

evolution in the march of events, to unfold his own stupendous plans. He pursued his studies—visited with a select few—and passed with Josephine the quiet hours. The Parisians marveled at the invisibility of their idol. But policy and taste both kept him from the public gaze, in the residence which he occupied before he went to Italy, and which was named in honor of the illustrious tenant, *Rue de la Victoire*. Upon one of the social occasions, when genius and beauty shone around his greater intellect, Madame de Staël, the distinguished daughter of M. Neckar, inquired, “Whom do you consider the greatest of women?” Napoleon replied, “Her, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children.” From this cutting rebuke to her vanity, she became his bitter enemy until death.

He was sensitive to the opinions of others, but his conscious superiority and natural independence, made him regardless of it, if personal plans or inclination led him in conflict with the pride and the views of the meanest or the most gifted minds. He became with advancing greatness, more formal and reserved in his intercourse with officers and friends, but maintained a familiar converse with the common soldiery. He knew that from the former, he must keep himself apart, if he would control them and awe the multitude; while in the absence of encroachment upon his realm of influence from the adoring soldier, his freedom with them had an air of sympathy and condescension which won the deeper love of the troops, and the admiration of all. In his elevation, he remembered the jewelers, barbers, and the humblest peasant, who had done him service when in the army. A silversmith, who had given him credit when he set out to Italy, for a dressing-case worth fifty pounds was rewarded with all the business which the recom-

mendation of his now illustrious debtor could bring to him; and, being clever in his trade, became ultimately, under the patronage of the imperial household, one of the wealthiest citizens of Paris. A little hatter, and a cobbler, who had served Bonaparte when a subaltern, might have risen in the same manner, had their skill equaled the silversmith's. Not even Napoleon's example could persuade the Parisians to wear ill-shaped hats and clumsy boots; but he, in his own person, adhered, to the last, to his original connection with these poor artisans.

January 2d, 1798, Napoleon left his retirement for the great court of Luxembourg. The treaty of Campo-Formio was in his hands, and the hour of public presentation to the Directory had been appointed. The open area was hung like a gorgeous tent, with banners, and both the rulers and the people waited impatiently for his appearing. And when he came, “followed by his staff, and surrounded on all hands with the trophies of his glorious campaigns, the enthusiasm of the mighty multitude, to the far greater part of which his person was, up to the moment, entirely unknown, outleaped all bounds, and filled the already jealous hearts of the directors with dark presentiments. They well knew that the soldiery returning from Italy had sung and said through every village, that it was high time to get rid of the lawyers, and make ‘the little corporal’ king. With uneasy hearts did they hear what seemed too like an echo of this cry, from the assembled leaders of opinion in Paris and in France. The voice of Napoleon was for the first time heard in an energetic speech, ascribing all the glories that had been achieved to the zeal of the French soldiery—for ‘the glorious constitution of the year THREE’—the same glorious constitution which, in the year *eight*, was

to receive the *coup de grace* from his own hand; and Barras, as presiding director, answering that 'Nature had exhausted all her powers in the creation of a Bonaparte,' awoke a new thunder of applause."

Talleyrand introduced him, and both his address and that of Napoleon were brief and brilliant. When the hero ceased, the concourse shouted wildly, "Vive Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the saviour of France." This splendid scene of delirious joy, was the homage of the people, and the government keenly felt it. He was elected member of the Institute, the distinguished literary establishment of the capital, in place of Carnot, exiled, and it was believed dead, and welcomed with similar demonstrations of honor and delight, by the cultivated constellation of minds gathered within its spacious halls. Thenceforth he put on the plain citizen's dress; and years afterward thus referred to the policy involved in the position and manners he then assumed: "Mankind are in the end always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute, and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing; I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer in the army." Napoleon's economy personally, was a singular quality of his character. He might have amassed wealth by millions, but limited himself to a moderate allowance. This fact made the meanness and jealousy of the Directory the more conspicuous and significant to him, when the motion was lost in the Chambers, to grant him the estate of Chambord. But when the government could use his name or presence, they were very willing to concede his eminence. On the contrary, he wished to have as

little to do with them as possible, and secretly despised their authority. It was with this mutual distrust ripening, that Napoleon refused the invitation to celebrate, with the republican leaders, the 21st of January, the anniversary of the violent death of Louis XVI. He at last yielded to the urgency of the Directory, and appeared, greatly to their annoyance, in citizen's dress, instead of the general's uniform with which to grace and sanction the ceremony he condemned, as the commemoration of a lamentable, if indeed a necessary tragedy. His presence was discovered, and the festival of death became a triumphal fête to Napoleon. The air was rent with shouts, and the populace bowed to him, as the forest bends before the wind.

The next grand scene in the Napoleonic drama, was the proposed invasion of England; the only great power openly hostile to the new republic. He disapproved the abrupt termination of negotiations with Lord Malmesbury the year before, by the government, but was ready to accept the command of the amply recruited army, and undertake another enterprise, equal in grandeur and difficulty to his genius. In company with a few of his ablest generals, he immediately commenced a survey of the coast opposite England. The result was the decision not to venture upon the doubtful, and if unsuccessful, fatal invasion of a mighty and patriotic army on their own soil. To Bourrienne, who inquired if the plan was possible, he replied, "No! it is too hazardous: I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake our beautiful France."

He then turned his thoughts to an indirect blow upon his haughty foe, by a campaign to Egypt, which would, if victorious, atone for the loss of colonies in the West Indies, and embarrass England in her trade with southern Asia.

The expedition to Egypt was finally decided upon by the Directory, who were willing to place the envied general in a command that would remove him to a dangerous climate, and perhaps rid them altogether of his dreaded pre-eminence. He received his appointment April 12th, 1798, and with a troop of a hundred savans, to gather antiquarian embellishments for the gallery of the Louvre, which he had already adorned by his contributions from the cabinets of Italy, and also to make scientific researches, he hastened to Toulon to join his assembled army and magnificent fleet.

His own ambitious views are finely expressed in his own words: "They do not long preserve at Paris the remembrance of anything. If I remain long unemployed, I am undone. The renown of one in this great Babylon speedily supplants that of another. If I am seen three times at the opera, I shall no longer be an object of curiosity. I am determined not to remain in Paris. There is nothing here to be accomplished. Everything here passes away. My glory is declining. The little corner of Europe is too small to supply it. We must go to the East. All great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity." He also said, "Europe presents no field for glorious exploits; no great empires or revolutions are found but in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men." Who can question the inspiration of an insatiate ambition in the heart that uttered such motives of conquest? To feel this suggestion, we have only to imagine them falling from the lips of Washington! It is true, Napoleon loved France; but clearly he regarded her fame inseparable from his own, and no sacrifice too great to secure both. A battalion of brave soldiers, or a single loving heart, offered no barrier to success; he

would sooner drain a goblet of tears he made to flow, than swerve from a purpose involving his glory. This conflict of powers on the war-plain of the human soul, is discernible in every phase of his history.

"The attention of England was still riveted on the coasts of Normandy and Picardy, between which and Paris Bonaparte studiously divided his presence—while it was on the borders of the Mediterranean that the ships and the troops really destined for action were assembling.

"Bonaparte, having rifled the cabinets and galleries of the Italian princes, was resolved not to lose the opportunity of appropriating some of the richest antiquarian treasures of Egypt; nor was it likely that he should undervalue the opportunities which his expedition might afford of extending the boundaries of science, by careful observation of natural phenomena. He drew together therefore a body of eminent artists and connoisseurs, under the direction of *Monge*, who had managed his Italian collections. It was perhaps the first time that a troop of savans (there were one hundred of them) formed part of the staff of an invading army.

"The various squadrons of the French fleet were now assembled at Toulon in readiness for departure. As soon as Bonaparte arrived he called his army together and harangued them. 'Rome,' he said, 'combated Carthage by sea as well as land; and England was the Carthage of France.—He was come to lead them, in the name of the goddess of Liberty across mighty seas, and into remote regions, where their valor might achieve such glory and such wealth as could never be looked for beneath the cold heavens of the West. The meanest of his soldiers should receive seven acres of land;—where he mentioned not. His prom-

ises had not hitherto been vain. The soldiery heard him with joy, and prepared to obey with alacrity.

“The English government, meanwhile, although they had no suspicion of the real destination of the armament, had not failed to observe what was passing in Toulon. They had sent a considerable reinforcement to Nelson, who then commanded on the Mediterranean station ; and he, at the moment when Bonaparte reached Toulon, was cruising within sight of the port. Napoleon well knew, that to embark in the presence of Nelson would be to rush into the jaws of ruin ; and waited until some accident should relieve him from this terrible watcher. On the evening of the 19th May, fortune favored him. A violent gale drove the English off the coast, and disabled some ships so much that Nelson was obliged to go into the harbors of Sardinia to have them repaired. The French General instantly commanded the embarkation of all his troops ; and as the last of them got on board, the sun rose on the mighty armament : it was one of those dazzling suns which the soldiery delighted afterward to call ‘the suns of Napoleon.’”

For six leagues along the Mediterranean shore, the grand armament in the form of a semicircle, unfurled its thousand snowy wings, and threw upon the breeze its gay streamers ; while the uniform of forty thousand “picked soldiers,” reflected the unclouded beams of the ascending orb. Josephine, who accompanied the General-in-chief to Toulon, extorting a promise of permission to follow soon his fortunes in the East, gazed with a full heart upon the dazzling pageant. Amid all the magnificence of the spectacle, her eye followed alone the l’Orient, which bore a husband and son, whose farewell embrace still thrilled her sensitive frame, till its tall mast became a speck in the distance,

and vanished like departing hope from her tearful gaze, beneath the horizon’s ruin. Yet there was the possibility of meeting her husband in accordance with the assurance given, among the ruins of Memphis and Thebes, which restored the dreams of a calmer, brighter future. She had a soul that soared like the skylark when the storm is past, and breathed the gentlest music of love, in the ear of whoever would listen.

She retired to Plombières, celebrated for its springs, whose waters it was thought might give that tone of perfect health to her system, Napoleon ambitiously desired for the transmission of his accumulating honors, and which she sought ardently for his sake. It was arranged that she should remain there until the arrival of the frigate from Egypt to convey her thither.

June 14th, the fleet reached the island of Malta. The once brave knights of St. John, soon yielded to the ordnance of Napoleon, and opened the gates of the renowned fortress. Napoleon with his usually laconic style, wrote to Joseph after the event :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“Headquarters, Malta, May, 29, 1798.

“General Baraguay d’Hilliers is going to Paris. He was unwell. I use him to carry parcels and flags. I hear nothing from you about Rire or Burgundy.* I write to my wife to come out to me. Be kind to her if she is near you. My health is good. Malta cost us a cannonade of two days ; it is the strongest place in Europe. I leave Vaubois there. I did not touch Corsica. I have had no French news for a month. We write by ship of war.”

In the eastward sailing of the invading army, they

* Estates he wished Joseph to purchase.

touched at Candia, to obtain supplies ; and by the circuitous route, escaped the pursuit of Nelson, who missing the French fleet in the harbor of Toulon, had taken the direct course toward Alexandria, where he suspected Napoleon might next display his troops. Hearing of Nelson's design, he determined to change his course to another port. But the English admiral, finding no vessels in the bay of Alexandria, immediately sailed to Rhodes, and thence to Syracuse, if possible to intercept his enemy.

July 1st, the French vessels were in the destined harbor, tossing amid the waves of a tremendous gale. Just then a sail appeared in the haze of distance. Napoleon exclaimed, "Fortune, I ask but six hours more—wilt thou refuse them?" It was a false alarm, and the troops disembarked ; the noble horses swimming to the shore, while many a poor soldier went down to sleep beneath the waters.

Egypt was taken by surprise. Her two hundred thousand Copts, or descendants of the ancient race of the land, the Arabs who were the dominant people in numbers, the Janizaries or Turks, and the wild, fierce Mamelukes, composed the two and a half millions to be conquered. They were at peace with France, but their alliance with England, and the blessings of conquest by French arms, were the pretext of this expedition. While the battalions of Napoleon formed in the order of attack, at Marabout, a mile and a half from Alexandria, where they landed, the intelligence preceded their march, and the Turks rallied in haste for the defense of their city. The gates were closed, and a desperate conflict began. The walls were scaled, and the French rushed impetuously and unsparingly upon the furious Mamelukes. With a short and terrific carnage, in which the French loss was small, Napoleon planted the tri-

color on the crumbling walls of the city. His apology for the merciless havoc of this first conflict, as in other instances of sanguinary conquest, was the necessity of making at the outset an impression of his resistless force, which should spread a panic among his foes. His ordinary rule of action, it is true, was more noble ; and is disclosed in the general order to the army, which at the same time declares his own unsettled and latitudinarian views of religious truth and obligation :

"The people with whom we are about to live, are Mahometans : the first article of their faith is, *There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.* Do not contradict them : deal with them as you have done with the Jews and the Italians. Respect their muftis and imans, as you have done by the rabbins and the bishops elsewhere. * * * The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe : you must accustom yourselves to them. These people treat their women differently from us ; but *in all countries, he who violates is a monster ; pillage enriches only a few ; it dishonors us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom it is our interest to have for friends.*"

To the people of Egypt he said : "They will tell you that I am come to destroy your religion ; believe them not : answer that I am come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes ever did, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Sheiks and imans, assure the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Is it not we that have ruined the Pope and the knights of Malta ? Thrice happy they who shall be with us ! Wo to them that take up arms for the Mamelukes ! they shall perish !" Leaving three thousand men to hold Alexandria, he despatched a flotilla on the Nile, with the munitions of war, to meet

the main army at a point fifty miles from Cairo, between which and himself, lay sixty miles of burning sands.

On the 6th of July, the regiments filed away into the arid desert, whose furnace heat was filled with tormenting insects, and on whose glowing plain sparkled no cooling fountains. Murat and Lannes dashed their cockades beneath their blistering feet, and many a poor soldier laid him down to gasp and die. The unmoistened brow, unshrinking glance of a seer, and the majestic step of a king, which marked the leader of that feverish host, alone kept the reeling ranks unbroken.

Flying groups of Arab horsemen picked up the lingering soldier, and him who left the line of march for a moment.

After a skirmish at Chebreis, and an attack on the flotilla, July 21, the Pyramids rose upon their straining vision. "While every eye was fixed on these hoary monuments of the past, they gained the brow of a gentle eminence, and saw at length spread out before them the vast army of the beys, their right posted on an intrenched camp by the Nile, their center and left composed of that brilliant cavalry with which they were by this time acquainted. Napoleon, riding forward to reconnoiter, perceived that the guns on the entrenched camp were not provided with carriages; and instantly decided on his plan of attack. He prepared to throw his force on the left, where the guns could not be available. Mourad Bey, who commanded in chief, speedily penetrated his design; and the Mamelukes advanced gallantly to the encounter. 'Soldiers,' said Napoleon, 'from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you;' and the battle began.

"The French formed into separate squares, and awaited the assault of the Mamelukes. These came on with

impetuous speed and wild cries, and practised every means to force their passage into the serried ranks of their new opponents. They rushed on the line of bayonets, backed their horses upon them, and at last maddened by the firmness which they could not shake, dashed their pistols and carabines into the faces of the men. Nothing could move the French: the bayonet and the continued roll of musketry by degrees thinned the host around them; and Bonaparte at last advanced. Such were the confusion and terror of the enemy when he came near the camp, that they abandoned their works, and flung themselves by hundreds into the Nile. The carnage was prodigious. Multitudes more were drowned. Mourad and a remnant of his Mamelukes retreated on Upper Egypt. Cairo surrendered: Lower Egypt was conquered."

Such was the battle of the Pyramids. It smote with fear the tribes and nations that surrounded and spread away from the Egyptian capital, even beyond the boundaries of Africa.

Napoleon, who had won by the fiery onset of his troops, the title of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire, and in less than a month had gained the sovereignty of Egypt, was an unhappy man. False rumors of the infidelity of Josephine had reached him. He was becoming weary of the conqueror's laurels, and evidently had hours of despondency amid the grand and awful game of destiny his youthful hand was playing. He thus wrote emotions known to not one of all his legions, in the correspondence with his elder brother:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

CAIRO, July 25, 1798.

"You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles and the conquest of Egypt, where we found

resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this army. Egypt is the richest country in the world for wheat, rice, pulse, and meal. Nothing can be more barbarous. There is no money, even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months. I recommend my interests to you. I have much domestic distress. Your friendship is very dear to me. To become a misanthropist I have only to lose it, and find that you betray me. That every different feeling towards the same person should be united in one heart is very painful.*

“Let me have on my arrival a villa near Paris or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me; feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge but pure selfishness. I shall retain my house, and let no one else occupy it. I have not more than enough to live on. Adieu, my only friend. I have never been unjust to you, as you must admit, though I may have wished to be so. You understand me. Love to your wife and to Jérôme.”

The soldiers of the conqueror, whose heart was corroded with ennui, meanwhile rioted on the splendid spoils of the slain Mamelukes, and the gathered luxuries in the deserted harems and gardens of the chiefs. The savans did not forget their mission among the pyramids and other monuments of antiquity. Napoleon entered upon extensive plans of improvement to the country. Canals were opened, which neglect had

* The suspicions of Josephine's honor, hinted at in this remarkable letter, disturbed Napoleon during the whole of his Egyptian campaign. Bourrienne describes his distress and his plans of divorce six months afterwards, in consequence of some information from Junot.

closed, and means devised to develop the resources of Egypt.

During these events, Nelson had returned from his search, to the coast, where lay at anchor the hunted fleet. And on the 1st of August, ten days after the victory under the shadow of the pyramids, the English directed their prows toward the curve of water between the enemy and the shore—a mode of attack Admiral Brueyes deemed impossible, on account of his proximity to the land. Nelson's plan was a great stroke of naval science; it was to bring his adversary between his lines of cannonade, and embrace them in his divided fleet, whose greeting would be the volcanic fires of death. For twenty-four hours the battle raged, with one awful interlude at midnight, when the l'Orient blew up, shaking like a subterranean earthquake, the land and sea. Brueyes perished; three thousand men were slain, and five thousand taken prisoners; and two riddled ships alone escaped to proclaim the defeat of Aboukir.

The French fleet was annihilated; and with a few more frigates, Nelson might have entered the harbor of Alexandria and taken from the enemy their stores. As it was, he blockaded the coast, and made Napoleon an involuntary exile—with no resources but his arms, and the savage country he had invaded. When the intelligence reached him, it extorted a sigh, and with unruffled dignity and composure, he remarked, “To France the fates have decreed the empire of the land—to England that of the sea.” He then commenced the reconstruction of the government—established councils—maintained law, order, and justice; and soon commanded the homage, respect, and admiration of the Moslem. That a new impulse was given to agriculture, education, and internal improvements, is un-