

other in assuring her of their friendship and devotedness, the Directory, the ministers, the majority of the generals, turned away from her, cold and indifferent; and her few true friends, low-spirited and depressed, bowed their heads, while her foes and those of Bonaparte scornfully said in their joy, "Now the new King of Jerusalem and Cyprus has fallen under the blows of a new savage Omar." While every thing was against her, Josephine alone was cheerful, and confidently looked into the future, for she felt and knew that the future would soon bring back her husband, her beloved.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FIRST FAITHLESSNESS.

JOSEPHINE'S prophetic heart had not deceived her. Bonaparte lived! But his was a life of danger, of constantly renewed battles and hardships—a life in which he had constantly to guard against not only enemies, but also against sickness.

Bonaparte had traversed the deserts with his army, visited the pyramids, conquered Cairo, and, in warmly-contested and fearful combats, had defeated and subdued the Mussulman. But these numerous victories had been followed by some defeats, and all his successes were more than counterbalanced by the fruitless storming of the impregnable Acre, and the failure to conquer Syria. The English admiral, Sidney Smith, with his vessels, anchored in the harbor of Acre, protected the besieged, and constantly provided them with provisions and ammunition, and so efficiently supported the pacha and his mercenary European soldiers, that Bonaparte, after two months of fruitless efforts, abandoned the siege, on the 10th of May, 1799, and retreated into Egypt.

This is not, however, the place to recall the stupendous enterprises of Bonaparte, which remind one of the deeds of the heroes and demi-gods of ancient Greece, or the nursery tales of extraordinary beings.

His heroic deeds are engraven on history's page: there can be read the wondrous events of his Egyptian campaign, of his march through the wilderness, of the capture of Cairo, of his successful battles of Aboukir and Tabor, which led the heroic General Kleber, forgetting all rivalry, to embrace Bonaparte, exclaiming: "General Bonaparte, you are as great as the world, but the world is too small for you!"

There, also, one can read of the cruel massacre of three thousand captive Mussulmen, of the revolt of Cairo; there are depicted the blood-stained laurels which Bonaparte won in this expedition, the original plan of which seems to have been conceived in the brain of one who was at once a demi-god and an adventurer.

We leave, therefore, to history the exclusive privilege of narrating Bonaparte's career as a warrior; our task is with something superior—with his thoughts, feelings, and sufferings, in the days of his Egyptian campaign. It is not with the soldier, the captain, or his plans of battle, that we have to do, but with the man, and especially with the husband of Josephine—the woman who for his sake suffered, was full of solicitude, contended for him, and struggled with love and loyalty, while he fought only with sword and cannon.

It is true, Bonaparte also had to suffer, and his anxieties for the success of his plans did not alone hang heavily on his heart, while with his army he besieged the impregnable Acre. At this very time his heart received a deep wound from his friend and confidant Junot, who drove the sting of jealousy into his sensitive heart. It is the privilege of friendship to pass by in silence nothing which calumny or ill-will may imagine or circulate, but truly to make known to our

friend every thing which the public says of him, without regard to the sufferings which such communications may entail upon his heart. Junot made full use of this privilege. Bourrienne in his memoirs relates as follows:

"While we were in the vicinity of the springs of Messoudiah, I saw one day Bonaparte, with his friend Junot, pacing to and fro, as he often did. I was not very far from them, and I know not why during this conversation my eyes were fixed on him. The face of the general was paler than usual, though I knew not the cause. There was a strange nervousness; his eyes seemed bewildered, and he often struck his head with his hand.

"After a quarter of an hour, he left Junot and came toward me. I had noticed his angry, thoughtful expression. I went to meet him, and as I stood before him, Bonaparte, with a harsh and severe tone, exclaimed: 'You have no affection for me. The women! . . . Josephine! . . . Had you any affection for me, you would long ago have given me the information which Junot has now told me: he is a true friend! Josephine! . . . and I am six hundred miles away! . . . You ought to have told me! . . . Josephine! . . . so to deceive me! . . . You! . . . Woe to you all! I will uproot that detestable race of seducers and *blondins*! As regards her—separation!—yes: divorce, public separation before the eyes of all! . . . I must write! I know every thing! . . . It is her fault, Bourrienne! You ought to have told me.'

"These vehement, broken utterances, the strange expression on his face, and his excited tone of voice, revealed only too clearly what had been the subject of the conversation he had had with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a fatal indiscretion, and that if he had really believed that charges could be made against Madame Bonaparte, he had exaggerated them in an unpardonable manner. My situation was one of extreme delicacy: I had, however,

the good fortune to remain cool, and as soon as his first excitement had subsided, I began to tell him that I knew nothing about what Junot had told him; that if even such rumors, which often were circulated only by slander, had reached me, and if I had thought it my duty to communicate them to him, I should certainly not have chosen the moment when he was six hundred miles away from France to do so. I did not hesitate to tell him how blameworthy Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous it was to accuse a woman thoughtlessly, when she was not present to justify or to defend herself; I told him that it was no proof of affection for Junot to add domestic troubles to the grave anxieties which already overburdened him. Notwithstanding my observations, to which, however, he listened with composure, the word 'separation' fell often from his lips, and one must understand to what a pitch the excitement of his feelings could carry him, to be able to imagine how Bonaparte appeared during this painful scene. I did not, however, give up the point; I came back to what I had said. I reminded him with what carelessness men received and circulated such reckless stories, suited only to the idle curiosity of gossips, and unworthy the attention of strong minds. I spoke to him of his fame: 'My fame?' cried he, 'ah, I know not what I would give if what Junot has told me is not true—so much do I love this woman . . . if Josephine is guilty, I must be divorced from her forever. . . . I will not be the ridicule of the idle babblers of Paris! I must write to Joseph to procure this separation.'

"Though he was still much excited, yet he was somewhat more quiet. I took advantage of a moment's pause to combat this idea of separation which seemed to overrule him. I called his attention to the unreasonableness it would be, on such vague and probably false rumors, to write to his brother. 'If you send a letter,' said I, 'it will bear the impress of the excitement which has dictated it;

as regards a separation, it will be time, after mature consideration, to speak of it.'

"These last words made an impression on him which I had not expected so soon to see; he became perfectly calm, and listened to me as if he felt the need of receiving words of encouragement, and after this conversation he never again alluded to the subject. Fourteen days after, before Acre, he manifested to me the most violent displeasure against Junot, complained of the sufferings which such indiscreet revelations had caused him, and which he now considered as purely an invention of malice. I afterward noticed that he did not forgive Junot this stupidity. It is easy to understand why Josephine, when she learned from Napoleon this conduct of Junot, never could feel for him a very warm interest, or intercede in his favor."*

It will be seen that the very sensitive heart of Bonaparte had again been kindled into jealousy, as it so often had happened before in Italy. Absence—a momentary separation—was enough to enkindle these flames. We have seen in the letters which Bonaparte wrote to Josephine during the Italian campaign, how her silence—the least delay in her answering his letters—was enough for him to incriminate her, on account of his jealous affections; how, because she does not constantly write, he threatens to rush in some night unexpectedly, and with the rage of jealousy force the doors open, and murder "the young lover of eighteen, and curse Josephine because he must love her without bounds."

Now he swears to root out this detestable race of seducers and *blondins* who have beguiled from him the heart of his Josephine. Full of passion and jealousy, he believes in the calumnies which Junot, with all the cruel inconsiderateness of a trusty friend, has whispered to him, and at once Josephine is guilty! She has had a love-correspondence with

* Bourrienne, "Mémoires," vol. ii., p. 212.

Charles Botot, the blond private secretary of Barras, for Charles Botot comes sometimes to Malmaison, and has often been seen near Josephine and her daughter Hortense in her *loge!* But by degrees comes reflection, and a fortnight after he believes that malice alone can have invented these calumnies. This noble conviction, however, was soon to be shaken by the enemy, for Josephine had enemies quite near Bonaparte, who longed to draw away from her a husband's heart and to drive him into a divorce.

First of all there were the whole family of Bonaparte, who had seen with unwillingness Napoleon's marriage, for he was thereby much less under their influence, and they had wished that he would at all events have married Desirée Clary, the sister of Joseph's wife, and thus have been more closely united to the family.

But, while he was in Egypt, another powerful enemy had been added to these. This was a young and beautiful woman, Madame Fourès, the beloved of the ardent general.

While Bonaparte, with all the madness of jealousy at a mere groundless calumny, which had come across the sea distorted and magnified, wished to be divorced from Josephine; while he complained of woman's faithlessness, frivolity, and inconstancy; while he cursed all women as coquettes, he himself was guilty of faithlessness. Forgetting his vows and his protestations of love for his wife, he had abandoned himself to a new affection without any regard to public opinion, and even made no secret of his intrigues.

Unfortunate Josephine! The fears she had anticipated and dreaded before accepting Bonaparte's proffered hand were too soon to be realized. His heart began to grow cold while her love increased every day with deeper intensity; he had perchance already read in her amiable countenance the first signs of age, and he thought it might well be allowed to the young general not to maintain so strict a fealty to that faithfulness which he claimed from her.

But Bonaparte still loved Josephine, although he was unfaithful to her. Surely this new love might well bear the guilt of the credulousness with which he judged Josephine, and the word of separation might thus easily come upon his lips, because the newly-loved one, amid the vows of her affection, might have whispered it in his ear.

Madame Fourès had an immense advantage over Josephine; she was barely twenty years old, was bewitchingly beautiful, was a coquette, and—she was there in Bonaparte's immediate presence, while the Mediterranean separated him from Josephine.

Bonaparte abandoned himself to this new love with all his passionate nature. Not only did the whole army in Egypt know this, but his foes also became acquainted with it; and Sir Sidney Smith made use of this fact to attack his enemy in a way little known to the annals of warfare. Bonaparte had removed from the Egyptian army Madame Fourès' injured husband, who held there the rank of a cavalry officer, by sending him with a message to the Directory. But the vessel in which he had sailed for France was captured by the English, and Admiral Sidney Smith undertook, with all the careless, open manner of an Englishman, to make him fully acquainted with the relations existing between his wife and General Bonaparte.

He then gave to M. Fourès, who was beside himself with anger and wrath, and who threatened bloody vengeance, his freedom, and exhibited his good-will toward him so far as to have him landed near Cairo, where Bonaparte then was with his beautiful mistress.

Enraged with jealousy, M. Fourès rushed to his wife, to make to her the most violent demonstrations. Perhaps too weak to part with an adored, beautiful wife, he simply ordered her to return with him to France.

But Madame Fourès made resistance. She called her mighty lover to her help; she claimed a separation; and

the war-commissioner Duprat, who in the army was invested with the functions of a civil magistrate, pronounced, at the request of Madame Fourès and at the order of Bonaparte, the decree of separation.

Madame Fourès was free, but this did not satisfy the secret wishes of her heart. The most important point was, that Bonaparte should be free also, that he also should desire to be divorced. Josephine must be removed from him and thrust aside, so that the beautiful Pauline Fourès might take her place.

No means, either of coquetry, tears, flatteries, or promises of enduring love, remained untried to induce Bonaparte to take the decisive step. Sometimes Pauline would pout; sometimes her eyes shed the tears of repentance over her own faithlessness, and she vowed she would take refuge in a cloister if Bonaparte would not restore her to honor by exalting her to the position of being his wife; sometimes she sought by her cheerful humor, her genial abandonment, to bind him to her, to amuse him; and sometimes, when dressed as a general, on a fiery horse, and surrounded by a vast number of adjutants, she would ride up to him and win by her smiles and flatteries friends, who calumniated Josephine, and represented to him the necessity of a separation from his inconstant wife.

But, notwithstanding all the calumnies, and all the deceiving arts of his beloved, there existed in Bonaparte's heart something which spoke in favor of the poor, slandered, and forgotten Josephine; and, amid the exciting pleasures of his new passion, he remembered with longing, sorrowful heart the charming, gracious woman whom he once had tenderly loved, and whom he still so loved that he could not sacrifice her to his beautiful mistress. Still he persevered in showing to the latter the deepest, most tender, and undivided attention; and when the chances of war kept him away from her for a long time, when he went to Syria

and left her in Cairo, Bonaparte wrote to her every day the most touching letters, which were forwarded by a special courier.

This was occurring at the same time that Josephine in Paris was hoping in vain with painful longing for letters from her husband, and was watching over his interests with the kindest attention, while his enemies were spreading news of his death.

Bonaparte had now no time to write to his wife, for the beautiful Pauline Fourès laid claim to the little leisure which remained to the commanding general, and to her he addressed warm and glowing words of love, such as while in Italy he had addressed to Josephine when he swore to her never to love another woman.

Meanwhile Fate rendered fruitless all the efforts of the beautiful Madame Fourès to draw Bonaparte into a separation; Fate came to Josephine's rescue, and, strange to say, it came in the shape of the *Frankfort Journal*.

The victorious battle of Aboukir, which Bonaparte, on the 25th of July, 1799, had with his army won over the enemy, gave occasion to parleying negotiations between the French commander-in-chief and the English admiral, Sidney Smith. Bonaparte sent a commissioner on board the English flag-ship, and Sir Sidney Smith was cunning enough to send through this commissioner to the French general a few newspapers recently received from Europe. For ten months the French army and Bonaparte were without news from France, and this present of the English admiral was received by Bonaparte and his generals with the deepest joy and curiosity.

Among these papers was a copy of the *Journal de Frankfort* of the 10th of June, 1799. This was the first newspaper which furnished Bonaparte with news from France for ten long months, and the natural consequence was that he glanced over it with the most inquisitive im-

patience. Suddenly he uttered a cry; the pallor of death overspread his face, and, fixing his flaming eyes on Bourrienne, who at this moment was alone with him—"My presentiments have not deceived me," exclaimed Bonaparte. "Italy is lost! The wretched creatures! All the results of our victories have vanished! I must go to France at once—this very moment!"*

This newspaper informed Bonaparte of the late events in France. It told him that the French Directory had experienced a change, that only one of them, Barras, had remained in it, and that four new directors—Sieyès, Gohier, Moulins, and Ducos—were now its members. It told him much more—that the French army in Italy had suffered the most disastrous reverses; that all Italy had been reconquered by the combined armies of Russia and Austria under Suwarow and the Archduke Charles, who were now advancing upon France, which was on every side surrounded by the revengeful enemies of the republic.

No sooner had Bonaparte read this news than his decision was taken. Berthier was called into his tent, and under the seal of silence Bonaparte communicated to him his unwavering resolution of going immediately to France, but that this was to remain a secret to his whole army as well as all the generals. Berthier, Gauthaume, Eugene Beauharnais, Monge, and Bourrienne, were alone to accompany him, but the last two were not to be made acquainted with their departure for Europe before they had left Cairo with Bonaparte. As he noticed gleams of joy in Berthier's face at the news of returning to France, Bonaparte once more impressed upon him the duty of preserving silence and not to betray the secret by word or deed, and to do nothing which might induce friends or acquaintances to believe that a voyage was contemplated. The secret was

* Bourrienne, "Mémoires," vol. ii., p. 305.

indeed faithfully kept, and the few confidants intrusted with it took great care to divulge nothing, for fear he might punish them by leaving them in Egypt.

Bonaparte himself maintained the most absolute secrecy; neither his beloved, the beautiful Pauline Fourès, nor General Kleber, whom he had chosen to be his successor in the chief command of the army of Egypt, suspected any thing.

To his beloved, Bonaparte said he was leaving Cairo for the sake of making a tour through the Delta, and that in a few weeks he would be with her again. The news he had received from Europe had suddenly cooled the glow of his passion, and, at the thought of returning to France, rose up again before his mind the image of Josephine in all her grace and loveliness. For a long time, while she was not at his side, he had been unfaithful to her, but he did not wish, for his own sake, to add scandal to faithlessness. He did not wish to bring to France with him, as sole booty from Egypt, a mistress.

Pauline Fourès, therefore, suspected as little of his plans as General Kleber. It was only after Bonaparte, with his small suite of five confidants and the Mameluke Roustan, had embarked at Alexandria, that Pauline learned that he had deserted—that he had abandoned her. In a short note which his master of the stall, Vigogne, handed to her, Bonaparte took leave of her, and made her a present of every thing he left behind in Cairo, including the house he occupied, with all its costly and luxurious furniture.*

* The departure of Bonaparte made Madame Fourès comfortless, and she now watched for an opportunity to hasten back to him in France. Touched by her tears and prayers, Junot furnished her with an opportunity, and Pauline reached Paris in November, 1799. But Bonaparte would no longer see her; he now sacrificed the mistress to the wife, as he had nearly sacrificed the wife to the mistress. Pauline received orders to leave Paris immediately; at the same time Bona-

General Kleber learned Bonaparte's departure, only through the orders sent to him by the latter to assume the chief command of the army; his troops learned his absence by the order of the day, in which Bonaparte bade them farewell.

After four weeks of a long voyage against tempestuous and contrary winds, the two frigates, upon one of which Bonaparte and Eugene and his other followers had embarked, touched at Ajaccio. The whole population had no sooner learned that Bonaparte was in the harbor, than they rushed out to see him, and to salute him with enthusiastic demonstrations; and it was in vain that their attention was drawn to the fact that both frigates had come directly from Egypt, and had to observe quarantine before any communication with the population could be allowed.

"Pestilence sooner than the Austrians!" shouted the people, and hundreds and hundreds of boats surrounded the French vessels. Every one wanted to see the general, their famous countryman, Bonaparte. But Bonaparte's heart was sorrowful amid the general rejoicing, for in Ajaccio he had learned of the great battle of Novi, where the Austrians had gained the victory, and which had cost General Joubert's life.

"It is too great an evil," said he, with a sigh; "there is no help for it." But as he gave up Italy, all his thoughts were more strongly bent upon Paris, and his desire to be there as soon as possible increased more and more.

After a short stay in Ajaccio, the voyage to France, despite all quarantine regulations, was continued, and the star of fortune, which had hitherto protected him, still guided Bonaparte safely into the harbor of Fréjus, though

parte sent her a large sum of money, which he afterward repeated.—See Saint Elsné, "Les Amours et Galanteries des Rois de France," vol. ii., p. 320.

the English fleet had watched and pursued the French vessels. A courier was at once dispatched to the Directory in Paris to announce the arrival of Bonaparte, and that he would, without any delay, come to Paris.

Josephine was at a dinner at Gohier's, one of the five directors, when this courier arrived, and with a shout of joy she received the news of her husband's coming. Her longing was such that she could not wait for him in Paris, in her house of the Rue de la Victoire. She resolved to meet him, and to be the first to bid him welcome, and to show him her unutterable love.

No sooner was this resolution taken than it was carried out. She began her journey with the expectation of meeting her husband at Lyons, for in his letter to the Directory he stated that he would come by way of Lyons. In great haste, without rest or delay, Josephine travelled the road to that city, her heart beating, her luminous eyes gazing onward, looking with inexpressible expectancy at every approaching carriage, for it might bring her the husband so long absent from her!

She little suspected that while she was hastening toward Lyons, Bonaparte had already arrived in Paris. He had changed the plan of his journey, and, entirely controlled by his impatient desires, he had driven to Paris by the shortest route. Josephine was not there to receive him in her house; she was not there to welcome the returning one—and the old serpent of jealousy and mistrust awoke again within him. To add to this, his brothers and sisters had seized the occasion to give vent to their ill-will by suspicions and accusations against their unwelcome sister-in-law. Bonaparte, full of sad apprehension at her absence, perhaps secretly wishing to find her guilty, listened to the whisperings of her enemies.

He therefore did not go to meet Josephine the next day on her return from her unsuccessful journey. A few hours

after, he opened his closed doors and went to see her. She advanced toward him with looks full of love and tenderness, and opened her arms to him, and wanted to press him closely to her heart.

But he coldly held her back, and with deliberate severity and an expression of the highest indifference, he saluted her, and asked if she had returned happy and satisfied from her pleasure excursion with her light-haired friend.

Josephine's tears gushed forth, and, as if annihilated, she sank down, but she had not a word of defence or of justification against the cruel accusation. Her heart had been too deeply wounded, her love too much insulted, to allow her to defend herself. Her tearful eyes only responded to Bonaparte's cruel question, and then in silence she retired to her apartments.

For three days they did not see each other. Josephine remained in her rooms and wept. Bonaparte remained in his rooms and complained. To Bourrienne, who then was not only his private secretary but also his confidant, he complained bitterly of the faithlessness and inconstancy of Josephine, of the unheard-of indifference that she should undertake a pleasure-journey when she knew that he was soon to be in Paris. It was in vain that Bourrienne assured him that Josephine had undertaken no pleasure-excursion, that she had left Paris only to meet him, and to be the first to bid him welcome. He would not believe him, for in the melancholy gloominess of his jealousy he believed in the slanders which Josephine's enemies, and his brothers and sisters, had whispered in his ear, that Josephine had left Paris for a *parti de plaisir* with Charles Botot, the beautiful *blondin* whom Bonaparte so deeply hated. How profound his sadness was, may be seen by a letter which at this time he wrote to his brother Joseph, and in which he says:

"I have a great deal of domestic sorrow . . . your friendship to me is very dear; to become a misanthrope, there was nothing further needed than to lose her and to be betrayed by you. It is a sad situation indeed to have in one single heart all these emotions for the same person.

"I will purchase a country residence either near Paris or in Burgundy; I am thinking of passing the winter there and of shutting myself up; I feel weary with human nature; I need solitude; I want to be alone; grandeur oppresses me, my feelings are distorted. Fame appears insipid at my twenty-nine years; I have tried every thing; nothing remains but to become an egotist."*

But, according to himself, "he cherished in his heart, at the same time, all manner of emotions for the same person;" that is, he hated and detested Josephine, but he also loved and admired her; was angry with her, and yet longed for her; he found her frivolous and faithless, and yet something in his heart ever spoke in her favor, and assured him that she was a noble and faithful being.

Fortunately, there was one who confirmed into full conviction these low whisperings of his heart; fortunately, Bourrienne ceased not to argue against this jealousy of Bonaparte, and to assure him again and again that Josephine was innocent, that she had committed nothing to excite his anger.

Finally, after three days of complaints and dreary accusations, love conquered in the heart of Bonaparte. He went to Josephine. She advanced to meet him with tears in her eyes, but with a soft, tender smile. The sight of her gracious appearance, her blanched cheeks, moved him, and, instead of explanations and mutual recriminations, he opened his arms to her, and she threw herself on his breast with a loud cry of exultation.

* "Mémoires du Roi Joseph," vol. i., p. 189.

Then came the explanations. He now believed that she had left Paris hurriedly for the sake of meeting him; and, as regarded the dangerous "blond," the private secretary of Barras, M. Charles Botot, Josephine smilingly handed to her husband a letter she had received from him a few days before. In this letter Charles Botot acknowledged his long-cherished affection for her daughter Hortense, and he claimed her hand in due form.

"And you have doubtless accepted his offer?" asked Bonaparte, his face overcast again. "Since, unfortunately, you are married yourself, and he cannot be your husband, then of course he must marry the daughter, so as to be always near the mother. M. Charles Botot is no doubt to be your son-in-law? You have accepted his hand?"

"No," said she, softly, "we have refused it, for Hortense does not love him, and she will follow her mother's example, and marry only through love. Besides," continued Josephine, with a sweet smile, "I wanted him no longer."

"You wanted him no longer! How is this?" asked General Bonaparte, eagerly.

"Barras has sent him his dismissal," said she, looking at her husband with an expression of cunning roguery. "M. Botot could no longer, as he has hitherto been—without, however, being conscious of it—be my spy in the Directory; I could no longer learn from him what the Directory were undertaking against my Bonaparte, against the hero whom they envy and calumniate so much, nor in what new snares they wished to entangle him! What had I to do with Botot, since he could not furnish me news of the intrigues of your enemies, nor afford me the chance of counteracting them? Charles Botot was nothing more to me than a mere lemon, which I squeezed for your sake; when there was nothing left in it I threw it away."

"And is such the truth?" asked Bonaparte, eagerly.

"This is no invention to raise my hopes, only to be cast down again?"

Josephine smiled. "I have daily taken notes of what Charles Botot brought me," said she, gently; "I always hoped to find a safe opportunity to send this diary to you in Egypt, that you might be informed of what the Directory thought, and what was the public opinion, so that you might take your measures accordingly. But, for the last eight months, I knew not where you were, and so I have kept my diary: here it is."

She gave the diary to Bonaparte, who, with impatient looks, ran over the pages, and was fully convinced of her devotedness and care. Josephine had well served his interests, and closely watched over his affairs. Then, ashamed and repentant, he looked at her, who, in return, smiled at him with gracious complacency.

"Josephine," asked he, quietly, "can you forgive me? I have been foolish, but I swear to you that never again will I mistrust you, I will believe no one but you. Can you forgive me?"

She embraced him in her arms, and tenderly said: "Love me, Bonaparte; I well deserve it!"

Peace, therefore, was re-established, and Josephine's enemies had the bitter disappointment to see that their efforts had all been in vain; that again the most perfect unanimity and affection existed between them; that the cloud which their enmity had conjured up, had brought forth but a few tear-drops, a few thunderings; and that the love which Bonaparte carried in his heart for Josephine was not scattered into atoms.

The cloud had passed away; the sun of happiness had reappeared; but it had yet some spots which were never to fade away. The word "separation" which Bonaparte, so often in Egypt, and now in Paris, had launched against Josephine, was to be henceforth the sword of Damocles,

ever suspended over her head: like a dark, shadowy spectre it was to follow her everywhere; even amid scenes of happiness, joy, and glory, it was to be there to terrify her by its sinister presence, and by its gloomy warnings of the past!

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE.

BONAPARTE'S journey from Fréjus to Paris, on his return from Egypt, had been a continued triumph. All France had applauded him. Everywhere he had been welcomed as a deliverer and savior; everywhere he had been hailed as the hope of the future, as the man from whom was to be expected assistance in distress, the restoration of peace, help, and salvation.

For France was alarmed; she stood on the edge of a precipice, from which only the strong hand of a hero could save her. In the interior, anarchy prevailed amongst the authorities as well as the people. In La Vendée civil war raged, with all its sanguinary horrors, and the authorities endeavored to protect themselves against it by tyrannical laws, by despotic measures, which threatened both property and freedom. There existed no security either for person or for property, and a horrible, fanatical party-spirit penetrated all classes of society. The royalists had been defeated on the 18th Fructidor, but that very fact had again given the vantage-ground to the most decided opponents of the royalists, the red republicans, the terrorists of the past, who now intrigued and formed plots and counterplots, even as the royalists had done. They sought to create enmity and bitterness amongst the people, and hoped to re-establish on