

deniable. It alleviates the horrors of devastating conquest, to know that Napoleon always attempted the elevation and progress of a conquered people. But this pleasant view of his triumphs, does not change the motives he avowed in the beginning of the Egyptian campaign—the pursuit of glory—the attainment of unrivaled power and renown.

He was not a monster of cruelty—a ruthless invader—against whom the kings of a continent conspired in righteous warfare of self-defense; nor was he a Christian hero—a republican patriot, who regarded human life and destiny for two worlds, with sacred interest and philanthropic sympathy. He was as often the assailed as the aggressor, and monarchs who opposed him, cared more for their crowns and empire, than for the peace and freedom of Europe. This was apparent in the joy that spread over the despotic realms, when the tidings of the “Battle of the Nile” fell on the ears of the haughty rulers of the servile masses.

Though the country was virtually conquered, the Mamelukes were not all submissive. Mourad Bey, with thousands of his horsemen, was in upper Egypt. Dessaix went there, and with bloody defeats subdued them; while Napoleon was planning in thought, and preparing his strength to beat back the threatened armies of England and Turkey.

Meanwhile he made an excursion to the Red Sea, to survey the route of a proposed canal to connect the Mediterranean with its waters, and provide a defense on that boundary of Egypt against the Ottomans. Upon one occasion, with a select company, he ventured at low tide upon the sand-flats spreading toward the shores of Asia, where, tradition has it, the Hebrews passed over in their exodus from Egypt. Savary, who was one of the company, relates the result:

“The night overtook us; the waters began to rise around us; the guard in advance exclaimed that their horses were swimming. Bonaparte saved us all by one of those simple expedients which occur to an imperturbable mind. Placing himself in the center, he bade all the rest form a circle round him, and then ride on, each man in a separate direction, and each man to halt as soon as he found his horse swimming. The man whose horse continued to march the last, was sure, he said, to be in the right direction: him accordingly we all followed, and reached Suez at two in the morning in safety, though so rapidly had the tide advanced, that the water was at the poptrels of our horses ere we made the land.”

Napoleon, upon his return to Cairo, with intelligence confirming the tidings of the allied forces sweeping through the Bosphorus and the Straits of Gibraltar, to concentrate their power upon the African coast, marched with ten thousand picked soldiers toward Syria, to attack the Turkish armament there, before the fleet should arrive to strengthen their arms. He crossed the intervening desert, and, “took possession of the fortress El-Arish, in February, whose garrison, after a vigorous assault, capitulated on condition that they should be permitted to retreat into Syria, pledging their parole not to serve again during the war. Pursuing his march, he took Gazah, that ancient city of the Philistines without opposition; but at Jaffa, the Joppa of holy writ, the Turks made a resolute defense. The walls were carried by storm; three thousand Turks died with arms in their hands, and the town was given up during three hours to the fury of the French soldiery—who never, as Napoleon confessed, availed themselves of the license of war more savagely than on this occasion.”

Twelve hundred of these desperate men, who poured down their fire from every window of a large edifice, in which they had taken shelter, were the last to surrender. They proved to be the Turks who were released at El-Arish, and had been faithless to their pledge of neutrality. These, after consultation, and repeated murmurs of the enraged troops at the delay, were led forth under General Bon among the sand-hills, and formed into squares. The blazing musketry soon mowed them down, and their bones whiten the sands where they fell. Much has been said of this slaughter, in condemnation of Napoleon. It was a fearful extermination, but under the circumstances, only an incident in the general warfare of invasion. The murder of a few savage soldiers, when to leave a guard for their safekeeping was impossible, and their faithlessness rendered any other disposal of them perilous, while an indignant army demanded the sacrifice, was comparatively a trivial affair. The question is the right and justice of the general havoc of this war of conquest, which in all the forms of fiercest carnage and suffering, lined the path of victory with heaps of the dead. To anticipate providence, and force reform, or cripple an allied enemy by such an awful waste of human life, and unrecorded agonies, is a kind of philanthropy and patriotism, which the splendor of genius cannot elevate above the range of an ambition, that disguises under the name of war, the wholesale murder of mankind.

At this date, the middle of March, 1798, the plague broke out in the French army in all its horrors. The sufferers grew despairing—the healthy shrunk from the couch of pain—and Napoleon himself went to the relief of the grateful soldier. He walked without an emotion, or at least sign of fear among the dying and

the dead in the hospitals, and encouraged the victims to hope on, and be of good courage. Such scenes exhibit the manly nature of Bonaparte, whose apparent cruelty was the unflinching, iron will, which without religious control, and devoted to military glory, did not turn aside for a barrier of snowy summits, nor when the price of victory was a hecatomb of dead men.

A formidable resistance, it was known, would be made by the ferocious Achmet, pasha of Syria, at Acre, renowned in the annals of the crusades. This bold chief spurned all inducements offered by Napoleon, to abandon the Porte, and form an independent province under the protection of France; and sent back the first messenger from the republican invader. The second soldier despatched to Achmet, was slain. Napoleon prepared to lead his exasperated troops against the fortified city, before which, Sir Sidney Smith, to whom, while cruising in the Levant, the pasha had applied for aid, appeared with two British ships of the line. He unexpectedly captured on the passage, at Mount Carmel, the French flotilla, with the weapons of siege—a most serious loss to Napoleon. In addition to these unpromising events, Colonel Philippeaux, a classmate at Brienne, but a royalist, conducted with skill and energy the plan of defense.

March 18th, Napoleon opened the trenches. For ten days he continued the ineffectual assault, when a breach was made, into which the French rushed. The garrison, who rallied after a momentary defeat which so enraged the daring Djezzar, who commanded, that he hurled his pistols at the heads of his swaying columns, swept the besiegers back.

Then darkened on the horizon an army of thirty thousand Mussulmans, from the mountains of Samaria, to complete the defense of Acre. At Mount Tabor,

April 16th, Kleber looked suddenly down upon the Turkish army, encamped on the plains of Palestine. In the unclouded sunrise, it was a splendid pageant. A shout of rage and defiance rose from the Turkish battalions. After a bloody conflict, threatening the extinction of Kleber's band, Napoleon appeared to the rescue, and soon the turbaned Turks on their flying chargers were hastening from the ensanguined field. The dashing Murat, ever conspicuous and ostentatious in his unrivaled bravery, was there, his white plume streaming through the thickest cloud of battle. And it is not strange, that his romantic spirit caught the influence of the sacred place, beneath the shadow of a mount whereon had bowed the prophet and the Son of God. He said afterward, "In the hottest of this terrible fight I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with tenfold courage and strength." Napoleon returned to the siege of Acre, on the issue of which hinged the success of his expedition. He said to Bourrienne, "The fate of the East depends upon the capture of Acre. That is the key of Constantinople or of India. If we succeed in taking this paltry town, I shall obtain the treasures of the pasha, and arms for three hundred thousand men." Day after day, the murderous work went on; and explosions, putrefaction, and disease, added their terrors to the protracted conflict. Sir Sidney Smith displayed skill and courage in the unyielding strength of his resistance. When sixty days had passed, making a charnel-house and hospital of fortress and tent, the repeated assaults, and momentary promise of victory, were followed by retreat, leaving the noblest officers and men in the French battalions ghastly forms of blackened corruption. Just then a Turkish fleet

with twelve thousand men, appeared in the seaward horizon, moving down upon Acre, to reinforce the exulting Djezzar. Napoleon saw the case was hopeless. He must yield to that destiny which he worshiped as a blind, resistless force bearing him onward, whether to victory or defeat, and for the first time abandon by retreat the crimson field of war. May 21st, 1799, keeping up the fire of assault to deceive his foes, he led his army toward Jaffa. The following was his address to the troops: "Soldiers! you have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa, with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army which was on its way to invade Egypt is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts which secure the wells of the desert. You have dispersed at Mount Tabor, those swarms of brigands collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships which, twelve days ago, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria. But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the pasha in his palace; but at this season, the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential service. Soldiers! we

have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having by this campaign secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

From Jaffa, Napoleon marched directly to Egypt. The sickening scenes of suffering and death, before described, in their passage over the desert-sands, were renewed. And no exhibition of the Satanic and brutal elements of war, besides the murderous strife, was ever more shocking than that transit across the burning plain.

"When a comrade, after quitting his ranks, being stimulated by the despair of falling into the hands of the Turks or Arabs, yet once again reared himself from the burning sand, and made a last attempt to stagger after the column, his painful and ineffectual efforts furnished matter for military merriment. 'He is drunk,' said one; 'his march will not be a long one,' answered another; and when he once more sank helpless and hopeless, a third remarked, 'our friend has at length taken up his quarters.' It is not to be omitted, that Napoleon did, on this occasion, all that became his situation. He yielded his last horse to the service of the moving hospital; and walked on foot, by the side of the sick, cheering them by his eye and his voice, and exhibiting to all the soldiery, the example at once of endurance and of compassion."

Reaching Cairo, he again gave his attention to the political interests of the conquered land of the ancient Pharaohs. But while his capacious mind was planning governmental bases for the new order of things, rumors of the descent of the beys of the Upper Nile, and of the foreign allies upon the coast at or near Alexandria. The oriental sky thus darkened above him, and his anxious thoughts turned toward France,

from which for several months he had received no tidings.

It was an evening in July, when walking beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, he descried a horseman flying over the plain. He proved to be an Arab, with despatches from Alexandria. Eighteen thousand Turks had landed there; the combined fleets of Russia, Turkey, and England, were in the bay, and Mourad Bey with a Mameluke force from Upper Egypt, was on the march thither. Leaving Dessaix in command of Cairo, he descended the Nile with rapid flight, and on the 25th of July, at nightfall, reached the enemy, already in possession of Aboukir. Looking toward the extended camp of his foes, Napoleon remarked to Murat, "Go how it will, the battle tomorrow will decide the fate of the world!" Of this army, at least," replied Murat; "but the Turks have no cavalry, and if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by horse, they shall be so by mine."

The morning dawned, and the strife began. The outposts yielded to the valor of the French, but the batteries and cannonade of the ships near the shore checked their advance. Rout might have followed but for the eagerness of the Turks to despoil and maim the troops that fell before them. Murat improved the moment, and charging their main body in flank with his furious and fearless cavalry, spread disorder in their ranks, while Napoleon swept with his infantry through the entrenchments. Then the unsparing massacre became universal. It was personal combat, till the terrified Turks turned from the storm of death, which the more rapid fire of the French poured upon their decimated ranks. They plunged by thousands headlong into the sea, until the waters were covered with floating turbans, and red with blood. Six thousand

surrendered unconditionally, and twelve thousand perished on land and in the waters of the Mediterranean. When the daring Murat, who dashed into the Turkish camp, and with a stroke of his sword disabled Mustapha Pacha, the general, brought the haughty Turk to Napoleon, the victor said, "It has been your fate to lose this day; but I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage with which you have contested it." "Spare thyself that trouble," answered the proud pacha, "my master knows me better than thou."

The defeat was complete, and the triumph one of the most wonderful in the annals of war. Napoleon, on the 10th of August, was again in Cairo. His purpose of leaving Egypt in the care of subordinates, and embarking for France, was maturing. Sir Sidney Smith, either as an act of courtesy or to annoy his adversary, sent Napoleon a file of English papers. He learned from them the loss of Italy—the uprising in Rome, which threatened the life of Joseph—the invasions, under the imbecile Directory, of Switzerland and Sardinia, to establish republics after their model—arousing the indignation of the more intelligent republicans, the royalists, and Catholics. These with many other discordant elements, and imminent perils to France, decided Napoleon to hasten to its coast. His plan was communicated only to Bourrienne, Berthier, and Gantheaume; the latter immediately got ready the frigates, and two smaller vessels at Alexandria. Departing from Cairo, with the pretext of an exploration down the Nile, with his selected band of friends, he crossed the desert, and arrived at Alexandria, August 22d. Then he apprised the company of his design to return to France; and with acclamation they received the announcement. Soon after, the little fleet, the flying representative of the gallant squad-

ron which a few months before sailed toward that shore, was gliding over the blue waves of the same unchanging sea. The usual converse—the intellectual entertainments the master spirit always gave—and other incidents of a voyage—transpired. We glance onward to the gorgeous capital to which Napoleon's restless thoughts were ever turning, from the deck of his fugitive ship.

Gohier, President of the Directory, on the 9th of October, 1799, gave a splendid levee, embracing the noble and the beautiful of the capital. Josephine was a guest, though more a spectator than participant in the festivity of the brilliant occasion. The gifted being to whom her tides of feeling in their deepest channel, however dark or shining their surface—however black or beaming the skies above—were as obedient as the sea to the changeful moon, was a wanderer among the dead and dying of his unrivaled army, or perhaps gazing in vain upon the wide waters for a friendly bark to bear him away. The ample entertainment went forward—the viands disappeared, and the wine-cup became the inspiration of wit, and the pledge of affection. But while the converse of excited genius rang out in sparkling repartee, and beauty smiled, suddenly the eye of Gohier was arrested by a telegraphic line which checked his gaiety, and held the throng in suspense. With a serious air, he repeated the announcement—"Bonaparte landed this morning at Frejus." The strange silence of that startled assembly, was no less marked than when the first peal of a rising storm and its shadows cast before, hushes into stillness the amphitheater of nature, which rang with the music and glee of spring-time.

There was a blending of vague apprehension, and wonder, and hope. The multitude, during his former

campaigns, had begun to regard the rapid and almost miraculous exertions of that intellect, embodied in action that dwarfed all the great of antiquity into common men, with mysterious awe; and his unexpected appearance on the theater he seemed to have deserted and lost, sent a wave of surprise and agitation over these rejoicing hearts, and with the morning light over millions more.

Josephine rose upon hearing the intelligence, and with suppressed emotion whispered an adieu to those about her, and retired. Her design was instantly formed of meeting him on his way to Paris; not only to hail his return, but efface from his mind a doubt of her fidelity, before it was graven more deeply by the enmity of those who envied her influence, and would rob her of her honors. Accompanied by Hortense, or as is affirmed by some writers, Louis Bonaparte, she hastened with the speed of a courier, toward Lyons. But the General had avoided the direct route she traveled, and passed her of course without the knowledge of either. Alarmed, she flew with all possible speed to the metropolis; but she was too late—the hour of midnight which brought her to their city residence was one of desolating sorrow. Napoleon had found his home a solitude, and the impression this unaccountable desertion, relieved only by the gathering members of the Bonaparte family, made upon his spirit stained with jealousy, and worn by the sufferings of his sad adventures, was fearful, and never forgotten. It is not strange the sobbing wife was sent without recognition to her apartment, to weep away the night in agony. There may be some apology for him in the fact that society in decay had weakened his faith in the morality of the *élite*, and his thorough knowledge of men rendered him skeptical whenever self-interest was

the stake, with regard to apparent innocence, or circumstantial evidence against deeds which his own experience assured him might tarnish the escutcheon of the renowned. His estimate therefore of human nature was not high, for he found it a pliable thing beneath his molding hand, and the multitude were his creatures, playing their part in his elevation to disguised royalty; which like a distant summit robed with cloud, was mistaken for something that they admired, and toward which they were impatiently struggling, to find protection and repose.

He sternly refused to see Josephine, who, with a bosom bleeding, waited the result of her children's eloquence and tears. Two long, dreary days wore away—the wrathful deep of a mighty mind was tranquil again—and the gentle words of Hortense, and her swimming eye, with the manly yet touching entreaty of Eugene, restored the wonted tenderness of his better moods. He stole into her room, and found the wife of his youth in the attitude of inconsolable grief. Leaning upon the table, her face was buried in her hands—the warm tears were dropping from her delicate fingers upon the letters he had written in the fulness of affection, while convulsive sobs alone disturbed the stillness. He gazed a moment, and with quivering lip, murmured "*Josephine!*" She looked up with her soul in the expression, and reading in his pale countenance the evidence of a milder frame, said sweetly, "*mon ami!*"—the familiar language of love. He silently extended his hand, and she was once more welcomed to the embrace and confidence of Napoleon.

He now lived for the most part in retirement; dividing the hours between domestic society, and that profound contemplation with which he always matured his magnificent schemes. He valued, and cheerfully

acknowledged the discriminating judgment and observation of Josephine, both during his absence in Egypt, and while enjoying that prelude to the eventful changes which soon after paved his way to a throne.

He found France retrograding in every respect. The Congress of Rastadt had resulted in the assassination of French plenipotentiaries, and open war. Suwarrow with his battalions had overswept Italy, and taken from him his miniature republics. On nearly all of the national boundaries the foe hung menacingly, glorying over the spoils of victory, and to complete the discord and danger, the Directory, distracted by the conflict of royalty with extreme republicanism, was the centralization of anarchy and imbecility rather than of power and dignity. There was necessarily almost universal discontent, and poor France turned with disgust from that substitute for appalling terrorism—the oppressive mockery of a republic.

## CHAPTER IV.

Napoleon in Paris.—The 18th Brumaire.—Napoleon at St. Cloud.—The consular government.—The motives of Napoleon.—Reforms.—The new constitution.—Napoleon at the Tuilleries.—Josephine.—Personal appearance of the first consul.—News of Washington's death.—The Bourbons.—Napoleon's policy.—Propositions of peace with England.—Correspondence.—Causes of war.—Movements of the armies.—Capitulation of Genoa.—Napoleon at Marengo.—The battle.—The results.—Napoleon at Milan.—Renewed hopes of the Bourbons.—A new campaign.—Battle of Hohenlinden.—The emperor sues for peace.—Napoleon returns.—His work of reform of national advancement.—The infernal machine.—The spring of 1801.—The battle of Copenhagen.—The English take Egypt.—Invasion of England.—Peace of Amiens.—Letters.—Napoleon's designs of reform.—Treaty with the Pope.—Legion of honor.—Consulate for life.—Colonial conquests.—Napoleon and the invasion of Hayti.

NAPOLEON retired again to his quiet dwelling in the *Rue de la Victoire*, to contemplate the events of the past, and wait for the moment in the future, when the reins of government might be safely seized. He was conscious of the capacity to govern France, and of the sympathies of the people. His purpose, which had for many years been unfolding in his gigantic mind, was now matured. Yet was there preliminary work to be done, before the decisive blow was given, which should crush the Directory, and sweep away the Council of the Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Besides, Bernadotte was opposed to him, and Moreau was likely to resist his power. In a conversation with Moreau, Napoleon used language which briefly explains his marvels of military prowess, and shows his unsurpassed knowledge of the universal principles of human action. "It was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting