

CHAPTER III.

Napoleon and the Pope.—Venice.—Archduke Charles.—Battle of Tagliamento.—Incidents.—Retreat of Charles.—Negotiations.—Pichegru.—The Directory.—Treaty of Campo Formio.—Court of Milan.—Josephine.—Napoleon at Rastadt.—He reaches Paris.—His reception.—Life at the Capital.—Napoleon and England.—He is appointed to command an Invasion of England.—He urges an expedition to Egypt.—Embarkation.—Malta taken.—Letter to Joseph.—He arrives at Alexandria.—Addresses the Army and the Egyptians.—March up the Nile.—The Mamelukes.—Battle of the Pyramids.—Cairo taken.—Letter to Joseph.—Battle of Aboukir.—Napoleon's Power.—Expedition to the Red Sea.—Siege of Acre.—The Plague.—Napoleon retreats to Egypt.—Scenes in the March.—The Turks defeated at Aboukir.—Napoleon returns to France.—Reasons.—The Domestic Sorrow.—The Reconciliation.—The Crisis.

NAPOLEON now turned his attention to the Pope, whose army of forty thousand men had hovered around the French, waiting only for the opportunity to strike with effect in the holy war for his trembling throne. The intelligence of the surrender of Mantua, and the routing of the Austrian troops, whose splendid array of two hundred thousand soldiers since the war began, had melted away before the republican forces, spread terror through the Vatican. But it was decided to offer resistance to the victorious foe. Pope, cardinals, and monks, appealed to every motive of a religious and political nature, to rouse the zeal and heroism of the battalions. In every hamlet the tocsin tolled, and unceasing prayers were offered. Victor, with four thousand French, and an equal number of Italians, advanced toward Imola, where, on the banks of the Senio, were encamped eight thousand of the enemy. The commander, Cardinal Burea, unused to the weapons and rules of carnal warfare, sent a flag of truce to

Napoleon, assuring him if he continued to advance he should fire upon him—an announcement which sent a shout of laughter along the ranks of the elated victors. Bonaparte, by a rapid march, threw his horse across the river under cover of darkness, to cut off retreat, and then, with the morning, opened the conflict, which in an hour drove all but the dead and captured in confusion from the field. He pressed forward to Faenza, whose closed gates and defiant walls, soon gave way, and the unpitied populace were swept before the crimson bayonets like autumnal leaves in the tempest. Three thousand, with Colli, surrendered, and Ancona was entered.

“The priests had an image of the Virgin Mary at this place, which they exhibited to the people in the act of shedding tears, the more to stimulate them against the impious republicans. On entering the place, the French were amused with discovering the machinery by which this trick had been performed: the Madonna's tears were a string of glass beads which flowed by clock work, within a shrine which the worshippers were too respectful to approach very nearly.”

Napoleon exposed the trick; and by his lenity to the prisoners, acquired immediately great influence over the people who had dreaded his presence as that of a lawless demon. February 10th, he marched into Loretto, and seized its treasures.

The Directory, with the sanguinary spirit of the revolutionary movement, desired Napoleon to treat with unsparing severity the hostile parties in the conquered realms, especially the despotic hierarchy of Rome. He, on the contrary, with respectful attention, promised the priests in exile in the papal states protection and food within the monasteries which came beneath his banner. This unexpected mercy em-

boldened the Pope to send an envoy to open a treaty with Napoleon, which was consummated the 12th of February, 1797. Avignon was formally ceded; Ferrara, Bologna, and Romagna, with Ancona, abandoned; the works of art, before pledged, presented; and a million and a half pounds sterling paid into the treasury. The pontiff was left in possession of a crown which was, after all, the mockery of royal authority—his holiness, swelled the vassal-train of the Corsican. Venice alone remained unsubdued, and disputing the claim of the conqueror to universal mastery of northern Italy. With more than fifty thousand troops, that government demanded the right of neutrality, while Napoleon urged an alliance with France. These soldiers were the wild Sclavonians; the defense of a people discordant and revolutionary. Bonaparte in view of their condition, and his own immediate work, consented to their proud demand, and said, "Be neutral then; but remember, that if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance."

Nine days had passed since the conflict began with the Pope, whose consecrated scepter had made kings kiss the dust of his feet, and the youthful general of France was greater than he. Napoleon now turned to his discomfited, brave, and unyielding enemy. His face was toward Vienna, the capital of Austria. Under Archduke Charles, a talented prince in the prime of manhood, a sixth campaign was opened. Of the French force, ten thousand men remained to guard the Venetian neutrality, while he took up headquarters at Bassano. Again he addressed an army, reinforced by twenty thousand troops; making in all fifty thousand, with which to oppose nearly double the number that would pour into the arena of a combat,

on which the civilized world looked with absorbing interest. These were his eloquent words: "Soldiers! the campaign just ended has given you imperishable renown. You have been victorious in your fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken more than a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, two thousand heavy guns, and four pontoon trains. You have maintained the army during the whole campaign. In addition to this, you have sent six million of dollars to the public treasury, and have enriched the National Museum with three hundred master-pieces of the arts of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered the finest countries in Europe. The French flag waves for the first time upon the Adriatic, opposite to Macedon, the native country of Alexander. Still higher destinies await you. I know that you will not prove unworthy of them. Of all the foes that conspired to stifle the republic in its birth, the Austrian emperor alone remains before you. To obtain peace, we must seek it in the heart of his hereditary state. You will there find a brave people, whose religion and customs you will respect, and whose property you will hold sacred. Remember that it is liberty you carry to the brave Hungarian nation."

To give the details of the sixth campaign, which now commenced, would be to repeat the story which has been already five times told. The archduke, fettered by the aulic council of Vienna, saw himself compelled to execute a plan which he had discrimination enough to condemn. The Austrian army once more commenced operations on a double basis—one great division on the Tyrolese frontier, and a greater under the archduke himself on the Friuliese; and Napoleon—who had, even when acting on the defensive, been

able, by the vivacity of his movements, to assume the superiority on whatever point he chose to select—was not likely to strike his blows with less skill and vigor, now that his numbers, and the quiescence of Italy behind him, permitted him to assume the offensive.

The Austrians lay along the banks of the Tagliamento, with the mountain-barriers separating Italy from Germany in their front. Napoleon reached the dividing-stream, and after a flourish of his battalions, retired to encamp, as if from weariness, and to seek repose. The stratagem was not detected by Prince Charles, whose ranks also withdrew to their tents for the night. Two hours vanished, and the trumpet sounded. The French dashed into the river, and before the Austrians could recover self-possession, were half way over. Upon the unformed lines, the confident columns of Napoleon rushed with resistless impetuosity.

This was on the 12th of March. The archduke retreated, and the French pursued, storming Gradisca, and taking five thousand prisoners. Through the strongholds of Trieste and Fiume, and over mountain passes, left crimson with the blood of foemen, they followed the thinning ranks of the gallant Austrians. Meanwhile General Laudon had descended upon the Tyrol and gained possession of the defended points. The Venetians, encouraged by this success, raised the flag of open hostility, and their friends, wherever in the ascendant, commenced a brutal slaughter of French prisoners in the hospitals of the insurrectionary cities. With these advantages behind the French, Charles thought to push his way to Vienna, and leading his enemy into the center of the German territory, and under the walls of the capital, meet the valor of the empire where it would glow most intensely, and make a decisive display on the field of glory.

At this crisis came orders from the court of Vienna to close the wasting conflict of six years, and embrace the earliest opportunity for negotiating a treaty of peace. A few days before, Charles had refused the appeal of Napoleon to terminate the desolating war, which he maintained alone, and which ravaged the land, with no prospective benefit to his country, or honor to his arms. Till now, he had no choice but to command the splendid battalions, already sadly invaded by the fire of as heroic, and more successful warriors. Terror reigned at Vienna. Princes and royal treasures were already across the Hungarian boundary, and all hearts longed for cessation of hostilities, which as yet gave the laurel of conquest to “the man of destiny.” The result was the treaty of Leoben, April 18, 1797. The preliminary expressions recognizing the French *Republic*, Napoleon ordered stricken out, evidently with his marvelous foresight, anticipating a change in the government, which might require unfettered action, when he should lay aside the sword for the reins of authority. Without waiting to watch the completion of the negotiation, he gave it to safe hands, and like the lion coming down upon his helpless prey, marched toward the treacherous Venetians, who, trembling with alarm, sought terms of submission. Napoleon replied, “French blood has been treacherously shed; if you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you cover your whole dominion with gold, the atonement would be insufficient: the lion of St. Mark must bite the dust.” His scornful allusion to the armorial bearing of Venice, conveying the assurance of merciless vengeance, spread fear over the city. Amid the chaos of conflicting interests and emotions in the city, Napoleon appeared on the coast of the Lagoon.

May 31st, intelligence was received that the Senate made no further resistance. But it was his time for revenge; and he began the work. The chiefs in the insurrections of Lombardy were demanded; a democratic government formed; Italian lands ceded; five ships of war, and three million francs in gold, and the same amount in naval stores, were claimed; and added to all, he selected twenty pictures and five hundred valuable manuscripts. Then, with the air of Europe's master, he made Venice his rendezvous till the elements there also were calmed beneath his eagle eye, and kingly command.

The Senate, like Austria before them, tried the power of a magnificent bribe of seven millions of francs, to secure his clemency. He scorned in this, as in every instance, the test of his republican principles. His reply to the Austrian offer of a German principality, "I thank the emperor, but if greatness is to be mine, it shall come from France," revealed the identity of his greatness with that of his adopted country. France was to be the splendid pyramid hung with trophies of war, and adorned with art, on whose summit he had resolved to stand.

Among the papers of the Count D'Entraigues, an exiled agent of the Bourbons, whom the unfaithful Venetians delivered to Napoleon, he found undoubted proof of the criminal negotiations of General Pichegru on the Rhine, with the Bourbon princes, and his disguised action on the field against the republic. The facts were sent immediately to Paris. Pichegru, displaced by Hoche, returned to the capital, became a member of the council of five hundred, and on the meeting of the chambers, took the presidency of that royalist assembly.

At this juncture, the troubled, jealous Directory,

sent for Napoleon. He had assumed responsibility never before attempted by an officer under command. When General Clarke appeared in behalf of the government at Leoben, to dictate the terms of treaty, he set him aside with perfect coolness and decision. And in the pending cause with Austria, he disregarded the wishes of the republican rulers, and surrendered back Mantua. At this time, he likewise laid his hand on the revolution in Genoa, and gave them their form of government. It is not strange that the central power of France should inquire, "Does the lecturer of the Ligurian republic mean to be our Washington, our Monk, or our Cromwell?" Napoleon despatched Augereau to Paris at the head of the national guard, and assured the Directory he was prepared to aid them with fifteen thousand men, in the threatened collision with the royalists. Meanwhile, Hoche was ordered there by the government with his Rhenish troops; and September 4, 1797, the minority of the Directory were subdued, and Pichegru with one hundred and fifty others, sent into exile. Bonaparte was displeased with the movement independent of himself, and the lenity shown Pichegru.

He wrote about this date several letters to Joseph, one of which we give, affording a pleasant view of his versatile talent, taste, and *tact*; while it does honor to his *heart*.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"October 16, 1797.

"I request you, Citizen Minister,* to make known to the composers in the Cisalpine Republic, and generally in Italy, that I offer, by competition, for the best march, overture, etc., on the death of General Hoche, a medal worth sixty sequins. The pieces must

* Joseph had been appointed French ambassador at Rome.

be received by the 30th Brumaire [20th November]. You will have the kindness to name three artists or amateurs as adjudicators, and to charge yourself with the other details."

After arranging his affairs in Italy, he was joined by Josephine, at the fine old castle of Montebello, near Milan, where he fixed his miniature court; a delightful country-seat six miles from the city. Here Josephine began to enjoy what circumstances hitherto had denied her since her second marriage—the tranquillity and joy of *home*. She won the affection and homage of the gay Milanese; many lavished upon her attentions expressive of gratitude to the victor, whom they regarded as their liberator. Thus from pure admiration or motives of policy, all classes sought with enthusiasm to honor the wife of Napoleon, and enhance the pleasures of her sojourn among the romantic scenery of that country, whose southern boundary was beautiful and fallen Italy.

But she soon became weary of the pomp and ceremony of what was to her, except in name, a splendid court. Balls and the drama, fêtes and concerts, which she felt obliged to grace with her presence, were to her imaginative and sensitive nature the tiresome whirl of a dazzling panorama of vanishing views, and she longed for more elevated communion. She therefore went forth, and, under a sky which bent lovingly over her as when she was the charming *Creole* of Martinique, looked upon the glorious summits, and the unrivaled lakes that slept in their embrace. Her excursions to the Apennines, Lake Como, and especially to Lake Maggiore, afforded her refreshment of spirit and of frame. On the latter clear expanse, repose the Borro-mean Islands, celebrated by Tasso and Ariosto, in glow-

ing language. These lie in a gulf, ornamented with tasteful dwellings, and terraced gardens, with the orange, citron, and myrtle, to lend shade and beauty to the esplanade. In the distance the Alps lift their solemn brows into the azure, girdled with cultivated fields, mantling foliage, and glittering with ice-plains, that flash in the sunlight like a motionless sea of diamonds. On the other side is the open country, covered with vineyards, dotted with villages and cities, and presenting all the variety of picturesque landscape so attractive to the traveler in Southern Europe. Josephine stood here entranced, like the Peri of this paradise. At her feet lay the crystal waters, reflecting the green slopes, the mansions of wealth, and the wandering clouds; while the white wings of distant sail-boats passed each other on the bright undulations. Napoleon loved this resort, where the grand and beautiful encircled him, invested with associations of the glory of a former age. His expanding genius, and soaring ambition, were pleased with scenes that embellished the majestic heights guarding the land of his victories, and which were silent exponents of his own dawning greatness. Even in his social intercourse he manifested a consciousness of superiority—an isolation of character, in avoiding a disclosure of his purposes and feelings, while his penetrating glance and admirable tact drew from others their every shade of changing thought. Josephine complains of this restless independence and distrust, which withheld from her the unrestrained intercourse of confiding affection. There was in her a transparent candor and lively sympathy, Napoleon doubtless feared; for secrecy he well knew was his only security while his movements, which had the stamp of destiny, were under the inspection of a legion of powerful foes. And there is always con-

nected with great genius an *egoism*, as the Germans term this self-reliance and irritability, which are unfavorable either to friendship or domestic felicity. But far as any object besides the scepter of Europe could reign over his heart, Josephine had control, and was cherished in moments of rest from his stupendous plans, with the fondness of early attachment. He was exceedingly kind to her son and daughter, both in correspondence, and projecting their advancement and happiness, in proportion to his own exaltation and resources of usefulness to friends. He was not destitute of deep emotion—nor a stranger to the better feelings of our nature; and yet there was ever a conflict between these and the attainment of his chief good—the unquestioned pre-eminence of power which should overshadow a continent—a principle of action that, in its legitimate result, would, if possible map out the heavens, and give away to his favorites, the stars.

One little incident illustrates his regard for his wife amid the stirring events that heralded his name, and betrays the same superstitious faith in omens she cherished. Isaby, a celebrated artist, painted a miniature of Josephine at the time of her marriage, which he constantly wore near his heart, in the feverish repose of his tent, and in the smoke of battle. When the war-cloud rolled away from the bed of the slain, and the shout of victory drowned the groans of the dying, with the pause of joy that succeeded to the conflict, he not unfrequently drew forth this talisman of his purest hopes and most rational delight, and then hastened to communicate the tidings of conquest to the original; in which the expression once occurs, “In the contest I think of France, afterward of *you*.” By some accident it happened that the glass covering the picture was broken, and immediately the presentiment awakened

that Josephine was dead—a solicitude which was calmed only with the return of a courier sent to learn if she were among the living.

The final settlement with the emperor’s commissioners, though long delayed, was at length completed, and the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed on the 3d of October, 1797. By this act the emperor yielded to France Flanders and the boundary of the Rhine, including the great fortress of Mentz. The various new republics of Lombardy were united, and recognized under the general name of the Cisalpine Republic. To indemnify Austria for the loss of those territories, the fall of Venice afforded new means—of which Napoleon did not hesitate to propose, nor Austria to accept the use. France and Austria agreed to effect a division of the whole territories of the ancient republic. Venice herself, and her Italian provinces, were handed over to the emperor in lieu of his lost Lombardy; and the French assumed the sovereignty of the Ionian islands and Dalmatia.

At the *TE DEUM*, after the proclamation of the peace, the imperial envoy would have taken the place prepared for Bonaparte, which was the most eminent in the church. The haughty soldier seized his arm and drew him back. “Had your imperial master himself been here,” said he, “I should not have forgotten that in my person the dignity of France is represented.”

When about quitting Milan for Rastadt, he presented a flag to the Directory by General Joubert, the messenger appointed for the occasion, on one side of which was the inscription, “To the army of Italy, the grateful country;” on the other a condensed, yet ambitious bulletin of his campaign: “One hundred and fifteen thousand prisoners; one hundred and seventy standards; five hundred and fifty pieces of battering can-

non ; six hundred pieces of field artillery ; five bridge equipages ; nine sixty-four gun ships ; twelve thirty-two gun frigates ; twelve corvettes ; eighteen galleys ; armistice with the King of Sardinia ; convention with Genoa ; armistice with the Duke of Parma ; armistice with the King of Naples ; armistice with the Pope ; preliminaries of Leoben ; convention of Montebello with the republic of Genoa ; treaty of peace with the Emperor at Campo-Formio.

“Liberty given to the people of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Massa-Carrara, La Romagna, Lombardy, Brescia, Bormio, the Vallentina, the Genoese, the Imperial Fiefs, the people of the departments of Coreigra, of the Ægean Sea, and of Ithaca. ‘Sent to Paris all the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, of Genercino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Correggio, of Albano, of Carracci, of Raphael, and of Leonardo da Vinci.’”

But the Directory were, in return for his success, envious of his popularity, which with the word *Liberty*, was traversing the valleys, and echoing among the snow-crowned tops of the Alps and Apennines ; and they annoyed both himself and Josephine by the subtle vigilance of spies, whose presence failed to obtain from either, treasonable or unlawful aspirations, with which to check, by the interposition of authority, the splendid course of this hero, whose youthful promise was that of bearing at length the prize alone in the Olympic games of blood, whose honors kings and generals had struggled for, and alternately lost and won.

Leaving Josephine and her family at Milan, he reached Mantua, celebrated the funeral of General Hoche, attended to the erection of a monument to the memory of Virgil, then amid the acclamations of the people, marched toward Rastadt. In addition to the portrait given incidentally in the preceding narration

of Napoleon's personal appearance, an additional extract from a letter written at this time by an observer of the triumphal procession, is interesting, and has an air of fidelity in the description :

“I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portrait, small in stature, thin, pale, with the air of fatigue, but not in ill health as has been reported. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which shall have their influence on the destinies of Europe.”

With the ardent affection of a noble army, who still wept over his farewell ; the enthusiastic admiration of thousands in the Cisalpine Republic which he created, who hoped for a future grand Italian union under a democratic constitution ; and attended in his rapid course through the hamlets of Switzerland and the cities of the plains, with the homage of the people ; he reached Rastadt, and appeared before the assembled congress of the German powers.

As only minor points divided the princes, Napoleon, after a few days, hastened to Paris. This congress continued its sessions from December 9th, 1797, to April 7th, 1799, while Napoleon was on a broader field of intellectual, civil and military display. For a while, he lived in obscurity, waiting the opportunity for another