time of our stay at Fontainebleau was perfectly indescribable. I have seen him on the same day plunged for several hours into the most terrible depression; then, a moment after, walking with great strides up and down his room, whistling or humming La Monaco; after which he suddenly fell into a kind of stupor, seeing nothing around him, and forgetting even the orders he had given. A fact which impressed me forcibly was the remarkable effect produced on him by letters addressed to him from Paris. As soon as he perceived them his agitation became extreme,—I might say convulsive, without fear of being taxed with exaggeration.

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In support of what I have said of the incredible preoccupation of the Emperor, I will mention an occurrence which comes to my memory. During our sojourn at Fontainebleau the Countess Walewska, of whom I have heretofore spoken, came, and having summoned me, told me how anxious she was to see the Emperor. Thinking that this would be sure to distract his Majesty, I mentioned it to him that very evening, and received orders to have her come at ten o'clock. Madame Walewska was, as may well be believed, promptly on hand at the appointed hour, and I entered the Emperor's room to announce her arrival. He was lying on his bed, and plunged so deeply in meditation that it was only on a second reminder from me he replied, "Ask her to wait." She then waited in the apartment in front of his Majesty's, and I remained to keep her company. Meanwhile the night passed on, and the hours seemed long to the beautiful visitor; and her distress that the Emperor did not summon her became so evident that I took pity on her, and reentered the Emperor's room to remind him again. He was not asleep, but was so deeply absorbed in thought that he made no reply. At last day began to break; and the countess, fearing to be seen by the people of the household, withdrew in despair at not having bidden adieu to the object of her affections; and she had been gone more than an hour when the Emperor remembered that she was waiting, and asked for her. I told his Majesty how it was, and did not conceal the state of despair in which the countess took her departure. The Emperor was much affected. "Poor woman, she thinks herself humiliated! Constant, I am really grieved. If you see her again, tell her so. But I have so many things there!" added he in a, very energetic tone, striking his brow with his hand.

The visit of this lady to Fontainebleau recalls another of almost the same kind, but to describe which it is necessary that I take up the thread of events a little further back.

[I have learned since that the Countess de Walewska went with her son to visit the Emperor on the Island of Elba. This child resembled his Majesty so greatly that the report was started that the King of Rome had visited his father. Madame de Walewska remained only a short time at the Island of Elba.—*Constant*.]

A short time after his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise, although she was a young and beautiful woman, and although he really loved her devotedly, the Emperor was no more careful than in the time of the Empress Josephine to scrupulously observe conjugal fidelity. During one of our stays at Saint-Cloud he took a fancy to Madamoiselle L——, whose mother's second husband was a chief of squadron. These ladies then stayed at Bourg-la-Reine, where they were discovered by M. de ——, one of the most zealous protectors of the pretty women who were presented to his Majesty, and who spoke to him of this young person, then seventeen years old.

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She was a brunette of ordinary height, but with a beautiful figure, and pretty feet and hands, her whole person full of grace, and was indeed perfectly charming in all respects, and, besides, united with most enticing coquetry every accomplishment, danced with much grace, played on several instruments, and was full of intelligence; in fact, she had received that kind of showy education which forms the most charming mistresses and the worst wives. The Emperor told me one day, at eight o'clock in the evening, to seek her at her mother's, to bring her and return at eleven o'clock at latest. My visit caused no surprise; and I saw that these ladies had been forewarned, no doubt by their obliging patron, for they awaited me with an impatience they did not seek to conceal. The young person was dazzling with ornaments and beauty, and the mother radiant with joy at the idea of the honor destined for her daughter. I saw well that she imagined the Emperor could not fail to be captivated by so many charms, and that he would be seized with a great passion; but all this was only a dream, for the Emperor was amorous only when all things suited. However, we arrived at Saint-Cloud at eleven o'clock, and entered the chateau by the orangery, for fear of indiscreet eyes. As I had a pass-key to all the gates of the chateau, I conducted her into the Emperor's apartments without being seen by any one, where she remained about three hours. At the end of this time I escorted her to her home, taking the same precautions on leaving the chateau.

This young person, whom the Emperor had since seen three or four times at most, also came to Fontainebleau, accompanied by her mother; but, being unable to see his Majesty, this lady, like the Countess Walewska, determined to make the voyage to the Island of Elba, where it is said the Emperor married Mademoiselle L—— to a colonel of artillery.

What I have just written has carried me back almost unconsciously to happier times. It is necessary, however, to return to the sad stay at Fontainebleau; and, after what I have said of the dejection in which the Emperor lived, it is not surprising that, overwhelmed by such crushing blows, his mind was not disposed to gallantry. It seems to me I can still see the evidences of the gloomy melancholy which devoured him; and in the midst of so many sorrows the kindness of heart of the man seemed to increase in proportion to the sufferings of the dethroned sovereign. With what amenity he spoke to us in these last days! He then frequently deigned to question me as to what was said of recent events. With my usual artless candor I related to him exactly what I had heard; and I remember that one day, having told him I had heard many persons remark that the continuation of the last wars which had been so fatal to us was generally attributed to the Duke of Bassano, "They do poor Maret gross injustice," said he. "They accuse him wrongfully. He has never done anything but execute orders which I gave." Then, according to his usual habit, when he had spoken to me a moment of these serious affairs, he added, "What a shame! what humiliation! To think that I should have in my very palace itself a lot of foreign emissaries!"

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the 12th of April there remained with the Emperor, of all the great personages who usually surrounded him, only the grand marshal of the palace and Count Drouot. The destination reserved for the Emperor, and the fact that he had accepted it, was not long a secret in the palace. On the 16th we witnessed the arrival of the commissioners of the allies deputed to accompany his Majesty to the place of his embarkment for the Island of Elba. These were Count Schuwaloff, aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander from Russia; Colonel Neil Campbell from England; General Kohler from Austria; and finally Count of Waldburg-Truchsess for Prussia. Although his Majesty had himself demanded that he should be accompanied by these four commissioners, their presence at Fontainebleau seemed to make a most disagreeable impression on him. However, each of these gentlemen received from the Emperor a different welcome; and after a few words that I heard his Majesty say, I was convinced on this, as on many previous occasions, that he esteemed the English far more than all his other enemies, and Colonel Campbell was, therefore, welcomed with more distinction than the other ministers; while the ill-humor of the Emperor vented itself especially on the commissioner of the King of Prussia, who took no notice of it, and put on the best possible countenance.

With the exception of the very slight apparent change made at Fontainebleau by the presence of these gentlemen, no remarkable incident, none at least in my knowledge, came to disturb the sad and monotonous life of the Emperor in the palace. Everything remained gloomy and silent among the inhabitants of this last imperial residence; but, nevertheless, the Emperor personally seemed to me more calm since he had come to a definite conclusion than at the time he was wavering in painful indecision. He spoke sometimes in my presence of the Empress and his son, but not as often as might have been expected. But one thing which struck me deeply was, that never a single time did a a word escape his lips which could recall the act of desperation of the night of the 11th, which fortunately, as we have seen, had not the fatal results we feared. What a night! What a night! In my whole life since I have never been able to think of it without shuddering.

After the arrival of the commissioners of the allied powers, the Emperor seemed by degrees to acclimate himself, so to speak, to their presence; and the chief occupation of the whole household consisted of duties relating to our preparations for departure. One day, as I was dressing his Majesty, he said to me smiling, “Ah, well, my son, prepare your cart; we will go and plant our cabbages.” Alas! I was very far from thinking, as I heard these familiar words of his Majesty, that by an inconceivable concurrence of events, I should be forced to yield to an inexplicable fatality, which did not will that in spite of my ardent desire I should accompany the Emperor to his place of exile.

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The evening before the day fixed for our departure the grand marshal of the palace had me called. After giving me some orders relative to the voyage, he said to me that the Emperor wished to know what was the sum of money I had in charge for him. I immediately gave an account to the grand marshal; and he saw that the sum total was about three hundred thousand francs, including the gold in a bog which Baron Fain had sent me, since he would not be on the journey. The grand marshal said he would present the account to the Emperor. An hour after he again summoned me, and said that his Majesty thought he had one hundred thousand francs more. I replied that I had in my possession one hundred thousand francs, which the Emperor had presented to me, telling me to bury it in my garden; in fact, I related to him all the particulars I have described above, and begged him to inquire of the Emperor if it was these one hundred thousand francs to which his Majesty referred. Count Bertrand promised to do this, and I then made the great mistake of not addressing myself directly to the Emperor. Nothing would have been easier in my position; and I had often found that it was always better, when possible, to go directly to him than to have recourse to any intermediate person whatever. It would have been much better for me to act thus, since, if the Emperor had demanded the one hundred thousand francs which he had given me, which, after all, was hardly possible, I was more than disposed to restore them to him without a moment's hesitation. My astonishment may be imagined when the grand marshal reported to me that the Emperor did not remember having given me the sum in question. I instantly became crimson with anger. What! the Emperor had allowed it to be believed by Count Bertrand that I had attempted—I, his faithful servant—to appropriate a sum which he had given me under all the circumstances I have related! I was beside myself at this thought. I left in a state impossible to be described, assuring the grand marshal that in an hour at most I would restore to him the fatal present of his Majesty.

While rapidly crossing the court of the palace I met M. de Turenne, to whom I related all that had occurred. "That does not astonish me," he replied, "and we will see many other similar cases." A prey to a sort of moral fever, my head distracted, my heart oppressed, I sought Denis, the wardrobe boy, of whom I have spoken previously; I found him most fortunately, and hastened with him to my country place; and God is my witness that the loss of the hundred thousand francs was not the cause of my distress, and I hardly thought of it. As on the first occasion, we passed along the side of the woods in order not to be seen; and began to dig up the earth to find the money we had placed there; and in the eagerness with which I hunted for this miserable gold, in order to restore it to the grand marshal, I dug up more than was necessary. I cannot describe my despair

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when I saw that we had found nothing; I thought that some one had seen and followed us, in fact, that I had been robbed. This was a more crushing blow to me than the first, and I foresaw the consequences with horror; what would be said, what would be thought, of me? Would my word be taken? The grand marshal, already prejudiced by the inexplicable reply of the Emperor, would consider me a person totally devoid of honor. I was overwhelmed by these fatal thoughts when Denis suggested to me that we had not dug in the right spot, and had made a mistake of some feet. I eagerly embraced this ray of hope; we began again to dig up the earth with more eagerness than ever, and I can say without exaggeration that my joy bordered almost on delirium when I saw the first of the bags. We drew out in succession all the five; and with the assistance of Denis I carried them to the palace, and placed them without delay in the hands of the grand marshal, with the keys of the Emperor's trunk, and the casket which M. Fain had committed to me. I said to him as I left, "Monseigneur, be good enough to say to his Majesty that I will not accompany him."—"I will tell him."

After this cold and laconic reply I immediately left the palace, and was soon after in Rue du Coq-Gris, with M. Clement, a bailiff, who for a long time had been charged with my small affairs, and had given the necessary attention to my farm during the long absences which the journeys and campaigns of the Emperor necessitated. Then I gave full vent to my despair. I was choking with rage as I remembered that my honesty had been suspected,—I, who for fourteen years had served the Emperor with a disinterestedness which was so scrupulous, and even carried to such a point that many persons called it silliness; I, who had never demanded anything of the Emperor, either for myself or my people! My brain reeled as I tried to explain to myself how the Emperor, who knew all this so well, could have allowed me to appear to a third person as a dishonorable man; the more I thought of it the more extreme became my irritation, and yet it was not possible to find the shadow of a motive for the blow aimed at me. My despair was at its height, when M. Hubert, ordinary valet de chambre of the Emperor, came to tell me that his Majesty would give me all I wished if I would follow him, and that three hundred thousand francs would be immediately handed me. In these circumstances, I ask of all honest men, what could I do, and what would they have done in my place? I replied that when I had resolved to consecrate my whole life to the service of the unfortunate Emperor, it was not from views of vile interest; but I was in despair at the thought that he should have made me appear before Count Bertrand as an impostor and a dishonest man. Ah! how happy would it then have been for me had the Emperor never thought of giving me those accursed one hundred thousand francs! These ideas tortured me. Ah! if I could only have taken twenty-four hours for reflection, however just might have been my resentment, how gladly would I have sacrificed it! I would have thought of the Emperor alone, and would have followed him; but a sad and inexplicable fatality had not decreed this.

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This took place on the 19th of April, the most miserable day of my life. What an evening, what a night I passed! What was my grief on learning the next day that the Emperor had departed at noon, after making his adieux to his guard! When I awoke that morning, all my resentment had been appeased in thinking of the Emperor. Twenty times I wished to return to the palace; twenty times after his departure I wished to take post horses and overtake him; but I was deterred by the offer he had made me through M. Hubert. “Perhaps,” I thought, “he will think it is the money which influences me; this will, doubtless, be said by those around him; and what an opinion he will have of me!” In this cruel perplexity I did not dare to decide. I suffered all that it is possible for a man to suffer; and, at times, that which was only too true seemed like a dream to me, so impossible did it seem that I could be where the Emperor was not. Everything in this terrible situation contributed to aggravate my distress. I knew the Emperor well enough to be aware that even had I returned to him then, he would never have forgotten that I had wished to leave him; I felt that I had not the strength to bear this reproach from his lips. On the other side, the physical suffering caused by my disease had greatly increased, and I was compelled to remain in bed a long while. I could, indeed, have triumphed over these physical sufferings however cruel they might have been, but in the frightful complications of my position I was reduced to a condition of idiocy; I saw nothing of what was around me; I heard nothing of what was said; and after this statement the reader will surely not expect that I shall have anything to say about the farewell of the Emperor to his old and faithful guard, an account of which, moreover, has been often enough published for the facts to be well known concerning this event, which, besides, took place in public. Here my Memoirs might well close; but the reader, I well believe, cannot refuse me his attention a few moments longer, that I may recall some facts which I have a right to explain, and to relate some incidents concerning the return from the Island of Elba. I, therefore, now continue my remarks on the first of these heads, and the second will be the subject of the next chapter.

The Emperor had then already started; and as for myself, shut up alone, my country house became henceforth a sad residence to me. I held no communication with any one whatever, read no news, and sought to learn none. At the end of a short time I received a visit from one of my friends from Paris, who said to me that the journals spoke of my conduct without understanding it, and that they condemned it severely. He added that it was M. de Turenne who had sent to the editors the note in which I had been so heavily censured. I must say that I did not believe this; I knew M. de Turenne too well to think him capable of a proceeding so dishonorable, inasmuch as I had

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frankly explained everything to him, when he made the answer I gave above. But however the evil came, it was nevertheless done; and by the incredible complications of my position I found myself compelled to keep silence. Nothing certainly would have been easier than to repel the calumny by an exact rehearsal of the facts; but should I justify myself in this manner by, so to speak, accusing the Emperor at a moment especially when the Emperor's enemies manifested much bitterness? When I saw such a great man made a mark for the shafts of calumny, I, who was so contemptible and insignificant among the crowd, could surely allow a few of these envenomed shafts to fall on me. To-day the time has come to tell the truth, and I have done so without restriction; not to excuse myself, for on the contrary I blame myself for not having completely sacrificed myself, and for not having accompanied the Emperor to the Island of Elba regardless of what might have been said. Nevertheless, I may be allowed to say in my own defense, that in this combination of physical and mental sufferings which overwhelmed me all at once, a person must be very sure of infallibility himself to condemn completely this sensitiveness so natural in a man of honor when accused of a fraudulent transaction. This, then, I said to myself, is the recompense for all my care, for the endurance of so much suffering, for unbounded devotion, and a refinement of feeling for which the Emperor had often praised me, and for which he rendered me justice later, as will be seen when I shall have occasion to speak of certain circumstances occurring about the 20th of March of the following year.

But gratuitously, and even malevolently, interested motives have been attributed to me for the decision I made to leave the Emperor. The simplest common-sense, on the contrary, would suffice to see that, had I allowed myself to be guided by my interests, everything would have influenced me to accompany his Majesty. In fact, the chagrin which the incident I have mentioned caused me, and the manner in which I was completely overwhelmed by it, have injured my fortune more than any determination to follow the Emperor could possibly have done. What could I hope for in France, where I had no right to anything? Is it not, besides, very evident to whoever would recall my position, which was one of confidence near the Emperor, that, if I had been actuated by a love of money, this position would have given me an opportunity to reap an abundant harvest without injuring my reputation; but my disinterestedness was so well known that, whatever may be said to the contrary, I can assert that during the whole time my favor with the Emperor continued, I on no occasion used it to render any other but unselfish services, and often I refused to support a demand for the sole reason that the petition had been accompanied by offers of money, which were often of very considerable amount. Allow me to cite one example among many others of

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the same nature. I received one day an offer of the sum of four hundred thousand francs, which was made me by a lady of a very noble family, if I would influence the Emperor to consider favorably a petition in which she claimed indemnity for a piece of property belonging to her, on which the port of Bayonne had been constructed. I had succeeded in obtaining favorable answers to applications more difficult than this, but I refused to agree to support her petition solely on account of the offer which had been made to me; I would have been glad to oblige this lady, but only for the pleasure of being obliging, and it was for this reason alone I allowed myself to solicit of the Emperor the pardons which he nearly always granted. Neither can it be said that I ever demanded of the Emperor licenses for lottery drawings, or anything else of this kind, in which, as is well known, a scandalous commerce is often made, and which, no doubt, if I had demanded them of the Emperor he would have readily granted.

The confidence in me which the Emperor had always shown was such that even at Fontainebleau, when it had been decided that none of the ordinary valets de chambre were to accompany him to the Island of Elba, the Emperor left to my choice the selection of a young man to assist me in my duties. I selected a boy of the apartments, whose upright character was well known to me, and who was, moreover, the son of Madame Marchand, the head nurse of the King of Rome. I spoke of him to the Emperor, who accepted him; and I went immediately to inform M. Marchand, who received the position most gratefully, and proved to me, by his thanks, how delighted he would be to accompany us. I say us, for at this moment I was very far from foreseeing the succession of fatal events which I have faithfully narrated; and it may be seen afterwards, from the manner in which M. Marchand expressed himself concerning me at the Tuileries during the Hundred Days, that I had not bestowed my confidence unworthily.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I became a stranger to all the world after the departure of the Emperor for the Island of Elba, and, filled with a deep sense of gratitude for the kindness with which his Majesty had overwhelmed me during the fourteen years I had passed in his service, thought incessantly of this great man, and took pleasure in renewing in memory all the events, even the most trivial, of my life with him. I thought it best suited my former position to live in retirement, and passed my time most tranquilly in the bosom of my family in the country-house belonging to me. At the same time a fatal idea preoccupied my mind involuntarily; for I feared that persons who were jealous of my former favor might succeed in deceiving the Emperor as to my unalterable devotion to his person, and strengthen in his mind the false opinion that they had for a time succeeded in giving him of me. This opinion, although my conscience told me that it was unjust, was not the

less painful to me; but, as will soon be seen, I was fortunate enough to obtain the certainty that my fears in this respect were without foundation.

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Although an entire stranger to politics, I had read with deep interest the newspapers I received in my retreat, since the great political change to which the name of the Restoration was given; and it seemed to me to need only the simplest common-sense to see the marked difference which existed between the government which had been overthrown and the new. In all departments I saw a succession of titled men take the places of the long list of distinguished men who had given under the Empire so many proofs of merit and courage; but I was far from thinking, notwithstanding the large number of discontented, that the fortunes of the Emperor and the wishes of the army would ever restore him to that throne which he had voluntarily abdicated in order that he might not be the cause of a civil war in Dance. Therefore, it would be impossible to describe my astonishment, and the multiplicity of varied feelings which agitated me, when I received the first news of the landing of the Emperor on the coast of Provence. I read with enthusiasm the admirable proclamation in which he announced that his eagles would fly from steeple to steeple, and that he himself would follow so closely in his triumphal march from the Bay of Juan to Paris.

Here I must make a confession, which is, that only since I had left the Emperor, had I fully comprehended the immensity of his greatness. Attached to his service almost from the beginning of the Consulate, at a time when I was still very young, he had grown, so to speak, without my having perceived it, and I had above all seen in him, from the nature of my duties, the excellent master rather than the great man; consequently, in this instance the effects of distance were very different from what it usually produces. It was with difficulty I could realize, and I am often astonished to-day in recalling the frank candor with which I had dared to defend to the Emperor what I knew to be the truth; his kindness, however, seemed to encourage me in this, for often, instead of becoming irritated by my vehemence, he said to me gently, with a benevolent smile, “Come, come! M. Constant, don’t excite yourself.” Adorable kindness in a man of such elevated rank! Ah, well I this was the only impression it made on me in the privacy of his chamber, but since then I have learned to estimate it at its true value.

On learning that the Emperor was to be restored to us, my first impulse was to repair at once to the palace, that I might be there on his arrival; but more mature reflection and the advice of my family made me realize that it would be more suitable for me to await his orders, in case he wished to recall me to my former service. I congratulated myself on deciding to take the latter course, since I had the happiness to learn that his Majesty had been kind enough to express his approval of my former conduct. I learned from most reliable authority, that he had hardly arrived at the Tuileries, when he condescended

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to inquire of M. Eible, then concierge of the palace, “Well, what is Constant doing? How is he succeeding? Where is he?”—“Sire, he is at his country-place, which he has not left.”—“Ah, very good. He is happy raising his cabbages.” I learned also that, during the first days of the Emperor’s return, his Majesty had been investigating the list of pensions, and had been good enough to make a note that mine should be increased. Finally, I experienced an intense satisfaction of another kind, no doubt, but none the less sincere in the certainty of not being considered an ingrate. I have stated that I had been fortunate enough to procure a position for M. Marchand with the Emperor; and this is what was related to me by an eye-witness. M. Marchand, in the beginning of the Hundred Days, happened to be in one of the saloons of the palace of the Tuileries, where several persons were assembled, and some of them were expressing themselves most unkindly in regard to me. My successor with the Emperor interrupted them brusquely, saying that there was not a word of truth in the calumnies which were asserted of me; and added that, while I held the position, I had uniformly been most obliging to all persons of the household who had addressed themselves to me, and had done no injury to any one. In this respect I can affirm that M. Marchand told only the truth; but I was none the less deeply grateful to him for so honorably defending me, especially in my absence.

Not being in Paris on the 20th of March, 1815, as we have just seen, I could have nothing to say of the circumstances of this memorable epoch, had I not collected from some of my friends particulars of what occurred on the night following the re-entrance of the Emperor into the palace, once again become Imperial; and it may be imagined how eager I was to know everything relating to the great man whom we regarded at this moment as the savior of France.

I will begin by repeating exactly the account which was given me by one of my friends, a brave and excellent man, at that time sergeant in the National Guard of Paris, who happened to be on duty at the Tuileries exactly on the 20th of March. “At noon,” he said, “three companies of National Guards entered the court of the Tuileries, to occupy all the interior and exterior posts of the palace. I belonged to one of these companies, which formed a part of the fourth legion. My comrades and I were struck with the inexpressible sadness produced by the sight of an abandoned palace. Everything, in fact, was deserted. Only a few men were seen here and there in the livery of the king, occupied in taking down and removing portraits of the various members of the Bourbon family. Outside could be heard the clamorous shouts of a frantic mob, who climbed on the gates, tried to scale them, and pressed against them with such force that at last they bent in several places so far that it was feared they would be thrown down. This multitude of people presented a frightful spectacle, and seemed as if determined to pillage the palace.

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“Hardly a quarter of an hour after we entered the interior court an accident occurred which, though not serious in itself, threw consternation into our ranks, as well as among those who were pressing against the grating of the Carrousel. We saw flames issuing from the chimney of the King’s apartments, which had been accidentally set on fire by a quantity of papers which had just been burned therein. This accident gave rise to most sinister conjectures, and soon the rumor spread that the Tuileries had been undermined ready for an explosion before the departure of Louis XVIII. A patrol was immediately formed of fifteen men of the National Guard, commanded by a sergeant; they explored the chateau most thoroughly, visited each apartment, descended into the cellars, and assured themselves that there was nowhere the slightest indication of danger.

“Reassured on this point, we were nevertheless not without anxiety. In returning to our posts we had heard numerous groups shouting, ’Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!’ and we soon had proofs of the exasperation and fury of a part of the people against Napoleon; for we witnessed the arrival in our midst, in a most pitiable condition, of a superior officer who had imprudently donned too soon the tricolored cockade, and consequently had been pursued by the mob from the Rue Saint-Denis. We took him under our protection, and made him enter the interior of the palace, as he was almost exhausted. At this moment we received orders to force the people to withdraw, as they had become still more determined to scale the gates; and in order to accomplish this we were compelled to have recourse to arms.

“We had occupied the post at the Tuileries an hour at most when General Excelmans, who had received the chief command of the guard at the chateau, gave orders to raise the tricolored banner over the middle pavilion.

“The reappearance of the national colors excited among us all emotions of the most intense satisfaction; and immediately the populace substituted the cry of ‘Vive l’Empereur’ for that of ‘Vive le Roi,’ and nothing else was heard the whole day. As for us, when we were ordered to don the tricolored cockade it was a very easy performance, as a large number of the guard had preserved their old ones, which they had simply covered with a piece of white cambric. We were ordered to stack arms in front of the arch of triumph, and nothing extraordinary occurred until six o’clock; then lights began to shine on the expected route of the Emperor, and a large number of officers on half pay collected near the pavilion of Flora; and I learned from one of them, M. Saunier, a decorated officer, that it was on that side the Emperor would re-enter the palace of the Tuileries. I repaired there in all haste; and as I was hurrying to place myself on his route, I was so fortunate as to meet a commanding officer, who assigned me to duty at the very door of Napoleon’s apartment, and to this circumstance I owe the fact that I witnessed what now remains to be related.

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“I had for some time remained in expectation, and in almost perfect solitude, when, at fifteen minutes before nine, an extraordinary noise that I heard outside announced to me the Emperor’s arrival; and a few moments after I saw him appear, amidst cries of enthusiasm, borne on the arms of the officers who had escorted him from the island of Elba. The Emperor begged them earnestly to let him walk; but his entreaties were useless, and they bore him thus to the very door of his apartment, where they deposited him near me. I had not seen the Emperor since the day of his farewell to the National Guard in the great court of the palace; and in spite of the great agitation into which I was thrown by all this commotion, I could not help noticing how much stouter he had become.

“The Emperor had hardly entered his apartments than I was assigned to duty in the interior. Marshal Bertrand, who had just replaced General Excelmans in the command of the Tuileries, gave me an order to allow no one to enter without informing him, and to give him the names of all who requested to see the Emperor. One of the first to present himself was Cambaceres, who appeared to me even more pallid than usual. A short time after came the father of General Bertrand; and as this venerable old man attempted to pay his respects first to the Emperor, Napoleon said to him, ‘No, monsieur! nature first;’ and in saying this, with a movement as quick as his words, the Emperor, so to speak, threw him into the arms of his son. Next came Queen Hortense, accompanied by her two children; then, Count Regnault de Saint-Jean d’Angely, and many other persons whose names have escaped me. I did not see again those I announced to Marshal Bertrand, as they all went out by another door. I continued this duty till eleven o’clock in the evening, at which time I was relieved of my duties, and was invited to supper at an immense table of about three hundred covers. All the persons presented at the palace took their places at this table, one after the other. I there saw the Duke of Vicenza, and found myself placed opposite General Excelmans. The Emperor supped alone in his room with Marshal Bertrand, and their supper was by no means so splendid as ours, for it consisted only of a roast chicken and a dish of lentils; and yet I learned from an officer who fad attended him constantly since he left Fontainebleau, that his Majesty had eaten nothing since morning. The Emperor was exceedingly fatigued; I had opportunity to mark this each time his door was opened. He was seated on a chair in front of the fire, with his feet on the mantelpiece.

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“As we all remained at the Tuileries, word was sent us about one o’clock that the Emperor had just retired, and that in case any soldiers should arrive during the night who had accompanied him, he had given orders that they should be on duty at the palace conjointly with the National Guard. The poor creatures were hardly in a condition to obey such an order. At two o’clock in the morning we saw two of them arrive in a most pitiable condition; they were perfectly emaciated, and their feet blistered. All that they could do was to throw themselves on their bags, on which they fell sound asleep; and they did not even awake while the duty of bandaging their feet was attended to in the room which they had reached with so much difficulty. All were eager to lavish every attention on them; and I admit that I have always regretted not having inquired the names of these two brave grenadiers, who inspired in all of us an interest I cannot describe.

“After retiring at one o’clock, the Emperor was on his feet at five o’clock in the morning; and the order was immediately given to the soldiers on half pay to hold themselves ready for a review, and at break of day they were ranged in three ranks. At this moment I was deputed to watch over an officer who was pointed out as suspicious, and who, it was said, had come from Saint-Denis. This was M. de Saint-Chamans. At the end of a quarter of an hour of arrest, which had nothing disagreeable in it, he was simply asked to leave. Meanwhile, the Emperor had descended from the palace, and passed through the ranks of the soldiers on half pay, speaking to each one, taking many of them by the hand, and saying to them, “My friends, I need your services; I rely on you as you may rely on me.” Magic words on the lips of Napoleon, and which drew tears of emotion from all those brave soldiers whose services had been ignored for a year.

“From the morning the crowd increased rapidly on all the approaches to the Tuileries, and a mass of people assembled under the windows of the chateau, demanding with loud shouts to see Napoleon. Marshal Bertrand having informed him of this, the Emperor showed himself at the window, where he was saluted by the shouts which his presence had so often excited. After showing himself to the people, the Emperor himself presented to them Marshal Bertrand, his arm resting on the marshal’s shoulder, whom he pressed to his heart with demonstrations of the liveliest affection. During this scene, which deeply affected all the witnesses, who cheered with all their might, officers, standing behind the Emperor and his friend, held above their heads banners surmounted by their eagles, of which they formed a kind of national canopy. At eleven o’clock the Emperor mounted his horse, and reviewed the various regiments which were arriving from every direction, and the heroes of the island of Elba who had returned to the Tuileries during the night. All seemed deeply impressed with the appearance of these brave men, whom the sun of Italy had tanned, and who had traveled nearly two hundred leagues in twenty days.”

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These are the curious details which were given to me by a friend; and I can guarantee the truth of his recital the same as if I myself had been an eye-witness of all that occurred during the memorable night of the 20th and 21st March, 1815. Continuing in my retreat during the hundred days, and long after, I have nothing to say which all the world would not know as well as I concerning this important epoch in the life of the Emperor. I have shed many tears over his sufferings at the time of his second abdication, and the tortures inflicted on him at St. Helena by the miserable Hudson Lowe, whose infamy will go down through the ages side by side with the glory of the Emperor. I will simply content myself by adding to the preceding a certain document which was confided to me by the former Queen of Westphalia, and saying a word in conclusion as to the destination I thought best to give to the first cross of the Legion of Honor which the First Consul had worn.

Princess Catharine of Wurtemberg, the wife of Prince Jerome, is, as is well known, a woman of great beauty, gifted at the same time with more solid qualities, which time increases instead of diminishing. She joins, to much natural intelligence, a highly cultivated mind, a character truly worthy of a sister-in-law of the Emperor, and carries even to enthusiasm her love of duty. Events did not allow her to become a great queen, but they have not prevented her remaining an accomplished wife. Her sentiments are noble and elevated; but she shows haughtiness to none, and all who surround her take pleasure in boasting of the charms of her kindness towards her household, and she possesses the happiest gift of nature, which consists in making herself beloved by every one. Prince Jerome is not without a certain grandeur of manner and formal generosity, which he learned while on the throne of Cassel, but he is generally very haughty. Although in consequence of the great changes which have taken place in Europe since the fall of the Emperor, Prince Jerome owes the comfortable maintenance which he still enjoys to the love of the princess, she does not any the less show a truly exemplary submission to his will. Princess Catharine occupies herself almost exclusively with her three children, two boys and one girl, all of whom are very beautiful. The eldest was born in the month of August, 1814. Her daughter, the Princess Mathilde, owes her superior education to the care her mother exercised over it; she is pretty, but less so than her brothers, who all have their mother’s features.

After the description, which is not at all flattered, which I have just given of Princess Catharine, it may seem surprising that, provided as she is with so many solid qualities, she has never been able to conquer an inexplicable weakness regarding petty superstitions. Thus, for instance, she is extremely afraid to seat herself at a table where there are thirteen guests. I will relate an anecdote of which I can guarantee

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the authenticity, and which, perhaps, may foster the weakness of persons subject to the same superstitions as the Princess of Wurtemberg. One day at Florence, being present at a family dinner, she perceived that there were exactly thirteen plates, suddenly grew pale, and obstinately refused to take her seat. Princess Eliza Bacciochi ridiculed her sister-in-law, shrugged her shoulders, and said to her, smiling, “There is no danger, there are in truth fourteen, since I am enceinte.” Princess Catharine yielded, but with extreme repugnance. A short time after she had to put on mourning for her sister-in-law; and the death of the Princess Eliza, as may well be believed, contributed no little to render her more superstitious than ever as to the number thirteen. Well! let strong minds boast themselves as they may; but I can console the weak, as I dare to affirm that, if the Emperor had witnessed such an occurrence in his own family, an instinct stronger than any other consideration, stronger even than his all-powerful reason, would have caused him some moments of vague anxiety.

Now, it only remains for me to render an account of the bestowal I made of the first cross of honor the First Consul wore. The reader need not be alarmed; I did not make a bad use of it; it is on the breast of a brave soldier of our old army. In 1817 I made the acquaintance of M. Godeau, a former captain in the Imperial Guard. He had been severely wounded at Leipzig by a cannon-ball, which broke his knee. I found in him an admiration for the Emperor so intense and so sincere, he urged me so earnestly to give him something, whatever it might be, which had belonged to his Majesty, that I made him a present of the cross of honor of which I have spoken, as he had long ago been decorated with that order. This cross is, I might say, a historical memento, being the first, as I have stated, which his Majesty wore. It is of silver, medium size, and is not surmounted with the imperial crown. The Emperor wore it a year; it decorated his breast for the last time the day of the battle of Austerlitz. From that day, in fact, his Majesty wore an officer’s cross of gold with the crown, and no longer wore the cross of a simple member of the legion.

Here my souvenirs would end if, in re-reading the first volumes of my memoirs, the facts I have there related had not recalled to me some others which may be of interest. With the impossibility of presenting them in the proper order and connection, I have decided, in order that the reader may not be deprived of them, to offer them as detached anecdotes, which I have endeavored to class as far as possible, according to the order of time.

CHAPTER XXX.

Anecdotes and incidents.

As I have often-had occasion to remark, the Emperor’s tastes were extremely simple in everything relating to his person; moreover, he manifested a decided aversion to the usages of fashion; he did not like, so to speak, to turn night into day, as was done in the most of the brilliant circles of society in Paris under the Consulate, and at the commencement of the Empire. Unfortunately, the Empress Josephine did not hold the same views, and being a submissive slave of fashion, liked to prolong her evenings after the Emperor had retired.

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She had the habit of then collecting around her her most intimate ladies and a few friends, and giving them tea. Gaming was entirely precluded from these nocturnal reunions, of which conversation was the only charm. This conversation of the highest circles of society was a most agreeable relaxation to the Empress; and this select circle assembled frequently without the Emperor being aware of it, and was, in fact, a very innocent entertainment. Nevertheless, some obliging person was so indiscreet as to make the Emperor a report concerning these assemblies, containing matters which roused his displeasure. He expressed his dissatisfaction to the Empress Josephine, and from that time she retired at the same time as the Emperor.

These teas were then abandoned, and all persons attached to the service of the Emperor received orders not to sit up after the Emperor retired.

As well as I remember, this is how I heard his Majesty express himself on the occasion. “When the masters are asleep, the valets should retire to bed; and when the masters are awake, the valets should be on their feet.” These words produced the intended effect; and that very evening, as soon as the Emperor was in bed, all at the palace retired, and at half-past eleven no one was awake but the sentinels.

By degrees, as always occurs, the strict observance of the Emperor’s orders was gradually relaxed, still without the Empress daring to resume her nocturnal gatherings. The words of his Majesty were not forgotten, however, and were well remembered by M. Colas, concierge of the pavilion of Flora.

One morning about four o’clock, M. Colas heard an unaccustomed noise, and a continued movement in the interior of the palace, and supposed from this that the Emperor was awake, in which he was not mistaken. He dressed in all haste, and had been ten minutes at his post when the Emperor, descending the staircase with Marshal Duroc, perceived him. His Majesty usually took pleasure in showing that he remarked exactness in fulfilling his orders; therefore he stopped a moment, and said to M. Colas, “Ah! already awake, Colas?”—“Yes, Sire; I have not forgotten that valets should be on foot when the masters are awake.”—“You have a good memory, Colas; an excellent thing.”

All this was very well, and the day began for M. Colas under most favorable auspices; but in the evening the medal of the morning was obliged to show the opposite side. The Emperor went that morning to visit the works on the canal of the Ourcq. He was apparently much dissatisfied; for he returned to the palace in such evident illhumor, that M. Colas, perceiving it, let these words escape his lips, “Il y a de l’oignon.” Although he spoke in a low tone, the Emperor heard him, and turning abruptly to him, repeated angrily, “Yes, Monsieur, you are not mistaken; il y a de l’oignon.” He then rapidly remounted the staircase, while the concierge, fearing he had said too much, approached the grand marshal, begging him to excuse him to his Majesty; but he never

had an idea of punishing him for the liberty he had taken, and the expression which had escaped his lips one would hardly expect to find in the imperial vocabulary.

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The coming of the Pope to Paris for the purpose of crowning the Emperor is one of those events which suffice to mark the grandeur of a period. The Emperor never spoke of it except with extreme satisfaction, and he wished his Holiness to be received with all the magnificence which should attend the founder of a great empire. With this intention his Majesty gave orders that, without any comment, everything should be furnished not only that the Pope, but also all that the persons of his suite, might demand. Alas! it was not by his own personal expenses that the Holy Father assisted to deplete the imperial treasury

Pius *vii*. drank only water, and his sobriety was truly apostolic; but this was not the case with the abbes attached to his service, for these gentlemen each day required five bottles of Chambertin wine, without counting those of other kinds and most expensive liquors.

This recalls another occurrence, which, however, relates only indirectly to the Pope's stay in Paris. It is known that David was ordered by the Emperor to execute the picture of the coronation, a work which offered an incredible number of almost insurmountable difficulties, and which was, in fact, one of the masterpieces of the great painter.

At all events, the preparation of this picture gave rise to controversies in which the Emperor was compelled to interfere; and the case was serious, as we shall see, since a Cardinal's wig was in question. David persisted in not painting the head of Cardinal Caprara with a wig; and on his part the Cardinal was not willing to allow him to paint his head without the wig. Some took sides with the painter, some with the model; and though the affair was treated with much diplomacy, no concession could be obtained from either of the contracting parties, until at last the Emperor took the part of his first painter against the Cardinal's wig. This recalls the story of the artless man who would not allow his head to be painted bare because he took cold so easily, and his picture would be hung in a room without a fire.

When M. de Bourrienne left the Emperor, as is well known, he was replaced by M. de Meneval, who had been formerly in the service of Prince Joseph. The Emperor became more and more attached to his new private secretary in proportion as he came to know him better. By degrees the work of the cabinet, in which was transacted the greater part of the most important business, became so considerable that it was impossible for one man alone to perform it; and from the year 1805 two young men, proteges of M. Maret, secretary of state, were admitted to the honor of working in the Emperor's cabinet; and though initiated by the nature of their duties into the most important state secrets, there was never the slightest reason to suspect their perfect discretion. They were, besides, very diligent, and endowed with much talent, so that his Majesty formed an excellent opinion of them. Their position

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was most enviable. Lodged in the palace, and consequently supplied with fuel and lights, they were also fed, and received each a salary of eight thousand francs. It might well have been thought that this sum would be sufficient for these gentlemen to live most comfortably; but this was not the case. For if they were assiduous during the hours of labor, they were not less so during those devoted to pleasure; whence it arose that the second quarter had hardly passed before the whole year's salary was spent, part of it in gambling, and the rest among low companions.

Among the two secretaries added to the Emperor's service, there was one especially who had contracted so many debts, and whose creditors were so pitiless, that, had there been no other reason, he would infallibly have been dismissed from the private cabinet if the report of this had reached his Majesty's ears.

After passing an entire night reflecting on his embarrassing position, searching his imagination to secure some means of obtaining the sum necessary to satisfy those creditors who were most importunate, the new spendthrift sought distraction in work, and went to his desk at five o'clock in the morning in order to drive away his painful thoughts; not thinking that at this hour any one would hear him, and while working began to whistle La Linotte with all his might. Now, this morning, as often before, the Emperor had already been working a whole hour in his cabinet, and had just gone out as the young man entered, and, hearing this whistling, immediately returned.

"Already here, Monsieur," said his Majesty. "Zounds! Why, that is remarkable! Maret should be well satisfied with you. What is your salary?"—"Sire, I have eight thousand francs a year, and besides am boarded and lodged in the palace."—"That is well, Monsieur, and you ought to be very happy."

The young man, seeing that his Majesty was in a very good humor, thought that fortune had sent him a favorable opportunity of being relieved of his embarrassment, and resolved to inform the Emperor of his trying situation. "Alas, Sire!" said he, "no doubt I ought to be happy, but I am not."—"Why is that?"—"Sire, I must confess to your Majesty that I have so many English to carry, and besides I have to support an old father, two sisters, and a brother."—"You are only doing your duty. But what do you mean by your English? Are you supporting them also?"— "No, Sire; but it is they who have fed my pleasures, with the money they have lent me, and all who have creditors now call them the English."— "Stop! stop, Monsieur! What! you have creditors, and in spite of your large salary you have made debts! That is enough, Monsieur. I do not wish to have any longer near me a man who has recourse to the gold of the English, when on what I give him he can live honorably. In an hour you will receive your discharge."

The Emperor, having expressed himself as we have just heard, picked up some papers from the desk, threw a severe glance at the young secretary, and left him in such a state

of despair that, when some one else fortunately entered the cabinet, he was on the point of committing suicide with a long paper-cutter he held in his hand. This person was the aide-de-camp on duty, who brought him a letter from the Emperor, couched in the following terms:

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> “Monsieur, you deserve to be dismissed from my service, but I have thought of your family, and I pardon you on their account; and since it is they who would suffer from your misconduct, I consequently send you with my pardon ten thousand francs in bank-notes. Pay with this sum all the English who torment you, and, above all, do not again fall into their clutches; for in that case I shall abandon you.
>
> *Napoleon*.”

An enormous “Vive l’Empereur!” sprang spontaneously to the lips of the young man, who darted out like lightning to announce to his family this new proof of imperial tyranny.

This was not the end, however; for his companion, having been informed of what had taken place, and also desiring some bank-notes to pacify his English, redoubled his zeal and activity in work, and for several days in succession repaired to the cabinet at four in the morning, and also whistled La Linotte; but it was all in vain, the Emperor did not seem to hear him.

Much was said at Paris and in the Court in ridicule of the ludicrous sayings of the wife of Marshal Lefebvre, and a collection could be made of her queer speeches, many of which are pure fabrications; but a volume would also be necessary to record all the acts by which she manifested her kindness of heart.

One day, at Malmaison (I think a short time after the Empire was founded), the Empress Josephine had given explicit orders that no one should be admitted. The Marechale Lefebvre presented herself; but the usher, compelled by his orders, refused to allow her to enter. She insisted, and he still refused. During this discussion, the Empress, passing from one apartment to the other, was seen through a glass door which separated this apartment from that in which the duchess then was. The Empress, having also seen her, hastily advanced to meet her, and insisted on her entering. Before passing in, Madame Lefebvre turned to the usher, and said to him in a mocking tone, “Well, my good fellow, you see I got in!” The poor usher blushed up to his ears, and withdrew in confusion.

Marshal Lefebvre was not less good, less excellent, than his wife; and it might well be said of them that high honors had made no change in their manners. The good they both did could not be told. It might have been said that this was their only pleasure, the only compensation for a great domestic misfortune. They had only one son, who was one of the worst men in the whole Empire. Each day there were complaints against him; the Emperor himself frequently admonished him on account of the high esteem he had for his brave father. But there resulted no improvement, and his natural viciousness only manifested itself the more. He was killed in some battle, I forget which; and as little worthy of regret as he was, his death was a deep affliction to his excellent mother, although he even forgot himself so far as to speak disrespectfully of her in his coarse

speeches. She usually made M. de Fontanes the confidant of her sorrows; for the grand master of the university, notwithstanding his exquisite politeness and his admirable literary style, was very intimately associated with the household of Marshal Lefebvre.

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In this connection I recall an anecdote which proves better than anything that could be said the kindness and perfect simplicity of the marshal. One day it was announced to him that some one whose name was not given wished to speak to him. The marshal left his cabinet, and recognized his old captain in the French Guards, in which, as we have said, the marshal had been a sergeant. The marshal begged permission to embrace him, offered his services, his purse, his house; treated him almost exactly as if he had been under his orders. The old captain was an emigre, and had returned undecided what he would do. Through the efforts of the marshal his name was promptly struck out of the list of emigres; but he did not wish to re-enter the army, and yet was in much need of a position. Having supported himself during his emigration by giving lessons in French and Latin, he expressed a desire to obtain a position in the university. "Well, my colonel," said the marshal with his German accent, "I will take you at once to my friend M. de Fontanes." The marshal's carriage is soon at the door, and the respectful protector and his protege enter the apartments of the grand master of the university. M. de Fontanes hastens to meet the marshal, who, I have been informed, made his presentation speech in this style:

"My dear friend, I present to you the Marquis of ——.

"He was my former captain, my good captain. He would like to obtain a place in the university. Ah! he is not a man of nothing, a man of the Revolution like you and me. He is my old captain, the Marquis of —— ." Finally the marshal closed by saying, "Ah, the good, excellent man! I shall never forget that when I went for orders to my good captain, he never failed to say: 'Lefebvre, my child, pass on to the kitchen; go and get something to eat.' Ah, my good, my excellent captain!"

All the members of the imperial family had a great fondness for music, and especially the Italian; but they were not musicians, and most of them sang as badly as his Majesty himself, with the exception of the Princess Pauline, who had profited by the lessons of Blangini, and sang tolerably well. In respect of his voice, Prince Eugene showed himself worthy to be the adopted son of the Emperor; for, though he was a musician and sang with fervor, it was not in such a manner as to satisfy his auditors. In compensation, however, Prince Eugene's voice was magnificent for commanding military evolutions, an advantage which Count Lobau and General Dorsenne also possessed; and it was consequently always one of these whom his Majesty appointed to command under his orders on great reviews.

Notwithstanding the severe etiquette of the Emperor's court, there were always a few privileged persons who had the right to enter his apartment, even when he was in bed, though the number was small. They consisted of the following persons:—

M. de Talleyrand, vice grand elector; de Montesquiou, grand chamberlain; de Remusat, first chamberlain; Maret, Corvisart, Denon, Murat, Yvan; Duroc, grand marshal; and de Caulaincourt, grand equerry.

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For a long time all these personages came to the Emperor's apartment almost every morning, and their visits were the origin of what was afterwards called 'le petit lever'. M. de Lavalette also came frequently, and also M. Real and Messieurs Fouche and Savary while each of them was minister of police.

The princes of the imperial family also enjoyed the right to enter the Emperor's apartment in the morning. I often saw the Emperor's mother. The Emperor kissed her hand with much respect and tenderness, but I have many times heard him reproach her for her excessive economy. Madame Mere listened, and then gave as excuse for not changing her style of living reasons which often vexed his Majesty, but which events have unfortunately justified.

Madame Mere had been a great beauty, and was still very pretty, especially when I saw her for the first time. It was impossible to find a better mother; devoted to her children; she lavished on them the sagest counsels, and always intervened in family quarrels to sustain those whom she thought in the right; for a long time she took Lucien's part, and I have often heard her warmly defend Jerome when the First Consul was most severe towards his young brother. The only fault in Madame Mere's character was her excessive economy, and on this point astonishing things could be said without fear of exaggeration, but she was beloved by every one in the palace for her kindness and affability.

I recall in reference to Madame Mere an incident which greatly amused the Empress Josephine. Madame was spending several days at Malmaison, when one day one of her ladies, whom she had caused to be sent for, found, on entering the room, to her great astonishment, Cardinal Fesch discharging the duty of a lady's maid by lacing up his sister, who had on only her underclothing and her corset.

One of the subjects on which the Emperor would listen to no raillery was that of custom-house duties, and towards all contraband proceeding he showed inflexible severity; and this reached such a point, that one day M. Soiris, director of the custom-house at Verceil, having seized a package of sixty cashmere shawls, sent from Constantinople to the Empress, the Emperor approved his action, and the cashmeres were sold for the benefit of the state. In such cases the Emperor always said, "How can a sovereign have the laws respected if he does not respect them himself?" I recall another occasion, and I think the only instance in which he permitted an infraction of the custom-house regulations; but we shall see the question was not that of ordinary smuggling.

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The grenadiers of the Old Guard, under the orders of General Soules, returned to France after the peace of Tilsit. On their arrival at Mayence, the custom-house officers endeavored to perform their duty, and consequently inspected the chests of the Guard and those of the general. Meanwhile, the director of the custom-house, in doubt what proceedings to take, sought the general to inform him of the necessity he was under of executing the laws, and of carrying out the direct orders of the Emperor. The general's reply to this courteous overture was plain and energetic: "If a single officer dares to place his hand on the boxes of my old mustaches, I'll throw him into the Rhine!" The officer insisted. The custom-house employees were quite numerous, and were preparing to proceed with the inspection, when General Soules had the boxes put in the middle of the square, and a regiment detailed to guard them. The director of the custom-house, not daring to proceed further, sent to the director-general a report to be submitted to the Emperor. Under any other circumstances the case would have been serious; but the Emperor had just returned to Paris, where he had been welcomed more heartily than ever before by the acclamations of the people on the occasion of the fetes celebrated in honor of peace, and this old Guard was returning home resplendent with glory, and after most admirable behavior at Eylau. All these things combined to quell the Emperor's anger; and having decided not to punish, he wished to reward them, and not to take seriously their infraction of his custom-house regulations. General Soules, on reaching Paris, presented himself before the Emperor, who received him cordially, and, after some remarks relative to the Guard, added: "By the by, what is this you have been doing? I heard of you. What! you really threatened to throw my custom-house officers into the Rhine! Would you have done it?"—"Yes, Sire," replied the general, with his German accent, "yes; I would have done it. It was an insult to my old grenadiers to attempt to inspect their boxes."—"Come, now," said the Emperor very affably, "I see just how it is. You have been smuggling."—"I, Sire?"—"Yes, I say. You have been smuggling. You bought linen in Hanover. You wanted to furnish your house handsomely, as you imagined I would appoint you senator. You were not mistaken. Go and have your senator's coat made, but do not repeat this performance, for next time I will have you shot."

During our stay at Bayonne, in 1808, every one was struck with the awkward manners of the King and Queen of Spain, and the poor taste displayed in their toilets, the disgraceful appearance of their equipages, and a certain air of constraint and embarrassment which was general among all the persons of their suite. The elegant manners of the French and the magnificence of the imperial equipages furnished such a contrast to all this that it rendered them indescribably ridiculous.

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The Emperor, who had such exquisite tact in all matters, was not one of the last to perceive this, but, nevertheless, was not pleased that an opportunity should be found to ridicule crowned heads. One morning at his toilet he said to me, “I say, then, Monsieur le drole, you, who are so well versed in these matters, give a few hints to the valet de chambre of the King and Queen of Spain. They appear so awkward they really excite my pity.” I eagerly did what his Majesty suggested; but he did not content himself with this, but also communicated to the Empress Josephine his observations on the queen and her ladies. The Empress Josephine, who was the embodiment of taste, gave orders accordingly; and for two days her hairdressers and women were occupied exclusively in giving lessons in taste and elegance to their Spanish brethren. This is a striking evidence of how the Emperor found time for everything, and could descend from his elevated duties to the most insignificant affairs.

The grand marshal of the palace (Duroc) was almost the same height as the Emperor. He walked badly and ungracefully, but had a tolerably good head and features. He was quick tempered, impulsive, and swore like a soldier; but he had much administrative ability, of which he gave more than one proof in the organization of the imperial household, which was ably and wisely regulated. When the enemy’s cannon deprived his Majesty of this devoted servitor and sincere friend, the Empress Josephine said that she knew only two men capable of filling his place; these were General Drouot and M. de Flahaut, and the whole household hoped that one of these two gentlemen would be nominated; this, however, was not the case.

M. de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, was extremely severe towards the household; but he was just and of a chivalrous loyalty, and his word was as good as a contract: He was feared and yet beloved. He had a piercing eye, spoke quickly and with great ease. The Emperor’s regard for him was well known, and certainly no one was more worthy of it than he.

The Count de Remusat was of medium height, with a smooth, white face, obliging, amiable, and with natural politeness and good taste; but he was extravagant, lacked order in managing his own affairs and consequently those of the Emperor. This lavish expenditure, which is admirable from one point of view, might have suited any other sovereign; but the Emperor was economical, and though, much attached to M. de Remusat, dismissed him from the head of the wardrobe bureau, and put in his place Monsieur de Turenne, who exercised the strictest economy. M. de Turenne possessed perhaps a little too much of what his predecessor lacked, but it was exactly this that pleased the Emperor. M. de Turenne was quite a pretty man, thinking perhaps a little too much of himself, a great talker and Anglo-maniac, which led the Emperor to give him the name of my lord Kinsester (who cannot be silent); but he told a story well, and sometimes his Majesty took pleasure in making him relate the chronicles of Paris.

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When the Count of Turenne replaced the Count of Remusat in the office of grand master of the wardrobe, in order not to exceed the sum of twenty thousand francs which his Majesty allowed for his toilet, he exercised the greatest possible economy in the quantity, price, and quality of things indispensable to the household. I have been told, but I do not know whether it is true, that, in order to ascertain exactly what were the profits of the Emperor's furnishers, he went to the various factories of Paris with samples of gloves, silk stockings, aloes wood, *etc*.; but, even if this is true, it only does honor to the zeal and probity of M. de Turenne.

I knew very little of Count Segur, grand master of ceremonies. It was said in the household that he was haughty and somewhat abrupt, but perfectly polite and intelligent, with a delicate and refined face.

It would be necessary to have witnessed the perfect order which reigned in the Emperor's household to comprehend it fully. From the time of the Consulate, General Duroc had brought into the administration of the interior affairs of the palace that spirit of order and economy which especially characterized him. But, great as was the Emperor's confidence in General Duroc, he did not disdain to throw the glance of a master over things which seemed insignificant, and with which, in general, sovereigns rarely occupy themselves. Thus, for example, in the beginning of the Empire there was some little extravagance in certain parts of the palace, notably at Saint-Cloud, where the aides-de-camp kept open table; but this was, nevertheless, far from equaling the excessive prodigality of the ancient regime. Champagne and other wines especially were used in great quantities, and it was very necessary that the Emperor should establish regulations as to his cellar. He summoned the chief of the household service, Soupe Pierrugues, and said to him, "Monsieur, I commit to you the keys of my imperial cellars; you will there have charge of the wines of all kinds; some are needed in my palaces of the Tuileries, Saint-Cloud, Compiegne, Fontainebleau, Marrac, Lacken, and Turin. Establish a moderate price at all these residences, and you alone will furnish wines to my household." This arrangement was made, and all kinds of fraud were impossible, as the deputy of M. Soupe Pierrugues delivered wines only on a note signed by the controller of the kitchen; all the bottles not opened were returned, and each evening an account was given of what had been used for that day.

The service had the same regulations while we were on campaigns. During the second campaign of Vienna, I recollect that the house deputy of Soupe Pierrugues was M. Eugene Pierrugues, frank, gay, witty, and much beloved by us all. An imprudence cost him dear, for in consequence of a heedlessness natural at his age he had his arm broken. We were then at Schoenbrunn. Those who have seen this imperial residence know that

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splendid avenues extend in front of the palace, leading to the road to Vienna. As I often took horseback rides through the town, M. Eugene Pierrugues wished to accompany me one day, and borrowed a horse from one of the quartermasters of the palace. He was forewarned that the horse was very fiery; but he paid no attention to that, and immediately put him into a gallop. I reined mine in, in order not to excite my companion's; but in spite of this precaution the horse ran away, dashed into the woods, and broke the arm of his unfortunate and imprudent rider. M. Eugene Pierrugues was, however, not unhorsed by the blow, and kept his seat a short while after the injury; but it was very serious, and it was necessary to carry him back to the palace. I, more than any one else, was distressed by this frightful accident; and we established a regular attendance on him, so that one at least could always be with him when our duties allowed. I have never seen suffering borne with more fortitude; and it was carried to such a remarkable degree, that, finding his arm badly set, at the end of a few days he had it again fractured, an operation which caused him horrible suffering.

My uncle, who was usher of the Emperor's cabinet, related to me an anecdote which is probably entirely unknown; since everything, as we shall see, occurred under cover of the most profound mystery. "One evening," he said to me, "Marshal Duroc gave me in person orders to extinguish the lights in the saloon in front of his Majesty's cabinet, and to leave only a few candles lighted. I was surprised at such a novel order, especially as the grand marshal was not accustomed to give them thus directly, but, nevertheless, executed it precisely, and waited at my post. At ten o'clock Marshal Duroc returned, accompanied by a personage whose features it was impossible to distinguish, as he was entirely wrapped in a large cloak, his head covered, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. I withdrew, leaving the two alone, but had hardly left the saloon when the Emperor entered, and Marshal Duroc also retired, leaving the stranger alone with his Majesty. From the tone in which the Emperor spoke it was easy to see that he was greatly irritated. He spoke very loud; and I heard him say, 'Well, Monsieur, you will never change then. It is gold you want, always gold. You draw on all foreign banks, and have no confidence in that of Paris. You have ruined the bank of Hamburg; you have caused M. Drouet (or Drouaut, for the name was pronounced very quickly) to lose two millions:

"The Emperor," my uncle continued, "conversed in this strain for a long while, though the stranger did not reply, or replied in so low a tone that it was impossible to hear a word; and the scene, which must have been most trying to the mysterious personage, lasted about twenty minutes. At last he was permitted to leave, which he did with the same precautions as on his arrival, and retired from the palace as secretly as he had come."

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Nothing of this scene was known in Paris; and, moreover, neither my uncle nor I have ever sought to ascertain the name of the person whom the Emperor overwhelmed with such numerous and severe reproaches.

Whenever circumstances allowed, the Emperor's habits of life were very regular, his time being almost uniformly divided as follows. Every morning, at nine o'clock precisely, the Emperor left the imperial apartments; his exactness in observing hours was carried to an extreme, and I have sometimes seen him wait two or three moments in order that no one might be taken by surprise. At nine o'clock his toilet was made for the whole day. When he had reached the reception-room, the officers on duty were first admitted, and received his Majesty's orders for their time of service.

Immediately after this, what was called the grandes entrees took place. That is to say, personages of high rank were admitted, who had this right on account of their duties, or by the special favor of the Emperor; and I can assert that this favor was much envied. It was granted generally to all the officers of the imperial household, even if they were not on duty; and every one remained standing, as did the Emperor also. He made the tour of all the persons present, nearly always addressed a remark or a question to each one; and it was amusing to see afterwards, during the whole day, the proud and haughty bearing of those to whom the Emperor had spoken a little longer than to others. This ceremony usually lasted a half-hour, and as soon as it was finished the Emperor bowed and each retired.

At half-past nine the Emperor's breakfast was served, usually on a small mahogany stand; and this first repast commonly lasted only seven or eight minutes, though sometimes it was prolonged, and even lasted quite a long while. This, however, was only on rare occasions, when the Emperor was in unusually good-humor, and wished to indulge in the pleasure of a conversation with men of great merit, whom he had known a long while, and who happened to be present at his breakfast. There he was no longer the formal Emperor of the levee; he was in a manner the hero of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt, and above all the member of the Institute. Those who came most habitually were Messieurs Monge, Berthollet, Costaz (superintendent of crown buildings), Denon, Corvisart, David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, and Fontaine (his first architect). How many noble thoughts, how many elevated sentiments, found vent in these conversations which the Emperor was accustomed to open by saying, "Come, Messieurs, I close the door of my cabinet." This was the signal, and it was truly miraculous to see his Majesty's aptitude in putting his genius in communication with these great intellects with such diversities of talent.

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I recall that, during the days preceding the Emperor's coronation, M. Isabey attended regularly at the Emperor's breakfast, and was present almost every morning; and strange, too, it did not seem an absurd thing to see children's toys used to represent the imposing ceremony which was to exert such a great influence over the destinies of the world. The intelligent painter of his Majesty's cabinet portraits caused to be placed on a large table a number of small figures representing all the personages who were to take part in the ceremony of the coronation; each had his designated place; and no one was omitted, from the Emperor to the Pope, and even to the choristers, each being dressed in the costume he was expected to wear.

These rehearsals took place frequently, and all were eager to consult the model in order to make no mistake as to the place each was to occupy. On those days, as may be imagined, the door of the cabinet was closed, and in consequence the ministers sometimes, waited awhile. Immediately after the breakfast the Emperor admitted his ministers and director generals; and these audiences, devoted to the special work of each minister and of each director, lasted until six o'clock in the evening, with the exception of those days on which his Majesty occupied himself exclusively with governmental affairs, and presided over the council of state, or the ministerial councils.

At the Tuileries and at Saint-Cloud dinner was served at six o'clock; and the Emperor dined each day alone with the Empress, except on Sunday, when all the family were admitted to dinner. The Emperor, Empress, and Madame Mere only were seated in armchairs; all others, whether kings or queens, having only ordinary chairs. There was only one course before the dessert. His Majesty usually drank Chambertin wine, but rarely without water, and hardly more than one bottle. To dine with the Emperor was rather an honor than a pleasure to those who were admitted; for it was necessary, to use the common expression, to swallow in post haste, as his Majesty never remained at table more than fifteen or eighteen minutes. After his dinner, as after breakfast, the Emperor habitually took a cup of coffee, which the Empress poured out. Under the Consulate Madame Bonaparte began this custom, because the General often forgot to take his coffee; she continued it after she became Empress, and the Empress Marie Louise retained the same custom.

After dinner the Empress descended to her apartments, where she found assembled her ladies and the officers on duty; and the Emperor sometimes accompanied her, but remained only a short while. Such was the customary routine of life in the palace at the Tuileries on those days when there was neither the chase in the morning, nor concert nor theater in the evening; and the life at Saint-Cloud differed little from that at the Tuileries. Sometimes rides were taken in coaches when the weather permitted; and on Wednesday,

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the day set for the council of ministers, these officials were invariably honored by an invitation to dine with their Majesties. When there was a hunt at Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, or Compiegne, the usual routine was omitted; the ladies followed in coaches, and the whole household dined with the Emperor and Empress under a tent erected in the forest. It sometimes happened, though rarely, that the Emperor invited unexpectedly some members of his family to remain to dine with him; and this recalls an anecdote which should have a place in this connection. The King of Naples came one day to visit the Emperor, and being invited to dine, accepted, forgetting that he was in morning dress, and there was barely time for him to change his costume, and consequently none to return to the Elysee, which he then inhabited. The king ran quickly up to my room, and informed me of his embarrassment, which I instantly relieved, to his great delight. I had at that time a very handsome wardrobe, almost all the articles of which were then entirely new; so I gave him a shirt, vest, breeches, stockings, and shoes, and assisted him to dress, and fortunately everything fitted as if it had been made especially for him. He showed towards me the same kindness and affability he always manifested, and thanked me in the most charming manner. In the evening the King of Naples, after taking leave of the Emperor, returned to my room to resume his morning dress, and begged me to come to him next day at the laysee, which I did punctually after relating to the Emperor all that had occurred, much to his amusement. On my arrival at the Elysee I was immediately introduced into the king's apartments, who repeated his thanks in the most gracious manner, and gave me a pretty Breguet watch.

> [Abraham Louis Breguet, the celebrated watchmaker, was born at Neuchatel, 1747; died 1823. He made numerous improvements in watches and in nautical and astronomical instruments.]

During our campaigns I sometimes had occasion to render little services of the same nature to the King of Naples; but the question was not then, as at Saint-Cloud, one of silk stockings, for more than once on the bivouac I shared with him a bundle of straw, which I had been fortunate enough to procure. In such cases I must avow the sacrifice was much greater on my part than when I had shared my wardrobe with him. The king was not backward in expressing his gratitude; and I thought it a most remarkable thing to see a sovereign, whose palace was filled with all that luxury can invent to add to comfort, and all that art can create which is splendid and magnificent, only too happy in procuring half of a bundle of straw on which to rest his head.

I will now give some fresh souvenirs which have just recurred to my mind concerning the Court theater. At Saint-Cloud, in order to reach the theater hall, it was necessary to cross the whole length of the Orangery; and nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which it was decorated on these occasions. Rows of rare plants were arranged in tiers, and the whole lighted by lamps; and during the winter the boxes were

hidden by covering them with moss and flowers, which produced a charming effect under the lights.

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The parterre of the theater was usually filled with generals, senators, and councilors of state; the first boxes were reserved for the princes and princesses of the imperial family, for foreign princes, marshals, their wives, and ladies of honor. In the second tier were placed all persons attached to the Court. Between the acts, ices and refreshments were served; but the ancient etiquette had been re-established in one particular, which greatly displeased the actors,—no applause was allowed; and Talma often told me that the kind of coldness produced by this silence was very detrimental at certain parts where the actor felt the need of being enthused. Nevertheless, it sometimes happened that the Emperor, in testimony of his satisfaction, made a slight signal with his hand; and then and also at the grandest periods we heard, if not applause, at least a flattering murmur which the spectators were not always able to repress.

The chief charm of these brilliant assemblies was the presence of the Emperor; and consequently an invitation to the theater of Saint-Cloud was an honor much desired. In the time of the Empress Josephine there were no representations at the palace in the absence of the Emperor; but when Marie Louise was alone at Saint-Cloud during the campaign of Dresden, two representations a week were given, and the whole repertoire of Gretry was played in succession before her Majesty. At the end of each piece there was always a little ballet.

The theater of Saint-Cloud was, so to speak, on more than one occasion the theater of first attempts. For instance, M. Raynouard played there for the first time the ‘Etats de Blois’, a work which the Emperor would not allow to be played in public, and which was not done, in fact, until after the return of Louis XVIII.

‘The Venetians’ by M. Amand also made its first appearance on the theater of Saint-Cloud, or rather of Malmaison. This was not highly considered at the time; but the infallible judgment the Emperor displayed in his choice of plays and actors was most remarkable. He generally gave M. Corvisart the preference in deciding these matters, on which he descanted with much complacence when his more weighty occupations allowed. He was usually less severe and more just than Geoffroy; and it is much to be desired that the criticisms and opinions of the Emperor concerning authors and actors could have been preserved. They would have been of much benefit to the progress of art.

In speaking of the retreat from Moscow, I related previously in my memoirs that I had the good fortune to offer a place in my carriage to the young Prince of Aremborg, and assisted him in continuing his journey. I recall another occasion in the life of this prince, when one of my friends was very useful to him, some particulars of which may not be without interest.

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The Prince of Aremberg, an ordnance officer of the Emperor, had, as we know, married Mademoiselle Tascher, niece of the Empress Josephine. Having been sent into Spain, he was there taken by the English, and afterwards carried a prisoner to England. His captivity was at first very disagreeable; and he told me himself that he was very unhappy, until he made the acquaintance of one of my friends, M. Herz, commissary of war, who possessed a fine mind, was very intelligent, spoke several languages, and was, like the prince, a prisoner in England. The acquaintance formed at once between the prince and M. Herz soon became so intimate that they were constantly together; and thus passed the time as happily as it can with one far from his native land and deprived of his liberty.

They were living thus, ameliorating for each other the ennui of captivity, when M. Herz was exchanged, which was, perhaps, a great misfortune for him, as we shall afterwards see. At all events, the prince was deeply distressed at being left alone; but, nevertheless, gave M. Herz several letters to his family, and at the same time sent his mother his mustache, which he had mounted in a medallion with a chain. One day the Princess of Aremberg arrived at Saint-Cloud and demanded a private audience of the Emperor.

“My son,” said she, “demands your Majesty’s permission to attempt his escape from England.”—“Madame,” said the Emperor, “your request is most embarrassing! I do not forbid your son, but I can by no means authorize him.”

It was at the time I had the honor of saving the Prince of Aremberg’s life that I learned from him these particulars. As for my poor friend Herz, his liberty became fatal to him, owing to an inexplicable succession of events. Having been sent by Marshal Augereau to Stralsund to perform a secret mission, he died there, suffocated by the fire of a brass stove in the room in which he slept. His secretary and his servant nearly fell victims to the same accident; but, more fortunate than he, their lives were saved. The Prince of Aremberg spoke to me of the death of M. Herz with real feeling; and it was easy to see that, prince as he was and allied to the Emperor, he entertained a most sincere friendship for his companion in captivity.

CHAPTER, XXXI.

Military anecdotes.

I have collected under the title of Military Anecdotes some facts which came to my knowledge while I accompanied the Emperor on his campaigns, and the authenticity of which I guarantee. I might have scattered them through my memoirs, and placed them in their proper periods; my not having done so is not owing to forgetfulness on my part, but because I thought that these incidents would have an added interest by being collected together, since in them we see the direct influence of the Emperor upon his

soldiers, and thus can more easily form an exact idea of the manner in which his Majesty treated them, his consideration for them, and their attachment to his person.

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During the autumn of 1804, between the time of the creation of the empire and the coronation of the Emperor, his Majesty made several journeys to the camp of Boulogne; and from this fact rumors arose that the expedition against England would soon set sail. In one of his frequent tours of inspection, the Emperor, stopping one day near the end of the camp on the left, spoke to a cannoneer from a guard ship, and while conversing with him, asked him several questions, among others, the following, “What is thought here of the Emperor?”—“That ‘sacre tondu’ puts us out of breath as soon as he arrives. Each time he comes we have not a moment’s repose while he is here. It might be thought he was enraged against those dogs of English who are always beating us, not much to our own credit.”

“You believe in glory, then?” said the Emperor. The cannoneer then looked at him fixedly: “Somewhat, I think. Do you doubt it?”—“No, I do not doubt it, but money, do you believe in that also?”—“Ah! what—I see —do you mean to insult me, you questioner? I know no other interest than that of the state.”—“No, no, my brave soldier; I do not intend to insult you, but I bet that a twenty-franc piece would not be disagreeable to you in drinking a cup to my health.” While speaking thus the Emperor had drawn a Napoleon from his pocket, which he presented to the cannoneer, whereupon the latter uttered a shout loud enough to be heard by the sentinel at the west post some distance off; and even threw himself on the Emperor, whom he took for a spy, and was about to seize him by the throat when the Emperor suddenly opened his gray overcoat and revealed his identity. The soldier’s astonishment may be imagined! He prostrated himself at the feet of the Emperor, overcome with confusion at his mistake; but the latter, extending his hand, said, “Rise, my brave fellow, you have done your duty; but you will not keep your word, I am very sure; you will accept this piece, and drink to the health of the ‘sacre tondo’, will you not?” The Emperor then continued his rounds as if nothing had occurred.

Every one admits to-day that never, perhaps, has any man been gifted to the same degree as the Emperor with the art of addressing soldiers. He appreciated this talent highly in others; but it was not fine phrases which pleased him, and accordingly he held that a master-piece of this kind was the very short harangue of General Vandamme to the soldiers he commanded the day of the battle of Austerlitz. When day began to break General Vandamme said to the troops, “My brave fellows! There are the Russians! Load your pieces, pick your flints, put powder in the pan, fix bayonets, ready and—forward!” I remember one day the Emperor spoke of this oration before Marshal Berthier, who laughed at it. “That is like you,” he said. “Well, all the advocates of Paris would not have said it so well; the soldier understands this, and that is the way battles are won.”

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When after the first campaign of Vienna, so happily terminated by the peace of Presburg, the Emperor was returning to Paris, many complaints reached him against the exactions of certain generals, notably General Vandamme. Complaint was made, amongst other grievances, that in the little village of Lantza this general had allowed himself five hundred florins per day, that is to say, eleven hundred and twenty-five francs, simply for the daily expenses of his table. It was on this occasion the Emperor said of him: "Pillages like a madman, but brave as Caesar." Nevertheless, the Emperor, indignant at such exactions, and determined to put an end to them, summoned the general to Paris to reprimand him; but the latter, as soon as he entered the Emperor's presence, began to speak before his Majesty had time to address him, saying, "Sire, I know why you have summoned me; but as you know my devotion and my bravery I trust you will excuse some slight altercations as to the furnishing of my table, matters too petty, at any rate, to occupy your Majesty." The Emperor smiled at the oratorical skillfulness of General Vandamme, and contented himself with saying, "Well, well! say no more, but be more circumspect in future."

General Vandamme, happy to have escaped with so gentle an admonition, returned to Lantza to resume his command. He was indeed more circumspect than in the past; but he found and seized the occasion to revenge himself on the town for the compulsory self-denial the Emperor had imposed on him. On his arrival he found in the suburbs a large number of recruits who had come from Paris in his absence; and it occurred to him to make them all enter the town, alleging that it was indispensable they should be drilled under his own eyes. This was an enormous expense to the town, which would have been very willing to recall its complaints, and continue his expenses at the rate of five hundred florins per day.

The Emperor does not figure in the following anecdote. I will relate it, however, as a good instance of the manners and the astuteness of our soldiers on the campaign.

During the year 1806, a part of our troops having their quarters in Bavaria, a soldier of the fourth regiment of the line, named Varengo, was lodged at Indersdorff with a joiner. Varengo wished to compel his host to pay him two florins, or four livres ten sous, per day for his pleasures. He had no right to exact this. To succeed in making it to his interest to comply he set himself to make a continual racket in the house. The poor carpenter, not being able to endure it longer, resolved to complain, but thought it prudent not to carry his complaints to the officers of the company in which Varengo served. He knew by his own experience, at least by that of his neighbors, that these gentlemen were by no means accessible to complaints of this kind. He decided to address himself to the general commanding, and set out on the road to Augsburg, the chief place of the arrondissement.

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On his arrival at the bureau of the town, he was met by the general, and began to submit to him an account of his misfortunes; but unfortunately the general did not know the German language, so he sent for his interpreter, told the carpenter to explain himself, and inquired of what he complained. Now, the general's interpreting secretary was a quartermaster who had been attached to the general's staff since the Peace of Presburg, and happened to be, as luck would have it, the first cousin of this Varengo against whom the complaint was made. Without hesitation the quartermaster, as soon as he heard his cousin's name, gave an entirely incorrect translation of the report, assuring the general that this peasant, although in very comfortable circumstances, disobeyed the order of the day, in refusing to furnish fresh meat for the brave soldier who lodged with him; and this was the origin of the disagreement on which the complaint was based, no other motive being alleged for demanding a change. The general was much irritated, and gave orders to his secretary to require the peasant, under severe penalties, to furnish fresh meat for his guest. The order was written; but instead of submitting it to the supervision of the general, the interpreting secretary wrote out at length that the carpenter should pay two florins per day to Varengo. The poor fellow, having read this in German, could not restrain a movement of anger, seeing which, the general, thinking he had resisted the order, ordered him out, threatening him with his riding-whip. Thus, thanks to his cousin, the interpreter, Varengo regularly received two florins per day, which enabled him to be one of the jolliest soldiers in his company.

The Emperor did not like duelling. He often pretended to be ignorant of duels; but when he had to admit his knowledge of one, loudly expressed his dissatisfaction. I recall in this connection two or three circumstances which I shall attempt to relate.

A short time after the foundation of the Empire, a duel occurred, which created much stir in Paris, on account of the rank of the two adversaries. The Emperor had just authorized the formation of the first foreign regiment which he wished to admit into the service of France,—the regiment of Aremberg. Notwithstanding the title of this corps, most of the officers who were admitted were French; and this was a good opening, discreetly made, for rich and titled young men, who, in purchasing companies by the authority of the minister of war, could thus pass more rapidly through the first grades. Among the officers of the Aremberg regiment, were M. Charles de Sainte-Croix, who had recently served in the ministry of foreign affairs, and a charming young man whom I saw often at Malmaison, M. de Mariolles, who was nearly related to the Empress Josephine. It seems that the same position had been promised both, and they resolved to settle the dispute by private combat. M. de Mariolles fell, and died on the spot, and his death created consternation among the ladies of the salon at Malmaison.

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His family and relations united in making complaint to the Emperor, who was very indignant, and spoke of sending M. de Sainte-Croix to the Temple prison and having him tried for murder. He prudently concealed himself during the first outburst over this affair; and the police, who were put on his track, would have had much difficulty in finding him, as he was especially protected by M. Fouche, who had recently re-entered the ministry, and was intimately connected with his mother, Madame de Sainte-Croix. Everything ended with the threats of his Majesty; since M. Fouche had remarked to him that by such unaccustomed severity the malevolent would not fail to say that he was performing less an act of sovereignty than one of personal vengeance, as the victim had the honor of being connected with himself.

The affair was thus suffered to drop; and I am here struck with the manner in which one recollection leads on to another, for I remember that in process of time the Emperor became much attached to M. de Sainte-Croix, whose advancement in the army was both brilliant and rapid; since, although he entered the service when twenty-two years of age, he was only twenty-eight when he was killed in Spain, being already then general of division. I often saw M. de Sainte-Croix at the Emperor's headquarters. I think I see him still, small, delicate, with an attractive countenance, and very little beard. He might have been taken for a young woman, rather than the brave young soldier he was; and, in fact, his features were so delicate, his cheeks so rosy, his blond hair curled in such natural ringlets, that when the Emperor was in a good humor he called him nothing but Mademoiselle de Sainte-Croix!

Another circumstance which I should not omit is a duel which took place at Burgos, in 1808, between General Franceschi, aide-de-camp to King Joseph, and Colonel Filangieri, colonel of his guard, both of whom were equerries of his Majesty. The subject of the quarrel was almost the same as that between M. de Mariolles and de Sainte-Croix; since both disputed for the position of first equerry to King Joseph, both maintaining that it had been promised them.

We had hardly been in the palace of Burgos five minutes when the Emperor was informed of this duel, which had taken place almost under the walls of the palace itself, and only a few hours before. The Emperor learned at the same time that General Franceschi had been killed, and on account of the difference in their rank, in order not to compromise military etiquette, they had fought in their uniforms of equerry. The Emperor was struck with the fact that the first news he received was bad news; and with his ideas of fatality, this really excited a great influence over him. He gave orders to have Colonel Filangieri found and brought to him, and he came in a few moments. I did not see him, as I was in another apartment; but the Emperor spoke to him in so loud and sharp a tone that I heard distinctly all he said. "Duels!

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duels! always duels!" cried the Emperor. "I will not allow it. I will punish it! You know how I abhor them!"—"Sire, have me tried if you will, but hear me."—"What can you have to say to me, you crater of Vesuvius? I have already pardoned your affair with Saint Simon; I will not do the like again. Moreover, I cannot, at the very beginning of the campaign, when all should be thoroughly united! It produces a most unfortunate effect!" Here the Emperor kept silence a moment; then he resumed, although in a somewhat sharper tone: "Yes! you have a head of Vesuvius. See what a fine condition of affairs I arrive and find blood in my palace!" After another pause, and in a somewhat calmer tone: "See what you have done! Joseph needs good officers; and here you have deprived him of two by a single blow,—Franceschi, whom you have killed, and yourself, who can no longer remain in his service." Here the Emperor was silent for some moments, and then added: "Now retire, leave! Give yourself up as a prisoner at the citadel of Turin. There await my orders, or rather place yourself in Murat's hands; he will know what to do with you; he also has Vesuvius in his head, and he will give you a warm welcome. Now take yourself off at once."

Colonel Filangieri needed no urging, I think, to hasten the execution of the Emperor's orders. I do not know the conclusion of thus adventure; but I do know that the affair affected his Majesty deeply, for that evening when I was undressing him he repeated several times, "Duels! What a disgraceful thing! It is the kind of courage cannibals have!" If, moreover; the Emperor's anger was softened on this occasion, it was on account of his affection for young Filangieri; at first on account of his father, whom the Emperor highly esteemed, and also, because the young man having been educated at his expense, at the French Prytanee, he regarded him as one of his children by adoption, especially since he knew that M. Filangieri, godson of the queen of Naples, had refused a regiment, which the latter had offered him while he was still only a simple lieutenant in the Consular Guard, and further, because he had not consented to become a Neapolitan again until a French prince had been called to the throne of Naples.

What remains to be said on the subject of duels under the Empire, and the Emperor's conduct regarding them which came to my knowledge, somewhat resembles the little piece which is played on the theater after a tragedy. I will now relate how it happened that the Emperor himself played the role of peacemaker between two sub-officers who were enamored of the same beauty.

When the French army occupied Vienna, some time after the battle of Austerlitz, two sub-officers belonging to the forty-sixth and fiftieth regiments of the line, having had a dispute, determined to fight a duel, and chose for the place of combat a spot situated at the extremity of a plain which adjoined the palace of Schoenbrunn, the Emperor's place of residence. Our two champions had already unsheathed and exchanged blows with their short swords, which happily each had warded off, when the Emperor happened to

pass near them, accompanied by several generals. Their stupefaction at the sight of the Emperor may be imagined. Their arms fell, so to speak; from their hands.

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The Emperor inquired the cause of their quarrel, and learned that a woman who granted her favors to both was the real motive, each of them desiring to have no rival.

These two champions found by chance that they were known to one of the generals who accompanied his Majesty, and informed him that they were two brave soldiers of Marengo and Austerlitz, belonging to such and such regiments, whose names had already been put on the list for the Cross of Honor; whereupon the Emperor addressed them after this style: "My children, woman is capricious, as fortune is also; and since you are soldiers of Marengo and Austerlitz, you need to give no new proofs of your courage. Return to your corps, and be friends henceforth, like good knights." These two soldiers lost all desire to fight, and soon perceived that their august peacemaker had not forgotten them, as they promptly received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In the beginning of the campaign of Tilsit, the Emperor, being at Berlin, one day took a fancy to make an excursion on foot to the quarter where our soldiers in the public houses indulged in the pleasures of the dance. He saw a quartermaster of the cavalry of his guard walking with a coarse, rotund German woman, and amused himself listening to the gallant remarks made by this quartermaster to his beautiful companion. "Let us enjoy ourselves, my dear," said he; "it is the 'tondu' who pays the musicians with the 'kriches' of your sovereign. Let us take our own gait; long live joy! and forward"—-"Not so fast," said the Emperor, approaching him. "Certainly it must always be forward, but wait till I sound the charge." The quartermaster turned and recognized the Emperor, and, without being at all disconcerted, put his hand to his shako, and said, "That is useless trouble. Your Majesty does not need to beat a drum to make us move." This repartee made the Emperor smile, and soon after gained epaulets for the sub-officer, who perhaps might have waited a long while except for this fancy of his Majesty. But, at all events, if chance sometimes contributed thus to the giving of rewards, they were never given until after he had ascertained that those on whom he bestowed them were worthy.

At Eylau provisions failed; for a week, the bread supply being exhausted, the soldiers fed themselves as they could. The evening before the first attack, the Emperor, who wished to examine everything himself, made a tour of the bivouacs, and reaching one where all the men were asleep, saw some potatoes cooking, took a fancy to eat them, and undertook to draw them out of the fire with the point of his sword. Instantly a soldier awoke, and seeing some one usurping part of his supper, "I say, you are not very ceremonious, eating our potatoes!"—"My comrade, I am so hungry that you must excuse me."—"Well, take one or two then, if that is the case; but get off." But as the Emperor made no haste in getting off, the soldier insisted more strongly, and

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soon a heated discussion arose between him and the Emperor. From words they were about to come to blows, when the Emperor thought it was time to make himself known. The soldier's confusion was indescribable. He had almost struck the Emperor. He threw himself at his Majesty's feet, begging his pardon, which was most readily granted. "It was I who was in the wrong," said the Emperor; "I was obstinate. I bear you no illwill; rise and let your mind be at rest, both now and in the future."

The Emperor, having made inquiries concerning this soldier, learned that he was a good fellow, and not unintelligent. On the next promotion he was made sub-lieutenant. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect of such occurrences on the army. They were a constant subject of conversation with the soldiers, and stimulated them inexpressibly. The one who enjoyed the greatest distinction in his company was he of whom it could be said: "The Emperor has spoken to him."

At the battle of Essling the brave General Daleim, commanding a division of the fourth corps, found himself during the hottest part of the action at a spot swept by the enemy's artillery. The Emperor, passing near him, said: "It is warm in your locality!"—"Yes, Sire; permit me to extinguish the fire."—"Go." This one word sufficed; in the twinkling of an eye the terrible battery was taken. In the evening the Emperor, seeing General Daleim, approached him, and said, "It seems you only had to blow on it." His Majesty alluded General Daleim's habit of incessant whistling.

Among the brave general officers around the Emperor, a few were not highly educated, though their other fine qualities recommended them; some were celebrated for other reasons than their military merit. Thus General Junot and General Fournier were known as the best pistol shots; General Lasellette was famous for his love of music, which he indulged to such an extent as to have a piano always in one of his baggage wagons. This general drank only water; but, on the contrary, it was very different with General Bisson. Who has not heard of the hardest drinker in all the army? One day the Emperor, meeting him at Berlin, said to him, "Well, Bisson, do you still drink much?"—-"Moderately, Sire; not more than twenty-five bottles." This was, in fact, a great improvement, for he had more than once reached the number of forty without being made tipsy. Moreover, with General Bisson it was not a vice, but an imperious need. The Emperor knowing this, and being much attached to him, allowed him a pension of twelve thousand francs out of his privy purse, and gave him besides frequent presents.

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Among the officers who were not very well educated, we may be permitted to mention General Gros; and the manner in which he was promoted to the grade of general proves this fact. But his bravery was equal to every proof, and he was a superb specimen of masculine beauty. The pen alone was an unaccustomed weapon to him, and he could hardly use it to sign his name; and it was said that he was not much more proficient in reading. Being colonel of the guard, he found himself one day alone at the Tuileries in an apartment where he waited until the Emperor could be seen. There he delighted himself with observing his image reflected in the glass, and readjusting his cravat; and the admiration he felt at his own image led him to converse aloud with himself or rather with his reflection. "Ah!" said he, "if you only knew 'bachebachiques' (mathematics), such a man as you, with a soldier's heart like yours, ah! the Emperor would make you a general!"—"You are one," said the Emperor, striking him on the shoulder. His Majesty had entered the saloon without being heard, and had amused himself with listening to the conversation Colonel Gros had carried on with himself. Such were the circumstances of his promotion to the rank of general, and what is more to be a general in the guard.

I have now arrived at the end of my list of military anecdotes. I have just spoken of a general's promotion, and will close with the story of a simple drummer, but a drummer renowned throughout the army as a perfect buffoon, in fact, the famous Rata, to whom General Gros, as we shall see; was deeply attached.

The army marched on Lintz during the campaign of 1809. Rata, drummer of the grenadiers of the fourth regiment of the line, and famous as a buffoon, having learned that the guard was to pass, and that it was commanded by General Gros; desired to see this officer who had been his chief of battalion, and with whom he had formerly taken all sorts of liberties. Rata thereupon waged his mustache, and went to salute the general, addressing him thus: "Ah, here you are, General. How are you?" —"Very well, indeed, Rata; and you?"—"Always well, but not so well as you, it seems to me. Since you are doing so very well, you no longer think of poor Rata; for if he did not come to see you, you would not even think of sending him a few sous to buy tobacco." While saying, "You do so well," Rata had quickly seized General Gross hat, and put it on his head in place of his own. At this moment the Emperor passed, and seeing a drummer wearing the hat of a general of his guard, he could hardly believe his eyes. He spurred up his horse, and inquired the cause. General Gros then said, laughing, and in the frank speech he so often used even to the Emperor, "It is a brave soldier from my old battalion, accustomed to play pranks to amuse his comrades. He is a brave fellow, Sire, and every inch a man, and I recommend him to your Majesty. Moreover, Sire, he can himself do more than a whole

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park of artillery. Come, Rata, give us a broad side, and no quarter." The Emperor listened, and observed almost stupefied what was passing under his very eyes, when Rata, in no wise intimidated by the presence of the Emperor, prepared to execute the general's order; then, sticking his finger in his mouth, he made a noise like first the whistling and then the bursting of a shell. The imitation was so perfect that the Emperor was compelled to laugh, and turning to General Gros, said, "Come, take this man this very evening into the guard, and remind me of him on the next occasion." In a short while Rata had the cross, which those who threw real shells at the enemy often had not; so largely does caprice enter into the destiny of men!

L'ENVOI.

(*By the editor of the French edition of* 1830.)

The life of any one who has played a distinguished part offers many points of view, the number of which increases in proportion to the influence he has wielded upon the movement of events. This has been greater in the case of Napoleon than of any other personage in history. The product of an era of convulsions, in all of whose changes he took part, and which he at last closed by subjecting all ideas under a rule, which at one time promised to be lasting, he, like Catiline, requires a Sallust; like Charlemagne, an Eginhard; and like Alexander, a Quintus Curtius. M. de Bourrienne has, indeed, after the manner of Commines, shown him to us undisguised in his political manipulations and in the private life of his Court. This is a great step towards a knowledge of his individuality, but it is not enough. It is in a thorough acquaintance with his private life that this disillusioned age will find the secret springs of the drama of his marvelous career. The great men of former ages were veiled from us by a cloud of prejudice which even the good sense of Plutarch scarcely penetrated. Our age, more analytical and freer from illusions, in the great man seeks to find the individual. It is by this searching test that the present puts aside all illusions, and that the future will seek to justify its judgments. In the council of state, the statesman is in his robe, on the battlefield the warrior is beneath his armor, but in his bedchamber, in his undress, we find the man.

It has been said that no man is, a hero to his valet. It would give wide latitude to a witty remark, which has become proverbial, to make it the epigraph of these memoirs. The valet of a hero by that very fact is something more than a valet. Amber is only earth, and Bologna stone only a piece of rock; but the first gives out the perfume of the rose, and the other flashes the rays of the sun. The character of a witness is dignified by the solemnity of the scene and the greatness of the actor. Even before reading the manuscript of M. Constant, we were strongly persuaded that impressions so unusual and so striking would raise him to the level of the occasion.

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The reader can now judge of this for himself. These are the memoirs of M. Constant,—-autographic memoirs of one still living, who has written them to preserve his recollections. It is the private history, the familiar life, the leisure moments, passed in undress, of Napoleon, which we now present to the public. It is Napoleon taken without a mask, deprived of his general's sword, the consular purple, the imperial crown,—-Napoleon resting from council and from battle, forgetful of power and of conquest, Napoleon unbending himself, going to bed, sleeping the slumber of a common man, as if the world did not hang upon his dreams.

These are striking facts, so natural and of such simplicity, that though a biased judgment may, perhaps, exaggerate their character, and amplify their importance, they will furnish to an impartial and reflective mind a wealth of evidence far superior to the vain speculations of the imagination or the prejudiced judgments of political parties.

In this light the author of these memoirs is not an author, but simply a narrator, who has seen more closely and intimately than any one else the Master of the West, who was for fifteen years his master also; and what he has written he has seen with his own eyes.

ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

Death is only asleep without dreams
Excessive desire to oblige
Rubbings with eau de Cologne, his favorite remedy
There are saber strokes enough for every one
His Majesty did not converse: he spoke
Little gifts preserve friendship
She feared to be distracted from her grief
Act with our allies as if they were afterwards to be our enemies
As was his habit, criticised more than he praised
The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods
You have given me your long price, now give me your short one
Fear of being suspected of cowardice was beneath them
Like all great amateurs was hard to please
Self-appointed connoisseurs
Trying to alleviate her sorrow by sharing it
You were made to give lessons, not to take them
Age in which one breathes well only after resting
All orders given by his Majesty were short, precise
Living ever in the future
Necessity is ever ready with inventions
Power of thus isolating one's self completely from all the world
A sad sort of consolation that is drawn from reprisals
Borrowing, which uses up the resources of the future

For a retreating enemy it is necessary to make a bridge of gold
Make a bridge of gold, or oppose a wall of brass
Paper money, which is the greatest enemy of social order
Rise and decline of stocks was with him the real thermometer
The more I concede the more they demand
Most charming mistresses and the worst wives
No man is, a hero to his valet
The pear was ripe; but who was to gather it?

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ST. CLOUD

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By Stewarton

Being Secret Letters from a Gentleman at Paris to a Nobleman in London

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The present work contains particulars of the great Napoleon not to be found in any other publication, and forms an interesting addition to the information generally known about him.

The writer of the Letters (whose name is said to have been Stewarton, and who had been a friend of the Empress Josephine in her happier, if less brilliant days) gives full accounts of the lives of nearly all Napoleon's Ministers and Generals, in addition to those of a great number of other characters, and an insight into the inner life of those who formed Napoleon's Court.

All sorts and conditions of men are dealt with—adherents who have come over from the Royalist camp, as well as those who have won their way upwards as soldiers, as did Napoleon himself. In fact, the work abounds with anecdotes of Napoleon, Talleyrand, Fouche, and a host of others, and astounding particulars are given of the mysterious disappearance of those persons who were unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of Napoleon.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

At Cardinal Caprara's

Cardinal Fesch

Episode at *Mme*. Miot's

Napoleon's Guard

A Grand Dinner

Chaptal

Turreaux

Carrier

Barrere

Cambaceres

BOOKRAGS

Pauline Bonaparte

SECRET COURT MEMOIRS.

The court of st. *Cloud*.

Introductory letter.

Paris, November 10th, 1805.

My lord,—The Letters I have written to you were intended for the private entertainment of a liberal friend, and not for the general perusal of a severe public. Had I imagined that their contents would have penetrated beyond your closet or the circle of your intimate acquaintance, several of the narratives would have been extended, while others would have been compressed; the anecdotes would have been more numerous, and my own remarks fewer; some portraits would have been left out, others drawn, and all better finished. I should then have attempted more frequently to expose meanness to contempt, and treachery to abhorrence; should have lashed more severely incorrigible vice, and oftener held out to ridicule puerile vanity and outrageous ambition. In short, I should then have studied more to please than to instruct, by addressing myself seldomer to the reason than to the passions.

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I subscribe, nevertheless, to your observation, “that the late long war and short peace, with the enslaved state of the Press on the Continent, would occasion a chasm in the most interesting period of modern history, did not independent and judicious travellers or visitors abroad collect and forward to Great Britain (the last refuge of freedom) some materials which, though scanty and insufficient upon the whole, may, in part, rend the veil of destructive politics, and enable future ages to penetrate into mysteries which crime in power has interest to render impenetrable to the just reprobation of honour and of virtue.” If, therefore, my humble labours can preserve loyal subjects from the seduction of traitors, or warn lawful sovereigns and civilized society of the alarming conspiracy against them, I shall not think either my time thrown away, or fear the dangers to which publicity might expose me were I only suspected here of being an Anglican author. Before the Letters are sent to the press I trust, however, to your discretion the removal of everything that might produce a discovery, or indicate the source from which you have derived your information.

Although it is not usual in private correspondence to quote authorities, I have sometimes done so; but satisfied, as I hope you are, with my veracity, I should have thought the frequent productions of any better pledge than the word of a man of honour an insult to your feelings. I have, besides, not related a fact that is not recent and well known in our fashionable and political societies; and of *all* the portraits I have delineated, the originals not only exist, but are yet occupied in the present busy scene of the Continent, and figuring either at Courts, in camps, or in Cabinets.

LETTER I.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—I promised you not to pronounce in haste on persons and events passing under my eyes; thirty-one months have quickly passed away since I became an attentive spectator of the extraordinary transactions, and of the extraordinary characters of the extraordinary Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud. If my talents to delineate equal my zeal to inquire and my industry to examine; if I am as able a painter as I have been an indefatigable observer, you will be satisfied, and with your approbation at once sanction and reward my labours.

With most Princes, the supple courtier and the fawning favourite have greater influence than the profound statesman and subtle Minister; and the determinations of Cabinets are, therefore, frequently prepared in drawing-rooms, and discussed in the closet. The politician and the counsellor are frequently applauded or censured for transactions which the intrigues of antechambers conceived, and which cupidity and favour gave power to promulgate.

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It is very generally imagined, but falsely, that Napoleon Bonaparte governs, or rather tyrannizes, by himself, according to his own capacity, caprices, or interest; that all his acts, all his changes, are the sole consequence of his own exclusive, unprejudiced will, as well as unlimited authority; that both his greatness and his littleness, his successes and his crimes, originate entirely with himself; that the fortunate hero who marched triumphant over the Alps, and the dastardly murderer that disgraced human nature at Jaffa, because the same person, owed victory to himself alone, and by himself alone commanded massacre; that the same genius, unbiased and unsupported, crushed factions, erected a throne, and reconstructed racks; that the same mind restored and protected Christianity, and proscribed and assassinated a D'Enghien.

All these contradictions, all these virtues and vices, may be found in the same person; but Bonaparte, individually or isolated, has no claim to them. Except on some sudden occasions that call for immediate decision, no Sovereign rules less by himself than Bonaparte; because no Sovereign is more surrounded by favourites and counsellors, by needy adventurers and crafty intriguers.

What Sovereign has more relatives to enrich, or services to recompense; more evils to repair, more jealousies to dread, more dangers to fear, more clamours to silence; or stands more in need of information and advice? Let it be remembered that he, who now governs empires and nations, ten years ago commanded only a battery; and five years ago was only a military chieftain. The difference is as immense, indeed, between the sceptre of a Monarch and the sword of a general, as between the wise legislator who protects the lives and property of his contemporaries, and the hireling robber who wades through rivers of blood to obtain plunder at the expense and misery of generations. The lower classes of all countries have produced persons who have distinguished themselves as warriors; but what subject has yet usurped a throne, and by his eminence and achievements, without infringing on the laws and liberties of his country, proved himself worthy to reign? Besides, the education which Bonaparte received was entirely military; and a man (let his innate abilities be ever so surprising or excellent) who, during the first thirty years of his life, has made either military or political tactics or exploits his only study, certainly cannot excel equally in the Cabinet and in the camp. It would be as foolish to believe, as absurd to expect, a perfection almost beyond the reach of any man; and of Bonaparte more than of any one else. A man who, like him, is the continual slave of his own passions, can neither be a good nor a just, an independent nor immaculate master.

Among the courtiers who, ever since Bonaparte was made First Consul, have maintained a great ascendency over him, is the present Grand Marshal of his Court, the general of division, Duroc. With some parts, but greater presumption, this young man is destined by his master to occupy the most confidential places near his person; and to his care are entrusted the most difficult and secret missions at foreign Courts. When he is absent from France, the liberty of the Continent is in danger; and when in the Tuileries, or at St. Cloud, Bonaparte thinks himself always safe.

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Gerard Christophe Michel Duroc was born at Ponta-Mousson, in the department of Meurthe, on the 25th of October, 1772, of poor but honest parents. His father kept a petty chandler's shop; but by the interest and generosity of Abbe Duroc, a distant relation, he was so well educated that, in March, 1792, he became a sub-lieutenant of the artillery. In 1796 he served in Italy, as a captain, under General Andreossy, by whom he was recommended to General l'Espinasse, then commander of the artillery of the army of Italy, who made him an aide-de-camp. In that situation Bonaparte remarked his activity, and was pleased with his manners, and therefore attached him as an aide-de-camp to himself. Duroc soon became a favourite with his chief, and, notwithstanding the intrigues of his rivals, he has continued to be so to this day.

It has been asserted, by his enemies no doubt, that by implicit obedience to his general's orders, by an unresisting complacency, and by executing, without hesitation, the most cruel mandates of his superior, he has fixed himself so firmly in his good opinion that he is irremovable. It has also been stated that it was Duroc who commanded the drowning and burying alive of the wounded French soldiers in Italy, in 1797; and that it was he who inspected their poisoning in Syria, in 1799, where he was wounded during the siege of St. Jean d' Acre. He was among the few officers whom Bonaparte selected for his companions when he quitted the army of Egypt, and landed with him in France in October, 1799.

Hitherto Duroc had only shown himself as a brave soldier and obedient officer; but after the revolution which made Bonaparte a First Consul, he entered upon another career. He was then, for the first time, employed in a diplomatic mission to Berlin, where he so far insinuated himself into the good graces of their Prussian Majesties that the King admitted him to the royal table, and on the parade at Potsdam presented him to his generals and officers as an aide-de-camp 'du plus grand homme que je connais; whilst the Queen gave him a scarf knitted by her own fair hands.

The fortunate result of Duroc's intrigues in Prussia, in 1799, encouraged Bonaparte to despatch him, in 1801, to Russia; where Alexander I. received him with that noble condescension so natural, to this great and good Prince. He succeeded at St. Petersburg in arranging the political and commercial difficulties and disagreements between France and Russia; but his proposal for a defensive alliance was declined.

An anecdote is related of his political campaign in the North, upon the barren banks of the Neva, which, in causing much entertainment to the inhabitants of the fertile banks of the Seine, has not a little displeased the military diplomatist.

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Among Talleyrand's female agents sent to cajole Paul I. during the latter part of his reign, was a Madame Bonoeil, whose real name is De F-----. When this unfortunate Prince was no more, most of the French male and female intriguers in Russia thought it necessary to shift their quarters, and to expect, on the territory of neutral Prussia, farther instructions from Paris, where and how to proceed. Madame Bonoeil had removed to Konigsberg. In the second week of May, 1801, when Duroc passed through that town for St. Petersburg, he visited this lady, according to the orders of Bonaparte, and obtained from her a list of the names of the principal persons who were inclined to be serviceable to France, and might be trusted by him upon the present occasion. By inattention or mistake she had misspelled the name of one of the most trusty and active adherents of Bonaparte; and Duroc, therefore, instead of addressing himself to the Polish Count de S--------lz, went to the Polish Count de S-----tz. This latter was as much flattered as surprised, upon seeing an aide-de-camp and envoy of the First Consul of France enter his apartments, seldom visited before but by usurers, gamesters, and creditors; and, on hearing the object of this visit, began to think either the envoy mad or himself dreaming. Understanding, however, that money would be of little consideration, if the point desired by the First Consul could be carried, he determined to take advantage of this fortunate hit, and invited Duroc to sup with him the same evening; when he promised him he should meet with persons who could do his business, provided his pecuniary resources were as ample as he had stated.

This Count de S-----tz was one of the most extravagant and profligate subjects that Russia had acquired by the partition of Poland. After squandering away his own patrimony, he had ruined his mother and two sisters, and subsisted now entirely by gambling and borrowing. Among his associates, in similar circumstances with himself, was a Chevalier de Gausac, a French adventurer, pretending to be an emigrant from the vicinity of Toulouse. To him was communicated what had happened in the morning, and his advice was asked how to act in the evening. It was soon settled that De Gausac should be transformed into a Russian Count de W-----, a nephew and confidential secretary of the Chancellor of the same name; and that one Caumartin, another French adventurer, who taught fencing at St. Petersburg, should act the part of Prince de M-----, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor; and that all three together should strip Duroc, and share the spoil. At the appointed hour Bonaparte's agent arrived, and was completely the dupe of these adventurers, who plundered him of twelve hundred thousand livres. Though not many days passed before he discovered the imposition, prudence prevented him from

denouncing the impostors; and this blunder would have remained a secret between himself, Bonaparte, and Talleyrand, had not the unusual expenses

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of Caumartin excited the suspicion of the Russian Police Minister, who soon discovered the source from which they had flowed. De Gausac had the
imprudence to return to this capital last spring, and is now shut up in the Temple, where he probably will be forgotten.

As this loss was more ascribed to the negligence of Madame Bonoeil than to the mismanagement of Duroc, or his want of penetration, his reception at the Tuileries, though not so gracious as on his return from Berlin, nineteen months before, was, however, such as convinced him that if he had not increased, he had at the same time not lessened, the confidence of his master; and, indeed, shortly afterwards, Bonaparte created him first prefect of his palace, and procured him for a wife the only daughter of a rich Spanish banker. Rumour, however, says that Bonaparte was not quite disinterested when he commanded and concluded this match, and that the fortune of Madame Duroc has paid for the expensive supper of her husband with Count de S-----tz at St. Petersburg.

LETTER II.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Though the Treaty of Luneville will probably soon be buried in the rubbish of the Treaty of Amiens, the influence of their parents in the Cabinet of St. Cloud is as great as ever: I say their parents, because the crafty ex-Bishop, Talleyrand, foreseeing the short existence of these bastard diplomatic acts, took care to compliment the innocent Joseph Bonaparte with a share in the parentage, although they were his own exclusive offspring.

Joseph Bonaparte, who in 1797, from an attorney's clerk at Ajaccio, in Corsica, was at once transformed into an Ambassador to the Court of Rome, had hardly read a treaty, or seen a despatch written, before he was himself to conclude the one, and to dictate the other. Had he not been supported by able secretaries, Government would soon have been convinced that it is as impossible to confer talents as it is easy to give places to men to whom Nature has refused parts, and on whom a scanty or neglected education has bestowed no improvements. Deep and reserved, like a true Italian, but vain and ambitious, like his brothers, under the character of a statesman, he has only been the political puppet of Talleyrand. If he has sometimes been applauded upon the stages where he has been placed, he is also exposed to the hooting and hisses of the suffering multitude; while the Minister pockets undisturbed all the entrance-money, and conceals his wickedness and art under the cloak of Joseph; which protects him besides against

the anger and fury of Napoleon. No negotiation of any consequence is undertaken, no diplomatic arrangements are under consideration, but Joseph is always consulted, and Napoleon informed of the consultation. Hence none of Bonaparte's Ministers have suffered less from his violence and resentment than Talleyrand, who, in the political department, governs him who governs France and Italy.

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As early as 1800, Talleyrand determined to throw the odium of his own outrages against the law of nations upon the brother of his master. Lucien Bonaparte was that year sent Ambassador to Spain, but not sharing with the Minister the large profits of his appointment, his diplomatic career was but short. Joseph is as greedy and as ravenous as Lucien, but not so frank or indiscreet. Whether he knew or not of Talleyrand's immense gain by the pacification at Luneville in February, 1801, he did not neglect his own individual interest. The day previous to the signature of this treaty, he despatched a courier to the rich army contractor, Collot, acquainting him in secret of the issue of the negotiation, and ordering him at the same time to purchase six millions of livres—L 250,000—in the stocks on his account. On Joseph's arrival at Paris, Collot sent him the State bonds for the sum ordered, together with a very polite letter; but though he waited on the grand pacificator several times afterwards, all admittance was refused, until a douceur of one million of livres—nearly L 42,000—of Collot's private profit opened the door. In return, during the discussions between France and England in the summer of 1801, and in the spring of 1802, Collot was continued Joseph's private agent, and shared with his patron, within twelve months, a clear gain of thirty-two millions of livres.

Some of the secret articles of the Treaty of Luneville gave Austria, during the insurrection in Switzerland, in the autumn of 1802, an opportunity and a right to make representations against the interference of France; a circumstance which greatly displeased Bonaparte, who reproached Talleyrand for his want of foresight, and of having been outwitted by the Cabinet of Vienna. The Minister, on the very next day, laid before his master the correspondence that had passed between him and Joseph Bonaparte, during the negotiation concerning these secret articles, which were found to have been entirely proposed and settled by Joseph; who had been induced by his secretary and factotum (a creature of Talleyrand) to adopt sentiments for which that Minister had been paid, according to report, six hundred thousand livres—L25,000. Several other tricks have in the same manner been played upon Joseph, who, notwithstanding, has the modesty to consider himself (much to the advantage and satisfaction of Talleyrand) the first statesman in Europe, and the good fortune to be thought so by his brother Napoleon.

When a rupture with England was apprehended, in the spring of 1803, Talleyrand never signed a despatch that was not previously communicated to, and approved by Joseph, before its contents were sanctioned by Napoleon. This precaution chiefly continued him in place when Lord Whitworth left this capital,—a departure that incensed Napoleon to such a degree that he entirely forgot the dignity of his rank amidst his generals, a becoming deportment to the members of the diplomatic corps, and his duty to his mother and brothers, who all more or less experienced the effects of his violent passions. He thus accosted Talleyrand, who purposely arrived late at his circle:

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“Well! the English Ambassador is gone; and we must again go to war. Were my generals as great fools as some of my Ministers, I should despair indeed of the issue of my contest with these insolent islanders. Many believe that had I been more ably supported in my Cabinet, I should not have been under the necessity of taking the field, as a rupture might have been prevented.”

“Such, Citizen First Consul!” answered the trembling and bowing Minister, “is not the opinion of the Counsellor of State, Citizen Joseph Bonaparte.”

“Well, then,” said Napoleon, as recollecting himself, “England wishes for war, and she shall suffer for it. This shall be a war of extermination, depend upon it.”

The name of Joseph alone moderated Napoleon’s fury, and changed its object. It is with him what the harp of David was with Saul. Talleyrand knows it, and is no loser by that knowledge. I must, however, in justice, say that, had Bonaparte followed his Minister’s advice, and suffered himself to be entirely guided by his counsel, all hostilities with England at that time might have been avoided; her Government would have been lulled into security by the cession of Malta, and some commercial regulations, and her future conquest, during a time of peace, have been attempted upon plans duly organized, that might have ensured success. He never ceased to repeat, “Citizen First Consul! some few years longer peace with Great Britain, and the ‘Te Deums’ of modern Britons for the conquest and possession of Malta, will be considered by their children as the funeral hymns of their liberty and independence.”

It was upon this memorable occasion of Lord Whitworth’s departure, that Bonaparte is known to have betrayed the most outrageous acts of passion; he rudely forced his mother from his closet, and forbade his own sisters to approach his person; he confined Madame Bonaparte for several hours to her chamber; he dismissed favourite generals; treated with ignominy members of his Council of State; and towards his physician, secretaries, and principal attendants, he committed unbecoming and disgraceful marks of personal outrage. I have heard it affirmed that, though her husband, when shutting her up in her dressing-room, put the key in his pocket, Madame Napoleon found means to resent the ungallant behaviour of her spouse, with the assistance of Madame Remusat.

LETTER III.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—No act of Bonaparte’s government has occasioned so many, so opposite, and so violent debates, among the remnants of revolutionary factions comprising his Senate and Council of State, as the introduction and execution of the religious concordat signed with the Pope. Joseph was here again the ostensible negotiator, though he, on this as

well as on former occasions, concluded nothing that had not been prepared and digested by Talleyrand.

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Bonaparte does not in general pay much attention to the opinions of others when they do not agree with his own views and interests, or coincide with his plans of reform or innovation; but having in his public career professed himself by turns an atheist and an infidel, the worshipper of Christ and of Mahomet, he could not decently silence those who, after deserting or denying the God of their forefathers and of their youth, continued constant and firm in their apostasy. Of those who deliberated concerning the restoration or exclusion of Christianity, and the acceptance or rejection of the concordat, Fouche, Francois de Nantz, Roederer, and Sieges were for the religion of Nature; Volney, Real, Chaptal, Bourrienne, and Lucien Bonaparte for atheism; and Portalis, Gregoire, Cambaceres, Lebrun, Talleyrand, Joseph and Napoleon Bonaparte for Christianity. Besides the sentiments of these confidential counsellors, upwards of two hundred memoirs, for or against the Christian religion, were presented to the First Consul by uninvited and volunteer counsellors,—all differing as much from one another as the members of his own Privy Council.

Many persons do Madame Bonaparte, the mother, the honour of supposing that to her assiduous representations is principally owing the recall of the priests, and the restoration of the altars of Christ. She certainly is the most devout, or rather the most superstitious of her family, and of her name; but had not Talleyrand and Portalis previously convinced Napoleon of the policy of reestablishing a religion which, for fourteen centuries, had preserved the throne of the Bourbons from the machinations of republicans and other conspirators against monarchy, it is very probable that her representations would have been as ineffective as her piety or her prayers. So long ago as 1796 she implored the mercy of Napoleon for the Roman Catholics in Italy; and entreated him to spare the Pope and the papal territory, at the very time that his soldiers were laying waste and ravaging the legacy of Bologna and of Ravenna, both incorporated with his new-formed Cisalpine Republic; where one of his first acts of sovereignty, in the name of the then sovereign people, was the confiscation of Church lands and the sale of the estates of the clergy.

Of the prelates who with Joseph Bonaparte signed the concordat, the Cardinal Gonsalvi and the Bishop Bernier have, by their labours and intrigues, not a little contributed to the present Church establishment, in this country; and to them Napoleon is much indebted for the intrusion of the Bonaparte, dynasty, among the houses of sovereign Princes. The former, intended from his youth for the Church, sees neither honour in this world, nor hopes for any blessing in the next, but exclusively from its bosom and its doctrine. With capacity to figure as a country curate, he occupies the post of the chief Secretary of State to the Pope; and though nearly of the same age, but of a much weaker

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constitution than his Sovereign, he was ambitious enough to demand Bonaparte's promise of succeeding to the Papal See, and weak and wicked enough to wish and expect to survive a benefactor of a calmer mind and better health than himself. It was he who encouraged Bonaparte to require the presence of Pius *vii*. in France, and who persuaded this weak pontiff to undertake a journey that has caused so much scandal among the truly faithful; and which, should ever Austria regain its former supremacy in Italy, will send the present Pope to end his days in a convent, and make the successors of St. Peter what this Apostle was himself, a Bishop of Rome, and nothing more.

Bernier was a curate in La Vendee before the Revolution, and one of those priests who lighted the torch of civil war in that unfortunate country, under pretence of defending the throne of his King and the altars of his God. He not only possessed great popularity among the lower classes, but acquired so far the confidence of the Vendean chiefs that he was appointed one of the supreme and directing Council of the Royalists and Chouans. Even so late as the summer of 1799 he continued not only unsuspected, but trusted by the insurgents in the Western departments. In the winter, however, of the same year he had been gained over by Bonaparte's emissaries, and was seen at his levies in the Tuileries. It is stated that General Brune made him renounce his former principles, desert his former companions, and betray to the then First Consul of the French Republic the secrets of the friends of lawful monarchy, of the faithful subjects of Louis XVIII. His perfidy has been rewarded with one hundred and fifty thousand livres in ready money, with the see of Orleans, and with a promise of a cardinal's hat. He has also, with the Cardinals Gonsalvi, Caprara, Fesch, Cambaceres, and Mauri, Bonaparte's promise, and, of course, the expectation of the Roman tiara. He was one of the prelates who officiated at the late coronation, and is now confided in as a person who has too far committed himself with his legitimate Prince, and whose past treachery, therefore, answers for his future fidelity.

This religious concordat of the 10th September, 1801, as well as all other constitutional codes emating from revolutionary authorities, proscribes even in protecting. The professors and protectors of the religion of universal peace, benevolence, and forgiveness banish in this concordat from France forever the Cardinals Rohan and Montmorency, and the Bishop of Arras, whose dutiful attachment to their unfortunate Prince would, in better times and in a more just and generous nation, have been recompensed with distinctions, and honoured even by magnanimous foes.

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When Madame Napoleon was informed by her husband of the necessity of choosing her almoner and chaplain, and of attending regularly the Mass, she first fell a-laughing, taking it merely for a joke; the serious and severe looks, and the harsh and threatening expressions of the First Consul soon, however, convinced her how much she was mistaken. To evince her repentance, she on the very next day attended her mother-in-law to church, who was highly edified by the sudden and religious turn of her daughter, and did not fail to ascribe to the efficacious interference of one of her favourite saints this conversion of a profane sinner. But Napoleon was not the dupe of this church-going mummery of his wife, whom he ordered his spies to watch; these were unfortunate enough to discover that she went to the Mass more to fill her appointments with her lovers than to pray to her Saviour; and that even by the side of her mother she read billets-doux and love-letters when that pious lady supposed that she read her prayers, because her eyes were fixed upon her breviary. Without relating to any one this discovery of his Josephine's frailties, Napoleon, after a violent connubial fracas and reprimand, and after a solitary confinement of her for six days, gave immediate orders to have the chapels of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud repaired; and until these were ready, Cardinal Cambaceres and Bernier, by turns, said the Mass, in her private apartments; where none but selected favourites or favoured courtiers were admitted. Madame Napoleon now never neglects the Mass, but if not accompanied by her husband is escorted by a guard of honour, among whom she knows that he has several agents watching her motions and her very looks.

In the month of June, 1803; I dined with Viscomte de Segur, and Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte were among the guests. The latter jocosely remarked with what facility the French Christians had suffered themselves to be hunted in and out of their temples, according to the fanaticism or policy of their rulers; which he adduced as a proof of the great progress of philosophy and toleration in France. A young officer of the party, Jacquemont, a relation of the former husband of the present Madame Lucien, observed that he thought it rather an evidence of the indifference of the French people to all religion; the consequence of the great havoc the tenets of infidelity and of atheism had made among the flocks of the faithful. This was again denied by Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, Savary, who observed that, had this been the case, the First Consul (who certainly was as well acquainted with the religious spirit of Frenchmen as anybody else) would not have taken the trouble to conclude a religious concordat, nor have been at the expense of providing for the clergy. To this assertion Joseph nodded an assent.

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When the dinner was over, De Segur took me to a window, expressing his uneasiness at what he called the imprudence of Jacquemont, who, he apprehended, from Joseph's silence and manner, would not escape punishment for having indirectly blamed both the restorer of religion and his plenipotentiary. These apprehensions were justified. On the next day Jacquemont received orders to join the colonial depot at Havre; but refusing to obey, by giving in his resignation as a captain, he was arrested, shut up in the Temple, and afterwards transported to Cayenne or Madagascar. His relatives and friends are still ignorant whether he is dead or alive, and what is or has been his place of exile. To a petition presented by Jacquemont's sister, Madame de Veaux, Joseph answered that "he never interfered with the acts of the haute police of his brother Napoleon's Government, being well convinced both of its justice and moderation."

LETTER IV.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—That Bonaparte had, as far back as February, 1803 (when the King of Prussia proposed to Louis XVIII. the formal renunciation of his hereditary rights in favour of the First Consul), determined to assume the rank and title, with the power of a Sovereign, nobody can doubt. Had it not been for the war with England, he would, in the spring of that year, or twelve months earlier, have proclaimed himself Emperor of the French, and probably would have been acknowledged as such by all other Princes. To a man so vain and so impatient, so accustomed to command and to intimidate, this suspension of his favourite plan was a considerable disappointment, and not a little increased his bitter and irreconcilable hatred of Great Britain.

Here, as well as in foreign countries, the multitude pay homage only to Napoleon's uninterrupted prosperity; without penetrating or considering whether it be the consequence of chance or of well-digested plans; whether he owes his successes to his own merit or to a blind fortune. He asserted in his speech to the constitutional authorities, immediately after hostilities had commenced with England, that the war would be of short duration, and he firmly believed what he said. Had he by his gunboats, or by his intrigues or threats, been enabled to extort a second edition of the Peace of Amiens, after a warfare of some few months, all mouths would have been ready to exclaim, "Oh, the illustrious warrior! Oh, the profound politician!" Now, after three ineffectual campaigns on the coast, when the extravagance and ambition of our Government have extended the contagion of war over the Continent; when both our direct offers of peace, and the negotiations and mediations of our allies, have been declined by, or proved unavailing with, the Cabinet of St. James, the inconsistency, the ignorance, and the littleness of the fortunate great man seem to be not more remembered than the outrages

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and encroachments that have provoked Austria and Russia to take the field. Should he continue victorious, and be in a position to dictate another Peace of Luneville, which probably would be followed by another pacific overture to or from England, mankind will again be ready to call out, “Oh, the illustrious warrior! Oh, the profound politician! He foresaw, in his wisdom, that a Continental war was necessary to terrify or to subdue his maritime foe; that a peace with England could be obtained only in Germany; and that this war must be excited by extending the power of France on the other side of the Alps. Hence his coronation as a King of Italy; hence his incorporation of Parma and Genoa with France; and hence his donation of Piombino and Lucca to his brother-in-law, Bacchiochi!” Nowhere in history have I read of men of sense being so easily led astray as in our times, by confounding fortuitous events with consequences resulting from preconcerted plans and well-organized designs.

Only rogues can disseminate and fools believe that the disgrace of Moreau, and the execution of the Duc d’Enghien, of Pichegru, and Georges, were necessary as footsteps to Bonaparte’s Imperial throne; and that without the treachery of Mehee de la Touche, and the conspiracy he pretended to have discovered, France would still have been ruled by a First Consul. It is indeed true, that this plot is to be counted (as the imbecility of Melas, which lost the battle of Marengo) among those accidents presenting themselves apropos to serve the favourite of fortune in his ambitious views; but without it, he would equally have been hailed an Emperor of the French in May, 1804. When he came from the coast, in the preceding winter, and was convinced of the impossibility of making any impression on the British Islands with his flotilla, he convoked his confidential Senators, who then, with Talleyrand, settled the Senatus Consultum which appeared five months afterwards. Mehee’s correspondence with Mr. Drake was then known to him; but he and the Minister of Police were both unacquainted with the residence and arrival of Pichegru and Georges in France, and of their connection with Moreau; the particulars of which were first disclosed to them in the February following, when Bonaparte had been absent from his army of England six weeks. The assumption of the Imperial dignity procured him another decent opportunity of offering his olive-branch to those who had caused his laurels to wither, and by whom, notwithstanding his abuse, calumnies, and menaces, he would have been more proud to be saluted Emperor than by all the nations upon the Continent. His vanity, interest, and policy, all required this last degree of supremacy and elevation at that period.

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Bonaparte had so well penetrated the weak side of Moreau's character that, although he could not avoid doing justice to this general's military talents and exploits, he neither esteemed him as a citizen nor dreaded him as a rival. Moreau possessed great popularity; but so did Dumourier and Pichegru before him: and yet neither of them had found adherents enough to shake those republican governments with which they avowed themselves openly discontented, and against which they secretly plotted. I heard Talleyrand say, at Madame de Montlausier's, in the presence of fifty persons, "Napoleon Bonaparte had never anything to apprehend from General Moreau, and from his popularity, even at the head of an army. Dumourier, too, was at the head of an army when he revolted against the National Convention; but had he not saved himself by flight his own troops would have delivered him up to be punished as a traitor. Moreau, and his popularity, could only be dangerous to the Bonaparte dynasty were he to survive Napoleon, had not this Emperor wisely averted this danger." From this official declaration of Napoleon's confidential Minister, in a society of known anti-imperialists, I draw the conclusion that Moreau will never more, during the present reign, return to France. How very feeble, and how badly advised must this general have been, when, after his condemnation to two years' imprisonment, he accepted a perpetual exile, and renounced all hopes of ever again entering his own country. In the Temple, or in any other prison, if he had submitted to the sentence pronounced against him, he would have caused Bonaparte more uneasiness than when at liberty, and been more a point of rally to his adherents and friends than when at his palace of Grosbois, because compassion and pity must have invigorated and sharpened their feelings.

If report be true, however, he did not voluntarily exchange imprisonment for exile; racks were shown him; and by the act of banishment was placed a poisonous draught. This report gains considerable credit when it is remembered that, immediately after his condemnation, Moreau furnished his apartments in the Temple in a handsome manner, so as to be lodged well, if not comfortably, with his wife and child, whom, it is said, he was not permitted to see before he had accepted Bonaparte's proposal of transportation.

It may be objected to this supposition that the man in power, who did not care about the barefaced murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and the secret destruction of Pichegru, could neither much hesitate, nor be very conscientious about adding Moreau to the number of his victims. True, but the assassin in authority is also generally a politician. The untimely end of the Duc d'Enghien and of Pichegru was certainly lamented and deplored by the great majority of the French people; but though they had many who pitied their fate, but few had any relative interest to avenge it; whilst in the assassination of Moreau,

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every general, every officer, and every soldier of his former army, might have read the destiny reserved for himself by that chieftain, who did not conceal his preference of those who had fought under him in Italy and Egypt, and his mistrust and jealousy of those who had vanquished under Moreau in Germany; numbers of whom had already perished at St. Domingo, or in the other colonies, or were dispersed in separate and distant garrisons of the mother country. It has been calculated that of eighty-four generals who made, under Moreau, the campaign of 1800, and who survived the Peace of Lundville, sixteen had been killed or died at St. Domingo, four at Guadeloupe, ten in Cayenne, nine at Ile de France, and eleven at l'Ile Reunion and in Madagascar. The mortality among the officers and men has been in proportion.

An anecdote is related of Pichegru, which does honour to the memory of that unfortunate general. Fouche paid him a visit in prison the day before his death, and offered him "Bonaparte's commission as a Field-marshal, and a diploma as a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, provided he would turn informer against Moreau, of whose treachery against himself in 1797 he was reminded. On the other hand, he was informed that, in consequence of his former denials, if he persisted in his refractory conduct, he should never more appear before any judge, but that the affairs of State and the safety of the country required that he should be privately despatched in his gaol."

"So," answered this virtuous and indignant warrior, "you will spare my life only upon condition that I prove myself unworthy to live. As this is the case, my choice is made without hesitation; I am prepared to become your victim, but I will never be numbered among your accomplices. Call in your executioners; I am ready to die as I have lived, a man of honour, and an irreproachable citizen."

Within twenty-four hours after this answer, Pichegru was no more.

That the Duc d'Enghien was shot on the night of the 21st of March, 1804, in the wood or in the ditch of the castle at Vincennes, is admitted even by Government; but who really were his assassins is still unknown. Some assert that he was shot by the grenadiers of Bonaparte's Italian guard; others say, by a detachment of the Gendarmes d'Elite; and others again, that the men of both these corps refused to fire, and that General Murat, hearing the troops murmur, and fearing their mutiny, was himself the executioner of this young and innocent Prince of the House of Bourbon, by riding up to him and blowing out his brains with a pistol. Certain it is that Murat was the first, and Louis Bonaparte the second in command, on this dreadful occasion.

LETTER V.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Thanks to Talleyrand's political emigration, our Government has never been in ignorance of the characters and foibles of the leading members among the emigrants in England. Otto, however, finished their picture, but added, some new groups to those delineated by his predecessor. It was according to his plan that the expedition of Mehee de la Touche was undertaken, and it was in following his instructions that the campaign of this traitor succeeded so well in Great Britain.

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Under the Ministry of Vergennes, of Montmorin, and of Delessart, Mehee had been employed as a spy in Russia, Sweden, and Poland, and acquitted himself perfectly to the satisfaction of his masters. By some accident or other, Delessart discovered, however, in December, 1791, that he had, while pocketing the money of the Cabinet of Versailles, sold its secrets to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. He, of course, was no longer trusted as a spy, and therefore turned a Jacobin, and announced himself to Brissot as a persecuted patriot. All the calumnies against this Minister in Brissot's daily paper, Le Patriote Francois, during January, February, and March, 1792, were the productions of Mehee's malicious heart and able pen. Even after they had sent Delessart a State prisoner to Orleans, his inveteracy continued, and in September the same year he went to Versailles to enjoy the sight of the murder of his former master. Some go so far as to say that the assassins were headed by this monster, who aggravated cruelty by insult, and informed the dying Minister of the hands that stabbed him, and to whom he was indebted for a premature death.

To these and other infamous and barbarous deeds, Talleyrand was not a stranger when he made Mehee his secret agent, and entrusted him with the mission to England. He took, therefore, such steps that neither his confidence could be betrayed, nor his money squandered. Mehee had instructions how to proceed in Great Britain, but he was ignorant of the object Government had in view by his mission; and though large sums were promised if successful, and if he gave satisfaction by his zeal and discretion, the money advanced him was a mere trifle, and barely sufficient to keep him from want. He was, therefore, really distressed, when he fixed upon some necessitous and greedy emigrants for his instruments to play on the credulity of the English Ministers in some of their unguarded moments. Their generosity in forbearing to avenge upon the deluded French exiles the slur attempted to be thrown upon their official capacity, and the ridicule intended to be cast on their private characters, has been much approved and admired here by all liberal-minded persons; but it has also much disappointed Bonaparte and Talleyrand, who expected to see these emigrants driven from the only asylum which hospitality has not refused to their misfortunes and misery.

Mehee had been promised by Talleyrand double the amount of the sums which he could swindle from your Government; but though he did more mischief to your country than was expected in this, and though he proved that he had pocketed upwards of ten thousand English guineas, the wages of his infamy, when he hinted about the recompense he expected here, Durant, Talleyrand's chef du bureau, advised him, as a friend, not to remind the Minister of his presence in France, as Bonaparte never pardoned a Septembrizer, and the English guineas he possessed might be claimed and seized as national

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property, to compensate some of the sufferers by the unprovoked war with England. In vain did he address himself to his fellow labourer in revolutionary plots, the Counsellor of State, Real, who had been the intermedium between him and Talleyrand, when he was first enlisted among the secret agents; instead of receiving money he heard threats; and, therefore, with as good grace as he could, he made the best of his disappointment; he sported a carriage, kept a mistress, went to gambling-houses, and is now in a fair way to be reduced to the status quo before his brilliant exploits in Great Britain.

Real, besides the place of a Counsellor of State, occupies also the office of a director of the internal police. Having some difference with my landlord, I was summoned to appear before him at the prefecture of the police. My friend, M. de Sab-----r, formerly a counsellor of the Parliament at Rouen, happened to be with me when the summons was delivered, and offered to accompany me, being acquainted with Real. Though thirty persons were waiting in the antechamber at our arrival, no sooner was my friend's name announced than we were admitted, and I obtained not only more justice than I expected, or dared to claim, but an invitation to Madame Real's tea-party the same evening. This justice and this politeness surprised me, until my friend showed me an act of forgery in his possession, committed by Real in 1788, when an advocate of the Parliament, and for which the humanity of my friend alone prevented him from being struck off the rolls, and otherwise punished.

As I conceived my usual societies and coteries could not approve my attendance at the house of such a personage, I was intent upon sending an apology to Madame Real. My friend, however, assured me that I should meet in her salon persons of all classes and of all ranks, and many I little expected to see associating together. I went late, and found the assembly very numerous; at the upper part of the hall were seated Princesses Joseph and Louis Bonaparte, with Madame Fouche, Madame Roederer, the cidevant Duchesse de Fleury, and Marquise de Clermont. They were conversing with M. Mathew de Montmorency, the contractor (a ci-devant lackey) Collot, the ci-devant Duc de Fitz-James, and the legislator Martin, a ci-devant porter: several groups in the several apartments were composed of a similar heterogeneous mixture of ci-devant nobles and ci-devant valets, of ci-devant Princesses, Marchionesses, Countesses and Baronesses, and of ci-devant chambermaids, mistresses and poissardes. Round a gambling-table, by the side of the ci-devant Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, sat Madame Hounguenin, whose husband, a ci-devant shoeblack, has, by the purchase of national property, made a fortune of nine millions of livres—L375,000. Opposite them were seated the ci-devant Prince de Chalais, and the present Prince Cambaceres with the ci-devant Comtesse de Beauvais, and Madame Fauve, the

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daughter of a fishwoman, and the wife of a tribune, a ci-devant barber. In another room, the Bavarian Minister Cetto was conferring with the spy Mehee de la Touche; but observed at a distance by Fouche's secretary, Desmarets, the son of a tailor at Fontainebleau, and for years a known spy. When I was just going to retire, the handsome Madame Gillot, and her sister, Madame de Soubray, joined me. You have perhaps known them in England, where, before their marriage, they resided for five years with their parents, the Marquis and Marquise de Courtin; and were often admired by the loungers in Bond Street. The one married for money, Gillot, a ci-devant drummer in the French Guard, but who, since the Revolution, has, as a general; made a large fortune; and the other united herself to a ci-devant Abbe, from love; but both are now divorced from their husbands, who passed them without any notice while they were chatting with me. I was handing Madame Gillot to her carriage, when, from the staircase, Madame de Soubray called to us not to quit her, as she was pursued by a man whom she detested, and wished to avoid. We had hardly turned round, when Mehee offered her his arm, and she exclaimed with indignation, "How dare you, infamous wretch, approach me, when I have forbidden you ever to speak to me? Had you been reduced to become a highwayman, or a housebreaker, I might have pitied your infamy; but a spy is a villain who aggravates guilt by cowardice and baseness, and can inspire no noble soul with any other sentiment but abhorrence, and the most sovereign contempt." Without being disconcerted, Mehee silently returned to the company, amidst bursts of laughter from fifty servants, and as many masters, waiting for their carriages. M. de Cetto was among the latter, but, though we all fixed our eyes steadfastly upon him, no alteration could be seen on his diplomatic countenance: his face must surely be made of brass or his heart of marble.

LETTER VI.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—The day on which Madame Napoleon Bonaparte was elected an Empress of the French, by the constitutional authorities of her husband's Empire, was, contradictory as it may seem, one of the most uncomfortable in her life. After the show and ceremony of the audience and of the drawing-room were over, she passed it entirely in tears, in her library, where her husband shut her up and confined her.

The discipline of the Court of St. Cloud is as singular as its composition is unique. It is, by the regulation of Napoleon, entirely military. From the Empress to her lowest chambermaid, from the Emperor's first aide-de-camp down to his youngest page, any slight offence or negligence is punished with confinement, either public or private. In the former case the culprits are shut up in their own apartments, but in the latter they are ordered into one of the small rooms, constructed in the dark galleries at the Tuileries

and St. Cloud, near the kitchens, where they are guarded day and night by sentries, who answer for their persons, and that nobody visits them.

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When, on the 28th of March, 1804, the Senate had determined on offering Bonaparte the Imperial dignity, he immediately gave his wife full powers, with order to form her household of persons who, from birth and from their principles, might be worthy, and could be trusted to encompass the Imperial couple. She consulted Madame Remusat, who, in her turn, consulted her friend De Segur, who also consulted his bonne amie, Madame de Montbrune. This lady determined that if Bonaparte and his wife were desirous to be served, or waited on, by persons above them by ancestry and honour, they should pay liberally for such sacrifices. She was not therefore idle, but wishing to profit herself by the pride of upstart vanity, she had at first merely reconnoitred the ground, or made distant overtures to those families of the ancient French nobility who had been ruined by the Revolution, and whose minds she expected to have found on a level with their circumstances. These, however, either suspecting her intent and her views, or preferring honest poverty to degrading and disgraceful splendour, had started objections which she was not prepared to encounter. Thus the time passed away; and when, on the 18th of the following May, the Senate proclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor of the French, not a Chamberlain was ready to attend him, nor a Maid of Honour to wait on his wife.

On the morning of the 20th May, the day fixed for the constitutional republican authorities to present their homage as subjects, Napoleon asked his Josephine who were the persons, of both sexes, she had engaged, according to his carte blanche given her, as necessary and as unavoidable decorations of the drawing-room of an Emperor and Empress, as thrones and as canopies of State. She referred him to Madame Remusat, who, though but half-dressed, was instantly ordered to appear before him. This lady avowed that his grand master of the ceremonies, De Segur, had been entrusted by her with the whole arrangement, but that she feared that he had not yet been able to complete the full establishment of the Imperial Court. The aide-de-camp Rapp was then despatched after De Segur, who, as usual, presented himself smiling and cringing.

“Give me the list,” said Napoleon, “of the ladies and gentlemen you have no doubt engaged for our household.”

“May it please Your Majesty,” answered De Segur, trembling with fear, “I humbly supposed that they were not requisite before the day of Your Majesty’s coronation.”

“You supposed!” retorted Napoleon. “How dare you suppose differently from our commands? Is the Emperor of the Great Nation not to be encompassed with a more numerous retinue, or with more lustre, than a First Consul? Do you not see the immense difference between the Sovereign Monarch of an Empire, and the citizen chief magistrate of a commonwealth? Are there not starving nobles in my empire enough to furnish all the Courts in Europe with attendants, courtiers, and valets? Do you not believe that with a nod, with a single nod, I might have them all prostrated before my throne? What can, then, have occasioned this impertinent delay?”

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“Sire!” answered De Segur, “it is not the want of numbers, but the difficulty of the choice among them. I will never recommend a single individual upon whom I cannot depend; or who, on some future day, may expose me to the greatest of all evils, the displeasure of my Prince.”

“But,” continued Napoleon, “what is to be done to-day that I may augment the number of my suite, and by it impose upon the gaping multitude and the attending deputations?”—“Command,” said De Segur, “all the officers of Your Majesty’s staff, and of the staff of the Governor of Paris, General Murat, to surround Your Majesty’s sacred person, and order them to accoutre themselves in the most shining and splendid manner possible. The presence of so many military men will also, in a political point of view, be useful. It will lessen the pretensions of the constituted authorities, by telling them indirectly, ’It is not to your Senatus Consultum, to your decrees, or to your votes, that I am indebted for my present Sovereignty; I owe it exclusively to my own merit and valour, and to the valour of my brave officers and men, to whose arms I trust more than to your counsels.’”

This advice obtained Napoleon’s entire approbation, and was followed. De Segur was permitted to retire, but when Madame Remusat made a curtsey also to leave the room, she was stopped with his terrible ‘aux arrets’ and left under the care and responsibility of his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, who saw her safe into her room, at the door of which he placed two grenadiers. Napoleon then went out, ordering his wife, at her peril, to be in time, ready and brilliantly dressed, for the drawing-room.

Dreading the consequences of her husband’s wrath, Madame Napoleon was not only punctual, but so elegantly and tastefully decorated with jewels and ornaments that even those of her enemies or rivals who refused her beauty, honour, and virtue, allowed her taste and dignity. She thought that even in the regards of Napoleon she read a tacit approbation. When all the troublesome bustle of the morning was gone through, and when Senators, legislators, tribunes, and prefects had complimented her as a model of female perfection, on a signal from her husband she accompanied him in silence through six different apartments before he came to her library, where he surlily ordered her to enter and to remain until further orders.

“What have I done, Sire! to deserve such treatment?” exclaimed Josephine, trembling.

“If,” answered Napoleon, “Madame Remusat, your favourite, has made a fool of you, this is only to teach you that you shall not make a fool of me: Had not De Segur fortunately for him—had the ingenuity to extricate us from the dilemma into which my confidence and dependence on you had brought me, I should have made a fine figure indeed on the first day of my emperorship. Have patience, Madame; you have plenty of books to divert you, but you must remain where you are until I am inclined to release you.” So saying, Napoleon locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

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It was near two o'clock in the afternoon when she was thus shut up. Remembering the recent flattery of her courtiers, and comparing it with the unfeeling treatment of her husband, she found herself so much the more unfortunate, as the expressions of the former were regarded by her as praise due to her merit, while the unkindness of the latter was unavailingly resented as the undeserved oppression of a capricious despot.

Business, or perhaps malice, made Napoleon forget to send her any dinner; and when, at eight o'clock, his brothers and sisters came, according to invitation, to take tea, he said coldly:

"Apropos, I forgot it. My wife has not dined yet; she is busy, I suppose, in her philosophical meditations in her study."

Madame Louis Bonaparte, her daughter, flew directly towards the study, and her mother could scarcely, for her tears, inform her that—she was a prisoner, and that her husband was her gaoler.

"Oh, Sire!" said Madame Louis, returning, "even this remarkable day is a day of mourning for my poor mother!"

"She deserves worse," answered Napoleon, "but, for your sake, she shall be released; here is the key, let her out."

Madame Napoleon was, however, not in a situation to wish to appear before her envious brothers and sisters-in-law. Her eyes were so swollen with crying that she could hardly see; and her tears had stained those Imperial robes which the unthinking and inconsiderate no doubt believed a certain preservative against sorrow and affliction. At nine o'clock, however, another aide-de-camp of her husband presented himself, and gave her the choice either to accompany him back to the study or to join the family party of the Bonapartes.

In deploring her mother's situation, Madame Louis Bonaparte informed her former governess, Madame Cam——n, of these particulars, which I heard her relate at Madame de M——r's, almost verbatim as I report them to you. Such, and other scenes, nearly of the same description, are neither rare nor singular, in the most singular Court that ever existed in civilized Europe.

LETTER VII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Though Government suffer a religious, or, rather, anti-religious liberty of the Press, the authors who libel or ridicule the Christian, particularly the Roman Catholic, religion, are excluded from all prospect of advancement, or if in place, are not trusted or

liked. Cardinal Caprara, the nuncio of the Pope, proposed last year, in a long memorial, the same severe restrictions on the discussions or publications in religious matters as were already ordered in those concerning politics. But both Bonaparte and his Minister in the affairs of the Church, Portalis, refused the introduction of what they called a tyranny on the conscience. Caprara then addressed himself to the ex-Bishop Talleyrand, who, on this occasion, was more explicit than he generally is.

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“Bonaparte,” said he, “rules not only over a fickle, but a gossiping (bavard) people, whom he has prudently forbidden all conversation and writing concerning government of the State. They would soon (accustomed as they are, since the Revolution, to verbal and written debates) be tired of talking about fine weather or about the opera. To occupy them and their attention, some ample subject of diversion was necessary, and religion was surrendered to them at discretion; because, enlightened as the world now is, even athiests or Christian fanatics can do but little harm to society. They may spend rivers of ink, but they will be unable to shed a drop of blood.”

“True,” answered the Cardinal, “but only to a certain degree. The licentiousness of the Press, with regard to religious matters, does it not also furnish infidelity with new arms to injure the faith? And have not the horrors from which France has just escaped proved the danger and evil consequences of irreligion, and the necessity of encouraging and protecting Christianity? By the recall of the clergy, and by the religious concordat, Bonaparte has shown himself convinced of this truth.”

“So he is,” interrupted Talleyrand; “but he abhors intoleration and persecution” (not in politics). “I shall, however, to please Your Eminence, lay the particulars of your conversation before him.”

Some time afterwards, when Talleyrand and Bonaparte must have agreed about some new measure to indirectly chastise impious writers, the Senators Garat, Jaucourt, Roederer, and Demeunier, four of the members of the senatorial commission of the liberty of the Press, were sent for, and remained closeted with Napoleon, his Minister Portalis, and Cardinal Caprara for two hours. What was determined on this occasion has not transpired, as even the Cardinal, who is not the most discreet person when provoked, and his religious zeal gets the better of his political prudence, has remained silent, though seemingly contented.

Two rather insignificant authors, of the name of Varennes and Beaujou, who published some scandalous libels on Christianity, have since been taken up, and after some months’ imprisonment in the Temple been condemned to transportation to Cayenne for life,—not as infidels or atheists, but as conspirators against the State, in consequence of some unguarded expressions which prejudice or ill-will alone would judge connected with politics. Nothing is now permitted to be printed against religion but with the author’s name; but on affixing his name, he may abuse the worship and Gospel as much as he pleases. Since the example of severity alluded to above, however, this practice is on the decline. Even Pigault-Lebrun, a popular but immoral novel writer, narrowly escaped lately a trip to Cayenne for one of his blasphemous publications, and owes to the protection of Madame Murat exclusively that he was not sent to keep Varennes and Beaujou company. Some years ago, when Madame Murat was neither so great nor so rich as at present, he presented her with a copy of his works, and she had been unfashionable enough not only to remember the compliment, but wished to

return it by nominating him her private secretary; which, however, the veto of Napoleon prevented.

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Of Napoleon Bonaparte's religious sentiments, opinions are not divided in France. The influence over him of the petty, superstitious Cardinal Caprara is, therefore, inexplicable. This prelate has forced from him assent to transactions which had been refused both to his mother and his brother Joseph, who now often employ the Cardinal with success, where they either dare not or will not show themselves. It is true His Eminence is not easily rebuked, but returns to the charge unabashed by new repulses; and be obtains by teasing more than by persuasion; but a man by whom Bonaparte suffers, himself to be teased with impunity is no insignificant favourite, particularly when, like this Cardinal, he unites cunning with devotion, craft with superstition; and is as accessible to corruption as tormented by ambition.

As most ecclesiastical promotions passed through his pure and disinterested hands, Madame Napoleon, Talleyrand, and Portalis, who also wanted some douceurs for their extraordinary expenses, united together last spring to remove him from France. Napoleon was cajoled to nominate him a grand almoner of the Kingdom of Italy, and the Cardinal set out for Milan. He was, however, artful enough to convince his Sovereign of the propriety of having his grand almoner by his side; and he is, therefore, obliged to this intrigue of his enemies that he now disposes of the benefices in the Kingdom of Italy, as well as those of the French Empire.

During the Pope's residence in this capital, His Holiness often made use of Cardinal Caprara in his secret negotiations with Bonaparte; and whatever advantages were obtained by the Roman Pontiff for the Gallican Church His Eminence almost extorted; for he never desisted, where his interest or pride were concerned, till he had succeeded. It is said that one day last January, after having been for hours exceedingly teasing and troublesome, Bonaparte lost his patience, and was going to treat His Eminence as he frequently does his relatives, his Ministers, and counsellors,—that is to say, to kick him from his presence; but suddenly recollecting himself, he said: "Cardinal, remain here in my closet until my return, when I shall have more time to listen to what you have to relate." It was at ten o'clock in the morning, and a day of great military audience and grand review. In going out he put the key in his pocket, and told the guards in his antechamber to pay no attention if they should hear any noise in his closet.

It was dark before the review was over, and Bonaparte had a large party to dinner. When his guests retired, he went into his wife's drawing-room, where one of the Pope's chamberlains waited on him with the information that His Holiness was much alarmed about the safety of Cardinal Caprara, of whom no account could be obtained, even with the assistance of the police, to whom application had been made, since His Eminence had so suddenly disappeared.

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“Oh! how absent I am,” answered Napoleon, as with surprise; “I entirely forgot that I left the Cardinal in my closet this morning. I will go myself and make an apology for my blunder.”

His Eminence, quite exhausted, was found fast asleep; but no sooner was he a little recovered than he interrupted Bonaparte’s affected apology with the repetition of the demand he had made in the morning; and so well was Napoleon pleased with him, for neglecting his personal inconvenience only to occupy himself with the affairs of his Sovereign, that he consented to what was asked, and in laying his hand upon the shoulders of the prelate, said:

“Faithful Minister! were every Prince as well served as your Sovereign is by you, many evils might be prevented, and much good effected.”

The same evening Duroc brought him, as a present, a snuffbox with Bonaparte’s portrait, set round with diamonds, worth one thousand louis d’or. The adventures of this day certainly did not lessen His Eminence in the favour of Napoleon or of Pius *vii*.

Last November, some not entirely unknown persons intended to amuse themselves at the Cardinal’s expense. At seven o’clock one evening, a young Abbe presented himself at the Cardinal’s house, Hotel de Montmorin, Rue Plumet, as by appointment of His Eminence, and was, by his secretary, ushered into the study and asked to wait there. Hardly half an hour afterwards, two persons, pretending to be agents of the police, arrived just as the Cardinal’s carriage had stopped. They informed him that the woman introduced into his house in the dress of an Abby was connected with a gang of thieves and housebreakers, and demanded his permission to arrest her. He protested that, except the wife of his porter, no woman in any dress whatever could be in his house, and that, to convince themselves, they were very welcome to accompany his valet-de-chambre into every room they wished to see. To the great surprise of his servant, a very pretty girl was found in the bed of His Eminence’s bed-chamber, which joined his study, who, though the pretended police agents insisted on her getting up, refused, under pretence that she was there waiting for her ‘bon ami’, the Cardinal.

His Eminence was no sooner told of this than he shut the gate of his house, after sending his secretary to the commissary of police of the section. In the meantime, both the police agents and the girl entreated him to let them out, as the whole was merely a badinage; but he remained inflexible, and they were all three carried by the real police commissary to prison.

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Upon a complaint made by His Eminence to Bonaparte, the Police Minister, Fouche, received orders to have those who had dared thus to violate the sacred character of the representative of the Holy Pontiff immediately, and without further ceremony, transported to Cayenne. The Cardinal demanded, and obtained, a process verbal of what had occurred, and of the sentence on the culprits, to be laid before his Sovereign. As Eugene de Beauharnais interested himself so much for the individuals involved in this affair as both to implore Bonaparte's pardon and the Cardinal's interference for them, many were inclined to believe that he was in the secret, if not the contriver of this unfortunate joke. This supposition gained credit when, after all his endeavours to save them proved vain, he sent them seventy-two livres L 3,000—to Rochefort, that they might, on their arrival at Cayenne, be able to buy a plantation. He procured them also letters to the Governor, Victor Hughes, recommending that they should be treated differently from other transported persons.

LETTER VIII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—I was particularly attentive in observing the countenances and demeanour of the company at the last levee which Madame Napoleon Bonaparte held, previous to her departure with her husband to meet the Pope at Fontainebleau. I had heard from good authority that "to those whose propensities were known, Duroc's information that the Empress was visible was accompanied with a kind of admonitory or courtly hint, that the strictest decency in dress and manners, and a conversation chaste, and rather of an unusually modest turn, would be highly agreeable to their Sovereigns, in consideration of the solemn occasion of a Sovereign Pontiff's arrival in France,—an occurrence that had not happened for centuries, and probably would not happen for centuries to come." I went early, and was well rewarded for my punctuality.

There came the Senator Fouche, handing his amiable and chaste spouse, walking with as much gravity as formerly, when a friar, he marched in a procession. Then presented themselves the Senators Sieyes and Roederer, with an air as composed as if the former had still been an Abbe and the confessor of the latter. Next came Madame Murat, whom three hours before I had seen in the Bois de Boulogne in all the disgusting display of fashionable nakedness, now clothed and covered to her chin. She was followed by the pious Madame Le Clerc, now Princesse Borghese, who was sighing deeply and loudly. After her came limping the godly Talleyrand, dragging his pure moiety by his side, both with downcast and edifying looks. The Christian patriots, Gravina and Lima, Dreyer and Beust, Dalberg and Cetto, Malsburgh and Pappenheim, with the Catholic Schimmelpenninck and Mohammed Said Halel Effendi,—all presented themselves as penitent sinners imploring absolutions, after undergoing mortifications.

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But it would become tedious and merely a repetition, were I to depict separately the figures and characters of all the personages at this politico-comical masquerade. Their conversation was, however, more uniform, more contemptible, and more laughable, than their accoutrements and grimaces were ridiculous. To judge from what they said, they belonged no longer to this world; all their thoughts were in heaven, and they considered themselves either on the borders of eternity or on the eve of the day of the Last Judgment. The truly devout Madame Napoleon spoke with rapture of martyrs and miracles, of the Mass and of the vespers, of Agnuses and relics of Christ her Saviour, and of Pius *vii*., His vicar. Had not her enthusiasm been interrupted by the enthusiastic commentaries of her mother-in-law, I saw every mouth open ready to cry out, as soon as she had finished, “Amen! Amen! Amen!”

Napoleon had placed himself between the old Cardinal de Bellois and the not young Cardinal Bernier, so as to prevent the approach of any profane sinner or unrepentant infidel. Round him and their clerical chiefs, all the curates and grand vicars, almoners and chaplains of the Court, and the capitals of the Princess, Princesses, and grand officers of State, had formed a kind of cordon. “Had,” said the young General Kellerman to me, “Bonaparte always been encompassed by troops of this description, he might now have sung hymns as a saint in heaven, but he would never have reigned as an Emperor upon earth.” This indiscreet remark was heard by Louis Bonaparte, and on the next morning Kellerman received orders to join the army in Hanover, where he was put under the command of a general younger than himself. He would have been still more severely punished, had not his father, the Senator (General Kellerman), been in so great favour at the Court of St. Cloud, and so much protected by Duroc, who had made, in 1792, his first campaign under this officer, then commander-in-chief of the army of the Ardennes.

When this devout assembly separated, which was by courtesy an hour earlier than usual, I expected every moment to hear a chorus of horse-laughs, because I clearly perceived that all of them were tired of their assumed parts, and, with me, inclined to be gay at the expense of their neighbours. But they all remembered also that they were watched by spies, and that an imprudent look or an indiscreet word, gaiety instead of gravity, noise when silence was commanded, might be followed by an airing in the wilderness of Cayenne. They, therefore, all called out, “Coachman, to our hotel!” as if to say, “We will to-day, in compliment to the new-born Christian zeal of our Sovereigns, finish our evening as piously as we have begun it.” But no sooner were they out of sight of the palace than they hurried to the scenes of dissipation, all endeavouring, in the debauchery and excesses so natural to them, to forget their unnatural affectation and hypocrisy.

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Well you know the standard of the faith even of the members of the Bonaparte family. Two days before this Christian circle at Madame Napoleon's, Madame de Chateaureine, with three other ladies, visited the Princesse Borghese. Not seeing a favourite parrot they had often previously admired, they inquired what was become of it.

"Oh, the poor creature!" answered the Princess; "I have disposed of it, as well as of two of my monkeys. The Emperor has obliged me to engage an almoner and two chaplains, and it would be too extravagant in me to keep six useless animals in my hotel. I must now submit to hearing the disgusting howlings of my almoner instead of the entertaining chat of my parrot, and to see the awkward bows and kneelings of my chaplains instead of the amusing capering of my monkeys. Add to this, that I am forced to transform into a chapel my elegant and tasty boudoir, on the ground-floor, where I have passed so many delicious tete-a-tetes. Alas! what a change! what a shocking fashion, that we are now all again to be Christians!"

LETTER IX.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Notwithstanding what was inserted in our public prints to the contrary, the reception Bonaparte experienced from his army of England in June last year, the first time he presented himself to them as an Emperor, was far from such as flattered either his vanity or views. For the first days, some few solitary voices alone accompanied the "Vive l'Empereur!" of his generals, and of his aides-de-camp. This indifference, or, as he called it, mutinous spirit, was so much the more provoking as it was unexpected. He did not, as usual, ascribe it to the emissaries or gold of England, but to the secret adherents of Pichegru and Moreau amongst the brigades or divisions that had served under these unfortunate generals. He ordered, in consequence, his Minister Berthier to make out a list of all these corps. Having obtained this, he separated them by ordering some to Italy, others to Holland, and the rest to the frontiers of Spain and Germany. This act of revenge or jealousy was regarded, both by the officers and men, as a disgrace and as a doubt thrown out against their fidelity, and the murmur was loud and general. In consequence of this, some men were shot, and many more arrested.

Observing, however, that severity had not the desired effect, Bonaparte suddenly changed his conduct, released the imprisoned, and rewarded with the crosses of his Legion of Honour every member of the so lately suspected troops who had ever performed any brilliant or valorous exploits under the proscribed generals. He even incorporated among his own bodyguards and guides men who had served in the same capacity under these rival commanders, and numbers of their children were received in the Prytanees and military free schools. The enthusiastic exclamation that soon greeted his ears convinced him that he had struck upon the right string of his soldiers' hearts. Men who, some few days before, wanted only the signal of a leader to cut an

Emperor they hated to pieces, would now have contended who should be foremost to shed their last drop of blood for a chief they adored.

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This affected liberality towards the troops who had served under his rivals roused some slight discontent among those to whom he was chiefly indebted for his own laurels. But if he knew the danger of reducing to despair slighted men with arms in their hands, he also was well aware of the equal danger of enduring licentiousness or audacity among troops who had, on all occasions, experienced his preference and partiality; and he gave a sanguinary proof of his opinion on this subject at the grand parade of the 12th of July, 1804, preparatory to the grand fete of the 14th.

A grenadier of the 21st Regiment (which was known in Italy under the name of the Terrible), in presetting arms to him, said: “Sire! I have served under you four campaigns, fought under you in ten battles or engagements; have received in your service seven wounds, and am not a member of your Legion of Honour; whilst many who served under Moreau, and are not able to show a scratch from an enemy, have that distinction.”

Bonaparte instantly ordered this man to be shot by his own comrades in the front of the regiment. The six grenadiers selected to fire, seeming to hesitate, he commanded the whole corps to lay down their arms, and after being disbanded, to be sent to the different colonial depots. To humiliate them still more, the mutinous grenadier was shot by the gendarmes. When the review was over, “Vive l’Empereur!” resounded from all parts, and his popularity among the troops has since rather increased than diminished. Nobody can deny that Bonaparte possesses a great presence of mind, an undaunted firmness, and a perfect knowledge of the character of the people over whom he reigns. Could but justice and humanity be added to his other qualities, but, unfortunately for my nation, I fear that the answer of General Mortier to a remark of a friend of mine on this subject is not problematical: “Had,” said this Imperial favourite, “Napoleon Bonaparte been just and humane, he would neither have vanquished nor reigned.”

All these scenes occurred before Bonaparte, seated on a throne, received the homage, as a Sovereign, of one hundred and fifty thousand warriors, who now bowed as subjects, after having for years fought for liberty and equality, and sworn hatred to all monarchical institutions; and who hitherto had saluted and obeyed him only as the first among equals. What an inconsistency! The splendour and show that accompanied him everywhere, the pageantry and courtly pomp that surrounded him, and the decorations of the stars and ribands of the Legion of Honour, which he distributed with bombastic speeches among troops—to whom those political impositions and social cajoleries were novelties—made such an impression upon them, that had a bridge been then fixed between Calais and Dover, brave as your countrymen are, I should have trembled for the liberty and independence of your country. The heads and imagination of the soldiers, I know from the best authority, were then so exalted that, though they might have been cut to pieces, they could never have been defeated or routed. I pity our children when I reflect that their tranquillity and happiness will, perhaps, depend upon such a corrupt and unprincipled people of soldiers,—easy tools in the hands of every impostor or mountebank.

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The lively satisfaction which Bonaparte must have felt at the pinnacle of grandeur where fortune had placed him was not, however, entirely unmixed with uneasiness and vexation. Except at Berlin, in all the other great Courts the Emperor of the French was still Monsieur Bonaparte; and your country, of the subjugation of which he had spoken with such lightness and such inconsideration, instead of dreading, despised his boasts and defied his threats. Indeed, never before did the Cabinet of St. James more opportunely expose the reality of his impotency, the impertinence of his menaces, and the folly of his parade for the invasion of your country, than by declaring all the ports containing his invincible armada in a state of blockade. I have heard from an officer who witnessed his fury when in May, 1799, he was compelled to retreat from before St. Jean d'Acre, and who was by his side in the camp at Boulogne when a despatch informed him of this circumstance, that it was nothing compared to the violent rage into which he flew upon reading it. For an hour afterwards not even his brother Joseph dared approach him; and his passion got so far the better of his policy, that what might still have long been concealed from the troops was known within the evening to the whole camp. He dictated to his secretary orders for his Ministers at Vienna, Berlin, Lisbon, and Madrid, and couriers were sent away with them; but half an hour afterwards other couriers were despatched after them with other orders, which were revoked in their turn, when at last Joseph had succeeded in calming him a little. He passed, however, the whole following night full dressed and agitated; lying down only for an instant, but having always in his room Joseph and Duroc, and deliberating on a thousand methods of destroying the insolent islanders; all equally violent, but all equally impracticable.

The next morning, when, as usual, he went to see the manoeuvres of his flotilla, and the embarkation and landing of his troops, he looked so pale that he almost excited pity. Your cruisers, however, as if they had been informed of the situation of our hero, approached unusually near, to evince, as it were, their contempt and, derision. He ordered instantly all the batteries to fire, and went himself to that which carried its shot farthest; but that moment six of your vessels, after taking down their sails, cast anchors, with the greatest sang-froid, just without the reach of our shot. In an unavailing anger he broke upon the spot six officers of artillery, and pushed one, Captain d' Ablincourt, down the precipice under the battery, where he narrowly escaped breaking his neck as well as his legs; for which injury he was compensated by being made an officer of the Legion of Honour. Bonaparte then convoked upon the spot a council of his generals of artillery and of the engineers, and, within an hour's time, some guns and mortars of still heavier metal and greater calibre were carried up to replace the others; but, fortunately for the generals, before a trial could be made of them the tide changed, and your cruisers sailed.

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In returning to breakfast at General Soult's, he observed the countenances of his soldiers rather inclined to laughter than to wrath; and he heard some jests, significant enough in the vocabulary of encampments, and which informed him that contempt was not the sentiment with which your navy had inspired his troops. The occurrences of these two days hastened his departure from the coast for Aix-la-Chapelle, where the cringing of his courtiers consoled him, in part, for the want of respect or gallantry in your English tars.

LETTER X.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—According to a general belief in our diplomatic circles, it was the Austrian Ambassador in France, Count von Cobenzl, who principally influenced the determination of Francis *ii*. to assume the hereditary title of Emperor of Austria, and to acknowledge Napoleon Emperor of the French.

Johann Philipp, Count von Cobenzl, enjoys, not only in his own country, but through all Europe, a great reputation as a statesman, and has for a number of years been employed by his Court in the most intricate and delicate political transactions. In 1790 he was sent to Brabant to treat with the Belgian insurgents; but the States of Brabant refusing to receive him, he retired to Luxembourg, where he published a proclamation, in which Leopold *ii*. revoked all those edicts of his predecessor, Joseph *ii*., which had been the principal cause of the troubles; and reestablished everything upon the same footing as during the reign of Maria Theresa. In 1791 he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, where his conduct obtained the approbation of his own Prince and of the Empress of Russia.

In 1793 the Committee of Public Safety nominated the intriguer, De Semonville, Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte. His mission was to excite the Turks against Austria and Russia, and it became of great consequence to the two Imperial Courts to seize this incendiary of regicides. He was therefore stopped, on the 25th of July, in the village of Novate, near the lake of Chiavenne. A rumour was very prevalent at this time that some papers were found in De Semonville's portfolio implicating Count von Cobenzl as a correspondent with the revolutionary French generals. The continued confidence of his Sovereign contradicts, however, this inculpation, which seems to have been merely the invention of rivalry or jealousy.

In October, 1795, Count von Cobenzl signed, in the name of the Emperor, a treaty with England and Russia; and in 1797 he was one of the Imperial plenipotentiaries sent to Udine to negotiate with Bonaparte, with whom, on the 17th of October, he signed the Treaty of Campo Formio. In the same capacity he went afterwards to Rastadt, and when this congress broke up, he returned again as an Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

After the Peace of Lunwille, when it required to have a man of experience and talents to oppose to our so deeply able Minister, Talleyrand, the Cabinet of Vienna removed him from Russia to France, where, with all other representatives of Princes, he has experienced more of the frowns and rebukes, than of the dignity and good grace, of our present Sovereign.

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Count von Cobenzl's foible is said to be a passion for women; and it is reported that our worthy Minister, Talleyrand, has been kind enough to assist him frequently in his amours. Some adventures of this sort, which occurred at Rastadt, afforded much amusement at the Count's expense. Talleyrand, from envy, no doubt, does not allow him the same political merit as his other political contemporaries, having frequently repeated that "the official dinners of Count von Cobenzl were greatly preferable to his official notes."

So well pleased was Bonaparte with this Ambassador when at Aix-la-Chapelle last year, that, as a singular favour, he permitted him, with the Marquis de Gallo (the Neapolitan Minister and another plenipotentiary at Udine), to visit the camps of his army of England on the coast. It is true that this condescension was, perhaps, as much a boast, or a threat, as a compliment.

The famous diplomatic note of Talleyrand, which, at Aix-la-Chapelle proscribed en masse all your diplomatic agents, was only a slight revenge of Bonaparte's for your mandate of blockade. Rumour states that this measure was not approved of by Talleyrand, as it would not exclude any of your Ambassadors from those Courts not immediately under the whip of our Napoleon. For fear, however, of some more extravagant determination, Joseph Bonaparte dissuaded him from laying before his brother any objections or representations. "But what absurdities do I not sign!" exclaimed the pliant Minister.

Bonaparte, on his arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle, found there, according to command, most of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, waiting to present their new credentials to him as Emperor. Charlemagne had been saluted as such, in the same place, about one thousand years before,—an inducement for the modern Charlemagne to set all these Ambassadors travelling some hundred miles, without any other object but to gratify his impertinent vanity. Every spot where Charlemagne had walked, sat, slept, talked, eaten or prayed, was visited by him with great ostentation; always dragging behind him the foreign representatives, and by his side his wife. To a peasant who presented him a stone upon which Charlemagne was said to have once kneeled, he gave nearly half its weight in gold; on a priest who offered him a small crucifix, before which that Prince was reported to have prayed, he bestowed an episcopal see; to a manufacturer he ordered one thousand louis for a portrait of Charlemagne, said to be drawn by his daughter, but which, in fact, was from the pencil of the daughter of the manufacturer; a German savant was made a member of the National Institute for an old diploma, supposed to have been signed by Charlemagne, who many believed was not able to write; and a German Baron, Krigge, was registered in the Legion of Honour for a ring presented by this Emperor to one of his ancestors, though his nobility is well known not to be of sixty years' standing.

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But woe to him who dared to suggest any doubt about what Napoleon believed, or seemed to believe! A German professor, Richter, more a pedant than a courtier, and more sincere than wise, addressed a short memorial to Bonaparte, in which he proved, from his intimacy with antiquity, that most of the pretended relics of Charlemagne were impositions on the credulous; that the portrait was a drawing of this century, the diploma written in the last; the crucifix manufactured within fifty, and the ring, perhaps, within ten years. The night after Bonaparte had perused this memorial, a police commissary, accompanied by four gendarmes, entered the professor's bedroom, forced him to dress, and ushered him into a covered cart, which carried him under escort to the left bank of the Rhine; where he was left with orders, under pain of death, never more to enter the territory of the French Empire. This expeditious and summary justice silenced all other connoisseurs and antiquarians; and relics of Charlemagne have since poured in in such numbers from all parts of France, Italy, Germany, and even Denmark, that we are here in hope to see one day established a Museum Charlemagne, by the side of the museums Napoleon and Josephine. A ballad, written in monkish Latin, said to be sung by the daughters and maids of Charlemagne at his Court on great festivities, was addressed to Duroc, by a Danish professor, Cranener, who in return was presented, on the part of Bonaparte, with a diamond ring worth twelve thousand livres—L 500. This ballad may, perhaps, be the foundation of future Bibliotheque or Lyceum Charlemagne.

LETTER XI.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—On the arrival of her husband at Aix-la-Chapelle, Madame Napoleon had lost her money by gambling, without recovering her health by using the baths and drinking the waters; she was, therefore, as poor as low-spirited, and as ill-tempered as dissatisfied. Napoleon himself was neither much in humour to supply her present wants, provide for her extravagances, or to forgive her ill-nature; he ascribed the inefficacy of the waters to her excesses, and reproached her for her too great condescension to many persons who presented themselves at her drawing-room and in her circle, but who, from their rank in life, were only fit to be seen as supplicants in her antechambers, and as associates with her valets or chambermaids.

The fact was that Madame Napoleon knew as well as her husband that these gentry were not in their place in the company of an Empress; but they were her creditors, some of them even Jews; and as long as she continued debtor to them she could not decently —or rather, she dared not prevent them from being visitors to her. By confiding her situation to her old friend, Talleyrand, she was, however, soon released from those troublesome personages. When the Minister was informed of the occasion of the attendance of these impertinent intruders, he humbly proposed to Bonaparte not to pay

their demands and their due, but to make them examples of severe justice in transporting them to Cayenne, as the only sure means to prevent, for the future, people of the same description from being familiar or audacious.

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When, thanks to Talleyrand's interference, these family arrangements were settled, Madame Napoleon recovered her health with her good-humour; and her husband, who had begun to forget the English blockade, only to think of the papal accolade (dubbing), was more tender than ever. I am assured that, during the fortnight he continued with his wife at Aix-la-Chapelle, he only shut her up or confined her twice, kicked her three times, and abused her once a day.

It was during their residence in that capital that Comte de Segur at last completed the composition of their household, and laid before them the list of the ladies and gentlemen who had consented to put on their livery. This De Segur is a kind of amphibious animal, neither a royalist nor a republican, neither a democrat nor an aristocrat, but a disaffected subject under a King, a dangerous citizen of a Commonwealth, ridiculing both the friend of equality and the defender of prerogatives; no exact definition can be given, from his past conduct and avowed professions, of his real moral and political character. One thing only is certain;—he was an ungrateful traitor to Louis XVI., and is a submissive slave under Napoleon the First.

Though not of an ancient family, Comte de Segur was a nobleman by birth, and ranked among the ancient French nobility because one of his ancestors had been a Field-marshal. Being early introduced at Court, he acquired, with the common corruption, also the pleasing manners of a courtier; and by his assiduities about the Ministers, Comte de Maurepas and Comte de Vergennes, he procured from the latter the place of an Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg. With some reading and genius, but with more boasting and presumption, he classed himself among French men of letters, and was therefore as such received with distinction by Catharine *ii*., on whom, and on whose Government, he in return published a libel. He was a valet under La Fayette, in 1789, as he has since been under every succeeding King of faction. The partisans of the Revolution pointed him out as a fit Ambassador from Louis XVI. to the late King of Prussia; and he went in 1791 to Berlin, in that capacity; but Frederick William *ii*. refused him admittance to his person, and, after some ineffectual intrigues with the Illuminati and philosophers at Berlin, he returned to Paris as he left it; provided, however, with materials for another libel on the Prussian Monarch, and on the House of Brandenburgh, which he printed in 1796. Ruined by the Revolution which he had so much admired, he was imprisoned under Robespierre, and was near starving under the Directory, having nothing but his literary productions to subsist on. In 1799, Bonaparte made him a legislator, and in 1803, a Counsellor of State,—a place which he resigned last year for that of a grand master of the ceremonies at the present Imperial Court. His ancient inveteracy against your country has made him a favourite with Bonaparte. The indelicate and scandalous attacks, in 1796 and 1797, against Lord Malmesbury, in the then official journal, Le Redacteur, were the offspring of his malignity and pen; and the philippics and abusive notes in our present official Moniteur, against your Government and country, are frequently his patriotic progeny, or rather, he often shares with Talleyrand and Hauterive their paternity.

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The Revolution has not made Comte de Segur more happy with regard to his family, than in his circumstances, which, notwithstanding his brilliant grand-mastership, are far from being affluent. His amiable wife died of terror, and brokenhearted from the sufferings she had experienced, and the atrocities she had witnessed; and when he had enticed his eldest son to accept the place of a sub-prefect under Bonaparte, his youngest son, who never approved our present regeneration, challenged his brother to fight, and, after killing him in a duel, destroyed himself. Comte de Segur is therefore, at present, neither a husband nor a father, but only a grand master of ceremonies! What an indemnification!

Madame Napoleon and her husband are both certainly under much obligation to this nobleman for his care to procure them comparatively decent persons to decorate their levees and drawing-rooms, who, though they have no claim either to morality or virtue, either to honour or chastity, are undoubtedly a great acquisition at the Court of St. Cloud, because none of them has either been accused of murder, or convicted of plunder; which is the case with some of the Ministers, and most of the generals, Senators and counsellors. It is true that they are a mixture of beggared nobles and enriched valets, of married courtesans and divorced wives, but, for all that, they can with justice demand the places of honour of all other Imperial courtiers of both sexes.

When Bonaparte had read over the names of these Court recruits, engaged and enlisted by De Segur, he said, “Well, this lumber must do until we can exchange it for better furniture.” At that time, young Comte d’ Arberg (of a German family, on the right bank of the Rhine), but whose mother is one of Madame Bonaparte’s Maids of Honour, was travelling for him in Germany and in Prussia, where, among other negotiations, he was charged to procure some persons of both sexes, of the most ancient nobility, to augment Napoleon’s suite, and to figure in his livery. More individuals presented themselves for this honour than he wanted, but they were all without education and without address: ignorant of the world as of books; not speaking well their own language, much less understanding French or Italian; vain of their birth, but not ashamed of their ignorance, and as proud as poor. This project was therefore relinquished for the time; but a number of the children of the principal ci-devant German nobles, who, by the Treaty of Luneville and Ratisbon, had become subjects of Bonaparte, were, by the advice of Talleyrand, offered places in French Prytanees, where the Emperor promised to take care of their future advancement. Madame Bonaparte, at the same time, selected twenty-five young girls of the same families, whom she also offered to educate at her expense. Their parents understood too well the meaning of these generous offers to dare decline their acceptance. These children are the plants of the Imperial nursery, intended to produce future pages, chamberlains, equerries, Maids of Honour and ladies in waiting, who for ancestry may bid defiance to all their equals of every Court in Christendom. This act of benevolence, as it was called in some German papers, is also an indirect chastisement of the refractory French nobility, who either demanded too high prices for their degradation, or abruptly refused to disgrace the names of their forefathers.

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LETTER XII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Bonaparte has been as profuse in his disposal of the Imperial diadem of Germany, as in his promises of the papal tiara of Rome. The Houses of Austria and Brandenburgh, the Electors of Bavaria and Baden, have by turns been cajoled into a belief of his exclusive support towards obtaining it at the first vacancy. Those, however, who have paid attention to his machinations, and studied his actions; who remember his pedantic affectation of being considered a modern, or rather a second Charlemagne; and who have traced his steps through the labyrinth of folly and wickedness, of meanness and greatness, of art, corruption, and policy, which have seated him on the present throne, can entertain little doubt but that he is seriously bent on seizing and adding the sceptre of Germany to the crowns of France and Italy.

During his stay last autumn at Mentz, all those German Electors who had spirit and dignity enough to refuse to attend on him there in person were obliged to send Extraordinary Ambassadors to wait on him, and to compliment him on their part. Though hardly one corner of the veil that covered the intrigues going forward there is yet lifted up, enough is already seen to warn Europe and alarm the world. The secret treaties he concluded there with most of the petty Princes of Germany, against the Chief of the German Empire which not only entirely detached them from their country and its legitimate Sovereign, but made their individual interests hostile and totally opposite to that of the German Commonwealth, transforming them also from independent Princes into vassals of France, both directly increased has already gigantic power, and indirectly encouraged him to extend it beyond what his most sanguine expectation had induced him to hope. I do not make this assertion from a mere supposition in consequence of ulterior occurrences. At a supper with Madame Talleyrand last March, I heard her husband, in a gay, unguarded, or perhaps premeditated moment, say, when mentioning his proposed journey to Italy:

“I prepared myself to pass the Alps last October at Mentz. The first ground-stone of the throne of Italy was, strange as it may seem, laid on the banks of the Rhine: with such an extensive foundation, it must be difficult to shake, and impossible to overturn it.”

We were, in the whole, twenty-five persons at table when he spoke thus, many of whom, he well knew, were intimately acquainted both with the Austrian and Prussian Ambassadors, who by the bye, both on the next day sent couriers to their respective Courts.

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The French Revolution is neither seen in Germany in that dangerous light which might naturally be expected from the sufferings in which it has involved both Princes and subjects, nor are its future effects dreaded from its past enormities. The cause of this impolitic and anti-patriotic apathy is to be looked for in the palaces of Sovereigns, and not in the dwellings of their people. There exists hardly a single German Prince whose Ministers, courtiers and counsellors are not numbered, and have long been notorious among the anti-social conspirators, the Illuminati: most of them are knaves of abilities, who have usurped the easy direction of ignorance, or forced themselves as guides on weakness or folly, which bow to their charlatanism as if it was sublimity, and hail their sophistry and imposture as inspiration.

Among Princes thus encompassed, the Elector of Bavaria must be allowed the first place. A younger brother of a younger branch, and a colonel in the service of Louis XVI., he neither acquired by education, nor inherited from nature, any talent to reign, nor possessed any one quality that fitted him for a higher situation than the head of a regiment or a lady's drawing-room. He made himself justly suspected of a moral corruption, as well as of a natural incapacity, when he announced his approbation of the Revolution against his benefactor, the late King of France, who, besides a regiment, had also given him a yearly pension of one hundred thousand livres. Immediately after his unexpected accession to the Electorate of Bavaria, he concluded a subsidiary treaty with your country, and his troops were ordered to combat rebellion, under the standard of Austrian loyalty. For some months it was believed that the Elector wished by his conduct to obliterate the memory of the errors, vices, and principles of the Duc de Deux-Ponts (his former title). But placing all his confidence in a political adventurer and revolutionary fanatic, Montgelas, without either consistency or firmness, without being either bent upon information or anxious about popularity, he threw the whole burden of State on the shoulders of this dangerous man, who soon showed the world that his master, by his first treaties, intended only to pocket your money without serving your cause or interest.

This Montgelas is, on account of his cunning and long standing among them, worshipped by the gang of German Illuminati as an idol rather than revered as an apostle. He is their Baal, before whom they hope to oblige all nations upon earth to prostrate themselves as soon as infidelity has entirely banished Christianity; for the Illuminati do not expect to reign till the last Christian is buried under the rubbish of the last altar of Christ. It is not the fault of Montgelas if such an event has not already occurred in the Electorate of Bavaria.

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Within six months after the Treaty of Lundville, Montgelas began in that country his political and religious innovations. The nobility and the clergy were equally attacked; the privileges of the former were invaded, and the property of the latter confiscated; and had not his zeal carried him too far, so as to alarm our new nobles, our new men of property, and new Christians, it is very probable that atheism would have already, without opposition, reared its head in the midst of Germany, and proclaimed there the rights of man, and the code of liberty and equality.

The inhabitants of Bavaria are, as you know, all Roman Catholics, and the most superstitious and ignorant Catholics of Germany. The step is but short from superstition to infidelity; and ignorance has furnished in France more sectaries of atheism than perversity. The Illuminati, brothers and friends of Montgelas, have not been idle in that country. Their writings have perverted those who had no opportunity to hear their speeches, or to witness their example; and I am assured by Count von Beust, who travelled in Bavaria last year, that their progress among the lower classes is astonishing, considering the short period these emissaries have laboured. To any one looking on the map of the Continent, and acquainted with the spirit of our times, this impious focus of illumination must be ominous.

Among the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, there exists not the least doubt but that this Montgelas, as well as Bonaparte's Minister at Munich, Otto, was acquainted with the treacherous part Mehde de la Touche played against your Minister, Drake; and that it was planned between him and Talleyrand as the surest means to break off all political connections between your country and Bavaria. Mr. Drake was personally liked by the Elector, and was not inattentive either to the plans and views of Montgelas or to the intrigues of Otto. They were, therefore, both doubly interested to remove such a troublesome witness.

M. de Montgelas is now a grand officer of Bonaparte's Legion of Honour, and he is one of the few foreigners nominated the most worthy of such a distinction. In France he would have been an acquisition either to the factions of a Murat, of a Brissot, or of a Robespierre; and the Goddess of Reason, as well as the God of the Theophilanthropists, might have been sure of counting him among their adorers. At the clubs of the Jacobins or Cordeliers, in the fraternal societies, or in a revolutionary tribunal; in the Committee of Public Safety, or in the council chamber of the Directory, he would equally have made himself notorious and been equally in his place. A stoic sans-culotte under Du Clots, a stanch republican under Robespierre, he would now have been the most pliant and brilliant courtier of Bonaparte.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, August, 1805.

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My lord:—No Queen of France ever saw so many foreign Princes and Princesses in her drawing-rooms as the first Empress of the French did last year at Mentz; and no Sovereign was ever before so well paid, or accepted with less difficulty donations and presents for her gracious protection. Madame Napoleon herself, on her return to this capital last October, boasted that she was ten millions of livres—richer in diamonds; two millions of livres richer in pearls, and three million of livres richer in plate and china, than in the June before, when she quitted it. She acknowledged that she left behind her some creditors and some money at Aix-la-Chapelle; but at Mentz she did not want to borrow, nor had she time to gamble. The gallant ultra Romans provided everything, even to the utmost extent of her wishes; and she, on her part, could not but honour those with her company as much as possible, particularly as they required nothing else for their civilities. Such was the Empress's expression to her lady in waiting, the handsome Madame Seran, with whom no confidence, no tale, no story, and no scandal expires; and who was in a great hurry to inform, the same evening, the tea-party at Madame de Beauvais's of this good news, complaining at the same time of not having had the least share in this rich harvest.

Nowhere, indeed, were bribery and corruption carried to a greater extent, or practised with more effrontery, than at Mentz. Madame Napoleon had as much her fixed price for every favourable word she spoke, as Talleyrand had for every line he wrote. Even the attendants of the former, and the clerks of the latter, demanded, or rather extorted, douceurs from the exhausted and almost ruined German petitioners; who in the end were rewarded for all their meanness and for all their expenses with promises at best; as the new plan of supplementary indemnities was, on the very day proposed for its final arrangement, postponed by the desire of the Emperor of the French, until further orders. This provoking delay could no more be foreseen by the Empress than by the Minister, who, in return for their presents and money almost overpowered the German Princes with his protestations of regret at their disappointments. Nor was Madame Bonaparte less sorry or less civil. She sent her chamberlain, Daubusson la Feuillad, with regular compliments of condolence to every Prince who had enjoyed her protection. They returned to their homes, therefore, if not wealthier, at least happier; flattered by assurances and condescensions, confiding in hope as in certainties. Within three months, however, it is supposed that they would willingly have disposed both of promises and expectations at a loss of fifty per cent.

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By the cupidity and selfishness of these and other German Princes, and their want of patriotism, Talleyrand was become perfectly acquainted with the value and production of every principality, bishopric, county, abbey, barony, convent, and even village in the German Empire; and though most national property in France was disposed of at one or two years' purchase, he required five years' purchase-money for all the estates and lands on the other side of the Rhine, of which, under the name of indemnities, he stripped the lawful owners to gratify the ambition or avidity of intruders. This high price has cooled the claims of the bidders, and the plan of the supplementary indemnities is still suspended, and probably will continue so until our Minister lowers his terms. A combination is supposed to have been entered into by the chief demanders of indemnities, by which they have bound themselves to resist all farther extortions. They do not, however, know the man they have to deal with; he will, perhaps, find out some to lay claim to their own private and hereditary property whom he will produce and support, and who certainly will have the same right to pillage them as they had to the spoils of others.

It was reported in our fashionable circles last autumn, and smiled at by Talleyrand, that he promised the Comtesse de L------ an abbey, and the Baroness de S-----z a convent, for certain personal favours, and that he offered a bishopric to the Princesse of Hon----- the same terms, but this lady answered that "she would think of his offers after he had put her husband in possession of the bishopric." It is not necessary to observe that both the Countess and the Baroness are yet waiting to enjoy his liberal donations, and to be indemnified for their prostitution.

Napoleon Bonaparte was attacked by a fit of jealousy at Mentz. The young nephew of the Elector Arch-Chancellor, Comte de L——ge, was very assiduous about the Empress, who, herself, at first mistook the motive. Her confidential secretary, Deschamps, however, afterwards informed her that this nobleman wanted to purchase the place of a coadjutor to his uncle, so as to be certain of succeeding him. He obtained, therefore, several private audiences, no doubt to regulate the price, when Napoleon put a stop to this secret negotiation by having the Count carried by gendarmes, with great politeness, to the other side of the Rhine. When convinced of his error, Bonaparte asked his wife what sum had been promised for her protection, and immediately gave her an order on his Minister of the Treasury (Marbois) for the amount. This was an act of justice, and a reparation worthy of a good and tender husband; but when, the very next day, he recalled this order, threw it into the fire before her eyes, and confined her for six hours in her bedroom; because she was not dressed in time to take a walk with him on the ramparts, one is apt to believe that military despotism has erased from his bosom all connubial affection,

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and that a momentary effusion of kindness and generosity can but little alleviate the frequent pangs caused by repeated insults and oppression. Fortunately, Madame Napoleon's disposition is proof against rudeness as well as against brutality. If what her friend and consoler, Madame Delucay, reports of her is not exaggerated, her tranquillity is not much disturbed nor her happiness affected by these explosions of passionate authority, and she prefers admiring, in undisturbed solitude, her diamond box to the most beautiful prospects in the most agreeable company; and she inspects with more pleasure in confinement, her rich wardrobe, her beautiful china, and her heavy plate, than she would find satisfaction, surrounded with crowds, in comtemplating Nature, even in its utmost perfection. "The paradise of Madame Napoleon," says her friend, "must be of metal, and lighted by the lustre of brilliants, else she would decline it for a hell and accept Lucifer himself for a spouse, provided gold flowed in his infernal domains, though she were even to be scorched by its heat."

LETTER XIV.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—I believe that I have mentioned to you, when in England, that I was an old acquaintance of Madame Napoleon, and a visitor at the house of her first husband. When introduced to her after some years' absence, during which fortune had treated us very differently, she received me with more civility than I was prepared to expect, and would, perhaps, have spoken to me more than she did, had not a look of her husband silenced her. Madame Louis Bonaparte was still more condescending, and recalled to my memory what I had not forgotten how often she had been seated, when a child, on my lap, and played on my knees with her doll. Thus they behaved to me when I saw them for the first time in their present elevation; I found them afterwards, in their drawing-rooms or at their routs and parties, more shy and distant. This change did not much surprise me, as I hardly knew any one that had the slightest pretension to their acquaintance who had not troubled them for employment or borrowed their money, at the same time that they complained of their neglect and their breach of promises. I continued, however, as much as etiquette and decency required, assiduous, but never familiar: if they addressed me, I answered with respect, but not with servility; if not, I bowed in silence when they passed. They might easily perceive that I did not intend to become an intruder, nor to make the remembrance of what was past an apology or a reason for applying for present favours. A lady, on intimate terms with Madame Napoleon, and once our common friend, informed me, shortly after the untimely end of

the lamented Duc d’ Enghien, that she had been asked whether she knew anything that could be done for me, or whether

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I would not be flattered by obtaining a place in the Legislative Body or in the Tribunate? I answered as I thought, that were I fit for a public life nothing could be more agreeable or suit me better; but, having hitherto declined all employments that might restrain that independence to which I had accustomed myself from my youth, I was now too old to enter upon a new career. I added that, though the Revolution had reduced my circumstances, it had not entirely ruined me. I was still independent, because my means were the boundaries of my wants.

A week after this conversation General Murat, the governor of this capital, and Bonaparte's favourite-brother-in-law, invited me to a conversation in a note delivered to me by an aide-de-camp, who told me that he was ordered to wait for my company, or, which was the same, he had orders not to lose sight of me, as I was his prisoner. Having nothing with which to reproach myself, and all my written remarks being deposited with a friend, whom none of the Imperial functionaries could suspect, I entered a hackney coach without any fear or apprehension; and we drove to the governor's hotel.

From the manner in which Murat addressed me, I was soon convinced that if I had been accused of any error or indiscretion, the accusation could not be very grave in his eyes. He entered with me into his closet and inquired whether I had any enemies at the police office. I told him not to my knowledge.

"Is the Police Minister and Senator, Fouche, your friend?" continued he.

"Fouche," said I, "has bought an estate that formerly belonged to me; may he enjoy it with the same peace of mind as I have lost it. I have never spoken to him in my life."

"Have you not complained at Madame de la Force's of the execution of the ci-devant Duc d'Enghien, and agreed with the other members of her coterie to put on mourning for him?"

"I have never been at the house of that lady since the death of the Prince, nor more than once in my life."

"Where did you pass the evening last Saturday?"—"At the hotel, and in the assembly of Princesse Louis Bonaparte."

"Did she see you?"

"I believe that she did, because she returned my salute."

"You have known Her Imperial Highness a long time?"

“From her infancy.”

“Well, I congratulate you. You have in her a generous protectress. But for her you would now have been on the way to Cayenne. Here you see the list of persons condemned yesterday, upon the report of Fouche, to transportation. Your name is at the head of them. You were not only accused of being an agent of the Bourbons, but of having intrigued to become a member of the Legislature, or the Tribunate, that you might have so much the better opportunity to serve them. Fortunately for you, the Emperor remembered that the Princesse Louis had demanded such a favour for you, and he informed her

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of the character of her protege. This brought forward your innocence, because it was discovered that, instead of asking for, you had declined the offer she had made you through the Empress. Write the Princess a letter of thanks. You have, indeed, had a narrow escape, but it has been so far useful to you, that Government is now aware of your having some secret enemy in power, who is not delicate about the means of injuring you."

In quitting General Murat, I could not help deploring the fate of a despot, even while I abhorred his unnatural power. The curses, the complaints, and reproaches for all the crimes, all the violence, all the oppression perpetrated in his name, are entirely thrown upon him, while his situation and occupation do not admit the seeing and hearing everything and everybody himself. He is often forced, therefore, to judge according to the report of an impostor; to sanction with his name the hatred, malignity, or vengeance of culpable individuals; and to sacrifice innocence to gratify the vile passions of his vilest slave. I have not so bad an opinion of Bonaparte as to think him capable of wilfully condemning any person to death or transportation, of whose innocence he was convinced, provided that person stood not in the way of his interest and ambition; but suspicion and tyranny are inseparable companions, and injustice their common progeny. The unfortunate beings on the long list General Murat showed me were, I dare say, most of them as innocent as myself, and all certainly condemned unheard. But suppose, even, that they had been indiscreet enough to put on mourning for a Prince of the blood of their former Kings, did their imprudence deserve the same punishment as the deed of the robber, the forger, or the housebreaker? and, indeed, it was more severe than what our laws inflict on such criminals, who are only condemned to transportation for some few years, after a public trial and conviction; while the exile of these unconvicted, untried, and most probably innocent persons is continued for life, on charges as unknown to themselves as their destiny and residence remain to their families and friends. Happy England! where no one is condemned unheard, and no one dares attempt to make the laws subservient to his passions or caprice.

As to Fouche's enmity, at which General Murat so plainly hinted, I had long apprehended it from what others, in similar circumstances with myself, had suffered. He has, since the Revolution, bought no less, than sixteen national estates, seven of the former proprietors of which have suddenly disappeared since his Ministry, probably in the manner he intended to remove me. This man is one of the most immoral characters the Revolution has dragged forward from obscurity. It is more difficult to mention a crime that he has not perpetrated than to discover a good or just action that he ever performed. He is so notorious a villain that even the infamous National Convention expelled him from its bosom, and since his Ministry no man has been found base enough, in my debased country, to extenuate, much less to defend, his past enormities. In a nation so greatly corrupted and immoral, this alone is more than negative evidence.

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As a friar before the Revolution he has avowed, in his correspondence with the National Convention, that he never believed in a God; and as one of the first public functionaries of a Republic he has officially denied the existence of virtue. He is, therefore, as unmoved by tears as by reproaches, and as inaccessible to remorse as hardened against repentance. With him interest and bribes are everything, and honour and honesty nothing. The supplicant or the pleader who appears before him with no other support than the justice of his cause is fortunate indeed if, after being cast, he is not also confined or ruined, and perhaps both; while a line from one of the Bonapartes, or a purse of gold, changes black to white, guilt to innocence, removes the scaffold waiting for the assassin, and extinguishes the faggots lighted for the parricide. His authority is so extensive that on the least signal, with one blow, from the extremities of France to her centre, it crushes the cot and the palace; and his decisions, against which there is no appeal, are so destructive that they never leave any traces behind them, and Bonaparte, Bonaparte alone, can prevent or arrest their effect.

Though a traitor to his former benefactor, the ex-Director Barras, he possesses now the unlimited confidence of Napoleon Bonaparte, and, as far as is known, has not yet done anything to forfeit it,—if private acts of cruelty cannot, in the agent of a tyrant, be called breach of trust or infidelity. He shares with Talleyrand the fraternity of the vigilant, immoral, and tormenting secret police; and with Real, and Dubois, the prefect of police, the reproduction, or rather the invention, of new tortures and improved racks; the oubliettes, which are wells or pits dug under the Temple and most other prisons, are the works of his own infernal genius. They are covered with trap-doors, and any person whom the rack has mutilated, or not obliged to speak out; whose return to society is thought dangerous, or whose discretion is suspected; who has been imprisoned by mistake, or discovered to be innocent; who is disagreeable to the Bonapartes, their favourites, or the mistresses of their favourites; who has displeased Fouche, or offended some other placeman; any who have refused to part with their property for the recovery of their liberty, are all precipitated into these artificial abysses there to be forgotten; or worse, to be starved to death, if they have not been fortunate enough to break their necks and be killed by the fall.

The property Fouche has acquired by his robberies within these last twelve years is at the lowest rate valued at fifty million livres—which must increase yearly; as a man who disposes of the liberty of fifty millions of people is also, in a great part, master of their wealth. Except the chiefs of the Governments and their officers of State, there exists not an inhabitant of France, Italy, Holland, or Switzerland who can consider himself secure for an instant of not being seized, imprisoned, plundered, tortured, or exterminated by the orders of Fouche and by the hands of his agents.

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You will no doubt exclaim, “How can Bonaparte employ, how dares he confide, in such a man?” Fouche is as able as unprincipled, and, with the most unfeeling and perverse heart, possesses great talents. There is no infamy he will not stoop to, and no crime, however execrable, that he will hesitate to commit, if his Sovereign orders it. He is, therefore, a most useful instrument in the hand of a despot who, notwithstanding what is said to the contrary in France, and believed abroad, would cease to rule the day he became just, and the reign of laws and of humanity banished terror and tyranny.

It is reported that some person, pious or revengeful, presented some time ago to the devout mother of Napoleon a long memorial containing some particulars of the crimes and vices of Fouche and Talleyrand, and required of her, if she wished to prevent the curses of Heaven from falling on her son, to inform him of them, that he might cease to employ men so unworthy of him, and so repugnant to a Divinity. Napoleon, after reading through the memorial, is stated to have answered his mother, who was always pressing him to dismiss these Ministers: The memorial, Madame, contains nothing of what I was not previously informed. Louis XVI. did not select any but those whom he thought the most virtuous and moral of men for his Ministers and counsellors; and where did their virtues and morality bring him? If the writer of the memorial will mention two honest and irreproachable characters, with equal talents and zeal to serve me, neither Fouche nor Talleyrand shall again be admitted into my presence.

LETTER XV.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—You have with some reason in England complained of the conduct of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, when the pretended correspondence between Mr. Drake and Mehee de la Touche was published in our official gazette. Had you, however, like myself, been in a situation to study the characters and appreciate the worth of most of them, this conduct would have excited no surprise, and pity would have taken the place both of accusation and reproach. Hardly one of them, except Count Philipp von Cobenzl, the Austrian Ambassador (and even he is considerably involved), possesses any property, or has anything else but his salary to depend upon for subsistence. The least offence to Bonaparte or Talleyrand would instantly deprive them of their places; and, unless they were fortunate enough to obtain some other appointment, reduce them to live in obscurity, and perhaps in want, upon a trifling pension in their own country.

The day before Mr. Drake’s correspondence appeared in the Moniteur, in March, 1804, Talleyrand gave a grand diplomatic dinner; in the midst of which, as was previously agreed with Bonaparte, Duroc called him out on the part of the First Consul. After an absence of near an hour, which excited great curiosity and some alarm among the diplomatists, he returned, very thoughtful and seemingly very low-spirited.

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“Excuse me, gentlemen,” said he, “I have been impolite against my inclination. The First Consul knew that you honoured me with your company today, and would therefore not have interrupted me by his orders had not a discovery of a most extraordinary nature against the law of nations just been made; a discovery which calls for the immediate indignation against the Cabinet of St. James, not only of France, but of every nation that wishes for the preservation of civilized society. After dinner I shall do myself the honour of communicating to you the particulars, well convinced that you will all enter with warmth into the just resentment of the First Consul.”

During the repast the bottle went freely round, and as soon as they had drunk their coffee and liqueurs, Talleyrand rang a bell, and Hauterive presented himself with a large bundle of papers. The pretended original letters of Mr. Drake were handed about with the commentaries of the Minister and his secretary. Their heads heated with wine, it was not difficult to influence their minds, or to mislead their judgment, and they exclaimed, as in a chorus, “C’est abominable! Cela fait fremir!”

Talleyrand took advantage of their situation, as well as of their indiscretion. “I am glad, gentlemen,” said he, “and shall not fail to inform the First Consul of your unanimous sentiments on this disagreeable subject; but verbal expressions are not sufficient in an affair of such great consequence. I have orders to demand your written declarations, which, after what you have already expressed, you cannot hesitate about sending to me to-night, that they may accompany the denunciation which the First Consul despatches, within some few hours, to all the Courts on the Continent. You would much please the First Consul were you to write as near as possible according to the formula which my secretary has drawn up. It states nothing either against convenance, or against the customs of Sovereigns, or etiquettes of Courts, and I am certain is also perfectly congenial with your individual feelings.”

A silence of some moments now followed (as all the diplomatists were rather taken by surprise with regard to a written declaration), which the Swedish Ambassador, Baron Ehrensward, interrupted by saying that, “though he personally might have no objection to sign such a declaration, he must demand some time to consider whether he had a right to, write in the name of his Sovereign, without his orders, on a subject still unknown to him.”

This remark made the Austrian Ambassador, Count von Cobenzl, propose a private consultation among the members of the foreign diplomatic corps at one of their hotels, at which the Russian charge d’affaires, D’Oubril, who was not at the dinner—party, was invited to assist. They met accordingly, at the Hotel de Montmorency, Rue de Lille, occupied by Count von Cobenzl; but they came to no other unanimous determination than that of answering a written communication of Talleyrand by a written note, according as every one judged most proper and prudent, and corresponding with the supposed sentiments of his Sovereign.

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As all this official correspondence has been published in England, you may, upon reading the notes presented by Baron de Dreyer, and Mr. Livingstone,

[In consequence of this conduct, Livingstone was recalled by his Government, and lives now in obscurity and disgrace in America. To console him, however, in his misfortune, Bonaparte, on his departure, presented him with his portrait, enamelled on the lid of a snuff-box, set round with diamonds, and valued at one thousand louis d'or.]

the neutral Ambassadors of Denmark and America, form some tolerably just idea of Talleyrand's formula. Their impolitic servility was blamed even by the other members of the diplomatic corps.

Livingstone you know, and perhaps have not to learn that, though a stanch republican in America, he was the most abject courtier in France; and though a violent defender of liberty and equality on the other side of the Atlantic, no man bowed lower to usurpation, or revered despotism more, in Europe. Without talents, and almost without education, he thinks intrigues negotiations, and conceives that policy and duplicity are synonymous. He was called here "the courier of Talleyrand," on account of his voyages to England, and his journeys to Holland, where this Minister sent him to intrigue, with less ceremony than one of his secret agents. He acknowledged that no Government was more liberal, and no nation more free, than the British; but he hated the one as much as he abused the other; and he did not conceal sentiments that made him always so welcome to Bonaparte and Talleyrand. Never over nice in the choice of his companions, Arthur O'Connor, and other Irish traitors and vagabonds, used his house as their own; so much so that, when he invited other Ambassadors to dine with him, they, before they accepted the invitation, made a condition that no outlaws or adventurers should be of the party.

In your youth, Baron de Dreyer was an Ambassador from the Court of Copenhagen to that of St. James. He has since been in the same capacity to the Courts of St. Petersburg and Madrid. Born a Norwegian, of a poor and obscure family, he owes his advancement to his own talents; but these, though they have procured him rank, have left him without a fortune. When he came here, in June, 1797, from Spain, he brought a mistress with him, and several children he had had by her during his residence in that country. He also kept an English mistress some thirty years ago in London, by whom he had a son, M. Guillaumeau, who is now his secretary. Thus encumbered, and thus situated at the age of seventy, it is no surprise if he strives to die at his post, and that fear to offend Bonaparte and Talleyrand sometimes gets the better of his prudence.

In Denmark, as well as in all other Continental States, the pensions of diplomatic invalids are more scanty than those of military ones, and totally insufficient for a man who, during half a century nearly, has accustomed himself to a certain style of life, and to expenses requisite to represent his Prince with dignity. No wonder, therefore, that

Baron de Dreyer prefers Paris to Copenhagen, and that the cunning Talleyrand takes advantage of this preference.

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It was reported here among our foreign diplomatists, that the English Minister in Denmark complained of the contents of Baron de Dreyer's note concerning Mr. Drake's correspondence; and that the Danish Prime Minister, Count von Bernstorff, wrote to him in consequence, by the order of the Prince Royal, a severe reprimand. This act of political justice is, however, denied by him, under pretence that the Cabinet of Copenhagen has laid it down as an invariable rule, never to reprimand, but always to displace those of its agents with whom it has reason to be discontented. Should this be the case, no Sovereign in Europe is better served by his representatives than his Danish Majesty, because no one seldomer changes or removes them.

While I am speaking of diplomatists, I cannot forbear giving you a short sketch of one whose weight in the scale of politics entitles him to particular notice: I mean the Count von Haugwitz, insidiously complimented by Talleyrand with the title of "The Prince of Neutrality, the Sully of Prussia." Christian Henry Curce, Count von Haugwitz, who, until lately, has been the chief director of the political conscience of His Prussian Majesty, as his Minister of the Foreign Department, was born in Silesia, and is the son of a nobleman who was a General in the Austrian service when Frederick the Great made the conquest of that country. At the death of this King in 1786, Count von Haugwitz occupied an inferior place in the foreign office, where Count von Herzburg observed his zeal and assiduity, and recommended him to the notice of the late King Frederick William *ii*. By the interest of the celebrated Bishopswerder, he procured, in 1792, the appointment of an Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, where he succeeded Baron von Jacobi, the present Prussian Minister in your country. In the autumn of the same year he went to Ratisbon, to cooperate with the Austrian Ambassador, and to persuade the Princes of the German Empire to join the coalition against France. In the month of March, 1794, he was sent to the Hague, where he negotiated with Lord Malmesbury concerning the affairs of France; shortly afterwards his nomination as a Minister of State took place, and from that time his political sentiments seem to have undergone a revolution, for which it is not easy to account; but, whatever were the causes of his change of opinions, the Treaty of Basle, concluded between France and Prussia in 1795, was certainly negotiated under his auspices; and in August, 1796, he signed, with the French Minister at Berlin, Citizen Caillard, the first and famous Treaty of Neutrality; and a Prussian cordon was accordingly drawn, to cause the neutrality of the North to be observed and protected. Had the Count von Haugwitz of 1795 been the same as the Count von Haugwitz of 1792, it is probable we should no longer have heard of either a French Republic or a French Empire; but a legitimate Monarch of the kingdom of France would have ensured that security

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to all other legitimate Sovereigns, the want of which they themselves, or their children, will feel and mourn in vain, as long as unlimited usurpations tyrannize over my wretched country. It is to be hoped, however, that the good sense of the Count will point out to him, before it is too late, the impolicy of his present connections; and that he will use his interest with his Prince to persuade him to adopt a line of conduct suited to the grandeur and dignity of the Prussian Monarchy, and favourable to the independence of insulted Europe.

When his present Prussian Majesty succeeded to the throne, Count von Haugwitz continued in office, with increased influence; but he some time since resigned, in consequence, it is said, of a difference of opinion with the other Prussian Ministers on the subject of a family alliance, which Bonaparte had the modesty to propose, between the illustrious house of Napoleon the First and the royal line of Brandenburgh.

On this occasion his King, to evince his satisfaction with his past conduct, bestowed on him not only a large pension, but an estate in Silesia, where he before possessed some property. Bonaparte also, to express his regret at his retreat, proclaimed His Excellency a grand officer of the Legion of Honour.

Talleyrand insolently calls the several cordons, or ribands, distributed by Bonaparte among the Prussian Ministers and Generals, “his leading-strings.” It is to be hoped that Frederick William *iii*. is sufficiently upon his guard to prevent these strings from strangling the Prussian Monarchy and the Brandenburgh dynasty.

LETTER XVI.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Upwards of two months after my visit to General Murat, I was surprised at the appearance of M. Darjuson, the chamberlain of Princesse Louis Bonaparte. He told me that he came on the part of Prince Louis, who honoured me with an invitation to dine with him the day after. Upon my inquiry whether he knew if the party would be very numerous, he answered, between forty and fifty; and that it was a kind of farewell dinner, because the Prince intended shortly to set out for Compiegne to assume the command of the camp, formed in its vicinity, of the dragoons and other light troops of the army of England.

The principal personages present at this dinner were Joseph Bonaparte and his wife, General and Madame Murat, the Ministers Berthier, Talleyrand, Fouche, Chaptal, and Portalis. The conversation was entirely military, and chiefly related to the probable conquest or subjugation of Great Britain, and the probable consequence to mankind in

general of such a great event. No difference of opinion was heard with regard to its immediate benefit to France and gradual utility to all other nations; but Berthier seemed to apprehend that, before France could have time to organize this valuable conquest, she would be obliged to support another war, with a formidable league, perhaps, of all other European nations. The issue, however, he said, would be glorious to France, who, by her achievements, would force all people to acknowledge her their mother country; and then, first, Europe would constitute but one family.

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Chaptal was as certain as everybody else of the destruction of the tyrants of the seas; but he thought France would never be secure against the treachery of modern Carthage until she followed the example of Rome towards ancient Carthage; and therefore, after reducing London to ashes, it would be proper to disperse round the universe all the inhabitants of the British Islands, and to re-people them with nations less evil-disposed and less corrupted. Portalis observed that it was more easy to conceive than to execute such a vast plan. It would not be an undertaking of five, of ten, nor of twenty years, to transplant these nations; that misfortunes and proscription would not only inspire courage and obstinacy, but desperation.

“No people,” continued he, “are more attached to their customs and countries than islanders in general; and though British subjects are the greatest travellers, and found everywhere, they all suppose their country the best, and always wish to return to it and finish their days amidst their native fogs and smoke. Neither the Saxons, nor the Danes, nor Norman conquerors transplanted them, but, after reducing them, incorporated themselves by marriages among the vanquished, and in some few generations were but one people. It is asserted by all persons who have lately visited Great Britain, that, though the civilization of the lower classes is much behind that of the same description in France, the higher orders, the rich and the fashionable, are, with regard to their, manners, more French than English, and might easily be cajoled into obedience and subjection to the sovereignty of a nation whose customs, by free choice, they have adopted in preference to their own, and whose language forms a necessary part of their education, and, indeed, of the education of almost every class in the British Empire. The universality of the French language is the best ally France has in assisting her to conquer a universal dominion. He wished, therefore, that when we were in a situation to dictate in England, instead of proscribing Englishmen we should proscribe the English language, and advance and reward, in preference, all those parents whose children were sent to be educated in France, and all those families who voluntarily adopted in their houses and societies exclusively the French language.”

Murat was afraid that if France did not transplant the most stubborn Britons, and settle among them French colonies, when once their military and commercial navy was annihilated, they would turn pirates, and, perhaps, within half a century, lay all other nations as much under contribution by their piracies as they now do by their industry; and that, like the pirates on the coast of Barbary, the instant they had no connections with other civilized nations, cut the throats of each other, and agree in nothing but in plundering, and considering all other people in the, world their natural enemies and purveyors.

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To this opinion Talleyrand, by nodding assent, seemed to adhere; but he added: “Earthquakes are generally dreaded as destructive; but such a convulsion of nature as would swallow up the British Islands, with all their inhabitants, would be the greatest blessing Providence ever conferred on mankind.”

Louis Bonaparte then addressed himself to me and to the Marquis de F——. “Gentlemen,” said he, “you have been in England; what is your opinion of the character of these islanders, and of the probability of their subjugation?”

I answered that, during the fifteen months I resided in London I was too much occupied to prevent myself from starving, to meditate about anything else; that my stomach was my sole meditation as well as anxiety. That, however, I believed that in England, as everywhere else, a mixture of good and bad qualities was to be found; but which prevailed, it would be presumption in me, from my position, to decide. But I did not doubt that if we cordially hated the English they returned us the compliment with interest, and, therefore, the contest with them would be a severe one. The Marquis de F—— imprudently attempted to convince the company that it was difficult, if not impossible, for our army to land in England, much more to conquer it, until we were masters of the seas by a superior navy. He would, perhaps, have been still more indiscreet, had not Madame Louis interrupted him, and given another turn to the conversation by inquiring about the fair sex in England, and if it was true that handsome women were more numerous there than in France? Here again the Marquis, instead of paying her a compliment, as she perhaps expected, roundly assured her that for one beauty in France, hundreds might be counted in England, where gentlemen were, therefore, not so easily satisfied; and that a woman regarded by them only as an ordinary person would pass for a first-rate beauty among French beaux, on account of the great scarcity of them here.

“You must excuse the Marquis, ladies,” said I, in my turn; “he has not been in love in England. There, perhaps, he found the belles less cruel than in France, where, for the cruelty of one lady, or for her insensibility of his merit, he revenges himself on the whole sex:

“I apply to M. de Talleyrand,” answered the Marquis; “he has been longer in England than myself.”

“I am not a competent judge,” retorted the Minister; “Madame de Talleyrand is here, and has not the honour of being a Frenchwoman; but I dare say the Marquis will agree with me that in no society in the British Islands, among a dozen of ladies, has he counted more beauties, or admired greater accomplishments or more perfection.”

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To this the Marquis bowed assent, saying that in all his general remarks the party present, of course, was not included. All the ladies, who were well acquainted with his absent and blundering conversation, very good-humouredly laughed, and Madame Murat assured him that if he would give her the address of the belle in France who had transformed a gallant Frenchman into a chevalier of British beauty, she would attempt to make up their difference. “She is no more, Madame,” said the Marquis; “she was, unfortunately, guillotined two days before——” the father of Madame Louis, he was going to say, when Talleyrand interrupted him with a significant look, and said, “Before the fall of Robespierre, you mean.”

From these and other traits of the Marquis’s character, you may see that he erred more from absence of mind than any premeditation to give offence. He received, however, the next morning, a lettre de cachet from Fouche, which exiled him to Blois, and forbade him to return to Paris without further orders from the Minister of Police. I know, from high authority, that to the interference of Princesse Louis alone is he indebted for not being shut up in the Temple, and, perhaps, transported to our colonies, for having depreciated the power and means of France to invade England. I am perfectly convinced that none of those who spoke on the subject of the invasion expressed anything but what they really thought; and that, of the whole party, none, except Talleyrand, the Marquis, and myself, entertained the least doubt of the success of the expedition; so firmly did they rely on the former fortune of Bonaparte, his boastings, and his assurance.

After dinner I had an opportunity of conversing for ten minutes with Madame Louis Bonaparte, whom I found extremely amiable, but I fear that she is not happy. Her husband, though the most stupid, is, however, the best tempered of the Bonapartes, and seemed very attentive and attached to her. She was far advanced in her pregnancy, and looked, notwithstanding, uncommonly well. I have heard that Louis is inclined to inebriation, and when in that situation is very brutal to his wife, and very indelicate with other women before her eyes. He intrigues with her own servants and the number of his illegitimate children is said to be as many as his years. She asked General Murat to present me and recommend me to Fouche, which he did with great politeness; and the Minister assured me that he should be glad to see me at his hotel, which I much doubt. The last words Madame Louis said to me, in showing me a princely crown, richly set with diamonds, and given her by her brother-in-law, Napoleon, were, “Alas! grandeur is not always happiness, nor the most elevated the most fortunate lot.”

LETTER XVII.

Paris, August, 1805.

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My *lord*:—The arrival of the Pope in this country was certainly a grand epoch, not only in the history of the Revolution, but in the annals of Europe. The debates in the Sacred College for and against this journey, and for and against his coronation of Bonaparte, are said to have been long as well as violent, and arranged according to the desires of Cardinal Fesch only by the means of four millions of livres distributed apropos among its pious members. Of this money the Cardinals Mattei, Pamphili, Dugnani, Maury, Pignatelli, Roverella, Somaglia, Pacca, Brancadoro, Litta, Gabrielli, Spina, Despuig, and Galefli, are said to have shared the greatest part; and from the most violent anti-Bonapartists, they instantly became the strenuous adherents of Napoleon the First, who, of course, cannot be ignorant of their real worth.

The person entrusted by Bonaparte and Talleyrand to carry on at Rome the intrigue which sent Pius *vii*. to cross the Alps was Cardinal Fesch, brother of Madame Letitia Bonaparte by the side of her mother, who, in a second marriage, chose a pedlar of the name of Nicolo Fesch, for her husband.

Joseph, Cardinal Fesch, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 8th of March, 1763, and was in his infancy received as a singing boy (enfant de choeur) in a convent of his native place. In 1782, whilst he was on a visit to some of his relations in the Island of Sardinia, being on a fishing party some distance from shore, he was, with his companions, captured by an Algerine felucca, and carried a captive to Algiers. Here he turned Mussulman, and, until 1790, was a zealous believer in, and professor of, the Alcoran. In that year he found an opportunity to escape from Algiers, and to return to Ajaccio, when he abjured his renegacy, exchanged the Alcoran for the Bible, and, in 1791, was made a constitutional curate, that is to say, a revolutionary Christian priest. In 1793, when even those were proscribed, he renounced the sacristy of his Church for the bar of a tavern, where, during 1794 and 1795, he gained a small capital by the number and liberality of his English customers. After the victories of his nephew Napoleon in Italy during the following year, he was advised to reassume the clerical habit, and after Napoleon's proclamation of a First Consul, he was made Archbishop of Lyons. In 1802, Pius *vii*. decorated him with the Roman purple, and he is now a pillar of the Roman faith, in a fair way of seizing the Roman tiara. If letters from Rome can be depended upon, Cardinal Fesch, in the name of the Emperor of the French, informed His Holiness the Pope that he must either retire to a convent or travel to France, either abdicate his own sovereignty, or inaugurate Napoleon the First a Sovereign of France. Without the decision of the Sacred College, effected in the manner already stated, the majority of the faithful believe that this pontiff would have preferred obscurity to disgrace.

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While Joseph Fesch was a master of a tavern he married the daughter of a tinker, by whom he had three children. This marriage, according to the republican regulations, had only been celebrated by the municipality at Ajaccio; Fesch, therefore, upon again entering the bosom of the Church, left his municipal wife and children to shift for themselves, considering himself still, according to the canonical laws, a bachelor. But Madame Fesch, hearing, in 1801, of her ci-devant husband's promotion to the Archbishopric of Lyons, wrote to him for some succours, being with her children reduced to great misery. Madame Letitia Bonaparte answered her letter, enclosing a draft for six hundred livres—informing her that the same sum would be paid her every six months, as long as she continued with her children to reside at Corsica, but that it would cease the instant she left that island. Either thinking herself not sufficiently paid for her discretion, or enticed by some enemy of the Bonaparte family, she arrived secretly at Lyons in October last year, where she remained unknown until the arrival of the Pope. On the first day His Holiness gave there his public benediction, she found means to pierce the crowd, and to approach his person, when Cardinal Fesch was by his side. Profiting by a moment's silence, she called out loudly, throwing herself at his feet: "Holy Father! I am the lawful wife of Cardinal Fesch, and these are our children; he cannot, he dares not, deny this truth. Had he behaved liberally to me, I should not have disturbed him in his present grandeur; I supplicate you, Holy Father, not to restore me my husband, but to force him to provide for his wife and children, according to his present circumstances."—"Matta—ella e matta, santissimo padre! She is mad—she is mad, Holy Father," said the Cardinal; and the good pontiff ordered her to be taken care of, to prevent her from doing herself or the children any mischief. She was, indeed, taken care of, because nobody ever since heard what has become either of her or her children; and as they have not returned to Corsica, probably some snug retreat has been allotted them in France.

The purple was never disgraced by a greater libertine than Cardinal Fesch: his amours are numerous, and have often involved him in disagreeable scrapes. He had, in 1803, an unpleasant adventure at Lyons, which has since made his stay in that city but short. Having thrown his handkerchief at the wife of a manufacturer of the name of Girot, she accepted it, and gave him an appointment at her house, at a time in the evening when her husband usually went to the play. His Eminence arrived in disguise, and was received with open arms. But he was hardly seated by her side before the door of a closet was burst open, and his shoulders smarted from the lashes inflicted by an offended husband. In vain did he mention his name and rank; they rather increased than decreased the fury of Girot, who pretended it was utterly impossible

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for a Cardinal and Archbishop to be thus overtaken with the wife of one of his flock; at last Madame Girot proposed a pecuniary accommodation, which, after some opposition, was acceded to; and His Eminence signed a bond for one hundred thousand livres—-upon condition that nothing should transpire of this intrigue—a high price enough for a sound drubbing. On the day when the bond was due, Girot and his wife were both arrested by the police commissary, Dubois (a brother of the prefect of police at Paris), accused of being connected with the coiners, a capital crime at present in this country. In a search made in their house, bad money to the amount of three thousand livres was discovered; which they had received the day before from a man who called himself a merchant from Paris, but who was a police spy sent to entrap them. After giving up the bond of the Cardinal, the Emperor graciously remitted the capital punishment, upon condition that they should be transported for life to Cayenne.

This is the prelate on whom Bonaparte intends to confer the Roman tiara, and to constitute a successor of St. Peter. It would not be the least remarkable event in the beginning of the remarkable nineteenth century were we to witness the papal throne occupied by a man who from a singing boy became a renegade slave, from a Mussulman a constitutional curate, from a tavern-keeper an archbishop, from the son of a pedlar the uncle of an Emperor, and from the husband of the daughter of a tinker, a member of the Sacred College.

His sister, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, presented him, in 1802, with an elegant library, for which she had paid six hundred thousand livres—and his nephew, Napoleon, allows him a yearly pension double that amount. Besides his dignity as a prelate, His Eminence is Ambassador from France at Rome, a Knight of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece, a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and a grand almoner of the Emperor of the French.

The Archbishop of Paris is now in his ninety-sixth year, and at his death Cardinal Fesch is to be transferred to the see of this capital, in expectation of the triple crown and the keys of St. Peter.

LETTER XVIII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—The amiable and accomplished Amelia Frederique, Princess Dowager of the late Electoral Prince, Charles Louis of Baden, born a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, has procured the Electoral House of Baden the singular honour of giving consorts to three reigning and Sovereign Princes,—to an Emperor of Russia, to a King of Sweden, and to the Elector of Bavaria. Such a distinction, and such alliances, called the attention of

those at the head of our Revolution; who, after attempting in vain to blow up hereditary thrones by the aid of sans-culotte incendiaries, seated sans-culottes upon thrones, that they might degrade what was not yet ripe for destruction.

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Charles Frederick, the reigning Elector of Baden, is now near fourscore years of age. At this period of life if any passions remain, avarice is more common than ambition; because treasures may be hoarded without bustle, while activity is absolutely necessary to push forward to the goal of distinction. Having bestowed a new King on Tuscany, Bonaparte and Talleyrand also resolved to confer new Electors on Germany. A more advantageous fraternity could not be established between the innovators here and their opposers in other countries, than by incorporating the grandfather-in-law of so many Sovereigns with their own revolutionary brotherhood; to humble him by a new rank, and to disgrace him by indemnities obtained from their hands. An intrigue between our Minister, Talleyrand, and the Baden Minister, Edelsheim, transformed the oldest Margrave of Germany into its youngest Elector, and extended his dominions by the spoils obtained at the expense of the rightful owners. The invasion of the Baden territory in time of peace, and the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien, though under the protection of the laws of nations and hospitality, must have soon convinced Baron Edelsheim what return his friend Talleyrand expected, and that Bonaparte thought he had a natural right to insult by his attacks those he had dishonoured by his connections.

The Minister, Baron Edelsheim, is half an illuminato, half a philosopher, half a politician, and half a revolutionist. He was, long before he was admitted into the council chamber of his Prince, half an atheist, half an intriguer, and half a spy, in the pay of Frederick the Great of Prussia. His entry upon the stage at Berlin, and particularly the first parts he was destined to act, was curious and extraordinary; whether he acquitted himself better in this capacity than he has since in his political one is not known. He was afterwards sent to this capital to execute a commission, of which he acquitted himself very ill; exposing himself rashly, without profit or service to his employer. Frederick *ii*., dreading the tediousness of a proposed congress at Augsburg, wished to send a private emissary to sound the King of France. For this purpose he chose Edelsheim as a person least liable to suspicion. The project of Frederick was to idemnify the King of Poland for his first losses by robbing the ecclesiastical Princes of Germany. This, Louis XV. totally rejected; and Edelsheim returned with his answer to the Prussian Monarch, then at Freyburg. From thence he afterwards departed for London, made his communications, and was once again sent back to Paris, on pretence that he had left some of his travelling trunks there; and the Bailli de Foulay, the Ambassador of the Knights of Malta, being persuaded that the Cabinet of Versailles was effectually desirous of peace, was, as he had been before, the mediator. The Bailli was deceived. The Duc de Choiseul, the then Prime Minister, indecently

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enough threw Edelsheim into the Bastille, in order to search or seize his papers, which, however, were secured elsewhere. Edelsheim was released on the morrow, but obliged to depart the kingdom by the way of Turin, as related by Frederick *ii*. in his "History of the Seven Years' War." On his return he was disgraced, and continued so until 1778; when he again was used as emissary to various Courts of Germany. In 1786 the Elector of Baden sent him to Berlin, on the ascension of Frederick William *ii*., as a complimentary envoy. This Monarch, when he saw him, could not forbear laughing at the high wisdom of the Court that selected such a personage for such an embassy, and of his own sagacity in accepting it. He quitted the capital of Prussia as he came there, with an opinion of himself that the royal smiles of contempt had neither altered nor diminished.

You see, by this account, that Edelsheim has long been a partisan of the pillage of Germany called indemnities; and long habituated to affronts, as well as to plots. To all his other half qualities, half modesty can hardly be added, when he calls himself, or suffers himself to be called, "the Talleyrand of Carlsrhue." He accompanied his Prince last year to Mentz; where this old Sovereign was not treated by Bonaparte in the most decorous or decent manner, being obliged to wait for hours in his antechamber, and afterwards stand during the levees, or in the drawing-rooms of Napoleon or of his wife, without the offer of a chair, or an invitation to sit down. It was here where, by a secret treaty, Bonaparte became the Sovereign of Baden, if sovereignty consists in the disposal of the financial and military resources of a State; and they were agreed to be assigned over to him whenever he should deem it proper or necessary to invade the German Empire, in return for his protection against the Emperor of Germany, who can have no more interest than intent to attack a country so distant from his hereditary dominions, and whose Sovereign is, besides, the grandfather of the consort of his nearest and best ally.

Talleyrand often amused himself at Mentz with playing on the vanity and affected consequence of Edelsheim, who was delighted if at any time our Minister took him aside, or whispered to him as in confidence. One morning, at the assembly of the Elector Arch-Chancellor, where Edelsheim was creeping and cringing about him as usual, he laid hold of his arm and walked with him to the upper part of the room. In a quarter of an hour they both joined the company, Edelsheim unusually puffed up with vanity.

"I will lay and bet, gentlemen," said Talleyrand, "that you cannot, with all your united wits, guess the grand subject of my conversation with the good Baron Edelsheim." Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "As the Baron is a much older and more experienced traveller than myself, I asked him which, of all the countries he had visited, could boast the prettiest and kindest women. His reply was really very instructive, and it would be a great pity if justice were not done to his merit by its publicity."

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Here the Baron, red as a turkey-cock and trembling with anger, interrupted. “His Excellency,” said he, “is to-night in a humour to joke; what we spoke of had nothing to do with women.”

“Nor with men, either,” retorted Talleyrand, going away.

This anecdote, Baron Dahlberg, the Minister of the Elector of Baden to our Court, had the ingenuity to relate at Madame Chapui’s as an evidence of Edelsheim’s intimacy with Talleyrand; only he left out the latter part, and forgot to mention the bad grace with which this impertinence of Talleyrand was received; but this defect of memory Count von Beust, the envoy of the Elector Arch-Chancellor, kindly supplied.

Baron Edelsheim is a great amateur of knighthoods. On days of great festivities his face is, as it were, illuminated with the lustre of his stars; and the crosses on his coat conceal almost its original colour. Every petty Prince of Germany has dubbed him a chevalier; but Emperors and Kings have not been so unanimous in distinguishing his desert, or in satisfying his desires.

At Mentz no Prince or Minister fawned more assiduously upon Bonaparte than this hero of chivalry. It could not escape notice, but need not have alarmed our great man, as was the case. The prefect of the palace was ordered to give authentic information concerning Edelsheim’s moral and political character. He applied to the police commissary, who, within twenty hours, signed a declaration affirming that Edelsheim was the most inoffensive and least dangerous of all imbecile creatures that ever entered the Cabinet of a Prince; that he had never drawn a sword, worn a dagger, or fired a pistol in his life; that the inquiries about his real character were sneered at in every part of the Electorate, as nowhere they allowed him common sense, much less a character; all blamed his presumption, but none defended his capacity.

After the perusal of this report, Bonaparte asked Talleyrand: “What can Edelsheim mean by his troublesome assiduities? Does he want any indemnities, or does he wish me to make him a German Prince? Can he have the impudence to hope that I shall appoint him a tribune, a legislator, or a Senator in France, or that I shall give him a place in my Council of State?”

“No such thing,” answered the Minister; “did not Your Majesty condescend to notice at the last fete that this eclipsed moon was encompassed in a firmanent of stars. You would, Sire, make him the happiest of mortals were you to nominate him a member of your Legion of Honour.”

“Does he want nothing else?” said Napoleon, as if relieved at once of an oppressive burden. “Write to my chancellor of the Legion of Honour, Lacepede, to send him a patent, and do you inform him of this favour.”

It is reported at Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, that Baron Edelsheim has composed his own epitaph, in which he claims immortality, because under his Ministry the Margravate of Baden was elevated into an Electorate!!!

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LETTER XIX.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—The sensation that the arrival of the Pope in this country caused among the lower classes of people cannot be expressed, and if expressed, would not be believed. I am sorry, however, to say that, instead of improving their morals or increasing their faith, this journey has shaken both morality and religion to their foundation.

According to our religious notions, as you must know, the Roman pontiff is the vicar of Christ, and infallible; he can never err. The atheists of the National Convention and the Theophilanthropists of the Directory not only denied his demi-divinity, but transformed him into a satyr; and in pretending to tear the veil of superstition, annihilated all belief in a God. The ignorant part of our nation, which, as everywhere else, constitutes the majority, witnessing the impunity and prosperity of crime, and bestowing on the Almighty the passions of mortals, first doubted of His omnipotence in not crushing guilt, and afterwards of His existence in not exterminating the blasphemous from among the living. Feeling, however, the want of consolation in their misfortunes here, and hope of a reward hereafter for unmerited sufferings upon earth, they all hailed as a blessing the restoration of Christianity; and by this political act Bonaparte gained more adherents than by all his victories he had procured admirers.

Bonaparte's character, his good and his bad qualities, his talents and his crimes, are too recent and too notorious to require description. Should he continue successful, and be attended by fortune to his grave, future ages may perhaps hail him a hero and a great man; but by his contemporaries it will always be doubtful whether mankind has not suffered more from his ambition and cruelties than benefited by his services. Had he satisfied himself by continuing the Chief Magistrate of a Commonwealth; or, if he judged that a monarchical Government alone was suitable to the spirit of this country, had he recalled our legitimate King, he would have occupied a principal, if not the first, place in the history of France,—a place much more exalted than he can ever expect to fill as an Emperor of the French. Let his prosperity be ever so uninterrupted, he cannot be mentioned but as an usurper, an appellation never exciting esteem, frequently inspiring contempt, and always odious.

The crime of usurpation is the greatest and most enormous a subject can perpetrate; but what epithet can there be given to him who, to preserve an authority unlawfully acquired, asssociates in his guilt a Supreme Pontiff, whom the multitude is accustomed to reverence as the representative of their God, but who, by this act of scandal and sacrilege, descends to a level with the most culpable of men? I have heard, not only in this city but in villages, where sincerity is more frequent than corruption, and where hypocrites are as little known as infidels, these remarks made by the people:

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“Can the real vicar of Christ, by his inauguration, commit the double injustice of depriving the legitimate owner of his rights, and of bestowing as a sacred donation what belongs to another; and what he has no power, no authority, to dispose of? Can Pius *vii*. confer on Napoleon the First what belongs to Louis XVIII.? Would Jesus Christ, if upon earth, have acted thus? Would his immediate successors, the Apostles, not have preferred the suffering of martyrdom to the commission of any injury? If the present Roman pontiff acts differently from what his Master and predecessors would have done, can he be the vicar of our Saviour?”

These and many similar reflections the common people have made, and make yet. The step from doubt to disbelief is but short, and those brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, who hesitate about believing Pius *vii*. to be the vicar of Christ, will soon remember the precepts of atheists and freethinkers, and believe that Christ is not the Son of God, and that God is only the invention of fear.

The fact is, that by the Pope’s performance of the coronation of an Emperor of the French, a religious as well as a political revolution was effected; and the usurper in power, whatever his creed may be, will hereafter, without much difficulty, force it on his slaves. You may, perhaps, object that Pius *vii*., in his official account to the Sacred College of his journey to France, speaks with enthusiasm of the Catholicism of the French people. But did not the Goddess of Reason, did not Robespierre as a high priest of a Supreme Being, speak as highly of their sectaries? Read the Moniteur of 1793 and 1794, and you will be convinced of the truth of this assertion. They, like the Pope, spoke of what they saw, and they, like him, did not see an individual who was not instructed how to perform his part, so as to give satisfaction to him whom he was to please, and to those who employed him. As you have attended to the history of our Revolution, you have found it in great part a cruel masquerade, where none but the unfortunate Louis XVI. appeared in his native and natural character and without a mask.

The countenance of Pius *vii*. is placid and benign, and a kind of calmness and tranquillity pervades his address and manners, which are, however, far from being easy or elegant. The crowds that he must have been accustomed to see since his present elevation have not lessened a timidity the consequence of early seclusion. Nothing troubled him more than the numerous deputations of our Senate, Legislative Body, Tribunate, National Institute, Tribunals, *etc*., that teased him on every occasion. He never was suspected of any vices, but all his virtues are negative; and his best quality is, not to do good, but to prevent evil. His piety is sincere and unaffected, and it is not difficult to perceive that he has been more accustomed to address his God than to converse with

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men. He is nowhere so well in his place as before the altar; when imploring the blessings of Providence on his audience he speaks with confidence, as to a friend to whom his purity is known, and who is accustomed to listen favourably to his prayers. He is zealous but not fanatical, but equally superstitious as devout. His closet was crowded with relics, rosaries, *etc*., but there he passed generally eight hours of the twenty-four upon his knees in prayer and meditation. He often inflicted on himself mortifications, observed fast-days, and kept his vows with religious strictness.

None of the promises made him by Cardinal Fesch, in the name of Napoleon the First, were performed, but all were put off until a general pacification. He was promised indemnity for Avignon, Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna; the ancient supremacy and pecuniary contributions of the Gallican Church, and the restoration of certain religious orders, both in France and Italy; but notwithstanding his own representations, and the activity of his Cardinal, Caprara, nothing was decided, though nothing was refused.

By some means or other he was made perfectly acquainted with the crimes and vices of most of our public functionaries. Talleyrand was surprised when Cardinal Caprara explained to him the reason why the Pope refused to admit some persons to his presence, and why he wished others even not to be of the party when he accepted the invitations of Bonaparte and his wife to their private societies. Many are, however, of opinion that Talleyrand, from malignity or revenge, often heightened and confirmed His Holiness's aversion. This was at least once the case with regard to De Lalande. When Duroc inquired the cause of the Pope's displeasure against this astronomer, and hinted that it would be very agreeable to the Emperor were His Holiness to permit him the honour of prostrating himself, he was answered that men of talents and learning would always be welcome to approach his person; that he pitied the errors and prayed for the conversion of this savant, but was neither displeased nor offended with him. Talleyrand, when informed of the Pope's answer, accused Cardinal Caprara of having misinterpreted his master's communications; and this prelate, in his turn, censured our Minister's bad memory.

You must have read that this De Lalande is regarded in France as the first astronomer of Europe, and hailed as the high priest of atheists; he is said to be the author of a shockingly blasphemous work called "The Bible of a People who acknowledge no God." He implored the ferocious Robespierre to honour the heavens by bestowing, on a new planet pretended to be discovered, his ci-devant Christian-name, Maximilian. In a letter of congratulation to Bonaparte, on the occasion of his present elevation, he also implored him to honour the God of the Christians by styling himself Jesus Christ the First, Emperor of the French, instead of Napoleon the First. But it was not

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his known impiety that made Talleyrand wish to exclude him from insulting with his presence a Christian pontiff. In the summer of 1799, when the Minister was in a momentary disgrace, De Lalande was at the head of those who imputed to his treachery, corruptions, and machinations all the evils France then suffered, both from external enemies and internal factions. If Talleyrand has justly been reproached for soon forgetting good offices and services done him, nobody ever denied that he has the best recollection in the world of offences or attacks, and that he is as revengeful as unforgiving.

The only one of our great men whom Pius *vii*. remained obstinate and inflexible in not receiving, was the Senator and Minister of Police, Fouche. As His Holiness was not so particular with regard to other persons who, like Fouche, were both apostate priests and regicide subjects, the following is reported to be the cause of his aversion and obduracy:

In November, 1793, the remains of a wretch of the name of Challiers—justly called, for his atrocities, the Murat of Lyons—were ordered by Fouche, then a representative of the people in that city, to be produced and publicly worshipped; and, under his particular auspices, a grand fete was performed to the memory of this republican martyr, who had been executed as an assassin. As part of this impious ceremony, an ass, covered with a Bishop's vestments, having on his head a mitre, and the volumes of Holy Writ tied to his tail, paraded the streets. The remains of Challiers were then burnt, and the ashes distributed among his adorers; while the books were also consumed, and the ashes scattered in the wind. Fouche proposed, after giving the ass some water to drink in a sacred chalice, to terminate the festivity of the day by murdering all the prisoners, amounting to seven thousand five hundred; but a sudden storm prevented the execution of this diabolical proposition, and dispersed the sacrilegious congregation.

LETTER XX.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Though all the Bonapartes were great favourites with Pius *vii*., Madame Letitia, their mother, had a visible preference. In her apartments he seemed most pleased to meet the family parties, as they were called, because to them, except the Bonapartes, none but a few select favourites were invited,—a distinction as much wished for and envied as any other Court honour. After the Pope had fixed the evening he would appear among them, Duroc made out a list, under the dictates of Napoleon, of the chosen few destined to partake of the blessing of His Holiness's presence; this list was merely pro form, or as a compliment, laid before him; and after his tacit

approbation, the individuals were informed, from the first chamberlain’s office, that they would be honoured with admittance at such an hour, to such a company, and in such an

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apartment. The dress in which they were to appear was also prescribed. The parties usually met at six o'clock in the evening. On the Pope's entrance all persons, of both sexes, kneeled to receive his blessing. Tea, ice, liqueurs, and confectionery were then served. In the place of honour were three elevated elbow-chairs, and His Holiness was seated between the Emperor and Empress, and seldom spoke to any one to whom Napoleon did not previously address the word. The exploits of Bonaparte, particularly his campaigns in Egypt, were the chief subjects of conversation. Before eight o'clock the Pope always retired, distributing his blessing to the kneeling audience, as on his entry. When he was gone, card-tables were brought in, and play was permitted. Duroc received his master's orders how to distribute the places at the different tables, what games were to be played, and the amount of the sums to be staked. These were usually trifling and small compared to what is daily risked in our fashionable circles.

Often, after the Pope had returned to his own rooms, Madame Letitia Bonaparte was admitted to assist at his private prayers. This lady, whose intrigues and gallantry are proverbial in Corsica, has, now that she is old (as is generally the case), turned devotee, and is surrounded by hypocrites and impostors, who, under the mask of sanctity, deceive and plunder her. Her antechambers are always full of priests; and her closet and bedroom are crowded with relics, which she collected during her journey to Italy last year. She might, if she chose, establish a Catholic museum, and furnish it with a more curious collection, in its sort, than any of our other museums contain. Of all the saints in our calendar, there is not one of any notoriety who has not supplied her with a finger, a toe, or some other part; or with a piece of a shirt, a handkerchief, a sandal, or a winding-sheet. Even a bit of a pair of breeches, said to have belonged to Saint Mathurin, whom many think was a sans-cullotte, obtains her adoration on certain occasions. As none of her children have yet arrived at the same height of faith as herself, she has, in her will, bequeathed to the Pope all her relics, together with eight hundred and seventy-nine Prayer-books, and four hundred and forty-six Bibles, either in manuscript or of different editions. Her favourite breviary, used only on great solemnities, was presented to her by Cardinal Maury at Rome, and belonged, as it is said, formerly to Saint Francois, whose commentary, written with his own hand, fills the margins; though many, who with me adore him as a saint, doubt whether he could either read or write.

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Not long ago she made, as she thought, an exceedingly valuable acquisition. A priest arrived direct from the Holy City of Jerusalem, well recommended by the inhabitants of the convents there, with whom he pretended to have passed his youth. After prostrating himself before the Pope, he waited on Madame Letitia Bonaparte. He told her that he had brought with him from Syria the famous relic, the shoulder-bone of Saint John the Baptist; but that, being in want of money for his voyage, he borrowed upon it from a Grecian Bishop in Montenegro two hundred louis d'or. This sum, and one hundred louis d'or besides, was immediately given him; and within three months, for a large sum in addition to those advanced, this precious relic was in Madame Letitia's possession.

Notwithstanding this lady's care not to engage in her service any person of either sex who cannot produce, not a certificate of civism from the municipality as was formerly the case, but a certificate of Christianity, and a billet of confession signed by the curate of the parish, she had often been robbed, and the robbers had made particularly free with those relics which were set in gold or in diamonds. She accused her daughter, the Princesse Borghese, who often rallies the devotion of her mamma, and who is more an amateur of the living than of the dead, of having played her these tricks. The Princess informed Napoleon of her mother's losses, as well as of her own innocence, and asked him to apply to the police to find out the thief, who no doubt was one of the pious rogues who almost devoured their mother.

On the next day Napoleon invited Madame Letitia to dinner, and Fouche had orders to make a strict search, during her absence, among the persons composing her household. Though he, on this occasion, did not find what he was looking for, he made a discovery which very much mortified Madame Letitia.

Her first chambermaid, Rosina Gaglini, possessed both her esteem and confidence, and had been sent for purposely from Ajaccio, in Corsica, on account of her general renown for great piety, and a report that she was an exclusive favourite with the Virgin Mary, by whose interference she had even performed, it was said, some miracles; such as restoring stolen goods, runaway cattle, lost children, and procuring prizes in the lottery. Rosina was as relic-mad as her mistress; and as she had no means to procure them otherwise, she determined to partake of her lady's by cutting off a small part of each relic of Madame Letitia's principal saints. These precious 'morceaux' she placed in a box upon which she kneeled to say her prayers during the day; and which, for a mortification, served her as a pillow during the night. Upon each of the sacred bits she had affixed a label with the name of the saint it belonged to, which occasioned the disclosure. When Madame Letitia heard of this pious theft, she insisted on having the culprit immediately and severely punished; and though the

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Princesse Borghese, as the innocent cause of poor Rosina's misfortune, interfered, and Rosina herself promised never more to plunder saints, she was without mercy turned away, and even denied money sufficient to carry her back to Corsica. Had she made free with Madame Letitia's plate or wardrobe, there is no doubt but that she had been forgiven; but to presume to share with her those sacred supports on her way to Paradise was a more unpardonable act with a devotee than to steal from a lover the portrait of an adored mistress.

In the meantime the police were upon the alert to discover the person whom they suspected of having stolen the relics for the diamonds, and not the diamonds for the relics. Among our fashionable and new saints, surprising as you may think it, Madame de Genlis holds a distinguished place; and she, too, is an amateur and collector of relics in proportion to her means; and with her were found those missed by Madame Letitia. Being asked to give up the name of him from whom she had purchased them, she mentioned Abbe Saladin, the pretended priest from Jerusalem. He, in his turn, was questioned, and by his answers gave rise to suspicion that he himself was the thief. The person of whom he pretended to have bought them was not to be found, nor was any one of such a description remembered to have been seen anywhere. On being carried to prison, he claimed the protection of Madame Letitia, and produced a letter in which this lady had promised him a bishopric either in France or in Italy. When she was informed of his situation, she applied to her son Napoleon for his liberty, urging that a priest who from Jerusalem had brought with him to Europe such an extraordinary relic as the shoulder of Saint John, could not be culpable.

Abbe Saladin had been examined by Real, who concluded, from the accent and perfection with which he spoke the French language, that he was some French adventurer who had imposed on the credulity and superstition of Madame Letitia; and, therefore, threatened him with the rack if he did not confess the truth. He continued, however, in his story, and was going to be released upon an order from the Emperor, when a gendarme recognized him as a person who, eight years before, had, under the name of Lanoue, been condemned for theft and forgery to the galleys, whence he had made his escape. Finding himself discovered, he avowed everything. He said he had served in Egypt, in the guides of Bonaparte, but deserted to the Turks and turned Mussulman, but afterwards returned to the bosom of the Church at Jerusalem. There he persuaded the friars that he had been a priest, and obtained the certificates which introduced him to the Pope and to the Emperor's mother; from whom he had received twelve thousand livres for part of the jaw bone of a whale, which he had sold her for the shoulder-bone of a saint. As the police believe the certificates he has produced to be also forged, he is detained in prison until an answer arrives from our Consul in Syria.

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Madame Letitia did not resign without tears the relic he had sold her; and there is reason to believe that many other pieces of her collections, worshipped by her as remains of saints, are equally genuine as this shoulder-bone of Saint John.

LETTER XXI.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—That the population of this capital has, since the Revolution, decreased near two hundred thousand souls, is not to be lamented. This focus of corruption and profligacy is still too populous, though the inhabitants do not amount to six hundred thousand; for I am well persuaded that more crimes and excesses of every description are committed here in one year than are perpetrated in the same period of time in all other European capitals put together. From not reading in our newspapers, as we do in yours, of the robberies, murders, and frauds discovered and punished, you may, perhaps, be inclined to suppose my assertion erroneous or exaggerated; but it is the policy of our present Government to labour as much as possible in the dark; that is to say, to prevent, where it can be done, all publicity of anything directly or indirectly tending to inculpate it of oppression, tyranny, or even negligence; and to conceal the immorality of the people so nearly connected with its own immoral power. It is true that many vices and crimes here, as well as everywhere else, are unavoidable, and the natural consequences of corruption, and might be promulgated, therefore, without attaching any reproach to our rulers; but they are so accustomed to the mystery adherent to tyranny, that even the most unimportant lawsuit, uninteresting intrigue, elopement, or divorce, are never allowed to be mentioned in our journals, without a previous permission from the prefect of police, who very seldom grants it.

Most of the enormities now deplored in this country are the consequence of moral and religious licentiousness, that have succeeded to political anarchy, or rather were produced by it, and survive it. Add to this the numerous examples of the impunity of guilt, prosperity of infamy, misery of honesty, and sufferings of virtue, and you will not think it surprising that, notwithstanding half a million of spies, our roads and streets are covered with robbers and assassins, and our scaffolds with victims.

The undeniable *truth* that this city alone is watched by one hundred thousand spies (so that, when in company with six persons, one has reason to dread the presence of one spy), proclaims at once the morality of the governors and that of the governed: were the former just, and the latter good, this mass of vileness would never be employed; or, if employed, wickedness would expire for want of fuel, and the hydra of tyranny perish by its own pestilential breath.

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According to the official registers published by Manuel in 1792, the number of spies all over France during the reign of Louis XVI. was nineteen thousand three hundred (five thousand less than under Louis XV.); and of this number six thousand were distributed in Paris, and in a circle of four leagues around it, including Versailles. You will undoubtedly ask me, even allowing for our extension of territory, what can be the cause of this disproportionate increase of distrust and depravity? I will explain it as far as my abilities admit, according to the opinions of others compared with my own remarks.

When factions usurped the supremacy of the Kings, vigilance augmented with insecurity; and almost everybody who was not an opposer, who refused being an accomplice, or feared to be a victim, was obliged to serve as an informer and vilify himself by becoming a spy. The rapidity with which parties followed and destroyed each other made the criminals as numerous as the sufferings of honour and loyalty innumerable; and I am sorry to say few persons exist in my degraded country, whose firmness and constancy were proof against repeated torments and trials, and who, to preserve their lives, did not renounce their principles and probity.

Under the reign of Robespierre and of the Committee of Public Safety, every member of Government, of the clubs, of the tribunals, and of the communes, had his private spies; but no regular register was kept of their exact number. Under the Directory a Police Minister was nominated, and a police office established. According to the declaration of the Police Minister, Cochon, in 1797, the spies, who were then regularly paid, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand; and of these, thirty thousand did duty in this capital. How many there were in 1799, when Fouche, for the first time, was appointed a chief of the department of police, is not known, but suppose them doubled within two years; their increase since is nevertheless immense, considering that France has enjoyed upwards of four years' uninterrupted Continental peace, and has not been exposed to any internal convulsions during the same period.

You may, perhaps, object that France is not rich enough to keep up as numerous an army of spies as of soldiers; because the expense of the former must be triple the amount of the latter. Were all these spies, now called police agents, or agents of the secret police, paid regular salaries, your objection would stand, but most of them have no other reward than the protection of the police; being employed in gambling—houses, in coffee—houses, in taverns, at the theatres, in the public gardens, in the hotels, in lottery offices, at pawnbrokers', in brothels, and in bathing-houses, where the proprietors or masters of these establishments pay them. They receive nothing from the police, but when they are enabled to make any great discoveries, those who have been robbed or defrauded, and to whom

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they have been serviceable, are, indeed, obliged to present them with some douceur, fixed by the police at the rate of the value recovered; but such occurrences are merely accidental. To these are to be added all individuals of either sex who by the law are obliged to obtain from the police licenses to exercise their trade, as pedlars, tinkers, masters of puppet-shows, wild beasts, *etc*. These, on receiving their passes, inscribe themselves, and take the oaths as spies; and are forced to send in their regular reports of what they hear or see. Prostitutes, who, all over this country, are under the necessity of paying for regular licenses, are obliged also to give information, from time to time, to the nearest police commissary of what they observe or what they know respecting their visitors, neighbours, *etc*. The number of unfortunate women of this description who had taken out licenses during the year 12, or from September, 1803, to September, 1804, is officially known to have amounted to two hundred and twenty thousand, of whom forty thousand were employed by the armies.

It is no secret that Napoleon Bonaparte has his secret spies upon his wife, his brothers, his sisters, his Ministers, Senators, and other public functionaries, and also upon his public spies. These are all under his own immediate control and that of Duroc, who does the duty of his private Police Minister, and in whom he confides more than even in the members of his own family. In imitation of their master, each of the other Bonapartes, and each of the Ministers, have their individual spies, and are watched in their turn by the spies of their secretaries, clerks, *etc*. This infamous custom of espionage goes ad infinitum, and appertains almost to the establishment and to the suite of each man in place, who does not think himself secure a moment if he remains in ignorance of the transactions of his rivals, as well as of those of his equals and superiors.

Fouche and Talleyrand are reported to have disagreed before Bonaparte on some subject or other, which is frequently the case. The former, offended at some doubts thrown out about his intelligence, said to the latter:

“I am so well served that I can tell you the name of every man or woman you have conversed with, both yesterday and today; where you saw them, and how long you remained with them or they with you.”

“If such commonplace espionage evinces any merit,” retorted Talleyrand, “I am even here your superior; because I know not only what has already passed with you and in your house, but what is to pass hereafter. I can inform you of every dish you had for your dinners this week, who provided these dinners, and who is expected to provide your meats to-morrow and the day after. I can whisper you, in confidence, who slept with Madame Fouche last night, and who has an appointment with her to-night.”

Here Bonaparte interrupted them, in his usual dignified language: “Hold both your tongues; you are both great rogues, but I am at a loss to decide which is the greatest.”

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Without uttering a single syllable, Talleyrand made a profound reverence to Fouche. Bonaparte smiled, and advised them to live upon good terms if they were desirous of keeping their places.

A man of the name of Ducroux, who, under Robespierre, had from a barber been made a general, and afterwards broken for his ignorance, was engaged by Bonaparte as a private spy upon Fouche, who employed him in the same capacity upon Bonaparte. His reports were always written, and delivered in person into the hands both of the Emperor and of his Minister. One morning he, by mistake, gave to Bonaparte the report of him instead of that intended for him. Bonaparte began to read: "Yesterday, at nine o'clock, the Emperor acted the complete part of a madman; he swore, stamped, kicked, foamed, roared—", here poor Ducroux threw himself at Bonaparte's feet, and called for mercy for the terrible blunder he had committed.

"For whom," asked Bonaparte, "did you intend this treasonable correspondence? I suppose it is composed for some English or Russian agent, for Pitt or for Marcoff. How long have you conspired with my enemies, and where are your accomplices?"

"For God's sake, hear me, Sire," prayed Ducroux. "Your Majesty's enemies have always been mine. The report is for one of your best friends; but were I to mention his name, he will ruin me."

"Speak out, or you die!" vociferated Bonaparte.

"Well,'Sire, it is for Fouche—for nobody else but Fouche."

Bonaparte then rang the bell for Duroc, whom he ordered to see Ducroux shut up in a dungeon, and afterwards to send for Fouche. The Minister denied all knowledge of Ducroux, who, after undergoing several tortures, expiated his blunder upon the rack.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—The Pope, during his stay here, rose regularly every morning at five o'clock, and went to bed every night before ten. The first hours of the day he passed in prayers, breakfasted after the Mass was over, transacted business till one, and dined at two. Between three and four he took—his siesta, or nap; afterwards he attended the vespers, and when they were over he passed an hour with the Bonapartes, or admitted to his presence some members of the clergy. The day was concluded, as it was begun, with some hours of devotion.

Had Pius *vii*. possessed the character of a Pius *vi*., he would never have crossed the Alps; or had he been gifted with the spirit and talents of Sextus V. or Leo X., he would

never have entered France to crown Bonaparte, without previously stipulating for himself that he should be put in possession of the sovereignty of Italy. You can form no idea what great stress was laid on this act of His Holiness by the Bonaparte family, and what sacrifices were destined to be made had any serious and obstinate

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resistance been apprehended. Threats were, indeed, employed personally against the Pope, and bribes distributed to the refractory members of the Sacred College; but it was no secret, either here or at Milan, that Cardinal Fesch had carte blanche with regard to the restoration of all provinces seized, since the war, from the Holy See, or full territorial indemnities in their place, at the expense of Naples and Tuscany; and, indeed, whatever the Roman pontiff has lost in Italy has been taken from him by Bonaparte alone, and the apparent generosity which policy and ambition required would, therefore, have merely been an act of justice. Confiding foolishly in the honour and rectitude of Napoleon, without any other security than the assertion of Fesch, Pius *vii*., within a fortnight's stay in France, found the great difference between the promises held out to him when residing as a Sovereign at Rome, and their accomplishment when he had so far forgotten himself and his sacred dignity as to inhabit as a guest the castle of the Tuileries.

Pius *vii*. mentioned, the day after his arrival at Fontainebleau, that it would be a gratification to his own subjects were he enabled to communicate to them the restoration of the former ecclesiastical domains, as a free gift of the Emperor of the French, at their first conference, as they would then be as well convinced of Napoleon's good faith as he was himself. In answer, His Holiness was informed that the Emperor was unprepared to discuss political subjects, being totally occupied with the thoughts how to entertain worthily his high visitor, and to acknowledge becomingly the great honour done and the great happiness conferred on him by such a visit. As soon as the ceremony of the coronation was over, everything, he hoped, would be arranged to the reciprocal satisfaction of both parties.

About the middle of last December, Bonaparte was again asked to fix a day when the points of negotiation between him and the Pope could be discussed and settled. Cardinal Caprara, who made this demand, was referred to Talleyrand, who denied having yet any instructions, though in daily expectation of them. Thus the time went on until February, when Bonaparte informed the Pope of his determination to assume the crown of Italy, and of some new changes necessary, in consequence on the other side of the Alps.

Either seduced by caresses, or blinded by his unaccountable partiality for Bonaparte, Pius *vii*., if left to himself, would not only have renounced all his former claims, but probably have made new sacrifices to this idol of his infatuation. Fortunately, his counsellors were wiser and less deluded, otherwise the remaining patrimony of Saint Peter might now have constituted a part of Napoleon's inheritance, in Italy. "Am I not, Holy Father!" exclaimed the Emperor frequently, "your son, the work of your hand? And if the pages of history assign me any glory, must it not be shared with you—or

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rather, do you not share it with me? Anything that impedes my successes, or makes the continuance of my power uncertain or hazardous, reflects on you and is dangerous to you. With me you will shine or be obscured, rise or fall. Could you, therefore, hesitate (were I to demonstrate to you the necessity of such a measure) to remove the Papal See to Avignon, where it formerly was and continued for centuries, and to enlarge the limits of my kingdom of Italy with the Ecclesiastical States? Can you believe my throne at Milan safe as long as it is not the sole throne of Italy? Do you expect to govern at Rome when I cease to reign at Milan? No, Holy Father! the pontiff who placed the crown on my head, should it be shaken, will fall to rise no more." If what Cardinal Caprara said can be depended upon, Bonaparte frequently used to intimidate or flatter the Pope in this manner.

The representations of Cardinal Caprara changed Napoleon's first intention of being again crowned by the Pope as a King of Italy. His crafty Eminence observed that, according to the Emperor's own declaration, it was not intended that the crowns of France and Italy should continue united. But were he to cede one supremacy confirmed by the sacred hands of a pontiff, the partisans of the Bourbons, or the factions in France, would then take advantage to diminish in the opinion of the people his right and the sacredness of His Holiness, and perhaps make even the crown of the French Empire unstable. He did not deny that Charlemagne was crowned by a pontiff in Italy, but this ceremony was performed at Rome, where that Prince was proclaimed an Emperor of the Holy Roman and German Empires, as well as a King of Lombardy and Italy. Might not circumstances turn out so favourably for Napoleon the First that he also might be inaugurated an Emperor of the Germans as well as of the French? This last compliment, or prophecy, as Bonaparte's courtiers call it (what a prophet a Caprara!), had the desired effect, as it flattered equally Napoleon's ambition and vanity. For fear, however, of Talleyrand and other anti-Catholic counsellors, who wanted him to consider the Pope merely as his first almoner, and to treat him as all other persons of his household, His Eminence sent His Holiness as soon as possible packing for Rome. Though I am neither a cardinal nor a prophet, should you and I live twenty years longer, and the other Continental Sovereigns not alter their present incomprehensible conduct, I can, without any risk, predict that we shall see Rome salute the second Charlemagne an Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, if before that time death does not put a period to his encroachments and gigantic plans.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, August, 1805.

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My lord:—No Sovereigns have, since the Revolution, displayed more grandeur of soul, and evinced more firmness of character, than the present King and Queen of Naples. Encompassed by a revolutionary volcano more dangerous than the physical one, though disturbed at home and defeated abroad, they have neither been disgraced nor dishonoured. They have, indeed, with all other Italian Princes, suffered territorial and pecuniary losses; but these were not yielded through cowardice or treachery, but enforced by an absolute necessity, the consequence of the desertion or inefficacy of allies.

But Their Sicilian Majesties have been careful, as much as they were able, to exclude from their councils both German Illuminati and Italian philosophers. Their principal Minister, Chevalier Acton, has proved himself worthy of the confidence with which his Sovereigns have honoured him, and of the hatred with which he has been honoured by all revolutionists—the natural and irreconcilable enemies of all legitimate sovereignty.

Chevalier Acton is the son of an Irish physician, who first was established at Besancon in France, and afterwards at Leghorn in Italy. He is indebted for his present elevation to his own merit and to the penetration of the Queen of Sardinia, who discovered in him, when young, those qualities which have since distinguished him as a faithful counsellor and an able Minister. As loyal as wise, he was, from 1789, an enemy to the French Revolution. He easily foresaw that the specious promise of regeneration held out by impostors or fools to delude the ignorant, the credulous and the weak, would end in that universal corruption and general overthrow which we since have witnessed, and the effects of which our grandchildren will mourn.

When our Republic, in April, 1792, declared war against Austria, and when, in the September following, the dominions of His Sardinian Majesty were invaded by our troops, the neutrality of Naples continued, and was acknowledged by our Government. On the 16th of December following, our fleet from Toulon, however, cast anchor in the Bay of Naples, and a grenadier of the name of Belleville was landed as an Ambassador of the French Republic, and threatened a bombardment in case the demands he presented in a note were not acceded to within twenty-four hours. Being attacked in time of peace, and taken by surprise, the Court of Naples was unable to make any resistance, and Chevalier Acton informed our grenadier Ambassador that this note had been laid before his Sovereign, who had ordered him to sign an agreement in consequence.

When in February, 1793, the King of Naples was obliged, for his own safety, to join the league against France, Acton concluded a treaty with your country, and informed the Sublime Porte of the machinations of our Committee of Public Safety in sending De Semonville as an Ambassador to Constantinople, which, perhaps, prevented the Divan from attacking Austria, and occasioned the capture and imprisonment of our emissary.

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Whenever our Government has, by the success of our arms, been enabled to dictate to Naples, the removal of Acton has been insisted upon; but though he has ceased to transact business ostensibly as a Minister, his influence has always, and deservedly, continued unimpaired, and he still enjoys the just confidence and esteem of his Prince.

But is His Sicilian Majesty equally well represented at the Cabinet of St. Cloud as served in his own capital? I have told you before that Bonaparte is extremely particular in his acceptance of foreign diplomatic agents, and admits none near his person whom he does not believe to be well inclined to him.

Marquis de Gallo, the Ambassador of the King of the Two Sicilies to the Emperor of the French, is no novice in the diplomatic career. His Sovereign has employed him for these fifteen years in the most delicate negotiations, and nominated him in May, 1795, a Minister of the Foreign Department, and a successor of Chevalier Acton, an honour which he declined. In the summer and autumn, 1797, Marquis de Gallo assisted at the conferences at Udine, and signed, with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, the Peace of Campo Formio, on the 17th of October, 1797.

During 1798, 1799, and 1800 he resided as Neapolitan Ambassador at Vienna, and was again entrusted by his Sovereign with several important transactions with Austria and Russia. After a peace had been agreed to between France and the Two Sicilies, in March, 1801, and the Court of Naples had every reason to fear, and of course to please, the Court of St. Cloud, he obtained his present appointment, and is one of the few foreign Ambassadors here who has escaped both Bonaparte's private admonitions in the diplomatic circle and public lectures in Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room.

This escape is so much the more fortunate and singular as our Government is far from being content with the mutinous spirit (as Bonaparte calls it) of the Government of Naples, which, considering its precarious and enfeebled state, with a French army in the heart of the kingdom, has resisted our attempts and insults with a courage and dignity that demand our admiration.

It is said that the Marquis de Gallo is not entirely free from some taints of modern philosophy, and that he, therefore, does not consider the consequences of our innovations so fatal as most loyal men judge them; nor thinks a sans-culotte Emperor more dangerous to civilized society than a sans-culotte sovereign people.

It is evident from the names and rank of its partisans that the Revolution of Naples in 1799 was different in many respects from that of every other country in Europe; for, although the political convulsions seem to have originated among the middle classes of the community, the extremes of society were everywhere else made to act against each other; the rabble being the first to triumph, and the nobles to succumb. But here, on the contrary, the lazzaroni, composed

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of the lowest portion of the population of a luxurious capital, appear to have been the most strenuous, and, indeed, almost the only supporters of royalty; while the great families, instead of being indignant at novelties which levelled them, in point of political rights, with the meanest subject, eagerly embraced the opportunity of altering that form of Government which alone made them great. It is, however, but justice to say that, though Marquis de Gallo gained the good graces of Bonaparte and of France in 1797, he was never, directly or indirectly, inculpated in the revolutionary transactions of his countrymen in 1799, when he resided at Vienna; and indeed, after all, it is not improbable that he disguises his real sentiments the better to, serve his country, and by that means has imposed on Bonaparte and acquired his favour.

The address and manners of a courtier are allowed Marquis de Gallo by all who know him, though few admit that he possesses any talents as a statesman. He is said to have read a great deal, to possess a good memory and no bad judgment; but that, notwithstanding this, all his knowledge is superficial.

LETTER XXIV.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—You have perhaps heard that Napoleon Bonaparte, with all his brothers and sisters, was last Christmas married by the Pope according to the Roman Catholic rite, being previously only united according to the municipal laws of the French Republic, which consider marriage only as a civil contract. During the last two months of His Holiness's residence here, hardly a day passed that he was not petitioned to perform the same ceremony for our conscientious grand functionaries and courtiers, which he, however, according to the Emperor's desire, declined. But his Cardinals were not under the same restrictions, and to an attentive observer who has watched the progress of the Revolution and not lost sight of its actors, nothing could appear more ridiculous, nothing could inspire more contempt of our versatility and inconsistency, than to remark among the foremost to demand the nuptial benediction, a Talleyrand, a Fouche, a Real, an Augereau, a Chaptal, a Reubel, a Lasnes, a Bessieres, a Thuriot, a Treilhard, a Merlin, with a hundred other equally notorious revolutionists, who were, twelve or fifteen years ago, not only the first to declaim against religious ceremonies as ridiculous, but against religion itself as useless, whose motives produced, and whose votes sanctioned, those decrees of the legislature which proscribed the worship, together with its priests and sectaries. But then the fashion of barefaced infidelity was as much the order of the day as that of external sanctity is at present. I leave to casuists the decision whether to the morals of the people, naked atheism, exposed with all its deformities, is more or less hurtful than concealed atheism, covered with the garb of piety; but for my part I think the

noonday murderer less guilty and much less detestable than the midnight assassin who stabs in the dark.

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A hundred anecdotes are daily related of our new saints and fashionable devotees. They would be laughable were they not scandalous, and contemptible did they not add duplicity to our other vices.

Bonaparte and his wife go now every morning to hear Mass, and on every Sunday or holiday they regularly attend at vespers, when, of course, all those who wish to be distinguished for their piety or rewarded for their flattery never neglect to be present. In the evening of last Christmas Day, the Imperial chapel was, as usual, early crowded in expectation of Their Majesties, when the chamberlain, Salmatoris, entered, and said to the captain of the guard, loud enough to be heard by the audience, “The Emperor and the Empress have just resolved not to come here to-night, His Majesty being engaged by some unexpected business, and the Empress not wishing to come without her consort.” In ten minutes the chapel was emptied of every person but the guards, the priests, and three old women who had nowhere else to pass an hour. At the arrival of our Sovereigns, they were astonished at the unusual vacancy, and indignantly regarded each other. After vespers were over, one of Bonaparte’s spies informed him of the cause, when, instead of punishing the despicable and hypocritical courtiers, or showing them any signs of his displeasure, he ordered Salmatoris under arrest, who would have experienced a complete disgrace had not his friend Duroc interfered and made his peace.

At another time, on a Sunday, Fouche entered the chapel in the midst of the service, and whispered to Bonaparte, who immediately beckoned to his lord-in-waiting and to Duroc. These both left the Imperial chapel, and returning in a few minutes at the head of five grenadiers, entered the grand gallery, generally frequented by the most scrupulous devotees, and seized every book. The cause of this domiciliary visit was an anonymous communication received by the Minister of Police, stating that libels against the Imperial family, bound in the form of Prayer-books, had been placed there. No such libels were, however, found; but of one hundred and sixty pretended breviaries, twenty-eight were volumes of novels, sixteen were poems, and eleven were indecent books. It is not necessary to add that the proprietors of these edifying works never reclaimed them. The opinions are divided here, whether this curious discovery originated in the malice of Fouche, or whether Talleyrand took this method of duping his rival, and at the same time of gratifying his own malignity. Certain it is that Fouche was severely reprimanded for the transaction, and that Bonaparte was highly offended at the disclosure.

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The common people, and the middle classes, are neither so ostentatiously devout, nor so basely perverse. They go to church as to the play, to gape at others, or to be stared at themselves; to pass the time, and to admire the show; and they do not conceal that such is the object of their attendance. Their indifference about futurity equals their ignorance of religious duties. Our revolutionary charlatans have as much brutalized their understanding as corrupted their hearts. They heard the Grand Mass said by the Pope with the same feelings as they formerly heard Robespierre proclaim himself a high priest of a Supreme Being; and they looked at the Imperial processions with the same insensibility as they once saw the daily caravans of victims passing for execution.

Even in Bonaparte's own guard, and among the officers of his household troops, several examples of rigour were necessary before they would go to any place of worship, or suffer in their corps any almoners; but now, after being drilled into a belief of Christianity, they march to the Mass as to a parade or to a review. With any other people, Bonaparte would not so easily have changed in two years the customs of twelve, and forced military men to kneel before priests, whom they but the other day were encouraged to hunt and massacre like wild beasts.

On the day of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, a company of gendarmes d'Elite, headed by their officers, received publicly, and by orders, the sacrament; when the Abbe Frelaud approached Lieutenant Ledoux, he fell into convulsions, and was carried into the sacristy. After being a little recovered, he looked round him, as if afraid that some one would injure him, and said to the Grand Vicar Clauset, who inquired the cause of his accident and terror: "Good God! that man who gave me, on the 2d of September, 1792, in the convent of the Carenes, the five wounds from which I still suffer, is now an officer, and was about to receive the sacrament from my hands." When this occurrence was reported to Bonaparte, Ledoux was dismissed; but Abbe Frelaud was transported, and the Grand Vicar Clauset sent to the Temple, for the scandal their indiscretion had caused. This act was certainly as unjust towards him who was bayoneted at the altar, as towards those who served the altar under the protection of the bayonets.

LETTER XXV.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Although the seizure of Sir George Rumbold might in your country, as well as everywhere else, inspire indignation, it could nowhere justly excite surprise. We had crossed the Rhine seven months before to seize the Duc d'Enghien; and when any prey invited, the passing of the Elbe was only a natural consequence of the former outrage, of audacity on our part, and of endurance or indifference on the part of other Continental States. Talleyrand's note at Aix-la-Chapelle had also informed Europe that we had adopted a new and military diplomacy, and, in confounding power with right, would

respect no privileges at variance with our ambition, interest or, suspicions, nor any independence it was thought useful or convenient for us to invade.

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It was reported here, at the time, that Bonaparte was much offended with General Frere, who commanded this political expedition, for permitting Sir George's servant to accompany his master, as Fouche and Real had already tortures prepared and racks waiting, and after forcing your agent to speak out, would have announced his sudden death, either by his own hands or by a coup-de-sang, before any Prussian note could require his release. The known morality of our Government must have removed all doubts of the veracity of this assertion; a man might, besides, from the fatigues of a long journey, or from other causes, expire suddenly; but the exit of two, in the same circumstances, would have been thought at least extraordinary, even by our friends, and suspicious by our enemies.

The official declaration of Rheinhard (our Minister to the Circle of Lower Saxony) to the Senate at Hamburg, in which he disavowed all knowledge on the subject of the capture of Sir George Rumbold, occasioned his disgrace. This man, a subject of the Elector of Wurtemberg by birth, is one of the negative accomplices of the criminals of France who, since the Revolution, have desolated Europe. He began in 1792 his diplomatic career, under Chauvelin and Talleyrand, in London, and has since been the tool of every faction in power. In 1796 he was appointed a Minister to the Hanse Towns, and, without knowing why, he was hailed as the point of rally to all the philosophers, philanthropists, Illuminati and other revolutionary amateurs, with which the North of Germany, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden then abounded.

A citizen of Hamburg—or rather, of the world—of the name of Seveking, bestowed on him the hand of a sister; and though he is not accused of avarice, some of the contributions extorted by our Government from the neutral Hanse Towns are said to have been left behind in his coffers instead of being forwarded to this capital. Either on this account, or for some other reason, he was recalled from Hamburg in January, 1797, and remained unemployed until the latter part of 1798, when he was sent as Minister to Tuscany.

When, in the summer of 1799, Talleyrand was forced by the Jacobins to resign his place as a Minister of the Foreign Department, he had the adroitness to procure Rheinhard to be nominated his successor, so that, though no longer nominally the Minister, he still continued to influence the decisions of our Government as much as if still in office, because, though not without parts, Rheinhard has neither energy of character nor consistency of conduct. He is so much accustomed, and wants so much to be governed, that in 1796, at Hamburg, even the then emigrants, Madame de Genlis and General Valence, directed him, when he was not ruled or dictated to by his wife or brother-in-law.

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In 1800 Bonaparte sent him as a representative to the Helvetian Republic, and in 1802, again to Hamburg, where he was last winter superseded by Bourrienne, and ordered to an inferior station at the: Electoral Court at Dresden. Rheinhard will never become one of those daring diplomatic banditti whom revolutionary Governments always employ in preference. He has some moral principles, and, though not religious, is rather scrupulous. He would certainly sooner resign than undertake to remove by poison, or by the steel of a bravo, a rival of his own or a person obnoxious to his employers. He would never, indeed, betray the secrets of his Government if he understood they intended to rob a despatch or to atop a messenger; but no allurements whatever would induce him to head the parties perpetrating these acts of our modern diplomacy.

Our present Minister at Hamburg (Bourrienne) is far from being so nice. A revolutionist from the beginning of the Revolution, he shared, with the partisans of La Fayette, imprisonment under Robespierre, and escaped death only by emigration. Recalled afterwards by his friend, the late Director (Barras), he acted as a kind of secretary to him until 1796, when Bonaparte demanded him, having known him at the military college. During all Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy, Egypt, and Syria, he was his sole and confidential secretary—a situation which he lost in 1802, when Talleyrand denounced his corruption and cupidity because he had rivalled him in speculating in the funds and profiting by the information which his place afforded him. He was then made a Counsellor of State, but in 1803 he was involved in the fraudulent bankruptcy of one of our principal houses to the amount of a million of livres—and, from his correspondence with it, some reasons appeared for the suspicion that he frequently had committed a breach of confidence against his master, who, after erasing his name from among the Counsellors of State, had him conveyed a prisoner to the Temple, where he remained six months. A small volume, called Le Livre Rouge of the Consular Court, made its appearance about that time, and contained some articles which gave Bonaparte reason to suppose that Bourrienne was its author. On being questioned by the Grand Judge Regnier and the Minister Fouce, before whom he was carried, he avowed that he had written it, but denied that he had any intention of making it public. As to its having found its way to the press during his confinement, that could only be ascribed to the ill-will or treachery of those police agents who inspected his papers and put their seals upon them. "Tell Bonaparte," said he, "that, had I been inclined to injure him in the public opinion, I should not have stooped to such trifles as Le Livre Rouge, while I have deposited with a friend his original orders, letters, and other curious documents as materials for an edifying history of our military hospitals during the campaigns of Italy and Syria all authentic testimonies of his humanity for the wounded and dying French soldiers."

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After the answers of this interrogatory had been laid before Bonaparte, his brother Joseph was sent to the Temple to negotiate with Bourrienne, who was offered his liberty and a prefecture if he would give up all the original papers that, as a private secretary, he had had opportunity to collect.

“These papers,” answered Bourrienne, “are my only security against your brother’s wrath and his assassins. Were I weak enough to deliver them up to-day, to-morrow, probably, I should no longer be counted among the living; but I have now taken my measures so effectually that, were I murdered to-day, these originals would be printed to-morrow. If Napoleon does not confide in my word of honour, he may trust to an assurance of discretion, with which my own interest is nearly connected. If he suspects me of having wronged him, he is convinced also of the eminent services I have rendered him, sufficient surely to outweigh his present suspicion. Let him again employ me in any post worthy of him and of me, and he shall soon see how much I will endeavour to regain his confidence.”

Shortly afterwards Bourrienne was released, and a pension, equal to the salary of a Counsellor of State; was granted him until some suitable place became vacant. On Champagny’s being appointed a Minister of the Home Department, the embassy at Vienna was demanded by Bourrienne, but refused, as previously promised to La Rochefoucauld, our late Minister at Dresden. When Rheinhard, in a kind of disgrace, was transferred to that relatively insignificant post, Bourrienne was ordered, with extensive instructions, to Hamburg. The Senate soon found the difference between a timid and honest Minister, and an unprincipled and crafty intriguer. New loans were immediately required from Hanover; but hardly were these acquitted, than fresh extortions were insisted on. In some secret conferences Bourrienne is, however, said to have hinted that some douceurs were expected for alleviating the rigour of his instructions. This hint has, no doubt, been taken, because he suddenly altered his conduct, and instead of hunting the purses of the Germans, pursued the persons of his emigrated countrymen; and, in a memorial, demanded the expulsion of all Frenchmen who were not registered and protected by him, under pretence that every one of them who declined the honour of being a subject of Bonaparte, must be a traitor against the French Government and his country.

Bourrienne is now stated to have connected himself with several stock-jobbers, both in Germany, Holland, and England; and already to have pocketed considerable sums by such connections. It is, however, not to be forgotten that several houses have been ruined in this capital by the profits allowed him, who always refused to share their losses, but, whatever were the consequences, enforced to its full amount the payment of that value which he chose to set on his communications.

A place in France would, no doubt, have been preferable to Bourrienne, particularly one near the person of Bonaparte. But if nothing else prevented the accomplishment of his wishes, his long familiarity with all the Bonapartes, whom he always treated as equals,

and even now (with the exception of Napoleon) does not think his superiors, will long remain an insurmountable barrier.

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I cannot comprehend how Bonaparte (who is certainly no bad judge of men) could so long confide in Bourrienne, who, with the usual presumption of my countrymen, is continually boasting, to a degree that borders on indiscretion, and, by an artful questioner, may easily be lead to overstep those bounds. Most of the particulars of his quarrel with Napoleon I heard him relate himself, as a proof of his great consequence, in a company of forty individuals, many of whom were unknown to him. On the first discovery which Bonaparte made of Bourrienne's infidelity, Talleyrand complimented him upon not having suffered from it. "Do you not see," answered Bonaparte, "that it is also one of the extraordinary gifts of my extraordinary good fortune?

"Even traitors are unable to betray me. Plots respect me as much as bullets." I need not tell you that Fortune is the sole divinity sincerely worshipped by Napoleon.

LETTER XXVI.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Joseph Bonaparte leads a much more retired life, and sees less company, than any of his brothers or sisters. Except the members of his own family, he but seldom invites any guests, nor has Madame Joseph those regular assemblies and circles which Madame Napoleon and Madame Louis Bonaparte have. His hospitality is, however, greater at his countryseat Morfontaine than at his hotel here. Those whom he likes, or does not mistrust (who, by the bye, are very few), may visit him without much formality in the country, and prolong their stay, according to their own inclination or discretion; but they must come without their servants, or send them away on their arrival.

As soon as an agreeable visitor presents himself, it is the etiquette of the house to consider him as an inmate; but to allow him at the same time a perfect liberty to dispose of his hours and his person as suits his convenience or caprice. In this extensive and superb mansion a suite of apartments is assigned him, with a valet-de—chambre, a lackey, a coachman, a groom, and a jockey, all under his own exclusive command. He has allotted him a chariot, a gig, and riding horses, if he prefers such an exercise. A catalogue is given him of the library of the chateau; and every morning he is informed what persons compose the company at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and of the hours of these different repasts. A bill of fare is at the same time presented to him, and he is asked to point out those dishes to which he gives the preference, and to declare whether he chooses to join the company or to be served in his own rooms.

During the summer season, players from the different theatres of Paris are paid to perform three times in the week; and each guest, according to the period of his arrival, is asked, in his turn, to command either a comedy or a tragedy, a farce or a ballet. Twice in the week concerts are executed by the first performers of the opera-bouffe; and

twice in the week invitations to tea-parties are sent to some of the neighbours, or accepted from them.

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Besides four billiard-tables, there are other gambling-tables for Rouge et Noir, Trente et Quarante, Faro, La Roulette, Birribi, and other games of hazard. The bankers are young men from Corsica, to whom Joseph, who advances the money, allows all the gain, while he alone suffers the loss. Those who are inclined may play from morning till night, and from night till morning, without interruption, as no one interferes. Should Joseph hear that any person has been too severely treated by Fortune, or suspects that he has not much cash remaining, some rouleaux of napoleons d'or are placed on the table of his dressing-room, which he may use or leave untouched, as he judges proper.

The hours of Joseph Bonaparte are neither so late as yours in England, nor so early as they were formerly in France. Breakfast is ready served at ten o'clock, dinner at four, and supper at nine. Before midnight he retires to bed with his family, but visitors do as they like and follow their own usual hours, and their servants are obliged to wait for them.

When any business calls Joseph away, either to preside in the Senate here, or to travel in the provinces, he notifies the visitors, telling them at the same time not to displace themselves on account of his absence, but wait till his return, as they would not observe any difference in the economy of his house, of which Madame Joseph always does the honours, or, in her absence, some lady appointed by her.

Last year, when Joseph first assumed a military rank, he passed nearly four months with the army of England on the coast or in Brabant. On his return, all his visitors were gone, except a young poet of the name of Montaigne, who does not want genius, but who is rather too fond of the bottle. Joseph is considered the best gourmet or connoisseur in liquors and wines of this capital, and Montaigne found his Champagne and burgundy so excellent that he never once went to bed that he was not heartily intoxicated. But the best of the story is that he employed his mornings in composing a poem holding out to abhorrence the disgusting vice of drunkenness, and presented it to Joseph, requesting permission to dedicate it to him when published. To those who have read it, or only seen extracts from it, the compilation appears far from being contemptible, but Joseph still keeps the copy, though he has made the author a present of one hundred napoleons d'or, and procured him a place of an amanuensis in the chancellory of the Senate, having resolved never to accept any dedication, but wishing also not to hurt the feelings of the author by a refusal.

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In a chateau where so many visitors of licentious and depraved morals meet, of both sexes, and where such an unlimited liberty reigns, intrigues must occur, and have of course not seldom furnished materials for the scandalous chronicle. Even Madame Joseph herself has either been gallant or calumniated. Report says that to the nocturnal assiduities of Eugene de Beauharnais and of Colonel la Fond-Blaniac she is exclusively indebted to the honour of maternity, and that these two rivals even fought a duel concerning the right of paternity. Eugene de Beauharnais never was a great favourite with Joseph Bonaparte, whose reserved manners and prudence form too great a contrast to his noisy and blundering way to accord with each other. Before he set out for Italy, it was well known in our fashionable circles that he had been interdicted the house of his uncle, and that no reconciliation took place, notwithstanding the endeavours of Madame Napoleon. To humble him still more, Joseph even nominated la Fond-Blaniac an equerry to his wife, who, therefore, easily consoled herself for the departure of her dear nephew.

The husband of Madame Miot (one of Madame Joseph's ladies-in-waiting) was not so patient, nor such a philosopher as Joseph Bonaparte. Some charitable person having reported in the company of a 'bonne amie' of Miot, that his wife did not pass her nights in solitude, but that she sought consolation among the many gallants and disengaged visitors at Morfontaine, he determined to surprise her. It was past eleven o'clock at night when his arrival was announced to Joseph, who had just retired to his closet. Madame Miot had been in bed ever since nine, ill of a migraine, and her husband was too affectionate not to be the first to inform her of his presence, without permitting anybody previously to disturb her. With great reluctance, Madame Miot's maid delivered the key of her rooms, while she accompanied him with a light. In the antechamber he found a hat and a greatcoat, and in the closet adjoining the bedroom, a coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of breeches, with drawers, stockings, and slippers. Though the maid kept coughing all the time, Madame Miot and her gallant did not awake from their slumber, till the enraged husband began to use the bludgeon of the lover, which had also been left in the closet. A battle then ensued, in which the lover retaliated so vigorously, that the husband called out "Murder! murder!" with all his might. The chateau was instantly in an uproar, and the apartments crowded with half-dressed and half-naked lovers. Joseph Bonaparte alone was able to separate the combatants; and inquiring the cause of the riot, assured them that he would suffer no scandal and no intrigues in his house, without seriously resenting it. An explanation being made, Madame Miot was looked for but in vain; and the maid declared that, being warned by a letter from Paris of her husband's jealousy and determination

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to surprise her, her mistress had reposed herself in her room; while, to punish the ungenerous suspicions of her husband, she had persuaded Captain d' Horteuil to occupy her place in her own bed. The maid had no sooner finished her deposition, than her mistress made her appearance and upbraided her husband severely, in which she was cordially joined by the spectators. She inquired if, on seeing the dress of a gentleman, he had also discovered the attire of a female; and she appealed to Captain d' Horteuil whether he had not the two preceding nights also slept in her bed. To this he, of course, assented; adding that, had M. Miot attacked him the first night, he would not then perhaps have been so roughly handled as now; for then he was prepared for a visit, which this night was rather unexpected. This connubial farce ended by Miot begging pardon of his wife and her gallant; the former of whom, after much entreaty by Joseph, at last consented to share with him her bed. But being disfigured with two black eyes and suffering from several bruises, and also ashamed of his unfashionable behaviour, he continued invisible for ten days afterwards, and returned to this city as he had left it, by stealth.

This Niot was a spy under Robespierre, and is a Counsellor of State under Bonaparte. Without bread, as well as without a home, he was, from the beginning of the Revolution, one of the most ardent patriots, and the first republican Minister in Tuscany. After the Sovereign of that country had, in 1793, joined the League, Miot returned to France, and was, for his want of address to negotiate as a Minister, shut up to perform the part of a spy in the Luxembourg, then transformed into a prison for suspected persons. Thanks to his patriotism, upwards of two hundred individuals of both sexes were denounced, transferred to the Conciergerie prison, and afterwards guillotined. After that, until 1799, he continued so despised that no faction would accept him for an accomplice; but in the November of that year, after Bonaparte had declared himself a First Consul, Miot was appointed a tribune, an office from which he was advanced, in 1802, to be a Counsellor of State. As Miot squanders away his salary with harlots and in gambling-houses, and is pursued by creditors he neither will nor can pay, it was merely from charity that his wife was received among the other ladies of Madame Joseph Bonaparte's household.

LETTER XXVII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Notwithstanding the ties of consanguinity, honour, duty, interest, and gratitude, which bound the Spanish Bourbons to the cause of the Bourbons of France, no monarch has rendered more service to the cause of rebellion, and done more harm to the cause of royalty, than the King of Spain.

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But here, again, you must understand me. When I speak of Princes whose talents are known not to be brilliant, whose intellects are known to be feeble, and whose good intentions are rendered null by a want of firmness of character or consistency of conduct; while I deplore their weakness and the consequent misfortunes of their contemporaries, I lay all the blame on their wicked or ignorant counsellors; because, if no Ministers were fools or traitors, no Sovereigns would tremble on their thrones, and no subjects dare to shake their foundation. Had Providence blessed Charles *iv*. of Spain with the judgment in selecting his Ministers, and the constancy of persevering in his choice, possessed by your George *iii*.; had the helm of Spain been in the firm and able hands of a Grenville, a Windham, and a Pitt, the Cabinet of Madrid would never have been oppressed by the yoke of the Cabinet of St. Cloud, nor paid a heavy tribute for its bondage, degrading as well as ruinous.

“This is the age of upstarts,” said Talleyrand to his cousin, Prince de Chalais, who reproached him for an unbecoming servility to low and vile personages; “and I prefer bowing to them to being trampled upon and crushed by them.” Indeed, as far as I remember, nowhere in history are hitherto recorded so many low persons who, from obscurity and meanness, have suddenly and at once attained rank and notoriety. Where do we read of such a numerous crew of upstart Emperors, Kings, grand pensionaries, directors, Imperial Highnesses, Princes, Field-marshals, generals, Senators, Ministers, governors, Cardinals, *etc*., as we now witness figuring upon the theatre of Europe, and who chiefly decide on the destiny of nations? Among these, several are certainly to be found whose superior parts have made them worthy to pierce the crowd and to shake off their native mud; but others again, and by far the greatest number of these ‘novi homines’, owe their present elevation to shameless intrigues or atrocious crimes.

The Prime Minister—or rather, the viceroy of Spain, the Prince of Peace—belongs to the latter class. From a man in the ranks of the guards he was promoted to a general-in-chief, and from a harp player in antechambers to a president of the councils of a Prince; and that within the short period of six years. Such a fortune is not common; but to be absolutely without capacity as well as virtue, genius as well as good breeding, and, nevertheless, to continue in an elevation so little merited, and in a place formerly so subject to changes and so unstable, is a fortune that no upstart ever before experienced in Spain.

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An intrigue of his elder brother with the present Queen, then Princess of Asturia, which was discovered by the King, introduced him first at Court as a harp player, and, when his brother was exiled, he was entrusted with the correspondence of the Princess with her gallant. After she had ascended the throne, he thought it more profitable to be the lover than the messenger, and contrived, therefore, to supplant his brother in the royal favour. Promotions and riches were consequently heaped upon him, and, what is surprising, the more undisguised the partiality of the Queen was, the greater the attachment of the King displayed itself; and it has ever since been an emulation between the royal couple who should the most forget and vilify birth and supremacy by associating this man not only in the courtly pleasures, but in the functions of Sovereignty. Had he been gifted with sound understanding, or possessed any share of delicacy, generosity, or discretion, he would, while he profited by their imprudent condescension, have prevented them from exposing their weaknesses and frailties to a discussion and ridicule among courtiers, and from becoming objects of humiliation and scandal among the people. He would have warned them of the danger which at all times attends the publicity of foibles and vices of Princes, but particularly in the present times of trouble and innovations. He would have told them: “Make me great and wealthy, but not at the expense of your own grandeur or of the loyalty of your people. Do not treat an humble subject as an equal, nor suffer Your Majesties, whom Providence destined to govern a high-spirited nation, to be openly ruled by one born to obey. I am too dutiful not to lay aside my private vanity when the happiness of my King and the tranquillity of my fellow subjects are at stake. I am already too high. In descending a little, I shall not only rise in the eyes of my contemporaries, but in the opinion of posterity. Every step I am advancing undermines your throne. In retreating a little, if I do not strengthen, I can never injure it.” But I beg your pardon for this digression, and for putting the language of dignified reason into the mouth of a man as corrupt as he is imbecile.

Do not suppose, because the Prince of Peace is no friend of my nation, that I am his enemy. No! Had he shown himself a true patriot, a friend of his own country, and of his too liberal Prince, or even of monarchy in general, or of anybody else but himself—-although I might have disapproved of his policy, if he has any—I would never have lashed the individual for the acts of the Minister. But you must have observed, with me, that never before his administration was the Cabinet of Madrid worse conducted at home or more despised abroad; the Spanish Monarch more humbled or Spanish subjects more wretched; the Spanish power more dishonoured or the Spanish resources worse employed. Never, before the treaty with France of 1796, concluded by this wiseacre

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(which made him a Prince of Peace, and our Government the Sovereign of Spain), was the Spanish monarchy reduced to such a lamentable dilemma as to be forced into an expensive war without a cause, and into a disgraceful peace, not only unprofitable, but absolutely disadvantageous. Never before were its treasures distributed among its oppressors to support their tyranny, nor its military and naval forces employed to fight the battles of rebellion. The loyal subjects of Spain have only one hope left. The delicate state of his present Majesty's health does not promise a much longer continuance of his reign, and the Prince of Asturia is too well informed to endure the guidance of the most ignorant Minister that ever was admitted into the Cabinet and confidence of a Sovereign. It is more than probable that under a new reign the misfortunes of the Prince of Peace will inspire as much compassion as his rapid advancement has excited astonishment and indignation.

A Cabinet thus badly directed cannot be expected to have representatives abroad either of abilities or patriotism. The Admiral and General Gravina, who but lately left this capital as an Ambassador from the Court of Spain to assume the command of a Spanish fleet, is more valiant than wise, and more an enemy of your country than a friend of his own. He is a profound admirer of Bonaparte's virtues and successes, and was, during his residence, one of the most ostentatiously awkward courtiers of Napoleon the First. It is said that he has the modesty and loyalty to wish to become a Spanish Bonaparte, and that he promises to restore by his genius and exploits the lost lustre of the Spanish monarchy. When this was reported to Talleyrand, he smiled with contempt; but when it was told to Bonaparte, he stamped with rage at the impudence of the Spaniard in daring to associate his name of acquired and established greatness with his own impertinent schemes of absurdities and impossibilities.

In the summer of 1793, Gravina commanded a division of the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean, of which Admiral Langara was the commander-in-chief. At the capitulation of Toulon, after the combined English and Spanish forces had taken possession of it, when Rear-Admiral Goodall was declared governor, Gravina was made the commandant of the troops. At the head of these he often fought bravely in different sorties, and on the 1st of October was wounded at the re-capture of Fort Pharon. He complains still of having suffered insults or neglect from the English, and even of having been exposed unnecessarily to the fire and sword of the enemy merely because he was a patriot as well as an envied or suspected ally. His inveteracy against your country takes its date, no doubt, from the siege of Toulon, or perhaps, from its evacuation.

When, in May, 1794, our troops were advancing towards Collioure, he was sent with a squadron to bring it succours, but he arrived too late, and could not save that important place. He was not more successful at the beginning of the campaign of 1795 at Rosa, where he had only time to carry away the artillery before the enemy entered. In August, that year, during the absence of Admiral Massaredo, he assumed ad interim the

command of the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean; but in the December following he was disgraced, arrested, and shut up as a State prisoner.

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During the embassy of Lucien Bonaparte to the Court of Madrid, in the autumn of 1800, Gravina was by his influence restored to favour; and after the death of the late Spanish Ambassador to the Cabinet of St. Cloud, Chevalier d' Azara, by the special desire of Napoleon, was nominated both his successor and a representative of the King of Etruria. Among the members of our diplomatic corps, he was considered somewhat of a Spanish gasconader and a bully. He more frequently boasted of his wounds and battles than of his negotiations or conferences, though he pretended, indeed, to shine as much in the Cabinet as in the field.

In his suite were two Spanish women, one about forty, and the other about twenty years of age. Nobody knew what to make of them, as they were treated neither as wives, mistresses, nor servants; and they avowed themselves to be no relations. After a residence here of some weeks, he was, by superior orders, waylaid one night at the opera, by a young and beautiful dancing girl of the name of Barrois, who engaged him to take her into keeping. He hesitated, indeed, for some time; at last, however, love got the better of his scruples, and he furnished for her an elegant apartment on the new Boulevard. On the day he carried her there, he was accompanied by the chaplain of the Spanish Legation; and told her that, previous to any further intimacy, she must be married to him, as his religious principles did not permit him to cohabit with a woman who was not his wife. At the same time he laid before her an agreement to sign, by which she bound herself never to claim him as a husband before her turn—that is to say, until sixteen other women, to whom he had been previously married, were dead. She made no opposition, either to the marriage or to the conditions annexed to it. This girl had a sweetheart of the name of Valere, an actor at one of the little theatres on the Boulevards, to whom she communicated her adventure. He advised her to be scrupulous in her turn, and to ask a copy of the agreement. After some difficulty this was obtained. In it no mention was made of her maintenance, nor in what manner her children were to be regarded, should she have any. Valere had, therefore, another agreement drawn up, in which all these points were arranged, according to his own interested views. Gravina refused to subscribe to what he plainly perceived were only extortions; and the girl, in her turn, not only declined any further connection with him, but threatened to publish the act of polygamy. Before they had done discussing this subject, the door was suddenly opened and the two Spanish ladies presented themselves. After severely upbraiding Gravina, who was struck mute by surprise, they announced to the girl that whatever promise or contract of marriage she had obtained from him was of no value, as, before they came with him to France, he had bound himself, before a public notary at Madrid, not to form any more connections, nor to marry any other woman, without their written consent. One of these ladies declared that she had been married to Gravina twenty-two years, and was his oldest wife but one; the other said that she had been married to him six years. They insisted upon his following them, which he did, after putting a purse of gold into Barrois's hand.

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When Valere heard from his mistress this occurrence, he advised her to make the most money she could of the Spaniard's curious scruples. A letter was, therefore, written to him, demanding one hundred thousand livres—as the price of secrecy and withholding the particulars of this business from the knowledge of the tribunals and the police; and an answer was required within twenty-four hours. The same night Gravina offered one thousand Louis, which were accepted, and the papers returned; but the next day Valere went to his hotel, Rue de Provence, where he presented himself as a brother of Barrois. He stated that he still possessed authenticated copies of the papers returned, and that he must have either the full sum first asked by his sister, or an annuity of twelve thousand livres settled upon her. Instead of an answer, Gravina ordered him to be turned out of the house. An attorney then waited on His Excellency, on the part of the brother and the sister, and repeated their threats and their demands, adding that he would write a memorial both to the Emperor of the French and to the King of Spain, were justice refused to his principals any longer.

Gravina was well aware that this affair, though more laughable than criminal, would hurt both his character and credit if it were known in France; he therefore consented to pay seventy-six thousand livres more, upon a formal renunciation by the party of all future claims. Not having money sufficient by him, he went to borrow it from a banker, whose clerk was one of Talleyrand's secret agents. Our Minister, therefore, ordered every step of Gravina to be watched; but he soon discovered that, instead of wanting this money for a political intrigue, it was necessary to extricate him out of an amorous scrape. Hearing, however, in what a scandalous manner the Ambassador had been duped and imposed upon, he reported it to Bonaparte, who gave Fouche orders to have Valere, Barrois, and the attorney immediately transported to Cayenne, and to restore Gravina his money. The former part of this order the Minister of Police executed the more willingly, as it was according to his plan that Barrois had pitched upon Gravina for a lover. She had been intended by him as a spy on His Excellency, but had deceived him by her reports—a crime for which transportation was a usual punishment.

Notwithstanding the care of our Government to conceal and bury this affair in oblivion, it furnished matter both for conversation in our fashionable circles, and subjects for our caricaturists. But these artists were soon seized by the police, who found it more easy to chastise genius than to silence tongues. The declaration of war by Spain against your country was a lucky opportunity for Gravina to quit with honour a Court where he was an object of ridicule, to assume the command of a fleet which might one day make him an object of terror. When he took leave of Bonaparte, he was told to return to France victorious, or never to return any more; and Talleyrand warned him as a friend, "whenever he returned to his post in France to leave his marriage mania behind him in Spain. Here," said he, "you may, without ridicule, intrigue with a hundred women, but you run a great risk by marrying even one."

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I have been in company with Gravina, and after what I heard him say, so far from judging him superstitious, I thought him really impious. But infidelity and bigotry are frequently next-door neighbours.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—It cannot have escaped the observation of the most superficial traveller of rank, that, at the Court of St. Cloud, want of morals is not atoned for by good breeding or good manners. The hideousness of vice, the pretensions of ambition, the vanity of rank, the pride of favour, and the shame of venality do not wear here that delicate veil, that gloss of virtue, which, in other Courts, lessens the deformity of corruption and the scandal of depravity. Duplicity and hypocrisy are here very common indeed, more so than dissimulation anywhere else; but barefaced knaves and impostors must always make indifferent courtiers. Here the Minister tells you, I must have such a sum for a place; and the chamberlain tells you, Count down so much for my protection. The Princess requires a necklace of such a value for interesting herself for your advancement; and the lady-in-waiting demands a diamond of such worth on the day of your promotion. This tariff of favours and of infamy descends 'ad infinitum'. The secretary for signing, and the clerk for writing your commission; the cashier for delivering it, and the messenger for informing you of it, have all their fixed prices. Have you a lawsuit, the judge announces to you that so much has been offered by your opponent, and so much is expected from you, if you desire to win your cause. When you are the defendant against the Crown, the attorney or solicitor-general lets you know that such a douceur is requisite to procure such an issue. Even in criminal proceedings, not only honour, but life, may be saved by pecuniary sacrifices.

A man of the name of Martin, by profession a stock-jobber, killed, in 1803, his own wife; and for twelve thousand livres—he was acquitted, and recovered his liberty. In November last year, in a quarrel with his own brother, he stabbed him through the heart, and for another sum of twelve thousand livres he was acquitted, and released before last Christmas. This wretch is now in prison again, on suspicion of having poisoned his own daughter, with whom he had an incestuous intercourse, and he boasts publicly of soon being liberated. Another person, Louis de Saurac, the younger son of Baron de Saurac, who together with his eldest son had emigrated, forged a will in the name of his parent, whom he pretended to be dead, which left him the sole heir of all the disposable property, to the exclusion of two sisters. After the nation had shared its part as heir of all emigrants, Louis took possession of the remainder. In 1802, both his father and brother accepted the general amnesty, and returned to France. To their great surprise, they heard that this Louis had,

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by his ill-treatment, forced his sisters into servitude, refusing them even the common necessaries of life. After upbraiding him for his want of duty, the father desired, according to the law, the restitution of the unsold part of his estates. On the day fixed for settling the accounts and entering into his rights, Baron de Saurac was arrested as a conspirator and imprisoned in the Temple. He had been denounced as having served in the army of Conde, and as being a secret agent of Louis XVIII. To disprove the first part of the charge, he produced certificates from America, where he had passed the time of his emigration, and even upon the rack he denied the latter. During his arrest, the eldest son discovered that Louis had become the owner of their possessions, by means of the will he had forged in the name of his father; and that it was he who had been unnatural enough to denounce the author of his days. With the wreck of their fortune in St. Domingo, he procured his father's release; who, being acquainted with the perversity of his younger son, addressed himself to the department to be reinstated in his property. This was opposed by Louis, who defended his title to the estate by the revolutionary maxim which had passed into a law, enacting that all emigrants should be considered as politically dead. Hitherto Baron de Saurac had, from affection, declined to mention the forged will; but shocked by his son's obduracy, and being reduced to distress, his counsellor produced this document, which not only went to deprive Louis of his property, but exposed him to a criminal prosecution.

This unnatural son, who was not yet twenty-five, had imbibed all the revolutionary morals of his contemporaries, and was well acquainted with the moral characters of his revolutionary countrymen. He addressed himself, therefore, to Merlin of Douai, Bonaparte's Imperial attorney-general and commander of his Legion of Honour; who, for a bribe of fifty thousand livres—obtained for him, after he had been defeated in every other court, a judgment in his favour, in the tribunal of cassation, under the sophistical conclusion that all emigrants, being, according to law, considered as politically dead, a will in the name of any one of them was merely a pious fraud to preserve the property in the family.

This Merlin is the son of a labourer of Anchin, and was a servant of the Abbey of the same name. One of the monks, observing in him some application, charitably sent him to be educated at Douai, after having bestowed on him some previous education. Not satisfied with this generous act, he engaged the other monks, as well as the chapter of Cambray, to subscribe for his expenses of admission as an attorney by the Parliament of Douai, in which situation the Revolution found him. By his dissimulation and assumed modesty, he continued to dupe his benefactors; who, by their influence, obtained for him the nomination as representative of the people to our First National

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Assembly. They soon, however, had reason to repent of their generosity. He joined the Orleans faction and became one of the most persevering, violent, and cruel persecutors of the privileged classes, particularly of the clergy, to whom he was indebted for everything. In 1792 he was elected a member of the National Convention, where he voted for the death of his King. It was he who proposed a law (justly called, by Prudhomme, the production of the deliberate homicide Merlin) against suspected persons; which was decreed on the 17th of September, 1793, and caused the imprisonment or proscription of two hundred thousand families. This decree procured him the appellation of Merlin Suspects and of Merlin Potence. In 1795 he was appointed a Minister of Police, and soon afterwards a Minister of Justice. After the revolution in favour of the Jacobins of the 4th of September, 1797, he was made a director, a place which he was obliged by the same Jacobins to resign, in June, 1799. Bonaparte expressed, at first, the most sovereign contempt for this Merlin, but on account of one of his sons, who was his aide-de-camp, he was appointed by him, when First Consul, his attorney-general.

As nothing paints better the true features of a Government than the morality or vices of its functionaries, I will finish this man's portrait with the following characteristic touches.

Merlin de Douai has been successively the counsel of the late Duc d' Orleans, the friend of Danton, of Chabot, and of Hebert, the admirer of Murat, and the servant of Robespierre. An accomplice of Rewbell, Barras, and la Reveilliere, an author of the law of suspected persons, an advocate of the Septembrizers, and an ardent apostle of the St. Guillotine. Cunning as a fog and ferocious as a tiger, he has outlived all the factions with which he has been connected. It has been his policy to keep in continual fermentation rivalships, jealousies, inquietudes, revenge and all other odious passions; establishing, by such means, his influence on the terror of some, the ambition of others, and the credulity of them all. Had I, when Merlin proposed his law concerning suspected persons, in the name of liberty and equality, been free and his equal, I should have said to him, "Monster, this, your atrocious law, is your sentence of death; it has brought thousands of innocent persons to an untimely end; you shall die by my hands as a victim, if the tribunals do not condemn you to the scaffold as an executioner or as a criminal."

Merlin has bought national property to the amount of fifteen million of livress—and he is supposed to possess money nearly to the same amount, in your or our funds. For a man born a beggar, and educated by charity, this fortune, together with the liberal salaries he enjoys, might seem sufficient without selling justice, protecting guilt, and oppressing or persecuting innocence.

LETTER XXIX.

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Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—The household troops of Napoleon the First are by thousands more numerous than those even of Louis *xiv*. were. Grenadiers on foot and on horseback, riflemen on foot and on horseback, heavy and light artillery, dragoons and hussars, mamelukes and sailors, artificers and pontoneers, gendarmes, gendarmes d'Alite, Velites and veterans, with Italian grenadiers, riflemen, dragoons, *etc*., *etc*., compose all together a not inconsiderable army.

Though it frequently happens that the pay of the other troops is in arrears, those appertaining to Bonaparte's household are as regularly paid as his Senators, Counsellors of State, and other public functionaries. All the men are picked, and all the officers as much as possible of birth, or at least of education. In the midst of this voluptuous and seductive capital, they are kept very strict, and the least negligence or infraction of military discipline is more severely punished than if committed in garrison or in an encampment. They are both better clothed, accoutred, and paid, than the troops of the line, and have everywhere the precedency of them. All the officers, and many of the soldiers, are members of Bonaparte's Legion of Honour, and carry arms of honour distributed to them by Imperial favour, or for military exploits. None of them are quartered upon the citizens; each corps has its own spacious barracks, hospitals, drilling-ground, riding or fencing-houses, gardens, bathing-houses, billiard-table, and even libraries. A chapel has lately been constructed near each barrack, and almoners are already appointed. In the meantime, they attend regularly at Mass, either in the Imperial Chapel or in the parish churches. Bonaparte discourages much all marriages among the military in general, but particularly among those of his household troops. That they may not, however, be entirely deprived of the society of women, he allows five to each company, with the same salaries as the men, under the name of washerwomen.

With a vain and fickle people, fond of shows and innovations, nothing in a military despotism has a greater political utility, gives greater satisfaction, and leaves behind a more useful terror and awe, than Bonaparte's grand military reviews. In the beginning of his consulate, they regularly occurred three times in the month; after his victory of Marengo, they were reduced to once in a fortnight, and since he has been proclaimed Emperor, to once only in the month. This ostentatious exhibition of usurped power is always closed with a diplomatic review of the representatives of lawful Princes, who introduce on those occasions their fellow-subjects to another subject, who successfully has seized, and continues to usurp, the authority of his own Sovereign. What an example for ambition! what a lesson to treachery!

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Besides the household troops, this capital and its vicinity have, for these three years past, never contained less than from fifteen to twenty thousand men of the regiments of the line, belonging to what is called the first military division of the Army of the Interior. These troops are selected from among the brigades that served under Bonaparte in Italy and Egypt with the greatest eclat, and constitute a kind of depot for recruiting his household troops with tried and trusty men. They are also regularly paid, and generally better accoutred than their comrades encamped on the coast, or quartered in Italy or Holland.

But a standing army, upon which all revolutionary rulers can depend, and that always will continue their faithful support, unique in its sort and composition, exists in the bosom as well as in the extremities of this country. I mean, one hundred and twenty thousand invalids, mostly young men under thirty, forced by conscription against their will into the field, quartered and taken care of by our Government, and all possessed with the absurd prejudice that, as they have been maimed in fighting the battles of rebellion, the restoration of legitimate sovereignty would to them be an epoch of destruction, or at least of misery and want; and this prejudice is kept alive by emissaries employed on purpose to mislead them. Of these, eight thousand are lodged and provided for in this city; ten thousand at Versailles, and the remainder in Piedmont, Brabant, and in the conquered departments on the left bank of the Abine; countries where the inhabitants are discontented and disaffected, and require, therefore, to be watched, and to have a better spirit infused.

Those whose wounds permit it are also employed to do garrison duty in fortified places not exposed to an attack by enemies, and to assist in the different arsenals and laboratories, foundries, and depots of military or naval stores. Others are attached to the police offices, and some as gendarmes, to arrest suspected or guilty individuals; or as garnissaires, to enforce the payment of contributions from the unwilling or distressed. When the period for the payment of taxes is expired, two of these janissaires present themselves at the house of the persons in arrears, with a billet signed by the director of the contributions and countersigned by the police commissary. If the money is not immediately paid, with half a crown to each of them besides, they remain quartered in the house, where they are to be boarded and to receive half a crown a day each until an order from those who sent them informs them that what was due to the state has been acquitted. After their entrance into a house, and during their stay, no furniture or effects whatever can be removed or disposed of, nor can the master or mistress go out-of-doors without being accompanied by one of them.

In the houses appropriated to our invalids, the inmates are very well treated, and Government takes great care to make them satisfied with their lot. The officers have large halls, billiards, and reading-room to meet in; and the common men are admitted into apartments adjoining libraries, from-which they can borrow what books they contain, and read them at leisure. This is certainly a very good and even a humane institution, though these libraries chiefly contain military histories or novels.

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As to the morals of these young invalids, they may be well conceived when you remember the morality of our Revolution; and that they, without any religious notions or restraints, were not only permitted, but encouraged to partake of the debauchery and licentiousness which were carried to such an extreme in our armies and encampments. In an age when the passions are strongest, and often blind reason and silence conscience, they have not the means nor the permission to marry; in their vicinity it is, therefore, more difficult to discover one honest woman or a dutiful wife, than hundreds of harlots and of adulteresses. Notwithstanding that many of them have been accused before the tribunals of seductions, rape, and violence against the sex, not one has been punished for what the morality of our Government consider merely as bagatelles. Even in cases where husbands, brothers, and lovers have been killed by them while defending or avenging the honour of their wives, sisters, and mistresses, our tribunals have been ordered by our grand judge, according to the commands of the Emperor, not to proceed. As most of them have no occupation, the vice of idleness augments the mass of their corruption; for men of their principles, when they have nothing to do, never do anything good.

I do not know if my countrywomen feel themselves honoured by or obliged to Bonaparte, for leaving their virtue and honour unprotected, except by their own prudence and strength; but of this I am certain, that all our other troops, as well as the invalids, may live on free quarters with the sex without fearing the consequences; provided they keep at a distance from the females of our Imperial Family, and of those of our grand officers of State and principal functionaries. The wives and the daughters of the latter have, however, sometimes declined the advantage of these exclusive privileges.

A horse grenadier of Bonaparte's Imperial Guard, of the name of Rabais, notorious for his amours and debauchery, was accused before the Imperial Judge Thuriot, at one and the same time by several husbands and fathers, of having seduced the affections of their wives and of their daughters. As usual, Thuriot refused to listen to their complaints; at the same time insultingly advising them to retake their wives and children, and for the future to be more careful of them. Triumphing, as it were, in his injustice, he inconsiderately mentioned the circumstance to his own wife, observing that he never knew so many charges of the same sort exhibited against one man.

Madame Thuriot, who had been a servant-maid to her husband before he made her his wife, instead of being disgusted at the recital, secretly determined to see this Rabais. An intrigue was then begun, and carried on for four months, if not with discretion, at least without discovery; but the lady's own imprudence at last betrayed her, or I should say, rather, her jealousy. But for this she might

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still have been admired among our modest women, and Thuriot among fortunate husbands and happy fathers; for the lady, for the first time since her marriage, proved, to the great joy and pride of her husband, in the family way. Suspecting, however, the fidelity of her paramour, she watched his motions so closely that she discovered an intrigue between him and the chaste spouse of a rich banker; but the consequence of this discovery was the detection of her own crime.

On the discovery of this disgrace, Thuriot obtained an audience of Bonaparte, in which he exposed his misfortune, and demanded punishment on his wife's gallant. As, however, he also acknowledged that his own indiscretion was an indirect cause of their connection, he received the same advice which he had given to other unfortunate husbands: to retake, and for the future guard better, his dear moiety.

Thuriot had, however, an early opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on this gallant Rabais. It seems his prowess had reached the ears of Madame Baciocchi, the eldest sister of Bonaparte. This lady has a children mania, which is very troublesome to her husband, disagreeable to her relations, and injurious to herself. She never beholds any lady, particularly any of her family, in the way which women wish to be who love their lords, but she is absolutely frantic. Now, Thuriot's worthy friend Fouche had discovered, by his spies, that Rabais paid frequent and secret visits to the hotel Baciocchi, and that Madame Baciocchi was the object of these visits. Thuriot, on this discovery, instantly denounced him to Bonaparte.

Had Rabais ruined all the women of this capital, he would not only have been forgiven, but applauded by Napoleon, and his counsellors and courtiers; but to dare to approach, or only to cast his eyes on one of our Imperial Highnesses, was a crime nothing could extenuate or avenge, but the most exemplary punishment. He was therefore arrested, sent to the Temple, and has never since been heard of; so that his female friends are still in the cruel uncertainty whether he has died on the rack, been buried alive in the oubliettes, or is wandering an exile in the wilds of Cayenne.

In examining his trunk, among the curious effects discovered by the police were eighteen portraits and one hundred billets-doux, with medallions, rings, bracelets, tresses of hair, *etc*., as numerous. Two of the portraits occasioned much scandal, and more gossiping. They were those of two of our most devout and most respectable Court ladies, Maids of Honour to our Empress, Madame Ney and Madame Lasnes; who never miss an opportunity of going to church, who have received the private blessing of the Pope, and who regularly confess to some Bishop or other once in a fortnight. Madame Napoleon cleared them, however, of all suspicion, by declaring publicly in her drawing-room that these portraits had come into the possession of Rabais by the infidelity of their maids; who had confessed their faults, and, therefore, had been charitably pardoned. Whether the opinions of Generals Ney and Lasnes coincide with

Madame Napoleon’s assertion is uncertain; but Lasnes has been often heard to say that, from the instant his wife began to confess, he was convinced she was inclined to dishonour him; so that nothing surprised him.

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One of the medallions in Rabais's collection contained on one side the portrait of Thuriot, and on the other that of his wife; both set with diamonds, and presented to her by him on their last wedding day. For the supposed theft of this medallion, two of Thuriot's servants were in prison, when the arrest of Rabais explained the manner in which it had been lost. This so enraged him that he beat and kicked his wife so heartily that for some time even her life was in danger, and Thuriot lost all hopes of being a father.

Before the Revolution, Thuriot had been, for fraud and forgery, struck off the roll as an advocate, and therefore joined it as a patriot. In 1791, he was chosen a deputy to the National Assembly, and in 1792 to the National Convention. He always showed himself one of the most ungenerous enemies of the clergy, of monarchy, and of his King, for whose death he voted. On the 25th of May, 1792, in declaiming against Christianity and priesthood, he wished them both, for the welfare of mankind, at the bottom of the sea; and on the 18th of December the same year, he declared in the Jacobin Club that, if the National Convention evinced any signs of clemency towards Louis XVI., he would go himself to the Temple and blow out the brains of this unfortunate King. He defended in the tribune the massacres of the prisoners, affirming that the tree of liberty could never flourish without being inundated with the blood of aristocrats and other enemies of the Revolution. He has been convicted by rival factions of the most shameful robberies, and his infamy and depravity were so notorious that neither Murat, Brissot, Robespierre, nor the Directory would or could employ him. After the Revolution of the 9th of November, 1799, Bonaparte gave him the office of judge of the criminal tribunal, and in 1804 made him a Commander of his Legion of Honour. He is now one of our Emperor's most faithful subjects and most sincere Christians. Such is now his tender conscientiousness, that he was among those who were the first to be married again by some Cardinal to their present wives, to whom they had formerly been united only by the municipality. This new marriage, however, took place before Madame Thuriot had introduced herself to the acquaintance of the Imperial Grenadier Rabais.

LETTER XXX.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Regarding me as a connoisseur, though I have no pretensions but that of being an amateur, Lucien Bonaparte, shortly before his disgrace, invited me to pass some days with him in the country, and to assist him in arranging his very valuable collection of pictures—next our public ones, the most curious and most valuable in Europe, and, of course, in the world. I found here, as at Joseph Bonaparte's, the same splendour, the same etiquette, and the same liberty, which latter was much enhanced by the really engaging and unassuming manners and conversation of

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the host. At Joseph's, even in the midst of abundance and of liberty, in seeing the person or meditating on the character of the host, you feel both your inferiority of fortune and the humiliation of dependence, and that you visit a master instead of a friend, who indirectly tells you, "Eat, drink, and rejoice as long and as much as you like; but remember that if you are happy, it is to my generosity you are indebted, and if unhappy, that I do not care a pin about you." With Lucien it is the very reverse. His conduct seems to indicate that by your company you confer an obligation on him, and he is studious to remove, on all occasions, that distance which fortune has placed between him and his guests; and as he cannot compliment them upon being wealthier than himself, he seizes with delicacy every opportunity to chew that he acknowledges their superiority in talents and in genius as more than an equivalent for the absence of riches.

He is, nevertheless, himself a young man of uncommon parts, and, as far as I could judge from my short intercourse with the reserved Joseph and with the haughty Napoleon, he is abler and better informed than either, and much more open and sincere. His manners are also more elegant, and his language more polished, which is the more creditable to him when it is remembered how much his education has been neglected, how vitiated the Revolution made him, and that but lately his principal associates were, like himself, from among the vilest and most vulgar of the rabble. It is not necessary to be a keen observer to remark in Napoleon the upstart soldier, and in Joseph the former low member of the law; but I defy the most refined courtier to see in Lucien anything indicating a ci-devant sans-culotte. He has, besides, other qualities (and those more estimable) which will place him much above his elder brothers in the opinion of posterity. He is extremely compassionate and liberal to the truly distressed, serviceable to those whom he knows are not his friends, and forgiving and obliging even to those who have proved and avowed themselves his enemies. These are virtues commonly very scarce, and hitherto never displayed by any other member of the Bonaparte family.

An acquaintance of yours, and--a friend of mine, Count de T-----, at his return here from emigration, found, of his whole former fortune, producing once eighty thousand livres—in the year, only four farms unsold, and these were advertised for sale. A man who had once been his servant, but was then a groom to Lucien, offered to present a memorial for him to his master, to prevent the disposal of the only support which remained to subsist himself, with a wife and four children. Lucien asked Napoleon to prohibit the sale, and to restore the Count the farms, and obtained his consent; but Fouche, whose cousin wanted them, having purchased other national property in the neighbourhood, prevailed upon Napoleon to forget his promise, and the farms were sold. As soon as

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Lucien heard of it he sent for the Count, delivered into his hands an annuity of six thousand livres—for the life of himself, his wife, and his children, as an indemnity for the inefficacy of his endeavours to serve him, as he expressed himself. Had the Count recovered the farms, they would not have given him a clear profit of half the amount, all taxes paid.

A young author of the name of Gauvan, irritated by the loss of parents and fortune by the Revolution, attacked, during 1799, in the public prints, as well as in pamphlets, every Revolutionist who had obtained notoriety or popularity. He was particularly vehement against Lucien, and laid before the public all his crimes and all his errors, and asserted, as facts, atrocities which were either calumnies or merely rumours. When, after Napoleon's assumption of the Consulate, Lucien was appointed a Minister of the Interior, he sent for Gauvan, and said to him, "Great misfortunes have early made you wretched and unjust, and you have frequently revenged yourself on those who could not prevent them, among whom I am one. You do not want capacity, nor, I believe, probity. Here is a commission which makes you a Director of Contributions in the Departments of the Rhine and Moselle, an office with a salary of twelve thousand livres but producing double that sum. If you meet with any difficulties, write to me; I am your friend. Take those one hundred louis d'or for the expenses of your journey. Adieu!" This anecdote I have read in Gauvan's own handwriting, in a letter to his sister. He died in 1802; but Mademoiselle Gauvan, who is not yet fifteen, has a pension of three thousand livres a year—from Lucien, who, has never seen her.

Lucien Bonaparte has another good quality: he is consistent in his political principles. Either from conviction or delusion he is still a Republican, and does not conceal that, had he suspected Napoleon of any intent to reestablish monarchy, much less tyranny, he would have joined those deputies who, on the 9th of November, 1799, in the sitting at St. Cloud, demanded a decree of outlawry against him. If the present quarrel between these two brothers were sifted to the bottom, perhaps it would be found to originate more from Lucien's Republicanism than from his marriage.

I know, with all France and Europe, that Lucien's youth has been very culpable; that he has committed many indiscretions, much injustice, many imprudences, many errors, and, I fear, even some crimes. I know that he has been the most profligate among the profligate, the most debauched among libertines, the most merciless among the plunderers, and the most perverse among rebels. I know that he is accused of being a Septembrizer; of having murdered one wife and poisoned another; of having been a spy, a denouncer, a persecutor of innocent persons in the Reign of Terror. I know that he is accused of having fought his brothers-in-law; of having ill-used his mother, and of an incestuous commerce with his own sisters.

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I have read and heard of these and other enormous accusations, and far be it from me to defend, extenuate, or even deny them. But suppose all this infamy to be real, to be proved, to be authenticated, which it never has been, and, to its whole extent, I am persuaded, never can be—what are the cruel and depraved acts of which Lucien has been accused to the enormities and barbarities of which Napoleon is convicted? Is the poisoning a wife more criminal than the poisoning a whole hospital of wounded soldiers; or the assisting to kill some confined persons, suspected of being enemies, more atrocious than the massacre in cold blood of thousands of disarmed prisoners? Is incest with a sister more shocking to humanity than the well-known unnatural pathic but I will not continue the disgusting comparison. As long as Napoleon is unable to acquit himself of such barbarities and monstrous crimes, he has no right to pronounce Lucien unworthy to be called his brother; nor have Frenchmen, as long as they obey the former as a Sovereign, or the Continent, as long as it salutes him as such, any reason to despise the latter for crimes which lose their enormity when compared to the horrid perpetrations of his Imperial brother.

An elderly lady, a relation of Lucien's wife, and a person in whose veracity and morality I have the greatest confidence, and for whom he always had evinced more regard than even for his own mother, has repeated to me many of their conversations. She assures me that Lucien deplores frequently the want of a good and religious education, and the tempting examples of perversity he met with almost at his entrance upon the revolutionary scene. He says that he determined to get rich 'per fas aut nefas', because he observed that money was everything, and that most persons plotted and laboured for power merely to be enabled to gather treasure, though, after they had obtained both, much above their desert and expectation, instead of being satiated or even satisfied, they bustled and intrigued for more, until success made them unguarded and prosperity indiscreet, and they became with their wealth the easy prey of rival factions. Such was the case of Danton, of Fabre d'Eglantine, of Chabot, of Chaumette, of Stebert, and other contemptible wretches, butchered by Robespierre and his partisans—victims in their turn to men as unjust and sanguinary as themselves. He had, therefore, laid out a different plan of conduct for himself. He had fixed upon fifty millions of livres—as the maximum he should wish for, and when that sum was in his possession, he resolved to resign all pretensions to rank and employment, and to enjoy 'otium cum dignitate'. He had kept to his determination, and so regulated his income that; with the expenses, pomp, and retinue of a Prince, he is enabled to make more persons happy and comfortable than his extortions have ruined or even embarrassed. He now lives like a philosopher, and endeavours to forget the past, to delight in the present, and to be indifferent about futurity. He chose, therefore, for a wife, a lady whom he loved and esteemed, in preference to one whose birth would have been a continual reproach to the meanness of his own origin.

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You must, with me, admire the modesty of a citizen sans-culotte, who, without a shilling in the world, fixes upon fifty millions as a reward for his revolutionary achievements, and with which he would be satisfied to sit down and begin his singular course of singular philosophy. But his success is more extraordinary that his pretensions were extravagant. This immense sum was amassed by him in the short period of four years, chiefly by bribes from foreign Courts, and by selling his protections in France.

But most of the other Bonapartes have made as great and as rapid fortunes as Lucien, and yet, instead of being generous, contented, or even philosophers, they are still profiting by every occasion to increase their ill-gotten treasures, and no distress was ever relieved, no talents encouraged, or virtues recompensed by them. The mind of their garrets lodges with them in their palaces, while Lucien seems to ascend as near as possible to a level with his circumstances. I have myself found him beneficent without ostentation.

Among his numerous pictures, I observed four that had formerly belonged to my father's, and afterwards to my own cabinet. I inquired how much he had paid for them, without giving the least hint that they had been my property, and were plundered from me by the nation. He had, indeed, paid their full value. In a fortnight after I had quitted him, these, with six other pictures, were deposited in my room, with a very polite note, begging my acceptance of them, and assuring me that he had but the day before heard from his picture dealer that they had belonged to me. He added that he would never retake them, unless he received an assurance from me that I parted with them without reluctance, and at the same time affixed their price. I returned them, as I knew they were desired by him for his collection, but he continued obstinate. I told him, therefore, that, as I was acquainted with his inclination to perform a generous action, I would, instead of payment for the pictures, indicate a person deserving his assistance. I mentioned the old Duchesse de ------, who is seventy-four years of age and blind; and, after possessing in her youth an income of eight hundred thousand livres—is now, in her old age, almost destitute. He did for this worthy lady more than I expected; but happening, in his visits to relieve my friend, to cast his eye on the daughter of the landlady where she lodged, he found means to prevail on the simplicity of the poor girl, and seduced her. So much do I know personally of Lucien Bonaparte, who certainly is a composition of good and bad qualities, but which of them predominate I will not take upon me to decide. This I can affirm—Lucien is not the worst member of the Bonaparte family.

LETTER XXXI.

Paris, August, 1805.

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My lord:—As long as Austria ranks among independent nations, Bonaparte will take care not to offend or alarm the ambition and interest of Prussia by incorporating the Batavian Republic with the other provinces of his Empire. Until that period, the Dutch must continue (as they have been these last ten years) under the appellation of allies, oppressed like subjects and plundered like foes. Their mock sovereignty will continue to weigh heavier on them than real servitude does on their Belgic and Flemish neighbours, because Frederick the Great pointed out to his successors the Elbe and the Tegel as the natural borders of the Prussian monarchy, whenever the right bank of the Rhine should form the natural frontiers of the kingdom of France.

That during the present summer a project for a partition treaty of Holland has by the Cabinet of St. Cloud been laid before the Cabinet of Berlin is a fact, though disseminated only as a rumour by the secret agents of Talleyrand. Their object was on this, as on all previous occasions when any names, rights, or liberties of people were intended to be erased from among the annals of independence, to sound the ground, and to prepare by such rumours the mind of the public for another outrage and another overthrow. But Prussia, as well as France, knows the value of a military and commercial navy, and that to obtain it good harbours and navigable rivers are necessary, and therefore, as well as from principles of justice, perhaps, declined the acceptance of a plunder, which, though tempting, was contrary to the policy of the House of Brandenburgh.

According to a copy circulated among the members of our diplomatic corps, this partition treaty excluded Prussia from all the Batavian seaports except Delfzig, and those of the river Ems, but gave her extensive territories on the side of Guelderland, and a rich country in Friesland. Had it been acceded to by the Court of Berlin, with the annexed condition of a defensive and offensive alliance with the Court of St. Cloud, the Prussian monarchy would, within half a century, have been swallowed up in the same gulf with the Batavian Commonwealth and the Republic of Poland; and by some future scheme of some future Bonaparte or Talleyrand, be divided in its turn, and serve as a pledge of reconciliation or inducement of connection between some future rulers of the French and Russian Empires.

Talleyrand must, indeed, have a very mean opinion of the capacity of the Prussian Ministers, or a high notion of his own influence over them, if he was serious in this overture. For my part, I am rather inclined to think that it was merely thrown out to discover whether Frederick William *iii*. had entered into any engagement contrary to the interest of Napoleon the First; or to allure His Prussian Majesty into a negotiation which would suspend, or at least interfere with, those supposed to be then on the carpet with Austria, Russia, or perhaps even with England.

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The late Batavian Government had, ever since the beginning of the present war with England, incurred the displeasure of Bonaparte. When it apprehended a rupture from the turn which the discussion respecting the occupation of Malta assumed, the Dutch Ambassadors at St. Petersburg and Berlin were ordered to demand the interference of these two Cabinets for the preservation of the neutrality of Holland, which your country had promised to acknowledge, if respected by France. No sooner was Bonaparte informed of this step, than he marched troops into the heart of the Batavian Republic, and occupied its principal forts, ports, and arsenals. When, some time afterwards, Count Markof received instructions from his Court, according to the desire of the Batavian Directory, and demanded, in consequence, an audience from Bonaparte, a map was laid before him, indicating the position of the French troops in Holland, and plans of the intended encampment of our army of England on the coast of Flanders and France; and he was asked whether he thought it probable that our Government would assent to a neutrality so injurious to its offensive operations against Great Britain.

“But,” said the Russian Ambassador, “the independence of Holland has been admitted by you in formal treaties.”

“So has the cession of Malta by England,” interrupted Bonaparte, with impatience.

“True,” replied Markof, “but you are now at war with England for this point; while Holland, against which you have no complaint, has not only been invaded by your troops, but, contrary both to its inclination and interest, involved in a war with you, by which it has much to lose and nothing to gain.”

“I have no account to render to anybody for my transactions, and I desire to hear nothing more on this subject,” said Bonaparte, retiring furious, and leaving Markof to meditate on our Sovereign’s singular principles of political justice and of ‘jus pentium’.

From that period Bonaparte resolved on another change of the executive power of the Batavian Republic. But it was more easy to displace one set of men for another than to find proper ones to occupy a situation in which, if they do their duty as patriots, they must offend France; and if they are our tools, instead of the independent governors of their country, they must excite a discontent among their fellow citizens, disgracing themselves as individuals, and exposing themselves as chief magistrates to the fate of the De Witts, should ever fortune forsake our arms or desert Bonaparte.

No country has of late been less productive of great men than Holland. The Van Tromps, the Russel, and the William *iii*. all died without leaving any posterity behind them; and the race of Batavian heroes seems to have expired with them, as that of patriots with the De, Witts and Barneveldt. Since the beginning of the last century we read, indeed, of some able statesmen, as most, if not all, the former grand pensionaries have been; but the name of no warrior of any great eminence is recorded. This scarcity,

of native genius and valour has not a little contributed to the present humbled, disgraced, and oppressed state of wretched Batavia.

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Admiral de Winter certainly neither wants courage nor genius, but his private character has a great resemblance to that of General Moreau. Nature has destined him to obey, and not to govern. He may direct as ably and as valiantly the manoeuvres of a fleet as Moreau does those of an army, but neither the one nor the other at the head of his nation would render himself respected, his country flourishing, or his countrymen happy and tranquil.

Destined from his youth for the navy, Admiral de Winter entered into the naval service of his country before he was fourteen, and was a second lieutenant when the Batavian patriots, in rebellion against the Stadtholder, were, in 1787, reduced to submission by the Duke of Brunswick, the commander of the Prussian army that invaded Holland. His parents and family being of the anti-Orange party, he emigrated to France, where he was made an officer in the legion of Batavian refugees. During the campaign of 1793 and 1794, he so much distinguished himself under that competent judge of merit, Pichegru, that this commander obtained for him the commission of a general of brigade in the service of the French; which, after the conquest of Holland in January, 1795, was exchanged for the rank of a vice-admiral of the Batavian Republic. His exploits as commander of the Dutch fleet, during the battle of the 11th of October, 1797, with your fleet, under Lord Duncan, I have heard applauded even in your presence, when in your country. Too honest to be seduced, and too brave to be intimidated, he is said to have incurred Bonaparte's hatred by resisting both his offers and his threats, and declining to sell his own liberty as well as to betray the liberty of his fellow subjects. When, in 1800, Bonaparte proposed to him the presidency and consulate of the United States, for life, on condition that he should sign a treaty, which made him a vassal of France, he refused, with dignity and with firmness, and preferred retirement to a supremacy so dishonestly acquired, and so dishonourably occupied.

General Daendels, another Batavian revolutionist of some notoriety, from an attorney became a lieutenant-colonel, and served as a spy under Dumouriez in the winter of 1792 and in the spring of 1793. Under Pichegru he was made a general, and exhibited those talents in the field which are said to have before been displayed in the forum. In June, 1795, he was made a lieutenant-general of the Batavian Republic, and he was the commander-in-chief of the Dutch troops combating in 1799 your army under the Duke of York. In this place he did not much distinguish himself, and the issue of the contest was entirely owing to our troops and to our generals.

After the Peace of Amiens, observing that Bonaparte intended to annihilate instead of establishing universal liberty, Daendels gave in his resignation and retired to obscurity, not wishing to be an instrument of tyranny, after having so long fought for freedom. Had he possessed the patriotism of a Brutus or a Cato, he would have bled or died for his cause and country sooner than have deserted them both; or had the ambition and love of glory of a Caesar held a place in his bosom, he would have attempted to be the chief of his country, and by generosity and clemency atone, if possible, for the loss of liberty. Upon the line of baseness,—the deserter is placed next to the traitor.

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Dumonceau, another Batavian general of some publicity, is not by birth a citizen of the United States, but was born at Brussels in 1758, and was by profession a stonemason when, in 1789, he joined, as a volunteer, the Belgian insurgents. After their dispersion in 1790 he took refuge and served in France, and was made an officer in the corps of Belgians, formed after the declaration of war against Austria in 1792. Here he frequently distinguished himself, and was, therefore, advanced to the rank of a general; but the Dutch general officers being better paid than those of the French Republic, he was, with the permission of our Directory, received, in 1795, as a lieutenant-general of the Batavian Republic. He has often evinced bravery, but seldom great capacity. His natural talents are considered as but indifferent, and his education is worse.

These are the only three military characters who might, with any prospect of success, have tried to play the part of a Napoleon Bonaparte in Holland.

LETTER XXXII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—Not to give umbrage to the Cabinet of Berlin, Bonaparte communicated to it the necessity he was under of altering the form of Government in Holland, and, if report be true, even condescended to ask advice concerning a chief magistrate for that country. The young Prince of Orange, brother-in-law of His Prussian Majesty, naturally presented himself; but, after some time, Talleyrand's agents discovered that great pecuniary sacrifices could not be expected from that quarter, and perhaps less submission to France experienced than from the former governors. An eye was then cast on the Elector of Bavaria, whose past patriotism, as well as that of his Ministers, was a full guarantee for future obedience. Had he consented to such an arrangement, Austria might have aggrandized herself on the Inn, Prussia in Franconia, and France in Italy; and the present bone of contest would have been chiefly removed.

This intrigue, for it was nothing else, was carried on by the Cabinet of St. Cloud in March, 1804, about the time that Germany was invaded and the Duc d'Enghien seized. This explains to you the reason why the Russian note, delivered to the Diet of Ratisbon on the 8th of the following May, was left without any support, except the ineffectual one from the King of Sweden. How any Cabinet could be dupe enough to think Bonaparte serious, or the Elector of Bavaria so weak as to enter into his schemes, is difficult to be conceived, had not Europe witnessed still greater credulity on one side, and still greater effrontery on the other.

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In the meantime Bonaparte grew every day more discontented with the Batavian Directory, and more irritated against the members who composed it. Against his regulations for excluding the commerce and productions of your country, they resented with spirit instead of obeying them without murmur as was required. He is said to have discovered, after his own soldiers had forced the custom-house officers to obey his orders, that, while in their proclamations the directors publicly prohibited the introduction of British goods, some of them were secret insurers of this forbidden merchandise, introduced by fraud and by smuggling; and that while they officially wished for the success of the French arms and destruction of England, they withdrew by stealth what property they had in the French funds, to place it in the English. This refractory and, as Bonaparte called it, mercantile spirit, so enraged him, that he had already signed an order for arresting and transferring en masse his high allies, the Batavian directors, to his Temple, when the representations of Talleyrand moderated his fury, and caused the order to be recalled, which Fouche was ready to execute.

Had Jerome Bonaparte not offended his brother by his transatlantic marriage, he would long ago have been the Prince Stadtholder of Holland; but his disobedience was so far useful to the Cabinet of St. Cloud as it gave it an opportunity of intriguing with, or deluding, other Cabinets that might have any pretensions to interfere in the regulation of the Batavian Government. By the choice finally made, you may judge how difficult it was to find a suitable subject to represent it, and that this representation is intended only to be temporary.

Schimmelpenninck, the present grand pensionary of the Batavian Republic, was destined by his education for the bar, but by his natural parts to await in quiet obscurity the end of a dull existence. With some property, little information, and a tolerably good share of common sense, he might have lived and died respected, and even regretted, without any pretension, or perhaps even ambition, to shine. The anti-Orange faction, to which his parents and family appertained, pushed him forward, and elected him, in 1795, a member of the First Batavian National Convention, where, according to the spirit of the times, his speeches were rather those of a demagogue than those of a Republican. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity were the constant themes of his political declamations, infidelity his religious profession, and the examples of immorality, his social lessons; so rapid and dangerous are the strides with which seduction frequently advances on weak minds.

In 1800 he was appointed an Ambassador to Napoleon Bonaparte and Charles Maurice Talleyrand. The latter used him as a stockbroker, and the former for anything he thought proper; and he was the humble and submissive valet of both. More ignorant than malicious, and a greater fool than a rogue, he was more laughed at and despised than trusted or abused.

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His patience being equal to his phlegm, nothing either moved or confounded him; and he was, as Talleyrand remarked, “a model of an Ambassador, according to which he and Bonaparte wished that all other independent Princes and States would choose their representatives to the French Government.”

When our Minister and his Sovereign were discussing the difficulty of properly filling up the vacancy, of the Dutch Government, judged necessary by both, the former mentioned Schimmelpenninck with a smile; and serious as Bonaparte commonly is, he could not help laughing. “I should have been less astonished,” said he, “had you proposed my Mameluke, Rostan.”

This rebuke did not deter Talleyrand (who had settled his terms with Schimmelpenninck) from continuing to point out the advantage which France would derive from this nomination. “Because no man could easier be directed when in office, and no man easier turned out of office when disagreeable or unnecessary. Both as a Batavian plenipotentiary at Amiens, and as Batavian Ambassador in England, he had proved himself as obedient and submissive to France as when in the same capacity at Paris.”

By returning often to the charge, with these and other remarks, Talleyrand at last accustomed Bonaparte to the idea, which had once appeared so humiliating, of writing to a man so much inferior in everything, “Great and dear Friend!” and therefore said to the Minister:

“Well! let us then make him a grand pensionary and a locum tenens for five years; or until Jerome, when he repents, returns to his duty, and is pardoned.”

“Is he, then, not to be a grand pensionary for life?” asked Talleyrand; “whether for one month or for life, he would be equally obedient to resign when, commanded; but the latter would be more popular in Holland, where they were tired of so many changes.”

“Let them complain, if they dare,” replied Bonaparte. “Schimmelpenninck is their chief magistrate only for five years, if so long; but you may add that they may reelect him.”

It was not before Talleyrand had compared the pecuniary proposal made to his agents by foreign Princes with those of Schimmelpenninck to himself, that the latter obtained the preference. The exact amount of the purchase-money for the supreme magistracy in Holland is not well known to any but the contracting parties. Some pretended that the whole was paid down beforehand, being advanced by a society of merchants at Amsterdam, the friends or relatives of the grand pensionary; others, that it is to be paid by annual instalments of two millions of livres—for a certain number of years. Certain it is, that this high office was sold and bought; and that, had it been given for life, its value would have been proportionately enhanced; which was the reason that Talleyrand endeavoured to have it thus established.

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Talleyrand well knew the precarious state of Schimmelpenninck's grandeur; that it not only depended upon the whim of Napoleon, but had long been intended as an hereditary sovereignty for Jerome. Another Dutchman asked him not to ruin his friend and his family for what he was well aware could never be called a sinecure place, and was so precarious in its tenure. "Foolish vanity," answered the Minister, "can never pay enough for the gratification of its desires. All the Schimmelpennincks in the world do not possess property enough to recompense me for the sovereign honours which I have procured for one of their name and family, were he deposed within twenty-four hours. What treasures can indemnify me for connecting such a name and such a personage with the great name of the First Emperor of the French?"

I have only twice in my life been in Schimmelpenninck's company, and I thought him both timid and reserved; but from what little he said, I could not possibly judge of his character and capacity. His portrait and its accompaniments have been presented to me; such as delivered to you by one of his countrymen, a Mr. M—— (formerly an Ambassador also), who was both his schoolfellow and his comrade at the university. I shall add the following traits, in his own words as near as possible:

"More vain than ambitious, Schimmelpenninck from his youth, and, particularly, from his entrance into public life, tried every means to make a noise, but found none to make a reputation. He caressed in succession all the systems of the French Revolution, without adopting one for himself. All the Kings of faction received in their turns his homage and felicitations. It was impossible to mention to him a man of any notoriety, of whom he did not become immediately a partisan. The virtues or the vices, the merit or defects, of the individual were of no consideration; according to his judgment it was sufficient to be famous. Yet with all the extravagances of a head filled with paradoxes, and of a heart spoiled by modern philosophy, added to a habit of licentiousness, he had no idea of becoming an instrument for the destruction of liberty in his own country, much less of becoming its tyrant, in submitting to be the slave of France. It was but lately that he took the fancy, after so long admiring all other great men of our age, to be at any rate one of their number, and of being admired as a great man in his turn. On this account many accuse him of hypocrisy, but no one deserves that appellation less, his vanity and exaltation never permitting him to dissimulate; and no presumption, therefore, was less disguised than his, to those who studied the man. Without acquired ability, without natural genius, or political capacity, destitute of discretion and address, as confident and obstinate as ignorant, he is only elevated to fall and to rise no more."

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Madame Schimmelpenninck, I was informed, is as amiable and accomplished as her husband is awkward and deficient; though well acquainted with his infidelities and profligacy, she is too virtuous to listen to revenge, and too generous not to forgive. She is, besides, said to be a lady of uncommon abilities, and of greater information than she chooses to display. She has never been the worshipper of Bonaparte, or the friend of Talleyrand; she loved her country, and detested its tyrants. Had she been created a grand pensionary, she would certainly have swayed with more glory than her husband; and been hailed by contemporaries, as well as posterity, if not a heroine, at least a patriot,—a title which in our times, though often prostituted, so few have any claim to, and which, therefore, is so much the more valuable.

When it was known at Paris that Schimmelpenninck had set out for his new sovereignty, no less than sixteen girls of the Palais Royal demanded passes for Holland. Being questioned by Fouche as to their business in that country, they answered that they intended to visit their friend, the grand pensionary, in his new dominions. Fouche communicated to Talleyrand both their demands and their business, and asked his advice. He replied:

“Send two, and those of whose vigilance and intelligence you are sure. Refuse, by all means, the other fourteen. Schimmelpenninck’s time is precious, and were they at the Hague, he would neglect everything for them. If they are fond of travelling, and are handsome and adroit, advise them to set out for London or for St. Petersburg; and if they consent, order them to my office, and they shall be supplied, if approved of, both with instructions, and with their travelling expenses.”

Fouche answered his colleague that “they were in every respect the very reverse of his description; they seemed to have passed their lives in the lowest stage of infamy, and they could neither read nor write.” You have therefore, no reason to fear that these belles will be sent to disseminate corruption in your happy island.

LETTER XXXIII.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—The Italian subjects of Napoleon the First were far from displaying the same zeal and the same gratitude for his paternal care and kindness in taking upon himself the trouble of governing them, as we good Parisians have done. Notwithstanding that a brigade of our police agents and spies, drilled for years to applaud and to excite enthusiasm, proceeded as his advanced guard to raise the public spirit, the reception at Milan was cold and everything else but cordial and pleasing. The absence of duty did not escape his observation and resentment. Convinced, in his own mind, of the great blessing, prosperity, and liberty his victories and sovereignty have conferred on the inhabitants of the other side of the Alps, he ascribed their present passive or mutinous

behaviour to the effect of foreign emissaries from Courts envious of his glory and jealous of his authority.

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He suspected particularly England and Russia of having selected this occasion of a solemnity that would complete his grandeur to humble his just pride. He also had some idea within himself that even Austria might indirectly have dared to influence the sentiments and conduct of her ci-devant subjects of Lombardy; but his own high opinion of the awe which his very name inspired at Vienna dispersed these thoughts, and his wrath fell entirely on the audacity of Pitt and Markof. Strict orders were therefore issued to the prefects and commissaries of police to watch vigilantly all foreigners and strangers, who might have arrived, or who should arrive, to witness the ceremony of the coronation, and to arrest instantly any one who should give the least reason to suppose that he was an enemy instead of an admirer of His Imperial and Royal Majesty. He also commanded the prefects of his palace not to permit any persons to approach his sacred person, of whose morality and politics they had not previously obtained a good account.

These great measures of security were not entirely unnecessary. Individual vengeance and individual patriotism sharpened their daggers, and, to use Senator Roederer's language, "were near transforming the most glorious day of rejoicing into a day of universal mourning."

All our writers on the Revolution agree that in France, within the first twelve years after we had reconquered our lost liberty, more conspiracies have been denounced than during the six centuries of the most brilliant epoch of ancient and free Rome. These facts and avowals are speaking evidences of the eternal tranquillity of our unfortunate country, of our affection to our rulers, and of the unanimity with which all the changes of Government have been, notwithstanding our printed votes, received and approved.

The frequency of conspiracies not only shows the discontent of the governed, but the insecurity and instability of the governors. This truth has not escaped Napoleon, who has, therefore, ordered an expeditious and secret justice to despatch instantly the conspirators, and to bury the conspiracy in oblivion, except when any grand coup d'etat is to be struck; or, to excite the passions of hatred, any proofs can be found, or must be fabricated, involving an inimical or rival foreign Government in an odious plot. Since the farce which Mehee de la Touche exhibited, you have, therefore, not read in the Moniteur either of the danger our Emperor has incurred several times since from the machinations of implacable or fanatical foes, or of the alarm these have caused his partisans. They have, indeed, been hinted at in some speeches of our public functionaries, and in some paragraphs of our public prints, but their particulars will remain concealed from historians, unless some one of those composing our Court, our fashionable, or our political circles, has taken the trouble of noting them down; but even to these they are but imperfectly or incorrectly known.

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Could the veracity of a Fouche, a Real, a Talleyrand, or a Duroc (the only members of this new secret and invisible tribunal for expediting conspirators) be depended upon, they would be the most authentic annalists of these and other interesting secret occurrences.

What I intend relating to you on this subject are circumstances such as they have been reported in our best informed societies by our most inquisitive companions. Truth is certainly the foundation of these anecdotes; but their parts may be extenuated, diminished, altered, or exaggerated. Defective or incomplete as they are, I hope you will not judge them unworthy of a page in a letter, considering the grand personage they concern, and the mystery with which he and his Government encompass themselves, or in which they wrap up everything not agreeable concerning them.

A woman is said to have been at the head of the first plot against Napoleon since his proclamation as an Emperor of the French. She called herself Charlotte Encore; but her real name is not known. In 1803 she lived and had furnished a house at Abbeville, where she passed for a young widow of property, subsisting on her rents. About the same time several other strangers settled there; but though she visited the principal inhabitants, she never publicly had any connection with the newcomers.

In the summer of 1803, a girl at Amiens—some say a real enthusiast of Bonaparte's, but, according to others, engaged by Madame Bonaparte to perform the part she did demanded, upon her knees, in a kind of paroxysm of joy, the happiness of embracing him, in doing which she fainted, or pretended to faint away, and a pension of three thousand livres—was settled on her for her affection.

Madame Encore, at Abbeville, to judge of her discourse and conversation, was also an ardent friend and well-wisher of the Emperor; and when, in July, 1804, he passed through Abbeville, on his journey to the coast, she, also, threw herself at his feet, and declared that she would die content if allowed the honour of embracing him. To this he was going to assent, when Duroc stepped between them, seized her by the arm, and dragged her to an adjoining room, whither Bonaparte, near fainting from the sudden alarm his friend's interference had occasioned, followed him, trembling. In the right sleeve of Madame Encore's gown was found a stiletto, the point of which was poisoned. She was the same day transported to this capital, under the inspection of Duroc, and imprisoned in the Temple. In her examination she denied having accomplices, and she expired on the rack without telling even her name. The sub-prefect at Abbeville, the once famous Andre Dumont, was ordered to disseminate a report that she was shut up as insane in a madhouse.

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In the strict search made by the police in the house occupied by her, no papers or any, other indications were discovered that involved other persons, or disclosed who she was, or what induced her to attempt such a rash action. Before the secret tribunal she is reported to have said, “that being convinced of Bonaparte’s being one of the greatest criminals that ever breathed upon the earth, she took upon herself the office of a volunteer executioner; having, with every other good or loyal person, a right to punish him whom the law could not, or dared not, reach.” When, however, some repairs were made in the house at Abbeville by a new tenant, a bundle of papers was found, which proved that a M. Franquonville, and about thirty, other individuals (many, of whom were the late newcomers there), had for six months been watching an opportunity to seize Bonaparte in his journeys between Abbeville and Montreuil, and to carry him to some part of the coast, where a vessel was ready to sail for England with him. Had he, however, made resistance, he would have been shot in France, and his assassins have saved themselves in the vessel.

The numerous escort that always, since he was an Emperor, accompanied him, and particularly his concealment of the days of his journeys, prevented the execution of this plot; and Madame Encore, therefore, took upon her to sacrifice herself for what she thought the welfare of her country. How Duroc suspected or discovered her intent is not known; some say that an anonymous letter informed him of it, while others assert that, in throwing herself at Bonaparte’s feet, this prefect observed the steel through the sleeve of her muslin gown. Most of her associates were secretly executed; some, however, were carried to Boulogne and shot at the head of the army of England as English spies.

LETTER XXXIV.

Paris, August, 1805.

My lord:—After the discovery of Charlotte Encore’s attempt, Bonaparte, who hitherto had flattered himself that he possessed the good wishes, if not the affection, of his female subjects, made a regulation according to which no women who had not previously given in their names to the prefects of his palaces, and obtained previous permission, can approach his person or throw themselves at his feet, without incurring his displeasure, and even arrest. Of this Imperial decree, ladies, both of the capital and of the provinces, when he travels, are officially informed. Notwithstanding this precaution, he was a second time last spring, at Lyons, near falling the victim of the vengeance or malice of a woman.

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In his journey to be crowned King of Italy, he occupied his uncle's episcopal palace at Lyons during the forty-eight hours he remained there. Most of the persons of both sexes composing the household of Cardinal Fesch were from his own country, Corsica; among these was one of the name of Pauline Riotti, who inspected the economy of the kitchens. It is Bonaparte's custom to take a dish of chocolate in the forenoon, which she, on the morning of his departure, against her custom, but under pretence of knowing the taste of the family, desired to prepare. One of the cooks observed that she mixed it with something from her pocket, but, without saying a word to her that indicated suspicion, he warned Bonaparte, in a note, delivered to a page, to be upon his guard. When the chamberlain carried in the chocolate, Napoleon ordered the person who had prepared it to be brought before him. This being told Pauline, she fainted away, after having first drunk the remaining contents of the chocolate pot. Her convulsions soon indicated that she was poisoned, and, notwithstanding the endeavours of Bonaparte's physician, Corvisart, she expired within an hour; protesting that her crime was an act of revenge against Napoleon, who had seduced her, when young, under a promise of marriage; but who, since his elevation, had not only neglected her, but reduced her to despair by refusing an honest support for herself and her child, sufficient to preserve her from the degradation of servitude. Cardinal Fesch received a severe reprimand for admitting among his domestics individuals with whose former lives he was not better acquainted, and the same day he dismissed every Corsican in his service. The cook was, with the reward of a pension, made a member of the Legion of Honour, and it was given out by Corvisart that Pauline died insane.

Within three weeks after this occurrence, Bonaparte was, at Milan, again exposed to an imminent danger. According to his commands, the vigilance of the police had been very strict, and even severe. All strangers who could not give the most satisfactory account of themselves, had either been sent out of the country, or were imprisoned. He never went out unless strongly attended, and during his audiences the most trusty officers always surrounded him; these precautions increased in proportion as the day of his coronation approached. On the morning of that day, about nine o'clock, when full dressed in his Imperial and royal robes, and all the grand officers of State by his side, a paper was delivered to him by his chamberlain, Talleyrand, a nephew of the Minister. The instant he had read it, he flew into the arms of Berthier, exclaiming: "My friend, I am betrayed; are you among the number of conspirators? Jourdan, Lasnes, Mortier, Bessieres, St. Cyr, are you also forsaking your friend and benefactor?" They all instantly encompassed him, begging that he would calm himself; that they all were what they always had been, dutiful and faithful subjects. "But read this paper from my prefect, Salmatoris; he says that if I move a step I may cease to live, as the assassins are near me, as well as before me."

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The commander of his guard then entered with fifty grenadiers, their bayonets fixed, carrying with them a prisoner, who pointed out four individuals not far from Bonaparte's person, two of whom were Italian officers of the Royal Italian Guard, and two were dressed in Swiss uniforms. They were all immediately seized, and at their feet were found three daggers. One of those in Swiss regimentals exclaimed, before he was taken: "Tremble, tyrant of my country! Thousands of the descendants of William Tell have, with me, sworn your destruction. You, escape this day, but the just vengeance of outraged humanity follows you like your shade. Depend upon it an untimely end is irremediably reserved you." So saying, he pierced his heart and fell a corpse into the arms of the grenadiers who came to arrest him.

This incident suspended the procession to the cathedral for an hour, when Berthier announced that the conspirators were punished. Bonaparte evinced on this occasion the same absence of mind and of courage as on the 9th of November, 1799, when Arena and other deputies drew their daggers against him at St. Cloud. As this scene did not redound much to the honour of the Emperor and King, all mention of the conspiracy was severely prohibited, and the deputations ready to congratulate him on his escape were dispersed to attend their other duties.

The conspirators are stated to have been four young men, who had lost their parents and fortunes by the Revolutions effected by Bonaparte in Italy and Switzerland, and who had sworn fidelity to each other, and to avenge their individual wrongs with the injuries of their countries at the same time. They were all prepared and resigned to die, expecting to be cut to pieces the moment Bonaparte fell by their hands; but one of the Italians, rather superstitious, had, before he went to the drawing-room, confessed and received absolution from a priest, whom he knew to be an enemy of Bonaparte; but the priest, in hope of reward, disclosed the conspiracy to the master of ceremonies, Salmatoris. The three surviving conspirators are said to have been literally torn to pieces by the engines of torture, and the priest was shot for having given absolution to an assassin, and for having concealed his knowledge of the plot an hour after he was acquainted with it. Even Salmatoris had some difficulty to avoid being disgraced for having written a terrifying note, which had exposed the Emperor's weakness, and shown that his life was dearer to him at the head of Empires than when only at the head of armies.

My narrative of this event I have from an officer present, whose veracity I can guarantee. He also informed me that, in consequence of it, all the officers of the Swiss brigades in the French service that were quartered or encamped in Italy were, to the number of near fifty, dismissed at once. Of the Italian guards, every officer who was known to have suffered any losses by the new order of things in his country, was ordered to resign, if he would not enter into the regiments of the line.

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Whatever the police agents did to prevent it, and in spite of some unjust and cruel chastisement, Bonaparte continued, during his stay in Italy, an object of ridicule in conversation, as well as in pamphlets and caricatures. One of these represented him in the ragged garb of a sans-culotte, pale and trembling on his knees, with bewildered looks and his hair standing upright on his head like pointed horns, tearing the map of the world to pieces, and, to save his life, offering each of his generals a slice, who in return regarded him with looks of contempt mixed with pity.

I have just heard of a new plot, or rather a league against Bonaparte's ambition. At its head the Generals Jourdan, Macdonald, Le Courbe, and Dessolles are placed, though many less victorious generals and officers, civil as well as military, are reported to be its members. Their object is not to remove or displace Bonaparte as an Emperor of the French; on the contrary, they offer their lives to strengthen his authority and to resist his enemies; but they ask and advise him to renounce, for himself, for his relations, and for France, all possessions on the Italian side of the Alps, as the only means to establish a permanent peace, and to avoid a war with other States, whose safety is endangered by our great encroachments. A mutinous kind of address to this effect has been sent to the camp of Boulogne and to all other encampments of our troops, that those generals and other military persons there, who chose, might both see the object and the intent of the associates. It is reported that Bonaparte ordered it to be burnt by the hands of the common executioner at Boulogne; that sixteen officers there who had subscribed their names in appropriation of the address were broken, and dismissed with disgrace; that Jourdan is deprived of his command in Italy, and ordered to render an account of his conduct to the Emperor. Dessolles is also said to be dismissed, and with Macdonald, Le Courbe, and eighty-four others of His Majesty's subjects, whose names appeared under the remonstrance (or petition, as some call it), exiled to different departments of this country, where they are to expect their Sovereign's further determination, and, in the meantime, remain under the inspection and responsibility of his constituted authorities and commissaries of police. As it is as dangerous to inquire as to converse on this and other subjects, which the mysterious policy of our Government condemns to silence or oblivion, I have not yet been able to gather any more or better information concerning this league, or unconstitutional opposition to the executive power; but as I am intimate with one of the actors, should he have an opportunity, he will certainly write to me at full length, and be very explicit.

LETTER XXXV.

Paris, August, 1805.

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My lord:—I believe I have before remarked that, under the Government of Bonaparte, causes relatively the most insignificant have frequently produced effects of the greatest consequence. A capricious or whimsical character, swaying with unlimited power, is certainly the most dangerous guardian of the prerogatives of sovereignty, as well as of the rights and liberties of the people. That Bonaparte is as vain and fickle as a coquette, as obstinate as a mule, and equally audacious and unrelenting, every one who has witnessed his actions or meditated on his transactions must be convinced. The least opposition irritates his pride, and he determines and commands, in a moment of impatience or vivacity, what may cause the misery of millions for ages, and, perhaps, his own repentance for years.

When Bonaparte was officially informed by his Ambassador at Vienna, the young La Rochefoucauld, that the Emperor of Germany had declined being one of his grand officers of the Legion of Honour, he flew into a rage, and used against this Prince the most gross, vulgar, and unbecoming language. I have heard it said that he went so far as to say, “Well, Francis *ii*. is tired of reigning. I hope to have strength enough to carry a third crown. He who dares refuse to be and continue my equal, shall soon, as a vassal, think himself honoured with the regard which, as a master, I may condescend, from compassion, to bestow on him.” Though forty-eight hours had elapsed after this furious sally before he met with the Austrian Ambassador, Count Von Cobenzl, his passion was still so furious, that, observing his grossness and violence, all the members of the diplomatic corps trembled, both for this their respected member, and for the honour of our nation thus represented.

When the diplomatic audience was over, he said to Talleyrand, in a commanding and harsh tone of voice, in the presence of all his aides-de-camp and generals:

“Write this afternoon, by an extraordinary courier, to my Minister at Genoa, Salicetti, to prepare the Doge and the people for the immediate incorporation of the Ligurian Republic with my Empire. Should Austria dare to murmur, I shall, within three months, also incorporate the ci-devant Republic of Venice with my Kingdom of Italy!”

“But—but—Sire!” uttered the Minister, trembling.

“There exists no ‘but,’ and I will listen to no ‘but,’” interrupted His Majesty. “Obey my orders without further discussions. Should Austria dare to arm, I shall, before next Christmas, make Vienna the headquarters of a fiftieth military division. In an hour I expect you with the despatches ready for Salicetti.”

This Salicetti is a Corsican of a respectable family, born at Bastia, in 1758, and it was he who, during the siege of Toulon in 1793, introduced his countryman, Napoleon Bonaparte, his present Sovereign, to the acquaintance of Barras, an occurrence which has since produced consequences so terribly notorious.

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Before the Revolution an advocate of the superior council of Corsica, he was elected a member to the First National Assembly, where, on the 30th of November, 1789, he pressed the decree which declared the Island of Corsica an integral part of the French monarchy. In 1792, he was sent by his fellow citizens as a deputy to the National Convention, where he joined the terrorist faction, and voted for the death of his King. In May, 1793, he was in Corsica, and violently opposed the partisans of General Paoli. Obliged to make his escape in August from that island, to save himself, he joined the army of General Carteaux, then marching against the Marseilles insurgents, whence he was sent by the National Convention with Barras, Gasparin, Robespierre the younger, and Ricrod, as a representative of the people, to the army before Toulon, where, as well as at Marseilles, he shared in all the atrocities committed by his colleagues and by Bonaparte; for which, after the death of the Robespierres, he was arrested with him as a terrorist.

He had not known Bonaparte much in Corsica, but, finding him and his family in great distress, with all other Corsican refugees, and observing his adroitness as a captain of artillery, he recommended him to Barras, and upon their representation to the Committee of Public Safety, he was promoted to a chef de brigade, or colonel. In 1796, when Barras gave Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy, Salicetti was appointed a Commissary of Government to the same army, and in that capacity behaved with the greatest insolence towards all the Princes of Italy, and most so towards the Duke of Modena, with whom he and Bonaparte signed a treaty of neutrality, for which they received a large sum in ready money; but shortly afterwards the duchy was again invaded, and an attempt made to surprise and seize the Duke. In 1797 he was chosen a member of the Council of Five Hundred, where he always continued a supporter of violent measures.

When, in 1799, his former protege, Bonaparte, was proclaimed a First Consul, Salicetti desired to be placed in the Conservative Senate; but his familiarity displeased Napoleon, who made him first a commercial agent, and afterwards a Minister to the Ligurian Republic, so as to keep him at a distance. During his several missions, he has amassed a fortune, calculated, at the lowest, of six millions of livres.

The order Salicetti received to prepare the incorporation of Genoa with France, would not, without the presence of our troops, have been very easy to execute, particularly as he, six months before, had prevailed on the Doge and the Senate to resign all sovereignty to Lucien Bonaparte, under the title of a Grand Duke of Genoa.

The cause of Napoleon’s change of opinion with regard to his brother Lucien, was that the latter would not separate from a wife he loved, but preferred domestic happiness to external splendour frequently accompanied with internal misery. So that this act of incorporation of the Ligurian Republic, in fact, originated, notwithstanding the great and deep calculations of our profound politicians and political schemers, in nothing else but in the keeping of a wife, and in the refusal of a riband.

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That corruption, seduction, and menaces seconded the intrigues and bayonets which convinced the Ligurian Government of the honour and advantage of becoming subjects of Bonaparte, I have not the least doubt; but that the Doge, Girolamo Durazzo, and the senators Morchio, Maglione, Travega, Maghella, Roggieri, Taddei, Balby, and Langlade sold the independence of their country for ten millions of livres—though it has been positively asserted, I can hardly believe; and, indeed, money was as little necessary as resistance would have been unavailing, all the forts and strong positions being in the occupation of our troops. A general officer present when the Doge of Genoa, at the head of the Ligurian deputation, offered Bonaparte their homage at Milan, and exchanged liberty for bondage, assured me that this ci-devant chief magistrate spoke with a faltering voice and with tears in his eyes, and that indignation was read on the countenance of every member of the deputation thus forced to prostitute their rights as citizens, and to vilify their sentiments as patriots.

When Salicetti, with his secretary, Milhaud, had arranged this honourable affair, they set out from Genoa to announce to Bonaparte, at Milan, their success. Not above a league from the former city their carriage was stopped, their persons stripped, and their papers and effects seized by a gang, called in the country the gang of *patriotic robbers*, commanded by Mulieno. This chief is a descendant of a good Genoese family, proscribed by France, and the men under him are all above the common class of people. They never commit any murders, nor do they rob any but Frenchmen, or Italians known to be adherents of the French party. Their spoils they distribute among those of their countrymen who, like themselves, have suffered from the revolutions in Italy within these last nine years. They usually send the amount destined to relieve these persons to the curates of the several parishes, signifying in what manner it is to be employed. Their conduct has procured them many friends among the low and the poor, and, though frequently pursued by our gendarmes, they have hitherto always escaped. The papers captured by them on this occasion from Salicetti are said to be of a most curious nature, and throw great light on Bonaparte’s future views of Italy. The original act of consent of the Ligurian Government to the incorporation with France was also in this number. It is reported that they were deposited with the Austrian Minister at Genoa, who found means to forward them to his Court; and it is supposed that their contents did not a little to hasten the present movements of the Emperor of Germany.

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Another gang, known under the appellation of the *patriotic avengers*, also desolates the Ligurian Republic. They never rob, but always murder those whom they consider as enemies of their country. Many of our officers, and even our sentries on duty, have been wounded or killed by them; and, after dark, therefore, no Frenchman dares walk out unattended. Their chief is supposed to be a ci-devant Abbe, Sagati, considered a political as well as a religious fanatic. In consequence of the deeds of these patriotic avengers, Bonaparte's first act, as a Sovereign of Liguria, was the establishment of special military commissions, and a law prohibiting, under pain of death, every person from carrying arms who could not show a written permission of our commissary of police. Robbers and assassins are, unfortunately, common to all nations, and all people of all ages; but those of the above description are only the production and progeny of revolutionary and troublesome times. They pride themselves, instead of violating the laws, on supplying their inefficacy and counteracting their partiality.

LETTER XXXVI.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Bonaparte is now the knight of more Royal Orders than any other Sovereign in Europe, and were he to put them on all at once, their ribands would form stuff enough for a light summer coat of as many different colours as the rainbow. The Kings of Spain, of Naples, of Prussia, of Portugal, and of Etruria have admitted him a knight-companion, as well as the Electors of Bavaria, Hesse, and Baden, and the Pope of Rome. In return he has appointed these Princes his grand officers of *his* Legion of Honour, the highest rank of his newly instituted Imperial Order. It is even said that some of these Sovereigns have been honoured by him with the grand star and broad riband of the Order of His Iron Crown of the Kingdom of Italy.

Before Napoleon's departure for Milan last spring, Talleyrand intimated to the members of the foreign diplomatic corps here, that their presence would be agreeable to the Emperor of the French at his coronation at Milan as a King of Italy. In the preceding summer a similar hint, or order, had been given by him for a diplomatic trip to Aix-la-Chapelle, and all Their Excellencies set a-packing instantly; but some legitimate Sovereigns, having since discovered that it was indecent for their representatives to be crowding the suite of an insolently and proudly travelling usurper, under different pretences declined the honour of an invitation and journey to Italy. It would, besides, have been pleasant enough to have witnessed the Ambassadors of Austria and Prussia, whose Sovereigns had not acknowledged Bonaparte's right to his assumed title of King of Italy, indirectly approving it by figuring at the solemnity which inaugurated him as such. Of this inconsistency and impropriety

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Talleyrand was well aware; but audacity on one side, and endurance and submission on the other, had so often disregarded these considerations before, that he saw no indelicacy or impertinence in the proposal. His master had, however, the gratification to see at his levee, and in his wife's drawing-room, the Ambassadors of Spain, Naples, Portugal, and Bavaria, who laid at the Imperial and royal feet the Order decorations of their own Princes, to the nor little entertainment of His Imperial and Royal Majesty, and to the great edification of his dutiful subjects on the other side of the Alps.

The expenses of Bonaparte's journey to Milan, and his coronation there (including also those of his attendants from France), amounted to no less a sum than fifteen millions of livres—of which one hundred and fifty thousand livres—was laid out in fireworks, double that sum in decorations of the Royal Palace and the cathedral, and three millions of livres—in presents to different generals, grand officers, deputations, *etc*. The poor also shared his bounty; medals to the value of fifty thousand livres—were thrown out among them on the day of the ceremony, besides an equal sum given by Madame Napoleon to the hospitals and orphan-houses. These last have a kind of hereditary or family claim on the purse of our Sovereign; their parents were the victims of the Emperor's first step towards glory and grandeur.

Another three millions of livres was expended for the march of troops from France to form pleasure camps in Italy, and four millions more was requisite for the forming and support of these encampments during two months, and the Emperor distributed among the officers and men composing them two million livres' worth of rings, watches, snuff-boxes, portraits set with diamonds, stars, and other trinkets, as evidences of His Majesty's satisfaction with their behaviour, presence, and performances.

These troops were under the command of Bonaparte's Field-marshal, Jourdan, a general often mentioned in the military annals of our revolutionary war. During the latter part of the American war, he served under General Rochambeau as a common soldier, and obtained in 1783, after the peace, his discharge. He then turned a pedlar, in which situation the Revolution found him. He had also married, for her fortune, a lame daughter of a tailor, who brought him a fortune of two thousand livres—from whom he has since been divorced, leaving her to shift for herself as she can, in a small milliner's shop at Limoges, where her husband was born in 1763.

Jourdan was among the first members and pillars of the Jacobin Club organized in his native town, which procured him rapid promotion in the National Guards, of whom, in 1792, he was already a colonel. His known love of liberty and equality induced the Committee of Public Safety, in 1793, to appoint him to the chief command of the armies of Ardennes and of the North, instead of Lamarche and Houchard. On the 17th

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of October the same year, he gained the victory of Wattignies, which obliged the united forces of Austria, Prussia, and Germany to raise the siege of Maubeuge. The jealous Republican Government, in reward, deposed him and appointed Pichegru his successor, which was the origin of that enmity and malignity with which Jourdan pursued this unfortunate general, even to his grave. He never forgave Pichegru the acceptance of a command which he could not decline without risking his life; and when he should have avenged his disgrace on the real causes of it, he chose to resent it on him who, like himself, was merely an instrument, or a slave, in the hands and under the whip of a tyrannical power.

After the imprisonment of General Hoche, in March, 1794, Jourdan succeeded him as chief of the army of the Moselle. In June he joined, with thirty thousand men, the right wing of the army of the North, forming a new one, under the name of the army of the Sambre and Meuse. On the 16th of the same month he gained a complete victory over the Prince of Coburg, who tried to raise the siege of Charleroy. This battle, which was fought near Trasegnies, is, nevertheless, commonly called the battle of Fleurus. After Charleroy had surrendered on the 25th, Jourdan and his army were ordered to act under the direction of General Pichegru, who had drawn the plan of that brilliant campaign. Always envious of this general, Jourdan did everything to retard his progress, and at last intrigued so well that the army of the Sambre and the Meuse was separated from that of the North.

With the former of these armies Jourdan pursued the retreating confederates, and, after driving them from different stands and positions, he repulsed them to the banks of the Rhine, which river they were obliged to pass. Here ended his successes this year, successes that were not obtained without great loss on our side.

Jourdan began the campaigns of 1795 and 1796 with equal brilliancy, and ended them with equal disgrace. After penetrating into Germany with troops as numerous as well-disciplined, he was defeated at the end of them by Archduke Charles, and retreated always with such precipitation, and in such confusion, that it looked more like the flight of a disorderly rabble than the retreat of regular troops; and had not Moreau, in 1796, kept the enemy in awe, few of Jourdan’s officers or men would again have seen France; for the inhabitants of Franconia rose on these marauders, and cut them to pieces, wherever they could surprise or waylay them.

In 1797, as a member of the Council of Five Hundred, he headed the Jacobin faction against the moderate party, of which Pichegru was a chief; and he had the cowardly vengeance of base rivalry to pride himself upon having procured the transportation of that patriotic general to Cayenne. In 1799, he again assumed the command of the army of Alsace and of Switzerland; but he crossed the Rhine and penetrated into Suabia

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only to be again routed by the Archduke Charles, and to repass this river in disorder. Under the necessity of resigning as a general-in-chief, he returned to the Council of Five Hundred, more violent than ever, and provoked there the most oppressive measures against his fellow citizens. Previous to the revolution effected by Bonaparte in November of that year, he had entered with Garreau and Santerre into a conspiracy, the object of which was to restore the Reign of Terror, and to prevent which Bonaparte said he made those changes which placed him at the head of Government. The words were even printed in the papers of that period, which Bonaparte on the 10th of November addressed to the then deputy of Mayenne, Prevost: "If the plot entered into by Jourdan and others, and of which they have not blushed to propose to me the execution, had not been defeated, they would have surrounded the place of your sitting, and to crush all future opposition, ordered a number of deputies to be massacred. That done, they were to establish the sanguinary despotism of the Reign of Terror." But whether such was Jourdan's project, or whether it was merely given out to be such by the consular faction, to extenuate their own usurpation, he certainly had connected himself with the most guilty and contemptible of the former terrorists, and drew upon himself by such conduct the hatred and blame even of those whose opinion had long been suspended on his account.

General Jourdan was among those terrorists whom the Consular Government condemned to transportation; but after several interviews with Bonaparte he was not only pardoned, but made a Counsellor of State of the military section; and afterwards, in 1801, an administrator-general of Piedmont, where he was replaced by General Menou in 1803, being himself entrusted with the command in Italy. This place he has preserved until last month, when he was ordered to resign it to Massena, with whom he had a quarrel, and would have fought him in a duel, had not the Viceroy, Eugene de Beauharnais, put him under arrest and ordered him back hither, where he is daily expected. If Massena's report to Bonaparte be true, the army of Italy was very far from being as orderly and numerous as Jourdan's assertions would have induced us to believe. But this accusation of a rival must be listened to with caution; because, should Massena meet with repulse, he will no doubt make use of it as an apology; and should he be victorious, hold it out as a claim for more honour and praise.

The same doubts which still continue of Jourdan's political opinions remain also with regard to his military capacity. But the unanimous declaration of those who have served under his orders as a general must silence both his blind admirers and unjust slanderers. They all allow him some military ability; he combines and prepares in the Cabinet a plan of defence and attack, with method and intelligence, but he does not possess the quick coup d'oeil, and that promptitude

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which perceives, and rectifies accordingly, an error on the field of battle. If, on the day of action, some accident, or some manoeuvre, occurs, which has not been foreseen by him, his dull and heavy genius does not enable him to alter instantly his dispositions, or to remedy errors, misfortunes, or improvidences. This kind of talent, and this kind of absence of talent, explain equally the causes of his advantages, as well as the origin of his frequent disasters. Nobody denies him courage, but, with most of our other republican generals, he has never been careful of the lives of the troops under him. I have heard an officer of superior talents and rank assert, in the presence of Carnot, that the number of wounded and killed under Jourdan, when victorious, frequently surpassed the number of enemies he had defeated. I fear it is too true that we are as much, if not more, indebted for our successes to the superior number as to the superior valour of our troops.

Jourdan is, with regard to fortune, one of our poorest republican generals who have headed armies. He has not, during all his campaigns, collected more than a capital of eight millions of livres—a mere trifle compared to the fifty millions of Massena, the sixty millions of Le Clerc, the forty millions of Murat, and the thirty-six millions of Augereau; not to mention the hundred millions of Bonaparte. It is also true that Jourdan is a gambler and a debauchee, fond of cards, dice, and women; and that in Italy, except two hours in twenty-four allotted to business, he passed the remainder of his time either at the gaming-tables, or in the boudoirs of his seraglio—I say seraglio, because he kept, in the extensive house joining his palace as governor and commander, ten women-three French, three Italians, two Germans, two Irish or English girls. He supported them all in style; but they were his slaves, and he was their sultan, whose official mutes (his aides-de-camp) both watched them, and, if necessary, chastised them.

LETTER XXXVII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—I can truly defy the world to produce a corps of such a heterogeneous composition as our Conservative Senate, when I except the members composing Bonaparte's Legion of Honour. Some of our Senators have been tailors, apothecaries, merchants, chemists, quacks, physicians, barbers, bankers, soldiers, drummers, dukes, shopkeepers, mountebanks, Abbes, generals, savans, friars, Ambassadors, counsellors, or presidents of Parliament, admirals, barristers, Bishops, sailors, attorneys, authors, Barons, spies, painters, professors, Ministers, sans-culottes, atheists, stonemasons, robbers, mathematicians, philosophers, regicides, and a long *et cetera*. Any person reading through the official list of the members of the Senate, and who is acquainted with their former situations in life, may be convinced of this truth.

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Should he even be ignorant of them, let him but inquire, with the list in his hand, in any of our fashionable or political circles; he will meet with but few persons who are not able or willing to remove his doubts, or to gratify his curiosity. There are not many of them whom it is possible to elevate, but those are still more numerous whom it is impossible to degrade. Their past lives, vices, errors, or crimes, have settled their characters and reputation; and they must live and die in ‘statu quo’, either as fools or as knaves, and perhaps as both.

I do not mean to say that they are all criminals or all equally criminal, if insurrection against lawful authority and obedience to usurped tyranny are not to be considered as crimes; but there are few indeed who can lay their hands on their bosoms and say, ‘vitam expendere vero’. Some of them, as a Lagrange, Berthollet, Chaptal, Laplace, Francois de Neuf-Chateau, Tronchet, Monge, Lacepede, and Bougainville, are certainly men of talents; but others, as a Porcher, Resnier, Vimar, Auber, Perk, Sera, Vernier, Vien, Villetard, Tascher, Rigal, Baciocchi, Beviere, Beauharnais, De Luynea (a ci-devant duke, known under the name of Le Gros Cochon), nature never destined but to figure among those half-idiots and half-imbeciles who are, as it were, intermedial between the brute and human creation.

Sieges, Cabanis, Garron Coulon, Lecouteul, Canteleu, Lenoin Laroche, Volney, Gregoire, Emmery, Joucourt, Boissy d’Anglas, Fouche, and Roederer form another class,—some of them regicides, others assassins and plunderers, but all intriguers whose machinations date from the beginning of the Revolution. They are all men of parts, of more or less knowledge, and of great presumption. As to their morality, it is on a level with their religion and loyalty. They betrayed their King, and had denied their God already in 1789.

After these come some others, who again have neither talents to boast of nor crimes of which they have to be ashamed. They have but little pretension to genius, none to consistency, and their honesty equals their capacity. They joined our political revolution as they might have done a religious procession. It was at that time a fashion; and they applauded our revolutionary innovations as they would have done the introduction of a new opera, of a new tragedy, of a new comedy, or of a new farce. To this fraternity appertain a ci-devant Comte de Stult-Tracy, Dubois—Dubay, Kellerman, Lambrechts, Lemercier, Pleville—Le Pelley, Clement de Ris, Peregeaux, Berthelemy, Vaubois, Nrignon, D’Agier, Abrial, De Belloy, Delannoy, Aboville, and St. Martin La Motte.

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Such are the characteristics of men whose ‘senatus consultum’ bestows an Emperor on France, a King on Italy, makes of principalities departments of a Republic, and transforms Republics into provinces or principalities. To show the absurdly fickle and ridiculously absurd appellations of our shamefully perverted institutions, this Senate was called the Conservative Senate; that is to say, it was to preserve the republican consular constitution in its integrity, both against the; encroachments of the executive and legislative power, both against the manoeuvres of the factions, the plots of the royalists or monarchists, and the clamours of a populace of levellers. But during the five years that these honest wiseacres have been preserving, everything has perished—the Republic, the Consuls, free discussions, free election, the political liberty, and the liberty of the Press; all—all are found nowhere but in old, useless, and rejected codes. They have, however, in a truly patriotic manner taken care of their own dear selves. Their salaries are more than doubled since 1799.

Besides mock Senators, mock praetors, mock quaestors, other ’nomina libertatis’ are revived, so as to make the loss of the reality so much the more galling. We have also two curious commissions; one called “the Senatorial Commission of Personal Liberty,” and the other “the Senatorial Commission of the Liberty of the Press.” The imprisonment without cause, and transportation without trial, of thousands of persons of both sexes weekly, show the grand advantages which arise from the former of these commissions; and the contents of our new books and daily prints evince the utility and liberality of the latter.

But from the past conduct of these our Senators, members of these commissions, one may easily conclude what is to be expected in future from their justice and patriotism. Lenoin Laroche, at the head of the one, was formerly an advocate of some practice, but attended more to politics than to the business of his clients, and was, therefore, at the end of the session of the first assembly (of which he was a member), forced, for subsistence, to become the editor of an insignificant journal. Here he preached licentiousness, under the name of Liberty, and the agrarian law in recommending Equality. A prudent courtier of all systems in fashion, and of all factions in power, he escaped proscription, though not accusation of having shared in the national robberies. A short time in the summer of 1797, after the dismissal of Cochon, he acted as a Minister of Police; and in 1798 the Jacobins elected him a member of the Council of Ancients, where he, with other deputies, sold himself to Bonaparte, and was, in return, rewarded with a place in the Senate. Under monarchy he was a republican, and under a Republic he extolled monarchical institutions. He wished to be singular, and to be rich. Among so many shocking originals, however, he was not distinguished; and among so many philosophical marauders, he had no opportunity to pillage above two millions of livres. This friend of liberty is now one of the most despotic Senators, and this lover of equality never answers when spoken to, if not addressed as “His Excellency,” or “Monseigneur.”

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Boissy d' Anglas, another member of this commission, was before the Revolution a steward to Louis XVIII. when Monsieur; and, in 1789, was chosen a deputy of the first assembly, where he joined the factions, and in his speeches and writings defended all the enormities that dishonoured the beginning as well as the end of the Revolution. A member afterwards of the National Convention, he was sent in mission to Lyons, where, instead of healing the wounds of the inhabitants, he inflicted new ones. When, on the 15th of March, 1796, in the Council of Five Hundred, he pronounced the oath of hatred to royalty, he added, that this oath was in his heart, otherwise no power upon earth could have forced him to take it; and he is now a sworn subject of Napoleon the First! He pronounced the panegyric of Robespierre, and the apotheosis of Marat. "The soul," said he, "was moved and elevated in hearing Robespierre speak of the Supreme Being with philosophical ideas, embellished by eloquence;" and he signed the removal of the ashes of Marat to the temple consecrated to humanity! In September, 1797, he was, as a royalist, condemned to transportation by the Directory; but in 1799 Bonaparte recalled him, made him first a tribune and afterwards a Senator.

Boissy d' Anglas, though an apologist of robbers and assassins, has neither murdered nor plundered; but, though he has not enriched himself, he has assisted in ruining all his former protectors, benefactors, and friends.

Sers, a third member of this commission, was, before the Revolution, a bankrupt merchant at Bordeaux, but in 1791 was a municipal officer of the same city, and sent as a deputy to the National Assembly, where he attempted to rise from the clouds that encompassed his heavy genius by a motion for pulling down all the statues of Kings all over France. He seconded another motion of Bonaparte's prefect, Jean Debrie, to decree a corps of tyrannicides, destined to murder all Emperors, Kings, and Princes. At the club of the Jacobins, at Bordeaux, he prided himself on having caused the arrest and death of three hundred aristocrats; and boasted that he never went out without a dagger to despatch, by a summary justice, those who had escaped the laws. After meeting with well-merited contempt, and living for some time in the greatest obscurity, by a handsome present to Madame Bonaparte, in 1799, he obtained the favour of Napoleon, who dragged him forward to be placed among other ornaments of his Senate. Sers has just cunning enough to be taken for a man of sense when with fools; when with men of sense, he reassumes the place allotted him by Nature. Without education, as well as without parts, he for a long time confounded brutal scurrility with oratory, and thought himself eloquent when he was only insolent or impertinent. His ideas of liberty are such that, when he was a municipal officer, he signed a mandate of arrest against sixty-four individuals of both sexes, who were at a ball, because they had refused to invite to it one of his nieces.

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Abrial, Emmery, Vernier, and Lemercier are the other four members of that commission; of these, two are old intriguers, two are nullities, and all four are slaves.

Of the seven members of the senatorial commission for preserving the liberty of the Press, Garat and Roederer are the principal. The former is a pedant, while pretending to be a philosopher; and he signed the sentence of his good King's death, while declaring himself a royalist. A mere valet to Robespierre, his fawning procured him opportunities to enrich himself with the spoil of those whom his calumnies and plots caused to be massacred or guillotined. When, as a Minister of Justice, he informed Louis XVI. of his condemnation, he did it with such an affected and atrocious indifference that he even shocked his accomplices, whose nature had not much of tenderness. As a member of the first assembly, as a Minister under the convention, and as a deputy of the Council of Five Hundred, he always opposed the liberty of the Press. "The laws, you say" (exclaimed he, in the Council), "punish libellers; so they do thieves and housebreakers; but would you, therefore, leave your doors unbolted? Is not the character, the honour, and the tranquillity of a citizen preferable to his treasures? and, by the liberty of the Press, you leave them at the mercy of every scribbler who can write or think. The wound inflicted may heal, but the scar will always remain. Were you, therefore, determined to decree the motion for this dangerous and impolitic liberty, I make this amendment, that conviction of having written a libel carries with it capital punishment, and that a label be fastened on the breast of the libeller, when carried to execution, with this inscription: 'A social murderer,' or 'A murderer of characters!'"

Roederer has belonged to all religious or antireligious sects, and to all political or anti-social factions, these last twenty years; but, after approving, applauding, and serving them, he has deserted them, sold them, or betrayed them. Before the Revolution, a Counseller of Parliament at Metz, he was a spy of the Court on his colleagues; and, since the Revolution, he served the Jacobins as a spy on the Court. Immoral and unprincipled to the highest degree, his profligacy and duplicity are only equalled by his perversity and cruelty. It was he who, on the 10th of August, 1792, betrayed the King and the Royal Family into the hands of their assassins, and who himself made a merit of this infamous act. After he had been repulsed by all, even by the most sanguinary of our parties and partisans, by a Brissot, a Marat, a Robespierre, a Tallien, and a Barras, Bonaparte adopted him first as a Counsellor of State, and afterwards as a Senator. His own and only daughter died in a miscarriage, the consequence of an incestuous commerce with her unnatural parent; and his only, son is disinherited by him for resenting his father's baseness in debauching a young girl whom the son had engaged to marry.

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With the usual consistency of my revolutionary countrymen, he has, at one period, asserted that the liberty of the Press was necessary for the preservation both of men and things, for the protection of governors as well as of the governed, and that it was the best support of a constitutional Government. At another time he wrote that, as it was impossible to fix the limits between the liberty and the licentiousness of the Press, the latter destroyed the benefits of the former; that the liberty of the Press was useful only against a Government which one wished to overturn, but dangerous to a Government which one wished to preserve. To show his indifference about his own character, as well as about the opinion of the public, these opposite declarations were inserted in one of our daily papers, and both were signed “Roederer.”

In 1789, he was indebted above one million two hundred thousand livres—and he now possesses national property purchased for seven millions of livres—and he avows himself to be worth three millions more in money placed in our public funds. He often says, laughingly, that he is under great obligations to Robespierre, whose guillotine acquitted in one day all his debts. All his creditors, after being denounced for their aristocracy, were murdered en masse by this instrument of death.

Of all the old beaux and superannuated libertines whose company I have had the misfortune of not being able to avoid, Roederer is the most affected, silly, and disgusting. His wrinkled face, and effeminate and childish air; his assiduities about every woman of beauty or fashion; his confidence in his own merit, and his presumption in his own power, wear such a curious contrast with his trembling hands, running eyes, and enervated person, that I have frequently been ready to laugh at him in his face, had not indignation silenced all other feeling. A light-coloured wig covers a bald head; his cheeks and eyelids are painted, and his teeth false; and I have seen a woman faint away from the effect of his breath, notwithstanding that he infects with his musk and perfumes a whole house only with his presence. When on the ground floor you may smell him in the attic.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—The reciprocal jealousy and even interest of Austria, France, and Russia have hitherto prevented the tottering Turkish Empire from being partitioned, like Poland, or seized, like Italy; to serve as indemnities, like the German empire; or to be shared, as reward to the allies, like the Empire of Mysore.

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When we consider the anarchy that prevails, both in the Government and among the subjects, as well in the capital as in the provinces of the Ottoman Porte; when we reflect on the mutiny and cowardice of its armies and navy, the ignorance and incapacity of its officers and military and naval commanders, it is surprising, indeed, as I have heard Talleyrand often declare, that more foreign political intrigues should be carried on at Constantinople alone than in all other capitals of Europe taken together. These intrigues, however, instead of doing honour to the, sagacity and patriotism of the members of the Divan, expose only their corruption and imbecility; and, instead of indicating a dread of the strength of the Sublime Sultan, show a knowledge of his weakness, of which the gold of the most wealthy, and the craft of the most subtle, by turns are striving to profit.

Beyond a doubt the enmity of the Ottoman Porte can do more mischief than its friendship can do service. Its neutrality is always useful, while its alliance becomes frequently a burden, and its support of no advantage. It is, therefore, more from a view of preventing evils than from expectation of profit, that all other Powers plot, cabal, and bribe. The map of the Turkish Empire explains what maybe though absurd or nugatory in this assertion.

As soon as a war with Austria was resolved on by the Brissot faction in 1792, emissaries were despatched to Constantinople to engage the Divan to invade the provinces of Austria and Russia, thereby to create a diversion in favour of this country. Our Ambassador in Turkey at that time, Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, though an admirer of the Revolution, was not a republican, and, therefore, secretly counteracted what he officially seemed to wish to effect. The Imperial Court succeeded, therefore, in establishing a neutrality of the Ottoman Porte, but Comte de Choiseul was proscribed by the Convention. As academician, he was, however, at St. Petersburg, liberally recompensed by Catherine *ii*. for the services the Ambassador had performed at Constantinople.

In May, 1793, the Committee of Public Safety determined to expedite another embassy to the Grand. Seignior, at the head of which was the famous intriguer, De Semonville, whose revolutionary diplomacy had, within three years, alarmed the Courts of Madrid, Naples, and Turin, as well as the republican Government of Genoa. His career towards Turkey was stopped in the Grisons Republic, on the 25th of July following, where he, with sixteen other persons of his suite, was arrested, and sent a prisoner, first to Milan, and afterwards to Mantua. He carried with him presents of immense value, which were all seized by the Austrians. Among them were four superb coaches, highly finished, varnished, and gilt; what is iron or brass in common carriages was here gold or silver-gilt. Two large chests were filled with stuff of gold brocade, India gold muslins, and shawls and laces of very great

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value. Eighty thousand louis d'or in ready money; a service of gold plate of twenty covers, which formerly belonged to the Kings of France; two small boxes full of diamonds and brilliants, the intrinsic worth of which was estimated at forty-eight millions of livres—and a great number of jewels; among others, the crown diamond, called here the Regents', and in your country the Pitt Diamond, fell, with other riches, into the hands of the captors. Notwithstanding this loss and this disappointment, we contrived in vain to purchase the hostility of the Turks against our enemies, though with the sacrifice of no less a sum (according to the report of Saint Just, in June, 1794,) than seventy millions of livres: These official statements prove the means which our so often extolled economical and moral republican Governments have employed in their negotiations.

After the invasion of Egypt, in time of peace, by Bonaparte, the Sultan became at last convinced of the sincerity of our professions of friendship, which he returned with a declaration of war. The preliminaries of peace with your country, in October, 1801, were, however, soon followed with a renewal of our former friendly intercourse with the Ottoman Porte. The voyage of Sebastiani into Egypt and Syria, in the autumn of 1802, showed that our tenderness for the inhabitants of these countries had not diminished, and that we soon intended to bestow on them new hugs of fraternity. Your pretensions to Malta impeded our prospects in the East, and your obstinacy obliged us to postpone our so well planned schemes of encroachments. It was then that Bonaparte first selected for his representative to the Grand Seignior, General Brune, commonly called by Moreau, Macdonald, and other competent judges of military merit, an intriguer at the head of armies, and a warrior in time of peace when seated in the Council chamber.

This Brune was, before the Revolution, a journeyman printer, and married to a washerwoman, whose industry and labour alone prevented him from starving, for he was as vicious as idle. The money he gained when he chose to work was generally squandered away in brothels, among prostitutes. To supply his excesses he had even recourse to dishonest means, and was shut up in the prison of Bicetre for robbing his master of types and of paper.

In the beginning of the Revolution, his very crimes made him an acceptable associate of Marat, who, with the money advanced by the Orleans faction, bought him a printing-office, and he printed the so dreadfully well-known journal, called 'L'Amie du Peuple'. From the principles of this atrocious paper, and from those of his sanguinary patron, he formed his own political creed. He distinguished himself frequently at the clubs of the Cordeliers, and of the Jacobins, by his extravagant motions, and by provoking laws of proscription against a wealth he did not possess, and against a rank he would have dishonoured, but did not see without envy. On the 30th of June, 1791, he said, in the former of these clubs:

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“We hear everywhere complaints of poverty; were not our eyes so often disgusted with the sight of unnatural riches, our hearts would not so often be shocked at the unnatural sufferings of humanity. The blessings of our Revolution will never be felt by the world, until we in France are on a level, with regard to rank as well as to fortune. I, for my part, know too well the dignity of human nature ever to bow to a superior; but, brothers and friends, it is not enough that we are all politically equal, we must also be all equally rich or equally poor—we must either all strive to become men of property, or reduce men of property to become sans-culottes. Believe me, the aristocracy of property is more dangerous than the aristocracy of prerogative or fanaticism, because it is more common. Here is a list sent to ‘L’ Amie du People’, but of which prudence yet prohibits the publication. It contains the names of all the men of property of Paris, and of the Department of the Seine, the amount of their fortunes, and a proposal how to reduce and divide it among our patriots. Of its great utility in the moment when we have been striking our grand blows, nobody dares doubt; I, therefore, move that a brotherly letter be sent to every society of our brothers and friends in the provinces, inviting each of them to compose one of similar contents and of similar tendency, in their own districts, with what remarks they think proper to affix, and to forward them to us, to be deposited, in the mother club, after taking copies of them for the archives of their own society.”

His motion was decreed.

Two days afterwards, he again ascended the tribune. “You approved,” said he, “of the measures I lately proposed against the aristocracy of property; I will now tell you of another aristocracy which we must also crush—I mean that of religion, and of the clergy. Their supports are folly, cowardice, and ignorance. All priests are to be proscribed as criminals, and despised as impostors or idiots; and all altars must be reduced to dust as unnecessary. To prepare the public mind for such events, we must enlighten it; which can only be done by disseminating extracts from ‘L’ Amie du People’, and other philosophical publications. I have here some ballads of my own composition, which have been sung in my quarter; where all superstitious persons have already trembled, and all fanatics are raving. If you think proper, I will, for a mere trifle, print twenty thousand copies of them, to be distributed and disseminated gratis all over France.”

After some discussion, the treasurer of the club was ordered to advance Citizen Brune the sum required, and the secretary to transmit the ballads to the fraternal societies in the provinces.

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Brune put on his first regimentals as an aide-decamp to General Santerre in December, 1792, after having given proofs of his military prowess the preceding September, in the massacre of the prisoners in the Abbey. In 1793 he was appointed a colonel in the revolutionary army, which, during the Reign of Terror, laid waste the departments of the Gironde, where he was often seen commanding his corps, with a human head fixed on his sword. On the day when he entered Bordeaux with his troops, a new-born child occupied the same place, to the great horror of the inhabitants. During this brilliant expedition he laid the first foundation of his present fortune, having pillaged in a most unmerciful manner, and arrested or shot every suspected person who could not, or would not, exchange property for life. On his return to Paris, his patriotism was recompensed with a commission of a general of brigade. On the death of Robespierre, he was arrested as a terrorist, but, after some months' imprisonment, again released.

In October, 1795, he assisted Napoleon Bonaparte in the massacre of the Parisians, and obtained for it, from the director Barras, the rank of a general of division. Though occupying, in time of war, such a high military rank, he had hitherto never seen an enemy, or witnessed an engagement.

After Bonaparte had planned the invasion and pillage of Switzerland, Brune was charged to execute this unjust outrage against the law of nations. His capacity to intrigue procured him this distinction, and he did honour to the choice of his employers. You have no doubt read that, after lulling the Government of Berne into security by repeated proposals of accommodation, he attacked the Swiss and Bernese troops during a truce, and obtained by treachery successes which his valour did not promise him. The pillage, robberies, and devastations in Helvetia added several more millions to his previously great riches.

It was after his campaign in Holland, during the autumn of 1799, that he first began to claim some military glory. He owed, however, his successes to the superior number of his troops, and to the talents of the generals and officers serving under him. Being made a Counsellor of State by Bonaparte, he was entrusted with the command of the army against the Chouans. Here he again seduced by his promises, and duped by his intrigues, acted infamously—but was successful.

LETTER XXXIX.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Three months before Brune set out on his embassy to Constantinople, Talleyrand and Fouche were collecting together all the desperadoes of our Revolution, and all the Italian, Corsican, Greek, and Arabian renegadoes and vagabonds in our country, to form him a set of attendants agreeable to the real object of his mission.

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You know too much of our national character and of my own veracity to think it improbable, when I assure you that most of our great men in place are as vain as presumptuous, and that sometimes vanity and presumption get the better of their discretion and prudence. What I am going to tell you I did not hear myself, but it was reported to me by a female friend, as estimable for her virtues as admired for her accomplishments. She is often honoured with invitations to Talleyrand's familiar parties, composed chiefly of persons whose fortunes are as independent as their principles, who, though not approving the Revolution, neither joined its opposers nor opposed its adherents, preferring tranquillity and obscurity to agitation and celebrity. Their number is not much above half a dozen, and the Minister calls them the only honest people in France with whom he thinks himself safe.

When it was reported here that two hundred persons of Brune's suite had embarked at Marseilles and eighty-four at Genoa, and when it was besides known that nearly fifty individuals accompanied him in his outset, this unusual occurrence caused much conversation and many speculations in all our coteries and fashionable circles. About that time my friend dined with Talleyrand, and, by chance, also mentioned this grand embassy, observing, at the same time, that it was too much honour done to the Ottoman Porte, and too much money thrown away upon splendour, to honour such an imbecile and tottering Government.

"How people talk," interrupted Talleyrand, "about what they do not comprehend. Generous as Bonaparte is, he does not throw away his expenses; perhaps within twelve months all these renegadoes or adventurers, whom you all consider as valets of Brune, will be three-tailed Pachas or Beys, leading friends of liberty, who shall have gloriously broken their fetters as slaves of a Selim to become the subjects of a Napoleon. The Eastern Empire has, indeed, long expired, but it may suddenly be revived."

"Austria and Russia," replied my friend, "would never suffer it, and England would sooner ruin her navy and exhaust her Treasury than permit such a revolution."

"So they have tried to do," retorted Talleyrand, "to bring about a counter revolution in France. But though only a moment is requisite to erect the standard of revolt, ages often are necessary to conquer and seize it. Turkey has long been ripe for a revolution. It wanted only chiefs and directors. In time of war, ten thousand Frenchmen landed in the Dardanelles would be masters of Constantinople, and perhaps of the Empire. In time of peace, four hundred bold and well-informed men may produce the same effect. Besides, with some temporary cession of a couple of provinces to each of the Imperial Courts, and with the temporary present of an island to Great Britain, everything may be settled 'pro tempore', and a Joseph Bonaparte be permitted to reign at Constantinople, as a Napoleon does at Paris."

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That the Minister made use of this language I can take upon me to affirm; but whether purposely or unintentionally, whether to give a high opinion of his plans or to impose upon his company, I will not and cannot assert.

On the subject of this numerous suite of Brune, Markof is said to have obtained several conferences with Talleyrand and several audiences of Bonaparte, in which representations, as just as energetic, were made, which, however, did not alter the intent of our Government or increase the favour of the Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. Cloud. But it proved that our schemes of subversion are suspected, and that our agents of overthrow would be watched and their manoeuvres inspected.

Count Italinski, the Russian Ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, is one of those noblemen who unite rank and fortune, talents and modesty, honour and patriotism, wealth and liberality. His personal character and his individual virtues made him, therefore, more esteemed and revered by the members of the Divan, than the high station he occupied, and the powerful Prince he represented, made him feared or respected. His warnings had created prejudices against Brune which he found difficult to remove. To revenge himself in his old way, our Ambassador inserted several paragraphs in the Moniteur and in our other papers, in which Count Italinski was libelled, and his transactions or views calumniated.

After his first audience with the Grand Seignior, Brune complained bitterly, of not having learned the Turkish language, and of being under the necessity, therefore, of using interpreters, to whom he ascribed the renewed obstacles he encountered in every step he took, while his hotel was continually surrounded with spies, and the persons of his suite followed everywhere like criminals when they went out. Even the valuable presents he carried with him, amounting in value to twenty-four millions of livres—were but indifferently received, the acceptors, seeming to suspect the object and the honesty of the donor.

In proportion as our politics became embroiled with those of Russia, the post of Brune became of more importance; but the obstacles thrown in his way augmented daily, and he was forced to avow that Russia and England had greater influence and more credit than the French Republic and its chief. When Bonaparte was proclaimed an Emperor of the French, Brune expected that his acknowledgment as such at Constantinople would be a mere matter of course and announced officially on the day he presented a copy of his new credentials. Here again he was disappointed, and therefore demanded his recall from a place where there was no probability, under the present circumstances, of either exciting the subjects to revolt, of deluding the Prince into submission, or seducing Ministers who, in pocketing his bribes, forgot for what they were given.

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It was then that Bonaparte sent Joubert with a letter in his own handwriting, to be delivered into the hands of the Grand Seignior himself. This Joubert is a foundling, and, was from his youth destined and educated to be one of the secret agents of our secret diplomacy. You already, perhaps, have heard that our Government selects yearly a number of young foundlings or orphans, whom it causes to be brought up in foreign countries at its expense, so as to learn the language as natives of the nation, where, when grown up, they are chiefly to be employed. Joubert had been educated under the inspection of our consuls at Smyrna, and, when he assumes the dress of a Turk, from his accent and manners even the Mussulmans mistake him for one of their own creed and of their country. He was introduced to Bonaparte in 1797, and accompanied him to Egypt, where his services were of the greatest utility to the army. He is now a kind of undersecretary in the office of our secret diplomacy, and a member of the Legion of Honour. Should ever Joseph Bonaparte be an Emperor or Sultan of the East, Joubert will certainly be his Grand Vizier. There is another Joubert (with whom you must not confound him), who was; also a kind of Dragoman at Constantinople some years ago, and who is still somewhere on a secret mission in the East Indies.

Joubert's arrival at Constantinople excited both curiosity among the people and suspicion among the Ministry. There is no example in the Ottoman history of a chief of a Christian nation having written to the Sultan by a private messenger, or of His Highness having condescended to receive the letter from the bearer, or to converse with him. The Grand Vizier demanded a copy of Bonaparte's letter, before an audience could be granted. This was refused by Joubert; and as Brune threatened to quit the capital of Turkey if any longer delay were experienced, the letter was delivered in a garden near Constantinople, where the Sultan met Bonaparte's agent, as if by chance, who, it seems, lost all courage and presence of mind, and did not utter four words, to which no answer was given.

This impertinent intrigue, and this novel diplomacy, therefore, totally miscarried, to the great shame and greater disappointment of the schemers and contrivers. I must, however, do Talleyrand the justice to say that he never approved of it, and even foretold the issue to his intimate friends. It was entirely the whim and invention of Bonaparte himself, upon a suggestion of Brune, who was far from being so well acquainted with the spirit and policy of the Divan as he had been with the genius and plots of Jacobinism. Not rebuked, however, Joubert was ordered away a second time with a second letter, and, after an absence of four months, returned again as he went, less satisfied with the second than with his first journey.

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In these trips to Turkey, he had always for travelling companions some of our emissaries to Austria, Hungary, and in particular to Servia, where the insurgents were assisted by our councils, and even guided by some of our officers. The principal aide-de-camp of Czerni George, the Servian chieftain, is one Saint Martin, formerly a captain in our artillery, afterwards an officer of engineers in the Russian service, and finally a volunteer in the army of Conde. He and three other officers of artillery were, under fictitious names, sent by our Government, during the spring of last year, to the camp of the insurgents. They pretended to be of the Grecian religion, and formerly Russian officers, and were immediately employed. Saint Martin has gained great influence over Czerni George, and directs both his political councils and military operations. Besides the individuals left behind by Joubert; it is said that upwards of one hundred persons of Brune's suite have been ordered for the same destination. You see how great the activity of our Government is, and that nothing is thought unworthy of its vigilance or its machinations. In the staff of Paswan Oglou, six of my countrymen have been serving ever since 1796, always in the pay of our Government.

It was much against the inclination and interest of our Emperor that his Ambassador at Constantinople should leave the field of battle there to the representatives of Russia, Austria, and England. But his dignity was at stake. After many threats to deprive the Sultan of the honour of his presence, and even after setting out once for some leagues on his return, Brune, observing that these marches and countermarches excited more mirth than terror, at last fixed a day, when, finally, either Bonaparte must be acknowledged by the Divan as an Emperor of the French, or his departure would take place. On that day he, indeed, began his retreat, but, under different pretexts, be again stopped, sent couriers to his secretaries, waited for their return, and sent new couriers again,—but all in vain, the Divan continued refractory.

At his first audience after his return, the reception Bonaparte gave him was not very cordial. He demanded active employment, in case of a continental war, either in Italy or in Germany, but received neither. When our army of England was already on its march towards the Rhine, and Bonaparte returned here, Brune was ordered to take command on the coast, and to organize there an army of observation, destined to succour Holland in case of an invasion, or to invade England should a favourable occasion present itself. The fact is, he was charged to intrigue rather than to fight; and were Napoleon able to force upon Austria another Peace of Luneville, Brune would probably be the plenipotentiary that would ask your acceptance of another Peace of Amiens. It is here a general belief that his present command signifies another pacific overture from Bonaparte before your Parliament meets, or, at least, before the New Year. Remember that our hero is more to be dreaded as a Philip than as an Alexander.

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General Brune has bought landed property for nine millions of livres—and has, in different funds, placed ready money to the same amount. His own and his wife's diamonds are valued by him at three millions; and when he has any parties to dinner, he exhibits them with great complaisance as presents forced upon him during his campaign in Switzerland and Holland, for the protection he gave the inhabitants. He is now so vain of his wealth and proud of his rank, that he not only disregards all former acquaintances, but denies his own brothers and sisters,—telling them frankly that the Fieldmarshal Brune can have no shoemaker for a brother, nor a sister married to a chandler; that he knows of no parents, and of no relatives, being the maker of his own fortune, and of what he is; that his children will look no further back for ancestry than their father. One of his first cousins, a postilion, who insisted, rather obstinately, on his family alliance, was recommended by Brune to his friend Fouche, who sent him on a voyage of discovery to Cayenne, from which he probably will not return very soon.

LETTER XL.

Paris, September, 1805.

My *lord*:--Madame de C------n is now one of our most fashionable ladies. Once in the week she has a grand tea-party; once in a fortnight a grand dinner; and once in the month a grand ball. Foreign gentlemen are particularly well received at her house, which, of course, is much frequented by them. As you intend to visit this country after a peace, it may be of some service to you not to be unacquainted with the portrait of a lady whose invitation to see the original you may depend upon the day after your arrival.

Madame de C——n is the widow of the great and useless traveller, Comte de C——n, to whom his relatives pretend that she was never married. Upon his death-bed he acknowledged her, however, for his wife, and left her mistress of a fortune of three hundred thousand livres a year. The first four years of her widowhood she passed in lawsuits before the tribunals, where the plaintiffs could not prove that she was unmarried, nor she herself that she was married. But Madame Napoleon Bonaparte, for a small douceur, speaking in her favour, the consciences of the juries, and the understanding of the judges, were all convinced at once that she had been the lawful wife, and was the lawful heiress, of Comte de C——n, who had no children, or nearer relatives than third cousins.

Comte de C——n was travelling in the East Indies when the Revolution broke out. His occupation there was a very innocent one; he drew countenances, being one of the most enthusiastic sectaries of Lavater, and modestly called himself the first

physiognomist in the world. Indeed, he had been at least the most laborious one; for he left behind him a collection of six thousand two hundred portraits, drawn by himself in the four quarters of the world, during a period of thirty years.

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He never engaged a servant, nor dealt with a tradesman, whose physiognomy had not been examined by him. In his travels he preferred the worst accommodation in a house where he approved of the countenance of the host, to the best where the traits or lines of the landlord's face were irregular, or did not coincide with his ideas of physiognomical propriety. The cut of a face, its expression, the length of the nose, the width or smallness of the mouth, the form of the eyelids or of the ears, the colour or thickness of the hair, with the shape and tout ensemble of the head, were always minutely considered and discussed before he entered into any agreement, on any subject, with any individual whatever. Whatever recommendations, or whatever attestations were produced, if they did not correspond with his own physiognomical remarks and calculations, they were disregarded; while a person whose physiognomy pleased him required no other introduction to obtain his confidence. Whether he thought himself wiser than his forefathers, he certainly did not grow richer than they were. Charlatans who imposed upon his credulity and impostors who flattered his mania, servants who robbed him and mistresses who deceived him, proved that if his knowledge of physiognomy was great, it was by no means infallible. At his death, of the fortune left him by his parents only the half remained.

His friends often amused themselves at the expense of his foibles. When he prepared for a journey to the East, one of them recommended him a servant, upon whose fidelity he could depend. After examining with minute scrupulosity the head of the person, he wrote: "My friend, I accept your valuable present. From calculations, which never deceive me, Manville (the servant's name) possesses, with the fidelity of a dog, the intrepidity of the lion. Chastity itself is painted on his front, modesty in his looks, temperance on his cheek, and his mouth and nose bespeak honesty itself." Shortly after the Count had landed at Pondicherry, Mauville, who was a girl, died, in a condition which showed that chastity had not been the divinity to whom she had chiefly sacrificed. In her trunk were found several trinkets belonging to her master, which she honestly had appropriated to herself. His miscalculation on this subject the Count could not but avow; he added, however, that it was the entire fault of his friend, who had duped him with regard to the sex.

Madame de C——n was, on account of her physiognomy, purchased by her late husband, then travelling in Turkey, from a merchant of Circassian slaves, when she was under seven years of age, and sent for her education to a relative of the Count, an Abbess of a convent in Languedoc. On his return from Turkey, some years afterwards, he took her under his own care, and she accompanied him all over Asia, and returned first to France in 1796, where her husband's name was upon the list of emigrants, though he had not been in Europe for ten years before the Revolution.

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However, by some pecuniary arrangements with Barras, he recovered his property, which he did not long enjoy, for he died in 1798. The suitors of Madame de C——n, mistress of a large fortune, with some remnants of beauty and elegance of manners, have been numerous, and among them several Senators and generals, and even the Minister Chaptal. But she has politely declined all their offers, preferring her liberty and the undisturbed right of following her own inclination to the inconvenient ties of Hymen. A gentleman, whom she calls, and who passes for, her brother, Chevalier de M de T ——, a Knight of Malta, assists her in doing the honours of her house, and is considered as her favourite lover; though report and the scandalous chronicle say that she bestows her favours on every person who wishes to bestow on her his name, and that, therefore, her gallants are at least as numerous as her suitors.

Such is the true statement of the past, as well as the present, with regard to Madame de C——n. She relates, however, a different story. She says that she is the daughter of the Marquis de M de T-----, of a Languedoc family; that she sailed, when a child, with her mother in a felucca from Nice to Malta, there to visit her brother; was captured by an Algerine pilot, separated from her mother, and carried to Constantinople by a merchant of slaves; there she was purchased by Comte de C——n, who restored her to her family, and whom, therefore, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, she married from gratitude. This pretty, romantic story is ordered in our Court circles to be officially believed; and, of course, is believed by nobody, not even by the Emperor and Empress themselves, who would not give her the place of a lady-in-waiting, though her request was accompanied with a valuable diamond to the latter. The present was kept, but the offer declined.

All the members of the Bonaparte family, female as well as male, honour her house with their visits and with the acceptance of her invitations; and it is, therefore, among our fashionables, the ‘haut ton’ to be of the society and circle of Madame de C——n.

Last February, Madame de P——t (the wife of Comte de P——t, a relative, by her husband’s side, of Madame de C——n, and who by the Revolution lost all their property, and now live with her as companions) was brought to bed of a son; the child was baptized by the Cardinal de Belloy, and Madame Joseph and Prince Louis Bonaparte stood sponsors. This occurrence was celebrated with great pomp, and a fete was given to nearly one hundred and fifty per sons of both sexes,—as usual, a mixture of ci-devant nobles and of ci-devant sans-culottes; of rank and meanness; of upstart wealth and beggared dignity.

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What that day struck me most was the audacity of the Senator Villetard in teasing and insulting the old Cardinal de Belloy with his impertinent conversation and affected piety. This Villetard was, before the Revolution, a journeyman barber, and was released in 1789 by the mob from the prison of the Chatelet, where he was confined for theft. In 1791 his patriotism was so well known in the Department of Yonne, that he was deputed by the Jacobins there to the Jacobins of the capital with an address, encouraging and advising the deposition of Louis XVI.; and in 1792 he was chosen a member of the National Convention, where the most sanguinary and most violent of the factions were always certain to reckon him in the number of their adherents.

In December, 1797, when an insurrection, prepared by Joseph Bonaparte at Rome, deprived the late revered pontiff both of his sovereignty and liberty, Villetard was sent by the Jacobin and atheistical party of the Directory to Loretto, to seize and carry off the celebrated Madonna. In the execution of this commission he displayed a conduct worthy the littleness of his genius and the criminality of his mind. The wooden image of the Holy Virgin, a black gown said to have appertained to her, together with three broken china plates, which the Roman Catholic faithful have for ages believed to have been used by her, were presented by him to the Directory, with a cruelly scandalous show, accompanied by a horribly blasphemous letter. He passed the next night, after he had perpetrated this sacrilege, with two prostitutes, in the chapel of the Holy Virgin; and, on the next morning, placed one of them, naked, on the pedestal where the statue of the Virgin had formerly stood, and ordered all the devotees at Loretto, and two leagues round, to prostrate themselves before her. This shocking command occasioned the premature death of fifteen ladies, two of whom, who were nuns, died on the spot on beholding the horrid outrage; and many more were deprived of their reason. How barbarously unfeeling must that wretch be who, in bereaving the religious, the pious, and the conscientious of their consolation and hope, adds the tormenting reproach of apostasy, by forcing virtue upon its knees to bow before what it knows to be guilt and infamy.

A traitor to his associates as to his God, it was he who, in November, 1799, presented at St. Cloud the decree which excluded all those who opposed Bonaparte’s authority from the Council of Five Hundred, and appointed the two committees which made him a First Consul. In reward for this act of treachery, he was nominated to a place in the Conservative Senate. He has now ranked himself among our modern saints, goes regularly to Mass and confesses; has made a brother of his, who was a drummer, an Abbe; and his assiduity about the Cardinal was probably with a view to obtain advancement for this edifying priest.

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The Cardinal de Belloy is now ninety-six years of age, being born in 1709, and has been a Bishop for fifty-three years, but, during the Revolution, was proscribed, with all other prelates. He remained, however, in France, where his age saved him from the guillotine, but not from being reduced to the greatest want. A descendant of a noble family, and possessing an unpolluted character, Bonaparte fixed upon him as one of the pillars for the reestablishment of the Catholic worship, made him an Archbishop of Paris, and procured him the rank of a Cardinal from Rome. But he is now in his second childhood, entirely directed by his grand vicaries, Malaret, De Mons, and Legeas, who are in the pay of, and absolutely devoted to, Bonaparte. An innocent instrument in their hands, of those impious compliments pronounced by him to the Emperor and the Empress, he did not, perhaps, even understand the meaning. From such a man the vile and artful Villetard might extort any promise. I observed, however, with pleasure, that he was watched by the grand vicar, Malaret, who seldom loses sight of His Eminence.

These two so opposite characters—I mean De Belloy and Villetard—are already speaking evidences of the composition of the society at Madame de C——n's. But I will tell you something still more striking. This lady is famous for her elegant services of plate, as much as for her delicate taste in entertaining her parties. After the supper on this night, eleven silver and four gold plates, besides numerous silver and gold spoons, forks, *etc*., were missed. She informed Fouche of her loss, who had her house surrounded by spies, with orders not to let any servant pass without undergoing a strict search. The first gentleman who called for his carriage was His Excellency the Counsellor of State and grand officer of the Legion of Honour, Treilhard. His servants were stopped and the cause explained. They willingly, and against the protest of their master, suffered themselves to be searched. Nothing was found upon them; but the police agents, observing the full-dress hat of their master rather bulky under his arm, took the liberty to look into it, where they found one of Madame de C——n's gold plates and two of her spoons. His Excellency immediately ordered his servants to be arrested, for having concealed their theft there. Fouche, however, when called out, advised his friend to forgive them for misplacing them, as the less said on the subject the better. When Madame de C——n heard of this discovery, she asked Fouche to recall his order or to alter it. "A repetition of such misplacings in the hats or in the pockets of the masters," said she, "would injure the reputation of my house and company." She never recovered the remainder of her loss, and that she might not be exposed in future to the same occurrences, she bought two services of china the following day, to be used when she had mixed society.

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Treilhard had, before the Revolution, the reputation of being an honest man and an able advocate; but has since joined the criminals of all factions, being an accomplice in their guilt and a sharer of their spoils. In the convention, he voted for the death of Louis XVI. and pursued without mercy the unfortunate Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. During his missions in the departments, wherever he went the guillotine was erected and blood flowed in streams. He was, nevertheless, accused by Robespierre of moderatism. At Lille, in 1797, and at Rastadt, in 1798, he negotiated as a plenipotentiary with the representatives of Princes, and in 1799 corresponded as a director with Emperors and Kings, to whom he wrote as his great and dear friends. He is now a Counsellor of State, in the section of legislation, and enjoys a fortune of several millions of livres, arising from estates in the country, and from leases in the capital. As this accident at Madame de C——n's soon became public, his friends gave out that he had of late been exceedingly absent, and, from absence of mind, puts everything he can lay hold of into his pocket. He is not a favourite with Madame Bonaparte, and she asked her husband to dismiss and disgrace him for an act so disgraceful to a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, but was answered, "Were I to turn away all the thieves and rogues that encompass me I should soon cease to reign. I despise them, but I must employ them."

It is whispered that the police have discovered another of Madame de C n's lost gold plates at a pawnbroker's, where it had been pledged by the wife of another Counsellor of State, Francois de Nantes.

This I give you merely as a report! though the fact is, that Madame Francois is very fond of gambling, but very unfortunate; and she, with other of our fashionable ladies, has more than once resorted to her charms for the payment of her gambling debts.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ST. CLOUD

Being Secret Letters from a Gentleman at Paris to a Nobleman in London

BOOK 2.

LETTER I.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Since my return here, I have never neglected to present myself before our Sovereign, on his days of grand reviews and grand diplomatic audiences. I never saw him more condescending, more agreeable, or, at least, less offensive, than on the day of his last levee, before he set out to be inaugurated a King of Italy; nor worse tempered, more petulant, agitated, abrupt, and rude than at his first grand audience after his arrival from Milan, when this ceremony had been performed. I am not the only

one who has made this remark; he did not disguise either his good or ill-humour; and it was only requisite to have eyes and ears to see and be disgusted at the difference of behaviour.

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I have heard a female friend of Madame Bonaparte explain, in part, the cause of this alteration. Just before he set out for Italy, the agreeable news of the success of the first Rochefort squadron in the West Indies, and the escape of our Toulon fleet from the vigilance of your Lord Nelson, highly elevated his spirits, as it was the first naval enterprise of any consequence since his reign. I am certain that one grand naval victory would flatter his vanity and ambition more than all the glory of one of his most brilliant Continental campaigns. He had also, at that time, great expectations that another negotiation with Russia would keep the Continent submissive under his dictature, until he should find an opportunity of crushing your power. You may be sure that he had no small hopes of striking a blow in your country, after the junction of our fleet with the Spanish, not by any engagement between our Brest fleet and your Channel fleet, but under a supposition that you would detach squadrons to the East and West Indies in search of the combined fleet, which, by an unexpected return, according to orders, would have then left us masters of the Channel, and, if joined with the Batavian fleet, perhaps even of the North Sea. By the incomprehensible activity of Lord Nelson, and by the defeat (or as we call it here, the negative victory) of Villeneuve and Gravina, all this first prospect had vanished. Our vengeance against a nation of shopkeepers we were not only under the necessity of postponing, but, from the unpolite threats and treaties of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg with those of Vienna and St. James, we were on the eve of a Continental war, and our gunboats, instead of being useful in carrying an army to the destruction of the tyrants of the seas, were burdensome, as an army was necessary to guard them, and to prevent these tyrants from capturing or destroying them. Such changes, in so short a period of time as three months, might irritate a temper less patient than that of Napoleon the First.

At his grand audience here, even after the army, of England had moved towards Germany, when the die was cast, and his mind should, therefore, have been made up, he was almost insupportable. The low bows, and the still humbler expressions of the Prussian Ambassador, the Marquis da Lucchesini, were hardly noticed; and the Saxon Ambassador, Count von Buneau, was addressed in a language that no well-bred master ever uses in speaking to a menial servant. He did not cast a look, or utter a word, that was not an insult to the audience and a disgrace to his rank. I never before saw him vent his rage and disappointment so indiscriminately. We were, indeed (if I may use the term), humbled and trampled upon en masse. Some he put out of countenance by staring angrily at them; others he shocked by his hoarse voice and harsh words; and all —all of us—were afraid, in our turn, of experiencing something worse than our neighbours. I observed more than one Minister, and more than one general, change colour, and even perspire, at His Majesty’s approach.

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I believe the members of the foreign diplomatic corps here will all agree with me that, at a future congress, the restoration of the ancient and becoming etiquette of the Kings of France would be as desirable a point to demand from the Emperor of the French as the restoration of the balance of power.

Before his army of England quitted its old quarters on the coast, the officers and men often felt the effects of his ungovernable temper. When several regiments of grenadiers, of the division of Oudinot, were defiling before him on the 25th of last month, he frequently and severely, though without cause, reprobated their manner of marching, and once rode up to Captain Fournois, pushed him forwards with the point of a small cane, calling out, “Sacre Dieu! Advance; you walk like a turkey.” In the first moment of indignation, the captain, striking at the cane with his sword, made a push, or a gesture, as if threatening the person of Bonaparte, who called out to his aide-de-camp, Savary:

“Disarm the villain, and arrest him!”

“It is unnecessary,” the captain replied, “I have served a tyrant, and merit my fate!” So saying, he passed his sword through his heart.

His whole company stopped instantly, as at a word of command, and a general murmur was heard.

“Lay down your arms, and march out of the file instantly,” commanded Bonaparte, “or you shall be cut down for your mutiny by my guides.”

They hesitated for a moment, but the guides advancing to surround them, they obeyed, and were disarmed. On the following afternoon, by a special military commission, each tenth man was condemned to be shot; but Bonaparte pardoned them upon condition of serving for life in the colonies; and the whole company was ordered to the colonial depots. The widow and five children of Captain Fournois the next morning threw themselves at the Emperor’s feet, presenting a petition, in which they stated that the pay of the captain had been their only support.

“Well,” replied Bonaparte to the kneeling petitioners, “Fournois was both a fool and a traitor; but, nevertheless, I will take care of you.” Indeed, they have been so well taken care of that nobody knows what has become of them.

I am almost certain that I am not telling you what you did not know beforehand in informing you that the spirit of our troops is greatly different from that of the Germans, and even from that of your own country. Every, one of our soldiers would prefer being shot to being beaten or caned. Flogging, with us, is out of the question. It may, perhaps, be national vanity, but I am doubtful whether any other army is, or can be, governed, with regard to discipline, in a less violent and more delicate manner, and,

nevertheless, be kept in subordination, and perform the most brilliant exploits. Remember, I speak of our spirit of subordination and discipline, and not of our character as citizens, as patriots, or as subjects. I have often hinted it, but I believe I have not explained myself so fully before; but my firm opinion and persuasion is that, with regard to our loyalty, our duty, and our moral and political principles, another equally inconsistent and despicable people does not exist in the universe.

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The condition of the slave is certainly in itself that of vileness; but is that slave a vile being who, for a blow, pierces his bosom because he is unable to avenge it? And what epithet can be given him who braves voluntarily a death seemingly certain, not from the love of his country, but from a principle of honour, almost incompatible with the dishonour of bondage?

During the siege of Yorktown, in America, we had, during one night, erected a battery, with intent to blow up a place which, according to the report of our spies, was your magazine of ammunition, *etc*. We had not time to finish it before daylight; but one loaded twenty-four pounder was mounted, and our cannoneer, the moment he was about to fire it, was killed. Six more of our men, in the same attempt, experienced the same fate. My regiment constituted the advanced guard nearest to the spot, and La Fayette brought me the order from the commander-in-chief to engage some of my men upon that desperate undertaking. I spoke to them, and two advanced, but were both instantly shot by your sharpshooters. I then looked at my grenadiers, without uttering anything, when, to my sorrow, one of my best and most orderly men advanced, saying, “My colonel, permit me to try my fortune!” I assented, and he went coldly amidst hundreds of bullets whistling around his ears, set fire to the cannon, which blew up a depot of powder, as was expected, and in the confusion returned unhurt. La Fayette then presented him with his purse. “No, monsieur,” replied he, “money did not make me venture upon such a perilous undertaking.” I understood my man, promoted him to a sergeant, and recommended him to Rochambeau, who, in some months, procured him the commission of a sub-lieutenant. He is now one of Bonaparte’s Field-marshals, and the only one of that rank who has no crimes to reproach himself with. This man was the soldier of a despot; but was not his action that of a man of honour, which a stanch republican of ancient Rome would have been proud of? Who can explain this contradiction?

This anecdote about Fournois I heard General Savary relate at Madame Duchatel’s, as a proof of Bonaparte’s generosity and clemency, which, he affirmed, excited the admiration of the whole camp at Boulogne. I do not suppose this officer to be above thirty years of age, of which he has passed the first twenty-five in orphan-houses or in watch-houses; but no tyrant ever had a more cringing slave, or a more abject courtier. His affectation to extol everything that Bonaparte does, right or wrong, is at last become so habitual that it is naturalized, and you may mistake for sincerity that which is nothing but imposture or flattery. This son of a Swiss porter is now one of Bonaparte’s adjutants-general, a colonel of the Gendarmes d’Elite, a general of brigade in the army, and a commander of the Legion of Honour; all these places he owes, not to valour or merit, but to abjectness, immorality,

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and servility. When an aide-de-camp with Bonaparte in Egypt, he served him as a spy on his comrades and on the officers of the staff, and was so much detested that, near Aboukir, several shots were fired at him in his tent by his own countrymen. He is supposed still to continue the same espionage; and as a colonel of the Gendarmes d'Elite, he is charged with the secret execution of all proscribed persons or State prisoners, who have been secretly condemned,—a commission that a despot gives to a man he trusts, but dares not offer to a man he esteems. He is so well known that the instant he enters a society silence follows, and he has the whole conversation to himself. This he is stupid enough to take for a compliment, or for a mark of respect, or an acknowledgment of his superior parts and intelligence, when, in fact, it is a direct reproach with which prudence arms itself against suspected or known dishonesty. Besides his wife, he has to support six other women whom he has seduced and ruined; and, notwithstanding the numerous opportunities his master has procured him of pillaging and enriching himself, he is still much in debt; but woe to his creditors were they indiscreet enough to ask for their payments! The Secret Tribunal would soon seize them and transport them, or deliver them over to the hands of their debtor, to be shot as traitors or conspirators.

LETTER II.

Paris, September, 1805.

My *lord*:—I am told that it was the want of pecuniary resources that made Bonaparte so ill-tempered on his last levee day. He would not have come here at all, but preceded his army to Strasburg, had his Minister of Finances, Gaudin, and his Minister of the Public Treasury, Marbois, been able to procure forty-four millions of livres—to pay a part of the arrears of the troops; and for the speedy conveyance of ammunition and artillery towards the Rhine.

Immediately after his arrival here, Bonaparte sent for the directors of the Bank of France, informing them that within twenty-four hours they must advance him thirty-six millions of livres—upon the revenue of the last quarter of 1808. The president of the bank, Senator Garrat, demanded two hours to lay before the Emperor the situation of the bank, that His Majesty might judge what sum it was possible to spare without ruining the credit of an establishment hitherto so useful to the commerce of the Empire. To this Bonaparte replied that he was not ignorant of the resources, or of the credit of the bank, any more than of its public utility; but that the affairs of State suffered from every hour's delay, and that, therefore, he insisted upon having the sum demanded even within two hours, partly in paper and partly in cash; and were they to show any more opposition, he would order the bank and all its effects to be seized that moment. The directors bowed and returned to the bank; whither they were followed by four waggons escorted

by hussars, and belonging to the financial department of the army of England. In these were placed eight millions of livres in cash; and twenty-eight millions in bank-notes were delivered to M. Lefevre, the Secretary-General of Marbois, who presented, in exchange, Bonaparte's bond and security for the amount, bearing an interest of five per cent. yearly.

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When this money transaction was known to the public, the alarm became general, and long before the hour the bank usually opens the adjoining streets were crowded with persons desiring to exchange their notes for cash. During the night the directors had taken care to pay themselves for the banknotes in their own possession with silver or gold, and, as they expected a run, they ordered all persons to be paid in copper coin, as long as any money of this metal remained. It required a long time to count those halfpennies and centimes (five of which make a sou, or halfpenny), but the people were not tired with waiting until towards three o'clock in the afternoon, when the bank is shut up. They then became so clamorous that a company of gendarmes was placed for protection at the entrance of the bank; but, as the tumult increased, the street was surrounded by the police guards, and above six hundred individuals, many of them women, were carried, under an escort, to different police commissaries, and to the prefecture of the police. There most of them, after being examined, were reprimanded and released. The same night, the police spies reported in the coffee-houses of the Palais Royal, and on the Boulevards, that this run on the bank was encouraged, and paid for, by English emissaries, some of whom were already taken, and would be executed on the next day. In the morning, however, the streets adjoining the bank were still more crowded, and the crowd still more tumultuous, because payment was refused for all notes but those of five hundred livres. The activity of the police agents, supported by the gendarmes and police soldiers, again restored order, after several hundred persons had been again taken up for their mutinous conduct. Of these many were, on the same evening, loaded with chains, and, placed in carts under military escort, paraded about near the bank and the Palais Royal; the police having, as a measure of safety, under suspicion that they were influenced by British gold, condemned them to be transported to Cayenne; and the carts set out on the same night for Rochefort, the place of their embarkation.

On the following day, not an individual approached the bank, but all trade and all payments were at a stand; nobody would sell but for ready money, and nobody who had bank-notes would part with cash. Some Jews and money-brokers in the Palais Royal offered cash for these bills, at a discount of from ten to twenty per cent. But these usurers were, in their turn, taken up and transported, as agents of Pitt. An interview was then demanded by the directors and principal bankers with the Ministers of Finance and of the Public Treasury. In this conference it was settled that, as soon as the two millions of dollars on their way from Spain had arrived at Paris, the bank should reassume its payments. These dollars Government would lend the bank for three months, and take in return its notes, but the bank was, nevertheless, to pay an interest of six per cent. during that period. All the bankers agreed not to press unnecessarily for any exchange of bills into cash, and to keep up the credit of the bank even by the individual credit of their own houses.

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You know, I suppose, that the Bank of France has never issued but two sorts of notes; those of one thousand livres—and those of five hundred livres. At the day of its stoppage, sixty millions of livres—of the former, and fifteen millions of livres—of the latter, were in circulation; and I have heard a banker assert that the bank had not then six millions of livres—in money and bullion, to satisfy the claims of its creditors, or to honour its bills.

The shock given to the credit of the bank by this last requisition of Bonaparte will be felt for a long time, and will with difficulty ever be repaired under his despotic government. Even now, when the bank pays in cash, our merchants make a difference from five to ten per cent. between purchasing for specie or paying in bank-notes; and this mistrust will not be lessened hereafter. You may, perhaps, object that, as long as the bank pays, it is absurd for any one possessing its bills to pay dearer than with cash, which might so easily be obtained. This objection would stand with regard to your, or any other free country, but here, where no payments are made in gold, but always in silver or copper, it requires a cart to carry away forty, thirty, or twenty thousand livres, in coin of these metals, and would immediately excite suspicion that a bearer of these bills was an emissary of our enemies, or an enemy of our Government. With us, unfortunately, suspicion is the same as conviction, and chastisement follows it as its shadow.

A manufacturer of the name of Debrais, established in the Rue St. Martin, where he had for years carried on business in the woollen line, went to the bank two days after it had begun to pay. He demanded, and obtained, exchange for twenty-four thousand livres—in notes, necessary for him to pay what was due by him to his workmen. The same afternoon six of our custom-house officers, accompanied by police agents and gendarmes, paid him a domiciliary visit under pretence of searching for English goods. Several bales were seized as being of that description, and Debrais was carried a prisoner to La Force. On being examined by Fouche, he offered to prove, by the very men who had fabricated the suspected goods, that they were not English. The Minister silenced him by saying that Government had not only evidence of the contrary, but was convinced that he was employed as an English agent to hurt the credit of the bank, and therefore, if he did not give up his accomplices or employers, had condemned him to transportation. In vain did his wife and daughters petition to Madame Bonaparte; Debrais is now at Rochefort, if not already embarked for our colonies.

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When he was arrested, a seal, as usual, was put on his house, from which his wife and family were turned out, until the police should have time to take an inventory of his effects, and had decided on his fate. When Madame Debrais, after much trouble and many pecuniary sacrifices, at last obtained permission to have the seals removed, and reenter her house, she found that all her plate and more than half her goods and furniture had been stolen and carried away. Upon her complaint of this theft she was thrown into prison for not being able to support her complaint with proofs, and for attempting to vilify the characters of the agents of our Government. She is still in prison, but her daughters are by her orders disposing of the remainder of their parents' property, and intend to join their father as soon as their mother has recovered her liberty.

The same tyranny that supports the credit of our bank also keeps up the price of our stocks. Any of our great stockholders who sell out to any large amount, if they are unable to account for, or unwilling to declare the manner in which they intend to employ, their money, are immediately arrested, sometimes transported to the colonies, but more frequently exiled into the country, to remain under the inspection of some police agent, and are not allowed to return here without the previous permission of our Government. Those of them who are upstarts, and have made their fortune since the Revolution by plunder or as contractors, are still more severely treated, and are often obliged to renounce part of their ill-gotten wealth to save the remainder, or to preserve their liberty or lives. A revisal of their former accounts, or an inspection of their past transactions, is a certain and efficacious threat to keep them in silent submission, as they all well understand the meaning of them.

Even foreigners, whom our numerous national bankruptcies have not yet disheartened, are subject to these measures of rigour or vigour requisite to preserve our public credit. In the autumn of last year a Dutchman of the name of Van der Winkle sold out by his agent for three millions of livres—in our stock on one day, for which he bought up bills upon Hamburg and London. He lodged in the Hotel des Quatre Nations, Rue Grenelle, where the landlord, who is a patriot, introduced some police agents into his apartments during his absence. These broke open all his trunks, drawers, and even his writing-desk, and when he entered, seized his person, and carried him to the Temple. By his correspondence it was discovered that all this money was to be brought over to England; a reason more than sufficient to incur the suspicion of our Government. Van der Winkle spoke very little French, and he continued, therefore, in confinement three weeks before he was examined, as our secret police had not at Paris any of its agents who spoke Dutch. Carried before Fouche, he avowed that the money was destined for England, there to pay

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for some plantations which he desired to purchase in Surinam and Barbice. His interpreter advised him, by the orders of Fouche, to alter his mind, and, as he was fond of colonial property, lay out his money in plantations at Cayenne, which was in the vicinity of Surinam, and where Government would recommend him advantageous purchases. It was hinted to him, also, that this was a particular favour, and a proof of the generosity of our Government, as his papers contained many matters that might easily be construed to be of a treasonable nature. After consulting with Schimmelpenninck, the Ambassador of his country, he wrote for his wife and children, and was seen safe with them to Bordeaux by our police agents, who had hired an American vessel to carry them all to Cayenne. This certainly is a new method to populate our colonies with capitalists.

LETTER III.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Hanover has been a mine of gold to our Government, to its generals, to its commissaries, and to its favourites. According to the boasts of Talleyrand, and the avowal of Berthier, we have drawn from it within two years more wealth than has been paid in contributions to the Electors of Hanover for this century past, and more than half a century of peace can restore to that unfortunate country. It is reported here that each person employed in a situation to make his fortune in the Continental States of the King of England (a name given here to Hanover in courtesy to Bonaparte) was laid under contribution, and expected to make certain douceurs to Madame Bonaparte; and it is said that she has received from Mortier three hundred thousand livres, and from Bernadotte two hundred and fifty thousand livres, besides other large sums from our military commissaries, treasurers, and other agents in the Electorate.

General Mortier is one of the few favourite officers of Bonaparte who have distinguished themselves under his rivals, Pichegru and Moreau, without ever serving under him. Edward Adolph Casimer Mortier is the son of a shopkeeper, and was born at Cambray in 1768. He was a shopman with his father until 1791, when he obtained a commission, first as a lieutenant of carabiniers, and afterwards as captain of the first battalion of volunteers of the Department of the North. His first sight of an enemy was on the 30th of April, 1792, near Quievrain, where he had a horse killed under him. He was present in the battles of Jemappes, of Nerwinde, and of Pellenberg. At the battle of Houdscoote he distinguished himself so much as to be promoted to an adjutant general. He was wounded at the battle of Fleures, and again at the passage of the Rhine, in 1795, under General Moreau. During 1796 and 1797 he continued to serve in Germany, but in 1798 and 1799 he headed a division in Switzerland from which Bonaparte recalled him in 1800, to command the troops in the capital and its environs.

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His address to Bonaparte, announcing the votes of the troops under him respecting the consulate for life and the elevation to the Imperial throne, contain such mean and abject flattery that, for a true soldier, it must have required more self-command and more courage to pronounce them than to brave the fire of a hundred cannons; but these very addresses, contemptible as their contents are, procured him the Field-marshal's staff. Mortier well knew his man, and that his cringing in antechambers would be better rewarded than his services in the field. I was not present when Mortier spoke so shamefully, but I have heard from persons who witnessed this farce, that he had his eyes fixed on the ground the whole time, as if to say, "I grant that I speak as a despicable being, and I grant that I am so; but what shall I do, tormented as I am by ambition to figure among the great, and to riot among the wealthy? Have compassion on my weakness, or, if you have not, I will console myself with the idea that my meanness is only of the duration of half an hour, while its recompense-my rank-will be permanent."

Mortier married, in 1799, the daughter of the landlord of the Belle Sauvage inn at Coblentz, who was pregnant by him, or by some other guest of her father. She is pretty, but not handsome, and she takes advantage of her husband's complaisance to console herself both for his absence and infidelities. When she was delivered of her last child, Mortier positively declared that he had not slept with her for twelve months, and the babe has, indeed, less resemblance to him than to his valet de chambre. The child was baptised with great splendour; the Emperor and the Empress were the sponsors, and it was christened by Cardinal Fesch. Bonaparte presented Madame Mortier on this occasion with a diamond necklace valued at one hundred and fifty thousand livres.

During his different campaigns, and particularly during his glorious campaign in Hanover, he has collected property to the amount of seven millions of livres, laid out in estates and lands. He is considered by other generals as a brave captain, but an indifferent chief; and among our fashionables and our courtiers he is held up as a model of connubial fidelity—satisfying himself with keeping three mistresses only.

There was no truth in the report that his recall from Hanover was in consequence of any disgrace; on the contrary, it was a new proof of Bonaparte's confidence and attachment. He was recalled to take the command of the artillery of Bonaparte's, household troops the moment Pichegru, George, and Moreau were arrested, and when the Imperial tide had been resolved on. More resistance against this innovation was at that time expected than experienced.

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Bernadotte, who succeeded Mortier in the command of our army in Hanover, is a man of a different stamp. His father was a chair-man, and he was born at Paris in 1763. In 1779 he enlisted in the regiment called La Vieille Harine, where the Revolution found him a sergeant. This regiment was then quartered at Toulon, and the emissaries of anarchy and licentiousness engaged him as one of their agents. His activity soon destroyed all discipline, and the troops, instead of attending to their military duty, followed him to the debates and discussions of the Jacobin clubs. Being arrested and ordered to be tried for his mutinous, scandalous behaviour, an insurrection liberated him, and forced his accusers to save their lives by flight. In April, 1790, he headed the banditti who murdered the Governor of the Fort St. Jean at Marseilles, and who afterwards occasioned the Civil War in Comtat Venaigin, where he served under Jourdan, known by the name of Coup-tell, or cut-throat, who made him a colonel and his aide-de-camp. In 1794, he was employed, as a general of brigade, in the army of the Sambre and Meuse; and during the campaigns of 1795 and 1796, he served under another Jourdan, the general, without much distinction,—except that he was accused by him of being the cause of all the disasters of the last campaign, by the complete rout he suffered near Neumark on the 23d of August, 1796. His division was ordered to Italy in 1797, where, against the laws of nations, he arrested M. d' Antraigues, who was attached to the Russian legation. When the Russian Ambassador tried to dissuade him from committing this injustice, and this violation of the rights of privileged persons, he replied: "There is no question here of any other right or justice than the right and justice of power, and I am here the strongest. M. d'Antraigues is our enemy; were he victorious, he would cause us all to be shot. I repeat, I am here the strongest, 'et nous verrons'."

After the Peace of Campo Formio, Bernadotte was sent as an Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, accompanied by a numerous escort of Jacobin propagators. Having procured the liberty of Austrian patriots, whose lives, forfeit to the law, the lenity of the Cabinet of Vienna had spared, he thought that he might attempt anything; and, therefore, on the anniversary day of the fete for the levy en masse of the inhabitants of the capital, he insulted the feelings of the loyal, and excited the discontented to rebellion, by placing over the door and in the windows of his house the tri-coloured flag. This outrage the Emperor was unable to prevent his subjects from resenting. Bernadotte's house was invaded, his furniture broken to pieces, and he was forced to save himself at the house of the Spanish Ambassador. As a satisfaction for this attack, provoked by his own insolence, he demanded the immediate dismissal of the Austrian Minister, Baron Thugut, and threatened, in case of refusal, to leave Vienna, which he did on the next day. So disgraceful was his conduct regarded, even by the Directory, that this event made but little impression, and no alteration in the continuance of their intercourse with the Austrian Government.

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In 1799, he was for some weeks a Minister of the war department, from which his incapacity caused him to be dismissed. When Bonaparte intended to seize the reins of State, he consulted Bernadotte, who spoke as an implacable Jacobin until a douceur of three hundred thousand livres—calmed him a little, and convinced him that the Jacobins were not infallible or their government the best of all possible governments. In 1801, he was made the commander-in-chief in the Western Department, where he exercised the greatest barbarities against the inhabitants, whom he accused of being still chouans and royalists.

With Augereau and Massena, Bernadotte is a merciless plunderer. In the summer, 1796, he summoned the magistrates of the free and neutral city of Nuremberg to bring him, under pain of military execution, within twenty-four hours, two millions of livres. With much difficulty this sum was collected. The day after he had received it, he insisted upon another sum to the same amount within another twenty-four hours, menacing in case of disobedience to give the city up to a general pillage by his troops. Fortunately, a column of Austrians advanced and delivered them from the execution of his threats. The troops under him were, both in Italy and in Germany, the terror of the inhabitants, and when defeated were, from their pillage and murder, hunted like wild beasts. Bernadotte has by these means within ten years become master of a fortune of ten millions of livres.

Many have considered Bernadotte a revolutionary fanatic, but they are in the wrong. Money engaged him in the cause of the Revolution, where the first crimes he had perpetrated fixed him. The many massacres under Jourdan the cut-throat, committed by him in the Court at Venaigin, no doubt display a most sanguinary character. A lady, however, in whose house in La Vendee he was quartered six months, has assured me that, to judge from his conversation, he is not naturally cruel, but that his imagination is continually tormented with the fear of gibbets which he knows that his crimes have merited, and that, therefore, when he stabs others, he thinks it commanded by the necessity of preventing others from stabbing him. Were he sure of impunity, he would, perhaps, show humanity as well as justice. Bernadotte is not, only a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, but a knight of the Royal Prussian Order of the Black Eagle.

LETTER IV.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Bonaparte has taken advantage of the remark of Voltaire, in his “Life of Louis *xiv*.,” that this Prince owed much of his celebrity to the well—distributed pensions among men of letters in France and in foreign countries. According to a list shown me by Fontanes, the president of the legislative corps and a director of literary pensions, even in your country and in Ireland he has nine literary pensioners. Though

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the names of your principal authors and men of letters are not unknown to me, I have never read nor heard of any of those I saw in the list, except two or three as editors of some newspapers, magazines, or trifling and scurrilous party pamphlets. I made this observation to Fontanes, who replied that these men, though obscure, had, during the last peace, been very useful, and would be still more so after another pacification; and that Bonaparte must be satisfied with these until he could gain over men of greater talents. He granted also that men of true genius and literary eminence were, in England, more careful of the dignity of their character than those of Germany and Italy, and more difficult to be bought over. He added that, as soon as the war ceased, he should cross the Channel on a literary mission, from which he hoped to derive more success than from that which was undertaken three years ago by Fievee.

To these men of letters, who are themselves, with their writings, devoted to Bonaparte, he certainly is very liberal. Some he has made tribunes, prefects, or legislators; others he has appointed his Ministers in foreign countries, and on those to whom he has not yet been able to given places, he bestows much greater pensions than any former Sovereign of this country allowed to a Corneille, a Racine, a Boileau, a Voltaire, a De Crebillon, a D' Alembert, a Marmontel, and other heroes of our literature and honours to our nation. This liberality is often carried too far, and thrown away upon worthless subjects, whose very flattery displays absence of taste and genius, as well as of modesty and shame. To a fellow of the name of Dagee, who sang the coronation of Napoleon the First in two hundred of the most disgusting and ill-digested lines that ever were written, containing neither metre nor sense, was assigned a place in the administration of the forest department, worth twelve thousand livres in the year—-besides a present, in ready money, of one hundred napoleons d'or. Another poetaster, Barre, who has served and sung the chiefs of all former factions, received, for an ode of forty lines on Bonaparte's birthday, an office at Milan, worth twenty thousand livres in the year—and one hundred napoleons d'or for his travelling expenses.

The sums of money distributed yearly by Bonaparte's agents for dedications to him by French and foreign authors, are still greater than those fixed for regular literary pensions. Instead of discouraging these foolish and impertinent contributions, which genius, ingenuity, necessity, or intrusion, lay on his vanity, he rather encourages them. His name is, therefore, found in more dedications published within these last five years than those of all other Sovereign Princes in Europe taken together for the last century. In a man whose name, unfortunately for humanity, must always live in history, it is a childish and unpardonable weakness to pay so profusely for the short and uncertain immortality which some dull or obscure scribbler or poetaster confers on him.

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During the last Christmas holidays I dined at Madame Remisatu's, in company with Duroc. The question turned upon literary productions and the comparative merit of the compositions of modern French and foreign authors. "As to the merits or the quality," said Duroc, "I will not take upon me to judge, as I profess myself totally incompetent; but as to their size and quantity I have tolerably good information, and it will not, therefore, be very improper in me to deliver my opinion. I am convinced that the German and Italian authors are more numerous than those of my own country, for the following reasons: I suppose, from what I have witnessed and experienced for some years past, that of every book or publication printed in France, Italy, and Germany, each tenth is dedicated to the Emperor. Now, since last Christmas ninety-six German and seventy-one Italian authors have inscribed their works to His Majesty, and been rewarded for it; while during the same period only sixty-six Frenchmen have presented their offerings to their Sovereign." For my part I think Duroc's conclusion tolerably just.

Among all the numerous hordes of authors who have been paid, recompensed, or encouraged by Bonaparte, none have experienced his munificence more than the Italian Spanicetti and the German Ritterstein. The former presented him a genealogical table in which he proved that the Bonaparte family, before their emigration from Tuscany to Corsica, four hundred years ago, were allied to the most ancient Tuscany families, even to that of the House of Medicis; and as this house has given two queens to the Bourbons when Sovereigns of France, the Bonapartes are, therefore, relatives of the Bourbons; and the sceptre of the French Empire is still in the same family, though in a more worthy branch. Spanicetti received one thousand louis—in gold, a pension of six thousand livres—for life, and the place of a chef du bureau in the ministry of the home department of the Kingdom of Italy, producing eighteen thousand livres yearly.

Ritterstein, a Bavarian genealogist, proved the pedigree of the Bonapartes as far back as the first crusades, and that the name of the friend of Richard Coeur de Lion was not Blondel, but Bonaparte; that he exchanged the latter for the former only to marry into the Plantagenet family, the last branch of which has since been extinguished by its intermarriage and incorporation with the House of Stuart, and that, therefore, Napoleon Bonaparte is not only related to most Sovereign Princes of Europe, but has more right to the throne of Great Britain than George the Third, being descended from the male branch of the Stuarts; while this Prince is only descended from the female branch of the same royal house. Ritterstein was presented with a snuff-box with Bonaparte's portrait set with diamonds, valued at twelve thousand livres, and received twenty-four thousand livres ready money, together with a pension of nine thousand livres—in the year, until he could be better provided for. He was, besides, nominated a Knight of the Legion of Honour. It cannot be denied but that Bonaparte rewards like a real Emperor.

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But artists as well as authors obtain from him the same encouragement, and experience the same liberality. In our different museums we, therefore, already, see and admire upwards of two hundred pictures, representing the different actions, scenes, and achievements of Bonaparte's public life. It is true they are not all highly finished or well composed or delineated, but they all strike the spectators more or less with surprise or admiration; and it is with us, as, I suppose, with you, and everywhere else, the multitude decide: for one competent judge or real connoisseur, hundreds pass, who stare, gape, are charmed, and inspire thousands of their acquaintance, friends, and neighbours with their own satisfaction. Believe me, Napoleon the First well knows the age, his contemporaries, and, I fear, even posterity.

That statuaries and sculptors consider him also as a generous patron, the numerous productions of their chisels in France, Italy, and Germany, having him for their object, seem to evince. Ten sculptors have already represented his passage over the Mount St. Bernard, eighteen his passage over Pont de Lodi, and twenty-two that over Pont d' Arcole. At Rome, Milan, Turin, Lyons, and Paris are statues of him representing his natural size; and our ten thousand municipalities have each one of his busts; without mentioning the thousands of busts all over Europe, not excepting even your own country. When Bonaparte sees under the windows of the Tuileries the statue of Caesar placed in the garden of that palace, he cannot help saying to himself: "Marble lives longer than man." Have you any doubt that his ambition and vanity extend beyond the grave?

The only artist I ever heard of who was disappointed and unrewarded for his labour in attempting to eternize the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte, was a German of the name of Schumacher. It is, indeed, allowed that he was more industrious, able, and well-meaning than ingenious or considerate. He did not consider that it would be no compliment to give the immortal hero a hint of being a mortal man. Schumacher had employed near three years in planning and executing in marble the prettiest model of a sepulchral monument I have ever seen, read or heard of. He had inscribed it: "The Future Tomb of Bonaparte the Great." Under the patronage of Count von Beast, he arrived here; and I saw the model in the house of this Minister of the German Elector Arch—Chancellor, where also many French artists went to inspect it. Count von Beast asked De Segur, the grand master of the ceremonies, to request the Emperor to grant Schumacher the honour of showing him his performance. De Segur advised him to address himself to Duroc, who referred him to Devon, who, after looking at it, could not help paying a just tribute to the execution and to the talents of the artist, though he disapproved of the subject, and declined mentioning it to the Emperor. After three months' attendance in this capital, and all petitions and memorials to our great folks remaining unanswered, Schumacher obtained an audience of Fouche, in which he asked permission to exhibit his model of Bonaparte's tomb to the public for money, so as to be enabled to return to his country.

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“Where is it now?” asked Fouche.

“At the Minister’s of the Elector Arch-Chancellor,” answered the artist.

“But where do you intend to show it for money?” continued Fouche.

“In the Palais Royal.”

“Well, bring it there,” replied Fouche.

The same evening that it was brought there, Schumacher was arrested by a police commissary, his model packed up, and, with himself, put under the care of two gendarmes, who carried them both to the other side of the Rhine. Here the Elector of Baden gave him some money to return to his home, near Aschaffenburg, where he has since exposed for money the model of a grand tomb for a little man. I have just heard that one of your countrymen has purchased it for one hundred and fifty louis d’or.

LETTER V.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Those who only are informed of the pageantry of our Court, of the expenses of our courtiers, of the profusion of our Emperor, and of the immense wealth of his family and favourites, may easily be led to believe that France is one of the happiest and most prosperous countries in Europe. But for those who walk in our streets, who visit our hospitals, who count the number of beggars and of suicides, of orphans and of criminals, of prisoners and of executioners, it is a painful necessity to reverse the picture, and to avow that nowhere, comparatively, can there be found so much collective misery. And it is not here, as in other States, that these unfortunate, reduced, or guilty are persons of the lowest classes of society; on the contrary, many, and, I fear, the far greater part, appertain to the ci-devant privileged classes, descended from ancestors noble, respectable, and wealthy, but who by the Revolution have been degraded to misery or infamy, and perhaps to both.

When you stop but for a moment in our streets to look at something exposed for sale in a shop-window, or for any other cause of curiosity or want, persons of both sexes, decently dressed, approach you, and whisper to you: “Monsieur, bestow your charity on the Marquis, or Marquise—on the Baron or Baroness, such a one, ruined by the Revolution;” and you sometimes hear names on which history has shed so brilliant a lustre that, while you contemplate the deplorable reverses of human greatness, you are not a little surprised to find that it is in your power to relieve with a trifle the wants of the grandson of an illustrious warrior, before whom nations trembled, or of the granddaughter of that eminent statesman who often had in his hands the destiny of Empires. Some few solitary walks, incognito, by Bonaparte, in the streets of his capital,

would perhaps be the best preservative against unbounded ambition and confident success that philosophy could present to unfeeling tyranny.

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Some author has written that “want is the parent of industry, and wretchedness the mother of ingenuity.” I know that you have often approved and rewarded the ingenious productions of my emigrated countrymen in England; but here their labours and their endeavours are disregarded; and if they cannot or will not produce anything to flatter the pride or appetite of the powerful or rich upstarts, they have no other choice left but beggary or crime, meanness or suicide. How many have I heard repent of ever returning to a country where they have no expectation of justice in their claims, no hope of relief in their necessities, where death by hunger, or by their own hands, is the final prospect of all their sufferings.

Many of our ballad-singers are disguised emigrants; and I know a ci-devant Marquis who is, incognito, a groom to a contractor, the son of his uncle’s porter. Our old pedlars complain that their trade is ruined by the Counts, by the Barons and Chevaliers who have monopolized all their business. Those who pretend to more dignity, but who have in fact less honesty, are employed in our billiard and gambling-houses. I have seen two music-grinders, one of whom was formerly a captain of infantry, and the other a Counsellor of Parliament. Every, day you may bestow your penny or halfpenny on two veiled girls playing on the guitar or harp—the one the daughter of a ci-devant Duke, and the other of a ci-devant Marquis, a general under Louis XVI. They, are usually placed, the one on the Boulevards, and the other in the Elysian Fields; each with an old woman by her side, holding a begging-box in her hand. I am told one of the women has been the nurse of one of those ladies. What a recollection, if she thinks of the past, in contemplating the present!

On the day of Bonaparte’s coronation, and a little before he set out with his Pope and other splendid retinue, an old man was walking slowly on the Quai de Voltaire, without saying a word, but a label was pinned to his hat with this inscription: “I had sixty thousand livres rent—I am eighty years of age, and I request alms.” Many individuals, even some of Bonaparte’s soldiers, gave him their mite; but as soon as he was observed he was seized by the police agents, and has not since been heard of. I am told his name is De la Roche, a ci-devant Chevalier de St. Louis, whose property was sold in 1793 as belonging to an emigrant, though at the time he was shut up here as a prisoner, suspected of aristocracy. He has since for some years been a water-carrier; but his strength failing, he supported himself lately entirely by begging. The value of the dress of one of Bonaparte’s running footmen might have been sufficient to relieve him for the probably short remainder of his days. But it is more easy and agreeable in this country to bury undeserved want in dungeons than to renounce unnecessary and useless show to relieve it. In the evening the remembrance of these sixty thousand livres of the poor Chevalier deprived me of all pleasure in beholding the sixty thousand lamps decorating and illuminating Bonaparte’s palace of the Tuileries.

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Some of the emigrants, whose strength of body age has not impaired, or whose vigour of mind misfortunes have not depressed, are now serving as officers or soldiers under the Emperor of the French, after having for years fought in vain for the cause of a King of France in the brave army of Conde. Several are even doing duty in Bonaparte's household troops, where I know one who is a captain, and who, for distinguishing himself in combating the republicans, received the Order of St. Louis, but is now made a knight of Napoleon's Republican Order, the Legion of Honour, for bowing gracefully to Her Imperial Majesty the Empress. As he is a man of real honour, this favour is not quite in its place; but I am convinced that should one day an opportunity present itself, he will not miss it, but prove that he has never been misplaced. Another emigrant who, after being a page to the Duc d'Angouleme, made four campaigns as an officer of the Uhlans in the service of the Emperor of Germany, and was rewarded with the Military Order of Maria Theresa, is now a knight of the Legion of Honour, and an officer of the Mamelukes of the Emperor of the French. Four more emigrants have engaged themselves in the same corps as common Mamelukes, after being for seven years volunteers in the legion of Mirabeau, under the Prince de Conde. It were to be wished that the whole of this favourite corps were composed of returned emigrants. I am sure they would never betray the confidence of Napoleon, but they would also never swear allegiance to another Bonaparte.

While the humbled remnants of one sex of the ci-devant privileged classes are thus or worse employed, many persons of the other sex have preferred domestic servitude to courtly splendour, and are chambermaids or governesses, when they might have been Maids of Honour or ladies-in-waiting. Mademoiselle de R------, daughter of Marquis de R------, was offered a place as a Maid of Honour to Princesse Murat, which she declined, but accepted at the same time the offer of being a companion of the rich Madame Moulin, whose husband is a ci-devant valet of Comte de Brienne. Her father and brother suffered for this choice and preference, which highly offended Bonaparte, who ordered them both to be transported to Guadeloupe, under pretence that the latter had said in a coffee-house that his sister would rather have been the housemaid of the wife of a ci-devant valet, than the friend of the wife of a ci-devant assassin and Septembrizer. It was only by a valuable present to Madame Bonaparte from Madame Moulin, that Mademoiselle de B----- was not included in the act of proscription against her father and brother.

I am sorry to say that returned emigrants have also been arrested for frauds and debts, and even tried and convicted of crimes. But they are proportionally few, compared with those who, without support, and perhaps without hope, and from want of resignation and submission to the will of Providence, have, in despair, had recourse to the pistol or dagger, or in the River Seine buried their remembrance both of what they have been and of what they were. The suicides of the vicious capital are reckoned upon an average to amount to one hundred in the month; and for these last three years, one-tenth, at least, have been emigrants of both sexes!

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LETTER VI.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Nobody here, except his courtiers, denies that Bonaparte is vain, cruel, and ambitious; but as to his private, personal, or domestic vices, opinions are various, and even opposite. Most persons, who have long known him, assert that women are his aversion; and many anecdotes have been told of his unnatural and horrid propensities. On the other hand, his seeming attachment to his wife is contradictory to these rumours, which certainly are exaggerated. It is true, indeed, that it was to oblige Barras, and to obtain her fortune, that he accepted of her hand ten years ago; though insinuating, she was far from being handsome, and had long passed the period of inspiring love by her charms. Her husband's conduct towards her may, therefore, be construed, perhaps, into a proof of indifference towards the whole sex as much as into an evidence of his affection towards her. As he knew who she was when he received her from the chaste arms of Barras, and is not unacquainted with her subsequent intrigues particularly during his stay in Egypt—policy may influence a behaviour which has some resemblance to esteem. He may choose to live with her, but it is impossible he can love her.

A lady, very intimate with Princesse Louis Bonaparte, has assured me that, had it not been for Napoleon's singular inclination for his youthful stepdaughter, he would have divorced his wife the first year of his consulate, and that indirect proposals on that subject had already been made her by Talleyrand. It was then reported that Bonaparte had his eyes fixed upon a Russian Princess, and that from the friendship which the late Emperor Paul professed for him, no obstacles to the match were expected to be encountered at St. Petersburg. The untimely end of this Prince, and the supplications of his wife and daughter, have since altered his intent, and Madame Napoleon and her children are now, if I may use the expression, incorporated and naturalized with the Bonaparte family.

But what has lately occurred here will better serve to show that Bonaparte is neither averse nor indifferent to the sex. You read last summer in the public prints of the then Minister of the Interior (Chaptal) being made a Senator; and that he was succeeded by our Ambassador at Vienna Champagny. This promotion was the consequence of a disgrace, occasioned by his jealousy of his mistress, a popular actress, Mademoiselle George, one of the handsomest women of this capital. He was informed by his spies that this lady frequently, in the dusk of the evening, or when she thought him employed in his office, went to the house of a famous milliner in the Rue St. Honor, where, through a door in an adjoining passage, a person, who carefully avoided showing his face, always entered immediately before or after her, and remained as long as she continued

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there. The house was then by his orders beset with spies, who were to inform him the next time she went to the milliner. To be near at hand, he had hired an apartment in the neighbourhood, where the very next day her visit to the milliner's was announced to him. While his secretary, with four other persons, entered the milliner's house through the street door, Chaptal, with four of his spies, forced the door of the passage open, which was no sooner done than the disguised gallant was found, and threatened in the most rude manner by the Minister and his companions. He would have been still worse used had not the unexpected appearance of Duroc and a whisper to Chaptal put a stop to the fury of this enraged lover. The incognito is said to have been Bonaparte himself, who, the same evening, deprived Chaptal of his ministerial portfolio, and would have sent him to Cayenne, instead of to the Senate, had not Duroc dissuaded his Sovereign from giving an eclat to an affair which it, would be best to bury in oblivion.

Chaptal has never from that day approached Mademoiselle George, and, according to report, Napoleon has also renounced this conquest in favour of Duroc, who is at least her nominal gallant. The quantity of jewels with which she has recently been decorated, and displayed with so much ostentation in the new tragedy, 'The Templars', indicate, however, a Sovereign rather than a subject for a lover. And, indeed, she already treats the directors of the theatre, her comrades, and even the public, more as a real than a theatrical Princess. Without any cause whatever, but from a mere caprice to see the camp on the coast, she set out, without leave of absence, and without any previous notice, on the very day she was to play; and this popular and interesting tragedy was put off for three weeks, until she chose to return to her duty.

When complaint was made to the prefects of the palace, now the governors of our theatres, Duroc said that the orders of the Emperor were that no notice should be taken of this 'etourderie', which should not occur again.

Chaptal was, before the Revolution, a bankrupt chemist at Montpellier, having ruined himself in search after the philosopher's stone. To persons in such circumstances, with great presumption, some talents, but no principles, the Revolution could not, with all its anarchy, confusion, and crime, but be a real blessing, as Chaptal called it in his first speech at the Jacobin Club. Wishing to mimic, at Montpellier, the taking of the Bastille at Paris, he, in May, 1790, seduced the lower classes and the suburbs to an insurrection, and to an attack on the citadel, which the governor, to avoid all effusion of blood, surrendered without resistance. He was denounced by the municipality to the National Assembly, for these and other plots and attempts, but Robespierre and other Jacobins defended him, and he escaped even imprisonment. During 1793 and 1794, he monopolized the contract for making

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and providing the armies with gunpowder; a favour for which he paid Barrere, Carnot, and other members of the Committee of Public Safety, six millions of livres—but by which he pocketed thirty-six millions of livres—himself. He was, under the Directory, menaced with a prosecution for his pillage, but bought it off by a douceur to Rewbel, Barras, and Siyes. In 1799, he advanced Bonaparte twelve millions of livres—to bribe adherents for the new Revolution he meditated, and was, in recompense, instead of interest, appointed first Counsellor of State; and when Lucien Bonaparte, in September, 1800, was sent on an embassy to Spain, Chaptal succeeded him in the Ministry of the Interior. You may see by this short account that the chemist Chaptal has, in the Revolution, found the true philosophical stone. He now lives in great style, and has, besides three wives alive (from two of whom he has been divorced), five mistresses, with each a separate establishment. This Chaptal is regarded here as the most moral character that has figured in our Revolution, having yet neither committed a single murder nor headed any of our massacres.

LETTER VII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—I have read a copy of a letter from Madrid, circulated among the members of our foreign diplomatic corps, which draws a most deplorable picture of the Court and Kingdom of Spain. Forced into an unprofitable and expensive war, famine ravaging some, and disease other provinces, experiencing from allies the treatment of tyrannical foes, disunion in his family and among his Ministers, His Spanish Majesty totters on a throne exposed to the combined attacks of internal disaffection and external plots, with no other support than the advice of a favourite, who is either a fool or a traitor, and perhaps both.

As the Spanish monarchy has been more humbled and reduced during the twelve years' administration of the Prince of Peace than during the whole period that it has been governed by Princes of the House of Bourbon, the heir of the throne, the young Prince of Asturias, has, with all the moderation consistent with duty, rank, and consanguinity, tried to remove an upstart, universally despised for his immorality as, well as for his incapacity; and who, should he continue some years longer to rule in the name of Charles *iv*., will certainly involve his King and his country in one common ruin. Ignorant and presumptuous, even beyond upstarts in general, the Prince of Peace treats with insolence all persons raised above him by birth or talents, who refuse to be his accomplices or valets. Proud and certain of the protection of the Queen, and of the weakness of the King, the Spanish nobility is not only humbled, provoked, and wronged by him, but openly defied and insulted.

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You know the nice principles of honour and loyalty that have always formerly distinguished the ancient families of Spain. Believe me that, notwithstanding what appearances indicate to the contrary, the Spanish grandee who ordered his house to be pulled down because the rebel constable had slept in it, has still many descendants, but loyal men always decline to use that violence to which rebels always resort. Soon after the marriage of the Prince of Asturias, in October, 1801, to his cousin, the amiable Maria Theresa, Princess Royal of Naples, the ancient Spanish families sent some deputies to Their Royal Highnesses, not for the purpose of intriguing, but to lay before them the situation of the kingdom, and to inform them of the real cause of all disasters. They were received as faithful subjects and true patriots, and Their Royal Highnesses promised every support in their power towards remedying the evil complained of, and preventing, if possible, the growth of others.

The Princess of Asturias is a worthy granddaughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, and seems to inherit her character as well as her virtues. She agreed with her royal consort that, after having gained the affection of the Queen by degrees, it would be advisable for her to insinuate some hints of the danger that threatened their country and the discontent that agitated the people. The Prince of Asturias was to act the same part with his father as the Princess did with his mother. As there is no one about the person of Their Spanish Majesties, from the highest lord to the lowest servant, who is not placed there by the favourite, and act as his spies, he was soon aware that he had no friend in the heir to the throne. His conversation with Their Majesties confirmed him in this supposition, and that some secret measures were going on to deprive him of the place he occupied, if not of the royal favour. All visitors to the Prince and Princess of Asturias were, therefore, watched by his emissaries; and all the letters or memorials sent to them by the post were opened, read, and; if contrary to his interest, destroyed, and their writers imprisoned in Spain or banished to the colonies. These measures of injustice created suspicion, disunion, and, perhaps, fear, among the members of the Asturian cabal, as it was called; all farther pursuit, therefore, was deferred until more propitious times, and the Prince of Peace remained undisturbed and in perfect security until the rupture with your country last autumn.

It is to be lamented that, with all their valuable qualities and feelings of patriotism, the Prince and Princess of Asturias do not possess a little dissimulation and more knowledge of the world. The favourite tried by all means to gain their good opinion, but his advances met with that repulse they morally deserved, but which, from policy, should have been suspended or softened, with the hope of future accommodation.

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Beurnonville, the Ambassador of our Court to the Court of Madrid, was here upon leave of absence when war was declared by Spain against your country, and his first secretary, Herman, acted as charge d'affaires. This Herman has been brought up in Talleyrand's office, and is both abler and more artful than Beurnonville; he possesses also the full confidence of our Minister, who, in several secret and pecuniary transactions, has obtained many proofs of this secretary's fidelity as well as capacity. The views of the Cabinet of St. Cloud were, therefore, not lost sight of, nor its interest neglected at Madrid.

I suppose you have heard that the Prince of Peace, like all other ignorant and illiberal people, believes no one can be a good or clever man who is not also his countryman, and that all the ability and probity of the world is confined within the limits of Spain. On this principle he equally detests France and England, Germany and Russia, and is, therefore, not much liked by our Government, except for his imbecility, which makes him its tool and dupe. His disgrace would not be much regretted here, where we have it in our power to place or displace Ministers in certain States, whenever and as often as we like. On this occasion, however, we supported him, and helped to dissolve the cabal formed against him; and that for the following reasons:

By the assurances of Beurnonville, Bonaparte and Talleyrand had been led to believe that the Prince and Princess of Asturias were well affected to France, and to them personally; and conceiving themselves much more certain of this than of the good disposition of the favourite, though they did not take a direct part against him, at the same time they did not disclose what they knew was determined on to remove him from the helm of affairs. During Beurnonville's absence, however, Herman had formed an intrigue with a Neapolitan girl, in the suite of Asturias, who, influenced by love or bribes, introduced him into the Cabinet where her mistress kept her correspondence with her royal parents. With a pick-lock key he opened all the drawers, and even the writing-desk, in which he is said to have discovered written evidence that, though the Princess was not prejudiced against France, she had but an indifferent opinion of the morality and honesty of our present Government and of our present governors. One of these original papers Herman appropriated to himself, and despatched to this capital by an extraordinary courier, whose despatches, more than the rupture with your country, forced Beurnonville away in a hurry from the agreeable society of gamesters and prostitutes, chiefly frequented by him in this capital.

It is not and cannot be known yet what was the exact plan of the Prince and Princess of Asturias and their adherents; but a diplomatic gentleman, who has just arrived from Madrid, and who can have no reason to impose upon me, has informed me of the following particulars:

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Their Royal Highnesses succeeded perfectly in their endeavours to gain the well-merited tenderness and approbation of their Sovereigns in everything else but when the favourite was mentioned with any slight, or when any insinuations were thrown out concerning the mischief arising from his tenacity of power, and incapacity of exercising it with advantage to the State. The Queen was especially irritated when such was the subject of conversation or of remark; and she finally prohibited it under pain of her displeasure. A report even reached Their Royal Highnesses, that the Prince of Peace had demanded their separation and separate confinement. Nothing could, therefore, be effected to impede the progress of wickedness and calamity, but by some temporary measure of severity. In this disagreeable dilemma, it was resolved by the cabal to send the Queen to a convent, until her favourite had been arrested and imprisoned; to declare the Prince of Asturias Regent during the King's illness (His Majesty then still suffered from several paralytic strokes), and to place men of talents and patriotism in the place of the creatures of the Prince of Peace. As soon as this revolution was organized, the Queen would have been restored to full liberty and to that respect due to her rank.

This plan had been communicated to our Ambassador, and approved of by our Government; but when Herman in such an honest manner had inspected the confidential correspondence of the Princess of Asturias, Beurnonville was instructed by Talleyrand to, warn the favourite of the impending danger, and to advise him to be beforehand with his enemies. Instead of telling the truth, the Prince of Peace alarmed the King and Queen with the most absurd fabrications; and assured Their Majesties that their son and their daughter-in-law had determined not only to dethrone them, but to keep them prisoners for life, after they had been forced to witness his execution.

Indolence and weakness are often more fearful than guilt. Everything he said was at once believed; the Prince and Princess were ordered under arrest in their own apartments, without permission to see or correspond with anybody; and so certain was the Prince of Peace of a complete and satisfactory revenge for the attempt against his tyranny, that a frigate at Cadiz was ready waiting to carry the Princess of Asturias back to Naples. All Spaniards who had the honour of their Sovereigns and of their country at heart lamented these rash proceedings; but no one dared to take any measures to counteract them. At last, however, the Duke of Montemar, grand officer to the Prince of Asturias, demanded an audience of Their Majesties, in the presence of the favourite. He began by begging his Sovereign to recollect that for the place he occupied he was indebted to the Prince of Peace; and he called upon him to declare whether he had ever had reason to suspect him either of ingratitude or disloyalty. Being answered in the negative,

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he said that, though his present situation and office near the heir to the throne was the pride and desire of his life, he would have thrown it up the instant that he had the least ground to suppose that this Prince ceased to be a dutiful son and subject; but so far from this being the case, he had observed him in his most unguarded moments—in moments of conviviality had heard him speak of his royal parents with as much submission and respect as if he had been in their presence. "If," continued he, "the Prince of Peace has said otherwise, he has misled his King and his Queen, being, no doubt, deceived himself. To overthrow a throne and to seize it cannot be done without accomplices, without arms, without money. Who are the conspirators hailing the Prince as their chief? I have heard no name but that of the lovely Princess, his consort, the partaker of his sentiments as well as of his heart. And his arms? They are in the hands of those guards his royal parent has given to augment the necessary splendour of his rank. And as to his money? He has none but what is received from royal and paternal munificence and bounty. You, my Prince," said he to the favourite (who seemed much offended at the impression the speech made on Their Majesties), "will one day thank me, if I am happy enough to dissuade dishonourable, impolitic, or unjust sentiments. Of the approbation of posterity I am certain—"

"If," interrupted the favourite, "the Prince of Asturias and his consort will give up their bad counsellors, I hope Their Majesties will forget and forgive everything with myself."

"Whether Their Royal Highnesses," replied the Duke of Montemar, "have done anything that deserves forgiveness, or whether they have any counsellors, I do not know, and am incompetent to judge; but I am much mistaken in the character of Their Royal Highnesses if they wish to purchase favour at the expense of confidence and honour. An order from His Majesty may immediately clear up this doubt."

The Prince of Peace was then ordered to write, in the name of the King, to his children in the manner he proposed, and to command an answer by the messenger. In half an hour the messenger returned with a letter addressed to the favourite, containing only these lines:

"A King of Spain is well aware that a Prince and Princess of Asturias can have no answer to give to such proposals or to such questions."

After six days' arrest, and after the Prince of Peace had in vain endeavoured to discover something to inculpate Their Royal Highnesses, they were invited to Court, and reconciled both to him and their royal parents.

LETTER VIII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—I will add in this letter, to the communication of the gentlemen mentioned in my last, what I remember myself of the letter which was circulated among our diplomatists, concerning the intrigues at Madrid.

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The Prince of Peace, before he listened to the advice of Duke of Montemar, had consulted Beurnonville, who dissuaded all violence, and as much as possible all noise. This accounts for the favourite's pretended moderation on this occasion. But though he was externally reconciled, and, as was reported at Madrid, had sworn his reconciliation even by taking the sacrament, all the undertakings of the Prince and Princess of Asturias were strictly observed and reported by the spies whom he had placed round Their Royal Highnesses. Vain of his success and victory, he even lost that respectful demeanour which a good, nay, a well-bred subject always shows to the heir to the throne, and the Princes related to his Sovereign. He sometimes behaved with a premeditated familiarity, and with an insolence provoking or defying resentment. It was on the days of great festivities, when the Court was most brilliant, and the courtiers most numerous, that he took occasion to be most arrogant to those whom he traitorously and audaciously dared to call his rivals. On the 9th of last December, at the celebration of the Queen's birthday, his conduct towards Their Royal Highnesses excited such general indignation that the remembrance of the occasion of the fete, and the presence of their Sovereigns, could not repress a murmur, which made the favourite tremble. A signal from the Prince of Asturias would then have been sufficient to have caused the insolent upstart to be seized and thrown out of the window. I am told that some of the Spanish grandees even laid their hands on their swords, fixing their eyes on the heir to the throne, as if to say: "Command, and your unworthy enemy shall exist no more."

To prepare, perhaps, the royal and paternal mind for deeds which contemporaries always condemn, and posterity will always reprobate, the Prince of Peace procured a history to be written in his own way and manner, of Don Carlos, the unfortunate son of the barbarous and unnatural Philip *ii*.; but the Queen's confessor, though, like all her other domestics, a tool of the favourite, threw it into the fire with reproof, saying that Spain did not remember in Philip *ii*. the grand and powerful Monarch, but abhorred in him the royal assassin; adding that no laws, human or divine, no institutions, no supremacy whatever, could authorize a parent to stain his hands in the blood of his children. These anecdotes are sufficient both to elucidate the inveteracy of the favourite, the abject state of the heir to the throne, and the incomprehensible infatuation of the King and Queen.

Our Ambassador, in the meantime, dissembled always with the Prince and Princess of Asturias; and even made them understand that he disapproved of those occurrences so disagreeable to them; but he neither offered to put an end to them nor to be a mediator for a perfect reconciliation with their Sovereigns. He was guided by no other motive but to keep the favourite in subjection and alarm by preserving a correspondence with his rivals. That this was the case and the motive cannot be doubted from the financial intrigue he carried on in the beginning of last month.

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Foreigners have but an imperfect or erroneous idea of the amount of the immense sums Spain has paid to our Government in loans, in contributions, in donations, and in subsidies. Since the reign of Bonaparte, or for these last five years, upwards of half the revenue of the Spanish monarchy has either been brought into our National Treasury or into the privy purse of the Bonaparte family. Without the aid of Spanish money, neither would our gunboats have been built, our fleets equipped, nor our armies paid. The dreadful situation of the Spanish finances is, therefore, not surprising—it is, indeed, still more surprising that a general bankruptcy has not already involved the Spanish nation in a general ruin.

When, on his return from Italy, the recall of the Russian negotiator and the preparations of Austria convinced Bonaparte of the probability of a Continental war, our troops on the coast had not been paid for two months, and his Imperial Ministers of Finances had no funds either to discharge the arrears or to provide for future payments until the beginning of the year 14, or the 22d instant. Beurnonville was, therefore, ordered to demand peremptorily from the Cabinet of Madrid forty millions of livres—in advance upon future subsidies. Half of that sum had, indeed, shortly before arrived at Cadiz from America, but much more was due by the Spanish Government to its own creditors, and promised them in payment of old debts. The Prince of Peace, in consequence, declared that, however much he wished to oblige the French Government, it was utterly impossible to procure, much less to advance such sums. Beurnonville then became more assiduous than ever about the Prince and Princess of Asturias; and he had the impudence to assert that they had promised, if their friends were at the head of affairs, to satisfy the wishes and expectation of the Emperor of the French, by seizing the treasury at Cadiz, and paying the State creditors in vales deinero; notes hitherto payable in cash, and never at a discount. The stupid favourite swallowed the palpable bait; four millions in dollars were sent under an escort to this country, while the Spanish notes instantly fell to a discount at first of four and afterwards of six per cent., and probably will fall lower still, as no treasures are expected from America this autumn. It was with two millions of these dollars that the credit of the Bank of France was restored, or at least for some time enabled to resume its payments in specie. Thus wretched Spain pays abroad for the forging of those disgraceful fetters which oppress her at home; and supports a foreign tyranny, which finally must produce domestic misery as well as slavery.

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When the Prince and Princess of Asturias were informed of the scandalous and false assertion of Beurnonville, they and their adherents not only publicly, and in all societies, contradicted it, but affirmed that, rather than obtain authority or influence on such ruinous terms, they would have consented to remain discarded and neglected during their lives. They took the more care to have their sentiments known on this subject, as our Ambassador's calumny had hurt their popularity. It was then first that, to revenge the shame with which his duplicity had covered him, Beurnonville permitted and persuaded the Prince of Peace to begin the chastisement of Their Royal Highnesses in the persons of their favourites. Duke of Montemar, the grand officer to the Prince of Asturias; Marquis of Villa Franca, the grand equerry to the Princess of Asturias; Count of Miranda, chamberlain to the King; and the Countess Dowager del Monte, with six other Court ladies and four other noblemen, were, therefore, exiled from Madrid into different provinces, and forbidden to reside in any place within twenty leagues of the residence of the royal family. According to the last letters and communications from Spain, the Prince and Princess of Asturias had not appeared at Court since the insult offered them in the disgrace of their friends, and were resolved not to appear in any place where they might be likely to meet with the favourite.

Among our best informed politicians here, it is expected that a revolution and a change of dynasty will be the issue of this our political embryo in Spain. Napoleon has more than once indirectly hinted that the Bonaparte dynasty will never be firm and fixed in France as long as any Bourbons reign in Spain or Italy. Should he prove victorious in the present Continental contest, another peace, and not the most advantageous, will again be signed with your country—a peace which, I fear, will leave him absolute master of all Continental States. His family arrangements are publicly avowed to be as follow: His third brother, Louis, and his sons, are to be the heirs of the French Empire. Joseph Bonaparte is, at the death or resignation of Napoleon, to succeed to the Kingdom of Italy, including Naples. Lucien, though at present in disgrace, is considered as the person destined to supplant the Bourbons in Spain, where, during his embassy in 1800, and in 1801, he formed certain connections which Napoleon still keeps up and preserves. Holland will be the inheritance of Jerome should Napoleon not live long enough to extend his power in Great Britain. Such are the modest pretensions our Imperial courtiers bestow upon the family of our Sovereign.

As to the Prince of Peace, he is only an imbecile instrument in the hands of our intriguers and innovators, which they make use of as long as they find it necessary, and which, when that ceases to be the case, they break and throw away. This idiot is made to believe that both his political and physical existence depends entirely upon our support, and he has infused the same ridiculous notion into his accomplices and adherents. Guilt, ignorance, and cowardice thus misled may, directed by art, interest, and craft, perform wonders to entangle themselves in the destruction of their country.

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Beurnonville, our present Ambassador at Madrid, is the son of a porter, and was a porter himself when, in 1770, he enlisted as a soldier in one of our regiments serving in the East Indies. Having there collected some pillage, he purchased the place of a major in the militia of the Island of Bourbon, but was, for his immorality, broken by the governor. Returning to France, he bitterly complained of this injustice, and, after much cringing in the antechambers of Ministers, he obtained at last the Cross of St. Louis as a kind of indemnity. About the same time he also bought with his Indian wealth the place of an officer in the Swiss Guard of Monsieur, the present Louis XVIII. Being refused admittance into any genteel societies, he resorted with Barras and other disgraced nobles to gambling-houses, and he even kept to himself when the Revolution took place. He had at the same time, and for a certain interest, advanced Madame d'Estainville money to establish her famous, or rather infamous, house in the Rue de Bonnes Enfants, near the Palais Royal,—a house that soon became the fashionable resort of our friends of Liberty and Equality.

In 1790, Beurnonville offered his services as aide-de-camp to our then hero of great ambition and small capacity, La Fayette, who declined the honour. The Jacobins were not so nice. In 1792, they appointed him a general under Dumouriez, who baptized him his Ajax. This modern Ajax, having obtained a separate command, attacked Treves in a most ignorant manner, and was worsted with great loss. The official reports of our revolutionary generals have long been admired for their modesty as well as veracity; but Beurnonville has almost outdone them all, not excepting our great Bonaparte. In a report to the National Convention concerning a terrible engagement of three hours near Grewenmacker, Beurnonville declares that, though the number of the enemy killed was immense, his troops got out of the scrape with the loss of only the little finger of one of his riflemen. On the 4th of February, 1793, a fortnight after the execution of Louis XVI., he was nominated Minister of the War Department—a place which he refused, under a pretence that he was better able to serve his country with his sword than with his pen, having already been in one hundred and twenty battles (where, he did not enumerate or state). On the 14th of the following March, however, he accepted the ministerial portfolio, which he did not keep long, being delivered up by his Hector, Dumouriez, to the Austrians. He remained a prisoner at Olmutz until the 22d of November, 1795, when he was included among the persons exchanged for the daughter of Louis XVI., Her present Royal Highness, the Duchess of Angouleme.

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In the autumn of 1796 he had a temporary, command of the dispersed remnants of Jourdan's army, and in 1797 he was sent as a French commander to Holland. In 1799, Bonaparte appointed him an Ambassador to the Court of Berlin; and in 1803 removed him in the same character to the Court of Madrid. In Prussia, his talents did not cause him to be dreaded, nor his personal qualities make him esteemed. In France, he is laughed at as a boaster, but not trusted as a warrior. In Spain, he is neither dreaded nor esteemed, neither laughed at nor courted; he is there universally despised. He studies to be thought a gentleman; but the native porter breaks through the veil of a ridiculously affected and outre politeness. Notwithstanding the complacent grimaces of his face, the self-sufficiency of his looks, his systematically powdered and dressed hair, his showy dress, his counted and short bows, and his presumptuous conversation, teeming with ignorance, vulgarity, and obscenity, he cannot escape even the most inattentive observer.

The Ambassador, Beurnonville, is now between fifty and sixty years of age; is a grand officer of our Imperial Legion of Honour; has a brother who is a turnkey, and two sisters, one married to a tailor, and another to a merchant who cries dogs' and cats' meat in our streets.

LETTER IX.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Bonaparte did not at first intend to take his wife with him when he set out for Strasburg; but her tears, the effect of her tenderness and apprehension for his person, at last altered his resolution. Madame Napoleon, to tell the truth, does not like much to be in the power of Joseph, nor even in that of her son-in-law, Louis Bonaparte, should any accident make her a widow.

During the Emperor's absence, the former is the President of the Senate, and the latter the Governor of this capital, and commander of the troops in the interior; so that the one dictates the Senatus Consultum, in case of a vacancy of the throne, and the other supports these civil determinations with his military forces. Even with the army in Germany, Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat, is as a pillar of the Bonaparte dynasty, and to prevent the intrigues and plots of other generals from an Imperial diadem; while, in Italy, his step-son, Eugene de Beauharnais, as a viceroy, commands even the commander-in-chief, Massena. It must be granted that the Emperor has so ably taken his precautions that it is almost certain that, at first, his orders will be obeyed, even after his death; and the will deposited by him in the Senate, without opposition, carried into execution. These very precautions evince, however, how uncertain and precarious he considers his existence to be, and that, notwithstanding addresses and oaths, he apprehends that the Bonaparte dynasty will not survive him.

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Most of the generals now employed by him are either of his own creation, or men on whom he has conferred rank and wealth, which they might consider unsafe under any other Prince but a Bonaparte. The superior officers, not included in the above description, are such insignificant characters that, though he makes use of their experience and courage, he does not fear their views or ambition. Among the inferior officers, and even among the men, all those who have displayed, either at reviews or in battles, capacity, activity, or valour, are all members of his Legion of Honour; and are bound to him by the double tie of gratitude and self-interest. They look to him alone for future advancements, and for the preservation of the distinction they have obtained from him. His emissaries artfully disseminate that a Bourbon would inevitably overthrow everything a Bonaparte has erected; and that all military and civil officers rewarded or favoured by Napoleon the First will not only be discarded, but disgraced, and perhaps punished, by a Louis XVIII. Any person who would be imprudent enough to attempt to prove the impossibility, as well as the absurdity, of these impolitic and retrospective measures, would be instantly taken up and shot as an emissary of the Bourbons.

I have often amused myself in conversing with our new generals and new officers; there is such a curious mixture of ignorance and information, of credulity and disbelief, of real boasting and affected modesty, in everything they say or do in company; their manners are far from being elegant, but also very distant from vulgarity; they do not resemble those of what we formerly called ‘gens comme il faut’, and ‘la bonne societe’! nor those of the bourgeoisie, or the lower classes. They form a new species of fashionables, and a ‘haut ton militaire’, which strikes a person accustomed to Courts at first with surprise, and perhaps with indignation; though, after a time, those of our sex, at last, become reconciled, if not pleased with it, because there is a kind of military frankness interwoven with the military roughness. Our ladies, however (I mean those who have seen other Courts, or remember our other coteries), complain loudly of this alteration of address, and of this fashionable innovation; and pretend that our military, under the notion of being frank, are rude, and by the negligence of their manners and language, are not only offensive, but inattentive and indelicate. This is so much the more provoking to them, as our Imperial courtiers and Imperial placemen do not think themselves fashionable without imitating our military gentry, who take Napoleon for their exclusive model and chief in everything, even in manners.

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What I have said above applies only to those officers whose parents are not of the lowest class, or who entered so early or so young into the army that they may be said to have been educated there, and as they advanced, have assumed the ‘ton’ of their comrades of the same rank. I was invited, some time ago, to a wedding, by a jeweller whose sister had been my nurse, and whose daughter was to be married to a captain of hussars quartered here. The bridegroom had engaged several other officers to assist at the ceremony, and to partake of the fete and ball that followed. A general of the name of Liebeau was also of the party, and obtained the place of honour by the side of the bride’s mother. At his entrance into the apartment I formed an opinion of him which his subsequent conduct during the ball confirmed.

During the dinner he seemed to forget that he had a knife and a fork, and he did not eat of a dish (and he ate of them all, numerous as they were) without bespattering or besmearing himself or his neighbours. He broke two glasses and one plate, and, for equality’s sake, I suppose, when he threw the wine on the lady to his right, the lady to his left was inundated with sauces. In getting up from dinner to take coffee and liqueurs, according to our custom, as he took the hand of the mistress of the house, he seized at the same time a corner of the napkin, and was not aware of his blunder till the destruction of bottles, glasses, and plate, and the screams of the ladies, informed him of the havoc and terror his awkward gallantry had occasioned. When the ball began, he was too vain of his rank and precedency to suffer any one else to lead the bride down the first dance; but she was not, I believe, much obliged to him for his politeness; it cost her the tail of her wedding-gown and a broken nail, and she continued lame during the remainder of the night. In making an apology to her for his want of dexterity, and assuring her that he was not so awkward in handling the enemies of his country in battle as in handling friends he esteemed in a dance, he gave no quarter to an old maid aunt, whom, in the violence of his gesticulation, he knocked down with his elbow and laid sprawling on the ground. He was sober when these accidents literally occurred.

Of this original I collected the following particulars: Before the Revolution he was a soldier in the regiment of Flanders, from which he deserted and became a corporal in another regiment; in 1793 he was a drum-major in one of the battalions in garrison in Paris. You remember the struggles of factions in the latter part of May and in the beginning of June, the same year, when Brissot and his accomplices were contending with Marat, Robespierre, and their adherents for the reins of power. On the 1st of June the latter party could not get a drummer to beat the alarm, though they offered money and advancement. At last Robespierre stepped forward to Liebeau and said, “Citizen,

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beat the alarm march, and to-day you shall be nominated a general." Liebeau obeyed, Robespierre became victorious and kept his promise, and thus my present associate gained his rank. He has since been employed under Jourdan in Germany, and under Le Courbe in Switzerland. When, under the former, he was ordered to retreat towards the Rhine, he pointed out the march route to his division according to his geographical knowledge, but mistook upon the map the River Main for a turnpike road, and commanded the retreat accordingly. Ever since, our troops have called that river 'La chausee de Liebeau'. He was not more fortunate in Helvetia. Being ordered to cross one of the mountains, he marched his men into a glacier, where twelve perished before he was aware of his mistake.

Being afterwards appointed a governor of Blois, he there became a petty, insupportable tyrant, and laid all the inhabitants indiscriminately under arbitrary contribution. Those who refused to pay were imprisoned as aristocrats, and their property confiscated in the name and on the part of the nation; that is to say, he appropriated to himself in the name of the nation everything that struck his fancy; and if any complaints were made, the owners were seized and sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris to be condemned as the correspondents or adherents of the royalists of La Vendee. After the death of Robespierre he was deprived of this profitable place, in which, during the short space of eleven months, he amassed five millions of livres. The Directory, then gave him a division, first under Jourdan, and afterwards under Le Courbe.

Bonaparte, after witnessing his incapacity in Italy, in 1800, put him on the full half-pay, and has lately made him a commander of the Legion of Honour.

His dear spouse, Madame Liebeau, is his counterpart. When he married her, she was crying mackerel and herrings in our streets; but she told me in confidence, during the dinner, being seated by my side, that her father was an officer of fortune, and a Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis. She assured me that her husband had done greater services to his country than Bonaparte; and that, had it not been for his patriotism in 1793, the Austrians would have taken Paris. She was very angry with Madame Napoleon, to whom she had been presented, but who had not shown her so much attention and civility, as was due to her husband's rank, having never invited her to more than one supper and two tea-parties; and when invited by her, had sent Duroc with an apology that she was unable to come, though the same evening she went to the opera.

Another guest, in the regimentals of a colonel, seemed rather bashful when I spoke to him. I could not comprehend the reason, and therefore inquired of our host who he was. (You know that with us it is not the custom to introduce persons by name, *etc*., as in your country, when meeting in mixed companies.) He answered:

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“Do you not remember your brother’s jockey, Prial?”

“Yes,” said I, “but he was established by my brother as a hairdresser.”

“He is the very same person,” replied the jeweller. “He has fought very bravely, and is now a colonel of dragoons, a great favourite with Bonaparte, and will be a general at the first promotion.”

As the colonel did not seem to desire a renewal of acquaintance with me,
I did not intrude myself upon him.

During the supper the military gentlemen were encouraged by the bridegroom, and the bottle went round very freely; and the more they drank, the greater and more violent became their political discussions. Liebeau vociferated in favour of republican and revolutionary measures, and avowed his approbation of requisitions, confiscations, and the guillotine; while Frial inclined to the regular and organized despotism of one, to secret trial, and still more secret executions; defending arbitrary imprisonments, exiles, and transportations. This displeased Madame Liebeau, who exclaimed:

“Since the colonel is so fond of an Imperial Government, he can have no objection to remain a faithful subject whenever my husband, Liebeau, becomes, an Antoine the First, Emperor of the French.”

Frial smiled with contempt.

“You seem to think it improbable,” said Liebeau. “I, Antoine Liebeau, I have more prospect of being an Emperor than Napoleon Bonaparte had ten years ago, when he was only a colonel, and was arrested as a terrorist. And am I not a Frenchman? And is he not a foreigner? Come, shake hands with me; as soon as I am Emperor, depend upon it you shall be a general, and a grand officer of the Legion of Honour.”

“Ah! my jewel,” interrupted Madame Liebeau, “how happy will France then be. You are such a friend of peace. We will then have no wars, no contributions; all the English milords may then come here and spend their money, nobody cares about where or how. Will you not, then, my sweet love, make all the gentlemen here your chamberlains, and permit me to accept all the ladies of the company for my Maids of Honour or ladies-in-waiting?”

“Softly, softly,” cried Frial, who now began to be as intoxicated and as ambitious as the general; “whenever Napoleon dies, I have more hope, more: claim, and more right than you to the throne. I am in actual service; and had not Bonaparte been the same, he might have still remained upon the half-pay, obscure and despised. Were not most of the Field-marshals and generals under him now, above him ten years ago? May I not, ten years hence, if I am satisfied with you, General Liebeau, make you also a Field-

marshal, or my Minister of War; and you, Madame Liebeau, a lady of my wife's wardrobe, as soon as I am married? I, too, have my plans and my views, and perhaps one day you will recollect this conversation, and not be sorry for my acquaintance."

"What! you a colonel, an Emperor, before me, who have so long been a general?" howled Liebeau, who was no longer able to speak. "I would sooner knock your brains out with this bottle than suffer such a precedence; and my wife a lady of your wardrobe! she who has possessed from her birth the soul of an Empress! No, sir! never will I take the oath to you, nor suffer anybody else to take it."

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“Then I will punish you as a rebel,” retorted Frial; “and as sure as you stand here you shall be shot.”

Liebeau then rose up to fetch his sword, but the company interfered, and the dispute about the priority of claim to the throne of France between the ci-devant drummer and ci-devant jockey was left undecided. From the words and looks of several of the captains present, I think that they seemed, in their own opinions, to have as much prospect and expectation to reign over the French Empire as either General Liebeau or Colonel Frial.

As soon as I returned home I wrote down this curious conversation and this debate about supremacy. To what a degradation is the highest rank in my unfortunate country reduced when two such personages seriously contend about it! I collected more subjects for meditation and melancholy in this low company (where, by the bye, I witnessed more vulgarity and more indecencies than I had before seen during my life) than from all former scenes of humiliation and disgust since my return here. When I the next day mentioned it to General de M------, whom you have known as an emigrant officer in your service, but whom policy has since ranged under the colours of Bonaparte, he assured me that these discussions about the Imperial throne are very frequent among the superior officers, and have caused many bloody scenes; and that hardly any of our generals of any talent exist who have not the same ’arriere pensee of some day or other. Napoleon cannot, therefore, well be ignorant of the many other dynasties here now rivalling that of the Bonapartes, and who wait only for his exit to tear his Senatus Consultum, his will, and his family, as well as each other, to pieces.

LETTER X.

Paris, September, 1805.

My *lord*:—I was lately invited to a tea-party by one of our rich upstarts, who, from a scavenger, is, by the Revolution and by Bonaparte, transformed into a Legislator, Commander of the Legion of Honour, and possessor of wealth amounting to eighteen millions of livres. In this house I saw for the first time the famous Madame Chevalier, the mistress, and the indirect cause of the untimely end, of the unfortunate Paul the First. She is very short, fat, and coarse. I do not know whether prejudice, from what I have heard of her vile, greedy, and immoral character, influenced my feelings, but she appeared to me a most artful, vain, and disagreeable woman. She looked to be about thirty-six years of age; and though she might when younger have been well made, it is impossible that she could ever have been handsome. The features of her face are far from being regular. Her mouth is large, her eyes hollow, and her nose short. Her language is that of brothels, and her manners correspond with her expressions. She is the daughter of a workman at a silk manufactory at Lyons; she ceased to be a maid before she had attained

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the age of a woman, and lived in a brothel in her native city, kept by a Madame Thibault, where her husband first became acquainted with her. She then had a tolerably good voice, was young and insinuating, and he introduced her on the same stage where he was one of the inferior dancers. Here in a short time she improved so much, that she was engaged as a supernumerary; her salary in France as an actress was, however, never above twelve hundred livres in the year—which was four hundred livres more than her husband received.

He, with several other inferior and unprincipled actors and dancers, quitted the stage in the beginning of the Revolution for the clubs; and instead of diverting his audience, resolved to reform and regenerate his nation. His name is found in the annals of the crimes perpetrated at Lyons, by the side of that of a Fouche, a Collot d'Herbois, and other wicked offsprings of rebellion. With all other terrorists, he was imprisoned for some time after the death of Robespierre; as soon as restored to liberty, he set out with his wife for Hamburg, where some amateurs had constructed a French theatre.

It was in the autumn of 1795 when Madame Chevalier was first heard of in the North of Europe, where her arrival occasioned a kind of theatrical war between the French, American, and Hamburg Jacobins on one side, and the English and emigrant loyalists on the other. Having no money to continue her pretended journey to Sweden, she asked the manager of the French theatre at Hamburg to allow her a benefit, and permission to play on that night. She selected, of course, a part in which she could appear to the most advantage, and was deservedly applauded. The very next evening the Jacobin cabal called the manager upon the stage, and insisted that Madame Chevalier should be given a regular engagement. He replied that no place suitable to her talents was vacant, and that it would be ungenerous to turn away for her sake another actress with whom the public had hitherto declared their satisfaction. The Jacobins continued inflexible, and here, as well as everywhere else, supported injustice by violence. As the patriotism of the husband, more than the charms of the wife, was known to have produced this indecent fracas, which for upwards of a week interrupted the plays, all anti-Jacobins united to restore order. In this they would, perhaps, have finally succeeded, had not the bayonets of the Hamburg soldiers interfered, and forced this precious piece of revolutionary furniture upon the manager and upon the stage.

After displaying her gratitude in her own way to each individual of the Jacobin levy en masse in her favour, she was taken into keeping by a then rich and married Hamburg merchant, who made her a present of a richly and elegantly furnished house, and expended besides ten thousand louis d'or on her, before he had a mortifying conviction that some other had partaken of those favours for which he had so dearly paid.

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A countryman of yours then showed himself with more noise than honour upon the scene, and made his debut with a phaeton and four, which he presented to his theatrical goddess, together with his own dear portrait, set round with large and valuable diamonds. Madame Chevalier, however, soon afterwards hearing that her English gallant had come over to Germany for economy, and that his credit with his banker was nearly exhausted, had his portrait changed for that of another and richer lover, preserving, however, the diamonds; and she exposed this inconstancy even upon the stage, by suspending, as if in triumph, the new portrait fastened on her bosom. The Englishman, wishing to retrieve his phaeton and horses, which he protested only to have lent his belle, found that she had put the whole equipage into a kind of lottery, or raffle, to which all her numerous friends had subscribed, and that an Altona Jew had won it.

The successor of your countryman was a Russian nobleman, succeeded in his turn by a Polish Jew, who was ruined and discarded within three months. She then became the property of the public, and, by her active industry, during a stay of four years at Hamburg, she was enabled to remit to France, before her departure for Russia, one million two hundred thousand livres. Her popularity was, however, at that period, very much on the decline, as she had stooped to the most indelicate means to collect money, and to extort it from her friends and acquaintances. She had always lists of subscriptions in her pocket; some with proposals to play in her lotteries for trinkets unnecessary to her; others, to procure her, by the assistance of subscribers, some trinkets which she wanted.

I suppose it to be no secret to you that the female agents of Talleyrand's secret diplomacy are frequently more useful than those of the other sex. I am told that Madame Rochechouart was that friend of our Ministers who engaged Madame Chevalier in her Russian expedition, and who instructed her how to act her parts well at St. Petersburg. I need not repeat what is so well known, that, after this artful emissary had ruined the domestic happiness of the Russian Monarch, she degraded him in his political transactions, and became the indirect cause of his untimely end, in procuring, for a bribe of fifty thousand roubles in money and jewels, the recall of one of the principal conspirators against the unfortunate Paul.

The wealth she plundered in the Russian capital, within the short period of twenty months, amounted to much above one million of roubles. For money she procured impunity for crime, and brought upon innocence the punishment merited by guilt. The scaffolds of Russia were bleeding, and the roads to Siberia crowded with the victims of the avarice of this female demon, who often promised what she was unable to perform, and, to silence complaint, added cruelty to fraud, and, after pocketing the bribe, resorted to the executioner

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to remove those whom she had duped. The shocking anecdote of the Sardinian secretary, whom she swindled out of nearly a hundred thousand roubles, and on whom she afterwards persuaded her Imperial lover to inflict capital punishment, is too recent and too public to be unknown or forgotten. A Russian nobleman has assured me that the number of unfortunate individuals whom her and her husband's intrigues have caused to suffer capitally during 1800 and 1801 was forty-six; and that nearly three hundred persons besides, who could not or would not pay their extortionate demands, were exiled to Siberia during the same period of time.

You may, perhaps, think that a low woman who could produce such great and terrible events, must be mistress of natural charms, as well as of acquired accomplishments. As I have already stated, she can have no pretensions to either, but she is extremely insinuating, sings tolerably well, has a fresh and healthy look, and possesses an unusually good share of cunning, presumption, and duplicity. Her husband, also, everywhere took care to make her fashionable; and the vanity of the first of their dupes increased the number of her admirers and engaged the vanity of others in their turn to sacrifice themselves at her shrine.

The immorality of our age, also, often procured her popularity for what deserved, and in better times would have encountered, the severest reprobation. In 1797, an emigrant lodged at an inn at Hamburg where another traveller was robbed of a large sum in ready money and jewels. The unfortunate is always suspected; and in the visit made to his room by the magistrates was found a key that opened the door of the apartment where the theft had been committed. In vain did he represent that had he been the thief he should not have kept an instrument which was, or might be, construed into an argument of guilt; he was carried to prison, and, though none of the property was discovered in his possession, would have been condemned, had he not produced Madame Chevalier, who avowed that the key opened the door of her bedroom, which the smith who had made it confirmed, and swore that he had fabricated eight keys for the same actress and for the same purpose.

At that time this woman lived in the same house with her husband, but cohabited there with the husband of another woman. She had also places of assignation with other gallants at private apartments, both in Hamburg and at Altona. All these, her scandalous intrigues, were known even to the common porters of these cities. The first time, after the affair of the key had become public, she acted in a play where a key was mentioned, and the audience immediately repeated, "The key! the key!" Far from being ashamed, she appeared every night in pieces selected by her, where there was mention of keys, and thus tired the jokes of the public. This impudence might have been expected from her, but it was little to be supposed that her barefaced vices should, as really was the case, augment the crowd of suitors, and occasion even some duels, which latter she both encouraged and rewarded.

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Two brothers, of the name of De S-----, were both in love with her, and the eldest, as the richest, became her choice. Offended at his refusal of too large a sum of money, she wrote to the younger De S-----, and offered to accede to his proposals if, like a gentleman, he would avenge the affront she had experienced from his brother. He consulted a friend, who, to expose her infamy, advised him to send some confidential person to inform her that he had killed his elder brother, and expected the recompense on the same night. He went and was received with open arms, and had just retired with her, when the elder brother, accompanied by his friend, entered the room. Madame Chevalier, instead of upbraiding, laughed, and the next day the public laughed with her, and applauded her more than ever. She knew very well what she was doing. The stories of the key and the duel produced for her more than four thousand louis d'or by the number of new gallants they enticed. It was a kind of emulation among all young men in the North who should be foremost to dishonour and ruin himself with this infamous woman.

Madame Chevalier and her husband now live here in grand style, and have their grand parties, grand teas, grand assemblies, and grand balls. Their hotel, I am assured, is even visited by the Bonapartes and by the members of the foreign diplomatic corps. In the house where I saw her, I observed that Louis Bonaparte and two foreign Ambassadors spoke to her as old acquaintances. Though rich, to the amount of ten millions of livres—she, or rather her husband, keeps a gambling-house, and her superannuated charms are still to be bought for money, at the disposal of those amateurs who are fond of antiques. Both her husband and herself are still members of our secret diplomacy, though she complains loudly that, of the two millions of livres—promised her in 1799 by Bonaparte and Talleyrand if she could succeed in persuading Paul I. to withdraw from his alliance with England and Austria, only six hundred thousand livres—has been paid her.

I cannot finish this letter without telling you that before our military forces had reached the Rhine, our political incendiaries had already taken the field, and were in full march towards the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian capitals. The advanced guard of this dangerous corps consists entirely of females, all gifted with beauty and parts as much superior to those of Madame Chevalier as their instructions are better digested. Bonaparte and Talleyrand have more than once regretted that Madame Chevalier was not ordered to enter into the conspiracy against Paul (whose inconsistency and violence they foresaw would make his reign short), that she might have influenced the conspirators to fix upon a successor more pliable and less scrupulous, and who would have suffered the Cabinet of St. Cloud to dictate to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.

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I dined in company several times this last spring with two ladies who, rumour said, have been destined for your P----- of W---- and D--- of Y—ever since the Peace of Amiens. Talleyrand is well informed what figures and what talents are requisite to make an impression on these Princes, and has made his choice accordingly. These ladies have lately disappeared, and when inquired after are stated to be in the country, though I do not consider it improbable that they have already arrived at headquarters. They are both rather fair and lusty, above the middle size, and about twenty-five years of age. They speak, besides French, the English and Italian languages. They are good drawers, good musicians, good singers, and, if necessary, even good drinkers.

LETTER XI.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Had the citizens of the United States been as submissive to the taxation of your Government as to the vexations of our ruler, America would, perhaps, have been less free and Europe more tranquil. After the treaty of Amiens had Produced a general pacification, our Government was seriously determined to reconquer from America a part of those treasures its citizens had gained during the Revolutionary War, by a neutrality which our policy and interest required, and which the liberality of your Government endured. Hence the acquisition we made of New Orleans from Spain, and hence the intrigues of our emissaries in that colony, and the peremptory requisitions of provision for St. Domingo by our Minister and generals. Had we been victorious in St. Domingo, most of our troops there were destined for the American Continent, to invade, according to circumstances, either the Spanish colonies on the terra firma or the States of the American Commonwealth. The unforeseen rupture with your country postponed a plan that is far from being laid aside.

You may, perhaps, think that since we sold Louisiana we have no footing in America that can threaten the peace or independence of the United States; but may not the same dictates that procured us at Madrid the acquisition of New Orleans, also make us masters of Spanish Florida? And do you believe it improbable that the present disagreement between America and Spain is kept up by our intrigues and by our future views? Would not a word from us settle in an instant at Madrid the differences as well as the frontiers of the contending parties in America? And does it not seem to be the regular and systematic plan of our Government to provoke the retaliation of the Americans, and to show our disregard of their privilege of neutrality and rights of independence; and that we insult them only because we despise them, and despise them only because we do not apprehend their resentment.

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I have heard the late American Minister here assert that the American vessels captured by our cruisers and condemned by our tribunals, only during the last war, amounted to about five hundred; and their cargoes (all American property) to one hundred and fifty millions of livres—L6,000,000. Some few days ago I saw a printed list, presented by the American consul to our Minister of the Marine Department, claiming one hundred and twelve American ships captured in the West Indies and on the coast of America within these last two years, the cargoes of which have all been confiscated, and most of the crews still continue prisoners at Martinico, Gaudeloupe, or Cayenne. Besides these, sixty-six American ships, after being plundered in part of their cargoes at sea by our privateers, had been released; and their claims for property thus lost, or damage thus done, amounting to one million three hundred thousand livres.

You must have read the proclamations of our governors in the West Indies, and therefore remember that one dated at Guadeloupe, and another dated at the City of San Domingo, both declare, without farther ceremony, all American and other neutral ships and cargoes good and lawful prizes, when coming from or destined to any port in the Island of St. Domingo, because Bonaparte's subjects there were in a state of rebellion. What would these philosophers who, twelve years ago, wrote so many libels against your Ministers for their pretended system of famine, have said, had they, instead of prohibiting the carrying of ammunition and provisions to the ports of France, thus extended their orders without discrimination or distinction? How would the neutral Americans, and the neutral Danes, and their then allies, philosophers, and Jacobins of all colours and classes, have complained and declaimed against the tyrants of the seas; against the enemies of humanity, liberty, and equality. Have not the negroes now, as much as our Jacobins had in 1793, a right to call upon all those tender-hearted schemers, dupes, or impostors, to interest humanity in their favour? But, as far as I know, no friends of liberty have yet written a line in favour of these oppressed and injured men, whose former slavery was never doubtful, and who, therefore, had more reason to rise against their tyrants, and to attempt to shake off their yoke, than our French insurgents, who, free before, have never since they revolted against lawful authority enjoyed an hour's freedom. But the Emperor Jacques the First has no propagators, no emissaries, no learned savans and no secret agents to preach insurrection in other States, while defending his own usurpation; besides, his treasury is not in the most brilliant and flourishing situation, and the crew of our white revolutionists are less attached to liberty than to cash.

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Our Ambassador to the United States, General Turreaux, is far from being contented with our friend, the President Jefferson, whose patriotic notions have not yet soared to the level of our patriotic transactions. He refused both to prevent the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte with a female American citizen, and to detain her after her marriage when her husband returned to Europe. To our continual representation against the liberties which the American newspapers take with our Government, with our Emperor, with our Imperial Family, and with our Imperial Ministers, the answer has always been, "Prosecute the libeller, and as soon as he is convicted he will be punished." This tardy and negative justice is so opposite to our expeditious and summary mode of proceeding, of punishing first and trying afterwards, that it must be both humiliating and offensive. In return, when the Americans have complained to Turreaux against the piracy of our privateers, he has sent them here to seek redress, where they also will, to their cost, discover that in civil cases our justice has not the same rapid march as when it is a question of arresting or transporting suspected persons, or of tormenting, shooting, or guillotining a pretended spy, or supposed conspirator.

Had the peace of Europe continued, Bernadotte was the person selected by Bonaparte and Talleyrand as our representative in America; because we then intended to strike, and not to negotiate. But during the present embroiled state of Europe, an intriguer was more necessary there than either a warrior or a politician. A man who has passed through all the mire of our own Revolution, who has been in the secrets, and an accomplice of all our factions, is, undoubtedly, a useful instrument where factions are to be created and directed, where wealth is designed for pillage, and a State for overthrow. General Turreaux is, therefore, in his place, and at his proper post, as our Ambassador in America.

The son of a valet of the late Duc de Bouillon, Turreaux called himself before the Revolution Chevalier de Grambonville, and was, in fact, a 'chevalier d'industrie' (a swindler), who supported himself by gambling and cheating. An associate of Beurnonville, Barras, and other vile characters, he with them joined the colours of rebellion, and served under the former in 1792, in the army of the Moselle, first as a volunteer, and afterwards as an aide-de-camp. In a speech at the Jacobin Club at Quesnoy, on the 20th of November, 1792, he made a motion—"That, throughout the whole republican army, all hats should be prohibited, and red caps substituted in their place; and that, not only portable guillotines, but portable Jacobin clubs, should accompany the soldiers of Liberty and Equality."

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A cousin of his was a member of the National Convention, and one of those called Mountaineers, or sturdy partisans of Marat and Robespierre. It was to the influence of this cousin, that he was indebted, first for a commission as an adjutant-general, and afterwards for his promotion to a general of brigade. In 1793, he was ordered to march, under the command of Santerre, to La Vendee, where he shared in the defeat of the republicans at Vihiers. At the engagement near Roches d'Erigne he commanded, for the first time, a separate column, and the capacity and abilities which he displayed on that occasion were such as might have been expected from a man who had passed the first thirty years of his life in brothels and gambling-houses. So pleasant were his dispositions, that almost the whole army narrowly escaped having been thrown and pushed into the River Loire. The battle of Doux was the only one in which he had a share where the republicans were not routed; but some few days afterwards, near Coron, all the troops under him were cut to pieces, and he was himself wounded.

The confidence of his friends, the Jacobins, increased, however, in proportion to his disasters, and he was, in 1794, after the superior number of the republican soldiers had forced the remnants of the Royalists to evacuate what was properly called La Vendee, appointed a commander-in-chief. He had now an opportunity to display his infamy and barbarity. Having established his headquarters at Mantes, where he was safe, amidst the massacres of women and children ordered by his friend Carriere, he commanded the republican army to enter La Vendee in twelve columns, preceded by fire and sword; and within four weeks, one of the most populous departments of France, to the extent and circumference of sixty leagues, was laid waste-not a house, not a cottage, not a tree was spared, all was reduced to ashes; and the unfortunate inhabitants, who had not perished amid the ruin of their dwellings, were shot or stabbed; while attempting to save themselves from the common conflagration. On the 22d of January, 1794, he wrote to the Committee of Public Safety of the National Convention: "Citizen Representatives!—A country of sixty leagues extent, I have the happiness to inform you, is now a perfect desert; not a dwelling, not a bush, but is reduced to ashes; and of one hundred and eighty thousand worthless inhabitants, not a soul breathes any longer. Men and women, old men and children, have all experienced the national vengeance, and are no more. It was a pleasure to a true republican to see upon the bayonets of each of our brave republicans the children of traitors, or their, heads. According to the lowest calculation, I have despatched, within three months, two hundred thousand individuals of both sexes, and of all ages. Vive la Republique!!!" In the works of Prudhomme and our republican writers, are inserted hundreds of letters, still more cruelly extravagant, from this ci-devant friend of Liberty and Equality, and at present faithful subject, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour, of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon the First.

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After the death of Robespierre, Turreaux, then a governor at Belleisle, was arrested as a terrorist, and shut up at Du Plessis until the general amnesty released him in 1795. During his imprisonment he amused himself with writing memoirs of the war of La Vendee, in which he tried to prove that all his barbarities had been perpetrated for the sake of humanity, and to save the lives of republicans. He had also the modesty to announce that, as a military work, his production would be equally interesting as those of a Folard and Guibert. These memoirs, however, proved nothing but that he was equally ignorant and wicked, presumptuous and ferocious.

During the reign of the Directory he was rather discarded, or only employed as a kind of recruiting officer to hunt young conscripts, but in 1800 Bonaparte gave him a command in the army of reserve; and in 1802, another in the army of the interior. He then became one of the most assiduous and cringing courtiers at the Emperor's levies; while in the Empress's drawing-room he assumed his former air and ton of a chevalier, in hopes of imposing upon those who did not remember the nickname which his soldiers gave him ten years before, of Chevalier of the Guillotine.

At a ball of the Bonaparte family to which he was invited, the Emperor took the fancy to dance with his stepdaughter, Madame Louis. He, therefore, unhooked his sword, which he handed to a young colonel, D' Avry, standing by his side. This colonel, who had been a page at the Court of Louis XVI., knew that it would have been against etiquette, and even unbecoming of him, to act as a valet to Napoleon while there were valets in the room; he therefore retreated, looking round for a servant. "Oh!" said the Emperor, "I see that I am mistaken; here, generals," continued he (addressing himself to half a dozen, with whose independent principles and good breeding he was acquainted), "take this sword during my dance." They all pushed forward, but Turreaux and La Grange, another general and intriguer, were foremost; the latter, however, received the preference. On the next day, D' Avry was ordered upon service to Cayenne.

Turreaux has acquired, by his patriotic deeds in La Vendee, a fortune of seven millions of livres. He has the highest opinion of his own capacity, while a moment's conversation will inform a man of sense that he is only a conceited fool. As to his political transactions, he has by his side, as a secretary, a man of the name of Petry, who has received a diplomatic education, and does not want either subtlety or parts; and on him, no doubt, is thrown the drudgery of business. During a European war, Turreaux's post is of little relative consequence; but should Napoleon live to dictate another general pacification, the United States will be exposed, on their frontiers, or in their interior, to the same outrages their commercial navy now experiences on the main.

LETTER XII.

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Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—A general officer, who has just arrived from Italy, has assured me that, so far from Bonaparte's subjects on the other side of the Alps being contented and attached to his person and Government, were a victorious Austrian army to enter the plains of Lombardy a general insurrection would be the consequence. During these last nine years the inhabitants have not enjoyed a moment's tranquillity or safety. Every relation or favourite whom Napoleon wished to provide for, or to enrich, he has saddled upon them as in free quarters; and since 1796, when they first had the honour of our Emperor's acquaintance, they have paid more in taxes, in forced loans, requisitions, and extortions of every description, than their ancestors or themselves had paid during the one hundred and ninety-six preceding years.

Such is the public spirit, and such have been the sufferings of the people in the ci-devant Lombardy; in Piedmont they are still worse off. Having more national character and more fidelity towards their Sovereign than their neighbours, they are also more cruelly treated. Their governor, General De Menou, has caused most of the departments to be declared under martial law, and without right to claim the protection of our happy constitution. In every city or town are organized special tribunals, the progeny of our revolutionary tribunals, against the sentences of which no appeal can be made, though these sentences are always capital ones. Before these, suspicion is evidence, and an imprudent word is subject to the same punishment as a murderous deed. Murmur is regarded as mutiny, and he who complains is shot as a conspirator.

There exist only two ways for the wretched Piedmontese to escape these legal assassinations. They must either desert their country or sacrifice a part of their property. In the former case, if retaken, they are condemned as emigrants; and in the latter they incur the risk that those to whom they have already given a part of their possessions will also require the remainder, and having obtained it, to enjoy in security the spoil, will send them to the tribunals and to death. De Menou has a fixed tariff for his protection, regulated according to the riches of each person; and the tax-gatherers collect these arbitrary contributions with the regular ones, so little pains are taken to conceal or to disguise these robberies.

De Menou, by turns a nobleman and a sans-culotte, a Christian and a Mussulman, is wicked and profligate, not from the impulse of the moment or of any sudden gust of passion, but coldly and deliberately. He calculates with sangfroid the profit and the risk of every infamous action he proposes to commit, and determines accordingly. He owed some riches and the rank of the major-general to the bounty of Louis XVI., but when he considered the immense value of the revolutionary plunder, called national property, and that those who confiscated could also promote, he did not hesitate what party to take. A traitor is generally a coward; he has everywhere experienced defeats; he was defeated by his Royalist countrymen in 1793, by his Mahometan sectaries in 1800, and by your countrymen in 1801.

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Besides his Turkish wife, De Menou has in the same house with her one Italian and two French girls, who live openly with him, but who are obliged to keep themselves by selling their influence and protection, and, perhaps, sometimes even their personal favours. He has also in his hotel several gambling-tables, where those who are too bashful to address themselves to himself or his mistresses may deposit their donations, and if they are thought sufficient, the hint is taken and their business done. He never pays any debts and never buys anything for ready money, and all persons of his suite, or appertaining to his establishment, have the same privilege. Troublesome creditors are recommended to the care of the special tribunals, which also find means to reduce the obstinacy of those refractory merchants or traders who refuse giving any credit. All the money he extorts or obtains is brought to this capital and laid out by his agents in purchasing estates, which, from his advanced age and weak constitution, he has little prospect of long enjoying. He is a grand officer of Bonaparte's Legion of Honour, and has a long claim to that distinction, because as early as on the 25th of June, 1790, he made a motion in the National Assembly to suppress all former Royal Orders in France, and to create in their place only a national one. Always an incorrigible flatterer, when Napoleon proclaimed himself Ali the Mussulman, De Menou professed himself Abdallah the believer in the Alcoran.

The late vice-president of the Italian Republic, Melzi-Eril, is now in complete disgrace with his Sovereign, Napoleon the First. If persons of rank and property would read through the list of those, their equals by birth and wealth, who, after being seduced by the sophistry of impostors, dishonoured and exposed themselves by joining in the Revolution, they might see that none of them have escaped insults, many have suffered death, and all have been, or are, vile slaves, at the mercy of the whip of some upstart beggar, and trampled upon by men started up from the mud, of lowest birth and basest morals. If their revolutionary mania were not incurable, this truth and this evidence would retain them within their duty, so corresponding with their real interest, and prevent them from being any longer borne along by a current of infamy and danger, and preserve them from being lost upon quicksands or dashed against rocks.

The conduct and fate of the Italian nobleman and Spanish grandee, Melzi-Eril, has induced me to make these reflections. Wealthy as well as elevated, he might have passed his life in uninterrupted tranquillity, enjoying its comforts without experiencing its vicissitudes, with the esteem of his contemporaries and without reproach from posterity or from his own conscience. Unfortunately for him, a journey into this country made him acquainted both with our philosophers and with our philosophical works; and he had neither natural

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capacity to distinguish errors from reality, nor judgment enough to perceive that what appeared improving and charming in theory, frequently became destructive and improper when attempted to be put into practice. Returned to his own country, his acquired half-learning made him wholly dissatisfied with his Government, with his religion, and with himself. In our Revolution he thought that he saw the first approach towards the perfection of the human species, and that it would soon make mankind as good and as regenerated in society as was promised in books. With our own regenerators he extenuated the crimes which sullied their work from its first page, and declared them even necessary to make the conclusion so much the more complete. When, therefore, Bonaparte, in 1796, entered the capital of Lombardy, Melzi was among the first of the Italian nobility who hailed him as a deliverer. The numerous vexations and repeated pillage of our Government, generals, commissaries, and soldiers, did not abate his zeal nor alter his opinion. "The faults and sufferings of individuals," he said, "are nothing to the goodness of the cause, and do not impair the utility of the whole." To him, everything the Revolution produced was the best; the murder of thousands and the ruin of millions were, with him, nothing compared with the benefit the universe would one day derive from the principles and instruction of our armed and unarmed philosophers. In recompense for so much complacency, and such great patriotism, Bonaparte appointed him, in 1797, a plenipotentiary from the Cisalpine Republic to the Congress at Rastadt; and, in 1802, a vice-president of the Italian Republic. As Melzi was a sincere and disinterested republican fanatic, he did not much approve of the strides Bonaparte made towards a sovereignty that annihilated the sovereignty of his sovereign people. In a conference, however, with Talleyrand, at Lyons, in February, 1802, he was convinced that this age was not yet ripe for all the improvements our philosophers intended to confer on it; and that, to prevent it from retrogading to the point where it was found by our Revolution, it was necessary that it should be ruled by enlightened men, such as he and Bonaparte, to whom he advised him by all means never to give the least hint about liberty and equality. Our Minister ended his fraternal counsel with obliging Melzi to sign a stipulation for a yearly sum, as a douceur for the place he occupied.

The sweets of power shortly caused Melzi to forget both the tenets of his philosophy and his schemes of regeneration. He trusted so much to the promises of Bonaparte and Talleyrand, that he believed himself destined to reign for life, and was, therefore, not a little surprised when he was ordered by Napoleon the First to descend and salute Eugene de Beauharnais as the deputy Sovereign of the Sovereign King of Italy. He was not philosopher enough to conceal his chagrin, and bowed with such a bad grace to the new Viceroy that it was visible he would have preferred seeing in that situation an Austrian Archduke as a governor-general. To soften his disappointment, Bonaparte offered to make him a Prince, and with that rank indemnify him for breaking the promises given at Lyons, where it is known that the influence of Melzi, more than the intrigues of Talleyrand, determined the Italian Consulta in the choice of a president.

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Immediately after Bonaparte's return to France, Melzi left Milan, and retired to an estate in Tuscany; from that place he wrote to Talleyrand a letter full of reproach, and concluded by asking leave to pass the remainder of his days in Spain among his relatives. An answer was presented him by an officer of Bonaparte's Gendarmes d'Elite, in which he was forbidden to quit Italy, and ordered to return with the officer to Milan, and there occupy his office of Arch-Chancellor to which he had been nominated. Enraged at such treatment, he endeavoured to kill himself with a dose of poison, but his attempt did not succeed. His health was, however, so much injured by it that it is not supposed he can live long. What, a lesson for reformers and innovators!

LETTER XIII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—A ridiculous affair lately occasioned a great deal of bustle among the members of our foreign diplomatic corps. When Bonaparte demanded for himself and for his wife the title of Imperial Majesty, and for his brothers and sisters that of Imperial Highness, he also insisted on the salutation of a Serene Highness being given to his Arch-Chancellor, Cambaceres, and his Arch-Treasurer, Lebrun. The political consciences of the independent representatives of independent Continental Princes immediately took the alarm at the latter innovation, as the appellation of Serene Highness has never hitherto been bestowed on persons who had not princely rank. They complained to Talleyrand, they petitioned Bonaparte, and they even despatched couriers to their respective Courts. The Minister smiled, the Emperor cursed, and their own Cabinets deliberated. All routs, all assemblies, all circles, and all balls were at a stop. Cambaceres applied to his Sovereign to support his pretensions, as connected with his own dignity; and the diplomatic corps held forward their dignity as opposing the pretensions of Cambaceres. In this dilemma Bonaparte ordered all the Ambassadors, Ministers, envoys, and agents 'en masse' to the castle of the Tuileries. After hearing, with apparent patience, their arguments in favour of established etiquette and customs, he remained inflexible, upon the ground that he, as master, had a right to confer what titles he chose within his own dominions on his own subjects; and that those foreigners who refused to submit to his regulations might return to their own country. This plain explanation neither effecting a conversion nor making any, impression, he grew warm, and left the refractory diplomatists with these remarkable words: "Were I to create my Mameluke Rostan a King, both you and your masters should acknowledge him in that rank."

After this conference most of Their Excellencies were seized with terror and fear, and would, perhaps, have subscribed to the commands of our Emperor had not some of the wisest among them proposed, and obtained the consent of the rest, to apply, once more to Talleyrand, and purchase by some douceur his assistance in this great business. The heart of our Minister is easily softened; and he assented, upon certain conditions, to lay

the whole before his Sovereign in such a manner that Cambaceres should be made a Prince as well as a Serene Highness.

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It is said that Bonaparte was not easily persuaded to this measure, and did not consent to it before the Minister remarked that his condescension in this insignificant opposition to his will would proclaim his moderation and generosity, and empower him to insist on obedience when matters of the greatest consequence should be in question or disputed. Thus our regicide, Cambaceres, owes his princely title to the shallow intrigues of the agents of legitimate Sovereigns. Their nicety in talking of innovations with regard to him, after they had without difficulty hailed a sans-culotte an Emperor, and other sans-culottes Imperial Highnesses, was as absurd as improper. Report, however, states, what is very probable, that they were merely the duped tools of Cambaceres's ambition and vanity, and of Talleyrand's corruption and cupidity.

Cambaceres expected to have been elevated to a Prince on the same day that he was made a Serene Highness; but Joseph Bonaparte represented to his brother that too many other princedoms would diminish the respect and value of the princedoms of the Bonaparte family. Cambaceres knew that Talleyrand had some reason at that period to be discontented with Joseph, and, therefore, asked his advice how to get made a Prince against the wishes of this Grand Elector. After some consideration, the Minister replied that he was acquainted with one way, which would, with his support, certainly succeed; but it required a million of livres to set the wheels in motion, and keep them going afterwards. The hint was taken, and an agreement signed for one million, payable on the day when the princely patent should be delivered to the Arch-Chancellor.

Among the mistresses provided by our Minister for the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, Madame B——s is one of the ablest in the way of intrigue. She was instructed to alarm her 'bon ami', the Bavarian Minister, Cetto, who is always bustling and pushing himself forward in the grand questions of etiquette. A fool rather than a rogue, and an intriguer while he thinks himself a negotiator, he was happy to have this occasion to prove his penetrating genius and astonishing information. A convocation of the diplomatic corps was therefore called, and the suggestions of Cetto were regarded as an inspiration, and approved, with a resolution to persevere unanimously. At their first audience with Talleyrand on this subject, he seemed to incline in their favour; but, as soon as he observed how much they showed themselves interested about this trifling punctilio, it occurred to him that they, as well as Cambaceres, might in some way or other reward the service he intended to perform. Madame B——s was again sent for; and she once more advised her lover, who again advised his colleagues. Their scanty purses were opened, and a subscription entered into for a very valuable diamond, which, with the millions of the Arch-Chancellor, gave satisfaction to all parties; and even Joseph Bonaparte was reconciled, upon the consideration that Cambaceres has no children, and that, therefore, the Prince will expire with the Grand Officer of State.

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Cambaceres, though before the Revolution a nobleman of a Parliamentary family, was so degraded and despised for his unnatural and beastly propensities, that to see him in the ranks of rebellion was not unexpected. Born in Languedoc, his countrymen were the first to suffer from his revolutionary proceedings, and reproached him as one of the most active instruments of persecution against the clergy of Toulouse, and as one of the causes of all the blood that flowed in consequence. A coward as well as a traitor, after the death of Louis XVI. he never dared ascend the tribune of the National Convention, but always gave a silent vote to all the atrocious laws proposed and carried by Marat, Robespierre, and their accomplices. It was in 1795, when the Reign of Terror had ceased, that he first displayed his zeal for anarchy, and his hatred to royalty; his contemptible and disgusting vices were, however, so publicly reprobated, that even the Directory dared not nominate him a Minister of Justice, a place for which he intrigued in vain, from 1796 to 1799; when Bonaparte, either not so scrupulous, or setting himself above the public opinion, caused him to be called to the Consulate; which, in 1802, was ensured him for life, but exchanged, in 1804, for the office of an Arch-Chancellor.

He is now worth thirty millions of livres—all honestly obtained by his revolutionary industry. Besides a Prince, a Serene Highness, an Arch-Chancellor, a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, he is also a Knight of the Prussian Black Eagle! For his brother, who was for a long time an emigrant clergyman, and whom he then renounced as a fanatic, he has now procured the Archbishopric of Rouen and a Cardinal's hat. His Eminence is also a grand officer of the Legion of Honour in France, and a Pope in petto at Rome.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—No Sovereign Prince has more incurred the hatred of Bonaparte than the present King of Sweden; and I have heard from good authority that our Government spares neither bribes nor intrigues to move the tails of those factions which were dissolved, but not crushed, after the murder of Gustavus *iii*. The Swedes are generally brave and loyal, but their history bears witness that they are easily misled; all their grand achievements are their own, and the consequence of their national spirit and national valour, while all their disasters have been effected by the influence of foreign gold and of foreign machinations. Had they not been the dupes of the plots and views of the Cabinets of Versailles and St. Petersburg, their country might have been as powerful in the nineteenth century as it was in the seventeenth.

That Gustavus *iv*. both knew the danger of Europe, and indicated the remedy, His Majesty's notes, as soon as he came of age, presented by the able and loyal Minister Bildt to the Diet of Ratisbon, evince. Had they been more attended to during 1798 and 1799, Bonaparte would not, perhaps, have now been so great, but the Continent would

have remained more free and more independent. They were the first causes of our Emperor's official anger against the Cabinet of Stockholm.

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When, however, His Swedish Majesty entered into the Northern league, his Ambassador, Baron Ehrensward, was for some time treated with no insults distinct or different from those to which all foreign diplomatic agents have been accustomed during the present reign; but when he demanded reparation for the piracies committed during the last war by our privateers on the commerce of his nation, the tone was changed; and when his Sovereign, in 1803, was on a visit to his father-in-law, the Elector of Baden, and there preferred the agreeable company of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien to the society of our Minister, Baron Ehrensward never entered Napoleon's diplomatic circle or Madame Napoleon's drawing-room without hearing rebukes and experiencing disgusts. One day, when more than usually attacked, he said, on leaving the apartment, to another Ambassador, and in the hearing of Duroc, "that it required more real courage to encounter with dignity and self-command unbecoming provocations, which the person who gave them knew could not be resented, than to brave a death which the mouths of cannon vomit or the points of bayonets inflict." Duroc reported to his master what he heard, and but for Talleyrand's interference, the Swedish Ambassador would, on the same night, have been lodged in the Temple. Orders were already given to that purpose, but were revoked.

This Baron Ehrensward, who is also a general in the service of his country, has almost from his youth passed his time at Courts; first in his own country, and afterwards in Spain, where he resided twelve years as our Ambassador. Frank as a soldier, but also polite as a courtier, he was not a little surprised at the new etiquette of our new court, and at the endurance of all the members of the diplomatic corps, of whom hardly one had spirit enough to remember that he was the representative of one, at least nominally, independent Prince or State. It must be added that he was the only foreign diplomatist, with Count Markof, who was not the choice of our Cabinet, and, therefore, was not in our secrets.

As soon as His Swedish Majesty heard of the unexpected and unlawful seizure of the Duc d'Enghien, he wrote a letter with his own hand to Bonaparte, which he sent by his adjutant-general, Tawast; but this officer arrived too late, and only in time to hear of the execution of the Prince he intended to save, and the indecent expressions of Napoleon when acquainted with the object of his mission. Baron Ehrensward was then recalled, and a Court mourning was proclaimed by Gustavus *iv*., as well as by Alexander the First, for the lamented victim of the violated laws of nations and humanity. This so, enraged our ruler that General Caulincourt (the same who commanded the expedition which crossed the Rhine and captured the Duc d' Enghien) was engaged to head and lead fifty other banditti, who were destined to pass in disguise into Baden, and to bring the King of Sweden a prisoner to this capital. Fortunately, His Majesty had some suspicion of the attempt, and removed to a greater distance from our frontiers than Carlsruhe. So certain was our Government of the success of this shameful enterprise, that our charge d'affaires in Sweden was preparing to engage the discontented and disaffected there for the convocation of a diet and the establishment of a regency.

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According to the report in our diplomatic circle. Bonaparte and Talleyrand intended nevermore to, release their royal captive when once in their power; but, after forcing him to resign the throne to his son, keep him a prisoner for the remainder of his days, which they would have taken care should not have been long. The Duke of Sudermania was to have been nominated a regent until the majority of the young King, not yet six years of age. The Swedish diets were to recover that influence, or, rather, that licentiousness, to which Gustavus *iii*., by the revolution of the 19th of August, 1772, put an end. All exiled regicides, or traitors, were to be recalled, and a revolutionary focus organized in the North, equally threatening Russia and Denmark. The dreadful consequences of such an event are incalculable. Thanks to the prudence of His Swedish Majesty, all these schemes evaporated in air.

Not being able to dethrone a Swedish Monarch, our Cabinet resolved to partition the Swedish territory, to which effect I am assured that proposals were last summer made to the Cabinets of St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Copenhagen. Swedish Finland was stated to have been offered to Russia, Swedish Pomerania to Prussia, and Scania and Blekinge to Denmark; but the overture was rejected.

The King of Sweden possesses both talents and information superior to most of his contemporaries, and he has surrounded himself with counsellors who, with their experience, make wisdom more firm, more useful, and more valuable. His chancellor, D'Ehrenheim, unites modesty with sagacity; he is a most able statesman, an accomplished gentleman, and the most agreeable of men. He knows the languages, as well as the constitutions, of every country in Europe, with equal perfection as his native tongue and national code. Had his Sovereign the same ascendency over the European politics as Christina had during the negotiation of the Treaty of Munster, other States would admire, and Sweden be proud of, another Axel Oxenstiern.

Count Fersen, who also has, and is worthy of, the confidence of his Prince, is a nobleman, the honour and pride of his rank. A colonel before the Revolution of the regiment Royal Suedois, in the service of my country, his principles were so well appreciated that he was entrusted by Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, when so many were so justly suspected, and served royalty in distress, at the risk of his own existence. This was so much the more generous in him as he was a foreigner, of one of the most ancient families, and one of the richest noblemen in his own country. To him Louis XVIII. is indebted for his life; and he brought consolation to the deserted Marie Antoinette even in the dungeon of the Conciergerie, when a discovery would have been a sentence of death. In 1797, he was appointed by his King plenipotentiary to the Congress of Rastadt, and arrived there just at the time when Bonaparte, after the destruction of happiness

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in Italy, had resolved on the ruin of liberty in Switzerland, and came there proud of past exploits and big with future schemes of mischief. His reception from the conquerer of Italy was such as might have been expected by distinguished loyalty from successful rebellion. He was told that the Congress of Rastadt was not his place! and this was true; for what can be common between honour and infamy, between virtue and vice? On his return to Sweden, Count Fersen was rewarded with the dignity of a Grand Officer of State.

Of another faithful and trusty counsellor of His Swedish Majesty, Baron d'Armfeldt, a panegyric would be pronounced in saying that he was the friend of Gustavus *iii*. From a page to that chevalier of royalty he was advanced to the rank of general; and during the war with Russia, in 1789 and 1790, he fought and bled by the side of his Prince and benefactor. It was to him that his King said, when wounded mortally, by the hand of a regicide, at a masquerade in March, 1792, "Don't be alarmed, my friend. You know as well as myself that all wounds are not dangerous." Unfortunately, his were not of that description.

In the will of this great Monarch, Baron d'Armfeldt was nominated one of the guardians of his present Sovereign, and a governor of the capital; but the Duke Regent, who was a weak Prince, guided by philosophical adventurers, by Illuminati and Freemasons, most of whom had imbibed the French revolutionary maxims, sent him, in a kind of honourable exile, as an Ambassador to Italy. Shortly afterwards, under pretence of having discovered a conspiracy, in which the Baron was implicated, he was outlawed. He then took refuge in Russia, where he was made a general, and as such distinguished him self under Suwarow during the campaign of 1799. He was then recalled to his country, and restored to all his former places and dignities, and has never since ceased to merit and obtain the favour, friendship, and approbation of his King. He is said to be one of the Swedish general officers intended to serve in union with the Russian troops expected in Pomerania. Wherever he is employed, I am convinced that he will fight, vanquish, or perish like a hero. Last spring he was offered the place of a lieutenant-general in the Austrian service, which, with regard to salary and emoluments, is greatly superior to what he enjoys in Sweden; he declined it, however, because, with a warrior of his stamp, interest is the last consideration.

LETTER XV.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Believe me, Bonaparte dreads more the liberty of the Press than all other engines, military or political, used by his rivals or foes for his destruction. He is aware of the fatal consequences all former factions suffered from the public exposure of their

past crimes and future views; of the reality of their guilt, and of the fallacy of their boasts and promises. He

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does not doubt but that a faithful account of all the actions and intrigues of his Government, its imposition, fraud, duplicity, and tyranny, would make a sensible alteration in the public opinion; and that even those who, from motives of patriotism, from being tired of our revolutionary convulsions, or wishing for tranquillity, have been his adherents, might alter their sentiments when they read of enormities which must indicate insecurity, and prove to every one that he who waded through rivers of blood to seize power will never hesitate about the means of preserving it.

There is not a printing-office, from the banks of the Elbe to the Gulf of Naples, which is not under the direct or indirect inspection of our police agents; and not a bookseller in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, or Switzerland, publishes a work which, if contrary to our policy or our fears, is not either confiscated, or purchased on the day it, makes its appearance. Besides our regular emissaries, we have persons travelling from the beginning to the end of the year, to pick up information of what literary productions are printing; of what authors are popular; of their political opinions and private circumstances. This branch of our haute police extends even to your country.

Before the Revolution, we had in this capital only two daily papers, but from 1789 to 1799 never less than thirty, and frequently sixty journals were daily printed. After Bonaparte had assumed the consular authority, they were reduced to ten. But though these were under a very strict inspection of our Minister of Police, they were regarded still as too numerous, and have lately been diminished to eight, by the incorporation of ‘Le Clef du Cabinet’ and ‘Le Bulletin de l’Europe’ with the ’Gazette de France’, a paper of which the infamously famous Barrere is the editor. According to a proposal of Bonaparte, it was lately debated in the Council of State whether it would not be politic to suppress all daily prints, with the sole exception of the Moniteur. Fouche and Talleyrand spoke much in favour of this measure of security. Real, however, is said to have suggested another plan, which was adopted; and our Government, instead of prohibiting the appearance of our daily papers, has resolved by degrees to purchase them all, and to entrust them entirely to the direction of Barrere, who now is consulted in everything concerning books or newspapers.

All circulation of foreign papers is prohibited, until they have previously obtained the stamp of approbation from the grand literary censor, Barrere. Any person offending against this law is most severely punished. An American gentlemen, of the name of Campbell, was last spring sent to the Temple for lending one of your old daily papers to a person who lodged in the same hotel with him. After an imprisonment of ten weeks he made some pecuniary sacrifices to obtain his liberty, but was carried to Havre, under

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an escort of gendarmes, put on board a neutral vessel, and forbidden, under pain of death, ever to set his foot on French ground again. An American vessel was, about the same time, confiscated at Bordeaux, and the captain and crew imprisoned, because some English books were found on board, in which Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Fouche, and some of our great men were rather ill-treated. The crew have since been liberated, but the captain has been brought here, and is still in the Temple. The vessel and the cargo have been sold as lawful captures, though the captain has proved from the names written in the books that they belonged to a passenger. A young German student in surgery, who came here to improve himself, has been nine months in the same state prison, for having with him a book, printed in Germany during Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, wherein the chief and the undertaking are ridiculed. His mother, the widow of a clergyman, hearing of the misfortune of her son, came here, and has presented to the Emperor and Empress half a dozen petitions, without any effect whatever, and has almost ruined herself and her other children by the expenses of the journey. During a stay of four months she has not yet been able to gain admittance into the Temple, to visit or see her son, who perhaps expired in tortures, or died brokenhearted before she came here.

A dozen copies of a funeral sermon on the Duc d'Enghien had found their way here, and were secretly circulated for some time; but at last the police heard of it, and every person who was suspected of having read them was arrested. The number of these unfortunate persons, according to some, amounted to one hundred and thirty, while others say that they were only eighty-four, of whom twelve died suddenly in the Temple, and the remainder were transported to Cayenne; upwards of half of them were women, some of the ci-devant highest rank among subjects.

A Prussian, of the name of Bulow, was shot as a spy in the camp of Boulogne, because in his trunk was an English book, with the lives of Bonaparte and of some of his generals. Every day such and other examples of the severity of our Government are related; and foreigners who visit us continue, nevertheless, to be off their guard. They would be less punished had they with them forged bills than, printed books or newspapers, in which our Imperial Family and public functionaries are not treated with due respect. Bonaparte is convinced that in every book where he is not spoken of with praise, the intent is to blame him; and such intents or negative guilt never escape with impunity.

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As, notwithstanding the endeavours of our Government, we are more fond of foreign prints, and have more confidence in them than in our own, official presses have lately been established at Antwerp, at Cologne, and at Mentz, where the ‘Gazette de Leyden’, ‘Hamburg Correspondenten’, and ‘Journal de Frankfort’ are reprinted; some articles left out, and others inserted in their room. It was intended to reprint also the ’Courier de Londres’, but our types, and particularly, our paper, would detect the fraud. I have read one of our own Journal de Frankfort, in which were extracts from this French paper, printed in your country, which I strongly suspect are of our own manufacture. I am told that several new books, written by foreigners, in praise of our present brilliant Government, are now in the presses of those our frontier towns, and will soon be laid before the public as foreign productions.

A clerk of a banking-house had lately the imprudence to mention, during his dinner at the restaurateur’s of ‘Cadran Vert’, on the Boulevards, some doubt of the veracity of an official article in the ‘Moniteur’. As he left the house he was arrested, carried before Fouche, accused of being an English agent, and before supper-time he was on the road to Rochefort on his way to Cayenne. As soon as the banker Tournon was informed of this expeditious justice, as it is called here, he waited on Fouche, who threatened even to transport him if he dared to interfere with the transactions of the police. This banker was himself seized in the spring of last year by a police agent and some gendarmes, and carried into exile forty leagues from this capital, where he remained six. months, until a pecuniary douceur procured him a recall. His crime was having inquired after General Moreau when in the Temple, and of having left his card there.

LETTER XVI.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—The Prince Borghese has lately been appointed a captain of the Imperial Guard of his Imperial brother-in-law, Napoleon the First, and is now in Germany, making his first campaign. A descendant of a wealthy and ancient Roman family, but born with a weak understanding, he was easily deluded into the ranks of the revolutionists of his own country, by a Parisian Abbe, his instructor and governor, and gallant of the Princesse Borghese, his mother. He was the first secretary of the first Jacobin club established at Rome, in the spring of 1798; and in December of the same year, when the Neapolitan troops invaded the Ecclesiastical States, he, with his present brother-in-law, another hopeful Roman Prince, Santa Cruce, headed the Roman sans-culottes in their retreat. To show his love of equality, he had previously served as a common man in a company of which the captain was a fellow that sold cats’ meat and tripe in the streets of Rome, and the lieutenant a scullion of his mother’s kitchen. Since

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Imperial aristocracy is now become the order of the day, he is as insupportable for his pride and vanity as he, some years ago, was contemptible for his meanness. He married, in 1803, Madame Leclerc, who, between the death of a first and a wedding with a second husband—a space of twelve months—had twice been in a fair way to become a mother. Her portion was estimated at eighteen millions of livres—a sum sufficient to palliate many ‘faux pas’ in the eyes of a husband more sensible and more delicate than her present Serene Idiot, as she styles the Prince Borghese.

The lady is the favourite sister of Napoleon, the ablest, but also the most wicked of the female Bonapartes. She had, almost from her infancy, passed through all the filth of prostitution, debauchery, and profligacy before she attained her present elevation; rank, however, has not altered her morals, but only procured her the means of indulging in new excesses. Ever since the wedding night the Prince Borghese has been excluded from her bed; for she declared frankly to him, as well as to her brother, that she would never endure the approach of a man with a bad breath; though many who, from the opportunities they have had of judging, certainly ought to know, pretend that her own breath is not the sweetest in the world. When her husband had marched towards the Rhine, she asked her brother, as a favour, to procure the Prince Borghese, after a useless life, a glorious death. This curious demand of a wife was, made in Madame Bonaparte’s drawing-room, in the presence of fifty persons. “You are always ’etourdie’,” replied Napoleon, smiling.

If Bonaparte, however, overlooks the intrigues of his sisters, he is not so easily pacified when any reports reach him inculpating the virtues of his sisters-in-law. Some gallants of Madame Joseph Bonaparte have already disappeared to return no more, or are wandering in the wilds of Cayenne; but the Emperor is particularly attentive to everything concerning the morality of Madame Louis, whose descendants are destined to continue the Bonaparte dynasty. Two officers, after being cashiered, were, with two of Madame Louis’s maids, shut up last month in the Temple, and have not since been heard of, upon suspicion that the Princess preferred their society to that of her husband.

Louis Bonaparte, whose constitution has been much impaired by his debaucheries, was, last July, advised by his physicians to use the baths at St. Amand. After his wife had accompanied him as far as Lille, she went to visit one of her friends, Madame Ney, the wife of General Ney, who commanded the camp near Montreuil. This lady resided in a castle called Leek, in the vicinity, where dinners, concerts, balls, and other festivities celebrated the arrival of the Princess; and to these the principal officers of the camp were invited. One morning, about an hour after the company had retired to bed, the whole castle was disturbed and alarmed by an uproar in the anteroom

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of Princesse Louis's bedchamber. On coming to the scene of riot, two officers were found there fighting, and the Princesse Louis, more than half undressed, came out and called the sentries on duty to separate the combatants, who were both wounded. This affair occasioned great scandal; and General Ney, after having put the officers under arrest, sent a courier to Napoleon at Boulogne, relating the particulars and demanding His Majesty's orders. It was related and believed as a fact that the quarrel originated about two of the maids of the Princess (whose virtue was never suspected), with whom the officers were intriguing. The Emperor ordered the culprits to be broken and delivered up to his Minister of Police, who knew how to proceed. The Princesse Louis also received an invitation to join her sister-in-law, Madame Murat, then in the camp at Boulogne, and to remain under her care until her husband's return from St. Amand.

General Murat was then at Paris, and his lady was merely on a visit to her Imperial brother, who made her responsible for Madame Louis, whom he severely reprimanded for the misconduct of her maids. The bedrooms of the two sisters were on the same floor. One night, Princesse Louis thought she heard the footsteps of a person on the staircase, not like those of a female, and afterwards the door of Madame Murat's room opened softly. This occurrence deprived her of all desire to sleep; and curiosity, or perhaps revenge, excited her to remove her doubts concerning the virtue of her guardian. In about an hour afterwards, she stole into Madame Murat's bedroom, by the way of their sitting-room, the door in the passage being bolted. Passing her hand over the pillow, she almost pricked herself with the strong beard of a man, and, screaming out, awoke her sister, who inquired what she could want at such an unusual hour.

"I believe," replied the Princess, "my room is haunted. I have not shut my eyes, and intended to ask for a place by your side, but I find it is already engaged:

"My maid always sleeps with me when my husband is absent," said Madame Murat.

"It is very rude of your maid to go to bed with her mistress without first shaving herself," said the Princess, and left the room.

The next morning an explanation took place; the ladies understood each other, and each, during the remaining part of her husband's absence, had for consolation a maid for a bedfellow. Madame Murat also convinced the Emperor that his suspicions with regard to the Princesse Louis were totally unfounded; and he with some precious presents, indemnified her for his harsh treatment.

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It is reported that the two maids of the Princesse Louis, when before Fouche, first denied all acquaintance with the officers; but, being threatened with tortures, they signed a ‘proces verbal’, acknowledging their guilt. This valuable and authentic document the Minister sent by an extra courier to the Emperor, who showed it to his stepdaughter. Her generosity is proverbial here, and therefore nobody is surprised that she has given a handsome sum of money to the parents of her maids, who had in vain applied to see their children; Fouche having told them that affairs of State still required their confinement. One of them, Mariothe, has been in the service of the Princess ever since her marriage, and is known to possess all her confidence; though during that period of four years she has twice been in a state of pregnancy, through the condescending attention of her princely master.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—When preparations were made for the departure of our army of England for Germany, it excited both laughter and murmuring among the troops. Those who had always regarded the conquest of England as impracticable in present circumstances, laughed, and those who had in their imagination shared the wealth of your country, showed themselves vexed at their disappointment. To keep them in good spirits, the company of the theatre of the Vaudevilles was ordered from hence to Boulogne, and several plays, composed for the occasion, were performed, in which the Germans were represented as defeated, and the English begging for peace on their knees, which the Emperor of the French grants upon condition that one hundred guineas ready money should be paid to each of his soldiers and sailors. Every corps in its turn was admitted gratis to witness this exhibition of the end of all their labours; and you can form no idea what effect it produced, though you are not a stranger to our fickle and inconsiderate character. Ballads, with the same predictions and the same promises, were written and distributed among the soldiers, and sung by women sent by Fouche to the coast. As all productions of this sort were, as usual, liberally rewarded by the Emperor, they poured in from all parts of his Empire.

Three poets and authors of the theatre of the Vaudevilles, Barrel, Radet, and Desfontaines, each received two hundred napoleons d’or for their common production of a ballad, called “Des Adieux d’un Grenadier au Camp de Boulogne.” From this I have extracted the following sample, by which you may judge of the remainder:

THE GRENADIER’S ADIEU

TO THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE

The drum is beating, we must march, We’re summon’d to another field, A field that to our conq’ring swords Shall soon a laurel harvest yield. If English folly light the torch Of war in Germany again The loss is theirs—the gain is ours March! march! commence the bright campaign.

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There, only by their glorious deeds Our chiefs and gallant bands are known; There, often have they met their foes, And victory was all their own: There, hostile ranks, at our approach, Prostrate beneath our feet shall bow; There, smiling conquest waits to twine A laurel wreath round every brow.

Adieu, my pretty turf-built hut * Adieu, my little garden, too! I made, I deck'd you all myself, And I am loth to part with you: But since my arms I must resume, And leave your comforts all behind, Upon the hostile frontier soon My tent shall flutter in the wind.

My pretty fowls and doves, adieu! Adieu, my playful cat, to thee! Who every morning round me came, And were my little family. But thee, my dog, I shall not leave No, thou shalt ever follow me, Shalt share my toils, shaft share my fame For thou art called *victory*.

But no farewell I bid to you, Ye prams and boats, which, o'er the wave, Were doom'd to waft to England's shore Our hero chiefs, our soldiers brave. To you, good gentlemen of Thames, Soon, soon our visit shall be paid, Soon, soon your merriment be o'er 'T is but a few short hours delay'd.

* During the long continuance of the French encampment at Boulogne the troops had formed, as it were, a romantic town of huts. Every but had a garden surrounding it, kept in neat order and stocked with vegetables and flowers. They had, besides, fowls, pigeons, and rabbits; and these, with a cat and a dog, generally formed the little household of every soldier.

As I am writing on the subject of poetical agents, I will also say some words of our poetical flatterers, though the same persons frequently occupy both the one office and the other. A man of the name of Richaud, who has sung previously the glory of Marat and Robespierre, offered to Bonaparte, on the evening preceding his departure for Strasburg, the following lines; and was in return presented with a purse full of gold, and an order to the Minister of the Interior, Champagny, to be employed in his offices, until better provided for.

STANZAS

ON THE RUMOUR OF A WAR WITH AUSTRIA

Kings who, so often vanquish'd, vainly dare
Menace the victor that has laid you low—
Look now at France—and view your own despair
In the majestic splendour of your foe.

What miserable pride, ye foolish kings,
Still your deluded reason thus misleads?

Provoke the storm—the bolt with lightning wings
Shall fall—but fall on your devoted heads.

And thou, Napoleon, if thy mighty sword
Shall for thy people conquer new renown;
Go—Europe shall attest, thy heart preferr’d
The modest olive to the laurel crown.

But thee, lov’d chief, to new achievements bold

The aroused spirit of the soldier calls;
Speak!—and Vienna cowering shall behold
Our banners waving o’er her prostrate walls.

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I received, four days afterwards, at the circle of Madame Joseph Bonaparte, with all other visitors, a copy of these stanzas. Most of the foreign Ambassadors were of the party, and had also a share of this patriotic donation. Count von Cobenzl had prudently absented himself; otherwise, this delenda of the Austrian Carthage would have been officially announced to him.

Another poetaster, of the name of Brouet, in a long, dull, disgusting poem, after comparing Bonaparte with all great men of antiquity, and proving that he surpasses them all, tells his countrymen that their Emperor is the deputy Divinity upon earth—the mirror of wisdom, a demi-god to whom future ages will erect statues, build temples, burn incense, fall down and adore. A proportionate share of abuse is, of course, bestowed on your nation. He says:

A Londres on vit briller d'un eclat ephemere Le front tout radieux d'un ministre influent; Mais pour faire palir l'etoile d'Angleterre, Un *soleil* tout nouveau parut au firmament, Et ce soleil du peuple franc Admire de l'Europe entiere Sur la terre est nomme *Bonaparte le grand*.

For this delicate compliment Brouet was made deputy postmaster-general in Italy, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour. It must be granted that, if Bonaparte is fond of flattery, he does not receive it gratis, but pays for it like a real Emperor.

It has lately become the etiquette, not only in our Court circle and official assemblies, but even in fashionable societies of persons who are, or wish to become, Bonaparte's public functionaries, to distribute and have read and applauded these disinterested effusions of our poetical geniuses. This fashion occasioned lately a curious blunder at a tea-party in the hotel of Madame de Talleyrand. The same printer who had been engaged by this lady had also been employed by Chenier, or some other poet, to print a short satire against several of our literary ladies, in which Madame de Genlis and Madame de Stael (who has just arrived here from her exile) were, with others, very severely handled. By mistake, a bundle of this production was given to the porter of Madame de Talleyrand, and a copy was handed to each visitor, even to Madame de Genlis and Madame de Stael, who took them without noticing their contents. Picard, after reading an act of a new play, was asked by the lady of the house to read this poetic worship of the Emperor of the French. After the first two lines he stopped short, looking round him confused, suspecting a trick had been played upon him. This induced the audience to read what had been given them, and Madame de Talleyrand with the rest; who, instead of permitting Picard to continue with another. scene of his play, as he had adroitly begun, made the most awkward apology in the world, and by it exposed the ladies still more who were the objects of the satire; which, an hour afterwards, was exchanged for the verses intended for the homage of the Emperor, and the cause of the error was cleared up.

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I have read somewhere of a tyrant of antiquity who forced all his subjects to furnish one room of their houses in the best possible manner, according to their circumstances, and to have it consecrated for the reception of his bust, before which, under pain of death, they were commanded to prostrate themselves, morning, noon, and night. They were to enter this room, bareheaded and barefooted, to remain there only on their knees, and to leave it without turning their back towards the sacred representative of their Prince. All laughing, sneezing, coughing, speaking, or even whispering, were capitally prohibited; but crying was not only permitted, but commanded, when His Majesty was offended, angry, or unwell. Should our system of cringing continue progressively to increase as it has done these last three years, we, too, shall very soon have rooms consecrated, and an idol to adore.

LETTER XVIII.

Paris, September, 1805.

My lord:—Portugal has suffered more from the degraded state of Spain, under the administration of the Prince of Peace, than we have yet gained by it in France. Engaged by her, in 1793, in a war against its inclination and interest, it was not only deserted afterwards, but sacrificed. But for the dictates of the Court of Madrid, supported, perhaps, by some secret influence of the Court of St. James, the Court of Lisbon would have preserved its neutrality, and, though not a well-wisher of the French Republic, never have been counted among her avowed enemies.

In the peace of 1795, and in the subsequent treaty of 1796, which transformed the family compact of the French and Spanish Bourbons into a national alliance between France and Spain, there was no question about Portugal. In 1797, indeed, our Government condescended to receive a Portuguese plenipotentiary, but merely for the purpose of plundering his country of some millions of money, and to insult it by shutting up its representative as a State prisoner in the Temple. Of this violation of the laws of civilized nations, Spain never complained, nor had Portugal any means to avenge it. After four years of negotiation, and an expenditure of thirty millions, the imbecile Spanish premier supported demands made by our Government, which, if assented to, would have left Her Most Faithful Majesty without any territory in Europe, and without any place of refuge in America. Circumstances not permitting your country to send any but pecuniary succours, Portugal would have become an easy prey to the united Spanish and French forces, had the marauders agreed about the partition of the spoil. Their disunion, the consequence of their avidity, saved it from ruin, but not from pillage. A province was ceded to Spain, the banks and the navigation of a river to France, and fifty millions to the private purse of the Bonaparte family.

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It might have been supposed that such renunciations, and such offerings, would have satiated ambition, as well as cupidity; but, though the Cabinet of Lisbon was in peace with the Cabinet of St. Cloud, the pretensions and encroachments of the latter left the former no rest. While pocketing tributes it required commercial monopolies, and when its commerce was favoured, it demanded seaports to ensure the security of its trade. Its pretensions rose in proportion to the condescensions of the State it, oppressed. With the money and the value of the diamonds which Portugal has paid in loans, in contributions, in requisitions, in donations, in tributes, and in presents, it might have supported, during ten years, an army of one hundred thousand men; and could it then have been worse situated than it has been since, and is still at this moment?

But the manner of extorting, and the individuals employed to extort, were more humiliating to its dignity and independence than the extortions themselves were injurious to its resources. The first revolutionary Ambassador Bonaparte sent thither evinced both his ingratitude and his contempt.

Few of our many upstart generals have more illiberal sentiments, and more vulgar and insolent manners, than General Lasnes. The son of a publican and a smuggler, he was a smuggler himself in his youth, and afterwards a postilion, a dragoon, a deserter, a coiner, a Jacobin, and a terrorist; and he has, with all the meanness and brutality of these different trades, a kind of native impertinence and audacity which shocks and disgusts. He seems to say, “I am a villain. I know that I am so, and I am proud of being so. To obtain the rank I possess I have respected no human laws, and I bid defiance to all Divine vengeance. I might be murdered or hanged, but it is impossible to degrade me. On a gibbet or in the palace of a Prince, seized by the executioner or dining with Sovereigns, I am, I will, and I must, always remain the same. Infamy cannot debase me, nor is it in the power of grandeur to exalt me.” General, Ambassador, Field-marshal, First Consul, or Emperor, Lasnes will always be the same polluted, but daring individual; a stranger to remorse and repentance, as well as to honour and virtue. Where Bonaparte sends a banditto of such a stamp, he has resolved on destruction.

A kind of temporary disgrace was said to have occasioned Lasnes’s first mission to Portugal. When commander of the consular guard, in 1802, he had appropriated to himself a sum of money from the regimental chest, and, as a punishment, was exiled as an Ambassador, as he said himself. His resentment against Bonaparte he took care to pour out on the Regent of Portugal. Without inquiring or caring about the etiquette of the Court of Lisbon, he brought the sans-culotte etiquette of the Court of the Tuileries with him, and determined to fraternize with a foreign and legitimate Sovereign, as he had done with his own sans-culotte friend and First Consul; and, what is the more surprising, he carried his point. The Prince Regent not only admitted him to the royal table, but stood sponsor to his child by a wife who had been two years his mistress before he was divorced from his first spouse, and with whom the Prince’s consort, a Bourbon Princess and a daughter of a King, was also obliged to associate.

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Avaricious as well as unprincipled, he pursued, as an Ambassador, his former business of a smuggler, and, instead of being ashamed of a discovery, proclaimed it publicly, deserted his post, was not reprimanded in France, but was, without apology, received back again in Portugal. His conduct afterwards could not be surprising. He only insisted that some faithful and able Ministers should be removed, and others appointed in their place, more complaisant and less honest.

New plans of Bonaparte, however, delivered Portugal from this plague; but what did it obtain in return?—another grenadier Ambassador, less brutal but more cunning, as abandoned but more dissimulating.

Gendral Junot is the son of a corn-chandler near the corn-market of this capital, and was a shopman to his father in 1789. Having committed some pilfering, he was turned out of the parental dwelling, and therefore lodged himself as an inmate of the Jacobin Club. In 1792, he entered, as a soldier, in a regiment of the army marching against the county of Nice; and, in 1793, he served before Toulon, where he became acquainted with Bonaparte, whom he, in January, 1794, assisted in despatching the unfortunate Toulonese; and with whom, also, in the autumn of the same year, he, therefore, was arrested as a terrorist.

In 1796, when commander-in-chief, Bonaparte made Junot his aide-de-camp; and in that capacity he accompanied him, in 1798, to Egypt. There, as well as in Italy, he fought bravely, but had no particular opportunity of distinguishing himself. He was not one of those select few whom Napoleon brought with him to Europe in 1799, but returned first to France in 1801, when he was nominated a general of division and commander of this capital, a place he resigned last year to General Murat.

His despotic and cruel behaviour while commander of Paris made him not much regretted. Fouche lost in him, indeed, an able support, but none of us here ever experienced from him justice, much less protection. As with all other of our modern public functionaries, without money nothing was obtained from him. It required as much for not doing any harm as if, in renouncing his usual vexatious oppressions, he had conferred benefits. He was much suspected of being, with Fouche, the patron of a gang of street robbers and housebreakers, who, in the winter of 1803, infested this capital, and who, when finally discovered, were screened from justice and suffered to escape punishment.

I will tell you what I personally have seen of him. Happening one evening to enter the rooms at Frascati, where the gambling-tables are kept, I observed him, undressed, out of regimentals, in company with at young man, who afterwards avowed himself an aide-de-camp of this general, and who was playing with rouleaux of louis d’or, supposed to contain fifty each, at Rouge et Noir. As long as he lost, which he did several times, he took up the rouleau on the table,

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and gave another from his pocket. At last he won, when he asked the bankers to look at their loss, and count the money in his rouleau before they paid him. On opening it, they found it contained one hundred bank-notes of one thousand livres each—folded in a manner to resemble the form and size of louis d'or. The bankers refused to pay, and applied to the company whether they were not in the right to do so, after so many rouleaux had been changed by the person who now required such an unusual sum in such an unusual manner. Before any answer could be given, Junot interfered, asking the bankers whether they knew who he was. Upon their answering in the negative, he said: "I am General Junot, the commander of Paris, and this officer who has won the money is my aide-de-camp; and I insist upon your paying him this instant, if you do not wish to have your bank confiscated and your persons arrested." They refused to part with money which they protested was not their own, and most of the individuals present joined them in their resistance. "You are altogether a set of scoundrels and sharpers," interrupted Junot; "your business shall soon be done."

So saying, he seized all the money on the table, and a kind of boxing-match ensued between him and the bankers, in which he, being a tall and strong man, got the better of them. The tumult, however, brought in the guard, whom he ordered, as their chief, to carry to prison sixteen persons he pointed out. Fortunately, I was not of the number—I say fortunately, for I have heard that most of them remained in prison six months before this delicate affair was cleared up and settled. In the meantime, Junot not only pocketed all the money he pretended was due to his aide-de-camp, but the whole sum contained in the bank, which was double that amount. It was believed by every one present that this was an affair arranged between him and his aide-de-camp beforehand to pillage the bank. What a commander, what a general, and what an Ambassador!

Fitte, the secretary of our Embassy to Portugal, was formerly an Abbe, and must be well remembered in your country, where he passed some years as an emigrant, but was, in fact, a spy of Talleyrand. I am told that, by his intrigues, he even succeeded in swindling your Ministers out of a sum of money by some plausible schemes he proposed to them. He is, as well as all other apostate priests, a very dangerous man, and an immoral and unprincipled wretch. During the time of Robespierre he is said to have caused the murder of his elder brother and younger sister; the former he denounced to appropriate to himself his wealth, and the latter he accused of fanaticism, because she refused to cohabit with him. He daily boasts of the great protection and great friendship of Talleyrand. 'Qualis rex, talis grex'.

LETTER XIX.

Paris, September, 1805.

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My lord:—In some of the ancient Republics, all citizens who, in time of danger and trouble, remained neutral, were punished as traitors or treated as enemies. When, by our Revolution, civilized society and the European Commonwealth were menaced with a total overthrow, had each member of it been considered in the same light, and subjected to the same laws, some individual States might, perhaps, have been less wealthy, but the whole community would have been more happy and more tranquil, which would have been much better. It was a great error in the powerful league of 1793 to admit any neutrality at all; every Government that did not combat rebellion should have been considered and treated as its ally. The man who continues neutral, though only a passenger, when hands are wanted to preserve the vessel from sinking, deserves to be thrown overboard, to be swallowed up by the waves and to perish the first. Had all other nations been united and unanimous, during 1793 and 1794, against the monster, Jacobinism, we should not have heard of either Jacobin directors, Jacobin consuls, or a Jacobin Emperor. But then, from a petty regard to a temporary profit, they entered into a truce with a revolutionary volcano, which, sooner or later, will consume them all; for I am afraid it is now too late for all human power, with all human means, to preserve any State, any Government, or any people, from suffering by the threatening conflagration. Switzerland, Venice, Geneva, Genoa, and Tuscany have already gathered the poisoned fruits of their neutrality. Let but Bonaparte establish himself undisturbed in Hanover some years longer, and you will see the neutral Hanse Towns, neutral Prussia, and neutral Denmark visited with all the evils of invasion, pillage, and destruction, and the independence of the nations in the North will be buried in the rubbish of the liberties of the people of the South of Europe.

These ideas have frequently occurred to me, on hearing our agents pronounce, and their dupes repeat: “Oh! the wise Government of Denmark! Oh, what a wise statesman the Danish Minister, Count von Bernstorff!” I do not deny that the late Count von Bernstorff was a great politician; but I assert, also, that his was a greatness more calculated for regular times than for periods of unusual political convulsion. Like your Pitt, the Russian Woronzow, and the Austrian Colloredo, he was too honest to judge soundly and to act rightly, according to the present situation of affairs. He adhered too much to the old routine, and did not perceive the immense difference between the Government of a revolutionary ruler and the Government of a Louis XIII. or a Louis *xiv*. I am certain, had he still been alive, he would have repented of his errors, and tried to have repaired them.

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His son, the present Danish Minister, follows his father's plans, and adheres, in 1805, to a system laid down by him in 1795; while the alterations that have occurred within these ten years have more affected the real and relative power and weakness of States than all the revolutions which have been produced by the insurrections, wars, and pacifications of the two preceding centuries. He has even gone farther, in some parts of his administration, than his father ever intended. Without remembering the political *truth*, that a weak State which courts the alliance of a powerful neighbour always becomes a vassal, while desiring to become an ally, he has attempted to exchange the connections of Denmark and Russia for new ones with Prussia; and forgotten the obligations of the Cabinet of Copenhagen to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and the interested policy of the House of Brandenburgh. That, on the contrary, Russia has always been a generous ally of Denmark, the flourishing state of the Danish dominions since the beginning of the last century evinces. Its distance and geographical position prevent all encroachments from being feared or attempted; while at the same time it affords protection equally against the rivalry of Sweden and ambition of Prussia.

The Prince Royal of Denmark is patriotic as well as enlightened, and would rule with more true policy and lustre were he to follow seldomer the advice of his counsellors, and oftener the dictates of his own mind. Count von Schimmelmann, Count von Reventlow, and Count von Bernstorff, are all good and moral characters; but I fear that their united capacity taken together will not fill up the vacancy left in the Danish Cabinet by the death of its late Prime Minister. I have been personally acquainted with them all three, but I draw my conclusions from the acts of their administration, not from my own knowledge. Had the late Count von Bernstorff held the ministerial helm in 1803, a paragraph in the Moniteur would never have disbanded a Danish army in Holstein; nor would, in 1805, intriguers have been endured who preached neutrality, after witnessing repeated violation of the law of nations, not on the remote banks of the Rhine, but on the Danish frontiers, on the Danish territory, on the banks of the Elbe.

It certainly was no compliment to His Danish Majesty when our Government sent Grouvelle as a representative to Copenhagen, a man who owed his education and information to the Conde branch of the Bourbons, and who afterwards audaciously and sacrilegiously read the sentence of death on the chief of that family, on his good and legitimate King, Louis XVI. It can neither be called dignity nor prudence in the Cabinet of Denmark to suffer this regicide to serve as a point of rally to sedition and innovation; to be the official propagator of revolutionary doctrines, and an official protector of all proselytes and sectaries of this anti-social faith.

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Before the Revolution a secretary to the Prince of Conde, Grouvelle was trusted and rewarded by His Serene Highness, and in return betrayed his confidence, and repaid benefactions and generosity with calumny and persecution, when his patron was obliged to seek safety in emigration against the assassins of successful rebellion. When the national seals were put on the estates of the Prince, he appropriated to himself not only the whole of His Highness's library, but a part of his plate. Even the wardrobe and the cellar were laid under contributions by this domestic marauder.

With natural genius and acquired experience, Grouvelle unites impudence and immorality; and those on whom he fixes for his prey are, therefore, easily duped, and irremediably undone. He has furnished disciples to all factions, and to all sects, assassins to the revolutionary tribunals, as well as victims for the revolutionary guillotine; sans-culottes to Robespierre, Septembrizers to Marat, republicans to the Directory, spies to Talleyrand, and slaves to Bonaparte, who, in 1800, nominated him a tribune, but in 1804 disgraced him, because he wished that the Duc d' Enghien had rather been secretly poisoned in Baden than publicly condemned and privately executed in France.

Our present Minister at the Court of Copenhagen, D' Aguesseau, has no virtues to boast of, but also no crimes to blush for. With inferior capacity, he is only considered by Talleyrand as an inferior intriguer, employed in a country ruled by an inferior policy, neither feared nor esteemed by our Government. His secretary, Desaugiers the elder, is our real and confidential firebrand in the North, commissioned to keep burning those materials of combustion which Grouvelle and others of our incendiaries have lighted and illuminated in Holstein, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

LETTER XX.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The insatiable avarice of all the members of the Bonaparte family has already and frequently been mentioned; some of our philosophers, however, pretend that ambition and vanity exclude from the mind of Napoleon Bonaparte the passion of covetousness; that he pillages only to get money to pay his military plunderers, and hoards treasures only to purchase slaves, or to recompense the associates and instruments of his authority.

Whether their assertions be just or not, I will not take upon myself to decide; but to judge from the great number of Imperial and royal palaces, from the great augmentation of the Imperial and royal domains; from the immense and valuable quantity of diamonds, jewels, pictures, statues, libraries, museums, *etc*., disinterestedness and self-denial are certainly not among Napoleon's virtues.

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In France, he not only disposes of all the former palaces and extensive demesnes of our King, but has greatly increased them, by national. property and by lands and estates bought by the Imperial Treasury, or confiscated by Imperial decrees. In Italy, he has, by an official act, declared to be the property of his crown, first, the royal palace at Milan, and a royal villa, which he now calls Villa Bonaparte; second, the palace of Monza and its dependencies; third, the palace of Mantua, the palace of The, and the ci-devant ducal palace of Modena; fourth, a palace situated in the vicinity of Brescia, and another palace in the vicinity of Bologna; fifth, the ci-devant ducal palaces of Parma and Placenza; sixth, the beautiful forest of Tesin. Ten millions were, besides, ordered to be drawn out of the Royal Treasury at Milan to purchase lands for the formation of a park, pleasure-grounds, *etc*.

To these are added all the royal palaces and domains of the former Kings of Sardinia, of the Dukes of Brabant, of the Counts of Flanders, of the German Electors, Princes, Dukes, Counts, Barons, *etc*., who, before the last war, were Sovereigns on the right bank of the Rhine. I have seen a list, according to which the number of palaces and chateaux appertaining to Napoleon as Emperor and King, are stated to be seventy-nine; so that he may change his habitations six times in the month, without occupying during the same year the same palace, and, nevertheless, always sleep at home.

In this number are not included the private chateaux and estates of the Empress, or those of the Princes and Princesses Bonaparte. Madame Napoleon has purchased, since her husband’s consulate, in her own name, or in the name of her children, nine estates with their chateaux, four national forests, and six hotels at Paris. Joseph Bonaparte possesses four estates and chateaux in France, three hotels at Paris and at Brussels, three chateaux and estates in Italy, and one hotel at Milan, and another at Turin. Lucien Bonaparte has now remaining only one hotel at Paris, another at Bonne, and a third at Chambery. He has one estate in Burgundy, two in Languedoc, and one in the vicinity of this capital. At Bologna, Ferrara, Florence, and Rome, he has his own hotels, and in the Papal States he has obtained, in exchange for property in France, three chateaux with their dependencies. Louis Bonaparte has three hotels at Paris, one at Cologne, one at Strasburg, and one at Lyons. He has two estates in Flanders, three in Burgundy, one in Franche-Comte, and another in Alsace. He has also a chateau four leagues from this city. At Genoa he has a beautiful hotel, and upon the Genoese territory a large estate. He has bought three plantations at Martinico, and two at Guadeloupe. To Jerome Bonaparte has hitherto been presented only an estate in Brabant, and a hotel in this capital. Some of the former domains of the House of Orange, in the Batavian Republic, have been purchased by the agents of our Government, and are said to be intended for him.

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But, while Napoleon Bonaparte has thus heaped wealth on his wife and his brothers, his mother and sisters have not been neglected or left unprovided for. Madame Bonaparte, his mother, has one hotel at Paris, one at Turin, one at Milan, and one at Rome. Her estates in France are four, and in Italy two. Madame Bacciochi, Princess of Piombino and Lucca, possesses two hotels in this capital, and one palace at Piombino and another at Lucca. Of her estates in France, she has only retained two, but she has three in the Kingdom of Italy, and four in her husband's and her own dominions. The Princess Santa Cruce possesses one hotel at Rome and four chateaux in the papal territory. At Milan she has, as well as at Turin and at Paris, hotels given her by her Imperial brother, together with two estates in France, one in Piedmont, and two in Lombardy. The Princesse Murat is mistress of two hotels here, one at Brussels, one at Tours, and one at Bordeaux, together with three estates on this, and five on the other side of the Alps. The Princesse Borghese has purchased three plantations at Guadeloupe, and two at Martinico, with a part of the treasures left her by her first husband, Leclerc. With her present husband she received two palaces at Rome, and three estates on the Roman territory; and her Imperial brother has presented her with one hotel at Paris, one at Cologne, one at Turin, and one at Genoa, together with three estates in France and five in Italy. For his mother, and for each of his sisters, Napoleon has also purchased estates, or lands to form estates, in their native island of Corsica.

The other near or distant relatives of the Emperor and King have also experienced his bounty. Cardinal Fesch has his hotels at Paris, Milan, Lyons, Turin, and Rome; with estates both in France and Italy. Seventeen, either first, second, or third cousins, by his father's or mother's side, have all obtained estates either in the French Empire, or in the Kingdom of Italy, as well as all brothers, sisters, or cousins of his own wife, and the wives of his brothers, or of the husbands of his sisters. Their exact number cannot well be known, but a gentleman who has long been collecting materials for some future history of the House of Bonaparte, and of the French Empire, has already shown me sixty-six names of individuals of that description, and of both sexes, who all, thanks to the Imperial liberality, have suddenly and unexpectedly become people of property.

When you consider that all these immense riches have been seized and distributed within the short period of five years, it is not hazardous to say that, in the annals of Europe, another such revolution in property, as well as in power, is not to be found.

The wealth of the families of all other Sovereigns taken together does not amount to half the value of what the Bonapartes have acquired and possess.

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Your country, more than any other upon earth, has to be alarmed at this revolution of property. Richer than any other nation, you have more to apprehend; besides, it threatens you more, both as our frequent enemies and as our national rivals; as a barrier against our plans of universal dominion, and as our superiors in pecuniary resources. May we never live to see the day when the mandates of Bonaparte or Talleyrand are honoured at London, as at Amsterdam, Madrid, Milan, and Rome. The misery of ages to come will then be certain, and posterity will regard as comparative happiness, the sufferings of their forefathers. It is not probable that those who have so successfully pillaged all surrounding States will rest contented until you are involved in the same ruin. Union among yourselves only can preserve you from perishing in the universal wreck; by this you will at least gain time, and may hope to profit by probable changes and unexpected accidents.

LETTER XXI.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The Counsellor of State and intendant of the Imperial civil list, Daru, paid for the place of a commissary-general of our army in Germany the immense sum of six millions of livres—which was divided between Madame Bonaparte (the mother), Madame Napoleon Bonaparte, Princesse Louis Bonaparte, Princesse Murat and the Princesse Borghese. By this you may conclude in what manner we intend to treat the wretched inhabitants of the other side of the Rhine. This Daru is too good a calculator and too fond of money to throw away his expenses; he is master of a great fortune, made entirely by his arithmetical talents, which have enabled him for years to break all the principal gambling-banks on the Continent, where he has travelled for no other purpose. On his return here, he became the terror of all our gamesters, who offered him an annuity of one hundred thousand livres—not to play; but as this sum would have been deducted from what is weekly paid to Fouche, this Minister sent him an order not to approach a gambling-table, under pain of being transported to Cayenne. He obeyed, but the bankers soon experienced that he had deputies, and for fear that even from the other side of the Atlantic he might forward his calculations hither, Fouche recommended him, for a small douceur, to the office of an intendant of Bonaparte's civil list, upon condition of never, directly or indirectly, injuring our gambling-banks. He has kept his promise with regard to France, but made, last spring, a gambling tour in Italy and Germany, which, he avows, produced him nine millions of livres. He always points, but never keeps a bank. He begins to be so well known in many parts of the Continent, that the instant he arrives all banks are shut up, and remain so until his departure. This was the case at Florence last April. He travels always in style, accompanied by two mistresses and four servants. He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

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He will, however, have some difficulty to make a great profit by his calculations in Germany, as many of the generals are better acquainted than he with the country, where their extortions and dilapidations have been felt and lamented for these ten years past. Augereau, Bernadotte, Ney, Van Damme, and other of our military banditti, have long been the terror of the Germans and the reproach of France.

In a former letter I have introduced to you our Field-marshal, Bernadotte, of whom Augereau may justly be called an elder revolutionary brother—like him, a Parisian by birth, and, like him, serving as a common soldier before the Revolution. But he has this merit above Bernadotte, that he began his political career as a police spy, and finished his first military engagement by desertion into foreign countries, in most of which, after again enlisting and again deserting, he was also again taken and again flogged. Italy has, indeed, since he has been made a general, been more the scene of his devastations than Germany. Lombardy and Venice will not soon forget the thousands he butchered, and the millions he plundered; that with hands reeking with blood, and stained with human gore, he seized the trinkets which devotion had given to sanctity, to ornament the fingers of an assassin, or decorate the bosom of a harlot. The outrages he committed during 1796 and 1797, in Italy, are too numerous to find place in any letter, even were they not disgusting to relate, and too enormous and too improbable to be believed. He frequently transformed the temples of the divinity into brothels for prostitution; and virgins who had consecrated themselves to remain unpolluted servants of a God, he bayoneted into dens of impurity, infamy, and profligacy; and in these abominations he prided himself. In August, 1797, on his way to Paris to take command of the sbirri, who, on the 4th of the following September, hunted away or imprisoned the representatives of the people of the legislative body, he paid a prostitute, with whom he had passed the night at Pavia, with a draft for fifty louis d'or on the municipality of that town, who dared not dishonour it; but they kept the draft, and in 1799 handed it over to Gendral Melas, who sent it to Vienna, where I saw the very original.

The general and grand officer of Bonaparte's Legion of Honour, Van Damme, is another of our military heroes of the same stamp. A barber, and son of a Flemish barber, he enlisted as a soldier, robbed, and was condemned to be hanged. The humanity of the judge preserved him from the gallows; but he was burnt on the shoulders, flogged by the public executioner, and doomed to serve as a galley-slave for life. The Revolution broke his fetters, made him a Jacobin, a patriot, and a general; but the first use he made of his good fortune was to cause the judge, his benefactor, to be guillotined, and to appropriate to himself the estate of the family. He was cashiered by Pichegru,

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and dishonoured by Moreau, for his ferocity and plunder in Holland and Germany; but Bonaparte restored him to rank and confidence; and by a douceur of twelve hundred thousand livres—properly applied and divided between some of the members of the Bonaparte family, he procured the place of a governor at Lille, and a commander-in-chief of the ci-devant Flanders. In landed property, in jewels, in amount in the funds, and in ready money (he always keeps, from prudence, six hundred thousand livres—in gold), his riches amount to eight millions of livres. For a ci-devant sans-culotte barber and galley-slave, you must grant this is a very modest sum.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—You must often have been surprised at the immense wealth which, from the best and often authentic information, I have informed you our generals and public functionaries have extorted and possess; but the catalogue of private rapine committed, without authority, by our soldiers, officers, commissaries, and generals, is likewise immense, and surpassing often the exactions of a legal kind that is to say, those authorized by our Government itself, or by its civil and military representatives. It comprehends the innumerable requisitions demanded and enforced, whether as loans, or in provisions or merchandise, or in money as an equivalent for both; the levies of men, of horses, oxen, and carriages; corvees of all kinds; the emptying of magazines for the service of our armies; in short, whatever was required for the maintenance, a portion of the pay, and divers wants of those armies, from the time they had posted themselves in Brabant, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and on either bank of the Rhine. Add to this the pillage of public or private warehouses, granaries, and magazines, whether belonging to individuals, to the State, to societies, to towns, to hospitals, and even to orphan-houses.

But these and other sorts of requisitions, under the appellation of subsistence necessary for the armies, and for what was wanted for accoutring, quartering, or removing them, included also an infinite consumption for the pleasures, luxuries, whims, and debaucheries of our civil or military commanders. Most of those articles were delivered in kind, and what were not used were set up to auction, converted into ready money, and divided among the plunderers.

In 1797, General Ney had the command in the vicinity of the free and Imperial city of Wetzlar. He there put in requisition all private stores of cloths; and after disposing of them by a public sale, retook them upon another requisition from the purchasers, and sold them a second time. Leather and linen underwent the same operation. Volumes might be filled with similar examples, all of public notoriety.

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This Gendral Ney, who is now one of the principal commanders under Bonaparte in Germany, was a bankrupt tobacconist at Strasburg in 1790, and is the son of an old-clothes man of Sarre Louis, where he was born in 1765. Having entered as a common soldier in the regiment of Alsace, to escape the pursuit of his creditors, he was there picked up by some Jacobin emissaries, whom he assisted to seduce the men into an insurrection, which obliged most of the officers to emigrate. From that period he began to distinguish himself as an orator of the Jacobin clubs, and was, therefore, by his associates, promoted by one step to an adjutant-general. Brave and enterprising, ambitious for advancement, and greedy after riches, he seized every opportunity to distinguish and enrich himself; and, as fortune supported his endeavours, he was in a short time made a general of division, and acquired a property of several millions. This is his first campaign under Bonaparte, having previously served only under Pichegru, Moreau, and Le Courbe.

He, with General Richepanse, was one of the first generals supposed to be attached to their former chief, General Moreau, whom Bonaparte seduced into his interest. In the autumn of 1802, when the Helvetic Republic attempted to recover its lost independence, Ney was appointed commander-in-chief of the French army in Switzerland, and Ambassador from the First Consul to the Helvetic Government. He there conducted himself so much to the satisfaction of Bonaparte, that, on the rupture with your country, he was made commander of the camp near Montreuil; and last year his wife was received as a Maid of Honour to the Empress of the French.

This Maid of Honour is the daughter of a washer-woman, and was kept by a man-milliner at Strasburg, at the time that she eloped with Ney. With him she had made four campaigns as a mistress before the municipality of Coblentz made her his wife. Her conduct since has corresponded with that of her husband. When he publicly lived with mistresses, she did not live privately with her gallants, but the instant the Emperor of the French told him to save appearances, if he desired a place for his wife at the Imperial Court, he showed himself the most attentive and faithful of husbands, and she the most tender and dutiful of wives. Her manners are not polished, but they are pleasing; and though not handsome in her person, she is lively; and her conversation is entertaining, and her society agreeable. The Princesse Louis Bonaparte is particularly fond of her, more so than Napoleon, perhaps, desires. She has a fault common with most of our Court ladies: she cannot resist, when opportunity presents itself, the temptation of gambling, and she is far from being fortunate. Report says that more than once she has been reduced to acquit her gambling debts by personal favours.

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Another of our generals, and the richest of them all who are now serving under Bonaparte, is his brother-in-law, Prince Murat. According to some, he had been a Septembrizer, terrorist, Jacobin, robber, and assassin, long before he obtained his first commission as an officer, which was given him by the recommendation of Marat, whom he in return afterwards wished to immortalize, by the exchange of one letter in his own name, and by calling himself Marat instead of Murat. Others, however, declare that his father was an honest cobbler, very superstitious, residing at Bastide, near Cahors, and destined his son to be a Capuchin friar, and that he was in his novitiate when the Revolution tempted him to exchange the frock of the monk for the regimentals of a soldier. In what manner, or by what achievements, he gained promotion is not certain, but in 1796 he was a chief of brigade, and an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte, with whom he went to Egypt, and returned thence with him, and who, in 1801, married him to his sister, Maria Annunciade, in 1803 made him a governor of Paris, and in 1804 a Prince.

The wealth which Murat has collected, during his military service, and by his matrimonial campaign, is rated at upwards of fifty millions of livres. The landed property he possesses in France alone has cost him forty—two millions—and it is whispered that the estates bought in the name of his wife, both in France and Italy, are not worth much less. A brother-in-law of his, who was a smith, he has made a legislator; and an uncle, who was a tailor, he has placed in the Senate. A cousin of his, who was a chimneysweeper, is now a tribune; and his niece, who was an apprentice to a mantua-maker, is now married to one of the Emperor's chamberlains. He has been very generous to all his relations, and would not have been ashamed, even, to present his parents at the Imperial Court, had not the mother, on the first information of his princely rank, lost her life, and the father his senses, from surprise and joy. The millions are not few that he has procured his relatives an opportunity to gain. His brother-in-law, the legislator, is worth three millions of livres.

It has been asserted before, and I repeat it again:

"It is avarice, and not the mania of innovation, or the jargon of liberty, that has led, and ever will lead, the Revolution—its promoters, its accomplices, and its instruments. Wherever they penetrate, plunder follows; rapine was their first object, of which ferocity has been but the means. The French Revolution was fostered by robbery and murder; two nurses that will adhere to her to the last hour of her existence."

General Murat is the trusty executioner of all the Emperor's secret deeds of vengeance, or public acts of revolutionary justice. It was under his private responsibility that Pichegru, Moreau, and Georges were guarded; and he saw Pichegru strangled, Georges guillotined, and Moreau on his way to his place of exile. After the seizure and trial of the Duc d' Enghien, some doubts existed with Napoleon whether even the soldiers of his Italian guard would fire at this Prince. "If they hesitate," said Murat, who commanded the expedition in the wood of Vincennes, "my pistols are loaded, and I will blow out his brains."

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His wife is the greatest coquette of the Bonaparte family. Murat was, at first, after his marriage, rather jealous of his brother-in-law, Lucien, whom he even fought; but Napoleon having assured him, upon his word of honour, that his suspicions were unfounded, he is now the model of complaisant and indulgent husbands; but his mistresses are nearly as numerous as Madame Murat's favourites. He has a young aide-de-camp of the name of Flahault, a son of Talleyrand, while Bishop of Autun, by the then Countess de Flahault, whom Madame Murat would not have been sorry to have had for a consoler at Paris, while her princely spouse was desolating Germany.

LETTER XXIII.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—Since Bonaparte's departure for Germany, the vigilance of the police has much increased: our patrols are doubled during the night, and our spies more numerous and more insolent during the day. Many suspected persons have also been exiled to some distance from this capital, while others, for a measure of safety, have been shut up in the Temple, or in the Castle of Vincennes. These 'lettres de cachet', or mandates of arrest, are expedited during the Emperor's absence exclusively by his brother Louis, after a report, or upon a request, of the Minister of Police, Fouche.

I have mentioned to you before that Louis Bonaparte is both a drunkard and a libertine. When a young and unprincipled man of such propensities enjoys an unrestrained authority, it cannot be surprising to hear that he has abused it. He had not been his brother's military viceroy for twenty-four hours before one set of our Parisians were amused, while others were shocked and scandalized, at a tragical intrigue enterprised by His Imperial Highness.

Happening to see at the opera a very handsome young woman in the boxes, he despatched one of his aides-de-camp to reconnoitre the ground, and to find out who she was. All gentlemen attached to his person or household are also his pimps, and are no novices in forming or executing plans of seduction. Caulincourt (the officer he employed in this affair) returned soon, but had succeeded only in one part of the business. He had not been able to speak to the lady, but was informed that she had only been married a fortnight to a manufacturer of Lyons, who was seated by her side, jealous of his wife as a lover of his mistress. He gave at the same time as his opinion that it would be necessary to employ the police commissary to arrest the husband when he left the play, under some pretext or other, while some of the friends of Prince Louis took advantage of the confusion to seize the wife, and carry her to his hotel. An order was directly signed by Louis, according to which the police commissary, Chazot, was to arrest the manufacturer Leboure, of Lyons, and put him into a post-chaise, under the care of two gendarmes, who were to see him safe to Lyons,

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where he was to sign a promise of not returning to Paris without the permission of Government, being suspected of stockjobbing (agiotage). Everything succeeded according to the proposal of Caulincourt, and Louis found Madame Leboure crying in his saloon. It is said that she promised to surrender her virtue upon condition of only once more seeing her husband, to be certain that he was not murdered, but that Louis refused, and obtained by brutal force, and the assistance of his infamous associates, that conquest over her honour which had not been yielded to his entreaties or threats. His enjoyment, however, was but of short continuance; he had no sooner fallen asleep than his poor injured victim left the bed, and, flying into his anteroom, stabbed herself with his sword. On the next morning she was found a corpse, weltering in her blood. In the hope of burying this infamy in secrecy, her corpse was, on the next evening, when it was dark, put into a sack, and thrown into the river, where, being afterwards discovered, the police agents gave out that she had fallen the victim of assassins. But when Madame Leboure was thus seized at the opera, besides her husband, her parents and a brother were in her company, and the latter did not lose sight of the carriage in which his sister was placed till it had entered the hotel of Louis Bonaparte, where, on the next day, he, with his father, in vain claimed her. As soon as the husband was informed of the untimely end of his wife, he wrote a letter to her murderer, and shot himself immediately afterwards through the head, but his own head was not the place where he should have sent the bullet; to destroy with it the cause of his wretchedness would only have been an act of retaliation, in a country where power forces the law to lie dormant, and where justice is invoked in vain when the criminal is powerful.

I have said that this intrigue, as it is styled by courtesy in our fashionable circles, amused one part of the Parisians; and I believe the word ‘amuse’ is not improperly employed in this instance. At a dozen parties where I have been since, this unfortunate adventure has always been an object of conversation, of witticisms, but not of blame, except at Madame Fouche’s, where Madame Leboure was very much blamed indeed for having been so overnice, and foolishly scrupulous.

Another intrigue of His Imperial Highness, which did not, indeed, end tragically, was related last night, at the tea-party of Madame Recamier. A man of the name of Deroux had lately been condemned by our criminal tribunal, for forging bills of exchange, to stand in the pillory six hours, and, after being marked with a hot iron on his shoulders, to work in the galleys for twenty years. His daughter, a young girl under fifteen, who lived with her grandmother (having lost her mother), went, accompanied by the old lady, and presented a petition to Louis, in favour of her father. Her youth and modesty, more than

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her beauty, inspired the unprincipled libertine with a desire of ruining innocence, under the colour of clemency to guilt. He ordered her to call on his chamberlain, Darinsson, in an hour, and she should obtain an answer. There, either seduced by paternal affection, intimidated by threats, or imposed upon by delusive and engaging promises, she exchanged her virtue for an order of release for her parent; and so satisfied was Louis with his bargain that he added her to the number of his regular mistresses.

As soon as Deroux had recovered his liberty, he visited his daughter in her new situation, where he saw an order of Louis, on the Imperial Treasury, for twelve thousand livres—destined to pay the upholsterer who had furnished her apartment. This gave him, no doubt, the idea of making the Prince pay a higher value for his child, and he forged another order for sixty thousand livres—so closely resembling it that it was without suspicion acquitted by the Imperial Treasurer. Possessing this money, he fabricated a pass, in the name of Louis, as a courier carrying despatches to the Emperor in Germany, with which he set out, and arrived safe on the other side of the Rhine. His forgeries were only discovered after he had written a letter from Frankfort to Louis, acquitting his daughter of all knowledge of what he had done. In the first moment of anger, her Imperial lover ordered her to be arrested, but he has since forgiven her, and taken her back to his favour. This trick of Deroux has pleased Fouche, who long opposed his release, from a knowledge of his dangerous talent and vicious character. He had once before released himself with a forged order from the Minister of Police, whose handwriting he had only seen for a minute upon his own mandate of imprisonment.

LETTER XXIV.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—Though loudly complained of by the Cabinet of St. Cloud, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has conducted itself in these critical times with prudence without weakness, and with firmness without obstinacy. In its connections with our Government it has never lost sight of its own dignity, and, therefore, never endured without resentment those impertinent innovations in the etiquette of our Court, and in the manner and language of our Emperor to the representatives of legitimate Sovereigns. Had similar becoming sentiments directed the councils of all other Princes and the behaviour of their Ambassadors here, spirited remonstrances might have moderated the pretensions or passions of upstart vanity, while a forbearance and silence, equally impolitic and shameful, have augmented insolence by flattering the pride of an insupportable and outrageous ambition.

The Emperor of Russia would not have been so well represented here, had he not been so wisely served and advised in his council chamber at St. Petersburg. Ignorance and folly commonly select fools for their agents, while genius and capacity employ men of their own mould, and of their own cast. It is a remarkable truth that, notwithstanding the frequent revolutions in Russia, since the death of Peter the First the ministerial helm has always been in able hands; the progressive and uninterrupted increase of the real and relative power of the Russian Empire evinces the reality of this assertion.

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The Russian Chancellor, Count Alexander Woronzoff, may be justly called the chief of political veterans, whether his talents or long services are considered. Catherine *ii*., though a voluptuous Princess, was a great Sovereign, and a competent judge of merit; and it was her unbiased choice that seated Count Woronzoff, while yet young, in her councils. Though the intrigues of favourites have sometimes removed him, he always retired with the esteem of his Sovereign, and was recalled without caballing or cringing to return. He is admired by all who have the honour of approaching him, as much for his obliging condescension as for his great information. No petty views, no petty caprices, no petty vengeances find room in his generous bosom. He is known to have conferred benefactions, not only on his enemies, but on those who, at the very time, were meditating his destruction. His opinion is that a patriotic Minister should regard no others as his enemies but those conspiring against their country, and acknowledge no friends or favourites incapable of well serving the State. Prince de Z-------- waited on him one day, and, after hesitating some time, began to compliment him on his liberal sentiments, and concluded by asking the place of a governor for his cousin, with whom he had reason to suppose the Count much offended. “I am happy,” said His Excellency, “to oblige you, and to do my duty at the same time. Here is a libel he wrote against me, and presented to the Empress, who graciously has communicated it to me, in answer to my recommendation of him yesterday to the place you ask for him to-day. Read what I have written on the libel, and you will be convinced that it will not be my fault if he is not to-day a governor.” In two hours afterwards the nomination was announced to Prince de Z--------, who was himself at the head of a cabal against the Minister. In any country such an act would have been laudable, but where despotism rules with unopposed sway, it is both honourable and praiseworthy.

Prince Adam Czartorinsky, the assistant of Count Woronzoff, and Minister of the foreign department, unites, with the vigour of youth, the experience of age. He has travelled in most countries of Europe, not solely to figure at Courts, to dance at balls, to look at pictures, or to collect curiosities, but to study the character of the people, the laws by which they are governed, and their moral or social influence with regard to their comforts or misery. He therefore brought back with him a stock of knowledge not to be acquired from books, but only found in the world by frequenting different and opposite societies with observation, penetration, and genius. With manners as polished as his mind is well informed, he not only, possesses the favour, but the friendship of his Prince, and, what is still more rare, is worthy of both. All Sovereigns have favourites, few ever had any friends; because it is more easy to flatter vanity, than to display a liberal disinterestedness; to bow meanly than to instruct or to guide with delicacy and dignity; to abuse the confidence of the Prince than to use it to his honour, and to the advantage of his Government.

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That such a Monarch as an Alexander, and such Ministers as Count Woronzoff and Prince Czartorinsky, should appoint a Count Markof to a high and important post, was not unexpected by any one not ignorant of his merit.

Count Markof was, early in the reign of Catherine *ii*., employed in the office of the foreign department at St. Petersburg, and was, whilst young, entrusted with several important negotiations at the Courts of Berlin and Vienna., when Prussia had proposed the first partition of Poland. He afterward went on his travels, from which he was recalled to fill the place of an Ambassador to the late King of Sweden, Gustavus *iii*. He was succeeded, in 1784, at Stockholm, by Count Muschin Puschin, after being appointed a Secretary of State in his own country, a post he occupied with distinction, until the death of Catherine *ii*., when Paul the First revenged upon him, as well as on most others of the faithful servants of this Princess, his discontent with his mother. He was then exiled to his estates, where he retired with the esteem of all those who had known him. In 1801, immediately after his accession to the throne, Alexander invited Count Markof to his Court and Council, and the trusty but difficult task of representing a legitimate Sovereign at the Court of our upstart usurper was conferred on him. I imagine that I see the great surprise of this nobleman, when, for the first time, he entered the audience-chamber of our little great man, and saw him fretting, staring, swearing, abusing to right and to left, for one smile conferring twenty frowns, and for one civil word making use of fifty hard expressions, marching in the diplomatic audience as at the head of his troops, and commanding foreign Ambassadors as his French soldiers. I have heard that the report of Count Markof to his Court, describing this new and rare show, is a chef-d'oeuvre of wit, equally amusing and instructive. He is said to have requested of his Cabinet new and particular orders how to act—whether as the representative of an independent Sovereign, or, as most of the other members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, like a valet of the First Consul; and that, in the latter case, he implored as a favour, an immediate recall; preferring, had he no other choice left, sooner to work in the mines at Siberia than to wear, in France the disgraceful fetters of a Bonaparte. His subsequent dignified conduct proves the answer of his Court.

Talleyrand's craft and dissimulation could not delude the sagacity of Count Markof, who was, therefore, soon less liked by the Minister than by the First Consul. All kind of low, vulgar, and revolutionary chicanery was made use of to vex or to provoke the Russian Ambassador. Sometimes he was reproached with having emigrants in his service; another time protection was refused to one of his secretaries, under pretence that he was a Sardinian subject. Russian travellers were insulted, and detained on the most

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frivolous pretences. Two Russian noblemen were even arrested on our side of the Rhine, because Talleyrand had forgotten to sign his name to their passes, which were otherwise in order. The fact was that our Minister suspected them of carrying some papers which he wanted to see, and, therefore, wrote his name with an ink of such a composition that, after a certain number of days, everything written with it disappeared. Their effects and papers were strictly searched by an agent preceding them from this capital, but nothing was found, our Minister being misinformed by his spies.

When Count Markof left Sweden, he carried with him an actress of the French theatre at Stockholm, Madame Hus, an Alsatian by birth, but who had quitted her country twelve years before the Revolution, and could, therefore, never be included among emigrants. She had continued as a mistress with this nobleman, is the mother of several children by him, and an agreeable companion to him, who has never been married. As I have often said, Talleyrand is much obliged to any foreign diplomatic agent who allows him to be the indirect provider or procurer of his mistresses. After in vain tempting Count Markof with new objects, he introduced to the acquaintance of Madame Hus some of his female emissaries. Their manoeuvres, their insinuations, and even their presents were all thrown away. The lady remained the faithful friend, and therefore refused with indignation to degrade herself into a spy on her lover. Our Minister then first discovered that, not only was Madame Hus an emigrant, but had been a great benefactress and constant companion of emigrants at St. Petersburg, and, of course, deserved to be watched, if not punished. Count Markof is reported to have said to Talleyrand on this grave subject, in the presence of two other foreign Ambassadors:

“Apropos! what shall I do to prevent my poor Madame Hus from being shot as an emigrant, and my poor children from becoming prematurely orphans?”

“Monsieur,” said our diplomatic oracle, “she should have petitioned the First Consul for a permission to return, to France before she entered it; but out of regard for you, if she is prudent, she will not, I daresay, be troubled by our Government.”

“I should be sorry if she was not,” replied the Count, with a significant look; and here this grand affair ended, to the great entertainment of those foreign agents who dared to smile or to laugh.

LETTER XXV.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The Legion of Honour, though only proclaimed upon Bonaparte’s assumption of the Imperial rank, dates from the first year of his consulate. To prepare the public

mind for a progressive elevation of himself, and for consequential distinctions among all classes of his subjects, he distributed among the military, arms of honour, to which were attached precedence and privileges granted

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by him, and, therefore, liable to cease with his power or life. The number of these arms increased in proportion to the approach of the period fixed for the change of his title and the erection of his throne. When he judged them numerous enough to support his changes, he made all these wearers of arms of honour knights. Never before were so many chevaliers created en masse; they amounted to no less than twenty-two thousand four hundred, distributed in the different corps of different armies, but principally in the army of England. To these were afterwards joined five thousand nine hundred civil functionaries, men of letters, artists, *etc*. To remove, however, all ideas of equality, even among the members of the Legion of Honour, they were divided into four classes—-grand officers, commanders, officers, and simple legionaries.

Every one who has observed Bonaparte's incessant endeavours to intrude himself among the Sovereigns of Europe, was convinced that he would cajole, or force, as many of them as he could into his revolutionary knighthood; but I heard men, who are not ignorant of the selfishness and corruption of our times, deny the possibility of any independent Prince suffering his name to be registered among criminals of every description, from the thief who picked the pockets of his fellow citizens in the street, down to the regicide who sat in judgment and condemned his King; from the plunderers who have laid waste provinces, republics, and kingdoms, down to the assassins who shot, drowned, or guillotined their countrymen en masse. For my part, I never had but one opinion, and, unfortunately, it has turned out a just one. I always was convinced that those Princes who received other presents from Bonaparte could have no plausible excuse to decline his ribands, crosses, and stars. But who could have presumed to think that, in return for these blood-stained baubles, they would have sacrificed those honourable and dignified ornaments which, for ages past, have been the exclusive distinction of what birth had exalted, virtue made eminent, talents conspicuous, honour illustrious, or valour meritorious? Who would have dared to say that the Prussian Eagle and the Spanish Golden Fleece should thus be prostituted, thus polluted? I do not mean by this remark to throw any blame on the conferring those and other orders on Napoleon Bonaparte, or even on his brothers; I know it is usual, between legitimate Sovereigns in alliance, sometimes to exchange their knighthoods; but to debase royal orders so much as to present them to a Cambaceres, a Talleyrand, a Fouche, a Bernadotte, a Fesch, and other vile and criminal wretches, I do not deny to have excited my astonishment as well as my indignation. What honest—I do not say what noble—-subjects of Prussia, or of Spain, will hereafter think themselves rewarded for their loyalty, industry, patriotism, or zeal, when they remember that their Sovereigns have nothing to give but what the rebel has obtained, the robber worn, the murderer vilified, and the regicide debased?

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The number of grand officers of the Legion of Honour does not yet amount to more than eighty, according to a list circulated at Milan last spring, of which I have seen a copy. Of these grand officers, three had been shoemakers, two tailors, four bakers, four barbers, six friars, eight abbes, six officers, three pedlers, three chandlers, seven drummers, sixteen soldiers, and eight regicides; four were lawful Kings, and the six others, Electors or Princes of the most ancient houses in Europe. I have looked over our, own official list, and, as far as I know, the calculation is exact, both with regard to the number and to the quality.

This new institution of knighthood produced a singular effect on my vain and giddy, countrymen, who, for twelve years before, had scarcely seen a star or a riband, except those of foreign Ambassadors, who were frequently insulted when wearing them. It became now the fashion to be a knight, and those who really were not so, put pinks, or rather blooms, or flowers of a darker red, in their buttonholes, so as to resemble, and to be taken at a distance for, the red ribands of the members of the Legion of Honour.

A man of the name of Villeaume, an engraver by profession, took advantage of this knightly fashion and mania, and sold for four louis d'or, not only the stars, but pretended letters of knighthood, said to be procured by his connection with persons of the household of the Emperor. In a month's time, according to a register kept by him, he had made twelve hundred and fifty knights. When his fraud was discovered, he was already out of the way, safe with his money; and, notwithstanding the researches of the police, has not since been taken.

A person calling himself Baron von Rinken, a subject and an agent of one of the many Princes of Hohenlohe, according to his own assertion, arrived here with real letters and patents of knighthood, which he offered for sale for three hundred livres. The stars of this Order were as large as the star of the grand officers of the Legion of Honour, and nearly resembled it; but the ribands were of a different colour. He had already disposed of a dozen of these stars, when he was taken up by the police and shut up in the Temple, where he still remains. Four other agents of inferior petty German Princes have also been arrested for offering the Orders of their Sovereigns for sale.

A Captain Rouvais, who received six wounds in his campaign under Pichegru in 1794, wore the star of the Legion of Honour without being nominated a knight. He has been tried by a military commission, deprived of his pension, and condemned to four years' imprisonment in irons. He proved that he had presented fourteen petitions to Bonaparte for obtaining this mark of distinction, but in vain; while hundreds of others, who had hardly seen an enemy, or, at the most, made but one campaign, or been once wounded, had succeeded in their demands. As soon as sentence had been pronounced against him, he took a small pistol from his pocket, and shot himself through the head, saying, "Some one else will soon do the same for Bonaparte."

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A cobbler, of the name of Matthieu, either in a fit of madness or from hatred to the new order of things, decorated himself with the large riband of the Legion of Honour, and had an old star fastened on his coat. Thus accoutred, he went into the Palais Royal, in the middle of the day, got upon a chair, and began to speak to his audience of the absurdity of true republicans not being on a level, even under an Emperor, and putting on, like him, all his ridiculous ornaments. "We are here," said he, "either all grand officers, or there exist no grand officers at all; we have all fought and paid for liberty, and for the Revolution, as much as Bonaparte, and have, therefore, the same right and claim with him." Here a police agent and some gendarmes interrupted his eloquence by taking him into custody. When Fouche asked him what he meant by such rebellious behaviour, he replied that it was only a trial to see whether destiny had intended him to become an Emperor or to remain a cobbler. On the next day he was shot as a conspirator. I saw the unfortunate man in the Palais Royal; his eyes looked wild, and his words were often incoherent. He was certainly a subject more deserving a place in a madhouse than in a tomb.

Cambaceres has been severely reprimanded by the Emperor for showing too much partiality for the Royal Prussian Black Eagle, by wearing it in preference to the Imperial Legion of Honour. He was given to understand that, except for four days in the year, the Imperial etiquette did not permit any subjects to display their knighthood of the Prussian Order. In Madame Bonaparte's last drawing-room, before His Imperial Majesty set out for the Rhine, he was ornamented with the Spanish, Neapolitan, Prussian, and Portuguese orders, together with those of the French Legion of Honour and of the Italian Iron Crown. I have seen the Emperor Paul, who was also an amateur of ribands and stars, but never with so many at once. I have just heard that the Grand Master of Malta has presented Napoleon with the Grand Cross of the Maltese Order. This is certainly a negative compliment to him, who, in July, 1798, officially declared to his then sectaries, the Turks and Mussulmans, "that the Grand Master, Commanders, Knights, and Order of Malta existed no more."

I have heard it related for a certainty among our fashionable ladies, that the Empress of the French also intends to institute a new order of female knighthood, not of honour, but of confidence; of which all our Court ladies, all the wives of our generals, public functionaries, *etc*., are to be members. The Imperial Princesses of the Bonaparte family are to be hereditary grand officers, together with as many foreign Empresses, Queens, Princesses, Countesses, and Baronesses as can be bayoneted into this revolutionary sisterhood. Had the Continent remained tranquil, it would already have been officially announced by a Senatus Consultum. I should suppose that Madame

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Bonaparte, with her splendid Court and brilliant retinue of German Princes and Electors at Strasburg, need only say the word to find hundreds of princely recruits for her knighthood in petto. Her mantle, as a Grand Mistress of the Order of *confidence*, has been already embroidered at Lyons, and those who have seen it assert that it is truly superb. The diamonds of the star on the mantle are valued at six hundred thousand livres.

LETTER XXVI.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—Since Bonaparte's departure for Germany, fifteen individuals have been brought here, chained, from La Vendee and the—Western Departments, and are imprisoned in the Temple. Their crime is not exactly known, but private letters from those countries relate that they were recruiting for another insurrection, and that some of them were entrusted as Ambassadors from their discontented countrymen to Louis XVIII. to ask for his return to France, and for the assistance of Russia, Sweden, and England to support his claims.

These are, however, reports to which I do not affix much credit. Had the prisoners in the Temple been guilty, or only accused of such crimes, they would long ago have been tortured, tried, and executed, or executed without a trial. I suppose them mere hostages arrested by our Government, as security for the tranquillity of the Chouan Departments during our armies' occupation elsewhere. We have, nevertheless, two movable columns of six thousand men each in the country, or in its vicinity, and it would be not only impolitic, but a cruelty, to engage or allure the unfortunate people of these wretched countries into any plots, which, situated as affairs now are, would be productive of great and certain evil to them, without even the probability of any benefit to the cause of royalty and of the Bourbons. I do not mean to say that there are not those who rebel against Bonaparte's tyranny, or that the Bourbons have no friends; on the contrary, the latter are not few, and the former very numerous. But a kind of apathy, the effect of unavailing resistance to usurpation and oppression, has seized on most minds, and annihilated what little remained of our never very great public spirit. We are tired of everything, even of our existence, and care no more whether we are governed by a Maximilian Robespierre or by a Napoleon Bonaparte, by a Barras or by Louis XVIII. Except, perhaps, among the military, or among some ambitious schemers, remnants of former factions, I do not believe a Moreau, a Macdonald, a Lucien Bonaparte, or any person exiled by the Emperor, and formerly popular, could collect fifty trusty conspirators in all France; at least, as long as our armies are victorious, and organized in their present formidable manner. Should anything happen to our present chief, an

impulse may be given to the minds now sunk down, and raise our characters from their present torpid state.

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But until such an event, we shall remain as we are, indolent but submissive, sacrificing our children and treasures for a cause we detest, and for a man we abhor. I am sorry to say it, but it certainly does, no honour to my nation when one million desperados of civil and military banditti are suffered to govern, tyrannize, and pillage, at their ease and undisturbed, thirty millions of people, to whom their past crimes are known, and who have every reason to apprehend their future wickedness.

This astonishing resignation (if I can call it so, and if it does not deserve a worse name), is so much the more incomprehensible, as the poverty of the higher and middle classes is as great as the misery of the people, and, except those employed under Bonaparte, and some few upstart contractors or army commissaries, the greatest privations must be submitted to in order to pay the enormous taxes and make a decent appearance. I know families of five, six, and seven persons, who formerly were wealthy, and now have for a scanty subsistence an income of twelve or eighteen hundred livres—per year, with which they are obliged to live as they can, being deprived of all the resource that elsewhere labour offers to the industrious, and all the succours compassion bestows on the necessitous. You know that here all trade and all commerce are at a stand or destroyed, and the hearts of our modern rich are as unfeeling as their manners are vulgar and brutal.

A family of ci-devant nobles of my acquaintance, once possessing a revenue of one hundred and fifty thousand livres—subsist now on fifteen hundred livres—per year; and this sum must support six individuals—the father and mother, with four children! It does so, indeed, by an arrangement of only one poor meal in the day; a dinner four times, and a supper three times, in the week. They endure their distress with tolerable cheerfulness, though in the same street, where they occupy the garrets of a house, resides, in an elegant hotel, a man who was once their groom, but who is now a tribune, and has within these last twelve years, as a conventional deputy, amassed, in his mission to Brabant and Flanders, twelve millions of livres. He has kindly let my friend understand that his youngest daughter might be received as a chambermaid to his wife, being informed that she has a good education. All the four daughters are good musicians, good drawers, and very able with their needles. By their talents they supported their parents and themselves during their emigration in Germany; but here these are of but little use or advantage. Those upstarts who want instruction or works of this sort apply to the first, most renowned, and fashionable masters or mistresses; while others, and those the greatest number, cannot afford even to pay the inferior ones and the most cheap. This family is one of the many that regret having returned from their emigration. But, you may ask, why do they not go back again to Germany? First, it would expose them to suspicion, and, perhaps, to ruin, were they to demand passes; and if this danger or difficulty were removed, they have no money for such a long journey.

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But this sort of penury and wretchedness is also common with the families of the former wealthy merchants and tradesmen. Paper money, a maximum, and requisitions, have reduced those that did not share in the crimes and pillage of the Revolution, as much as the proscribed nobility. And, contradictory as it may seem, the number of persons employed in commercial speculations has more than tripled since we experienced a general stagnation of trade, the consequence of war, of want of capital, protection, encouragement, and confidence; but one of the magazines of 1789 contained more goods and merchandize than twenty modern magazines put together. The expenses of these new merchants are, however, much greater than sixteen years ago, the profit less, and the credit still less than the profit. Hence numerous bankruptcies, frauds, swindling, forgeries, and other evils of immorality, extravagance, and misery. The fair and honest dealers suffer most from the intrusion of these infamous speculators, who expecting, like other vile men wallowing in wealth under their eyes, to make rapid fortunes, and to escape detection as well as punishment—commit crimes to soothe disappointment. Nothing is done but for ready money, and even bankers' bills, or bills accepted by bankers, are not taken in payment before the signatures are avowed by the parties concerned. You can easily conceive what confusion, what expenses, and what; loss of time these precautions must occasion; but the numerous forgeries and fabrications have made them absolutely necessary.

The farmers and landholders are better off, but they also complain of the heavy taxes, and low price paid for what they bring to the market, which frequently, for want of ready money, remains long unsold. They take nothing but cash in payment; for, notwithstanding the endeavours of our Government, the notes of the Bank of France have never been in circulation among them. They have also been subject to losses by the fluctuation of paper money, by extortions, requisitions, and by the maximum. In this class of my countrymen remains still some little national spirit and some independence of character; but these are far from being favourable to Bonaparte, or to the Imperial Government, which the yearly increase of taxes, and, above all, the conscription, have rendered extremely odious. You may judge of the great difference in the taxation of lands and landed property now and under our Kings, when I inform you that a friend of mine, who, in 1792, possessed, in one of the Western Departments, twenty-one farms, paid less in contribution for them all than he does now for the three farms he has recovered from the wreck of his fortune.

LETTER XXVII.

Paris, October, 1805.

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My lord:—In a military empire, ruled by a military despot, it is a necessary policy that the education of youth should also be military. In all our public schools or prytanees, a boy, from the moment of entering, is registered in a company, and regularly drilled, exercised, and reviewed, punished for neglect or fault according to martial law, and advanced if displaying genius or application. All our private schools that wish for the protection of Government are forced to submit to the same military rules, and, therefore, most of our conscripts, so far from being recruits, are fit for any service as soon as put into requisition. The fatal effects to the independence of Europe to be dreaded from this sole innovation, I apprehend, have been too little considered by other nations. A great Power, that can, without obstacle, and with but little expense, in four weeks increase its disposable military force from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty thousand young men, accustomed to military duty from their youth, must finally become the master of all other or rival Powers, and dispose at leisure of empires, kingdoms, principalities, and republics. *Nothing can save them but the adoption of similar measures for their preservation as have been adopted for their subjugation*.

When l'Etat Militaire for the year 13 (a work containing the official statement of our military forces) was presented to Bonaparte by Berthier, the latter said: "Sire, I lay before Your Majesty the book of the destiny of the world, which your hands direct as the sovereign guide of the armies of your empire." This compliment is a truth, and therefore no flattery. It might as justly have been addressed to a Moreau, a Macdonald, a Le Courbe, or to any other general, as to Bonaparte, because a superior number of well disciplined troops, let them be well or even indifferently commanded, will defeat those inferior in number. Three to one would even overpower an army of giants. Add to it the unity of plans, of dispositions, and of execution, which Bonaparte enjoys exclusively over such a great number of troops, while ten, or perhaps fifty, will direct or contradict every movement of his opponents. I tremble when I meditate on Berthier's assertion; may I never live to see it realized, and to see all hitherto independent nations prostrated, acknowledge that Bonaparte and destiny are the same, and the same distributor of good and evil.

One of the bad consequences of this our military education of youth is a total absence of all religious and moral lessons. Arnaud had, last August, the courage to complain of this infamous neglect, in the National Institute. "The youth," said he, "receive no other instruction but lessons to march, to fire, to bow, to dance, to sit, to lie, and to impose with a good grace. I do not ask for

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Spartans or Romans, but we want Athenians, and our schools are only forming Sybarites." Within twenty-four hours afterwards, Arnaud was visited by a police agent, accompanied by two gendarmes, with an order signed by Fouche, which condemned him to reside at Orleans, and not to return to Paris without the permission of the Government,—a punishment regarded here as very moderate for such an indiscreet zeal.

A schoolmaster at Auteuil, near this capital, of the name of Gouron, had a private seminary, organized upon the footing of our former colleges. In some few months he was offered more pupils than he could well attend to, and his house shortly became very fashionable, even for our upstarts, who sent their children there in preference. He was ordered before Fouche last Christmas, and commanded to change the hours hitherto employed in teaching religion and morals, to a military exercise and instruction, as both more necessary and more salubrious for French youth. Having replied that such an alteration was contrary to his plan and agreement with the parents of his scholars, the Minister stopped him short by telling him that he must obey what had been prescribed by Government, or stand the consequences of his refractory spirit. Having consulted with his friends and patrons, he divided the hours, and gave half of the time usually allotted to religion or morality to the study of military exercise. His pupils, however, remained obstinate, broke the drum, and tore and burnt the colours he had bought. As this was not his fault, he did not expect any further disturbance, particularly after having reported to the police both his obedience and the unforeseen result. But last March his house was suddenly surrounded in the night by gendarmes, and some police agents entered it. All the boys were ordered to dress and to pack up their effects, and to follow the gendarmes to several other schools, where the Government had placed them, and of which their parents would be informed. Gouron, his wife, four ushers, and six servants, were all arrested and carried to the police office, where Fouche, after reproaching them for their fanatical behaviour, as he termed it, told them, as they were so fond of teaching religious and moral duties, a suitable situation had been provided for them in Cayenne, where the negroes stood sadly in need of their early arrival, for which reason they would all set out on that very morning for Rochefort. When Gouron asked what was to become of his property, furniture, *etc*., he was told that his house was intended by Government for a preparatory school, and would, with its contents, be purchased, and the amount paid him in lands in Cayenne. It is not necessary to say that this example of Imperial justice had the desired effect on all other refractory private schoolmasters.

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The parents of Gouron's pupils were, with a severe reprimand, informed where their sons had been placed, and where they would be educated in a manner agreeable to the Emperor, who recommended them not to remove them, without a previous notice to the police. A hatter, of the name of Maille, however, ordered his son home, because he had been sent to a dearer school than the former. In his turn he was carried before the police, and, after a short examination of a quarter of an hour, was permitted, with his wife and two children, to join their friend Gouron at Rochefort, and to settle with him at Cayenne, where lands would also be given him for his property, in France. These particulars were related to me by a neighbour whose son had, for two years previous to this, been under Gouron's care, but who was now among those placed out by our Government. The boy's present master, he said, was a man of a notoriously bad and immoral character; but he was intimidated, and weak enough to remain contented, preferring, no doubt, his personal safety to the future happiness of his child. In your country, you little comprehend what a valuable instrument terror has been in the hands of our rulers since the Revolution, and how often fear has been mistaken abroad for affection and content.

All these minutiae and petty vexations, but great oppressions, of petty tyrants, you may easily guess, take up a great deal of time, and that, therefore, a Minister of Police, though the most powerful, is also the most occupied of his colleagues. So he certainly is, but, last year, a new organization of this Ministry was regulated by Bonaparte; and Fouche was allowed, as assistants, four Counsellors of State, and an augmentation of sixty-four police commissaries. The French Empire was then divided into four arrondissements, with regard to the general police, not including Paris and its vicinity, inspected by a prefect of police under the Minister. Of the first of these arrondissements, the Counsellor of State, Real, is a kind of Deputy Minister; the Counsellor of State, Miot, is the same of the second; the Counsellor of State, Pelet de la Lozere, of the third; and the Counsellor of State, Dauchy, of the fourth. The secret police agents, formerly called spies, were also considerably increased.

LETTER XXVIII.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—Before Bonaparte set out for the Rhine, the Pope's Nuncio was for the first time publicly rebuked by him in Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, and ordered loudly to write to Rome and tell His Holiness to think himself fortunate in continuing to govern the Ecclesiastical States, without interfering with the ecclesiastical arrangements that might be thought necessary or proper by the Government in France.

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Bonaparte's policy is to promote among the first dignitaries of the Gallican Church the brothers or relatives of his civil or military supporters; Cambacere's brother is, therefore, an Archbishop and Cardinal, and one of Lebrun's, and two of Berthier's cousins are Bishops. As, however, the relatives of these Senators, Ministers, or generals, have, like themselves, figured in many of the scandalous and blasphemous scenes of the Revolution, the Pope has sometimes hesitated about sanctioning their promotions. This was the case last summer, when General Dessolles's brother was transferred from the Bishopric of Digne to that of Chambry, and Bonaparte nominated for his successor the brother of General Miollis, who was a curate of Brignoles, in the diocese of Aix. This curate had not only been one of the first to throw up his letters of priesthood at the Jacobin Club at Aix, but had also sacrilegiously denied the divinity of the Christian religion, and proposed, in imitation of Parisian atheists, the worship of a Goddess of Reason in a common prostitute with whom he lived. The notoriety of these abominations made even his parishioners at Brignoles unwilling to go to church, and to regard him as their pastor, though several of them had been imprisoned, fined, and even transported as fanatics, or as refractory.

During the negotiation with Cardinal Fesch last year, the Pope had been promised, among other things, that, for the future, his conscience should not be wounded by having presented to him for the prelacy any persons but those of the purest morals of the French Empire; and that all his objections should be attended to, in case of promotions; his scruples removed, or his refusal submitted to. When Cardinal Fesch demanded His Holiness's Bull for the curate Miollis, the Cardinal Secretary of State, Gonsalvi, showed no less than twenty acts of apostasy and blasphemy, which made him unworthy of such a dignity. To this was replied that, having obtained an indulgence in toto for what was past, he was a proper subject; above all, as he had the protection of the Emperor of the French. The Pope's Nuncio here then addressed himself to our Minister of the Ecclesiastical Department, Portalis, who advised him not to speak to Bonaparte of a matter upon which his mind had been made up; he, nevertheless, demanded an audience, and it was in consequence of this request that he, in his turn, became acquainted with the new Imperial etiquette and new Imperial jargon towards the representatives of Sovereigns. On the same evening the Nuncio expedited a courier to Rome, and I have heard to-day that the nomination of Miollis is confirmed by the Pope.

From this relatively trifling occurrence, His Holiness might judge of the intention of our Government to adhere to its other engagements; but at Rome, as well as in most other Continental capitals, the Sovereign is the dupe of the perversity of his Counsellors and Ministers, who are the tools, and not seldom the pensioners, of the Cabinet of St. Cloud.

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But in the kingdom of Italy the parishes and dioceses are, if possible, still worse served than in this country. Some of the Bishops there, after having done duty in the National Guards, worn the Jacobin cap, and fought against their lawful Prince, now live in open adultery; and, from their intrigues, are the terror of all the married part of their flock. The Bishop of Pavia keeps the wife of a merchant, by whom he has two children; and, that the public may not be mistaken as to their real father, the merchant received a sum of money to establish himself at Brescia, and has not seen his wife for these two years past. General Gourion, who was last spring in Italy, has assured me that he read the advertisement of a curate after his concubine, who had eloped with another curate; and that the Police Minister at Milan openly licensed women to be the housekeepers of priests.

A grand vicar, Sarini, at Bologna, was, in 1796, a friar, but relinquished then the convent for the tent, and exchanged the breviary for the musket. He married a nun of one cloister, from whom he procured a divorce in a month, to unite himself with an Abbess of another, deserted by him in her turn for the wife of an innkeeper, who robbed and eloped from her husband. Last spring he returned to the bosom of the Church, and, by making our Empress a present of a valuable diamond cross, of which he had pillaged the statue of a Madonna, he obtained the dignity of a grand vicar, to the great edification, no doubt, of all those who had seen him before the altar or in the camp, at the brothel, or in the hospital.

Another grand vicar of the same Bishop, in the same city, of the name of Rami, has two of his illegitimate children as singing-boys in the same cathedral where he officiates as a priest. Their mother is dead, but her daughter, by another priest, is now their father's mistress. This incestuous commerce is so little concealed that the girl does the honours of the grand vicar's house, and, with naivete enough, tells the guests and visitors of her happiness in having succeeded her mother. I have this anecdote from an officer who heard her make use of that expression.

In France, our priests, I fear, are equally as debauched and unprincipled; but, in yielding to their vicious propensities, they take care to save the appearance of virtue, and, though their guilt is the same, the scandal is less. Bonaparte pretends to be severe against all those ecclesiastics who are accused of any irregularities after having made their peace with the Church. A curate of Picardy, suspected of gallantry, and another of Normandy, accused of inebriety, were last month, without further trial or ceremony than the report of the Minister Portalis, delivered over to Fouche, who transported them to Cayenne, after they had been stripped of their gowns. At the same time, Cardinal Cambaceres and Cardinal Fesch, equally notorious for their excesses, were taken no notice of, except that they were laughed at in our Court circles.

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I am, almost every day, more and more convinced that our Government is totally indifferent about what becomes of our religious establishment when the present race of priests is extinguished; which, in the course of nature, must happen in less than thirty years. Our military system and our military education discourage all young men from entering into orders; while, at the same time, the army is both more honourable and more profitable than the Church. Already we want curates, though several have been imported from Germany and Spain, and, in some departments, four, and even six parishes have only one curate to serve them all. The Bishops exhort, and the parents advise their children to study theology; but then the law of conscription obliges the student of theology, as well as the student of philosophy, to march together; and, when once in the ranks, and accustomed to the licentiousness of a military life, they are either unwilling, unfit, or unworthy to return to anything else. The Pope, with all his entreaties, and with all his prayers, was unable to procure an exception from the conscription of young men preparing themselves for priesthood. Bonaparte always answered: "Holy Father, were I to consent to your demand, I should soon have an army of priests, instead of an army of soldiers." Our Emperor is not unacquainted with the real character and spirit of his Volunteers. When the Pope represented the danger of religion expiring in France, for want of priests to officiate at the altars, he was answered that Bonaparte, at the beginning of his consulate, found neither altars nor priests in France; that if his reign survived the latter, the former would always be standing, and survive his reign. He trusted that the chief of the Church would prevent them from being deserted. He assured him that when once he had restored the liberties of the seas, and an uninterrupted tranquillity on the Continent, he should attend more, and perhaps entirely, to the affairs of the Church. He consented, however, that the Pope might institute, in the Ecclesiastical States, a seminary for two hundred young Frenchmen, whom he would exempt from military conscription. This is the stock from which our Church establishment is to be supplied!

LETTER XXIX.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The short journey of Count von Haugwitz to Vienna, and the long stay of our Imperial Grand Marshal, Duroc, at Berlin, had already caused here many speculations, not quite corresponding with the views and, perhaps, interests of our Court, when our violation of the Prussian territory made our courtiers exclaim: "This act proves that the Emperor of the French is in a situation to bid defiance to all the world, and, therefore, no longer courts the neutrality of a Prince whose power is merely artificial; who has indemnities to restore, but no delicacy, no regard to claims." Such was the language of those very men who, a month before, declared "that His Prussian Majesty held the balance of peace or war in his hands; that he was in a position in which no Prussian Monarch ever was before; that while his neutrality preserved the tranquillity of the North

of Germany, the South of Europe would soon be indebted to his powerful mediation for the return of peace.”

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The real cause of this alteration in our courtiers' political jargon has not yet been known; but I think it may easily be discovered without any official publication. Bonaparte had the adroitness to cajole the Cabinet of Berlin into his interest, in the first month of his consulate, notwithstanding his own critical situation, as well as the critical situation of France; and he has ever since taken care both to attach it to his triumphal car and to inculpate it indirectly in his outrages and violations. Convinced, as he thought, of the selfishness which guided all its resolutions, all his attacks and invasions against the law of nations, or independence of States, were either preceded or followed with some offers of aggrandizement, of indemnity, of subsidy, or of alliance. His political intriguers were generally more successful in Prussia than his military heroes in crossing the Rhine or the Elbe, in laying the Hanse Towns under contribution, or in occupying Hanover; or, rather, all these acts of violence and injustice were merely the effects of his ascendency in Prussia. When it is, besides, remembered what provinces Prussia accepted from his bounty, what exchange of presents, of ribands, of private letters passed between Napoleon the First and Frederick William *iii*., between the Empress of the French and the Queen of Prussia, it is not surprising if the Cabinet of St. Cloud thought itself sure of the submission of the Cabinet of Berlin, and did not esteem it enough to fear it, or to think that it would have spirit enough to resent, or even honour to feel, the numerous Provocations offered.

Whatever Bonaparte and Talleyrand write or assert to the contrary, their gifts are only the wages of their contempt, and they despise more that State they thus reward than those nations at whose expense they are liberal, and with whose spoil they delude selfishness or meanness into their snares. The more legitimate Sovereigns descend from their true dignity, and a liberal policy, the nearer they approach the baseness of usurpation and the Machiavellism of rebellion. Like other upstarts, they never suffer an equal. If you do not keep yourself above them, they will crush you beneath them. If they have no reason to fear you, they will create some quarrel to destroy you.

It is said here that Duroc's journey to Berlin was merely to demand a passage for the French troops through the Prussian territory in Franconia, and to prevent the Russian troops from passing through the Prussian territory in Poland. This request is such as might have been expected from our Emperor and his Minister. Whether, however, the tone in which this curious negotiation with a neutral power was begun, or that, at last, the generosity of the Russian Monarch awakened a sense of duty in the Cabinet of Berlin, the arrival of our pacific envoy was immediately followed with warlike preparations. Fortunate, indeed, was it for Prussia to have resorted to her

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military strength instead of trusting any longer to our friendly assurances. The disasters that have since befallen the Austrian armies in Suabia, partly occasioned by our forced marches through neutral Prussia, would otherwise soon have been felt in Westphalia, in Brandenburgh, and in Pomerania. But should His Prussian Majesty not order his troops to act in conjunction with Russia, Austria, England, and Sweden, and that very soon, all efforts against Bonaparte will be vain, as those troops which have dispersed the Austrians and repulsed the Russians will be more than equal to master the Prussians, and one campaign may be sufficient to convince the Prussian Ministers of their folly and errors for years, and to punish them for their ignorance or selfishness.

Some preparations made in silence by the Marquis of Lucchesini, his affected absence from some of our late Court circles, and the number of spies who now are watching his hotel and his steps, seem to indicate that Prussia is tired of its impolitic neutrality, and inclined to join the confederacy against France. At the last assembly at our Prince Cambaceres's, a rumour circulated that preliminary articles for an offensive alliance with your country had already been signed by the Prussian Minister, Baron Von Hardenberg, on one side, and by your Minister to the Court of Berlin on the other; according to which you were to take sixty thousand Prussians and twelve thousand Hessians into your pay, for five years certain. A courier from Duroc was said to have brought this news, which at first made some impression, but it wore away by degrees; and our Government, to judge from the expressions of persons in its confidence, seems more to court than to fear a rupture with Prussia. Indeed, besides all other reasons to carry on a war in the North of Europe, Bonaparte's numerous and young generals are impatient to enrich themselves, as Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and the South of Germany are almost exhausted.

LETTER XXX.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The provocations of our Government must have been extraordinary indeed, when they were able to awaken the Cabinet of Berlin from its long and incomprehensible infatuation of trusting to the friendly intentions of honest Talleyrand, and to the disinterested policy of our generous Bonaparte. To judge its intents from its acts, the favour of the Cabinet of St. Cloud was not only its wish but its want. You must remember that, last year, besides his ordinary Ambassador, Da Lucchesini, His Prussian Majesty was so ill advised as to despatch General Knobelsdorff as his extra representative, to assist at Napoleon's coronation, a degradation of lawful sovereignty to which even the Court of Naples, though surrounded with our troops, refused to subscribe; and, so late as last June, the same Knobelsdorff did, in the name of his Prince, the honours at the reviews

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near Magdeburg, to all the generals of our army in Hanover who chose to attend there. On this occasion the King lodged in a farmhouse, the Queen in the house of the curate of Koestelith, while our sans-culotte officers, Bernadotte & Co., were quartered and treated in style at the castle of Putzbull, fitted up for their accommodation. This was certainly very hospitable, and very civil, but it was neither prudent nor politic. Upstarts, experiencing such a reception from Princes, are convinced that they are dreaded, because they know that they have not merit to be esteemed.

Do not confound this Knobelsdorff with the late Field-marshal of that name, who, in 1796, answered to a request which our then Ambassador at Berlin (Abbe Sieges) had made to be introduced to him, *non et sans phrase*, the very words this regicide used when he sat in judgment on his King, and voted *la Mort et sans phrase*. This Knobelsdorff is a very different character. He pretends to be equally conspicuous in the Cabinet as in the field, in the boudoir as in the study. A demi-philosopher, a demi-savant, a demi-gallant and a demi-politician, constitute, all taken together, nothing except an insignificant courtier. I do not know whether he was among those Prussian officers who, in 1798, *cried* when it was inserted in the public prints that the Grand Bonaparte had been killed in an insurrection at Cairo, but of this I am certain, that were Knobelsdorff to survive Napoleon the First, none of His Imperial Majesty's own dutiful subjects would mourn him more sincerely than this subject of the King of Prussia. He is said to possess a great share of the confidence of his King, who has already employed him in several diplomatic missions. The principal and most requisite qualities in a negotiator are political information, inviolable fidelity, penetrating but unbiased judgment, a dignified firmness, and condescending manners. I have not been often enough in the society of General Knobelsdorff to assert whether nature and education have destined him to illumine or to cloud the Prussian monarchy.

I have already mentioned in a former letter that it was Count von Haugwitz who, in 1792, as Prussian Ambassador at Vienna, arranged the treaty which then united the Austrian and Prussian Eagles against the Jacobin Cap of Liberty. It is now said in our diplomatic circle that his second mission to the same capital has for an object the renewal of these ties, which the Treaty of Basle dissolved; and that our Government, to impede his success, or to occasion his recall, before he could have time to conclude, had proposed to Prussia an annual subsidy of thirty millions of liveres—which it intended to exact from Portugal for its neutrality. The present respectable appearance of Prussia, shows, however, that whether the mission of Haugwitz had the desired issue or not, His Prussian Majesty confides in his army in preference to our parchments.

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Some of our politicians pretend that the present Minister of the foreign department in Prussia, Baron von Hardenberg, is not such a friend of the system of neutrality as his predecessor. All the transactions of his administration seem, nevertheless, to proclaim that, if he wished his country to take an active part in the present conflict, it would not have been against France, had she not begun the attack with the invasion of Anspach and Bayreuth. Let it be recollected that, since his Ministry, Prussia has acknowledged Bonaparte an Emperor of the French, has exchanged orders with him, and has sent an extraordinary Ambassador to be present at his coronation,—not common compliments, even between Princes connected by the nearest ties of friendship and consanguinity. Under his administration, the Rhine has been passed to seize the Duc d'Enghien, and the Elbe to capture Sir George Rumbold; the Hanse Towns have been pillaged, and even Emden blockaded; and the representations against, all these outrages have neither been followed by public reparation nor a becoming resentment; and was it not also Baron von Hardenberg, who, on the 5th of April, 1795, concluded at Basle that treaty to which we owe all our conquests and Germany and Italy all their disasters? It is not probable that the parent of pacification will destroy its own progeny, if self-preservation does not require it.

Baron von Hardenberg is both a learned nobleman and an enlightened statesman, and does equal honour both to his own rank and to the choice of his Prince. The late Frederick William *ii*. nominated him a Minister of State and a Counsellor of his Cabinet. On the 26th of January, 1792, as a directorial Minister, he took possession, in the name of the King of Prussia, of the Margravates of Anspach and Bayreuth, and the inhabitants swore before him, as their governor, their oaths of allegiance to their new Sovereign.—-He continued to reside as a kind of viceroy, in these States, until March, 1795, when he replaced Baron von Goltz as negotiator with our republican plenipotentiary in Switzerland; but after settling all differences between Prussia and France, he returned to his former post at Anspach, where no complaints have been heard against his Government.

The ambition of Baron von Hardenberg has always been to obtain the place he now occupies, and the study of his life has been to gain such information as would enable him to fill it with distinction. I have heard it said that in most countries he had for years kept and paid private agents, who regularly corresponded with him and sent him reports of what they heard or saw of political intrigue or machinations. One of these his agents I happened to meet with, in 1796, at Basle, and were I to conclude from what I observed in him, the Minister has not been very judicious in his selection of private correspondents. Figure to yourself a bald-headed personage, about forty years of age, near seven feet high, deaf as a post, stammering

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and making convulsive efforts to express a sentence of five words, which, after all, his gibberish made unintelligible. His dress was as eccentric as his person was singular, and his manners corresponded with both. He called himself Baron von Bulow, and I saw him afterwards, in the autumn of 1797, at Paris, with the same accoutrements and the same jargon, assuming an air of diplomatic mystery, even while displaying before me, in a coffee-house, his letters and instructions from his principal. As might be expected, he had the adroitness to get himself shut up in the Temple, where, I have been told, the generosity of your Sir Sidney Smith prevented him from starving.

No member of the foreign diplomatic corps here possesses either more knowledge, or a longer experience, than the Prussian Ambassador, Marquis of Lucchesini. He went with several other philosophers of Italy to admire the late hero of modern philosophy at Berlin, Frederick the Great, who received him well, caressed him often, but never trusted or employed him. I suppose it was not at the mention of the Marquis's name for the place of a governor of some province that this Monarch said, "My subjects of that province have always been dutiful; a philosopher shall never rule in my name but over people with whom I am discontented, or whom I intend to chastise." This Prince was not unacquainted with the morality of his sectaries.

During the latter part of the life of this King, the Marquis of Lucchesini was frequently of his literary and convivial parties; but he was neither his friend nor his favourite, but his listener. It was first under Frederick William *ii*. that he began his diplomatic career, with an appointment as Minister from Prussia to the late King of Poland. His first act in this post was a treaty signed on the 29th of March, 1790, with the King and Republic of Poland, which changed an elective monarchy into an hereditary one; but, notwithstanding the Cabinet of Berlin had guaranteed this alteration, and the constitution decreed in consequence, in 1791, three years afterwards Russian and Prussian bayonets annihilated both, and selfishness banished faith.

In July, 1790, he assisted as a Prussian plenipotentiary at the conferences at Reichenback, together with the English and Dutch Ambassadors, having for object a pacification between Austria and Turkey. In December of the same year he went with the same Ministers to the Congress at Sistova, where, in May, 1791, he signed the Treaty of Peace between the Grand Seignior and the Emperor of Germany. In June, 1792, he was a second time sent as a Minister to Warsaw, where he remained until January, 1793, when he was promoted to the post of Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. He continued, however, to reside with His Prussian Majesty during the greatest part of the campaign on the Rhine, and signed, on the 24th of June, 1793, in the camp before Mentz, an offensive and defensive alliance with your Court; an alliance which Prussian

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policy respected not above eighteen months. In October, 1796, he requested his recall, but this his Sovereign refused, with the most gracious expressions; and he could not obtain it until March, 1797. Some disapprobation of the new political plan introduced by Count von Haugwitz in the Cabinet at Berlin is supposed to have occasioned his determination to retire from public employment. As he, however, continued to reside in the capital of Prussia, and, as many believed, secretly intrigued to appear again upon the scene, the nomination, in 1800, to his present important post was as much the consequence of his own desire as of the favour of his King.

The Marquis of Lucchesini lives here in great style at the beautiful Hotel de l'Infantado, where his lady's routs, assemblies, and circles are the resort of our most fashionable gentry. Madame da Lucchesini is more agreeable than handsome, more fit to shine at Berlin than at Paris; for though her manners are elegant, they want that ease, that finish which a German or Italian education cannot teach, nor a German or Italian society confer. To judge from the number of her admirers, she seems to know that she is married to a philosopher. Her husband was born at Lucca, in Italy, and is, therefore, at present a subject of Bonaparte's brother-in-law, Prince Bacciochi, to whom, when His Serene Highness was a marker at a billiard-table, I have had the honour of giving many a shilling, as well as many a box on the ear.

LETTER XXXI.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The unexampled cruelty of our Government to your countryman, Captain Wright, I have heard reprobated, even by some of our generals and public functionaries, as unjust as well as disgraceful. At a future General Congress, should ever Bonaparte suffer one to be convoked, except under his auspices and dictature, the distinction and treatment of prisoners of war require to be again regulated, that the valiant warrior may not for the future be confounded with, and treated as, a treacherous spy; nor innocent travellers, provided with regular passes, visiting a country either for business or for pleasure, be imprisoned, like men taken while combating with arms in their hands.

You remember, no doubt, from history, that many of our ships—that, during the reigns of George I. and *ii*., carried to Ireland and Scotland, and landed there, the adherents and partisans of the House of Stuart were captured on their return or on their passage; and that your Government never seized the commanders of these vessels, to confine them as State criminals, much less to torture or murder them in the Tower. If I am not mistaken, the whole squadron which, in 1745, carried the Pretender and his suite to Scotland, was taken by your cruisers; and the officers and men experienced no worse or different treatment than their fellow prisoners of war; though

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the distance is immense between the crime of plotting against the lawful Government of the Princes of the House of Brunswick, and the attempt to disturb the usurpation of an upstart of the House of Bonaparte. But, even during the last war, how many of our ships of the line, frigates, and cutters, did you not take, which had landed rebels in Ireland, emissaries in Scotland, and malefactors in Wales; and yet your generosity prevented you from retaliating, even at the time when your Sir Sidney Smith, and this same unfortunate Captain Wright, were confined in our State prison of the Temple! It is with Governments as with individuals, they ought to be just before they are generous. Had you in 1797, or in 1798, not endured our outrages so patiently, you would not now have to lament, nor we to blush for, the untimely end of Captain Wright.

From the last time that this officer had appeared before the criminal tribunal which condemned Georges and Moreau, his fate was determined on by our Government. His firmness offended, and his patriotism displeased; and as he seemed to possess the confidence of his own Government, it was judged that he was in its secrets; it was, therefore, resolved that, if he refused to become a traitor, he should perish a victim. Desmarets, Fouche's private secretary, who is also the secretary of the secret and haute police, therefore ordered him to another private interrogatory. Here he was offered a considerable sum of money, and the rank of an admiral in our service, if he would divulge what he knew of the plans of his Government, of its connections with the discontented in this country, and of its means of keeping up a correspondence with them. He replied, as might have been expected, with indignation, to such offers and to such proposals, but as they were frequently repeated with new allurements, he concluded with remaining silent and giving no answers at all. He was then told that the torture would soon restore him his voice, and some select gendarmes seized him and laid him on the rack; there he uttered no complaint, not even a sigh, though instruments the most diabolical were employed, and pains the most acute must have been endured. When threatened that he should expire in torments, he said:

"I do not fear to die, because my country will avenge my murder, while my God receives my soul." During the two hours of the first day that he was stretched on the rack, his left arm and right leg were broken, and his nails torn from the toes of both feet; he then passed into the hands of a surgeon, and was under his care for five weeks, but, before he was perfectly cured, he was carried to another private interrogatory, at which, besides Desmarets, Fouche and Real were present.

The Minister of Police now informed him that, from the mutilated state of his body, and from the sufferings he had gone through, he must be convinced that it was not the intention of the French Government ever to restore him to his native country, where he might relate occurrences which the policy of France required to be buried in oblivion; he, therefore, had no choice between serving the Emperor of the French, or perishing within

the walls of the prison where he was confined. He replied that he was resigned to his destiny, and would die as he had lived, faithful to his King and to his country.

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The man in full possession of his mental qualities and corporeal strength is, in most cases, very different from that unfortunate being whose mind is, enervated by sufferings and whose body is weakened by wants. For five months Captain Wright had seen only gaolers, spies, tyrants, executioners, fetters, racks, and other tortures; and for five weeks his food had been bread and his drink water. The man who, thus situated and thus perplexed, preserves his native dignity and innate sentiments, is more worthy of monuments, statues, or altars than either the legislator, the victor, or the saint.

This interrogatory was the last undergone by Captain Wright. He was then again stretched on the rack, and what is called by our regenerators the *infernal* torments, were inflicted on him. After being pinched with red-hot irons all over his body, brandy, mixed with gunpowder, was infused in the numerous wounds and set fire to several times until nearly burned to the bones. In the convulsions, the consequence of these terrible sufferings, he is said to have bitten off a part of his tongue, though, as before, no groans were heard. As life still remained, he was again put under the care of his former surgeon; but, as he was exceedingly exhausted, a spy, in the dress of a Protestant clergyman, presented himself as if to read prayers with him. Of this offer he accepted; but when this man began to ask some insidious questions, he cast on him a look of contempt and never spoke to him more. At last, seeing no means to obtain any information from him, a mameluke last week strangled him in his bed. Thus expired a hero whose fate has excited more compassion, and whose character has received more admiration here, than any of our great men who have fallen fighting for our Emperor. Captain Wright has diffused new rays of renown and glory on the British name, from his tomb as well as from his dungeon.

You have certainly a right to call me to an account for all the particulars I have related of this scandalous and abominable transaction, and, though I cannot absolutely guarantee the truth of the narration, I am perfectly satisfied of it myself, and I hope to explain myself to your satisfaction. Your unfortunate countryman was attended by and under the care of a surgeon of the name of Vaugeard, who gained his confidence, and was worthy of it, though employed in that infamous gaol. Either from disgust of life, or from attachment to Captain Wright, he survived him only twelve hours, during which he wrote the shocking details I have given you, and sent them to three of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, with a prayer to have them forwarded to Sir Sidney Smith or to Mr. Windham, that those his friends might be informed that, to his last moment, Captain Wright was worthy of their protection and kindness. From one of those Ministers I have obtained the original in Vaugeard's own handwriting.

I know that Bonaparte and Talleyrand promised the release of Captain Wright to the Spanish Ambassador; but, at that time, he had already suffered once on the rack, and this liberality on their part was merely a trick to impose upon the credulity of the Spaniard or to get rid of his importunities. Had it been otherwise, Captain Wright, like Sir George Rumbold, would himself have been the first to announce in your country the recovery of his liberty.

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LETTER XXXII.

Paris, October, 1805.

My *lord*:—Should Bonaparte again return here victorious, and a pacificator, great changes in our internal Government and constitution are expected, and will certainly occur. Since the legislative corps has completed the Napoleon code of civil and criminal justice, it is considered by the Emperor not only as useless, but troublesome and superfluous. For the same reasons the tribunate will also be laid aside, and His Majesty will rule the French Empire, with the assistance of his Senate, and with the advice of his Council of State, exclusively. You know that the Senators, as well as the Councillors of State, are nominated by the Emperor; that he changes the latter according to his whim, and that, though the former, according to the present constitution, are to hold their offices for life, the alterations which remove entirely the legislature and the tribunate may also make Senators movable. But as all members of the Senate are favourites or relatives, he will probably not think it necessary to resort to such a measure of policy.

In a former letter I have already mentioned the heterogeneous composition of the Senate. The tribunate and legislative corps are worthy to figure by its side; their members are also ci-devant mechanics of all descriptions, debased attorneys or apostate priests, national spoilers or rebellious regicides, degraded nobles or dishonoured officers. The nearly unanimous vote of these corps for a consulate for life, and for an hereditary Emperor, cannot, therefore, either be expressive of the national will, or constitute the legality of Bonaparte's sovereignty.

In the legislature no vote opposed, and no voice declaimed against, Bonaparte's Imperial dignity; but in the tribunate, Carnot—the infamously notorious Carnot—'pro forma', and with the permission of the Emperor 'in petto', spoke against the return of a monarchical form of Government. This farce of deception and roguery did not impose even on our good Parisians, otherwise, and so frequently, the dupes of all our political and revolutionary mountebanks. Had Carnot expressed a sentiment or used a word not previously approved by Bonaparte, instead of reposing himself in the tribunate, he would have been wandering in Cayenne.

Son of an obscure attorney at Nolay, in Burgundy, he was brought up, like Bonaparte, in one of those military schools established by the munificence of the French Monarchs; and had obtained, from the late King, the commission of a captain of engineers when the Revolution broke out. He was particularly indebted to the Prince of Conde for his support during the earlier part of his life, and yet he joined the enemies of his house, and voted for the death of Louis XVI. A member, with Robespierre and Barrere, of the Committee of Public Safety, he partook of their power, as well as of their crimes, though he has been

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audacious enough to deny that he had anything to do with other transactions than those of the armies. Were no other proofs to the contrary collected, a letter of his own hand to the ferocious Lebon, at Arras, is a written evidence which he is unable to refute. It is dated November 16th, 1793. "You must take," says he, "in your energy, all measures of terror commanded or required by present circumstances. Continue your revolutionary attitude; never mind the amnesty pronounced with the acceptance of the absurd constitution of 1791; it is a crime which cannot extenuate other crimes. Anti-republicans can only expiate their folly under the age of the guillotine. The public Treasury will always pay the journeys and expenses of informers, because they have deserved well of their country. Let all suspected traitors expire by the sword or by fire; continue to march upon that revolutionary line so well delineated by you. The committee applauds all your undertakings, all your measures of vigour; they are not only all permitted, but commanded by your mission." Most of the decrees concerning the establishment of revolutionary tribunals, and particularly that for the organization of the atrocious military commission at Orange, were signed by him.

Carnot, as an officer of engineers, certainly is not without talents; but his presumption in declaring himself the sole author of those plans of campaign which, during the years 1794, 1795, and 1796, were so triumphantly executed by Pichegru, Moreau, and Bonaparte, is impertinent, as well as unfounded. At the risk of his own life, Pichegru entirely altered the plan sent him by the Committee of Public Safety; and it was Moreau's masterly retreat, which no plan of campaign could prescribe, that made this general so famous. The surprising successes of Bonaparte in Italy were both unexpected and unforeseen by the Directory; and, according to Berthier's assertion, obliged the, commander-in-chief, during the first four months, to change five times his plans of proceedings and undertakings.

During his temporary sovereignty as a director, Carnot honestly has made a fortune of twelve millions of livres; which has enabled him not only to live in style with his wife, but also to keep in style two sisters, of the name of Aublin, as his mistresses. He was the friend of the father of these girls, and promised him, when condemned to the guillotine in 1793, to be their second father; but he debauched and ruined them both before either was fourteen years of age; and young Aublin, who, in 1796, reproached him with the infamy of his conduct, was delivered up by him to a military commission, which condemned him to be shot as an emigrant. He has two children by each of these unfortunate girls.

Bonaparte employs Carnot, but despises and mistrusts him; being well aware that, should another National Convention be convoked, and the Emperor of the French be arraigned, as the King of France was, he would, with as great pleasure, vote for the execution of Napoleon the First as he did for that of Louis XVI. He has waded too far in blood and crime to retrograde.

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To this sample of a modern tribune I will add a specimen of a modern legislator. Baptiste Cavaignae was, before the Revolution, an excise officer, turned out of his place for infidelity; but the department of Lot electing him, in 1792, a representative of the people to the National Convention, he there voted for the death of Louis XVI. and remained a faithful associate of Marat and Robespierre. After the evacuation of Verdun by the Prussians, in October, 1792, he made a report to the Convention, according to which eighty-four citizens of that town were arrested and executed. Among these were twenty-two young girls, under twenty years of age, whose crime was the having presented nosegays to the late King of Prussia on his entry after the surrender of Verdun. He was afterwards a national commissary with the armies on the coast near Brest, on the Rhine, and in Western Pyrenees, and everywhere he signalized himself by unheard of ferocities and sanguinary deeds. The following anecdote, printed and published by our revolutionary annalist, Prudhomme, will give you some idea of the morality of this our regenerator and Imperial Solon: "Cavaignac and another deputy, Pinet," writes Prudhomme, "had ordered a box to be kept for them at the play-house at Bayonne on the evening they expected to arrive in that town. Entering very late, they found two soldiers, who had seen the box empty, placed in its front. These they ordered immediately to be arrested, and condemned them, for having outraged the national representation, to be guillotined on the next day, when they both were accordingly executed!" Labarrere, a provost of the Marechaussee at Dax, was in prison as a suspected person. His daughter, a very handsome girl of seventeen, lived with an aunt at Severe. The two pro-consuls passing through that place, she threw herself at their feet, imploring mercy for her parent. This they not only promised, but offered her a place in their carriage to Dax, that she might see him restored to liberty. On the road the monsters insisted on a ransom for the blood of her father. Waiting, afflicted and ashamed, at a friend's house at Dag, the accomplishment of a promise so dearly purchased, she heard the beating of the alarm drum, and looked, from curiosity, through the window, when she saw her unfortunate parent ascending the scaffold! After having remained lifeless for half an hour, she recovered her senses an instant, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, the barbarians! they violated me while flattering me with the hope of saving my father!" and then expired. In October, 1795, Cavaignac assisted Barras and Bonaparte in the destruction of some thousands of men, women, and children in the streets of this capital, and was, therefore, in 1796, made by the Directory an inspector-general of the customs; and, in 1803, nominated by Bonaparte a legislator. His colleague, Citizen Pinet, is now one of our Emperor's Counsellors of State, and both are commanders of His Majesty's Legion of Honour; rich, respected, and frequented by our most fashionable ladies and gentlemen.

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LETTER XXXIII.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—I suppose your Government too vigilant and too patriotic not to be informed of the great and uninterrupted activity which reigns in our arsenals, dockyards, and seaports. I have seen a plan, according to which Bonaparte is enabled, and intends, to build twenty ships of the line and ten frigates, besides cutters, in the year, for ten years to come. I read the calculation of the expenses, the names of the forests where the timber is to be cut, of the foreign countries where a part of the necessary materials are already engaged, and of our own departments which are to furnish the remainder. The whole has been drawn up in a precise and clear manner by Bonaparte's Maritime Prefect at Antwerp, M. Malouet, well known in your country, where he long remained as an emigrant, and, I believe, was even employed by your Ministers.

You may, perhaps, smile at this vast naval scheme of Bonaparte; but if you consider that he is the master of all the forests, mines, and productions of France, Italy, and of a great part of Germany, with all the navigable rivers and seaports of these countries and Holland, and remember also the character of the man, you will, perhaps, think it less impracticable. The greatest obstacle he has to encounter, and to remove, is want of experienced naval officers, though even in this he has advanced greatly since the present war, during which he has added to his naval forces twenty—nine ships of the line, thirty—four frigates, twenty-one cutters, three thousand prams, gunboats, pinnaces, *etc*., with four thousand naval officers and thirty-seven thousand sailors, according to the same account, signed by Malouet. It is true that most of our new naval heroes have never ventured far from our coast, and all their naval laurels have been gathered under our land batteries; but the impulse is given to the national spirit, and our conscripts in the maritime departments prefer, to a man, the navy to the army, which was not formerly the case.

It cannot have escaped your observation that the incorporation of Genoa procured us, in the South of our Empire, a naval station and arsenal, as a counterpoise to Antwerp, our new naval station in the North, where twelve ships of the line have been built, or are building, since 1803, and where timber and other materials are collected for eight more. At Genoa, two ships of the line and four frigates have lately been launched, and four ships and two frigates are on the stocks; and the Genoese Republic has added sixteen thousand seafaring men to our navy. Should Bonaparte terminate successfully the present war, Naples and Venice will increase the number of our seaports and resources on the borders of the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas. All his courtiers say that he will conquer Italy in Germany, and determine at Vienna—the fate of London.

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Of all our admirals, however, we have not one to compare with your Nelson, your Hood, your St. Vincent, and your Cornwallis. By the appointment of Murat as grand admiral, Bonaparte seems to indicate that he is inclined to imitate the example of Louis. XVI., in the beginning of his reign, and entrust the chief command of his fleets and squadrons to military men of approved capacity and courage, officers of his land troops. Last June, when he expected a probable junction of the fleet under Villeneuve with the squadron under Admiral Winter, and the union of both with Ganteaume at Brest, Murat was to have had the chief command of the united French, Spanish, and Batavian fleets, and to support the landing of our troops in your country; but the arrival of Lord Nelson in the West Indies, and the victory of Admiral Calder, deranged all our plans and postponed all our designs, which the Continental war has interrupted; to be commenced, God knows when.

The best amongst our bad admirals is certainly Truguet; but he was disgraced last year, and exiled twenty leagues from the coast, for having declared too publicly “that our flotillas would never be serviceable before our fleets were superior to yours, when they would become useless.” An intriguer by long habit and by character, having neither property nor principles, he joined the Revolution, and was the second in command under Latouche, in the first republican fleet that left our harbours. He directed the expedition against Sardinia, in January, 1793, during which he acquired neither honour nor glory, being repulsed with great loss by the inhabitants. After being imprisoned under Robespierre, the Directory made him a Minister of the marine, an Ambassador to Spain, and a Vice-Admiral of France. In this capacity he commanded at Brest, during the first eighteen months of the present war. He has an irreconcilable foe in Talleyrand, with whom he quarrelled, when on his embassy in Spain, about some extortions at Madrid, which he declined to share with his principal at Paris. Such was our Minister’s inveteracy against him in 1798, that a directorial decree placed him on the list of emigrants, because he remained in Spain after having been recalled to France. In 1799, during Talleyrand’s disgrace, Truguet returned here, and, after in vain challenging his enemy to fight, caned him in the Luxembourg gardens, a chastisement which our premier bore with true Christian patience. Truguet is not even a member of the Legion of Honour.

Villeneuve is supposed not much inferior in talents, experience, and modesty to Truguet. He was, before the Revolution, a lieutenant of the royal navy; but his principles did not prevent him from deserting to the colours of the enemies of royalty, who promoted him first to a captain and afterwards to an admiral.

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His first command as such was over a division of the Toulon fleet, which, in the winter of 1797, entered Brest. In the battle at Aboukir he was the second in command; and, after the death of Admiral Brueys, he rallied the ships which had escaped, and sailed for Malta, where, two years afterwards, he signed, with General Vaubois, the capitulation of that island. When hostilities again broke out, he commanded in the West Indies, and, leaving his station, escaped your cruisers, and was appointed first to the chief command of the Rochefort, and afterwards the Toulon fleet, on the death of Admiral Latouche. Notwithstanding the gasconade of his report of his negative victory over Admiral Calder, Villeneuve is not a Gascon by birth, but only, by sentiment.

Ganteaume does not possess either the intriguing character of Truguet or the valorous one of Villeneuve.

Before the Revolution he was a mate of a merchantman, but when most of the officers of the former royal navy had emigrated or perished, he was, in 1793, made a captain of the republican navy, and in 1796 an admiral. During the battle of Aboukir he was the chief of the staff, under Admiral Brueys, and saved himself by swimming, when l'Orient took fire and blew up. Bonaparte wrote to him on this occasion: "The picture you have sent me of the disaster of l'Orient, and of your own dreadful situation, is horrible; but be assured that, having such a miraculous escape, *destiny* intends you to avenge one day our navy and our friends." This note was written in August, 1798, shortly after Bonaparte had professed himself a Mussulman.

When, in the summer of 1799, our general-in-chief had determined to leave his army of Egypt to its destiny, Ganteaume equipped and commanded the squadron of frigates which brought him to Europe, and was, after his consulate, appointed a Counsellor of State and commander at Brest. In 1800 he escaped with a division of the Brest fleet to Toulon, and, in the summer of 1801, when he was ordered to carry succours to Egypt, your ship Skitsure fell in with him, and was captured. As he did not, however, succeed in landing in Egypt the troops on board his ships, a temporary disgrace was incurred, and he was deprived of the command, but made a maritime prefect. Last year favour was restored him, with the command of our naval forces at Brest. All officers who have served under Ganteaume agree that, let his fleet be ever so superior, he will never fight if he can avoid it, and that, in orderly times, his capacity would, at the utmost, make him regarded as a good master of a merchantman, and nothing else.

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Of the present commander of our, flotilla at Boulogne, Lacrosse, I will also say some few words. A lieutenant before the Revolution, he became, in 1789, one of the most ardent and violent Jacobins, and in 1792 was employed by the friend of the Blacks, and our Minister, Monge, as an emissary in the West Indies, to preach there to the negroes the rights of man and insurrection against the whites, their masters. In 1800, Bonaparte advanced him to a captain-general at Guadeloupe, an island which his plots, eight years before, had involved in all the horrors of anarchy, and where, when he now attempted to restore order, his former instruments rose against him and forced him to escape to one of your islands—I believe Dominico. Of this island, in return for his hospitable reception, he took plans, according to which our General Lagrange endeavoured to conquer it last spring. Lacrosse is a perfect revolutionary fanatic, unprincipled, cruel, unfeeling, and intolerant. His presumption is great, but his talents are trifling.

LETTER XXXIV.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The defeat of the Austrians has excited great satisfaction among our courtiers and public functionaries; but the mass of the inhabitants here are too miserable to feel for anything else but their own sufferings. They know very well that every victory rivets their fetters, that no disasters can make them more heavy, and no triumph lighter. Totally indifferent about external occurrences, as well as about internal oppressions, they strive to forget both the past and the present, and to be indifferent as to the future; they would be glad could they cease to feel that they exist. The police officers were now, with their gendarmes, bayoneting them into illuminations for Bonaparte's successes, as they dragooned them last year into rejoicings for his coronation. I never observed before so much apathy; and in more than one place I heard the people say, "Oh! how much better we should be with fewer victories and more tranquillity, with less splendour and more security, with an honest peace instead of a brilliant war." But in a country groaning under a military government, the opinions of the people are counted for nothing.

At Madame Joseph Bonaparte's circle, however, the countenances were not so gloomy. There a real or affected joy seemed to enliven the usual dullness of these parties; some actors were repeating patriotic verses in honour of the victor; while others were singing airs or vaudevilles, to inspire our warriors with as much hatred towards your nation as gratitude towards our Emperor. It is certainly neither philosophical nor philanthropical not to exclude the vilest of all passions, *hatred*, on such a happy occasion. Martin, in the dress of a conscript, sang six long couplets against the tyrants of the seas; of which I was only able to retain the following one:

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Je deteste le peuple anglais, Je deteste son ministere; J'aime l'Empereur des Francais, J'aime la paix, je hais la guerre; Mais puisqu'il faut la soutenir Contre une Nation Sauvage, Mon plus doux, mon plus grand desir Est de montrer tout mon courage.

But what arrested my attention, more than anything else which occurred in this circle on that evening, was a printed paper mysteriously handed about, and of which, thanks to the civility of a Counsellor of State, I at last got a sight. It was a list of those persons, of different countries, whom the Emperor of the French has fixed upon, to replace all the ancient dynasties of Europe within twenty years to come. From the names of these individuals, some of whom are known to me, I could perceive that Bonaparte had more difficulty to select proper Emperors, Kings, and Electors, than he would have had, some years ago, to choose directors or consuls. Our inconsistency is, however, evident even here; I did not read a name that is not found in the annals of Jacobinism and republicanism. We have, at the same time, taken care not to forget ourselves in this new distribution of supremacy. France is to furnish the stock of the new dynasties for Austria, England, Spain, Denmark, and Sweden. What would you think, were you to awake one morning the subject of King Arthur O'Connor the First? You would, I dare say, be even more surprised than I am in being the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte the First. You know, I suppose, that O'Connor is a general of division, and a commander of the Legion of Honour,—the bosom friend of Talleyrand, and courting, at this moment, a young lady, a relation of our Empress, whose portion may one day be an Empire. But I am told that, notwithstanding Talleyrand's recommendations, and the approbation of Her Majesty, the lady prefers a colonel, her own countryman, to the Irish general. Should, however, our Emperor announce his determination, she would be obliged to marry as he commands, were he even to give her his groom, or his horse, for a spouse.

You can form no idea how wretched and despised all the Irish rebels are here. O'Connor alone is an exception; and this he owes to Talleyrand, to General Valence, and to Madame de Genlis; but even he is looked on with a sneer, and, if he ever was respected in England, must endure with poignancy the contempt to which he is frequently exposed in France. When I was in your country I often heard it said that the Irish were generally considered as a debased and perfidious people, extremely addicted to profligacy and drunkenness, and, when once drunk, more cruelly ferocious than even our Jacobins. I thought it then, and I still believe it, a national prejudice, because I am convinced that the vices or virtues of all civilized nations are relatively the same; but those Irish rebels we have seen here, and who must be, like our Jacobins, the very dregs of their country, have conducted themselves so as to inspire not only

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mistrust but abhorrence. It is also an undeniable truth that they were greatly disappointed by our former and present Government. They expected to enjoy liberty and equality, and a pension for their treachery; but our police commissaries caught them at their landing, our gendarmes escorted them as criminals to their place of destination, and there they received just enough to prevent them from starving. If they complained they were put in irons, and if they attempted to escape they were sent to the galleys as malefactors or shot as spies. Despair, therefore, no doubt induced many to perpetrate acts of which they were accused, and to rob, swindle, and murder, because they were punished as thieves and assassins. But, some of them, who have been treated in the most friendly, hospitable, and generous manner in this capital, have proved themselves ungrateful, as well as infamous. A lady of my acquaintance, of a once large fortune, had nothing left but some furniture, and her subsistence depended upon what she got by letting furnished lodgings. Mischance brought three young Irishmen to her house, who pretended to be in daily expectation of remittances from their country, and of a pension from Bonaparte. During six months she not only lodged and supported them, but embarrassed herself to procure them linen and a decent apparel. At last she was informed that each of, them had been allowed sixty livres—in the month, and that arrears had been paid them for nine months. Their debt to her was above three thousand livres—but the day after she asked for payment they decamped, and one of them persuaded her daughter, a girl of fourteen, to elope with him, and to assist him in robbing her mother of all her plate.—He has, indeed, been since arrested and sentenced to the galleys for eight years; but this punishment neither restored the daughter her virtue nor the mother her property. The other two denied their debts, and, as she had no other evidence but her own scraps of accounts, they could not be forced to pay; their obdurate effrontery and infamy, however, excited such an indignation in the judges, that they delivered them over as swindlers to the Tribunal Correctional; and the Minister of Police ordered them to be transported as rogues and vagabonds to the colonies. The daughter died shortly after, in consequence of a miscarriage, and the mother did not survive her more than a month, and ended her days in the Hotel Dieu, one of our common hospitals. Thus, these depraved young men ruined and murdered their benefactress and her child; and displayed, before they were thirty, such a consummate villainy as few wretches grown hoary in vice have perpetrated. This act of scandalous notoriety injured the Irish reputation very much in this country; for here, as in many other places, inconsiderate people are apt to judge a whole nation according to the behaviour of some few of its outcasts.

LETTER XXXV.

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Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—The plan of the campaign of the Austrians is incomprehensible to all our military men—not on account of its profundity, but on account of its absurdity or incoherency. In the present circumstances, half-measures must always be destructive, and it is better to strike strongly and firmly than justly. To invade Bavaria without disarming the Bavarian army, and to enter Suabia and yet acknowledge the neutrality of Switzerland, are such political and military errors as require long successes to repair, but which such an enemy as Bonaparte always takes care not to leave unpunished.

The long inactivity of the army under the Archduke Charles has as much surprised us as the defeat of the army under General von Mack; but from what I know of the former, I am persuaded that he would long since have pushed forward had not his movements been unfortunately combined with those of the latter. The House of Lorraine never produced a more valiant warrior, nor Austria a more liberal or better instructed statesman, than this Prince. Heir to the talents of his ancestors, he has commanded, with glory, against France during the revolutionary war; and, although he sometimes experienced defeats, he has rendered invaluable services to the chief of his House by his courage, by his activity, by his constancy, and by that salutary firmness which, in calling the generals and superior officers to their duty, has often reanimated the confidence and the ardour of the soldier.

The Archduke Charles began, in 1793, his military career under the Prince of Coburg, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian armies in Brabant, where he commanded the advanced guard, and distinguished himself by a valour sometimes bordering on temerity, but which, by degrees, acquired him that esteem and popularity, among the troops often very advantageous to him afterwards. He was, in 1794, appointed governor and captain-general of the Low Countries, and a Field-marshal lieutenant of the army of the German Empire. In April, 1796, he took the command-in-chief of the armies of Austria and of the Empire, and, in the following June, engaged in several combats with General Moreau, in which he was repulsed, but in a manner that did equal honour to the victor and to the vanquished.

The Austrian army on the Lower Rhine, under General Wartensleben, having, about this time, been nearly dispersed by General Jourdan, the Archduke left some divisions of his forces under General Latour, to impede the progress of Moreau, and went with the remainder into Franconia, where he defeated Jourdan near Amberg and Wurzburg, routed his army entirely, and forced him to repass the Rhine in the greatest confusion, and with immense loss. The retreat of Moreau was the consequence of the victories of this Prince. After the capture of Kehl, in January, 1797, he assumed the command of the army of Italy, where he in vain employed all his efforts to put a stop to the victorious

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progress of Bonaparte, with whom, at last, he signed the preliminaries of peace at Leoben. In the spring of 1799, he again defeated Jourdan in Suabia, as he had done two years before in Franconia; but in Switzerland he met with an abler adversary in General Massena; still, I am inclined to think that he displayed there more real talents than anywhere else; and that this part of his campaign of 1799 was the most interesting, in a military point of view.

The most implacable enemies of the politics of the House of Austria render justice to the plans, to the frankness, to the morality of Archduke Charles; and, what is remarkable, of all the chiefs who have commanded against revolutionary France, he alone has seized the true manner of combating enthusiasts or slaves; at least, his proclamations are the only ones composed with adroitness, and are what they ought to be, because in them an appeal is made to the public opinion at a time when opinion almost constitutes half the strength of armies.

The present opposer of this Prince in Italy is one of our best, as well as most fortunate, generals. A Sardinian subject, and a deserter from the Sardinian troops, he assisted, in 1792, our commander, General Anselm, in the conquest of the county of Nice, rather as a spy than as a soldier. His knowledge of the Maritime Alps obtained, in 1793, a place on our staff, where, from the services he rendered, the rank of a general of brigade was soon conferred on him. In 1796 he was promoted to serve as a general of division under Bonaparte in Italy, where he distinguished himself so much that when, in 1798, General Berthier was ordered to accompany the army of the East to Egypt, he succeeded him as commander-in-chief of our troops in the temporary Roman Republic. But his merciless pillage, and, perhaps, the idea of his being a foreigner, brought on a mutiny, and the Directory was obliged to recall him. It was his campaign in Switzerland of 1799, and his defence of Genoa in 1800, that principally ranked him high as a military chief. After the battle of Marengo he received the command of the army of Italy; but his extortions produced a revolt among the inhabitants, and he lived for some time in retreat and disgrace, after a violent quarrel with Bonaparte, during which many severe truths were said and heard on both sides.

After the Peace of Luneville, he seemed inclined to join Moreau, and other discontented generals; but observing, no doubt, their want of views and union, he retired to an estate he has bought near Paris, where Bonaparte visited him, after the rupture with your country, and made him, we may conclude, such offers as tempted him to leave his retreat. Last year he was nominated one of our Emperor’s Field-marshals, and as such he relieved Jourdan of the command in the kingdom of Italy. He has purchased with a part of his spoil, for fifteen millions of livres—property in France and Italy; and is considered worth double that sum in jewels, money, and other valuables.

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Massena is called, in France, the spoiled child of fortune; and as Bonaparte, like our former Cardinal Mazarin, has more confidence in fortune than in merit, he is, perhaps, more indebted to the former than to the latter for his present situation; his familiarity has made him disliked at our Imperial Court, where he never addresses Napoleon and Madame Bonaparte as an Emperor or an Empress without smiling.

General St. Cyr, our second in command of the army of Italy, is also an officer of great talents and distinctions. He was, in 1791, only a cornet, but in 1795, he headed, as a general, a division of the army of the Rhine. In his report to the Directory, during the famous retreat of 1796, Moreau speaks highly of this general, and admits that his. achievements, in part, saved the republican army. During 1799 he served in Italy, and in 1800 he commanded the centre of the army of the Rhine, and assisted in gaining the victory of Hohenlinden. After the Peace of Lundville, he was appointed a Counsellor of State of the military section, a place he still occupies, notwithstanding his present employment. Though under forty years of age, he is rather infirm, from the fatigues he has undergone and the wounds he has received. Although he has never combated as a general-in-chief, there is no doubt but that he would fill such a place with honour to himself and advantage to his country.

Of the general officers who command under Archduke Charles, Comte de Bellegarde is already known by his exploits during the last war. He had distinguished himself already in 1793, particularly when Valenciennes and Maubeuge were besieged by the united Austrian and English forces; and, in 1794, he commanded the column at the head of which the Emperor marched, when Landrecy was invested. In 1796, he was one of the members of the Council of the Archduke Charles, when this Prince commanded for the first time as a general-in-chief, on which occasion he was promoted to a Field-marshal lieutenant.

He displayed again great talents during the campaign of 1799, when he headed a small corps, placed between General Suwarow in Italy, and Archduke Charles in Switzerland; and in this delicate post he contributed equally to the success of both. After the Peace of Luneville he was appointed a commander-in-chief for the Emperor in the ci-devant Venetian States, where the troops composing the army under the Archduke Charles were, last summer, received and inspected by him, before the arrival of the Prince. He is considered by military men as greatly superior to most of the generals now employed by the Emperor of Germany.

LETTER XXXVI.

Paris, October, 1805.

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My lord:—"I would give my brother, the Emperor of Germany, one further piece of advice. Let him hasten to make peace. This is the crisis when, he must recollect, all States must have an end. The idea of the approaching extinction of the, dynasty of Lorraine must impress him with horror." When Bonaparte ordered this paragraph to be inserted in the Moniteur, he discovered an 'arriere pensee', long suspected by politicians, but never before avowed by himself, or by his Ministers. "That he has determined on the universal change of dynasties, because a usurper can never reign with safety or honour as long as any legitimate Prince may disturb his power, or reproach him for his rank." Elevated with prosperity, or infatuated with vanity and pride, he spoke a language which his placemen, courtiers, and even his brother Joseph at first thought premature, if not indiscreet. If all lawful Sovereigns do not read in these words their proscription, and the fate which the most powerful usurper that ever desolated mankind has destined for them, it may be ascribed to that blindness with which Providence, in its wrath, sometimes strikes those doomed to be grand examples of the vicissitudes of human life.

"Had Talleyrand," said Louis Bonaparte, in his wife's drawing-room, "been by my brother's side, he would not have unnecessarily alarmed or awakened those whom it should have been his policy to keep in a soft slumber, until his blows had laid them down to rise no more; but his soldier-like frankness frequently injures his political views." This I myself heard Louis say to Abbe Sieyes, though several foreign Ambassadors were in the saloon, near enough not to miss a word. If it was really meant as a reflection on Napoleon, it was imprudent; if designed as a defiance to other Princes, it was unbecoming and impertinent. I am inclined to believe it, considering the individual to whom it was addressed, a premeditated declaration that our Emperor expected a universal war, was prepared for it, and was certain of its fortunate issue.

When this Sieyes is often consulted, and publicly flattered, our politicians say, "Woe to the happiness of Sovereigns and to the tranquillity of subjects; the fiend of mankind is busy, and at work," and, in fact, ever since 1789, the infamous ex-Abbe has figured, either as a plotter or as an actor, in all our dreadful and sanguinary revolutionary epochas. The accomplice of La Fayette in 1789, of Brissot in 1791, of Marat in 1792, of Robespierre in 1793, of Tallien in 1794, of Barras in 1795, of Rewbel in 1797, and of Bonaparte in 1799, he has hitherto planned, served, betrayed, or deserted all factions. He is one of the few of our grand criminals, who, after enticing and sacrificing his associates, has been fortunate enough to survive them. Bonaparte has heaped upon him presents, places, and pensions; national property, senatories, knighthoods, and palaces; but he is, nevertheless, not supposed one of our Emperor's

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most dutiful subjects, because many of the late changes have differed from his metaphysical schemes of innovation, of regeneration, and of overthrow. He has too high an opinion of his own deserts not to consider it beneath his philosophical dignity to be a contented subject of a fellow-subject, elevated into supremacy by his labours and dangers. His modesty has, for these sixteen years past, ascribed to his talents all the glory and prosperity of France, and all her misery and misfortunes to the disregard of his counsels, and to the neglect of his advice. Bonaparte knows it; and that he is one of those crafty, sly, and dark conspirators, more dangerous than the bold assassin, who, by sophistry, art, and perseverance insinuate into the minds of the unwary and daring the ideas of their plots, in such an insidious manner that they take them and foster them as the production of their own genius; he is, therefore, watched by our Imperial spies, and never consulted but when any great blow is intended to be struck, or some enormous atrocities perpetrated. A month before the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien, and the murder of Pichegru, he was every day shut up for some hours with Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Cloud, or in the Tuileries; where he has hardly been seen since, except after our Emperor's return from his coronation as a King of Italy.

Sieyes never was a republican, and it was cowardice alone that made him vote for the death of his King and benefactor; although he is very fond of his own metaphysical notions, he always has preferred the preservation of his life to the profession or adherence to his systems. He will not think the Revolution complete, or the constitution of his country a good one, until some Napoleon, or some Louis, writes himself an Emperor or King of France, by the grace of Sieyes. He would expose the lives of thousands to obtain such a compliment to his hateful vanity and excessive pride; but he would not take a step that endangered his personal safety, though it might eventually lead him to the possession of a crown.

From the bounty of his King, Sieyes had, before the Revolution, an income of fifteen thousand livres—per annum; his places, pensions, and landed estates produce now yearly five hundred thousand livres—not including the interest of his money in the French and foreign funds.

Two years ago he was exiled, for some time, to an estate of his in Touraine, and Bonaparte even deliberated about transporting him to Cayenne, when Talleyrand observed "that such a condemnation would endanger that colony of France, as he would certainly organize there a focus of revolutions, which might also involve Surinam and the Brazils, the colonies of our allies, in one common ruin. In the present circumstances," added the Minister, "if Sieyes is to be transported, I wish we could land him in England, Scotland, or Ireland, or even in Russia."

I have just heard from a general officer the following anecdote, which he read to me from a letter of another general, dated Ulm, the 25th instant, and, if true, it explains in

part Bonaparte’s apparent indiscretion in the threat thrown out against all ancient dynasties.

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Among his confidential generals (and hitherto the most irreproachable of all our military commanders), Marmont is particularly distinguished. Before Napoleon left this capital to head his armies in Germany, he is stated to have sent despatches to all those traitors dispersed in different countries whom he has selected to commence the new dynasties, under the protection of the Bonaparte Dynasty. They were, no doubt, advised of this being the crisis when they had to begin their machinations against thrones. A courier from Talleyrand at Strasburg to Bonaparte at Ulm was ordered to pass by the corps under the command of Marmont, to whom, in case the Emperor had advanced too far into Germany, he was to deliver his papers. This courier was surprised and interrupted by some Austrian light troops; and, as it was only some few hours after being informed of this capture that Bonaparte expressed himself frankly, as related above, it was supposed by his army that the Austrian Government had already in its power despatches which made our schemes of improvement at Paris no longer any secrets at Vienna. The writer of this letter added that General Marmont was highly distressed on account of this accident, which might retard the prospect of restoring to Europe its long lost peace and tranquillity.

This officer made his first campaign under Pichegru in 1794, and was, in 1796, appointed by Bonaparte one of his aides-de-camp. His education had been entirely military, and in the practice the war afforded him he soon evinced how well he remembered the lessons of theory. In the year 1796, at the battle of Saint-Georges, before Mantua, he charged at the head of the eighth battalion of grenadiers, and contributed much to its fortunate issue. In October of the same year, Bonaparte, as a mark of his satisfaction, sent him to present to the Directory the numerous colours which the army of Italy had conquered; from whom he received in return a pair of pistols, with a fraternal hug from Carnot. On his return to Italy he was, for the first time, employed by his chief in a political capacity. A republic, and nothing but a republic, being then the order of the day, some Italian patriots were convoked at Reggio to arrange a plan for a Cisalpine Republic, and for the incorporation with it of Modena, Bologna, and other neutral States; Marmont was nominated a French republican plenipotentiary, and assisted as such in the organization of a Commonwealth, which since has been by turns a province of Austria or a tributary State of France.

Marmont, though combating for a bad cause, is an honest man; his hands are neither soiled with plunder, nor stained with blood. Bonaparte, among his other good qualities, wishes to see every one about him rich; and those who have been too delicate to accumulate wealth by pillage, he generally provides for, by putting into requisition some great heiress. After the Peace of Campo Formio, Bonaparte arrived at Paris, where he demanded in marriage for his aide-de-camp Marmont, Mademoiselle Perregeaux, the sole child of the first banker in France, a well-educated and accomplished young lady, who would be much more agreeable did not her continual smiles and laughing indicate a degree of self-satisfaction and complacency which may be felt, but ought never to be published.

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The banker, Perregeaux, is one of those fortunate beings who, by drudgery and assiduity, has succeeded in some few years to make an ample fortune. A Swiss by birth, like Necker, he also, like him, after gratifying the passion of avidity, showed an ambition to shine in other places than in the counting-house and upon the exchange. Under La Fayette, in 1790, he was the chief of a battalion of the Parisian National Guards; under Robespierre, a commissioner for purchasing provisions; and under Bonaparte he is become a Senator and a commander of the Legion of Honour. I am told that he has made all his money by his connection with your country; but I know that the favourite of Napoleon can never be the friend of Great Britain. He is a widower; but Mademoiselle Mars, of the Emperor's theatre, consoles him for the loss of his wife.

General Marmont accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, and distinguished himself at the capture of Malta, and when, in the following year, the siege of St. Jean d'Acre was undertaken, he was ordered to extend the fortifications of Alexandria; and if, in 1801, they retarded your progress, it was owing to his abilities, being an officer of engineers as well as of the artillery. He returned with Bonaparte to Europe, and was, after his usurpation, made a Counsellor of State. At the battle of Marengo he commanded the artillery, and signed afterwards, with the Austrian general, Count Hohenzollern, the Armistice of Treviso, which preceded shortly the Peace of Luneville. Nothing has abated Bonaparte's attachment to this officer, whom he appointed a commander-in-chief in Holland, when a change of Government was intended there, and whom he will entrust everywhere else, where sovereignty is to be abolished, or thrones and dynasties subverted.

LETTER XXXVII.

Paris, October, 1805.

My lord:—Many wise people are of the opinion that the revolution of another great Empire is necessary to combat or oppose the great impulse occasioned by the Revolution of France, before Europe can recover its long-lost order and repose. Had the subjects of Austria been as disaffected as they are loyal, the world might have witnessed such a terrible event, and been enabled to judge whether the hypothesis was the production of an ingenious schemer or of a profound statesman. Our armies under Bonaparte have never before penetrated into the heart of a country where subversion was not prepared, and where subversion did not follow.

How relatively insignificant, in the eyes of Providence, must be the independence of States and the liberties of nations, when such a relatively insignificant personage as General von Mack can shake them? Have, then, the Austrian heroes—a Prince Eugene, a Laudon, a Lasci, a Beaulieu, a Haddick, a Bender, a Clairfayt, and numerous other valiant and great warriors—left no posterity behind them; or has the presumption of

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General von Mack imposed upon the judgment of the Counsellors of his Prince? This latter must have been the case; how otherwise could the welfare of their Sovereign have been entrusted to a military quack, whose want of energy and bad disposition had, in 1799, delivered up the capital of another Sovereign to his enemies. How many reputations are gained by an impudent assurance, and lost when the man of talents is called upon to act and the fool presents himself.

Baron von Mack served as an aide-de-camp under Field-marshal Laudon, during the last war between Austria and Turkey, and displayed some intrepidity, particularly before Lissa. The Austrian army was encamped eight leagues from that place, and the commander-in-chief hesitated to attack it, believing it to be defended by thirty thousand men. To decide him upon making this attack, Baron von Mack left him at nine o'clock at night, crossed the Danube, accompanied only by a single Uhlan, and penetrated into the suburb of Lissa, where he made prisoner a Turkish officer, whom, on the next morning at seven o'clock, he presented to his general, and from whom it was learnt that the garrison contained only six thousand, men. This personal temerity, and the applause of Field-marshal Laudon, procured him then a kind of reputation, which he has not since been able to support. Some theoretical knowledge of the art of war, and a great facility of conversing on military topics, made even the Emperor Joseph conceive a high opinion of this officer; but it has long been proved, and experience confirms it every day, that the difference is immense between the speculator and the operator, and that the generals of Cabinets are often indifferent captains when in the camp or in the field.

Preceded by a certain celebrity, Baron von Mack served, in 1793, under the Prince of Coburg, as an adjutant-general, and was called to assist at the Congress at Antwerp, where the operations of the campaign were regulated. Everywhere he displayed activity and bravery; was wounded twice in the month of May; but he left the army without having performed anything that evinced the talents which fame had bestowed on him. In February, 1794, the Emperor sent him to London to arrange, in concert with your Government, the plans of the campaign then on the eve of being opened; and when he returned to the Low Countries he was advanced to a quartermaster-general of the army of Flanders, and terminated also this unfortunate campaign without having done anything to justify the reputation he had before acquired or usurped. His Sovereign continued, nevertheless, to employ him in different armies; and in January, 1797, he was appointed a Field-marshal lieutenant and a quartermaster-general of the army of the Rhine. In February he conducted fifteen thousand of the troops of this army to reinforce the army of Italy; but when Bonaparte in April penetrated into Styria and Carinthia, he was ordered to Vienna as a second in command of the levy 'en masse'.

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Real military characters had already formed their opinion of this officer, and saw a presumptuous charlatan where others had admired an able warrior. His own conduct soon convinced them that they neither had been rash nor mistaken. The King of Naples demanding, in 1798, from his son-in-law, the Emperor of Germany, a general to organize and head his troops, Baron von Mack was presented to him. After war had been declared against France he obtained some success in partial engagements, but was defeated in a general battle by an enemy inferior in number. In the Kingdom of Naples, as well as in the Empire of Germany, the fury of negotiation seized him when he should have fought, and when he should have remembered that no compacts can ever be entered into with political and military earthquakes, more than with physical ones. This imprudence, particularly as he was a foreigner, excited suspicion among his troops, whom, instead of leading to battle, he deserted, under the pretence that his life was in danger, and surrendered himself and his staff to our commander, Championnet.

A general who is too fond of his life ought never to enter a camp, much less to command armies; and a military chief who does not consider the happiness and honour of the State as his first passion and his first duty, and prefers existence to glory, deserves to be shot as a traitor, or drummed out of the army as a dastardly coward. Without mentioning the numerous military faults committed by General von Mack during this campaign, it is impossible to deny that, with respect to his own troops, he conducted himself in the most pusillanimous manner. It has often been repeated that martial valour does not always combine with it that courage and that necessary presence of mind which knows how to direct or repress multitudes, how to command obedience and obtain popularity; but when a man is entrusted with the safety of an Empire, and assumes such a brilliant situation, he must be weak-minded and despicable indeed, if he does not show himself worthy of it by endeavouring to succeed, or perish in the attempt. The French emigrant, General Dumas, evinced what might have been done, even with the dispirited Neapolitan troops, whom he neither deserted, nor with whom he offered to capitulate.

Baron von Mack is in a very infirm state of health, and is often under the necessity of being carried on a litter; and his bodily complaints have certainly not increased the vigour of his mind. His love of life seems to augment in proportion as its real value diminishes. As to the report here of his having betrayed his trust in exchanging honour for gold, I believe it totally unfounded. Our intriguers may have deluded his understanding, but our traitors would never have been able to seduce or shake his fidelity. His head is weak, but his heart is honest. Unfortunately, it is too true that, in turbulent times, irresolution and weakness in a commander or a Minister operate the same, and are as dangerous as, treason.

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The ETEXT *editor's bookmarks*:

A stranger to remorse and repentance, as well as to honour
Accused of fanaticism, because she refused to cohabit with him
All his creditors, denounced and executed
All priests are to be proscribed as criminals
As everywhere else, supported injustice by violence
As confident and obstinate as ignorant
Bestowing on the Almighty the passions of mortals
Bonaparte and his wife go now every morning to hear Mass
Bonaparte dreads more the liberty of the Press than all other
Bourrienne
Bow to their charlatanism as if it was sublimity
Cannot be expressed, and if expressed, would not be believed
Chevalier of the Guillotine: Toureaux
Complacency which may be felt, but ought never to be published
Country where power forces the law to lie dormant
Distinguished for their piety or rewarded for their flattery
Easy to give places to men to whom Nature has refused parts
Encounter with dignity and self-command unbecoming provocations
Error to admit any neutrality at all
Expeditious justice, as it is called here
Extravagances of a head filled with paradoxes
Feeling, however, the want of consolation in their misfortunes
Forced military men to kneel before priests
French Revolution was fostered by robbery and murder
Future effects dreaded from its past enormities
General who is too fond of his life ought never to enter a camp
Generals of Cabinets are often indifferent captains in the field
God is only the invention of fear
Gold, changes black to white, guilt to innocence
Hail their sophistry and imposture as inspiration
He was too honest to judge soundly and to act rightly
Her present Serene Idiot, as she styles the Prince Borghese
Hero of great ambition and small capacity: La Fayette
How many reputations are gained by an impudent assurance
How much people talk about what they do not comprehend
If Bonaparte is fond of flattery—pays for it like a real Emperor
Indifference about futurity
Indifference of the French people to all religion
Invention of new tortures and improved racks
Irresolution and weakness in a commander operate the same
Its pretensions rose in proportion to the condescensions

Jealous of his wife as a lover of his mistress
Justice is invoked in vain when the criminal is powerful
Labour as much as possible in the dark
Love of life increase in proportion as its real value diminishes
Marble lives longer than man
May change his habitations six times in the month—yet be home
Men and women, old men and children are no more
Military diplomacy
Misfortunes and proscription would not only inspire courage
More vain than ambitious
My maid always sleeps with me when my husband is absent
My means were the boundaries of my wants
Napoleon invasion of States of the American Commonwealth
Nature has destined him to obey, and not to govern

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Not suspected of any vices, but all his virtues are negative
Not only portable guillotines, but portable Jacobin clubs
Nothing was decided, though nothing was refused
Now that she is old (as is generally the case), turned devotee
One of the negative accomplices of the criminal
Opinion almost constitutes half the strength of armies
Prelate on whom Bonaparte intends to confer the Roman tiara
Prepared to become your victim, but not your accomplice
Presumptuous charlatan
Pretensions or passions of upstart vanity
Pride of an insupportable and outrageous ambition
Procure him after a useless life, a glorious death
Promises of impostors or fools to delude the ignorant
Prudence without weakness, and with firmness without obstinacy
Saints supplied her with a finger, a toe, or some other parts
Salaries as the men, under the name of washerwomen
Satisfying himself with keeping three mistresses only
Should our system of cringing continue progressively
Sold cats' meat and tripe in the streets of Rome
Step is but short from superstition to infidelity
Sufferings of individuals, he said, are nothing
Suspicion and tyranny are inseparable companions
Suspicion is evidence
They will create some quarrel to destroy you
They ought to be just before they are generous
"This is the age of upstarts," said Talleyrand
Thought at least extraordinary, even by our friends
Thought himself eloquent when only insolent or impertinent
Two hundred and twenty thousand prostitute licenses
Under the notion of being frank, are rude
United States will be exposed to Napoleon's outrages
Usurped the easy direction of ignorance
Vices or virtues of all civilized nations are relatively the same
Want is the parent of industry
We are tired of everything, even of our existence
Were my generals as great fools as some of my Ministers
Which crime in power has interest to render impenetrable
Who complains is shot as a conspirator
With us, unfortunately, suspicion is the same as conviction

Would cease to rule the day he became just