

"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

the ruins of the present administration the days of terror and of the guillotine.

These red republicans, ever ready for the struggle, organized themselves into clubs and "constitutional circles," where the ruin of the actual state of things, and the severe and bloody republic of Robespierre, formed the substance of their harangues; and their numbers were constantly increased by new members being sworn in.

The ballot in May, 1799, had been in favor of the Directory, and unfavorable to the moderate party, for only fanatical republicans had been elected to the Council of Five Hundred.

Against these factions and republican clubs the Directory had to make a perpetual war; but their power and means failed to give them the victory in the strife. It was a constant oscillation and vacillation, a constant compromising and capitulating with all parties—and the natural consequence was, that these parties, as soon as they had secured the ear of the Directory, and gained an advantage, strove hard to obtain the ruling authority. Corruption and mistrust universally prevailed. Every thing had the appearance of dissolution and disorder. Highwaymen rendered the roads unsafe; and the authorities, instead of carrying out the severity of the law, were so corrupt and avaricious as to sell their silence and indulgence. The upright citizen sighed under the weight of tyrannical laws from which the thief and the seditious knew how to escape.

The nation, reduced to despair by this arbitrary rule and corruption, longed for some one to deliver it from this dreadful state of dissolution; and the enthusiasm which was manifested at the return of General Bonaparte, was a confession that in him the people foresaw and recognized a deliverer. Exhausted and wearied, France sought for a man who would restore to her peace again—who would crush the foes within, and drive away the enemy from without.

Bonaparte appeared to the people with all the prestige of his former and recent victories; he had planted the victorious French tricolor upon the summit of the capitol, and of the pyramids; he had given to France the most acceptable of presents, "glory;" he had adorned her brow with so many laurels, that he himself seemed to the people as if radiant with glory. All felt the need of a hero, of a dictator, to put an end to the prevailing anarchy and disturbances, and they knew that Bonaparte was the only one who could achieve this gigantic work.

Bonaparte understood but too well these applauding and welcoming voices of the people, and his own breast responded favorably to them. The secret thoughts of his heart were now to be turned into deeds, and the ambitious dreams of his earlier days were to become realities. All that he had hitherto wanted was a bridge to throw over the abyss which separated the republicans, the defenders of liberty, equality, and fraternity, from rule, power, and dictatorship. Anarchy and exhaustion laid down this bridge, and on the 18th Brumaire, General Bonaparte, the hero of "liberal ideas," passed over it to exalt himself into dictator, consul, emperor, and tyrant of France.

But the Directory also understood the voices of the applauding people; they also saw in him the man who had come to deprive them of power and to assume their authority. This was secretly yet violently discussed by the Directory, the Council of the Elders, and of the Five Hundred.

One day, at a dinner given to a few friends by the Abbé Sieyès, one of the members of the Directory, the abbé, Cabanis, and Joseph Bonaparte, were conversing together, standing on the side of the drawing-room, near the chimney. It was conceded that undoubtedly a crisis was near at hand, that the republic had now reached its limit, and that, instead of five directors, only three would be elected, and that, without any doubt, Bonaparte would be one of the three.

"Yes," cried Sieyès, with animation, "I am for General Bonaparte, for of all military men he is the most civil; but then I know very well what is in reserve for me: once elected, the general, casting aside his two colleagues, will do as I do now." And Sieyès, standing between Canabis and Joseph, placed his two arms on their shoulders, then, pushing them with a powerful jerk, he leaped forward and bounded into the middle of the room, to the great astonishment of his guests, who knew not the cause of this gymnastic performance of the abbé.\*

The other directors were also conscious of this movement of Bonaparte, and they secretly resolved to save themselves by causing his ruin. Either the Directory or Bonaparte had to fall! One had to perish, that the other might have the power! In order that the Directory might exist, Bonaparte must fall.

The Directory had secretly come to this conclusion on Bonaparte's return. They were fully aware that a daring act alone could save them, and they were determined not to shrink from it.

The deed was to take place on the 2d Brumaire. On that day he was to be arrested, and accused of having premeditated a *coup d'état* against the Directory. Indeed, one M. de Mounier had come to Director Gohier and had denounced Bonaparte, whom he positively knew was conspiring to destroy the existing government. Gohier received these accusations with much gravity, and sent at once for the other directors to hasten to him, but only one, Moulins, was then in Paris to answer Gohier's summons. He came, and after a long conference both directors agreed that the next day they would have Bonaparte arrested on his return to Paris from Malmaison, where they knew he was to give a large banquet that day. They sent for the chief of police,

\* "Mémoires du Roi Joseph," vol. i., p. 77.

and quietly gave him the order to station himself the next day with twelve resolute men on the road to Malmaison, and to arrest Bonaparte as he should drive that evening toward Paris.

On this very day Josephine, who did not wish to be present at the banquet of gentlemen in Malmaison, had come to Paris to attend a party at the house of one of her friends. The conversation went on; they talked and jested, when a gentleman near Josephine told a friend that some striking event would probably take place that day in Paris, for he had just now met a friend who held an important office in the police. He had invited him to go to the theatre, but he declined, stating that he was to be on duty this evening, as some important affair was about being transacted—the arrest, as he thought, of some influential personage.

Josephine's heart trembled with horrible misgivings at these words. Love's instinct convinced her that her husband was the one to be arrested, and she thought within herself that it was Destiny itself which sent her this intelligence, that she might save her husband from the fearful blow which awaited him. Thus persuaded, she gathered all her strength and presence of mind, and determined to act with energy, and battle against the enemies of her husband.

Without betraying the slightest emotion, or exciting any suspicion that she had heard or noticed what was said, Josephine rose from her seat with a cheerful and composed countenance, and pleasantly took leave of the lady of the house. But once past the threshold of the house, once in her carriage, her anxious nature woke up again, and she began to act with energy and resolution. She pulled the string, to give her directions to the driver. As fast as the horses could speed, he was to drive his mistress to Colonel Perrin, the commanding officer of the guards of the Directory. In ten minutes she was there, and knowing well how devoted a guard he and all his soldiers would be to Bonaparte, she

communicated to him her fears, and requested from him immediate and speedy assistance to remove the danger.

Colonel Perrin was prepared to enter into her plans, and he promised to send to Malmaison a company of grenadiers, provided she would, as soon as possible, have General Murat send him an order to that effect. Josephine at once went to one of her true, reliable friends, who belonged to the Council of the Elders, and, making him acquainted with the danger which threatened her husband, requested him to gather a few devoted friends, and to attend to the orders which Murat would send them.

After having made all these preparations, Josephine drove in full gallop toward Malmaison.

The dinner, to which Bonaparte had invited gentlemen from all classes of society, was just over, and the guests were scattered, some in the drawing-rooms, and some in the garden, where Bonaparte was walking up and down in animated conversation with the secretary, Roger Ducos.

At this moment the carriage of Josephine drove into the yard; and Murat, who, with a few gentlemen, stood under the porch, hastened to offer his hand so as to help Josephine to alight. An eye-witness who was present at this scene relates as follows:

“Where is the general?” asked Josephine, hastily, of General Murat.

“I do not know,” was the answer; “he is gone with Roger, but Lucien is here.”

“Look at once for the general!” exclaimed Josephine, breathless, “I must speak to him immediately.”

“I approached her and said that he was in the garden. She ran—she flew! I placed myself at a window in the first story, from which I could easily see into the garden-walks. My expectations had not deceived me.

“No sooner did Bonaparte see Josephine approach, than he left Roger Ducos and hurried to meet her. Both then

walked into a path near by. I could see them well. Josephine spoke with animation; the general walked on; now and then she held him back. At last they took the path leading to the castle. I went down to meet them on the steps near the door.

“Madame Bonaparte held her husband by the left hand. Her animated, expressive features had a bewitching pride and softness; it was a most delightful admixture of tenderness and heroism. Bonaparte looked around, pale and grave, but his eyes ever rested with pleasure on his wife. She refused to enter into the large hall, and retired to her room. Bonaparte called for Roger, and entered the saloon with him. His guests were awaiting his arrival, to take their leave. The carriages drove up, and the gentlemen left Malmaison to return to Paris. Only Lucien and Murat remained with Bonaparte; Madame Bonaparte joined them as they entered the vestibule. When she saw Murat, she exclaimed:

“How, general, you still here!—Do you not consider,” continued she, turning to Bonaparte, “that Murat ought to be already in Paris with Perrin?—Away! quick! to horse, to the Rue Varennes, or I drive thither myself.”

“Murat laughed; but four minutes after he was riding at a gallop on the road to the city. The three others returned to their rooms. I was curious to know what was the conversation; but as I had nothing more to do in the castle, I was about leaping on my horse to ride to Paris, when I saw a detachment of infantry marching toward the castle.

“I thought it my duty to announce them to the general; he sat between his wife and his brother. ‘How!’ cried he, as he rose up hastily. ‘Troops?’

“‘What of them?’ answered Madame Bonaparte, smiling. ‘Your company has left you, now comes mine. It is a rendezvous; but be comforted—they are not too many.’

“All three walked into the yard, where the troops were placing themselves in line without the sound of a drum.

"You are an extraordinary man, sir," said Madame Bonaparte to the captain. "Nearly as soon as I?"

"Madame," replied the officer, "we have been ready for the march these four hours."

"The officers followed the general into the drawing-room, and refreshments were distributed to the soldiers; it was a company of grenadiers.

"At nine o'clock in the evening, a courier arrived, bearing dispatches to Bonaparte. At once he, his wife, and his brother, drove to Paris. The grenadiers were ordered to follow immediately and in silence."\*

These dispatches, which Bonaparte had received from Paris, brought him the news that this time the danger was over—that the directors had abandoned their plan. Some fortunate accident may have warned them, even as Josephine herself had been warned. The spies who everywhere tracked Josephine, as well as Bonaparte, had carried to Gohier intelligence of all the strange movements of the wife of Bonaparte, and the director at once perceived that she was informed of the danger which threatened her husband, and that she was bent upon preventing it.

But now that the plan of the directors had been unveiled, danger threatened them in their turn, and they immediately adopted measures to face this new peril. In place of Bonaparte, they must find some one whom they could arrest, without withdrawing their orders. They found a substitute in a wealthy merchant from Hamburg, who now resided in Paris. Gohier had him arrested, and accused him of having had relations with the enemies of France.

Bonaparte assumed the appearance of having no doubts as to the sincerity of Gohier, of suspecting nothing as to his own arrest, which had been prevented by the timely and

\* "Mémoires secrètes," vol. i., p. 26.

energetic action of Josephine. He thanked her with increased tenderness for her love and faithfulness, and as he pressed her affectionately to his breast, he swore to her that he would never again doubt her; that he would, by the most unreserved confidence, share with her his schemes and designs, and that henceforth he would look upon her as the good angel who watched over the pathway of his life.

And Bonaparte kept his word. From this day his Josephine was not only his wife, but his confidante, his friend, who knew all his plans, and who could assist him with her advice and her exquisite practical tact. She it was who brought about a reconciliation with Moreau and Bernadotte; and by her amiable nature, attractive and dignified manner, and great social talents, she bound even his friends closer to Bonaparte; or with a smile, a kind word, some flattering observation, or some of those little attentions which oftentimes tell more effectually with those who receive them than great services, she would often win over to him his foes and opponents.

"It is known but to few persons," says the author of the "Mémoires secrètes," "that Bonaparte always consulted his wife in civil matters, even when they were of the highest importance. This fact is entirely true, but Bonaparte would have been extremely mortified had he known that those around him suspected it. Had it been possible for me to divide my being, with what delight I should have followed this noble woman! I would relate a few traits of hers if I did not know that M. D. B., who is much better acquainted with her than I, is to write a biography.\* I know not what were the events of the first years of Madame de Beauharnais, but if they were like those of her last fifteen years,

\* The "Mémoires secrètes" appeared in 1815. The biography spoken of by the author is probably that of Madame Ducrest, and which appeared in 1818.

we should have the history of a perfect woman. She has known but little of me, and therefore no interested motive guides my pen, no other sentiment than that of truth."\*

The 2d Brumaire afforded sufficient reasons for Bonaparte to put into execution his resolutions. He now knew the enmity of the Directory; he knew he must cause their downfall if he himself did not wish to be destroyed by them. He knew that, during his last triumphal journey through France, he had heard sufficient to convince him that the voice of the people was for him, that every one longed for a change, that France was heartily wearied of revolutionary commotions, and above all things craved for rest and peace; that it wished to lay aside all political strife, and, like him, preferred to have nothing more to do with a republican majority.

"Every one desires a more central government," said Napoleon to his brother Joseph. "Our dreams of a republic are the illusions of youth. Since the 9th Thermidor the republican party has dwindled away more and more; the efforts of the Bourbons and the foreigners, coupled with the memories of '93, have called forth against the republican system an imposing majority. If it had not been for the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Fructidor, this majority would long ago have won the ascendancy; the weaknesses, the imperiousness of the Directory, have done the rest. To-day the people are turning their hopes toward me, to-morrow it will be toward some one else."

Bonaparte did not wish to wait until to-morrow. He had made all his preparations; he had made sure of his generals and officers; he knew also that the soldiers were for him, and that it required but a signal from him to bring about the catastrophe.

He gave the signal by inviting on the 18th Brumaire, to

\* "Mémoires secrètes," vol. i., p. 36.

a *déjeuner* in his house, all his confidants and friends, all the generals and superior officers, and also the commanding general of the National Guards. Nearly all of them came at this invitation; only General Bernadotte kept aloof, as he perceived that the breakfast had other objects than to converse and to eat. Sieyès and Ducos were the only directors who made their appearance; Gohier, that morning, had sent to Bonaparte an invitation to dinner, so as to deceive the more securely him whom he knew was his enemy; Barras and Moulins, suspecting Bonaparte's schemes, remained in the background, silently awaiting the result.

While the guests were assembling in Bonaparte's house, and filling all the space in it, a friend and confidant of Bonaparte, in the Council of the Elders, made the following motion: "In consideration of the intense political excitement which prevails in Paris, it is necessary to remove the sessions to St. Cloud, and to give to General Bonaparte the supreme command of the troops."

After a violent debate, the motion was suddenly adopted; and, when it was brought to Bonaparte, he saw that the moment for action had come.

He told all those about him that at last the time was at hand to restore to France rest and peace, that he was decided to do this, and he called upon them to follow him. Every one was ready, and, surrounded by a brilliant suite, Bonaparte went first to the Council of the Elders, to express his thanks for his nomination, and solemnly to swear that he would adopt every measure necessary to save the country.

Immediately after this he went to the Tuileries to hold a review of the troops stationed there. The soldiers and the people, who had streamed thither in masses to see him, received him with loud acclamations, assuring him of their loyalty and devotedness.

No one this day rose in favor of the deputies, no one

seemed to desire that their sittings should as heretofore take place in Paris, nor to think that force would have to be used to remove them.

The palace of Luxemburg, in which their sittings had hitherto taken place, and St. Cloud, in which they were to meet in the future, were both, by orders of Bonaparte, surrounded with troops, and the deputies as well as the Council of the Elders adjourned that very day to St. Cloud.

Moulins and Gohier alone had the courage to offer opposition, and, in a letter to the Council of the Elders, to describe Bonaparte as a criminal, who threatened the republic, and to demand of them his arrest; and also that they should immediately decree that the republic was in danger, and that it must be defended with all energy. But this letter fell into Bonaparte's hands; and the directors, when they saw that their request was unheeded, resigned, as Barras had done.

The republic now had but two legitimate rulers, Sieyès and Ducos; and at their side stood Bonaparte, soon to exalt himself above them.

The following day, the 19th Brumaire, was actually the decisive day. The Five Hundred, who now, like the Council of the Elders, held their deliberations in St. Cloud, were discussing under great excitement the abdication of the Directory and the necessity of a new election. The debates were so vehement and so full of passion that the president, Lucien Bonaparte, could not command order. A wild uproar arose, and at this moment Napoleon entered the hall. Every one rushed at him with wild frenzy; and the most violent recriminations were launched at him. "He is a traitor!" they cried out. "He is a Cromwell, who wants to seize the sovereign power!" What Bonaparte had never experienced on the battle-field, in the thickest of the fight, he now felt. He became bewildered by this violent strife of words, by this hailstorm of accusations which whizzed

around his ears. He tried to speak; he tried to address the audience, but he could not—he could merely give utterance to a few broken sentences; he made charges against the Directory, with assurances of his own loyalty and devotedness, which the audience received with loud murmurs, and then with wild shouts. Bonaparte became more embarrassed and bewildered. Suddenly turning toward the door of the hall, he exclaimed, "Who loves me, let him follow me!" and he walked out hastily.

The soldiers outside received him with great cheers, and this brought back Bonaparte's presence of mind. "General," whispered Augereau, as they mounted their horses, "you are in a critical position."

"Think of Arcola," replied Bonaparte, calmly. "There the position seemed still more critical. Have patience for half an hour, and you will see how things change."

Bonaparte made good use of this half hour. At its expiration he re-entered the hall of deliberation of the Five Hundred, surrounded by his officers, at the very moment when, on a motion of a member, they were renewing their oaths to the constitution. Again they received him with shouts: "Down with the tyrant!—down with the dictator! The sanctity of the law is violated! Death to the tyrant who brings soldiers here to do us violence!"

One of the deputies rushed upon Bonaparte and seized him, but at that instant the grenadiers also entered the room, delivered their general, and carried him in triumph out of the hall.

After his departure, the waves of wrath and political frenzy rose higher and higher. Shouts and imprecations filled the room with confusion; reproaches fell on all sides upon the president, Lucien Bonaparte, for not having immediately ordered the arrest of the traitor, who by his appearance, as well as by his armed escort, had insulted the assembly. When Lucien endeavored to defend Napoleon's

conduct, he was interrupted by the cries: "He is a stain on the republic! He has tarnished his reputation!" Louder and wilder rose the cry to declare Napoleon an outlaw.\*

Lucien refused, and, as they urged their demand with increasing violence, he left the presidential chair, and with deep emotion put off the insignia of his office—his mantle and his sash—and was at the point of making for himself an outlet through the wild crowd pressing in frenzy around him, when the doors opened, and a company of grenadiers rushed in, who by main force carried him away out of the hall.

Lucien, whom Napoleon awaited outside with his troops, immediately mounted his horse, and in this moment of deepest danger kept his presence of mind, being fully aware that he must now be decided to save himself and his brother or perish with him. He turned to the troops, and ordered them to protect the president of the Five Hundred, to defend the constitution attacked by a few fanatics, and to obey General Bonaparte, who was empowered by the Council of the Elders to arrest the seditious, and to protect the republic and its laws.

The soldiers answered him with the acclamation, "Long live Bonaparte!" But a certain shudder was visible. A few warning voices were lifted up; they thought it strange that weapons should be directed against the representatives of the country.

By a dramatic action Lucien brought the matter to a close, though it was at the time meant by him in all sincerity. He drew his sword, and, directing its point toward Napoleon's breast, he exclaimed: "I swear to pierce even my brother's heart, if he ever dares touch the liberty of France!"

These words had an electric effect; every one felt in-

\* "Mémoires du Roi Joseph."

spired, lifted up, and swore to obey Bonaparte, and to remain loyal to him even unto death. At a sign from Napoleon, Murat, with his grenadiers, dashed into the hall and drove away the assembly of the Five Hundred. At ten o'clock that evening St. Cloud was vacant; only a few deputies, like homeless night-birds, wandered around the palace out of which they had been so violently ejected.

In the interior of St. Cloud, Bonaparte was busy preparing for the people of Paris a proclamation, in which he justified his deed, and repeated the sacred assurance "that he would protect liberty and the republic against all her enemies at home as well as abroad." When this was done, it was necessary to think of giving to the French people a new government, instead of the one which had been broken up. Napoleon had been in conference until the dawn of day with Talleyrand, Roderer, and Sieyès. Meanwhile Lucien had gathered around him in a room the members of the Five Hundred who were devoted to him, and had resumed the presidential chair; Napoleon's friends among the members of the Council of the Elders also gathered together, and both assemblies issued a decree, in which they declared there was no longer a Directory, and in which they excluded from the assembly as rebellious and factious a vast number of deputies. And more, they decreed the nomination of a provisional commission, and decided that it should consist of three members, who should bear the title of Consuls of the Republic, and they appointed as consuls Sieyès, Ducos, and Bonaparte.

At three o'clock in the morning every thing was ready, and Napoleon, accompanied by Bourrienne, went to Paris. He had reached his goal; he was at the head of the administration, but his countenance betrayed no joyous excitement; he was taciturn and pensive, and during the whole journey to Paris he spoke not a word, but quietly leaned in a corner of the carriage. Perhaps he dreamed of a great and



brilliant future; perhaps he was busy with the thought how he could ascend higher on this ladder to a throne, whose first step he had now ascended, since he had exalted himself into a consul of the republic.

Not till he arrived at his residence in the *Rue de la Victoire* did Bonaparte's cheerfulness return, when, with countenance beaming with joy, and followed by Bourrienne, he hastened to Josephine, who, exhausted by anxiety and care during this day full of danger, had finally gone to rest. Near her bed Bonaparte sank into an arm-chair, and, gazing at her and seizing her hand, he turned smilingly to Bourrienne:

"Is it not true," said he—"I said many foolish things?"

"Well, yes, general, that cannot be denied," replied Bourrienne, shrugging his shoulders, while Josephine broke out into loud, joyous laughter.

"I would sooner speak to soldiers than to lawyers," said Bonaparte, cheerfully. "These honorable fools made me timid. I am not accustomed to speak to an audience—that will come in time."

With affectionate sympathy Josephine requested him to relate in detail all the events of the day; and she listened with breathless attention to the descriptions which Bonaparte made in his own terse, brief, and lucid manner.

"And Gohier?" said she, at last—"you know I love his wife, and when you were in Egypt he was ever kind and attentive to me. You will not touch him, will you, *mon ami*?"

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders. "What of it, my love?" said he; "it is not my fault if he is pushed aside. Why has he not wished it otherwise? He is a good-natured man, but a blockhead. He does not understand me. . . . I would do much better to have him transported. He wrote against me to the Council of the Elders, but his letter fell into my hands, and the council has heard

nothing of it. The unfortunate man! . . . Yesterday he expected me to dinner. . . . And that is called statesmanship. . . . Let us speak no more of this matter."\*

Then he began to relate to his Josephine how Bernadotte had acted, refusing to take any part in the events of the day, and how, when Bonaparte had requested him at least to undertake nothing against him, he answered: "As a citizen, I will keep quiet; but if the Directory gives me the order to act, I will fight against every disturber of the peace and every conspirator, whoever he may be."

Bonaparte then suddenly turned to Bourrienne to dismiss him, that he might himself take some rest; and when he extended his hand to bid him farewell, he added, carelessly:

"Apropos, to-morrow we sleep in the Luxemburg." It was decided!—the long-premeditated deed was done! With the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte had made an important step forward on the path of fame and power whose end was seen by him alone.

Bonaparte was no longer a general receiving orders from a superior authority; he was no longer the servant of the Directory; but he was now the one who would give orders—he was the master and ruler; he stood at the head of the French nation; he made the laws, and his deep, clear eye looked far beyond both consuls who stood at his side, into that future when he alone would be at the head of France; when, instead of the uprooted throne of the lilies, he would sit in the Tuileries, in the chair of the First Consul, this chair of a Cæsar, which could so easily become an emperor's throne!

On the 20th Brumaire, Napoleon occupied the residence of the Directory in the palace of the Luxemburg, after he had, through his brother Louis, made Gohier prisoner, the

\* Bonaparte's own words.—See Bourrienne, vol. iii., p. 106.

only one of the directors who still lingered there, and whom he afterward released. Josephine's intercession procured the liberty of the husband of her friend, and this generous pardon of the furious letter which Gohier had written against him was the thank-offering which Bonaparte presented to the gods as he made his entrance into the Luxemburg.

The Luxemburg itself was, however, but a relay for a change of horses in the wondrous journey which Bonaparte had to travel from the lawyer's house on the island of Corsica to the throne-room of the Bourbons in the palace of the Tuileries.

In simple equipage, he with Josephine made his entrance into the Luxemburg, but after the rest of a few weeks he left this station, to make his entrance into the Tuileries in a magnificent carriage, drawn by the six splendid grays which the Emperor of Austria had presented to General Bonaparte in Campo Formio. For already another change had taken place in the government of France, and the trefoil-leaf of the consuls had assumed another form.

The two consuls, who had stood at the side of Bonaparte, invested with equal powers, had been set aside by the new constitution of the year VIII., which the people had adopted on the 17th of February, 1800 (18th Pluviôse, year VIII.). This constitution named Bonaparte as consul for ten years, and with him two other consuls, who were more his secretaries than his colleagues. Next to him was Cambacérès, as second consul for ten years, and then Lebrun, as third consul for five years.

With these two consuls, Bonaparte, on the 19th of February, 1800, made his solemn entry into the Tuileries. The old century, with its Bourbon throne, its bloody revolution, its horrors, its party passions, had passed away, and the new century found in the Tuileries a hero who wanted to

crush all parties with a hand of iron, and to place his foot on the head of the revolution, so as to close the abyss which it had opened, in order to build himself an emperor's throne over it.

He was for the present satisfied to hear himself called "First Consul;" he was willing for a short time to grant to the two men who sat at his side in the carriage drawn by the six imperial grays, that they should share the power with him, and should consider themselves vested with the same authority. But Cambacérès and Lebrun had a keen ear for the joyful shouts with which the people followed their triumphal march from the Luxemburg to the Tuileries. They knew very well that these shouts and acclamations were not addressed to them, but only to General Bonaparte, the conqueror of Lodi and Arcola, the hero of the pyramids, the "savior of society," who, on the 18th Brumaire, had rescued France from the terrorists. Both consuls were shrewd enough to draw a lesson from this enthusiasm of the people, and willingly to fall back into the shade rather than to be forced into it. The Tuileries had been appointed for the residence of the three consuls, but the next day after their triumphal entry Cambacérès left the royal palace to take up his abode in the Hotel Elbœuf, on the *Place de Carrousel*. Lebrun, who at first made the Flora Pavilion his headquarters, soon found it more advisable to take his lodgings elsewhere, and he left the Tuileries, to make his residence in the *Faubourg St. Honoré*.