

tattered troops, and that they were on the eve of a battle which, according to all appearances, promised to Napoleon a complete defeat, and to the Austrians a decisive victory, the town of Lucca was not afraid to give to the wife of Bonaparte a grand and public reception. The senate of Lucca received her with all the marks of distinction shown only to princesses; the senate came to her in official ceremony, and brought her as a gift of honor, in costly gold flasks, the produce of their land, the fine oil of Lucca.

Josephine received these marks of honor with that grace and amiability with which she won all hearts, and, with her enchanting smile, thanking the senators, she told them, with all the confidence of a lover, that her victorious husband would, for the magnificent hospitality thus shown her, manifest his gratitude to the town of Lucca by the prosperity and liberty which he was ready to conquer for Italy.

This confidence was shortly to be justified. No sooner had Josephine arrived in Florence, whither she had come from Lucca, than the news of the victory of the French army, commanded by her husband, reached there also.

Suddenly abandoning the siege of Mantua, Bonaparte had gathered together all his forces, and with them he dealt blow after blow upon the three divisions of the army corps of Wurmser, until he had completely defeated them. The battles of Lonato and Castiglione were the fresh trophies of his fame. On the 10th of August Bonaparte made his victorious entry into Brescia, which only twelve days before he had been suddenly obliged to abandon with his Josephine, to whom he had then been barely reunited, and was still luxuriating in the bliss of her presence.

Bonaparte had fulfilled his word: he had revenged Josephine, and Wurmser had indeed paid dearly for the tears which he had caused Josephine to shed!

But after these days of storm and danger, the two lovers

were to enjoy a few weeks of mutual happiness and of splendid triumphs.

Josephine had returned from Florence to Milan, and thither Bonaparte came also in the middle of August, to rest in her arms after his battles and victories.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE IN MILAN.

THE days of armistice which Bonaparte passed in Milan were accompanied by festivities, enjoyments, and triumphs of all kinds. All Milan and Lombardy streamed forth to present their homage to the deliverer of Italy and to his charming, gracious wife; to give feasts in their honor, to praise them in enthusiastic songs, to celebrate their fame in concerts, serenades, and illuminations.

The palace Serbelloni served Italy's deliverer once more as a residence, and it was well calculated for this on account of its vastness and elegance. This was one of the most beautiful buildings among the palaces of Milan. Over its massive lower structure, and its *rez-de-chaussée* of red granite, sparkling in the sun with its play of many colors, arose bold and steep its light and graceful *façade*. The interior of this beautiful palace of the Dukes of Serbelloni was adorned with all the splendors which sculpture and painting gathered into the palaces of the Italian nobility.

In those halls, whose roofs were richly decorated and gilded, and supported by white columns of marble, and whose walls were covered with those splendid and enormous mirrors which the republic of Venice alone then manufactured; and from whose tall windows hung down in long, heavy folds curtains of purple velvet, embroidered with

gold, the work of the famous artisans of Milan—in those brilliant halls the happy couple, Bonaparte and Josephine, received the deputies of applauding Italy and the high aristocracy of all Lombardy.

An eye-witness thus describes a reception-evening in the Serbelloni palace: "The hall in which the general received his visitors was a long gallery divided by marble columns into three smaller rooms; the two extreme divisions formed two large drawing-rooms, perfectly square, and the middle partition formed a long and wide promenade apartment. In the drawing-room, into which I entered, was Madame Bonaparte, the beautiful Madame Visconti, Madame Leopold Berthier, and Madame Ivan. Under the arches, at the entrance of the middle room, stood the general; around him, but at a distance, the chiefs of the war department, the magistrates of the city, with a few ministers of the Italian governments, all in respectful attitude before him. Nothing seemed to be more striking than the bearing of this little man among the dignitaries overawed by his character. His attitude had nothing of pride, but it had the dignity of a man conscious of his worth, and who feels that he is in the right place. Bonaparte tried not to increase his stature, so as to be on the same level with those around him; they already spared him that trouble, and bowed to him. None of those who conversed with him appeared taller than he. Berthier, Silmaine, Clarke, Augereau, awaited silently till he should address them, an honor which this evening was not conferred upon all. Never were headquarters so much like a court: they were the prelude to the Tuileries."\*

To Milan came the ambassadors of princes, of the free cities, and of the Italian republics. They all claimed Bonaparte's assistance and protection; they came bearers of good-will, of utterances of hope and fear, and expecting

\* Arnold, "Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire," vol. iii., p. 10.

from him help and succor. The princes trembled for their thrones; the cities and republics for their independence; they wanted to conciliate by their submission the general whose sword could either threaten them all or give them ample protection. Bonaparte received this homage with the composure of a protector, and sometimes also with the proud reserve of a conqueror.

He granted to the Duke of Parma the protection which he had sought, and permitted him to remain on his territory as prince and ruler, though the strongest expostulations had been made to Bonaparte on that point.

"He is a Bourbon," they said; "he must no longer rule."

"He is an unfortunate man," replied Bonaparte, proudly; "it is not worth while to attack him. If we leave him on his lands, he will rule only in our name; if we drive him away, he will be weaving intrigues everywhere. Let him remain where he is, I wish him no wrong; his presence can be useful, his absence would surely be hurtful."

"But he is a Bourbon, citizen general, a Bourbon!" exclaimed Augereau, with animation.

Bonaparte's countenance darkened, and his brow was overspread with frowns. "Well, then," cried he, with threatening tone, "he is a Bourbon! Is he therefore by nature of so despicable a family? Because three Bourbons have been killed in France, must we therefore hunt down all the others? I cannot approve of proscriptions which thus fall upon a whole family, a whole class of people. An absurd law has prohibited all the nobles from serving the republic, and yet Barras is in the Directory, and I am at the head of the army in Italy. We are consequently liable to punishment in virtue of your absurd and cruel system! Hunt down those who do wrong, but not masses who are innocent. Can you punish Paris and France for the crimes of the *sans-culottes*? The Bourbons are, it is said, the ene-

mies of freedom; they have been led to the scaffold under the action of a right which I do not acknowledge. The Duke of Parma is weak, and a poltroon,—he will not stir. His people seem to love him, for we are here, and they rise not, they utter no complaint. Let him, then, continue to rule as long as he pays all that I exact from him.”\*

Thanks to the good-will and protection of the republican general, the Duke of Parma remained on his little throne—on the same throne which was one day to be to Napoleon's second wife a compensation for her lost imperial crown. The Empress of France was to become a Duchess of Parma; and now to her husband, the present general of the republic, the actual Duke of Parma was indebted that his little dukedom was not converted into a republic.

It is true that the duke had to pay dearly for the protection which Bonaparte granted. He had to pay a war-subsidy of two million francs, and, besides, give from his collection his most beautiful painting, that of St. Jerome by Correggio, for the Museum of the Louvre in Paris.† The duke, as a lover of art, was more distressed at the loss of this picture than at the enormous contribution he had to pay; for he soon caused the proposition to be made to General Bonaparte, to redeem from the French government that painting, for the sum of two hundred thousand francs, a proposition which Bonaparte, without any further consultation with the authorities in Paris, rejected with some degree of irritation.

The Duke of Parma remained therefore the sovereign of his duchy, because it so pleased Bonaparte; but Bonaparte was led into error when he thought that, as his people rebelled not, they therefore loved their duke, and were satisfied with him. The women and the priests controlled

\* Napoleon's words.—See Hazlitt, “*Histoire de Napoléon*,” vol. v.,

p. 1.

† This splendid picture is now in the Vatican at Rome.

entirely the feeble duke; and not only the people, but the better classes and the aristocracy, submitted to all this with great unwillingness. Once, when Joseph Bonaparte, whom the French republic had sent to give assurance of protection and recognition to the little Duke of Parma, was walking with a few cavaliers in the gardens around the duke's palace in Colorno, he expressed his admiration at the symmetry and beauty of the buildings.

“That is true,” was the answer, “but just look at the buildings of the neighboring cloister! do you not see how superior that dwelling is to that of the sovereign? Wretched is the country where this can take place!”\*

Even the representatives of the republic of Venice came to Bonaparte. They came not only to secure his friendship, but also to complain that the French army, in its advance upon Brescia, had done injury to the neutral territory of Venice.

Bonaparte directed at them a look of imperious severity, and, instead of laying stress on their neutrality, he asked in a sharp tone, “Are you for us, or against us?”

“Signor, we are neutral, and—”

“Do not be neutral,” interrupted Bonaparte, with vehemence, “be strong, otherwise your friendship is useful to none.”

And, with imperious tone, he reproached them for the vacillating, perfidious conduct which, since 1792, had been the policy of Venice, and he threatened to punish and destroy that republic if she did not immediately prove herself to be the loyal friend of the French.

While Bonaparte used the few short weeks of rest to bring Italy more and more under the yoke of France, it was Josephine's privilege to draw to herself and toward her husband the minds of the Italians, to win their hearts to her

\* “*Mémoires du Roi Joseph*,” vol. i., p. 65.

husband, and through him to the French republic, which he represented. She did this with all the grace and affability, all the genial tact and large-heartedness of a noble heart, which were the attributes of her beautiful and amiable person. She was unwearied in well-doing, in listening to all the petitions with which she was approached; she had for every complaint and every request an open ear; she not only promised to every applicant her intercession, but she made him presents, and was ever ready, by solicitations, flatteries, and expostulations, and, if necessary, even with tears, to entreat from her husband a mitigation of the punishment and sentence which he had decided upon in his just severity; and seldom had Bonaparte the courage to oppose her wishes. These were for Josephine glorious days of love and triumph. She depicts them herself in a letter to her aunt in plain, short words.

"The Duke de Serbelloni," writes she, "will tell you, my dear aunt, how I have been received in Italy; how, wherever I passed, they celebrated my arrival; how all the Italian princes, even the Duke of Tuscany, the emperor's brother, gave festivities in my honor. Well, then, I would prefer to live as a plain citizeness of France. I like not the honorable distinctions of this country. They weary me. It is true, my health inclines me to be sad. I often feel very ill. If fate would bring me good health, then I should be entirely happy. I possess the most amiable husband that can be found. I have no occasion to desire anything. My wishes are his. The whole day he is worshipping me as if I were a deity; it is impossible to find a better husband. He writes often to my children—he loves them much. He sent to Hortense, through M. Serbelloni, a beautiful enamelled repeating watch, ornamented with fine pearls; to Eugene he sent also a fine gold watch."\*

\* Aubenas, "Histoire de l'Impératrice Josephine," vol. i., p. 349.

But soon these days of quietness and happiness were to be broken; the armistice was drawing to a close, when, with redoubled energy, Bonaparte, who had received from the government the wished-for re-enforcements, longed to resume the war with Austria, which on her side had sent another army into Italy, under General Alvinzi, to relieve Mantua, and to deliver Wurmser from his peril.

On the 13th of August Bonaparte left Milan and returned to Brescia, where he established his headquarters, and where, with all the speed and restlessness of a warrior longing for victory, he made his preparations for the coming conflict.

But amid the anxieties, the cares, the chances of this new campaign, his heart remained behind in Milan with his Josephine; when the general began to rest, the lover began to breathe. No sooner were the battle-plans, the fight, the preparations and the dispositions accomplished, than all his thoughts returned to Josephine, and he had again recourse to his written correspondence with his adored wife; for although he longed so much to have her with him, yet he was unwilling to occasion her so much inconvenience and so many privations.

Bonaparte's letters are again way-marks during his glorious path of victory and triumph, while he was overrunning Italy with wondrous rapidity—but, instead of relating these conquests, we turn to his letters to Josephine. Already, on his way to Brescia, he had written her several times. The very day after reaching there, after having made the necessary military arrangements, Bonaparte wrote to her:

"BRESCIA, the 14th Fructidor, Year IV. (August 31, 1795).

"I am leaving for Verona. I have hoped in vain to receive a letter from you; this makes me wretched and restless. At the time of my departure, you were somewhat

suffering; I pray you, do not leave me in such a state of disquietude. You had promised me a greater punctuality; your tongue, then, chimed in with your heart . . . ; you, whom Nature has gifted with a sweet disposition, with joyousness, and every thing which is agreeable, how can you forget him who loves you so warmly? Three days without a letter from you! I have during that time written to you several. Separation is horrible; the nights are long, tiresome, and insipid; the days are monotonous.

"To-day, alone with thoughts, works, men, and their destructive schemes, I have not received from you a single note that I can press to my heart.

"Headquarters are broken up; I leave in one hour. I have this night received expresses from Paris; there was nothing for you but the enclosed letter, which will afford you some pleasure.

"Think on me; live for me; be often with your beloved, and believe that there is for him but one sorrow; that he shrinks only from this—to be no more loved by his Josephine. A thousand right sweet kisses, right tender, right exclusive kisses.

BONAPARTE."

Three days after he tells her that he is now in the midst of war operations; that hostilities have begun again, and that he hopes in a few days to advance upon Trieste. But this occupied his mind less than his solicitude for Josephine. After a short paragraph on his military affairs, he continues:

"No letter from you yet; I am really anxious; but I am assured that you are well, and that you have made an excursion on the Como Lake. Every day I wait impatiently for the courier who is to bring me news from you; you know how precious this is to me. I live no longer when away from you; the joy of my life is to be near my sweet

Josephine. Think of me; write often, very often; this is the only remedy for separation; it is cruel, but I trust it will soon be over.

BONAPARTE."

Meanwhile this separation was to last longer than Bonaparte had imagined. War held him entangled in its web so fast, that he had not time even to write to Josephine. In the next two letters he could only tell her, in a few lines, what had happened at the theatre of war; that he had again defeated Wurmser, and had surrounded him, and that he hopes to take Mantua. Even for his constant complaint about Josephine's slothfulness in writing, he finds no room in these short letters. In the next letter, however, it appears the more violently. He has no time to give her, as was his usual practice, any account of the war. He begins at once with the main object, which is—"Josephine has not written:"

"VERONA, 1st day of *Complémentaires in Year V.*

"(September 17, 1796).

"I write to you often, my beloved one, but you write seldom to me. You are wicked and hateful, very hateful—as hateful as you are inconstant. It is indeed faithlessness to deceive a wretched man, a tender lover! Must he lose his rights because he is away, burdened with hardship and labor? Without his Josephine, without the certainty of her love, what is there on earth for him? What would he do here?

"We had yesterday a very bloody affair; the enemy has lost many men, and is well beaten. We have taken his advanced works before Mantua.

"Farewell, adored Josephine! One of these nights the doors will open with a loud crash: as a jealous man, I am in your arms!

"A thousand dear kisses!

BONAPARTE."

But the doors were not to be opened on any of the fol-

lowing nights for the jealous one! The events of war were to keep him away a long time from his Josephine. The Austrian Generals Wurmser and Alvinzi, with their two armies, demanded all the energy and activity of Bonaparte. Meanwhile, as he was preparing for the great battles which were to decide the fate of Italy, his thoughts were always turned to his Josephine; his deep longings grew day by day, still he had no longer cause to complain that Josephine did not write, that she had forgotten him! Contrariwise, Josephine did write; she had, while he was writing her angry letters about her silence, written several times, for Bonaparte in the following letter says that he has received many letters from her, which, probably on account of the difficulties of communication, had been delayed. He had received them with the highest delight, and pressed them to his lips and heart. But no sooner had he rejoiced over them, than he complains that they are cold, reserved, and old. No word, no expression, satisfies his ardent love. He complains that her letters are cold, and then, when she dips her pen in the fire of tender love, he complains again that her glowing letters "turn his blood into fire, and stir up his whole being." Love, with all its wantonness and all its pains, holds him captive in its hands, and the general has no means of appeasing the lover.

The letter which complains of Josephine's coldness is dated

"MODENA, 26th *Vendémiaire* of the Year V.  
"(October 17, 1796).

"I was yesterday the whole day on the field. To-day I have kept my bed. Fever and a violent headache have debarred me from writing to my adored one; but I have received her letters, I pressed them to my lips and to my heart, and the anguish of a separation of hundreds of miles disappeared. At this moment I see you at my side, neither capricious nor angry, but soft, tender, and wrapped in that

oodness which is exclusively the attribute of my Josephine. it was a dream—judge if it could drive the fever away. Your letters are as cold as if you were fifty years old; they seem to have been composed after a marriage of fifteen years. One can see in them the friendship and sentiments of the winter of life. Pshaw! Josephine, . . . that is very naughty, very abominable, very treasonable on your part. What more remains to make me worthy of pity? All is already done! To love me no more! To hate me! Well, then, let it be so! Every thing humiliates but hatred, and indifference with its marmoreal pulse, its staring eyes, and its measured steps. A thousand thousand kisses as tender as my heart! I am somewhat better. I leave to-morrow. The English are cruising on the Mediterranean. Corsica is ours. Good news for France and for the army.  
"BONAPARTE."

Bonaparte had gone to wage the last decisive battle. He writes to her from Verona a few lines that he has arrived there, and that he is just going to mount his horse to pursue the march. In this letter, however, he does not tell Josephine that General Vaubois, with his fugitive regiments, has been beaten by the Tyrolese, and that, driven from their mountains, he has arrived in Verona; that Alvinzi occupies the Tyrol and has pushed on to Brenta and to Etsch. Bonaparte was gathering his troops to drive away General Alvinzi, who had occupied the heights of Caldiero, from these important positions, and to take possession of them by main force. A violent and desperate struggle ensued, and the day ended with victory on the side of the Austrians. Bonaparte had to return to Verona; Alvinzi maintained himself on the heights.

To the irritated general, disappointed in his plans and humiliated, his love becomes his "*bête de souffrance*," upon which he takes vengeance for the defeat of Caldiero. Jose-

phine has to endure the flaming wrath of Bonaparte, in whom now general and lover are fused into one; but in his expressions of anger the general has no complaints—it is the lover who murmurs, who reprimands, and is irritated.

On the evening of the 12th November, the day of the defeat of Caldiero, Bonaparte returned to Verona. The next day he wrote to Josephine:

“VERONA, *the 3d Frimaire, Year V. (November 13, 1796).*

“I love you no more; on the contrary, I hate you. You are a wicked creature, very inconsistent, very stupid, very silly. You do not write to me. You do not love your husband. You know how much pleasure your letters would afford, and you do not write to him even six lines, which you can readily scribble out.

“How, then, do you begin the day, madame? What important occupation takes away your time from writing to your very excellent lover? What new inclination chokes and thrusts aside the tender, abiding love which you have promised him? What can this wonderful, this new love be, which lays claim to all your time, and rules over your days, and hinders you from occupying yourself with your husband? Josephine, be on your guard; on some evil night the doors will be burst open and I shall stand before you!

“In truth, I am restless, my dear one, because I receive no news from you. Write me at once four pages about those things, which fill my heart with emotion and pleasure.

“I trust soon to fold you in my arms, and then I will overwhelm you with a million of kisses burning like the equator.”

BONAPARTE.”

Whilst Bonaparte was pursuing and engaging with Wurmser and Alvinzi in bloody hostilities, and writing to Josephine tender and angry letters of a lover ever jealous, ever dissatisfied and envious, Josephine was leading in Milan

a life full of pleasure and amusement, full of splendor and triumphs, of receptions and festivities. Every new victory, every onward movement, was for the inhabitants of Milan, and her proud and rich nobles, a fresh and welcome occasion to celebrate and glorify the wife of General Bonaparte, and, through her, the hero who was to take away from their necks the yoke of the Austrian, and who suspected not that he was so soon to place upon them another yoke.

Josephine, true to the wishes and commands of Bonaparte, accepted these festivities and this homage with all the affability and grace which distinguished her. She had by degrees become familiar with this ceaseless homage, which at first seemed so wearisome; by degrees she took delight in this life of pleasure, in the incense of adulation, and the brilliancies of fame. All the indolence, the dreamy carelessness, the graceful abandonment of the creole had been again awakened in her. She cradled herself playfully on the lulling, bright waves of pleasure as an insect with golden wings, and she smiled complacently at the stream of encircling festivities.

Bonaparte had told her to use all the arts of a woman to bind the Milanese and the Lombards to herself and to her husband. With her smiles she was to continue the conquest begun by Bonaparte's sword.

She could not, therefore, live alone in quiet solitude; she could not remain in obscurity while her husband was performing his part on the theatre of war; she could not, by an appearance of gravity, or by a clouded brow, furnish occasion to the suspicion that there existed doubt in the future success of her husband, or in his prosperity and victory.

Roses were to crown her brow—a cheerful smile was to beam on her countenance; with joyous spirit, she was to take part in the festivities and pleasures—that the Milanese might see with what earnest confidence she believed in Napoleon's star! But Bonaparte, with all the instinct of a

genuine lover, had read the deepest secret of her soul; he was envious and jealous, because he felt that Josephine did not belong to him with her whole heart, her whole being, all her emotions and thoughts. Her heart, which had received from the past so many scars and wounds, could not yet have blossomed anew; it had been warmed by the glow of Bonaparte's love, but it was not yet thoroughly penetrated with that passion which Bonaparte so painfully missed, so intensely craved.

The earnest, unfettered nature of his love intimidated her, while it ravished and flattered her vanity; but her heart was not entirely his, it had yet room for her children, for her friends, for the things of this world!

Josephine loved Bonaparte with that soft, modest, and retiring affection, which only by degrees—by the storms of anguish, jealousy, agony, and the possibility of losing him—was to be fanned into that vitality and glow which never cooled again in her heart, and which at last gave her the death-stroke.

She therefore thought she was fulfilling her task when she, while Bonaparte was fighting with weapons, conquered with smiles, and received the homage of the conquered only as a tribute which they brought through her to the warlike genius of her husband.

Meanwhile Bonaparte had taken vengeance for his defeat at Caldiero. Through a *ruse* of war, he had decoyed Alvinzi from his safe and impregnable position into one where he could meet him with his army anxious for the fray, and give him battle.

The gigantic struggle lasted three days—and the close of the third day brought to the conqueror, Bonaparte, the laurel-wreath of undying glory, which, more enduring and dazzling than an imperial crown, surrounded with a halo the hero's brow long after that crown had fallen from it.

This was the victory of Arcola, which Bonaparte himself decided by snatching from the flag-bearer the standard of the retreating regiment, and rushing with it, through a shower of balls, over the bridge of death and destruction, and, with a voice heard above the thundering cannon, shouting jubilant to his soldiers—" *En avant, mes amis!*" And bravely the soldiers followed him—a brilliant victory was the result.

Elevated by this deed, the grandest and most glorious of his heroic career, Napoleon returned to Verona on the 19th November. The whole city—all Lombardy—sang to his praise their inspired hymns, and greeted with enthusiasm the conqueror of Arcola. He, however, wanted a sweeter reward; and, after obtaining a second victory, on the 23d of November, by defeating Wurmser near Mantua, he longed to rest and enjoy an hour's happiness in the arms of his Josephine.

From Verona he wrote to her on the day after the battle of Mantua, on the 24th of November:

"I hope soon to be in your arms, my beloved one; I love you to madness! I write by this courier for Paris. All is well. Wurmser was defeated yesterday under Mantua. Your husband needs nothing but the love of his Josephine to be happy.

BONAPARTE."

But the most terrible doubts hung yet over this love. The letter in which Napoleon announced his coming had not reached Josephine; and, as the next day he came to Milan with all the cravings and impatience of a lover, he did not find Josephine there.

She had not suspected his coming; she had not dreamed that the commanding officer could stop in his victorious course and give way to the lover. She thought him far away; and, ever faithful to Bonaparte's direction to assist



him in the conquest of Italy, she had accepted an invitation from the city of Genoa, which had lately and gladly entered into alliance with France. The most brilliant festivities welcomed her in this city of wealth and palaces, and "*Genova la superba*" gathered all its magnificence, all the splendor of its glory, to offer, under the eyes of all Europe, her solemn homage to the wife of the celebrated hero of Arcola.

While Josephine, with joyous pride was receiving this homage, Bonaparte, gloomy and murmuring, sat in his cabinet at Milan, and wrote to her:

"MILAN, the 7th Frimaire, Year V.,  
Three o'clock, afternoon (November 27, 1796).

"I have just arrived in Milan, and rush to your apartments. I have left every thing to see you, to press you in my arms; . . . you are not there! You are pursuing a circle of festivities through the cities. You go away from me at my approach; you trouble yourself no more about your dear Napoleon. A spleen has made you love him; inconstancy renders you indifferent.

"Accustomed to dangers, I know a remedy against *ennui* and the troubles of life. The wretchedness I endure is not to be measured; I am entitled not to expect it.

"I will wait here until the 9th. Do not trouble yourself. Pursue your pleasures; happiness is made for you. The whole world is too happy when it can please you, and your husband alone is very, very unhappy.

"BONAPARTE."

But this cry of anguish from this crushed heart did not reach Josephine; and the courier, who next day came to Milan from Genoa, brought from Josephine only a letter with numerous commissions for Berthier. Bonaparte's anger and sorrow knew no bounds, and he at once writes to

her with all the utterances of despair and complaint of a lover, and the proud wrath of an injured husband:

"MILAN, the 8th Frimaire, Year V., eight o'clock, evening.

"The courier whom Berthier had sent to Milan has just arrived. You have had no time to write to me; that I can understand very well. In the midst of pleasures and amusements it would have been too much for you to make the smallest sacrifice for me. Berthier has shown me the letter you wrote to him. It is not my purpose to trouble you in your arrangements or in the festivities which you are enjoying; I am not worth the trouble; the happiness or the misery of a man you love no longer has not the right to interest you.

"As regards myself, to love you and you alone, to make you happy, to do nothing that can wrong you in any way, is the desire and object of my life.

"Be happy, have nothing to reproach me, trouble not yourself about the felicity of a man who only breathes in your life, who finds enjoyment only in your happiness. When I claim from you a love which would approach mine, I am wrong: how can one expect that a cobweb should weigh as much as gold? When I sacrifice to you all my wishes, all my thoughts, all the moments of my life, I merely obey the spell which your charms, your character, your whole person, exercise over my wretched heart. I am wrong, for Nature has not endowed me with the power of binding you to me; but I deserve from Josephine in return at least consideration and esteem, for I love her unto madness, and love her exclusively.

"Farewell, adorable wife! farewell, my Josephine! May fate pour into my heart every trouble and every sorrow; but may it send to my Josephine serene and happy days! Who deserves it more than she? When it is well understood that she loves me no more, I will garner up into my heart my

deep anguish, and be content to be in many things at least useful and good to her.

"I open this letter once more to send you a kiss . . . .  
ah! Josephine . . . . Josephine!                   BONAPARTE."

Meanwhile it was not yet well understood that Josephine loved him no more; for as soon as she knew of Bonaparte's presence in Milan, she hastened to dispatch him a courier, and to apprise him of her sudden departure.

Bonaparte did not leave Milan on the 9th; he remained there, waiting for Josephine, to lift her up in his arms from her carriage, and to bear her into her apartments; to enjoy with her a few happy days of a quiet, domestic, and mutual love, all to themselves.

His presence with the army, however, soon became a matter of necessity; for Alvinzi was advancing with considerable re-enforcements, with two army corps to the relief of Mantua, and Bonaparte, notwithstanding his pressing remonstrances to the Directory, having received but few re-enforcements and very little money, had to exert all his powers and energy to press a few advantages from the superior forces of the enemy. Everywhere his presence and personal action were needed; and, constantly busy with war, ever sword in hand, he could not, for long weeks, even once take pen *in hand* and write to his Josephine. His longings had to subside before the force of circumstances, which claimed the general's whole time.

On the 3d of February, 1797, he again finds time to send her a few lines, to say that he is breaking up and going to Rimini. Then, after Alvinzi had been again defeated, after the fortress of Mantua had capitulated, Bonaparte had to break up again and go to Rome, to require from the pope the reason why he had made common cause with Austria, and shown himself the enemy of the French republic.

In Bologna he lingered a few days, as Josephine, in compliance with his wishes, had come there to make amends by her presence for so long a separation.

She remained in Bologna, while Bonaparte advanced toward the city of the Church. But the gloomy quietude, the constant rumors of war, the threatening dangers, the intrigues with which she was surrounded, the hostile exertions of the priests, the want of society, of friendly faces, every thing had a tendency to make Josephine's residence in Bologna very disagreeable, and to bring on sadness and nervousness.

In this gloomy state of mind she writes to Bonaparte that she feels sick, exhausted and helpless; that she is anxious to return to Paris. He answers her from Ancona:

*"The 8th Pluviose, Year V. (February 16, 1797)."*

"You are sad, you are sick, you write to me no longer, you wish to return to Paris! Do you no longer love your friend? This thought makes me very unhappy. My dear friend, life is intolerable to me, since I have heard of your sadness.

"I send you at once Moscati to take care of you. My health is somewhat feeble; my cold hangs on. I pray you spare yourself, and love me as much as I love you, and do write every day. My restlessness is horrible.

"I have given orders to Moscati to accompany you to Ancona, if you will come. I will write to you and let you know where I am.

"I may perhaps make peace with the pope, and then will soon be with you; it is the most intense desire of my life.

"I send a hundred kisses. Think not that any thing can equal my love, unless it be my solicitude for you. Write to me every day yourself, my dearly-beloved one!

"BONAPARTE."

But Josephine, in her depressed state of mind, and her nervous irritability, did not have the courage to draw nearer the scenes of war, and she dreaded to face again such dangers as once she had encountered in Brescia and on her journey to Florence. She had not been able to overcome the indolence of the creole so much as to write to Bonaparte. Fully conscious of his love and pardon, she relied upon them when, in her reluctance to every exertion, she announced to him, through the physician Mosecati, that she would not come to Ancona, but would wait for him in Bologna.

This news made a very painful impression upon Bonaparte, and filled him with sorrow, though it reached him on a day in which he had obtained a new triumph, a spiritual victory without any shedding of blood. The pope, frightened at the army detachments approaching Rome, as well as at the menacing language of the victor of Arcola, signed a peace with the French republic, and with the general whose sword had bowed into the dust all the princes of Italy, and freed all the population from their duties as subjects. Bonaparte announced this to Josephine, and it is evident how important it was to him that this news should precede even his love-murmurings and reproaches. His letter was dated

“TOLONTINO, the 1st Ventose, Year V. (February 19, 1797).”

“Peace with Rome is signed. Bologna, Ferrara, Romagna fall into the hands of the French republic. The pope has to pay us in a short time thirty millions, and gives us many precious objects of art.

“I leave to-morrow for Ancona, and then for Rimini, Ravenna, and Bologna. If your health permits, come over to meet me in Ravenna, but, I implore you, spare yourself.

“Not a word from your hand! What have I done? To think only of you, to love but you, to live but for my wife,

to enjoy only my beloved's happiness, does this deserve such a cruel treatment from her? My friend, I implore you, think of me, and write to me every day. Either you are sick, or you love me no longer. Do you imagine, then, that my heart is of marble? Why do you have so little sympathy with my sorrow? You must have a very poor idea of me! That I cannot believe. You, to whom Nature has imparted so much understanding, so much amiability, and so much beauty, you, who alone can rule in my heart, you know, without doubt, what power you have over me!

“Write to me, think of me, and love me.

“Yours entirely, yours for life,

“BONAPARTE.”

This is the last letter of Bonaparte to Josephine during his first Italian campaign—the last at least in the series of letters which Queen Hortense has made public, as the most beautiful and most glorious monument to her mother.\*

We have dwelt upon them because these letters, like sunbeams, throw a bright light on the new pathway of Josephine's life—because they are an eloquent and splendid testimony to the love which Josephine had inspired in her young husband, and also to her amiableness, to her sweetness of disposition, to her grace, and to all the noble and charming qualities which procured her so much admiration and affection, and which still caused her to be loved, sought for and celebrated, when she had to descend from the height of a throne, and became the deserted, divorced wife of the man who loved her immeasurably, and who so often had sworn to her that this love would only end with his life!

\* “Lettres de Napoléon à Joséphine et de Joséphine à Napoléon et à sa fille. Londres et Leipzig, 1833.”