

The conqueror of terrorism and of the revolution was not inclined to be defeated by the enemies of the republic, who were approaching the frontiers of France, to restore the Bourbons. He took up the glove which Austria had thrown down—for she had made alliance with England.

On the 6th of May, 1800, Bonaparte left Paris, marched with his army over Mount St. Bernard, and assumed the chief command of the army in Italy, which recently had suffered so many disastrous defeats from Suwarrow and the Archduke Charles.

At Marengo, on the 14th of June, Bonaparte obtained a brilliant triumph. Soon after, at Hohenlinden, Moreau also defeated the Austrians. These two decisive victories forced Austria to make peace with France, to abandon her alliance with England—that is to say, with the monarchical principles; and, at the peace ratified in the beginning of the year 1801 at Luneville, to concede to France the grand-duchy of Tuscany.

In July, Bonaparte returned in triumph to France, and was received by the people with enthusiastic acclamations. Paris was brilliantly illuminated on the day of his return, and round about the Tuileries arose the shouts of the people, who with applauding voices demanded to see the conqueror of Marengo, and would not remain quiet until he appeared on the balcony. Even Bonaparte was touched by this enthusiasm of the French people; as he retreated from the balcony and retired into his cabinet, he said to Bourrienne: "Listen! The people shout again and again; they still send their acclamations toward me. I love those sounds; they are nearly as sweet as Josephine's voice. How proud and happy I am to be loved by such a people!"*

* Bourrienne, vol. v., p. 35.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

THE victory of Marengo, which had pleased the people, had filled the royalists with terror and fear, and destroyed their hopes of a speedy restoration of the monarchy, making them conscious of its fruitless pretensions. With the frenzy of hatred and the bitterness of revenge they turned against the first consul, who was not now their expected savior of the monarchy, but a usurper who wanted to gain France for himself.

The royalists and the republicans united for the same object. Both parties longed to destroy Bonaparte: the one to re-establish the republic of the year 1793, and the other the throne of the Bourbons. Everywhere conspiracies and secret associations were organized, and the watchful and active police discovered in a few months more than ten plots, the aim of which was to murder Bonaparte.

Josephine heard this with sorrow and fear, with tears of anxiety and love. She had now given her whole heart and soul to Bonaparte, and it was the torment of martyrdom to see him every day threatened by assassins and by invisible foes, who from dark and hidden places drew their daggers at him. Her love surrounded him with vigilant friends and servants, who sought to discover every danger and to remove it from his path.

When he was coming to Malmaison, Josephine before his arrival would send her servants to search every hiding-place in the park, to see if in some shady grove a murderer might not be secreted; she entreated Junot or Murat to send scouts from Paris on the road to Malmaison to remove all suspicious persons from it. Yet her heart trembled with anxiety when she knew him to be on the way, and, when he had safely arrived, she would receive him with

rapture, as if he had just escaped an imminent danger, and would make him laugh by the exclamations of joy with which she greeted him as one saved from danger.

In the anxiety of her watchful love she made herself acquainted with all the details of the discovered conspiracies of both the Jacobins and royalists. She knew there were two permanent conspiracies at work, though their leaders had been discovered and led into prison.

One of these conspiracies had been organized by the old Jacobins, the republicans of the Convention; and these bands of the "enraged," as they called themselves, numbered in their ranks all the enemies of constitutional order, all the men of the revolution of 1789; and all these men had sworn with solemn oaths to kill Bonaparte, and to deliver the republic from her greatest and most dangerous enemy.

The other conspiracy, which had its ramifications throughout France, was formed by the royalists. "The Society of the White Mantle" was mostly composed of Chouans, daring men of Vendée, who were ever ready to sacrifice their lives to the mere notion of royalty, and who like the Jacobins had sworn to murder Bonaparte.

Chevalier, who, with his ingenious infernal machine, sought to kill Bonaparte on his way to Malmaison, belonged to the Society of the White Mantle. But he was betrayed by his confidant and associate Beeyer, who assisted the police to arrest him. To the conspiracy of the "enraged" belonged the Italians Ceracchi, Arena, and Diana, who at the opera, when the consul appeared in his *loge*, and was greeted by the acclamations of the people, were ready to fire their pistols at him. But at the moment they were about to commit the deed from behind the side-scenes, where they had hidden themselves, they were seized, arrested, and led to prison by the police. Josephine, as already said, knew all these conspiracies; she trembled for Bona-

parte's life, and yet she could not prevent him from appearing in public, and she herself, smiling and apparently unsuspecting, had to appear at Bonaparte's side at the grand parades, in the national festivities, and at the theatrical performances; no feature on her face was to betray the anxiety she was enduring.

One day, however, not only Bonaparte's life but also that of Josephine, was imperilled by the conspirators; the famous infernal machine which had been placed on their way to the opera, would have killed the first consul and his wife, if a red Persian shawl had not saved them both.

At the grand opera, that evening, was to be performed Joseph Haydn's masterpiece, "The Creation." The Parisians awaited this performance with great expectation; they rushed to the opera, not only to hear the oratorio, the fame of which had spread from Vienna to Paris, but also to see Bonaparte and his wife, who it was known would attend the performance.

Josephine had requested Bonaparte to be present at this great musical event, for she knew that the public would be delighted at his presence. He at first manifested no desire to do so, for he was not sufficiently versed in musical matters for it to afford him much enjoyment; and besides, there was but one kind of music he liked, and that was the Italian, the richness of whose melody pleased him, while the German and French left him dissatisfied and weary. However, Bonaparte gave way to the entreaties of Josephine, and resolved to drive to the opera. The dinner that day had been somewhat later than usual, for besides Josephine, her children, and Bonaparte's sister Caroline, Murat, the Generals Bessières and Lannes, as well as Bonaparte's two adjutants, Lebrun and Rapp, had been present. Immediately after dinner they wanted to drive to the opera; but as Josephine lingered behind, busy with the arrangement of her shawl, Bonaparte declared he would drive in

advance with the two Generals Bessières and Lebrun, while Rapp was to accompany the ladies in the second carriage. With his usual rapidity of action he seized his hat and sword, and, followed by his companions, left the room to go to the carriage, which was waiting.

Josephine, who imagined that Bonaparte was waiting for her at the carriage, hurriedly put on, without troubling herself any longer about the becoming arrangement of the folds, a red Persian shawl, which Bonaparte had sent her as a present from Egypt. She was going to leave, when Rapp, with the openness of a soldier, made the remark that she had not put on her shawl to-day with her accustomed elegance. She smiled, and begged him to arrange it after the fashion of Egyptian ladies. Rapp laughingly hastened to comply with her wishes; and while Josephine, Madame Murat, and Hortense, watched attentively the arrangement of the shawl in the hands of Rapp, Bonaparte's carriage was heard moving away.

This noise put a speedy end to all further movements, and Josephine, with the ladies and Rapp, hastened to follow Bonaparte. Their carriage had no sooner reached the *Place de Carrousel*, than an appalling explosion was heard, and a bright flame like a lightning-flash filled the whole place with its glare; at the same moment the windows of the carriage were broken into fragments, which flew in every direction into the carriage, and one of which penetrated so deep into the arm of Hortense, that the blood gushed out. Josephine uttered a cry of horror—"Bonaparte is murdered!" At the same moment were heard loud shrieks and groans.

Rapp, seized with fear, and only thinking that Bonaparte was in danger, sprang out of the carriage, and, careless of the wounded and bleeding, who lay near, ran onward to the opera to find out if Bonaparte had safely reached there. While the ladies, in mortal agony, remained on the

Place de Carrousel, not knowing whether to return to the Tuileries or to drive forward, a messenger arrived at full speed to announce that the first consul had not been hurt, and that he was waiting for his wife in his *loge*, and begged her to come without delay. Meanwhile Rapp had reached the opera, and had penetrated into the box of the first consul. Bonaparte was seated calmly and unmoved in his accustomed place, examining the audience through his glass, and now and then addressing a few words to the secretary of police, Fouché, who stood near him. No sooner did Bonaparte see Rapp, than he said hastily, and in a low voice—"Josephine?"

At that moment she entered, followed by Madame Murat and Hortense. Bonaparte saluted them with a smile, and with a look of unfathomable love he extended his hand to Josephine. She was still pale and trembling, although she had no conception of the greatness of the danger which had menaced her.

Bonaparte endeavored to quiet her by stating that the explosion was probably the result of some accident or imprudence; but at this moment the prefect of the police entered who had been on the spot, and had come to give a report of the dreadful effects of the explosion. Fifteen persons had been killed, more than thirty had been severely wounded, and about forty houses seriously damaged. This was all the work of a so-called infernal machine—a small barrel filled with powder and quicksilver—which had been placed in a little carriage at the entrance of the *Rue St. Nicaise*.

Until now Josephine did not realize the extent of the danger which had threatened her and her husband. Had the explosion taken place a few moments before, it would have killed the consul; if it had been one minute later, Josephine and her companions would have been involved in the catastrophe. It was the shawl which Rapp was arrang-

ing on her shoulders according to the rules of art, which caused them to retard their departure, and thus saved her life.

An inexpressible horror now seized her and made her tremble; her looks, full of love and deep anguish, were fixed on Bonaparte, who, in a low voice, entreated her to compose herself, and not to make her distress public. Near Josephine sat Hortense, pale and agitated, like her mother; around her wounded arm was wrapped a handkerchief, stained here and there with blood. Madame Murat was quiet and composed, like Bonaparte, who was then giving instructions to the prefect of police to provide immediate assistance for the unfortunate persons who had been wounded.

No one yet in the audience knew the appalling event. The thundering noise had been heard, but it was presumed to have been an artillery salute, and no evil was suspected, for Bonaparte, with his usual guards, had entered his box, and, advancing to its very edge, had saluted the public in a friendly way. This act of the first consul had its ordinary effect: the audience, indifferent to the music, rose and saluted their hero with loud acclamation and applause. Not till Josephine entered the *loge* had the acclamations subsided, and the music begun again. A few minutes after, the news of the fearful event spread all over the house: a murmur arose, and the music was interrupted anew.

The Duchess d'Abrantes, who was present at this scene, gives a faithful, eloquent, and graphic picture of it:

"A vague noise," says she, "began to spread from the parterre to the orchestra, and from the amphitheatre to the boxes. Soon the news of the occurrence was known all over the house, when, like a sudden clap of thunder, an acclamation burst forth, and the whole audience, with a single undivided look of love, seemed to desire to embrace Bonaparte. What I am narrating I have seen, and I am not

the only one who saw it. . . . What excitement followed this first explosion of national anger, which at this moment was represented by the audience, whose horror at the dark plot cannot be described with words! Women were seen weeping and sobbing; men, pale as death, trembled with vengeance and anger, whatever might have been the political standard which they followed; all hearts and hands were united to prove that difference of opinion creates no difference in the interpretation of the code of honor. During the whole scene my eyes were fixed on the *loge* of the consul. He was quiet, and only seemed moved when public sentiment gave utterance to strong expressive words about the conspiracy, and these reached him. Madame Bonaparte was not fully composed. Her countenance was disturbed; even her attitude, generally so very graceful, was no longer under her control. She seemed to tremble under her shawl as under a protecting canopy, and in fact it was this shawl which had saved her from destruction. She was weeping; however much she endeavored to compose herself, she could not repress her tears; they would flow, against her will, down her pale cheeks, and, whenever Josephine fixed her eyes upon her husband, she trembled again. Even her daughter seemed extremely agitated, and Madame Murat alone preserved the family character, and seemed entirely herself." *

At last, when the public excitement was somewhat abated, and the music was again resumed, the audience turned its attention to Hadyn's masterpiece. But Josephine had not the strength to bear this effort, and to submit to it quietly. She entreated her husband to retire with her and the ladies; and when at last he acceded to her request, and had quietly left the *loge* with her, Josephine sat by him in the carriage, opposite Caroline and Hortense, and, sobbing, threw herself on Bonaparte's breast, and cried out in her anguish:

Duchess d'Abrantes, "Mémoires," vol. ii., p. 66.

“What a life, where I must ever be trembling for you!”

The infernal machine did not kill the first consul, but it gave to liberty and to the republic a fatal blow; it scattered into fragments what remained of the revolutionary institutions from the days of blood and terror. France rose up in disgust and horror against the party which made of assassins its companions, and consequently this conspiracy failed to accomplish what its originators had expected. They wanted to destroy Bonaparte and ruin his power, but this abortive attempt only increased his popularity, enlarged his power, and deepened the people's love for him who now appeared to them as a protecting rampart, and a barrier to the flood of anarchy.

France gave herself up trembling, and without a will of her own, into the hands of the hero to whom she was indebted for fame and recognition by foreign powers, and through whom she hoped to secure domestic peace. France longed for a strong arm to support her; Bonaparte gave her this arm, but it not only supported France, it bowed her down; and from this day he placed the reins on the wild republican steed, and let it feel that it had found a master who had the power and the will to direct it entirely in accordance with his wishes.

Bonaparte was determined to put an end to the seditions and conspiracies of the republicans, whom he hated because they had for their aim the downfall of all legitimate authority; and in turn was hated by them because he had abandoned their standard and turned against the republic with the faithlessness of a son who attacks the mother that gave him birth. Bonaparte maintained that it was the republicans who had set the infernal machine on his path, and paid no attention to the opinion of Fouché, who ascribed to the royalists the origin of the plot. Bonaparte wished first to do away with his most violent and bitter enemies, the republicans of the year 1789; he desired to possess the

power of punishing such, and to render them harmless, and now the horror produced by this criminal act came to his assistance in carrying out this plan.

The council of the state adopted the legislative enactment that the consuls should have “the power to remove from Paris those persons whose presence they considered dangerous to the public security, and that all such persons who should leave their place of banishment should be transported from the country!”

Under this law, George Cadoudal, Chevalier, Arena, Ceracchi, and many others were executed; and one hundred and thirty persons, whose only crime was that of being suspected of dissatisfaction toward the administration of the consuls, and considered as Bonaparte's enemies, were transported to Cayenne.

Such were for France the results of this infernal machine, the object of which was to assassinate the Consul Bonaparte, instead of which it had only the effect of destroying his enemies and strengthening his power.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CASHMERES AND THE LETTER.

As mighty events always exercise an influence on minor ones, so this fearful attempt at murder became the occasion for the introduction into France of a new branch of industry, which had hitherto drawn millions from Europe to the East.

Josephine, gratefully remembering her truly wonderful deliverance through the means of her Persian shawl, wore it afterward in preference to any other. Until then she had never fancied it, for when Bonaparte sent it to her from

Egypt, she wrote to him: "I have received the shawl. It may be very beautiful and very costly, but I find it unsightly. Its great advantage consists in its lightness. I doubt, however, if this new fashion will meet with approbation. Notwithstanding, I am pleased with it, for it is rare and warm." *

But after it had saved her life, she no longer thought it unsightly, she was fond of wrapping herself up in it, and the natural consequence was, that these Persian shawls soon formed the most fashionable and costly article of apparel.

Every lady of the higher classes considered it a necessity to cover her tender shoulders with this valuable foreign material, and it soon became "*comme il faut*," a duty of position, to possess a collection of such Persian shawls, and to wear them at the balls and receptions in the Tuileries.

The desire to possess such a precious article of fashion led these ladies oftentimes to "*corriger la fortune*," and to obtain, by some bold but not very creditable act, possession of such a shawl, which had now become in a certain measure the escutcheon of the new French aristocracy.

The Duchess d'Abrantes, in reference to this matter, relates two thefts which at that time troubled the aristocratic society of the Tuileries, which prove that the ladies had taken instructions from the gentlemen, and that dishonest persons of both sexes were admitted into the society of heroes and their beautiful wives!

At a morning reception in the Tuileries, the shawl of the Countess de St. Martin had been stolen; and this lady was very much distressed at the loss, for this cashmere was not only a present from Madame Murat, but was one of uncommon beauty, on account of the rarity of the design, consisting of paroquets in artistic groups, instead of the

* "*Mémoires sur l'Impératrice*," par Mademoiselle Ducrest, vol. iii., p. 227.

ordinary palm. The countess was therefore untiring in recounting to every one her irreparable loss, and uttered bitter curses against the bold female who had stolen her treasure.

"A few weeks later," relates the duchess, "at a ball given by the minister Talleyrand, the countess came toward me with a bright countenance and told me that she had just now found her shawl, and, strange to say, upon the shoulders of a young lady at the ball!

"'But,' said I to her, 'you will not accuse this lady before the whole company!'

"'And why not?'

"'Because that would be wrong. Leave this matter to me.'

"She would not at first, but I pressed the subject on her consideration, and she agreed at length to remain somewhat behind, while I approached the young lady, who stood near the door, and was just going to leave the ballroom. I told her in a low voice that in all probability she had made a mistake; that she had perhaps mislaid her own cashmere, and had through carelessness taken the shawl of the Countess de St. Martin.

"I was as polite as I could possibly be in such a communication; but the young lady looked at me unpleasantly for such an impertinent intrusion, and replied that 'since the time the Countess de St. Martin had deafened the ears of every one with the story of her stolen shawl, she had had ample leisure to recognize as her property the cashmere she wore.' Her mother, who stood a few steps from her, and was conversing with another lady, turned toward her when she heard her daughter speak in so loud a voice. But the Countess de St. Martin, who had overheard that she 'had deafened the ears of every one with the story of her stolen shawl,' rushed in to the rescue of her case.

"'This cashmere belongs to me,' said she, haughtily—

seizing, at the same time, the shawl with one hand, while the young lady with her fist thrust her back violently. I saw that in a moment they would come to blows.

“‘It will be easy to end this difficulty,’ said I to the Countess de St. Martin. ‘Madame will be kind enough to tell us where she has purchased this shawl which is so much like yours, and then you will see your mistake, and be satisfied.’

“‘It does not suit me to tell where I got this shawl,’ replied the lady, looking at me contemptuously; ‘there is no necessity for my telling you where I purchased it.’

“‘Well, then,’ exclaimed eagerly the Countess de St. Martin, ‘you confess, madame, that the shawl really belongs to you?’

“The other answered with a sarcastic smile, and drew the shawl closer to her shoulders. A few persons, attracted by the strangeness of such a scene, had gathered around us, and seemed to wait for the end of so extraordinary an event.

“The countess continued with a loud voice:

“‘Well, then, madame, since the shawl belongs to you, you can explain to me why the name of Christine, which is my first name, is embroidered in red silk on the small edging. Madame Junot will be kind enough to look for this name.’

“The young woman became pale as death. I shall never during my life forget the despairing look which she gave me, as with trembling hand she passed me the shawl, just as her father appeared from a room near the place of the scene. I took the cashmere with an unsteady hand, and sought reluctantly for the name of Christine, for I trusted she would at least have taken it out; but the deathly paleness of the guilty one told the contrary, and in fact I had no sooner unfolded the shawl, than the name appeared, embroidered at the narrow edging.

“‘Ah!’ at last exclaimed the countess, in a triumphant tone, ‘I have—’ but as she raised her eyes to the young woman, she was touched by her despairing look. ‘Well, then,’ cried she, ‘this is one of those mistakes which so often happen. To-morrow I will return your cashmere.—We have exchanged cashmeres,’ said she, turning to the young lady’s father, who, surprised at seeing her naked shoulders, gazed at his daughter, not understanding the matter. ‘You will have the goodness to send me my shawl to-morrow,’ added she, noticing how the young woman trembled.

“We returned into the ballroom, and the next day the young lady sent to the Countess de St. Martin her precious shawl.

“Something similar to this happened at the same time to Madame Hamelin. She was at a ball; when rising from her seat to join in a contra-dance, she left there a very beautiful black shawl; when she returned, her shawl was no longer there, but she saw it on the shoulders of a well-known and distinguished lady. Approaching her, she said:

“‘Madame, you have my shawl!’

“‘Not at all, madame!’

“‘But, madame, this is my shawl, and, as an evidence, I can state the number of its palms—it has exactly thirteen, a very unusual number!’

“‘My shawl has also, by chance, precisely thirteen palms.’

“‘But,’ said Madame Hamelin, ‘I have torn it since I came here. You can see where it is torn, and by that means I recognize my shawl.’

“‘Ah, my goodness! my shawl has also been torn; that is precisely why I bought it, for I obtained it on that account somewhat cheaper.’

“It is useless to dispute with a person who is determined to follow Basil’s receipt, that ‘what is worth taking

is worth keeping.' Madame Hamelin lost her shawl, and had, as a sole consolation, the petty vengeance of relating to everybody how it was taken, and of pointing out the thief, who was in the meanwhile perfectly shameless." *

No one, however, had a larger and more choice selection of these cashmere shawls than Josephine. Mdlle. Ducrest relates that the deceased empress had more than one hundred and fifty of the most magnificent and costly cashmere shawls. She had sent to Constantinople patterns from which she had them made there, as pleasing to the eye as they were costly and precious. Every week M. Lenormant, the first man-milliner in Paris, came to Navarra, the country residence of the empress, and brought his most beautiful shawls for her selection. The empress possessed several (having a white ground covered with roses, violets, paroquets, peacocks, and other objects of beauty hitherto unknown in France) each of which cost from fifteen to twenty thousand francs.

The empress went so far in her passion for cashmeres as to have dresses made of the same material. One day she had put on one of these dresses, which was so beautiful, that some gentlemen invited to dinner could not withhold their admiration. One of them, Count Pourtales, thought that this splendid material would be well adapted for a gentleman's vest. Josephine, in her large-heartedness, had a pair of scissors brought; she then cut her dress into several pieces sufficiently large for a vest, and divided them among the gentlemen present, so that only the bodice of the dress remained, with a small piece around the waist. But this improvised spencer over the white richly-embroidered under-dress, was so exceedingly becoming to the empress, and brought out so exquisitely her beautiful bust, and slender graceful waist, that it would have been easy to

* Abrantes, "Mémoires," vol. ix., pp. 70-76.

consider as a piece of coquetry what was simply Josephine's spontaneous generosity.*

Josephine, however, did not so assiduously attend to her cashmere shawls as to forget the unfortunate victims of the infernal machine. On the contrary, she saw with deep pain how every one was busy in inculpating others, and in casting suspicions on royalists and Jacobins, so as to give a pretext to punish them. She noticed that all those who wished to gain the consul's favor were zealous in spying out fresh culprits, for it was well known that Bonaparte was inclined to make of all hostile parties a terrible example, so that, through the severity of the punishment and the number of the punished, he might deter the dissatisfied from any further plots.

Josephine's compassionate heart was distressed, through sympathy for so many unfortunate persons, whom wicked men maliciously were endeavoring to drag into guilt, so as to have them punished; and the injustice which the judges manifested at every hearing filled her with anger and horror. Ever ready to help the needy, and to protect the persecuted, she addressed herself to Fouché, the minister of police, and requested him to use mildness and compassion. She wrote to him:

"Citizen minister, while trembling at the frightful calamity which has taken place, I feel uneasy and pained at the fear of the punishments which hang over the poor creatures who, I am told, belong to families with which I have been connected in days past. I shall therefore be appealed to by mothers, sisters, and despairing wives; my heart will be lacerated by the sad consciousness that I cannot obtain pardon for all those who implore it.

"The generosity of the consul is great, his affection for me is boundless, I know it well; but the crime is of so

* Mademoiselle Ducrest.

awful a nature that he will deem it necessary to make an example of extreme severity. The supreme magistrate was not alone exposed to danger—many others were killed and wounded by this sad event, and it is this which will make the consul severe and implacable.

“I conjure you, then, citizen minister, to avoid extending your researches too far, and not always to spy out new persons who might be compromised by this horrible machine. Must France, which has been held in terror by so many executions, have to sigh over new victims? Is it not much more important to appease the minds of the people than to excite them by new terrors? Finally, would it not be advisable, so soon as the originators of this awful crime are captured, to have compassion and mercy upon subordinate persons who may have been entangled in it through dangerous sophisms and fanatical sentiments?”

“Barely vested with the supreme authority, ought not the first consul study to win the hearts rather than to make slaves of his people? Moderate, therefore, by your advice, where in his first excitement he may be too severe. To punish is, alas, too often necessary! To pardon is, I trust, still more. In a word, be a protector to the unfortunate who, through their confession or repentance, have already made in part penance for their guilt.

“As I myself, without any fault on my part, nearly lost my life in the revolution, you can easily understand that I take an interest in those who can perhaps be saved without thereby endangering my husband’s life, which is so precious to me and to France. I therefore earnestly desire that you will make a distinction between the leaders of this conspiracy and those who, from fear or weakness, have been seduced into bringing upon themselves a portion of the guilt. As a woman, a wife, a mother, I can readily feel for all the heart-rending agonies of those families which appeal to me.

“Do what you possibly can, citizen minister, to diminish their numbers; you will thereby spare me much anxiety. I can never be deaf to the cries of distress from the needy; but in this matter you can do a great deal more than I can, and therefore pardon what may seem strange in my pleadings with you.

“Believe in my gratitude and loyalty of sentiment.

“JOSEPHINE.” *

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MALMAISON.

IN the Tuileries the first consul, with his wife, resided in all the pomp and dignity of his new office. There he was the sovereign, the commander; there he ruled, and, like a king, all bowed to him; the people humbled themselves and recognized him as their master.

In the Tuileries etiquette and the stiff pomp of a princely court prevailed more and more. Bonaparte required of his wife that she should there represent the dignity and the grandeur of her new position; that she should appear as the first, the most exalted, and the most unapproachable of women. In the Tuileries there were no more evenings of pleasant social gatherings, of joyous conversation with friends whom affection made equals, and who, in love and admiration, recognizing Bonaparte’s ascendancy, brought him of their own free choice their esteem and high consideration. Now, it was all honor and duty; now, the friends of the past were servants who, for duty’s sake, had to be subservient to their master, and abide by the rules of etiquette, otherwise the frown on their lofty ruler’s brow would bring them back within their bounds.

* Ducrest, “Mémoires,” vol. iii., p. 231.