

the ear with the ominous echo of its frequent stroke, and the nation's heart beat once more freely beneath the protecting ægis of that single arm, which had hewn down the riotous mob, annihilated armies, then overthrowing a miserable government, in the name of a *citizen* had taken the reins of supreme dictation over a submissive and delighted people.

The illusion was successful that met their observation in all this outward parade. The fine talents of untitled heroes, and the splendor that outshone the gaudy machine of Bourbon oppression, pleased exceedingly the multitude, who *seemed* to be in the ascendant—while the royalists read with hope in this returning grandeur, the indications of a full restoration of monarchy.

Guests from every class of citizens, therefore, participated in this magnificent entertainment, with unusual joy. Josephine, attended by Talleyrand, the minister of foreign affairs, entered the saloon greeted with the murmur of universal admiration. Her dress was simple, and her manner, then as always indeed, perfectly graceful. The white muslin of her apparel like a vestal robe, was both entirely becoming and an emblem of her unstained innocence of action. The tresses of her hair fell negligently upon her neck, around which a simple ornament of pearls threw their luster, and her features beaming with benignity made her a charming contrast with the unfortunate wife of Louis, her admired predecessor. She received the presentation of ambassadors with quiet dignity, and passed through the thronged apartments, smiling on the company with the sympathy and affection of an ingenuous spirit beneath the unaffected majesty of a queen. She was now thirty-six, but retained to a remarkable degree the freshness and buoyancy of her

youth. Her tasteful and unostentatious attire, and the sparkling sweetness of her conversation, contributed much to the manifold attractions she possessed.

“Josephine was rather above than below the middle size, hers being exactly that perfection of stature which is neither too tall for the delicacy of feminine proportion, nor so diminutive as to detract from dignity. Her person, in its individual forms, exhibited faultless symmetry; and the whole frame, animated by lightness and elasticity of movement, seemed like something aerial in its perfectly graceful carriage. This harmonious ease of action contributed yet more to the dignified, though still youthful air so remarkable in Josephine's appearance. Her features were small and finely modeled, the curves tending rather to fullness, and the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statuelike coldness of outline. The habitual character of her countenance was a placid sweetness, within whose influence there were few who would not have felt interested in a being so gentle. Perhaps the first impression might have left a feeling that there wanted energy; but this could have been for an instant only, for the real charm of this mild countenance resided in its power of varied expression, changing with each vicissitude of thought and sentiment. ‘Never,’ says a very honest admirer, ‘did any woman better justify the saying, “The eyes are the mirror of the soul.”’ Josephine's were of a deep blue, clear and brilliant, even imposing in their expression, when turned fully upon any one; but in her usual manner they lay half concealed beneath their long and silky eyelashes. She had a habit of looking thus with a mild, subdued glance upon those whom she loved, throwing into her regard such winning tenderness as might not easily be resisted, and, even in his darkest moods, Na-

oleon confessed its tranquilizing power. Realizing exactly the fine description of the old poet, Josephine's

“‘Long hair was glossy chestnut brown,’

whose sunny richness harmonized delightfully with a clear and transparent complexion, and neck of almost dazzling whiteness. Her eyebrows were a shade darker, arching regularly, and penciled with extreme delicacy. The perfect modulation of her voice has already been mentioned; it constituted one of her most pleasing attractions, and rendered her conversation, though not sparkling with wit nor remarkable for strength, but flowing on in easy elegance and perfect good-nature, the most captivating that can easily be conceived; on the whole, Josephine, perhaps, might not exactly have pretensions to be what is termed a fine woman, but hers was that style of beauty which awakens in the heart a far deeper sentiment than mere admiration.”

Napoleon, on the occasion described, appeared in plain uniform, decorated only with the tri-colored sash, a simple and beautiful badge worn with no less policy than taste. A glow of satisfaction played upon his pale features—his noble forehead hung like a battlement over the restless orbs, whose fire flashed with the rapidity of lightning, revealing the hue of thought, but not its secret, mighty workings—and upon his countenance, meditation as a mysterious presence was always visible. His figure was rather diminutive, as before described, and he stooped in walking carelessly with his friends. His hands were symmetrical, of which it is said he was particularly vain. Among the eccentricities of his deportment, which were merely the peculiarities of genius engaged in profound con-

templation, he had a convulsive shrug of his right shoulder, moving at the same instant his mouth in that direction.

Bonaparte turned away with weariness at times from the cares and pleasures of the Tuilleries, and sought with Josephine the tranquil scenes of Malmaison.

The tenth day of the decade, and after the restoration of the hebdomadal calendar, every Saturday and Sabbath were passed at their charming villa.

The death of Washington, December 14th, 1799, reached France; and Napoleon expressed his admiration of the illustrious patriot, and increased the deceptive halo of freedom, concealing his throne of royalty, by issuing the following order to the army: “Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the freemen of both hemispheres, and especially to the French soldiers, who like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the banners and standards of the republic.”

The absence of truthfulness in this language is apparent. Liberty was not secured, and France no more a republic than the empire of Russia is to-day.

Meanwhile the scattered Bourbons and their friends, within and beyond the confines of France, who saw the proportions of a new monarchy appearing through the illusion before the minds of the masses, began to hope that when the preparatory work was completed, the dethroned dynasty would be restored to the sovereignty of the nation. An audience, at night, was granted to the agents of the exiled princes, when Napoleon assured them that the attempt would be sanguinary; and refused all negotiation with any who

adhered to the policy of the Bourbons. He quelled the civil war of the royalists in the populous province of La Vendée, and won the principal chiefs to his advancing interest. His rule of action at this period, was expressed in the remark to Sieyes: "We are creating a new era—of the past, we must forget the bad, and remember only the good." He carried out the principle in the consolidation of power with his own surpassing skill and prophetic eye on the future. He selected one consul from the republicans, another from the royalists—opposite in principles, and yet the creatures of his will—and prevented by their relation to each other, from conspiring against him; and when the unreliable character of Talleyrand was urged as an objection to his elevated position, Napoleon replied, "Be it so, but he is the ablest minister for foreign affairs in our choice, and it shall be my care that he exerts his abilities." Carnot, in like manner, was objected to as a firm republican. "Republican or not," answered Napoleon, "he is one of the last Frenchmen that would wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivaled talents in the war department, while he is willing to place them at our command." All parties equally cried out against the falsehood, duplicity, and, in fact, avowed profligacy of Fouché. "Fouché," said Bonaparte, "and Fouché alone, is able to conduct the ministry of the police: he alone has a perfect knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We cannot create men: we must take such as we find; and it is easier to modify by circumstances the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place."

Civil liberty was enjoyed, although political liberty was not secured. There was equality in the presence

of law, for all Frenchmen. The same forms of trial were decreed for the people, and the highest position in the realm, possible for the worthy and aspiring citizen, except the consular throne.

With a tranquil kingdom at his feet, Napoleon's next and serious care was the menacing attitude of Austria and England. Russia had abandoned the alliance, and the autocrat seemed to have been suddenly smitten with admiration for Napoleon. Austria, in his absence during the Egyptian campaign, had invaded northern Italy, and England, with Nelson's victories to revive her courage, was unchanged in her attitude toward France. The consul hoping, however, that by advances from himself, peace might be secured, he disregarded the etiquette of diplomacy, and directed the following letter to George the Third.

"French Republic—Sovereignty of the People—  
Liberty and Equality."

*"Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland:*

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy of the republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the discharge of its duties, to communicate the event directly to your majesty.

"Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness, to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence comes it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants as well as of glories? These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your

majesty, who rule over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy. Your majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification—by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in the powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

“France and England, abusing their strength, may long defer the period of its utter exhaustion; but I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are raging throughout the whole world. I have the honor to be, etc., etc., etc.”

“BONAPARTE.”

In accordance with the constitution of England, the response was made through the ministry; and Lord Grenville, Secretary of State, thus wrote to Talleyrand:

“The king of England had no object in the war but the security of his own dominions, his allies, and Europe in general. He would seize the first favorable opportunity to make peace—at present he could see none. The same general assertions of pacific intentions had proceeded, successively, from all the revolutionary governments of France; and they had all persisted in conduct directly and notoriously the opposite of their language—Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Germany, Egypt, what country had been safe from French aggression? The war must continue till the causes which gave it birth ceased to exist. The restoration of the exiled royal family would be the easiest means of giving confidence to the powers of Europe. The king of England pretended by no means to dictate anything as

to the internal policy of France; but he was compelled to say, that he saw nothing in the circumstances under which the new government had been set up, or the principles it professed to act upon, which tend to make foreign powers regard it as either more stable, or more trustworthy than the transitory forms it had supplanted.”

It is evident that England, with justice, felt that the sanguinary revolutions, whose last phase was the elevation of Napoleon to supreme command of the restless masses, offered no basis of pacific negotiations. Nothing had transpired in all the career of the first consul, to inspire confidence in his future reign. The cabinet knew that he loved war, and policy only kept his legions from the gates of London. It is also true, that England was determined to have peace only on the ground of protection to the monarchs whose thrones had trembled before the tramp of Napoleon's battalions.

The king was too haughty and exacting: the first consul flushed with conquest, ready, if his terms of amity were not accepted, to open again the sluices of human blood.

And who that surveys the awful excesses and blasphemies of the French nation up to this period, can marvel at the suspicions of England, especially when her own preeminently superior institutions and general progress, were to her view safe only under the ægis of the limited monarchy she boasted. The spirit with which Napoleon negotiated, and saw the result, is expressed in his own emphatic language: “The answer filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favorable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes! yes! war to the death!”

On the other hand, the extravagant demands of the

British government were rebuked by a letter purporting to be from the heir of the House of Stuart, claiming from the hand of George the Third, the throne of the realm over which his ancestors had held the scepter. England was not anxious to close the war with France, nor was Napoleon grieved at the fact; and he did not long wait to declare it. He had the *casus belli*, in British intervention and arrogance, which he embraced with his cherished enthusiasm for glory on the field of Mars.

It was desirable that France should rest from conflict, and the sagacious consul knew, and therefore desired it. Had England been more just and generous, disentangled from alliance with corrupt and tottering thrones of despotic power, peace would have stopped the slaughter of men, and the sufferings it spread in the homes of Europe.

Three days after the date of Lord Grenville's letter, January 7th, Napoleon's edict was published, creating an army of reserve, comprising the veterans of former service, strengthened by the addition of thirty thousand recruits.

Bonaparte again addressed the troops in his stirring style of appeal, which kindled into a flame the zeal of the nation: "Frenchmen! you have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardor. Its first efforts, its most constant efforts, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy, and either to erase it from the map of Europe, or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the

attainment of this object she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

The preparations for a mighty struggle now went forward with the energy which attended all the grand designs of the pervading genius.

"The chief consul sent Massena to assume the command of the 'army of Italy'; and issued, on that occasion, a general order, which had a magical effect on the minds of the soldiery. Massena was highly esteemed among them; and, after his arrival at Genoa, the deserters flocked back rapidly to their standards. At the same time, Bonaparte ordered Moreau to assume the command of the two corps of the Danube and Helvetia, and consolidate them into one great 'army of the Rhine.' Lastly, the rendezvous of the 'army of reserve,' was appointed for Dijon: a central position, from which either Massena or Moreau might, as circumstances demanded, be supported and reinforced; but which Napoleon really designed to serve for a cloak to his main purpose. For he had already, in concert with Carnot, sketched the plan of that which is generally considered as at once the most daring and the most masterly of all the campaigns of the war. In placing Moreau at the head of the army of the Rhine, full one hundred and fifty thousand strong, and out of all comparison the best disciplined as well as largest force of the republic, Bonaparte exhibited a noble superiority to all feelings of personal jealousy. That general's reputation approached the most nearly to his own; but his talents justified this reputation, and the chief consul thought of nothing but the best means of accomplishing the purposes of the joint campaign. While this service was given to Moreau, the chief consul was not without a daring plan for his own action."

Moreau, though gifted, was not able fully to grasp

Napoleon's bold outline of the campaign, and modified it to suit his more moderate action. The consul yielded to individual law of mind, and purposed himself to lead an army into the field. The movements at Dijon were only a disguise in which to cheat the enemy, and conceal his greater design. While Austria supposed he was there preparing to rally the army of Italy, and march to Genoa, his troops were pouring from every part of France, into the valleys of Switzerland, neither detachment apprised of the destination of any other.

On the 4th of May he left Malmaison, and embracing Josephine upon his departure, bade her adieu with these words: "Courage, my good Josephine! I shall not forget thee, nor will my absence be long." Two days after, he was reviewing the vanguard of the army of reserve at Lausanne, consisting of six tried regiments of his best troops under Lannes. Immediately orders were given for the whole force, led by Victor, Murat, and other brave commanders, amounting to thirty-six thousand men, to move forward to St. Pierre, a hamlet at the foot of St. Bernard. From this village to St. Remi, over that gigantic crest of the Alps, Great St. Bernard, the route is environed with difficulties apparently insurmountable, and which frown upon the daring adventurer with hopeless terror. A survey of the fearful ascent resulted in the decision of a bare possibility of success; upon which Napoleon said confidently, "Let us forward then!" The mighty cavalcade went steadily up the rugged heights—over precipices well-nigh perpendicular, dragging the heavy artillery upon the trunks of trees after them, while martial music was poured in thrilling echoes on the ear of the mountain solitude, and the occasional interlude of a charge was beaten, to revive the courage of the struggling host. The eagle left his eyrie to look

on a scene that his flashing eye had never witnessed before, and sent down to the dark defiles the cry of alarm; while the wild goat paused in his flight to watch the tortuous advance of the vast Hydra which hung upon the snow-clad declivity, from its base to its cloud-covered brow.

The wondrous marches under the shadow of frowning fortresses, and along the ridges of majestic perilous cliffs, on which Napoleon would lie down and snatch a brief repose—the almost unearthly daring of the troops, and mysterious charm of their leader's voice—cannot be portrayed with pen or pencil. The chieftain sent back his youthful guide, from whom he had learned a tale of love and penury, with a scrap of writing, which the bearer could not read, conferring on him a pleasant home; in this he soon introduced the maiden he led to the altar, where he died many years after Napoleon had ceased to live even in exile.

The consul descended the glittering glaciers in a sledge, and on the 2d of June entered Milan amid the shouts of the populace, who supposed he was sleeping beneath the waters of the Red Sea.

Meanwhile, Genoa, which had been in blockade by forty thousand Austrians under General Ott, and the English fleet under Lord Keith, on the coast, was compelled to surrender; and Massena, on account of his unrivaled bravery amid famine and threatened insurrection of the inhabitants, was allowed to march his troops to the headquarters of Suchet, on the frontier of France, holding the last line of defense on that boundary. General Ott, by his delay at Genoa, gave Napoleon the advantage of rapid advance. Melas, perplexed with the movements of the consul, while Suchet demanded attention for a time, accomplished nothing. But the Austrian commander at length saw his peril

and moved on toward Marengo ; General Ott was also in motion. Napoleon, who had not heard of the fall of Genoa, was contemplating its relief as a surprise to Melas, when on the 9th of June, Lannes, who had advanced to Montebello, suddenly came on the Austrian army. At eleven o'clock the battle opened. The Austrians from the surrounding slopes swept the plain with their batteries. The field of carnage was a waving harvest-field of tall rye, which so concealed the opposing battalions, that often before they knew their proximity the hostile bayonets met. Lannes fought like a demon, piled around with the dead, and breasting the tide of battle, till Victor's division could arrive. It came, and the conflict raged afresh. Lannes said of this horrid slaughter beneath the amphitheater of batteries, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail storm.*"

At nightfall the roar of combat died away, and five thousand prisoners were in the hands of the French, and the bloody field was won. When Napoleon rode up, he contemplated proudly the blackened hero amid the ghastly forms of the slain ; and immediately gave him the title of Duke of Montebello, in honor of his bravery. The victory fanned the enthusiasm of the French, and roused the desperate courage of the Austrians. The daring Dessaix, who followed Napoleon from Egypt, a few months later, found upon landing the consul's request to join him in the new campaign. He is said to have remarked of his beloved commander, "He has gained all, and yet he is not satisfied." He hastened toward the scene of action, to fight under the banner which had streamed in the smoke of battle beneath the shadow of the pyramids. Napoleon moved onward to the village of Marengo, and finding no traces of the enemy, sent Dessaix to watch the road toward

Genoa, and Murat toward Scrivia. On the 14th, Melas with forty thousand men, entered the plain of Marengo, before the dawn kindled on his forest of burnished bayonets. Napoleon had twenty thousand troops ; Dessaix, with six thousand more, was thirty miles from Marengo. When the conflict began, he caught the sound of the heavy cannonade coming like the roar of thunder to his ear, and springing to his steed, hurried his division forward. Napoleon sent successive couriers to urge the rushing ranks, on whose timely aid hung the fortunes of the terrible day. The tempest of fire was too wasting to be resisted. The battalions began to reel, fall back, and retreat. While Napoleon with his falling columns slowly yielded to the living masses of exulting Austrians, Melas, confident of victory, retired to his tent, and prepared for swift messengers, the tidings of the grand event. At this critical moment, Napoleon's restless eye caught the outline of Dessaix's division sweeping into the field. The brave commander dashed onward to salute the first consul ; and beholding the flight on every hand, exclaimed, "I see the battle is lost." Napoleon replied, "The battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear." Dessaix turned, and met the tide of fiery devastation, as a wall of granite meets the angry billows.

Kellerman was ordered to charge in flank, while Napoleon's voice rang along the lines, reassuring his men, and giving with his own miraculous rapidity of action, a new aspect to the crimson plain of Marengo. The Austrian army was compelled to halt, and receive the onset of Dessaix. The fire was answered, and the hero fell pierced through the heart, declaring his only regret to be, that he died before his fame was secure—a transit to eternity, no devout mind can contemplate