

NAPOLEON
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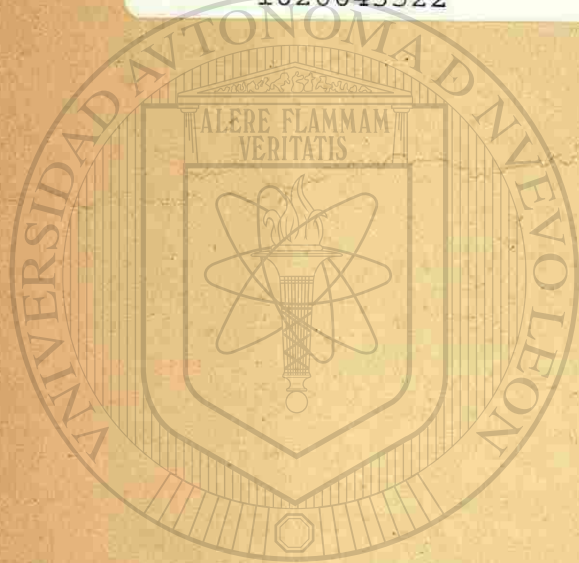
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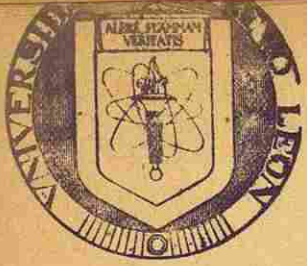
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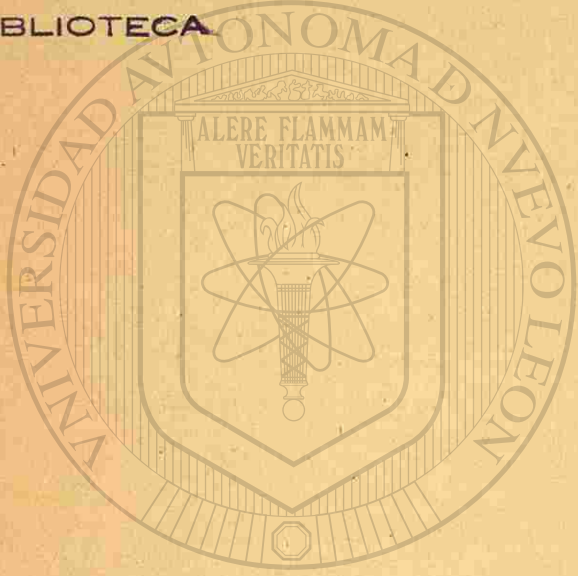


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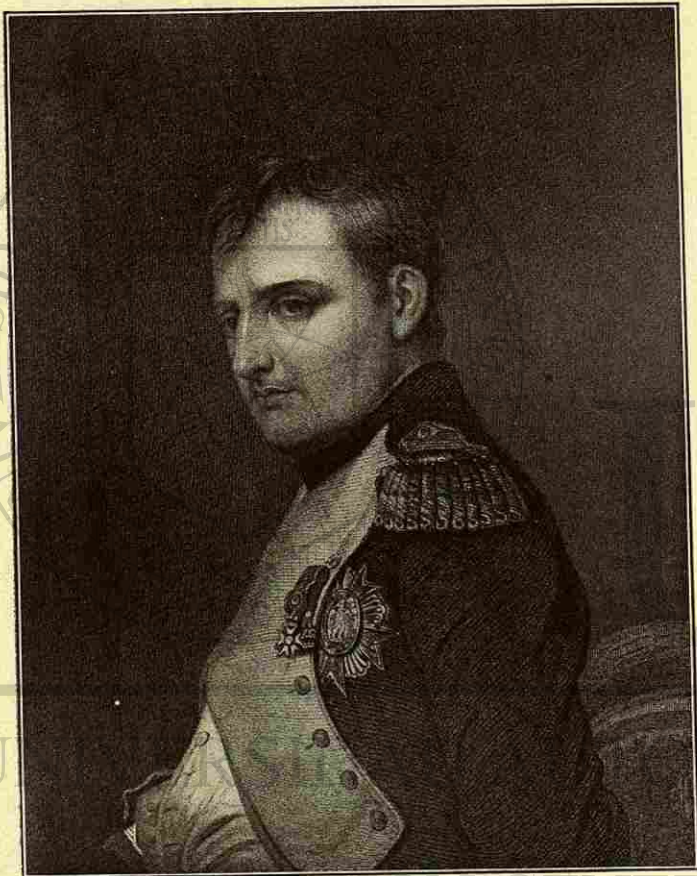


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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE BIBLIOTECAS





THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE LIFE OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

By P. C. HEADLEY

Author of "LIFE OF THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE," "LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,"
"LIFE OF KOSSUTH," etc., etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
By G. MERCER ADAM



UNIVERSIDAD DE NUEVO LEÓN
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

A. L. BURTT COMPANY,
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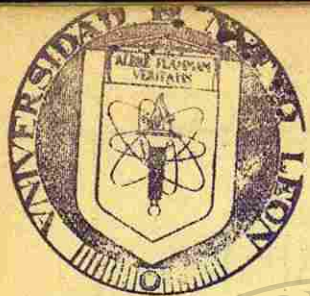
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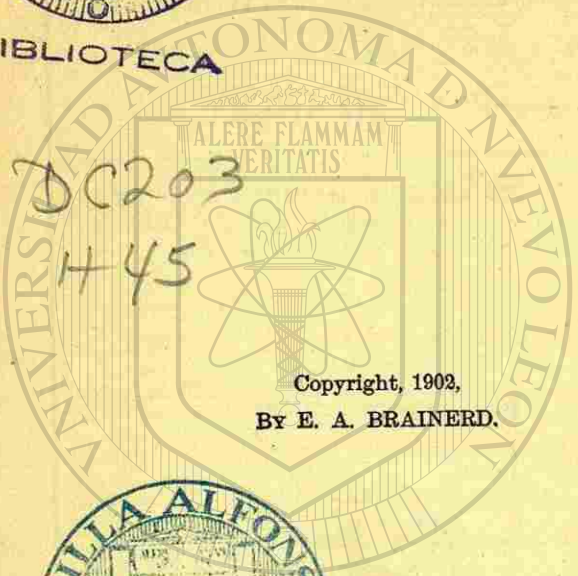
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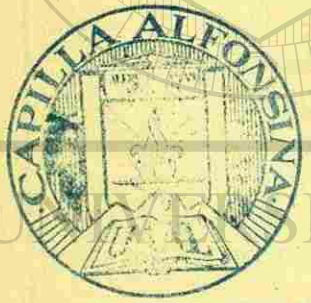


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TO
B. C. CLARKE, ESQ.,

THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT,
AND THE ELOQUENT ADVOCATE OF HUMAN FREEDOM,

This Humble Volume

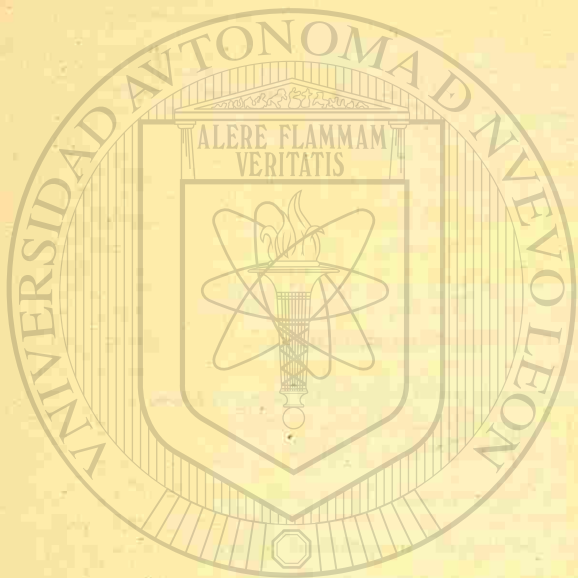
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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE

PREFACE.

IN presenting the public with this new biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, the author did not expect to add new facts, or modify those with which the world is familiar, in his career. We have quoted often from well-known authors the mere statement of stereotyped facts, and have endeavored, in the great condensation of matter necessary in a volume no larger than this biography, to embrace all the illustrative and stirring scenes in Napoleon's history. The authors chiefly referred to are Bourrienne, The Berkley Men, Lockhart, Von Rotteck, Encyclopedia Americana, Confidential Correspondence with Joseph, and Abbott's Napoleon. A striking fact, omitted entirely by the latter, the invasion of St. Domingo, is given at length, from documents furnished by B. C. Clarke, Esq., of Boston, ex-Consul at Hayti, from which, by his permission, extracts are freely made. With but little comment generally, the convincing testimony of the recently published Confidential Correspondence, upon some of the darkest deeds of Napoleon, is furnished by the insertion of interesting letters. The views expressed on these pages are neither those of unqualified and bitter condemnation, which distinguish Scott and Lockhart; nor the equally extreme and more dangerous sentiments of boundless admiration and fulsome praise, which glow in the language, and on every

page of the more attractive volumes of Mr. Abbott. We cannot, we confess, comprehend the apparent sincerity of this author, in the delineation of Napoleon as a republican philanthropist; a faithful husband; a warrior who grieved over the necessity of shedding blood; and finally, a martyr saint on the rocks of St. Helena. He was not a monster of unalleviated depravity; nor was he a truly philanthropic and good man. He loved his chosen profession of arms; he began his career a republican; he grew in frame and ambition, until he believed himself appointed to rule and redeem a continent. In the pursuit of his object, like the unjust judge, "he neither feared God, nor regarded man."

The King of kings hung a dark cloud over his "star of destiny," when the cruel blow fell on the exiled wife, whose only crime was that heaven had written her to him *childless*. That cloud expanded till it darkened all the sky; and bolt after bolt came down upon his lofty brow, and laid it low on a captive's pillow within the confines of a rocky island, where, Prometheus-like, he was compelled to feel the wasting power of burning memories and awakened conscience, until death removed him to a more righteous adjudication.

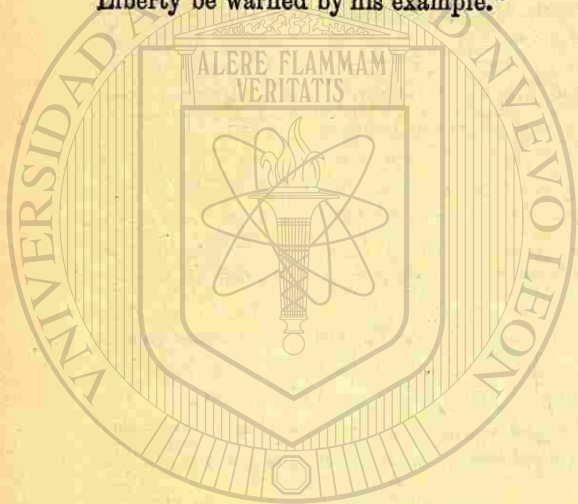
We quote, in conclusion, from an editorial in a leading paper of the daily press, the name of whose author is to us unknown; but whose summary of character and results must command the assent of the impartial reader of history:

"No pirate ever more foully decoyed, by the use of a false flag, a merchantman into his clutches, than Napoleon possessed himself of Spain, so far as he ever did possess it. There was absolutely no French, no Bonaparte party among the Spanish people from first to last—barely a little handful of titled office-seekers, and nothing more. The greatest mistake of Napoleon's career,

because the most flagrant crime, was that which transformed the Spanish nation from serviceable allies into annoying, wasting, exhausting, if not formidable foes. A true history of Napoleon would show that, whereas the good deeds of his career were abundantly prospered and recompensed, and the enemies who wantonly conspired to overthrow him were always defeated and humbled, so, when he began wantonly to trample on the necks of nations, he sowed dragon's teeth, whence arose in due time the foes who crushed him. His Italian, Austrian, Prussian, Polish campaigns were generally successful, because he had right on his side; while his Egyptian, Spanish, Russian forays, though promising success at the outset, proved disastrous, and finally ruinous, because they were impelled by rapacity and founded in wrong.

* * * Let it never be forgotten that the kings were impotent against the Man of Destiny, until the people rallied to his overthrow—until German and Spaniard went with Russ and Hun to compass his downfall. The monarchs afterward betrayed the masses, and snatched most of the fruits of the common conquest; for which let them be held to the sternest reckoning; but let not this obscure the great truth that Napoleon fell because he betrayed the sacred cause of the inalienable rights of man, and leagued himself with the people's hereditary oppressors, divorcing his noble and faithful wife, to intermarry with them, laboring personally to eradicate from the mind of Alexander his liberal impulses, reducing France to a state of Asiatic despotism, and the surrounding nations to that of her conquest, professing an intense horror of 'Jacobins,' by which term he designated all earnest republicans, though he had himself been a professor not merely of republicanism, but of Jacobism, in his obscure and powerless youth. When Napoleon's true character shall be inscribed on his tomb, the awed mil-

lions shall gather before it and read—'Here lies the thunderbolt, the idol, the spoiled child of democracy, who betrayed her to make himself an emperor, and died a fettered and heart-broken exile. Let all who may hereafter be tempted to betray the cause of Human Liberty be warned by his example.'



UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA

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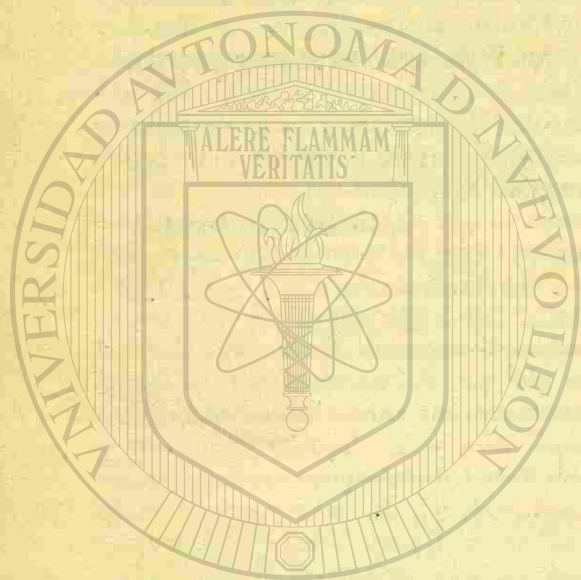
UNEXAMPLED is the career of Napoleon, "the Man of Destiny," who, though he intoxicated France for well nigh twenty years and deluged Europe with blood, yet for a time seemed to lay the world at his feet, and by his transcendent genius and phenomenal military qualities performed prodigies of valor, and stands out on the canvas the peer of the great captains, warriors, and strategists of history. With Cæsar and Alexander, with Condé, Marlborough, and the Great Frederick, he is ranked, by reason of his splendid personal daring and dazzling military achievements, as well as by his dauntlessness when reverses came upon him, by the marvellous resources of his mind, and the vigor and force of his indomitable will. Though the niche he fills is large among the great personages of history, we cannot forget that his was an untoward force in Europe in his time, adverse alike to peace and civilization, or that he earned for himself the hateful epithets of despot and usurper. His career thus affords impressive lessons for all time, and teaches us that the kingdom of Heaven is not advanced or the millennial era furthered by the lust of conquest and the love, for its own sake, of military glory.

The famous Corsican, as all know, was born at
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Ajaccio in 1769, and died a prisoner in exile on St. Helena in 1821. Between these periods he had a phenomenal career, and though the fortunes of war were at times hostile to him, and his defeats were many and often terrible in their consequences, his victories were as often magnificent and his triumphs dazzling, though not lasting. To take up and study Mr. P. C. Headley's "Life of Napoleon," which we here introduce, is to recall many momentous events in the Napoleonic drama, and to give one's-self the delight of reading an entertaining as well as an instructive volume. The work has deserved the popularity it has earned, for it has taken high rank among the many biographies of the great Emperor, while it is free alike from excessive hero-worship and from that spirit of detraction which has characterized so many studies of Napoleon. The work is compendious, rather than tediously detailed and exhaustive. It deals, however, with all the chief incidents in the great warrior's career, and shows us his vaulting ambition and its remarkable results; and we follow, often with breathless interest, the narrative of the many and arduous campaigns he engaged in, from the outset of his career in Italy to its close on the sanguinary field of Waterloo, with its sequel of surrender to the British and six years of enforced exile on St. Helena. The story is told with animation and effectiveness, especially when we enter upon the incidents of the conquest of Egypt and the subjugation of Syria, through the account of Napoleon's operations in Spain, the invasion of Austria, the crushing of the Prussian army at Jena, his seizure of Portugal and

entry into Lisbon, the annexation of Holland and the Papal States, the disastrous war with Russia and its direful consequences, down to the defiance of all the allied Powers of Europe and the bitter end at Waterloo, with the flight to Paris and final abdication. The story on every page is replete with interest, as it is crowded with incident, and compact in its presentation of every fact of importance in the heroic though tragic life of the great Emperor.

G. MERCER ADAM.



UNIVERSIDAD AUTÓNOMA
DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

Napoleon's birthplace.—The Bonaparte family.—The mother's character.—Napoleon's boyhood.—Enters the Military School at Brienne.—Incidents while there.—Revisits Corsica and meets General Paoli.—He is promoted to a place in the Royal Military Academy of Paris.—His fraternal interest.—Receives a Lieutenant's commission.—Falls in love.—Life at Valence.—His appearance at M. Neckar's party.—Is present at the storming of the King's palace by the populace.—France and Napoleon.—Again visits Corsica.—Is arrested.—The flight of the Bonaparte family.—The siege of Toulon.—Junot.—The general assault.—The victory.—The slaughter.—Napoleon appointed on the Coast Survey.—Appointed Chief of Battalion.—Another love-affair.—Family destitution.—Letters.—The Convention and Napoleon.—The insurrection of the Sections.—The defeat.—Eugene and his father's sword.—Napoleon and Josephine.

CORSICA, the third in extent, among the Italian islands, lies in the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea, one hundred miles from France, and fifty from Tuscany. It contains nearly four thousand square miles, and one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. Its scenery is varied. Traversed by ranges of mountains, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow, veined with rivers, and abounding in fruitful valleys, the island presents wild and beautiful landscapes. Successively under the sway of the Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths and Genoese, in 1769 it nominally submitted to the French, though partisan warfare continued many years. The population, chiefly Italians in origin and customs, never developed the resources of their productive soil. Multitudes lived on

chestnuts ; but cherished the love of freedom and independence, indomitable valor, and unrelenting revenge of a wrong.

August 15, 1769, at Ajaccio, two months after the subjugation of Corsica by the French, Letitia Bonaparte gave birth to her second son, Napoleon. His father was of ancient and honorable descent. He was a successful lawyer, but when the French army landed, he enlisted under the command of General Paoli, to fight the battles of his brave countrymen.

His noble wife was from the distinguished family of Ramolini, and was regarded one of the most beautiful maidens of Corsica. She was married at the age of sixteen, and became a widow at thirty-five, with eight living children, and three among the dead. The family group, whose names have been so conspicuous in the annals of France, were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline.

Of Napoleon's mother he has given a brief but suggestive sketch : "She had the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman. Left without a guide or protector, she was obliged to assume the management of affairs ; but the burden did not overcome her. She administered everything with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age and sex. Her tenderness was joined with severity : she punished, rewarded, all alike ; the good, the bad, nothing escaped her. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her ; she endured all, braved all. Ah ! what a woman ! Where look for her equal ?"

She bore within her graceful form the future Emperor, amid the stormy scenes of revolution : and returned from an expedition among the mountains, whither she had followed her husband, to give the world the gifted child. If these facts had nothing to do with the intel-

lectual power and bias of the son, they were significant of his marvelous career upon the battle-field of a hemisphere. Sixteen years later, in 1785, Charles Bonaparte, the father, died at Montpellier, in France, of cancer in the stomach ; an hereditary disease, transmitted to the illustrious son.

Besides the city residence, Madame Bonaparte's brother had a beautiful villa on the sea-shore. Massive rocks stood around it, and the solitude was undisturbed, excepting by the murmur of the waves breaking gently upon the beach, and the merry voices of childhood. Neither the mother, her brother, nor the happy children, dreamed that the delicate feet, whose impression on the sand the advancing tides effaced, were to shake thrones in their march of power, and echo in the palace-halls of many kingdoms.

The ruins of this romantic retreat still bear the name of "Napoleon's Grotto," and stories are told of his solitary reveries under the shadow of the leaning granite, and on the margin of the sea ; of his young love for an Italian girl, Giacomietta ; which, on account of his careless attire, was the subject of a couplet shouted after him in his pastimes at school :

"Napoleon di mezza calgetta,
Fa l'amore à Giacomietta." *

He was not an attractive, though remarkable boy. His reserve, and an irritability, which D'Israeli would call "the irritability of genius," repelled familiarity, and even made his brothers and sisters distant, while they recognized his intellectual superiority. A venerable uncle, Lucien Bonaparte, when dying, called the children to his side, and said to Joseph, "You, Joseph, are the eldest ; but Napoleon is the head of the family. Take care to remember my words."

* "Napoleon with his stockings half off,
Makes love to Giacomietta."

Napoleon's favorite sport was mimic battle with his miniature brass cannon, displaying the almost invariable fact in the early history of eminent talent; the drift of the mental powers; the direction, under occult and forming influences, of the greatest efficiency and success of a mind which has a work to do, and which but few men, if any other one, could perform. Various incidents disclosed his self-reliance and pride of character.

He was once accused of a fault committed by an associate; but scorning to declare his innocence, he suffered without a complaint the unmerited punishment. At another time, when detected regaling his appetite on figs in an orchard near his home, the proprietor threatened to reveal his guilt to his mother. This was more than he could endure in silence; for he both feared and loved the maternal guide of his youth. With simple eloquence, he pleaded his cause, and gained his suit. Napoleon had heard much of the French invasions and fierce conflicts; and he cordially hated the people who afterward adored him, and to whom he gave his warmest affection. January, 1779, Napoleon, then ten years of age, accompanied his father, who was a member of the deputation representing the Corsican *noblesse*, to the Court of Louis XVI., and entered the military school at Brienne, where Count Marbeuf had obtained for him admission. The parting with his mother was so touching, the impression remained fresh upon his mind during all the years of his stormy life.

The exciting scenes of travel, and the splendor of Paris, were new and strange to the young islander, whose existence dawned and deepened into rosy morning among the ancient dwellings and secluded retreats of the land he cherished. At Brienne, he encountered an unex-

pected embarrassment, which stung his proud spirit. He was an Italian, with limited means of support. Around him were sons of the aristocracy, speaking the language of France, and without disguise, revealing a bitter scorn of his humbler position. His hatred of the French was made intense; and with a threat of revenge for the insult, he withdrew from the associations of the gay scions of a waning nobility, and devoted himself to the severest studies of the institution. In general literature he was not ambitious of excellence, but in the branches which directly told upon the soldier's complete preparation for the field of action, he rapidly rose above all rivals, and stood at the head of the aspiring candidates for military honors. To the students were allowed plots of land, to be used for profit or pleasure according to the choice of each. Napoleon appropriated his portion to solitary study, adding shrubbery and flowers to increase its shade and beauty. Here, as at all times, he nourished that thirst for military glory, which death only quenched, freezing upon his silent lips the shout of conflict, "Tête d'armée!"

During the remarkable winter of 1784, when snow lay in heaps around Brienne, Napoleon rallied the students under his command, to erect, on scientific principles, an immense fortification from the frost-quarry nature had bountifully furnished. The completed fort was the wonder and admiration of thousands. The general of both the besieged and besieging forces, he displayed surprising skill in the frequent sham-fights which occurred before the white walls of the bastions, while the brief winter campaign continued.

Napoleon seriously scarred a comrade's forehead, and amply repaid him in after life, when royal gifts were at his disposal.

His vacations were spent on his native island; and

often in company with the brave and restless Paoli, he was urged by him to enlist in the cause of the patriots. The compliment the Italian gave Napoleon, alluding to his familiar study of Plutarch's Lives, was designed to win the youthful cadet to his banner. He said to him with enthusiasm, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong to the heroes of Plutarch."

With some allowance made for the romantic coloring and interest thrown over the youth of transcendent genius, it is still apparent that Napoleon made an unusually deep impression on all who knew him. With a frail form, a large head, a clear, penetrating eye, and rare powers of conversation, he gave sure token of pre-eminence among men. In his fifteenth year, he became one of the three students selected annually from the cadets, for promotion to the Royal Military School in the splendid capital of France. The following note from the papers of the War Department, shows the rank and prospects of the Corsican upon his entrance into the Parisian Academy:

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris: Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics, understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

In his new and aristocratic halls, Napoleon kept his object steadily in view. Turning with contempt from

the means of present display and indulgence, like all great men whose eye has been on an eminence in the future, unseen by common minds, he studied, thought, and dreamed alone of a brilliant and undisputed success in the profession of arms. Though imbued with republican sentiments which not unfrequently gave offense to the loyal subjects of the monarch, and possessed of manly and generous traits of character, yet was he a devotee most ardent of Mars, the deity of his panting ambition. Through all the history of his youth, we do not discover any indications of religious feeling, or sense of moral obligation. The spirit of the age, which was military glory, regardless of the sacrifice of human life in its attainment, fired the unfolding genius of Napoleon. He was not cruel and heartless; but the grandeur of extended conquest, and the prosperity of France, filled his mind with gorgeous visions of his sanguinary career. He displayed his fraternal regard in the attention he now gave to the education of his brother Louis, who in his "Réponse à Sir Walter Scott," refers to it with great affection. Up to this time, he nourished a dislike of the French. The gradual transfer of his interests from Corsica to the land of his adoption, was doubtless effected by the power of new associations, the hopeless struggles of his isolated people, and the magnificent field opening before him in the unquiet realm of Louis XVI., where principles in harmony with his own political bias, were to be the mighty forces of civil commotion.

In September, 1785, when only sixteen years of age, Napoleon appeared before the board of examination, on trial for his first appointment in the royal army. In mathematics, the distinguished astronomer, La Place, was the intellectual inquisitor of the anxious cadets. Bonaparte sustained himself with honor, and so fa-

miliar was he with the pages of history, that Keruglion, who conducted the examination in this department, made the following significant and prophetic memorandum opposite his name: "A Corsican by character and by birth; this young man will distinguish himself in the world, if favored by fortune."

He immediately received the commission to lieutenant in the regiment of artillery Le Fère, and no subsequent promotion thrilled his whole being with more intense delight than this signal of his future destiny.

Soon after, he became interested in his second romance of love, giving evidence of a nature attractively susceptible to the charms of female society, and the fascination of beautiful women. He frequented, among other cultivated families, the house of Madame du Colombier, whose daughter threw over his restless heart the spell of a strong, though transitory attachment. When in after life he alluded to it, he remarks, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." Napoleon's post was at this time at Valence, from which his regiment was removed to Lyons. Embarrassed for want of means to support the rank of even a subordinate officer, he was taken sick, and found, as ever, in the favor his impressive presence won from woman, the most generous attention in the care of a German lady, who was not forgotten when he commanded the resources of a kingdom. He entered the lists as competitor for a prize offered for the best essay upon "the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness," and received the award.

An Italian gentleman gives an entertaining account

of Napoleon, in a splendid evening party at M. Neckar's. The Bastille had fallen, and the murmurs of an excited populace rose with ominous distinctness around the throne of the king—the first undertone of that revolutionary earthquake, soon to overthrow the entire order of things, and startle the world. Alfieri, Lafayette, Mirabeau, La Grange, and other distinguished Frenchmen, were in the brilliant saloon. Madame de Staël and Josephine adorned the intellectual assemblage. Napoleon, who was introduced by Abbé Raynal, attracted attention by his extraordinary conversational powers.

Allusion was made to the refusal of the soldiers to fire upon the lawless multitude, when he replied in language which is entirely characteristic, and descriptive of his subsequent plan of action: "Excuse me, my lord, if I venture to interrupt you; but as I am an officer, I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men; but during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound, but which are subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay! as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy as well as my duty, to support the progress of popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions, which threaten to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now, more than ever, a

strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government, and for the maintenance of order. Nay! if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The ministry may be assured that, if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not repressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be, in reality, but a horde of savages, worse than the Neros of old."

His next elevation in military rank, was the first lieutenantancy, conferred upon him the same year.

He was in Paris the 20th of June, 1793, when the mob went surging through the streets, toward the Tuileries; and he hastened to the scene of action. He saw it all: the royal garden thronged with exasperated men brandishing their various weapons, and the trembling monarch in the balcony of his palace wearing the Jacobin's red cap.

His indignation was kindled toward the masses governed by passion, and blindly bent on regicide, and his scornful pity awakened in behalf of the yielding monarch, unequal to the nation's crisis. Turning to Bourrienne, with whom he was walking, he exclaimed, "What madness! he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air, and the rest would have taken to their heels." His conscious power found expression in a letter to the king, offering to save his

reeling throne, and command the troops which should quiet the insurgents. But no reply was made to the unknown writer. Seven months later, the monarch's head rolled upon the guillotine in front of his palace, amid the roll of drums, and the frantic cry of myriads, "Vive la Republique!" There is the liability among the common people to impulsive, fruitless, and even disastrous outbreaks of feeling, just in proportion as there is a want of intellectual culture combined with a fixed and lively sense of moral obligation. Enthusiasm is a natural element of the soul, and healthful, if there be these guiding elements of power. And there is no evidence that an excitement, which rocks a nation, is injurious, unless it appear without the vitality of truth and uncontrolled by the mandate of reason, and the acknowledged principles of religious responsibility. The American Revolution was a sublime illustration of this law of mind, and Washington the individual representative of the balance of powers—the mental and moral harmony—which is so rare among even great men. His entire being obeyed the established laws designed to govern it, with the beautiful uniformity with which the tides ebb and flow, under the attractive force of the moon. His patriotic fervor and sleepless energies from his boyhood, were always within the confines of sober reason, and enlightened conscience. The French revolutionists were fatally deficient in both the safeguards of a popular movement; and Bonaparte, intellectually vastly superior to Washington, with a majestic self-reliance, by early education and national character was made of different mold. In the one, self was merged in the highest good of the people; in the other, self maintained its supremacy through all the noblest plans and fiercest battles for France.

At this awakening period, he regarded the populace

as of little worth, unfit for freedom, and himself as the stern disciplinarian, who could teach them subjection, and gathering into his hands the reins of authority, cover the flag of his country, and his own ample brow with glory.

He revisited Corsica. General Paoli, whose residence, since the last ineffectual struggle of the island for freedom, had been in England, was reanimated with hope when the wheels of revolution began to roll; and after a flattering welcome in Paris, was appointed the governor of his people. He soon discovered the rapid development of licentious liberty and lawlessness in France, and declared his aversion to the demoniac spirit and principles of the Jacobins. He came under the anathema of the National Assembly, and a detachment of troops under the command of La Combe, Michel, and Salicetti, sailed for Corsica, to remove him from office. Napoleon, who had been on furlough for several months under the maternal roof, was quietly enjoying his attic, which he had furnished for solitary study, when the landing of the invading force startled the island from the repose of Paoli's peaceful reign to the wild commotion of civil war. He refused the Italian's repeated and complimentary proposals to join his standard and strike for independence, and offered his aid to Salicetti.

But his unreserved hatred of the Jacobin excesses exposed him to the suspicion and dislike of that officer, who seems to have been of the Machiavellian school, and Napoleon was arrested, taken to Paris, and triumphantly acquitted. Meanwhile, instigated by the venerable chief Paoli, the people declared against the sanguinary republic. Ajaccio was the only town that had refused, at the command of Paoli, to lower the tricolor. Paoli and his followers, in 1793, marched on

Ajaccio; the three Bonaparte brothers were absent at this critical time; but the heroic Letitia was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of herself and children. She despatched messengers to Joseph and Napoleon by sea and land; and gave notice that they would soon arrive in the port with the representatives of the people. She thus succeeded in paralyzing the partisans of Paoli in the town.

While waiting for the French fleet, Signora Letitia was on the point of falling into the hands of her enemies. Roused suddenly at midnight, she found her chamber filled with armed mountaineers. She at first thought herself surprised by the partisans of Paoli; but by the light of a torch she saw the countenance of the chief, and felt reassured. It was Costa of Bastelica, the most devoted of the partisans of France. "Quick, make haste, Signora Letitia," he exclaimed; "Paoli's men are close on us. There is not a moment to lose; but I am here with my men. We will serve you or perish."

Bastelica, one of the most populous villages of Corsica, lies at the foot of Monte d'Oro. Its inhabitants are renowned for their courage and loyalty. One of the villagers had encountered a numerous body of the followers of Paoli descending on Ajaccio. He had learned that this troop had orders to take all the Bonaparte family, dead or alive. He returned to the village and roused their friends, who to the number of three hundred, armed, and preceded their enemies by a forced march to Ajaccio. Signora Letitia and her children rose from their beds, and in the center of the column left the town in silence, the inhabitants being still asleep. They penetrated the deepest recesses of the mountains, and at daybreak halted in a forest in sight of the sea. Several times the fugitives heard,

from their encampment, the troops of the enemy in the neighboring valley, but they escaped the risk of an encounter. The same day the flames rising in dense columns from the town, attracted attention. "That is your house now burning," said one of her friends to Letitia. "Ah! never mind," she replied, "we will build it up again much better. *Vive la France!*" After two nights' march, the fugitives descried a French frigate. Letitia took leave of her brave defenders, and joined Joseph and Napoleon, who were on board the vessel at Calvi with the French deputies who had been sent on a mission to Corsica. The frigate turned her prow toward Marseilles, where she landed the family of exiles, destitute of resources, but in health and full of courage.

The Revolution was now "glutting the public with seas of blood." The murder of the king had aroused the monarchs of Europe in defense of royal honor, and united them in the common cause of hostility to the Republican movement. In France herself, there had come a reaction, and Marseilles led in the rebellion against the Jacobins; Lyons and other cities followed. At Toulon, whose citizens for the most part sympathized with the monarchists, were gathered many thousands of fugitives to find protection in the stronghold of disaffection, under the expected shadow of the British and Spanish fleets, riding outside of the harbor. The invitation to garrison the city was immediately accepted, and the twenty-five ships of the line with nearly as many frigates, entered the bay, and prepared, with the munitions of war on board, to fortify the town. This was no timid show of opposition to the leaders of the Revolution, and startled amid the madness of epidemic terror and conflicting passions, they sent forward two armies, to besiege and capture

Toulon. Cartaux, a self-conceited officer, who exchanged the painter's easel for the sword, commanded the expedition.

Accompanying the regular force, were prominent men, among whom was the younger Robespierre, sent out to watch the movements of the army and report to the central government.

These representatives of the people only embarrassed the inefficient commander, and after protracted delay and repeated disasters, which consumed three months, Napoleon, with the commission to assume the command of the artillery, arrived on the field of action. Whether any other influence than his general character as cadet, and brief experience in the regiment *Le Fère*, had set aside objection on the ground of his youth, and secured the promotion, is unknown. He saw at a glance the causes of failure. The batteries were too remote for more than a partial effect, and the whole maneuvering without precision, and concentration of force upon the undisturbed ranks of the enemy. The allies had strengthened the fortress called Little Gibraltar, the main defense of the harbor and town. It received the name from its supposed impregnability. Cartaux looked with jealous contempt upon the Corsican, and shining in the profusion of official decorations, gave him to understand that he was not needed, but might share in the glory of the enterprise. The vain chief was superseded by Doppet, a physician, and greater coward than himself. Next came General Dugommier, a man of energy and intelligence, who entered at once into Napoleon's comprehensive and decisive plans. Subordinate officers were chosen by Bonaparte, and his train, of two hundred guns, prepared for assault. His design was simple and perfect in outline. To the interference of the deputies, on espionage, who suggested

an improvement, he replied, "Do you attend to your duty as National Commissioners, and I will answer for mine with my head." His eye was on Little Gibraltar, the possession of whose promontory, he assured the general-in-chief, would give them the sweeping fire of the harbor, and compel the naval force to retire. A few weeks earlier the stronghold would have been taken with easy conquest. But now it frowned upon them with solid walls, and lines of silent cannon, behind which were brave men from the invading armies, confident of victory. At one extremity of the town was the small fort Malbosquet, in a plantation of olives, behind which Bonaparte, unobserved by the enemy, erected a battery, from which he determined to open a fire, to divert attention from the grand assault. With sleepless energy, snatching a short repose at night, wrapped in his cloak beside his guns, he multiplied batteries toward the fortress. One day during the progress of the siege, the deputies performing their accustomed survey of the works, discovered the battery near Malbosquet, and when told it had been ready for action eight days, ordered an immediate cannonade. It had not entered their minds, that a prospective and not a present use was the reason for inaction. The English made an effective onset, and spiked the guns. Napoleon hastened to the scene of conflict. "On his arrival on the eminence behind, he perceived a long, deep ditch, fringed with brambles and willows, which he thought might be turned to advantage. He caused a regiment of foot to creep along the ditch, which they did without being discovered, until they were close upon the enemy. General O'Hara, the English commander, mistook them when they appeared for some of his own allies, and rushing out to give them some orders, was wounded and made prisoner. The English

were dispirited when they lost their general; they retreated; and the French were at liberty to set about the repair of their battery. In this affair much blood was shed. Napoleon himself received a bayonet-thrust in the thigh, and fell into the arms of Muiron, who carried him off the field. Such was the commencement of their brotherly friendship."

It was after this slaughter that Napoleon is said to have remarked to Louis, his brother, who visited him in camp, "All these men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here, none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this how indispensable it is that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume command over others." While constructing a battery under the fire of the allies, he had a despatch to prepare, and called for a soldier who could write. A youthful sergeant sprang out of the ranks and leaning upon the breast-works, wrote at the dictation of Napoleon. As he made the last stroke of the pen, a ball struck the ground so near, the dust fell in a cloud upon him and the paper. With a laugh, he exclaimed, "Good, this time we shall do without sand." This plesantry indicating the greatest coolness and self-command arrested the attention of Napoleon. The amanuensis was Junot, soon afterward promoted to command, and subsequently Duke of Abrantes; and who profanely said, "I love Napoleon as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."

At another time a cavalcade of carriages arrived at Toulon, bringing more than fifty men, dressed in flaunting uniform, who desired an interview with the general. When admitted to his presence, one of the company presented this address: "Citizen-general, we come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the republic has been

violated. She trembles to think that the insult is still unavenged. She asks why is Toulon not taken? Why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons, and burn with impatience to fulfil her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. To-morrow we will march against the enemy."

Napoleon aside, said to Dugommier, "Turn those gentlemen over to me, I will take care of them!"

He gave them the control of a park of artillery near the sea-shore, and bade them sink an English frigate whose swarming decks lay within range of the guns. Suddenly a broadside came like a hail-storm about their heads. The recruits fled, and trouble with them was over.

Then came the decisive day; the 19th of December, 1793, when the general assault was ordered; and the terrific conflict opened. Napoleon, in accordance with his original tactics, poured a storm of shells on different points of the fortress, to confuse the enemy, while they fell incessantly also upon the devoted city. In an astonishingly brief time, eight thousand bombshells had exploded in the enemy's works, and laid them in a heap of ruins. The soldiers rushed through the storm of rain and fire into the embrasures, and cut down the garrison with the sword. The streets of Toulon ran blood, when the tricolor waved on the shattered ramparts, and Napoleon said to General Dugommier, "Go and sleep. We have taken Toulon." It was taken, but with carnage, through which the name of Bonaparte rose toward the zenith of that glory which flooded a hundred battle-fields, of which Toulon was the sanguinary sample.

The blow was struck which decided the conflict; but

conflagration and slaughter continued. Lord Howe, the English commander, saw that the city must follow the surrender of the fortress, and prepared to abandon it to the foe. When the inhabitants beheld the long processions of the sick and wounded moving toward the ships, they knew their doom was sealed. The vessels which could not be employed with safety, were collected and a fire-ship sent among them. Beneath the lurid flames of their burning, the explosion of shells and magazines, and the shrieks of the dying, whose homes were pierced by the ceaseless cannonade, twenty thousand of the royalists gathered on the shore imploring deliverance from the exasperated enemy.

The fleet at length moved out of harbor, and the Republicans rushed into Toulon. A double vengeance burned in their bosoms; rage because of the rebellion against Jacobin reign, and revenge for having invited a foreign alliance to strengthen and shield their revolt. A hundred and fifty poor working men were summoned together under the impression that they were to be employed in repairing the demolished forts, when a volley of musketry cut them down. A wealthy old merchant was executed to obtain his millions. For these excesses, neither Dugommier nor Napoleon were responsible. Their authority was in vain, while the madness of vengeance and lust ruled the hour. By this victory insurrection was quelled, and the control of the army secured.

Bonaparte, whose agency in the achievement was concealed as far as possible by the jealous representatives of the people, made an impression that reached the government; and he was appointed to survey and put in order of defense the entire coast of France, lying on the Mediterranean sea. With characteristic energy he accomplished in a few weeks his responsible

and extensive work, and immediately joined the army at Nice, with an additional promotion to the post of chief of battalion. He infused his enthusiasm and self-reliance into the army of Italy, and soon General Dumberbion with Massena and Napoleon were leading the troops to conquest.

Possession of the maritime Alps was gained, and the way prepared for advancing into Italy. Still was the genius of Napoleon kept in comparative obscurity by the silence of his superior officers, who assumed the honors of victory. He was superseded in command, and soon after, July 28, 1794, arrested upon the charge of interest in measures hostile to the policy of the dominant party, which had taken the reins of government from the bloody hands of that prince of homicides, Robespierre.

Albitti and Salicetti, who succeeded the terrorists as representatives of the people, influenced by the misrepresentations of his enemies, or jealous of the young Corsican, whose rapid advancement astonished them, ordered the arrest. Had it occurred a few weeks earlier, it would doubtless have added him to the myriads despatched by the guillotine. He made his statement, affirming his innocence, and was immediately released from confinement. The officer who opened his prison door, found him intensely engaged with the map of Lombardy, evidently conscious of work yet to do on the pictured plains, whence came to his fancy's ear the tramp of moving battalions. The prejudice attending this unjust incarceration, was manifest in the attempt to change his rank in the army; and he indignantly resigned his position, and returned to the family residence in Marseilles. The resources of the Bonapartes were small, and destitution cast its shadows about their home. But while there, he again fell in

love. Eugénie Désirée Clery, an attractive and accomplished young lady, a merchant's daughter, became the object of reciprocated affection. But circumstances did not permit him to marry, and the affair was broken off. She subsequently became the wife of Bernadotte, and was the queen of Sweden; her sister married Joseph, the brother of Napoleon.

The youthful soldier seems to have been honorable in all matters of friendship, and without the vices of the times. He had raised his aspirations above the effeminate pleasures of sensual indulgence, and the destructive vortex of atheistical debauchery.

After a brief enjoyment of his attachment, he turned away from the seclusion of his destitute dwelling, and went to Paris to seek employment. Referring to these months of inactivity, in the last years of his life, he gives us a glimpse of the darkness which eclipsed the rising sun of his glory, and well-nigh quenched its light:

"I was at this period, on one occasion, suffering from that extreme depression of spirit which suspends the faculties of the brain, and renders life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having naught but her heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the misery and corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of the epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my salary, and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy, and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks

of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognizing me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again.' It was Démasis, an old friend and former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and afterward had returned to France in disguise, to see his aged mother. He was about to leave me, when stopping, he exclaimed, 'But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me. What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself. This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me produced such an effect upon my mind, that without hesitation I revealed to him everything. 'Is that all?' said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat and detaching a belt which he placed in my hands. 'Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.' I cannot to this day explain how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and I ran to send it to my distressed mother.'

The deed was scarcely done before Napoleon repented, and tried to find the generous Démasis, but in vain. He was afterward repaid with a royal gift of sixty thousand dollars, and an office worth six thousand more.

Napoleon was disappointed in his efforts to obtain honorable activity. When Aubury, the president of the military committee, objected to his youth, when his request for an appointment was presented, Na-

oleon replied, "Presence in the field of battle might be reckoned in place of years." The flash of independence was resented as an insult, and increased the difficulties between him and his desired position in the army.]

A few of his letters written about this time, will possess great interest, because they are the confidential expressions of his experience and plans.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

PARIS, June 25, 1795.

"I will execute your wife's commissions immediately. Désirée asks me for your portrait; I am going to have it painted; you will give it to her if she still wishes for it; if not, keep it for yourself. In whatever circumstances you may be placed by fortune, you know well, my friend, that you cannot have a better or a dearer friend than myself, or one who wishes more sincerely for your happiness. Life is a flimsy dream, soon to be over. If you are going away, and you think that it may be for some time, send me your portrait; we have lived together for so many years, so closely united, that our hearts have become one, and you know best how entirely mine belongs to you. While I write these lines I feel an emotion which I have seldom experienced. I fear it will be long before we see each other again, and I can write no more."

We have here evidences of deep despondency, and warm affections toward his family friends. In the next communication quoted, the scene is changed.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

July 25, 1795.

"I am appointed General in the Army of the West; but my illness keeps me here. I expect more detailed

accounts from you. I suppose that you purposely avoid telling me any thing of Désirée; I do not know whether she is still alive.

"All goes on well here. In the south alone there has been a little disturbance, got up by the young people; it is mere childish folly.

"On the 15th the Committee of Public Safety is to be partially renewed; I hope that they will choose good people. Reinforcements are being sent to the Army of Italy; would you like me to go there?

"Your letters are very dry: you are so prudent and laconic that you tell me nothing. When will you return? I do not think that your affairs need keep you away beyond the month of Thermidor.

"It is not certain that Lanjuinais' motion will pass; it is possible that no change may be made with respect to the retrospective effect. It would be committing the same fault in principle. I sent to you at the time, Lanjuinais' report.* Good-by, my dear friend; health, gaiety, happiness, and pleasure to you."

Soon after, he closed a letter with these words of lively hope, and kindling ambition for distinction:

"Good-by, my dear friend; be cautious as to the future, and satisfied with the present; be gay, and learn to amuse yourself. As for me I am happy. I only want to find myself on the battle-field; a soldier must either win laurels or perish gloriously."

Again he writes, "Fesch seems to wish to return to Corsica after the peace; he is always the same, living in the future, sending me letters of six pages about

* The motion and the report of Lanjuinais were in favor of the repeal of the law of the 17th Nivôse, which applied the rule of equal partition to all successions which had occurred since the 14th July, 1789, without regard to any intermediate acts or settlements. Lanjuinais denounced the injustice of this retrospective legislation. His report here alluded to is to be found in the *Moniteur* of the 7th August, 1795.

some subtlety, no broader than a needle's point; the present no more to him than the past, the future is everything. As for me, little attached to life, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in the state of mind in which one is on the day before battle, feeling that, while death is always amongst us to put an end to all, anxiety is folly—everything joins to make me defy fortune and fate; in time I shall not get out of the way when a carriage comes. I sometimes wonder at my own state of mind. It is the result of what I have seen, and what I have risked."

Sadness will rest upon the contemplative reader, in view of the total absence of religious feeling; that fine sense of moral responsibility, which subdues within the limits of pure and elevated action, the loftiest intellect, and invests the life and the death of the humblest individual with solemn interest. He afterward alludes to the expedition, respecting which he is said to have remarked jestingly to a friend, "How singular it would be if a little Corsican officer were to become king of Jerusalem."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, August 20, 1795.

"I am attached for the present to the topographical board of the Committee of Public Safety for the direction of the armies; I replace Carnot. If I ask for it, I can be sent to Turkey as general of artillery, commissioned by the Government to organize the Grand Seigneur's artillery, with a good salary and a very flattering diplomatic title. I would have you appointed consul, and Villeneuve* accompany me as engineer; you say that Danthoine is there already; therefore,

* M. Villeneuve was Postmaster-General under the Empire, and brother-in-law to King Joseph, having married one of the demoiselles Clery.

before a month is over I should arrive in Genoa; we should go together to Leghorn, where we should embark: considering all this, will you purchase an estate?

"We are quiet here, but perhaps storms may be brewing; the primary assemblies will meet in a few days. I shall take with me five or six officers; I will write to you more in detail to-morrow.

"Vado will soon be retaken.

"The resolutions of the Committee of Public Safety appointing me director of the armies, and of the plans of the campaign, have been so flattering to me, that I fear that they will not let me go to Turkey; we shall see. I am to look at a villa to-day. I embrace you. Continue to write to me as if I were going to Turkey."

The abandonment of a foreign field of action, with a hint at the spell which love threw over his restless heart, are given in the subjoined letter:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, September 5, 1795.

"The Committee have decided that it is impossible for me to leave France during the war. I am to be reappointed to the artillery, and I shall probably continue to attend the Committee. The elections and the primary assemblies take place on the day after to-morrow: the peace with Hesse-Cassel is concluded.

"National property and emigrants' estates are not dear, but those belonging to individuals go for extravagant prices.

"If I stay here it is possible that I may be fool enough to marry; I wish for a few words from you on

the subject. Perhaps it would be well to speak to Eugénie's brother. Let me know the result, and all shall be settled.

"Chauvet, who is going to Nice in ten days, will take you the books which you asked for.

"The celebrated Bishop of Autun* and General Montesquieu are allowed to return; they are struck out of the list of emigrants."

Bonaparte's career up to this time, had prepared him for his mission. In Corsica, he was cradled in the midst of political agitation; and hostile from his boyhood to the subjugation of the island, he became meditative and reserved, nourishing that self-reliance and independence of character, which made him at Brienne a sullen *solitaire*, and target of raillery to his fellow-students. While this strengthened his sublime decision, and quickened his keen observation of human nature, it gave him that appearance of severity and contempt for man, which distinguished his manner when mingling with promiscuous society.

He was at this date, twenty-six. The dark complexion of early years had worn off under the mild sky of France; but a contagious disease he had taken at Toulon, from a soldier, and which penetrated his system with malignant power, so reduced his frame that his flashing eye seemed set in the sockets of a skeleton. He was soon to be an actor in the drama of European revolutions.

The Convention had lost favor with the multitude, and a new step was demanded in the march of revolution. A constitution was formed, securing a Directory of five, the executive; a Council of five hundred, the House of Commons; and the Council of Ancients, answering

*Talleyrand.

to the English Peers. The Convention, unwilling to part with authority, made it a condition of acceptance, that the second division should include two thirds of their members. This excited the Parisians, especially the superior classes, who were indignant because it disclosed an arbitrary and selfish tenacity of power. The city was divided into ninety-six sections or wards, forty-eight of which were in favor of the constitution, and the other half rejected it, including the Royalists and Jacobins. The extremes thus made common cause against the new order of things.

With these insurrectionary sections, the National Guard united, and the forces prepared to attack the Tuilleries, and compel the assembly to meet the wishes of the majority, and change their measures. With five hundred regular troops, and the remnant of Robespierre's ruffian army, the Convention prepared to resist the onset. Menou assumed the command, and failed to fill the perilous position. While his indecision alarmed the body still in session, Barras exclaimed, as if a sudden revelation had aroused him, "I have the man whom you want: it is a little Corsican officer, *who will not stand upon ceremony.*" This expression determined the destiny of Napoleon. He was soon in command, and the 13th Vendémiaire (October 5th), planted his cannon at the cross-streets and bridges, sweeping with his hail of death the advancing columns of the insurgents, till the pavements were covered with the slain, and the flame of rebellion extinguished in blood. The new order of things was established, and Barras, the presiding spirit, obtained for Bonaparte the generalship of the Army of the Interior, and the office of commandant of Paris. He was now no longer a unit among the many, but the military chieftain of a kingdom.

He thus communicates the intelligence to Joseph:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

PARIS, night of the 13-14 Vendémiaire, 2 in the morning [October 6], 1796.

"At last all is over. My first impulse is to think of you, and to tell you my news. The royalists, organized in their sections, became every day more insolent. The Convention ordered the section Lepelletier to be disarmed. It repulsed the troops. Menou, who was in command, is said to have betrayed us. He was instantly superseded. The Convention appointed Barras to command the military force; the committees appointed me second in command. We made our dispositions; the enemy marched to attack us in the Tuilleries. We killed many of them; they killed thirty of our men, and wounded sixty. We have disarmed the factions, and all is quiet. As usual, I was not wounded.

"P. S. Fortune favors me. My respects to Eugénie and to Julie."

Charged with the work of disarming the conquered citizens, he obtained the sword of the Viscount De Beauharnais, a blade its moldering possessor never dishonored. Eugene, in his boyish enthusiasm, resolved to have the weapon wielded by a father he loved and lamented. Presenting himself to Napoleon he made his request—the general was struck with his earnestness and manly bearing, and restored the relic, which he bore away bathed with tears. The next day Josephine called at the commandant's head-quarters, to thank him in person for his kindness. This increased the interest Napoleon had entertained for her since through the friendship of Barras he formed her acquaintance in the social circles of Paris. It is related that before he indulged serious intentions of marrying

Madame Beauharnais he offered himself to Madame De Permon, an old family friend, and an interesting widow, but was rejected. However this may be, he was deeply smitten with the charms of the lovely woman, whose son had given assurance of her excellent qualities in his own admirable behavior. The increasing attachment was every way favorable to Napoleon's plans and advancement, but a subject of painful solicitude to her, which is well expressed in a letter of some length, affording also further insight into a heart cultivated no less than her genius:

"My dear friend, I am urged to marry again; my friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. Why are you not here to give me your advice in this important conjuncture? to persuade me that I ought to consent to a union which must put an end to the irksomeness of my present position? Your friendship, in which I have already experienced so much to praise, would render you clear-sighted for my interests; and I should decide without hesitation as soon as you had spoken. You have met General Bonaparte in my house. Well!—he it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow.

"Do you love him?" you will ask. Not exactly. "You then dislike him?" Not quite so bad; but I find myself in that state of indifference which is anything but agreeable, and which to devotees in religion gives more trouble than all their other peccadilloes. Love, being a species of worship, also requires that one feel very differently from all this; and hence the need I have of your advice, which might fix the perpetual irresolution of my feeble character. To assume a determination has ever appeared fatiguing to my Creole

supineness, which finds it infinitely more convenient to follow the will of others.

"I admire the general's courage, the extent of his information—for on all subjects he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even on our Directors: judge if it may not intimidate a woman! Even, what ought to please me, the force of a passion, described with an energy that leaves not a doubt of his sincerity, is precisely the cause which arrests the consent I am often on the point of pronouncing.

"Being now past the heyday of youth, can I hope long to preserve that ardor of attachment which, in the general resembles a fit of delirium? If, after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake?—will he not regret a more brilliant marriage which he might have contracted? What shall I then reply?—what shall I do? I shall weep. Excellent resource! you will say. Good heavens! I know that all this can serve no end; but it has ever been thus; tears are the only resources left me when this poor heart, so easily chilled, has suffered. Write quickly, and do not fear to scold me, should you judge that I am wrong. You know that whatever comes from your pen will be taken in good part.

"Barras gives assurance, that if I marry the general, he will so contrive as to have him appointed to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, which already excites murmuring among his fellow-soldiers, though it be as yet only a

promise, said to me, 'Think they then, I have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy one day should I condescend to grant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with it I will go far.'

"What say you to this security of success? Is it not a proof of confidence springing from an excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! That, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take it into his head to attempt; and with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?"

"Here, we all regret you and console ourselves for your prolonged absence only by thinking of you every minute, and by endeavoring to follow you step by step through the beautiful country you are now traversing. Were I sure of meeting you in Italy, I would get married to-morrow, upon condition of following the general; but we might perhaps cross each other on the route; thus I deem it more prudent to wait for your reply before taking my determination. Speed, then, your answer—and your return still more.

"Madame Tallien gives me in commission to tell you, that she loves you tenderly. She is always beautiful and good; employing her immense influence only to obtain pardon for the unfortunate who address themselves to her; and adding to her acquiescence an air of satisfaction, which gives her the appearance of being the person obliged. Her friendship for me is ingenuous and affectionate. I assure you that the love I bear toward her resembles my affection for you. This will give you an idea of the attachment I feel for her. Hortense becomes more and more amiable; her

charming figure develops itself: and I should have fitting occasion, if so inclined, to make troublesome reflections upon villainous Time, which merely adorns one at the expense of another. Happily, I have got quite a different crotchet in my head at present, and skip all dismals in order to occupy my thoughts solely with a future which promises to be happy, since we shall soon be reunited, never again to be separated. Were it not for this marriage, which puts me out, I should, despite of all, be gay; but while it remains to be disposed of, I shall torment myself; once concluded, *come what may*, I shall be resigned. I am habituated to suffering; and if destined to fresh sorrows, I think I can endure them, provided my children, my aunt, and you were spared me. We have agreed to cut short the conclusions of our letters, so adieu, my friend."

It is very apparent, that Josephine was more deeply interested in her admirer than she would have her friend believe; and asking counsel was only declaring both her passion and intention to marry. The months departed, and Napoleon, though environed with duties which attended his appointment, retired at evening to the mansion of Madame Beauharnais, to hear the melody of her voice, and enjoy an interlude for romantic pleasure, amid the stormy scenes that opened before his feet the path of glory. With a few select friends, among whom Madame Tallien was conspicuous, there were frequent meetings of the parties, and brilliant entertainments, which extended the friendship and influence of the commander-in-chief, among the very class the most available in carrying forward his ambitious schemes, already towering above Alpine summits, and embracing thrones which had withstood the flow of centuries.

Josephine has left her testimony respecting the fine

conversational powers of her lover—which is proof of his ability in this department, whenever he chose to indulge the *abandon* of wit, and compliment in the society of women, for whom, it is well known, he entertained but a light opinion; owing doubtless to the frivolous character and easy virtue of the majority of those he met in the gay society of the metropolis.

The spring-time spread beauty again over the valleys of unhappy France, while the tocsin of war fell on the eager ear of Napoleon. How the waving foliage nourished by the decaying dead, the bending sky, and the harmonies of nature filling it, mocked the mournful dwellings and breaking hearts, whose trampled vineyards were a symbol of what madness had wrought, and an index of future desolation by the shock of contending armies! But Napoleon listened only to the ravishing tones of love, and the sweeter notes of fame's shrill trumpet; for his pulse never beat so wildly with hope and enthusiasm before.

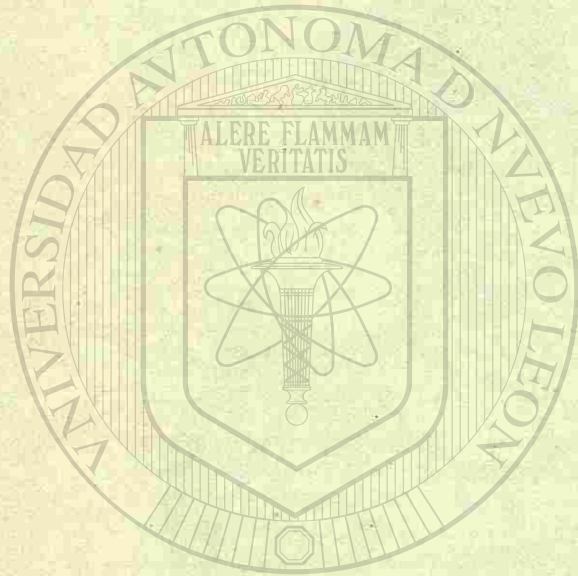
He led Josephine to the altar according to revolutionary form, which was a simple presentation before the proper magistrate, March 9th, 1796. Barras and Tallien witnessed the ceremony, and signed with Lemarois, an aid-de-camp, and Calmelet, a lawyer, the act recorded in the state register of Paris.

Twelve days later he bade adieu to his bride and was on his way to the plains of Italy—a parting that blended in one tide of strong emotion, the affection of an ardent, impetuous spirit, and the glowing desire to encircle his brow with laurels, that

“——— would burn
And rend his temples in return ”



Empress Josephine.



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DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE

CHAPTER II.

Napoleon is appointed to the chief command.—His youth.—Leaves Paris for Nice.—Visits his mother.—The contending armies.—The character of Napoleon.—His new tactics.—His address to the soldiers.—The objects of the campaign.—The route of passing the Alps.—The conflict.—The victory.—The pursuit of the Austrians.—Reaches Cherasco, near Turin.—Dictates terms of peace to the king of Sardinia.—Again addresses the army.—His knowledge of men.—Morals.—Crosses the Po.—Battle of Lodi.—Napoleon at Milan.—Letter to Joseph.—Treaty with the dukes of Parma and Modena.—Address to the army.—Jealousy of the Directory.—Napoleon pursues the Austrians.—Insurrection in Lombardy.—Treaty with the Vatican.—Wurmzer appointed to the command.—The Austrians advance.—Battle of Lonato.—Napoleon's peril.—Incidents.—Letter to Joseph.—Castiglione.—Retreat of Wurmzer.—Mantua besieged.—Alvinzi sent into Italy.—The battles of Arcola.—Alvinzi routed.—Battle of Rivoli.—Mantua surrenders.—Letter to Josephine.—Napoleon's success.

A FORTNIGHT before his marriage, Napoleon was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. The quiet in the capital, directed the attention of the government to the condition of the troops. The dissipated general, whose place had been given to Napoleon, left the army, numbering fifty thousand men, destitute, and exposed to a powerful enemy. Cavalry and food were wanting; clothing was insufficient, and the very sinews of war were weakening every day, while the dangers were augmenting. Of the new general, Barras said to the Directory, "Advance this man, or he will advance himself without you." And when one of them remarked, "You are rather young to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take command of our veteran generals," he replied, "In one year I shall either be old or dead." Three days after the marriage ceremonies, he hastened toward the headquarters of his battalions.

At Marseilles, he stopped to see his mother, for whom he always manifested a noble filial affection. It was a splendid summit of distinction for her son, who had passed the line of minority but five years before; and we may believe that this interview and the adieu, were fraught with maternal tenderness and pride. The Corsican fugitives were already on the grand arena of European revolutions, to which the anxious eyes of the world were turning. A regicide people were forming institutions hostile to the peace and stability of surrounding thrones, and "the kings of the earth took counsel together" against the republic.

There is nothing marvelous in the contest. France, without either political or moral elements of government and growth after the example of our own, awakened the fears of those who undoubtedly believed in the divine right of kings. Nor does the general view affect decisively the question of Napoleon's motives and character, tried by the standard of a pure philanthropy, patriotism, and Christian ethics.

The letters already quoted, and the subsequent history, will prove him to have been ambitious in the highest degree of personal, family, and national glory. Gifted, generous in his impulses, and correct in morals, he identified himself with the destiny of France, with her, and through her to carve a way to the most dazzling eminence of renown from which youthful or maturest footsteps ever sent down their echoes to applauding millions.

Such was Napoleon when he arrived at Nice. Rampon, one of the officers, volunteered some words of counsel. He resented the impertinence with his own matchless expression of superiority, adding with spirit, "Gentlemen, the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to

appoint the place of combat, advance, hat in hand, and say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?*' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better—so much the better. It is not their experience which will avail them against me. Mark my words, they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do. Yes, gentlemen! the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them into execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the uprising sun." It was this sublimely bold utterance, which drew from Augereau the remark, "We have here a man who will cut out some work for government, I think."

His first address to the army was brief but effective, thrilling upon their weary hearts like unearthly music. "Soldiers," said he, "you are hungry and naked; the republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers! with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?"

There was a wonderful breadth of thought—a comprehensive insight into military affairs, in the tactics of this officer, which astonished the veterans in command who surrounded him. Napoleon saw at a glance, that his troops with the cumbrous, measured modes of warfare, to which the outnumbering, disciplined armies of Europe adhered, would have a faint prospect

of great success. Abandoning all the embarrassing comforts of the campaign—depending for shelter and stores on the conquered territory; his policy was to move down like the apparently lawless, and unheralded tornado, upon his enemies. The plan was original, daring, and magnificent in outline and aim. He meant to make the most of a demoniac system, concerning which he said, "War is the science of barbarians; as he who has the heaviest battalions will conquer."

"The objects of the approaching expedition were three: first, to compel the King of Sardinia, who had already lost Savoy and Nice, but still maintained a powerful army on the frontiers of Piedmont, to abandon the alliance of Austria; secondly, to compel Austria, by a bold invasion of her rich Italian provinces, to make such exertions in that quarter as might weaken those armies which had so long hovered on the French frontier of the Rhine; and, if possible, to stir up the Italian subjects of that crown to adopt the revolutionary system and emancipate themselves forever from its yoke. The third object, though more distant, was not less important. The Directory had taken umbrage against the Roman Church, regarding it as the secret support of royalism in France; and to reduce the Vatican into insignificance, or at least force it to submission and quiescence, appeared indispensable to the internal tranquillity of the French nation."

The Austrian General Beaulieu, anticipating the designs of Napoleon on Italy, arranged his immense force to cover Genoa, and guard the Alpine passes. He took a position at Voltri, ten miles from Genoa; D'Argenteau was at Monte Notte, a summit further west; while the Sardinian troops commanded by Colli, were stationed at Ceva, completing the right wing of the allied armies, and presenting a threatening barrier

of disciplined soldiers, more formidable than the frowning Alps to the advance of the French. To oppose and rout this overwhelming force, Napoleon must rely upon the untried power of his novel plan of attack, of which his enemy had no intimation. To cross the Alps, his design was also his own. Instead of attempting any of the usual paths over the fearful summits, he had decided to march along the slope between the precipitous ranges and the Mediterranean Sea, where the Alps sink into the depression which divides them from the Apennines. Toward this point, both armies mustered their strength, and there the inferior, weakened regiments of the Directory, were to encounter the splendid columns of the Austrian commander.

April 11th, 1796, through a pelting storm and the yielding soil, he moved with incredible rapidity toward Monte Notte, the strong center of the entire army. When he gained the heights, he beheld before him the encampment and the valley, where soon the die would be cast; his first great victory won, or his hopes quenched in blood. The pause was brief; the order to fall on the foe was given, and the smoke of bloody conflict rolled upward from the plain. D'Argenteau finding himself surrounded, was compelled to retreat, leaving three thousand dead and wounded on the field. The new method of attack was no longer an experiment: and Bonaparte was a conqueror, and the terror of Europe's select battalions.

The Austrians fled to Deigo; the Sardinian wing fell back to Millesimo; and D'Argenteau endeavored to rally his disheartened detachments, and form again in order of battle. The next day, before the expected reinforcements from Lombardy could arrive to strengthen the allies, who hoped in their new position to save Milan

and Turin, Napoleon marched upon the Austrian line. Augereau was sent toward Millesimo, Massena to Dego, and Laharpe turned the left flank of the commander-in-chief. Each did his work well. At Dego, where Beaulieu had intrenched himself, the Austrians were defeated, the general driven from his position, and three thousand prisoners taken. The Sardinians at Millesimo surrendered, numbering fifteen hundred; a disaster which reduced them to a wreck, and wiped out their name from the list of boastful allies. Napoleon now moved on like an Alpine avalanche toward Turin the capital of Sardinia. On the heights of Zeamolo, he beheld, as did the crusaders the city of David from encircling hills, the glorious prize for which he fought—the verdant river-veined and fertile plains of lovely Italy. His troops poured down upon the promised land with delight. At Ceva he met the foe, eight thousand strong, and after an indecisive conflict, overtook them again near the torrent Carsuglia; where a desperate battle was fought, and the bridge crossed. Napoleon marched on to Cherasco, within ten miles of Turin, where he encamped, to dictate the terms on which the King could hold his throne, and the government in form and name continue. He demanded, before measures for an armistice were considered, the surrender of Coni, Tortona, and Alexandria, fortresses which bore the name of “the keys of the Alps.” When he discovered hesitation, he sternly added, “Listen to the laws I impose upon you in the name of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames.” Thus all of consequence but Turin itself was in his hands, and an ambassador on his way to Paris, to conclude the treaty with the kingdom, leaving his way unobstructed to carry on the war against Austria. In less than a month the young Corsican had conquered in three grand battles,

killed, wounded and captured *twenty-five thousand* men; taken eighty guns, and twenty-one standards; and that too with an army inferior in numbers, and in all the appendages of the battle-field, and with comparatively an insignificant loss of men. Never before was such dazzling and sanguinary conflict witnessed, and the wisdom of the wise in the science of human slaughter so utterly confounded.

Prepared to move forward to his greater enterprise, he cast his eye upward to the majestic peaks that glittered in the sunlight, and exclaimed: “Hannibal forced the Alps, and we have turned them.” He then addressed, with stirring eloquence, his troops:

“Hitherto you have been fighting for barren rocks, memorable for your valor, but useless to your country; but now your exploits equal those of the armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, could have endured such things. Thanks for your perseverance! But, soldiers, you have done nothing—for there remains much to do. Milan is not yet yours. The ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville.”

Napoleon’s consummate knowledge of human nature was visible in his every act. He knew how to reach the soldier’s sympathy and inflame his enthusiasm. His system of warfare, and his modest style of announcing his successes, were all marked with the same profound insight of the secret of power over the minds of men. This marvelous quality of character he expressed, when he remarked: “My extreme youth, when I took com-

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mand of the army of Italy, rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners, and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power."

While the motive revealed cannot claim the name of virtue, the morality it secured shed luster upon his name. His position at this period in his history was sublime, and his fame the admiration of the world.

The kingdom of Sardinia, comprised Nice, Savoy, Montferrat, and Piedmont; of the latter Napoleon was now the undisputed master. He sent messages of affection to Josephine, who in her unselfish devotion rejoiced more than himself, in every conquest of his battalions, and pressed on to overtake Beaulieu, who had retreated behind the Po. By artful maneuvering he made the Austrian general believe that he designed to cross the river at Valenza, while under cover of night he marched, with unequalled rapidity, eighty miles down the stream in thirty-six hours, sweeping with him every boat upon its banks. On the 7th of May, he crossed in ferry boats, without the loss of a single man, in the face of two reconnoitering squadrons of the enemy, who gazed with bewildering amazement on the scene, and he was on the plains of Lombardy. Beaulieu, upon learning the successful stratagem, marched forward, hoping to give the French battle with the Po behind them, to make the advantage to him as great as pos-

sible. Napoleon anticipated him in this design, and pressed on to Fombio, where the advanced divisions of the two armies met on the 8th of May. The Austrians occupied the steeples, the windows, and roofs of the houses, and poured down their fire on the enemy crowding the streets. Before the impetuous charge of the French, a third of their men fell, and the remainder fled; leaving their cannon behind. On the banks of the Adda, Beaulieu drew up his army, defending every passage, especially the bridge of Lodi, across which he justly thought Napoleon would attempt to force a transit.

The wooden bridge of Lodi formed the scene of one of the most celebrated actions of the war. It was a great neglect in Beaulieu to leave it standing when he removed his headquarters to the east bank of the Adda; his outposts were driven rapidly through the old straggling town of Lodi on the 10th; and the French, sheltering themselves behind the walls and the houses, lay ready to attempt the passage of the bridge. Beaulieu had placed a battery of thirty cannon so as to sweep it completely; and the enterprise of storming it in the face of this artillery, and of a whole army drawn up behind, is one of the most daring on record.

Bonaparte's first care was to place as many guns as he could get in order, in direct opposition to this Austrian battery. A furious cannonade on his side of the river also now commenced. The general himself appeared in the midst of the fire, pointing with his own hand two guns in such a manner as to cut off the Austrians from the only path by which they could have advanced to undermine the bridge; and it was on this occasion that the soldiery, delighted with his dauntless exposure of his person, conferred on him his honorary nickname of *The Little Corporal*. In the mean

time, he had sent General Beaumont and the cavalry to attempt the passage of the river, by a distant ford (which they had much difficulty in effecting), and awaited with anxiety the moment when they should appear on the enemy's flank. When that took place, Beaulieu's line, of course, showed some confusion, and Napoleon instantly gave the word. A column of grenadiers, whom he had kept ready drawn up close to the bridge, but under shelter of the houses, were in a moment wheeled to the left, and their leading files placed on the bridge. They rushed on, shouting *Vive la République!* but the storm of grape-shot for a moment checked them. Bonaparte, Lannes, Berthier, and Lallemand, hurried to the front, and rallied and cheered the men. The column dashed across the bridge in despite of the tempest of fire that thinned them. The brave Lannes was the first who reached the other side, Napoleon himself the second. The Austrian artillery-men were bayoneted at their guns, ere the other troops whom Beaulieu had removed too far back, in his anxiety to avoid the French battery, could come to their assistance. Beaumont pressed gallantly with his horse upon the flank, and Napoleon's infantry formed rapidly as they passed the bridge, and charged on the instant; the Austrian line became involved in inextricable confusion, broke up and fled. The slaughter on their side was great; on the French side, there fell only two hundred men. With such rapidity, and consequently with so little loss, did Bonaparte execute this dazzling adventure—"the terrible passage," as he himself called it, "of the bridge of Lodi."

It was, indeed, terrible to the enemy. It deprived them of another excellent line of defense; and raised the enthusiasm of the French soldiery to a pitch of irresistible daring. Beaulieu, nevertheless, contrived to

withdraw his troops in much better style than Bonaparte had anticipated. He gathered the scattered fragments of his force together, and soon threw the line of the Mincio, a tributary of the Po, between himself and his enemy. The great object, however, had been attained: and no obstacle remained between the victorious invader and the rich and noble capital of Lombardy. The garrison of Pizzighitone, seeing themselves effectually cut off from the Austrian army, capitulated. The French cavalry pursued Beaulieu as far as Cremona, which town they seized; and Bonaparte himself prepared to march upon Milan. It was after one of these affairs that an old Hungarian officer was brought prisoner to Bonaparte, who entered into conversation with him, and among other matters questioned him "what he thought of the state of the war?" "Nothing," replied the old gentleman, who did not know he was addressing the general-in-chief, "nothing can be worse. Here is a young man who knows absolutely nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable!"

The charming and fruitful plains of Lombardy, which, conquered by Austria, were ruled by the Archduke Ferdinand, was now in the hands of Napoleon. While the Austrians withdrew into the Tyrol, Ferdinand and the duchess, sadly retired from the palace of Milan. In the very ranks of the retreating troops, the revolutionary party secretly existing here, as well as elsewhere beneath the Austrian flag, displayed openly the tri-color cockade, and the municipal authorities waited with a cordial welcome upon the victorious Corsican. A month after the decisive blow at Monte Notte, and four days after the bloody affair at Lodi,

Napoleon entered the capital of the Lombard kings in complete and splendid triumph. He there wrote the following brief note to his brother, in which both a royal dictation in family plans, and love for Josephine are disclosed :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"MILAN, May 14,* 1796.

"All goes on well. Pray arrange Paulette's affairs. I do not intend Fréron to marry her. Tell her so, and let him know it too.

"We are masters of all Lombardy.

"Adieu, my dear Joseph ; give me news of my wife. I hear that she is ill, which wrings my heart."

Of the Italian powers, Naples alone remained hostile and unconquered.

Napoleon's intention to humble Rome, however, he did not conceal, whenever the provocation or opportunity came. Persuaded that all the princes of the invaded peninsula were opposed to his progress, he resolved to make thorough work of the conquest, and regard those who were not with him as against him. The Dukes of Parma and Modena, possessed of great wealth but with small defense, submitted to his terms of tribute money, and a contribution of fine old paintings for the galleries of Paris. He then issued another thrilling address to his army, already flushed with victory, and impatient to follow their deified general.

"Soldiers ! you have descended like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed everything which opposed your progress. Piedmont is delivered from the tyranny of Austria, Milan is in your hands,

* This date is erroneous. Napoleon entered Milan the 26th Floreal, or the 15th of May.—Tr.

and the republican standards wave over the whole of Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence to your generosity. The army which menaced you with so much pride, can no longer find a barrier to protect itself against your arms. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda, have not been able to stop you a single day. These boasted bulwarks of Italy have proved as nugatory as the Alps. Such a career of success has carried joy into the bosom of your country. Fêtes in honor of your victories have been ordered in all the communes of the Republic. There your parents, your wives, your sisters, your lovers, rejoice in your achievements, and boast with pride that you belong to them. Yes, soldiers ! you have indeed done much, but much remains still to be done. Shall posterity say that we knew how to conquer, but knew not how to improve victory ? Shall we find a Capua in Lombardy ? We have forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have whetted the daggers of civil war in France, who have assassinated our ministers, who have burned our ships at Toulon, let these tremble—the hour of vengeance has struck ! But let not the people be alarmed. We are the friends of the people everywhere ; particularly of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men we have taken for our models. To re-establish the capitol ; to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious ; to rouse the Romans, stupefied by centuries of slavery—such will be the fruit of your victories. They will form an epoch with posterity. To you will pertain the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest portion of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace. You will then return to your homes, and your fellow-citizens will say, pointing

to you, 'He belonged to the army of Italy!'" What chord of a soldier's heart was not touched in this burst of eloquence. Exultation over the past success, the admiring gratitude of country and friends, the glory and revenge of the future, were all concentrated in the brilliant harangue. Then, while robbing the conquered of treasures to support the army, and pictures as *souvenirs* of his conquest, he persuaded them that he was the devoted friend of the common people.

Upon the sixth day after his magnificent entrance into the palace of Ferdinand, Napoleon left its splendid apartments, in pursuit of the Austrian general.

A detachment remained to blockade the citadel, which had not surrendered to the conqueror. Beaulieu was intrenched on the banks of the Mincio, with Mantua, "the citadel of Italy," on the left, and Peschiera, a Venetian fortress he had taken, on the right. The Lago di Garda spread its waters toward the Tyrolese Alps, extending the area of defense, and keeping unobstructed a channel of communication with Vienna. To this stronghold of a disciplined army, Napoleon moved rapidly, expecting nothing less than a complete defeat of his equally sanguine foe. At this juncture, the Directory were in the trepidation of fear at the spreading glory and commanding influence of their youthful hero, and they decided at once to check his royal march to renown. Their plan was to divide the command, and Kellerman, a distinguished and veteran officer, was appointed his associate, to pursue the Austrians, leaving Napoleon to march upon the Papal dominions. But his reply was characteristic of the man. He immediately tendered his resignation, and added briefly his reason: "One-half of the army of Italy cannot suffice to finish the matter with the Austrians. It is only by keeping my force entire that

I have been able to gain so many battles, and to be now in Milan. You had better have one bad general than two good ones."

The Directory were vanquished, and left the commander-in-chief in undisputed direction of the troops—the last effort to restrain or guide his unexampled career. And here another unexpected delay occurred in the progress toward Mantua. An insurrection had arisen in Lombardy, fanned by the heavy tribute demanded by the French, and the irreverent disregard of their churches and clergy. A rumored advance of Austrian levies gave strength to the rebellion, until thirty thousand men were ready for conflict. They drove the French garrison before them at Pavia. Then commenced the tragical policy of Napoleon, indicated in his slaughter of the sections in Paris. Lannes was ordered to chastise the insurgents by burning Benaseo, and putting the inhabitants to the sword, while Napoleon marched on Pavia, swept the gates like cobwebs from his path, and executed the leaders of the insurrection.

At Lugo, where a squadron of the republican army had been defeated, he massacred without pity the entire population. The remedy was effective—the rebellion was drowned in blood. It is idle to apologize for the lawless destruction of life, on the ground of necessary chastisement. For there can be no excuse for so murderous and exterminating carnage, when the people rose to defend their invaded soil. One such scene in the history of Washington would have darkened his fair fame forever. The truth is, Napoleon valued human life no more in questions of conquest and glory, than he did the fruitage of the plains over which he swept, like conflagration and pestilence conspiring to destroy both the proprietors of the soil and its vegetation.

The versatility of Napoleon's imperial genius, was

seen in his familiarity with every department of human progress, and perfect self-possession on all occasions. At Pavia, amid the excitements of his conquering presence, he entered its celebrated university, and passed from class to class with the rapidity of untamed enthusiasm, and with the precision and directness of a philosopher.

Napoleon, having subdued the Austrian and Catholic revolutionists, pressed forward toward the Mincio, Beaulieu was again deceived by the strategy of his enemy. He thought Napoleon would cross the river at Peschiera, while he was preparing to make the passage further down at Borghetto. The Austrian garrison demolished an arch of the bridge, which he soon supplied with planks, and in an hour was on the opposite bank. Regarding the immediate work accomplished, he was refreshing himself, and about to dine in the inn of which he took possession, when his attendants rushed into his presence, shouting, "To arms!" Bonaparte mounted a charger, and through a retired gateway made his escape. A detachment of the Austrian force, stationed below Mincio, hearing the cannonade, had hastened to assist their comrades; but arriving too late, came near capturing the head and soul of the French army, while quietly resting in the rear of the marching columns of the pursued and the pursuing. Napoleon from this startling hint, formed a corps of picked men called *guides* to guard his person.

From this affair at Valleggio, sprang the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, whose fame will be indissolubly associated with that of their chief. Napoleon now laid siege upon Mantua, into which Beaulieu had poured fifteen thousand soldiers, and whose walls frowned defiantly upon the hitherto resistless enemy. The Austrian general waited for further reinforcements to garrison

this fortress, around which the hopes of millions gathered, while Napoleon beleaguered it without delay.

The city and fortress is situated on an island, from which diverge five causeways, the only avenues of access, and these were guarded with intrenched camps, gates, drawbridges and batteries. With his usual precipitate and well directed action, Bonaparte secured immediately by storm, four of the causeways, leaving the Austrians in possession of one, but that the most impregnable, called *La Favorita*, after a grand palace near it. To strengthen his position, he determined further, regardless of the rule of neutrality, to conquer the domain of Venice, stretching away from Mantua. Embracing the pretext of a *reluctant* refusal by Venice to let the Count of Provence, brother of Louis XVI., find a refuge in her territory—an act of inhospitality demanded by the Directory—he sent garrisons to Verona and similar points of defense. He raised the tricolor at the Tyrolese passes, and returned to Milan to finish his work there. Serrurier remained at Mantua. Naples was under the reign of an inefficient Bourbon, who was an ally of the English in the siege of Toulon, and now of the Austrians in the same cause. He was amazed and terrified with the victories of Napoleon, and sent proposals of peace. Napoleon was glad to consider them, both because he had other employment for his troops than war upon Naples, and a treaty would divert a strong force from the Austrian ranks. An armistice was soon succeeded by peace, which virtually placed in the power of the French the King of the Sicilies. The path toward the Vatican was now cleared, and the Pope himself trembled before the young Napoleon, who occupied Bologna and Ferrara, including four hundred prisoners in the latter town, and the cardinal who commanded the troops. The Pope in haste sent an ambas-

sador to Bologna, to arrange the terms of an armistice. With the surrender of the two cities already seized, and Ancona, Napoleon demanded a million of pounds sterling, a hundred paintings and statues, and five hundred ancient manuscripts for the museum of Paris. For a more definite treaty, he referred the Pontiff to the Directory. Tuscany, whose Duke had remained neutral in the contest with France, and even recognized cordially the Republic, next arrested the attention of Napoleon. At Leghorn, English vessels were riding in harbor under the eye of the governor. He was taken prisoner by Napoleon, and sent to the Grand Duke, on the charge of violating the neutrality. The prince was brother of the Emperor of Austria, and this was evidence against his sincerity to the mind of the French commander, who consulted, under every pretext, the consummation of his stupendous plans. Referring to these abuses of power, he once remarked with apologetic truthfulness: "It is a sad case when the dwarf comes into the embrace of the giant, he is like enough to be suffocated; but it is the giant's nature to squeeze hard."

Thus Napoleon, setting aside even the wishes of the central government, which was imbued with the most fiery republicanism, instead of forming with revolutionary rapidity, republics of the submissive kingdoms, more wisely preferred to use them under the safer influence of the established order of things. There is a strange and fascinating pre-eminence in a mind, not in the maturity of manhood, treating with sublime indifference the opinions and scepters of a continent, and crowning all by an independence, which dared to act without the approval of the authority which gave him his high command.

"The cabinet of Vienna had at last resolved upon sending efficient aid to the Italian frontier. Beaulieu

had been too often unfortunate to be trusted longer. Wurmser, who enjoyed a reputation of the highest class, was sent to replace him: thirty thousand men were drafted from the armies on the Rhine to accompany the new general; and he carried orders to strengthen himself further on his march, by whatever recruits he could raise among the warlike and loyal population of the Tyrol.

"Wurmser's army when he fixed his headquarters at Trent, mustered in all eighty thousand; while Bonaparte had but thirty thousand to hold a wide country in which abhorrence of the French cause was now prevalent, to keep up the blockade of Mantua, and to oppose this fearful odds of numbers in the field. He was now, moreover, to act on the defensive, while his adversary assumed the more inspiriting character of invader. He awaited the result with calmness.

"Wurmser might have learned from the successes of Bonaparte the advantages of compact movement; yet he was unwise enough to divide his great force into three separate columns, and to place one of these upon a line of march which entirely separated it from the support of the others. He himself with his center, came down on the left bank of the Lago di Guarda, with Mantua before him as his mark; his left wing, under Melas, was to descend the Adige, and drive the French from Verona; while his right wing, under Quasdanovich, was ordered to keep down the valley of the Chiese, in the direction of Brescia, and so to cut off the retreat of Bonaparte upon the Milanese—in other words, to interpose the waters of the Lago di Guarda between themselves and the march of their friends—a blunder not likely to escape the eagle eye of Napoleon.

"He immediately determined to march against Quas-

danovich, and fight him where he could not be supported by the other two columns. This could not be done without abandoning for the time the blockade of Mantua, which was accordingly done. The guns were buried in the trenches during the night of the 31st July, and the French quitted the place with a precipitation which the advancing Austrians considered as the result of terror.

“Napoleon, meanwhile, rushed against Quasdanovich, who had already come near the bottom of the lake of Guarda. At Salo, close to the lake, and further from it, at Lonato, two divisions of the Austrian column were attacked and overwhelmed. Augereau and Massena, leaving merely rear-guards at Borghetto and Peschiera, now marched also upon Brescia. The whole force of Quasdanovich must inevitably have been ruined by these combinations had he stood his ground; but by this time the celerity of Napoleon had overawed him, and he was already in full retreat upon his old quarters in the Tyrol. Augereau and Massena, therefore, countermarched their columns, and returned toward the Mincio.

“In the mean time Wurmser had forced their rear-guards from their posts, and flushed with these successes, he now resolved to throw his whole force upon the French, and resume at the point of the bayonet his communication with the scattered column of Quasdanovich. He was so fortunate as to defeat a French division at Lonato, and to occupy that town. But this new success was fatal to him. In the exultation of victory he extended his line too much toward the right; and this over-anxiety to open the communication with Quasdanovich had the effect of so weakening his center, that Massena, boldly and skilfully seizing the opportunity, poured two strong columns on Lonato and

regained the position; whereon the Austrian, perceiving that his army was cut in two, was thrown into utter confusion. Some of his troops, marching to the right, were met by those of the French who had already defeated Quasdanovich in that quarter, and obliged to surrender: the most retreated in great disorder. At Castiglione alone a brave stand was made; but this position was at length forced by Augereau. Such was the battle of Lonato. Thenceforth nothing could surpass the discomfiture and disarray of the Austrians. They fled in all directions upon the Mincio, where Wurmser himself, meanwhile, had been employed in revictualing Mantua.

“A mere accident had once almost saved them. One of the many defeated divisions of the army, wandering about in anxiety to find some means of reaching the Mincio, came suddenly on Lonato, the scene of the late battle, at a moment when Napoleon was there with only his staff and guards about him. He knew not that any considerable body of Austrians remained together in the neighborhood; and but for his presence of mind must have been their prisoner. The Austrian had not the skill to profit by what fortune threw in his way; his enemy was able to turn even a blunder into an advantage. The officer sent to demand the surrender of the town was brought blindfolded, as is the custom, to his headquarters; Bonaparte, by a secret sign, caused his whole staff to draw up around him, and when the bandage was removed from the messenger's eyes, saluted him thus: ‘What means this insolence? Do you beard the French general in the middle of his army?’ The German recognized the person of Napoleon, and retreated stammering and blushing. He assured his commander that Lonato was occupied by the French in numbers that made resistance impossi-

ble; four thousand men laid down their arms; and then discovered, that if they had used them, nothing could have prevented Napoleon from being their prize.

“Wurmser collected together the whole of his remaining force, and advanced to meet the conqueror. He, meanwhile, had himself determined on the assault, and was hastening to the encounter. They met between Lonato and Castiglione. Wurmser was totally defeated, and narrowly escaped being a prisoner; nor did he without great difficulty regain Trent and Roveredo, those frontier positions from which his noble army had so recently descended with all the confidence of conquerors. In this disastrous campaign the Austrians lost forty thousand men; Bonaparte probably understated his own loss at seven thousand. During the seven days which the campaign occupied, he never took off his boots, nor slept except by starts. The exertions which so rapidly achieved this signal triumph were such as to demand some repose; yet Napoleon did not pause until he saw Mantua once more completely invested. The reinforcement and revictualing of that garrison were all that Wurmser could show, in requital of his lost artillery, stores, and forty thousand men.”

Napoleon was fond of incidents that tested or developed character. Not a few officers in his army owed their elevation to events which occurred, naturally enough, among the varieties of life in the camp and field; but to his observant eye, revealed the character and capacity of the men. One night he went the rounds of the sentinels in disguise, to see if they were acting with fidelity in the hour of peril. Encountering a soldier, whose post was at the junction of two roads, he was ordered back at the point of the bayonet. Napoleon replied, “I am a general officer going the

rounds to ascertain if all is safe.” “I care not,” said the sentinel, “my commands are to let no one go by, and if you were the little corporal himself, you should not pass.” Napoleon retired, and soon after gave the faithful soldier an officer’s epaulet.

He wrote a letter about this date to Joseph, which is a brief outline of his position, an evidence of an interest still lingering around the place of his birth, to which he had despatched a force, to aid in the struggle against English dominion.

“I have your letter of the 30th, without any details from Corsica. You will find with this letter my answer to one from the administrators of the Department du Liamone. Such being the law, the organization of the two departments must be retained.

“We have made peace with Naples, and a treaty with Genoa, and we are going to enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Prussia.

“Things are somewhat better on the Rhine. Moreau has gained a victory. Kleber replaces Beurnonville. All looks well.

“I am anxious for regular news from Corsica, and to know the state of Ajaccio. My health is fair; nothing new in the army.”

In the beginning of September the Austrian troops were again moving toward Mantua. Wurmser, with national defiance at disaster, determined to save Mantua, and reconquer Lombardy.

He had now an army of thirty thousand; and Davidowich at Roveredo, twenty thousand more, to protect the Tyrol. Of these, twenty thousand were fresh troops. Napoleon was delighted with this division of an immense force, a fact, to his comprehensive view of the campaign, portending another ruinous defeat. And

no sooner had Wurmser reached Bassano, entirely separated from Davidowich, than he turned his force with the celerity of a tempest upon Roveredo. The entrenchments of the enemy were strong, and in their rear stood the castle of Calliano, on the brow of a precipice leaning over the Adige, whose waters flowed between shattered mountains; a fortress which seemed to scorn the roar of artillery, and the clash of arms. September 4th, with burning ardor, the French rushed upon the foe. The Austrians wavered and fell back; height after height was swept by the impetuous battalions, until the victorious tricolor waved over the ruins, the dying and the dead. Fifteen field-pieces, and seven thousand prisoners, were in the hands of the French. The victory, for rapidity and precision in the assault, the fearless impetuosity of the soldiers, and the decisive results, was one of the most brilliant in Napoleon's career, and was so regarded by him.

The following day he marched into Trent. Issuing a proclamation to the Tyrolese, declaring himself their friend, who came to lift from their necks the heavy yoke of Austrian oppression, he pressed forward through the defiles of Brenta, to fall upon Wurmser's division. This general had heard with dismay of Davidowich's overthrow, but prepared with thirty thousand men to meet Napoleon with twenty thousand elated troops, who was impatient to deal a final blow upon the scattered army of Austria. A march of sixty miles, from Trent to Primolano, was accomplished in the incredibly short period of two days. At dawn of day, Wurmser was aroused by Napoleon's cannon, and on September 8th, was fought the bloody battle of Bassano. Six thousand Austrians laid down their arms; Quasdonovich escaped with four thousand soldiers to Friuli; while Wurmser with but sixteen

thousand of his grand army, retreated toward Mantua, the stronghold of security and hope, till Vienna might send reinforcements for their deliverance.

"To reach that fortress it was necessary to force a passage somewhere on the Adige; and the Austrian, especially as he had lost all his pontoons, would have had great difficulty in doing so, but for a mistake on the part of the French commander at Legnago, who, conceiving the attempt was to be made at Verona, marched to reinforce the corps stationed there, and so left his own position unguarded. Wurmser, taking advantage of this, passed with his army at Legnago, and after a series of bloody skirmishes, in which fortune divided her favors pretty equally, at length was enabled to throw himself into Mantua. Napoleon made another narrow escape, in one of these skirmishes, at Arcola. He was surrounded for a moment, and had just galloped off, when Wurmser, coming up, and learning that the prize was so near, gave particular directions to bring him in alive!"

Napoleon's impromptu replies, when they were demanded, and action when needed, were so timely and often sublime, that the camp continually rang with the enthusiastic repetition of them. When at this period a soldier in the discontented ranks of the scantily supplied army, pointing to his tattered apparel, said, "Notwithstanding our victories we are clothed with rags;" Napoleon answered, "You forget, my brave friend, that with a new coat, your honorable scars would no longer be visible." These words satisfied the man, and went from rank to rank of his comrades. Another incident after the battle of Bassano, is related, which illustrated the moral defects in Napoleon's character, and the cool contempt of life, with all the manly sympathies and impulses of his nature.

Riding over the ensanguined plain amid heaps of the ghastly sleepers, beneath the moonlight of the midnight hour, he was startled by the piteous howls of a dog, watching the bloody corpse of his master. He silently paused on his steed, and his meditations he afterward thus expressed: "I know not how it was, but no incident upon any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression upon my feelings. This man, thought I, must have had among his comrades friends, yet here he lies forsaken by all except his faithful dog. What a strange being is man! How mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which had decided the fate of armies. I had, with tearless eye, beheld the execution of these orders, in which thousands of my countrymen were slain, and yet here my sympathies were most deeply and resistlessly moved by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly at that moment I should have been unable to refuse any request of a suppliant enemy."

Napoleon now wrote most appealingly to the Directory for promised recruits. "Troops," he exclaimed, "or Italy is lost!" He at the same time animated his battalions, and prepared for conflict with the calm confidence of easy victory. "After making himself master of some scattered corps which had not been successful in keeping up with Wurmser, he reappeared once more before Mantua. The battle of St. George—so called from one of the suburbs of the city—was fought on the 13th of September; and after a prodigious slaughter, the French remained in possession of all the causeways; so that the blockade of the city and fortress was thenceforth complete. The garrison, when Wurmser shut himself up, amounted to twenty-six thousand: ere October was far advanced, the pestilential air of the place, and the scarcity and badness

of provisions had filled his hospitals, and left him hardly half the number in fighting condition. The misery of the besieged town was extreme; and if Austria meant to rescue Wurmser, there was no time to be lost."

With characteristic energy, another, the fourth great army was raised, and Alvinzi, an experienced and able general, placed at its head. With only twelve new battalions, Napoleon prepared to meet these sixty thousand troops, fresh from barracks and quiet homes. General Vaubois at Trent, and Massena at Bassano, were compelled to yield to the advancing enemy. Napoleon marched to the aid of Massena, and met the Austrians at Vicenza in a short, fierce, and indecisive battle; both armies claimed the victory. The condition of the French was becoming critical.

The extensive region between Brenta and the Adige was in the hands of Alvinzi, and Mantua was still the mighty bulwark of defense. Napoleon saw the necessity of rousing at once the courage of the defeated troops of Vaubois, and guard against a future disaster of a similar kind. He appeared before them surrounded by his staff, with imposing severity of command, and thus addressed them: "Soldiers! I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy!*'" This rebuke had its intended effect. The proudest veterans wept, and begged for another opportunity to test their heroism. They were restored to favor, and became his most daring soldiers. Napoleon now directed his forces toward the heights of Caldiero,

where Alvinzi was entrenched, designing to fall like a descending bolt upon his division before it could unite with the troops of Davidowich.

The armies met. A storm of rain, succeeded by wind and sleet, beat upon the desperate combatants, through which was poured the fire-sheet and leaden hail of battle. On the furrowed earth, reddened with blood, soon lay four thousand of the dying and dead, when without decisive victory, the exhausted foes retired from the arena of conflict. Napoleon, with disheartened ranks, fell back to Verona. Nearly forty thousand men were now sweeping their extending lines around the French, numbering not more than fifteen thousand. A bold and immediate blow must be given, or the republican army would disappear like the snow that melted along their path. Leaving fifteen hundred men to protect Verona, he emerged at dead of night from its walls, and with no intelligence breathed to the anxious troops of his purpose, he moved toward Mantua, where the blockade continued, as if to abandon the unequal strife. But suddenly he wheeled into a road leading toward the Adige, and crossed directly in the rear of the enemy. Between here and Arcola, and around it, lay the wide morasses, across which narrow dykes only furnished highways. Arcola must be reached and taken before he could rush between the great divisions of the Austrian army, and strike fatally with his comparatively inferior force. By daybreak, in three columns he charged upon the same number of dykes leading to Arcola. Like the struggling light of morning, the truth broke upon the minds of the astonished Austrians, that Napoleon with his tried troops was again upon them. Augereau first stood upon the narrow bridge on which they must pass. The deadly tempest of iron and lead drove his brave column back.

Napoleon saw that, if ever, Arcola must be taken before Alvinzi arrived; and seizing a standard, he dashed on to the bridge, exclaiming, "Conquerors of Lodi! follow your general!" The heroic grenadiers swept into the hurricane of battle, and again gave way; Napoleon was himself carried on the tide of combat to the very feet of the Austrians to the morass, and well-nigh smothered, while the soldiers of the enemy closed between him and his troops. "Forward to save your general!" rang over the tumult, and like the falling flood of a cataract, the columns under the tricolor, dashed over the trembling bridge, rescued their commander, and carried the passage. This was the battle and victory of Arcola.

"This movement revived in the Austrian lines their terror for the name of Bonaparte; and Alvinzi saw that no time was to be lost if he meant to preserve his communication with Davidowich. He abandoned Caldiero, and gaining the open country behind Arcola, robbed his enemy for the moment of the advantage which his skill had gained. Napoleon, perceiving that Arcola was no longer in the rear of his enemy, but in his front, and fearful lest Vaubois might be overwhelmed by Davidowich, while Alvinzi remained thus between him and the Brenta, evacuated Arcola, and retreated to Ronco.

"Next morning, having ascertained that Davidowich had not been engaged with Vaubois, Napoleon once more advanced upon Arcola. The place was defended bravely, and again it was carried. But this second battle of Arcola proved no more decisive than the first; for Alvinzi still contrived to maintain his main force unbroken in the difficult country behind; and Bonaparte once more retreated to Ronco.

"The third day was decisive. On this occasion also

he carried Arcola; and, by employing two stratagems, was enabled to make his victory effectual. An ambuscade, planted among some willows, suddenly opened fire on a column of Croats, threw them into confusion, and, rushing from the concealment, crushed them down in the opposite bog, where most of them died. Napoleon was anxious to follow up this success by charging the Austrian main body on the firm ground behind the marshes. But it was no easy matter to reach them there. He had, in various quarters, portable bridges ready for crossing the ditches and canals; but the enemy stood in good order, and three days' hard fighting had nearly exhausted his own men. In one of his conversations at St. Helena, he thus told the story. 'At Arcola, I gained the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I perceived the critical moment of lassitude in either army—when the oldest and bravest would have been glad to be in their tents. All my men had been engaged. Three times I had been obliged to re-establish the battle. There remained to me but some twenty-five *guides*. I sent them round on the flank of the enemy with three trumpets, bidding them blow loud and charge furiously. *Here is the French cavalry*, was the cry; and they took to flight.' The Austrians doubted not that Murat and all the horse had forced a way through the bogs; and at that moment Bonaparte commanding a general assault in front, the confusion became hopeless. Alvinzi retreated finally, though in decent order, upon Montebello.

"In these three days Bonaparte lost eight thousand men; the slaughter among his opponents must have been terrible. Once more the rapid combinations of Napoleon had rendered all the efforts of the Austrian cabinet abortive. For two months after the last day of Arcola, he remained the undisturbed master of Lom-

bardy. All that his enemy could show, in set-off for the slaughter and discomfiture of Alvinzi's campaign, was that they retained possession of Bassano and Trent, thus interrupting Bonaparte's access to the Tyrol, and Germany. This advantage was not trivial; but it had been dearly bought.

"A fourth army had been baffled; but the resolution of the imperial court was indomitable, and new levies were diligently forwarded to reinforce Alvinzi. Once more (January 7, 1797) the marshal found himself at the head of sixty thousand; once more his superiority over Napoleon's muster-roll was enormous; and once more he descended from the mountains with the hope of relieving Wurmser and reconquering Lombardy. The fifth act of the tragedy was yet to be performed.

"We may here pause, to notice some civil events of importance which occurred ere Alvinzi made his final descent. The success of the French naturally gave new vigor to the Italian party who, chiefly in the large towns, were hostile to Austria, and desirous to settle their own government on the republican model. Napoleon had by this time come to be anything but a Jacobin in his political sentiments; his habits of command; his experience of the narrow and ignorant management of the Directory; his personal intercourse with the ministers of sovereign powers; his sense, daily strengthened by events, that whatever good was done in Italy was owing to his own skill and the devotion of his army—all these circumstances conspired to make him respect himself and condemn the government, almost in despite of which he had conquered kingdoms for France. He therefore regarded now with little sympathy the aspirations after republican organization, which he had himself originally stimulated

among the northern Italians. He knew, however, that the Directory had, by absurd and extravagant demands, provoked the Pope to break off the treaty of Bologna, and to raise his army to the number of forty thousand—that Naples had every disposition to back his holiness with thirty thousand soldiers, provided any reverse should befall the French in Lombardy—and, finally, that Alvinzi was rapidly preparing for another march, with numbers infinitely superior to what he could himself extort from the government of Paris;* and considering these circumstances, he felt himself compelled to seek strength by gratifying his Italian friends. Two republics accordingly were organized; the Cispadane and the Transpadane—handmaids rather than sisters of the great French democracy. These events took place during the period of military inaction which followed the victories of Arcola. The new republics hastened to repay Napoleon's favor by raising troops, and placed at his disposal a force which he considered as sufficient to keep the papal army in check during the expected renewal of the Austrian campaign."

He wrote to his brother, who was in Corsica, revealing that wonderful capacity which embraced, without apparent effort or confusion, the most magnificent schemes of conquest, and the minutest details of domestic arrangement; the improvement of the dwelling in which he passed his boyhood.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"MILAN, December 10, 1796.

"We have made peace with Parma. I expect every day to hear that you are the minister there. Come

* Bonaparte, to replace all his losses in the last two campaigns, had received only seven thousand recruits.

back as soon as you can. Mix yourself up little, or not at all, with Corsican politics. Arrange our domestic affairs. Let our house be in a habitable state, such as it was, adding to it the apartment of Ignazio, and do little things that are necessary to improve the street.

"I expect Fesch and Paulette at Milan in a fortnight. As you return by Milan, settle the San-Miniato* business. Miot goes to Turin; Cacault to Florence."

With the dawn of a new year (1797) Alvinzi was mustering a fifth army for another campaign against the French. The gentry and the peasantry emulated each other in enthusiastic devotion to the common cause, and even the women wrought banners, and animated the troops in their preparation for the harvest of death. Napoleon, to prevent the enlistment of the Tyrolese, proclaimed that every man found in arms should be shot. The haughty Austrian replied that for every slain peasant he would hang a French prisoner of war. These murderous threats were ended in Napoleon's assurance to Alvinzi, that the execution of a Frenchman would secure the gibbeting of his nephew, who had been taken captive.

The Austrian general sent a spy toward Mantua, to convey if possible to Wurmser his proximity, and readiness to afford relief. The peasant wandered over the country in the plainest guise; but nothing escaped Napoleon's vigilance. He was arrested and brought before the commander-in-chief, when in alarm he confessed that the ball of wax containing the message was in his stomach; he had swallowed it. The means were immediately applied to recover the despatch, and soon the surrender was made, and Napoleon possessed of the intelligence which decided his line of march.

* Bonaparte property.

Upon the tempestuous 12th of January, at nightfall, the tidings came to the French camp, that Alvinzi was moving down upon their battalions from the Tyrol, in two different directions. Napoleon was at Verona watching the movements; Joubert was stationed at Rivoli, and Augereau's division ordered to look after Provera, whose troops were following the Brenta, to form a junction with the force before the walls of Mantua. The plan was to unite the Austrian strength by separate marches, in the rescue of Wurmser, which, if successful, would have rendered the position of the French one of great peril. On the 13th, word was sent to Napoleon that Joubert had with difficulty resisted the superior force which was wasting his ranks. With another astonishingly rapid movement, Napoleon reached, at two o'clock in the morning, the heights of Rivoli, and in the clear, still moonlight, surveyed the slumbering host, many of whom were enjoying their last repose.

"Napoleon's keen eye, observing the position of the five encampments below, penetrated the secret of Alvinzi; namely, that his artillery could not yet have arrived, otherwise he would not have occupied ground so distant from the object of attack. He concluded that the Austrian did not mean to make his grand assault very early in the morning, and resolved to force him to anticipate that movement. For this purpose, he took all possible pains to conceal his own arrival; and prolonged, by a series of petty maneuvers, the enemy's belief that he had to do with a mere outpost of the French. Alvinzi swallowed the deceit; and instead of advancing on some great and well-arranged system, suffered his several columns to endeavor to force the heights by insulated movements, which the real strength of Napoleon easily enabled him to baffle.

It is true that at one moment the bravery of the Germans had nearly overthrown the French on a point of pre-eminent importance; but Napoleon himself, galloping to the spot, roused by his voice and action the division of Massena, who, having marched all night, had lain down to rest in the extreme of weariness, and seconded by them and their gallant general, swept everything before him. The French artillery was in position; the Austrian (according to Napoleon's shrewd guess) had not yet come up, and this circumstance decided the fortune of the day. The cannonade from the heights, backed by successive charges of horse and foot, rendered every attempt to storm the summit abortive; and the main body of the imperialists was already in confusion, and, indeed, in flight, ere one of their divisions, which had been sent round to outflank Bonaparte, and take higher ground in his rear, was able to execute its errand. When, accordingly, Lusignan's division at length achieved its destined object—it did so, not to complete the misery of a routed, but to swell the prey of a victorious, enemy. Instead of cutting off the retreat of Joubert, Lusignan found himself insulated from Alvinzi, and forced to lay down his arms to Bonaparte. 'Here was a good plan,' said Napoleon, 'but these Austrians are not apt to calculate the value of minutes.' Had Lusignan gained the rear of the French an hour earlier, while the contest was still hot in front of the heights of Rivoli, he might have made the 14th of January one of the darkest, instead of one of the brightest, days in the military chronicles of Napoleon.

"He, who in the course of this trying day had had three horses shot under him, hardly waited to see Lusignan surrender, and to intrust his friends, Massena, Murat, and Joubert, with the task of pursuing the flying columns of Alvinzi. He had heard, during the

battle, that Provera had forced his way to the Lago di Guarda, and was already, by means of boats, in communication with Mantua. The force of Angereau having proved insufficient to oppose the march of the imperialists' second column, it was high time that Napoleon himself should hurry with reinforcements to the lower Adige, and prevent Wurmser from either housing Provera, or joining him in the open field, and so effecting the escape of his own still formidable garrison, whether to the Tyrol or the Romagna.

"Having marched all night and all next day, Napoleon reached the vicinity of Mantua late on the 15th. He found the enemy strongly posted, and Serrurier's situation highly critical. A regiment of Provera's hussars had but a few hours before nearly established themselves in the suburb of St. George. This danger had been avoided, but the utmost vigilance was necessary. The French general himself passed the night in walking about the outposts, so great was his anxiety.

"At one of these he found a grenadier asleep by the root of a tree; and taking his gun, without wakening him, performed a sentinel's duty in his place for about half an hour; when the man, starting from his slumbers, perceived with terror and despair the countenance and occupation of his general. He fell on his knees before him. 'My friend,' said Napoleon, 'here is your musket. You had fought hard, and marched long, and your sleep is excusable; but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time.'

"It is needless to say how the devotion of his men was nourished by such anecdotes as these flying ever and anon from column to column. Next morning

there ensued a hot skirmish, recorded as the battle of St. George. Provera was compelled to retreat; and Wurmser, who had sallied out and seized the causeway and citadel of La Favorita, was fain to retreat within his old walls, in consequence of a desperate assault headed by Napoleon in person.

"Provera now found himself entirely cut off from Alvinzi, and surrounded with the army of the French. He and five thousand men laid down their arms. Various bodies of the Austrian force, scattered over the country between the Adige and the Brenta, followed the example; and the brave Wurmser, whose provisions were by this time exhausted, found himself at length under the necessity of sending an offer of capitulation."

The Austrian general was now in extremity. His garrison was reduced one half, the salted horseflesh gone, and famine stalked before his anxious mind. Klenau, the bearer of despatches, entered the tent of General Serrurier, and with a flourish of deceptive words, conveyed the impression that Wurmser could hold the citadel for several days longer, but would yield upon honorable conditions of surrender. Napoleon started up from a corner of the tent, and presenting through the folds of his cloak, his calm face and piercing eye, glanced upon the aid-de-camp, and then rapidly wrote a few lines, which he handed to the astonished messenger, saying, "These are the terms to which your general's bravery entitles him. He may have them today; a week, a month hence, he shall have no worse. Meantime, tell him that General Bonaparte is about to set out for Rome." February 2d, Mantua was evacuated. Napoleon, to spare the heroic Wurmser's feelings, delegated Serrurier to receive the veteran's sword; a delicate and beautiful expression of generosity, which

greatly affected the Austrian commander. Besides sparing him the humiliation of being present at the capitulation, Napoleon allowed him to retire with two hundred horse and five hundred men, unmolested to Austria. When the Directory remonstrated against such lenity, he replied indignantly, "I have granted the Austrian such terms as were, in my judgment, due to a brave and honorable enemy, and to the dignity of the French republic."

During all these scenes Napoleon's heart was true to Josephine, and he turned from the shouts of victory, and the applause of millions, to win the smile of her approval. Of the correspondence which passed at that period, but little that is authentic is preserved. Extravagant letters are attributed to him, and their authenticity doubted by the best historians. But it were not strange if at twenty-six, with a distant bride he had left so quickly, and covered with glory that would bewilder an aged conqueror, he did pour his raptures in language whose ardor seems now the fond ravings of a happy lunatic, rather than the utterance of an intellect well poised as it was creative and mighty.

Eugene joined his father-in-law, in the campaign, and won distinction for himself, grateful to Napoleon as it was flattering to the young soldier. This will appear in the subjoined note originally furnished by Josephine :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND—My first laurel is due to my country; my second shall be yours. While pressing Alvinzi, I thought of France; when he was beaten, I thought of you. Your son will send you a scarf surrendered to him by Colonel Morback, whom he took prisoner with his own hand. You see, madam,

that our Eugene is worthy of his father. Do not deem me altogether undeserving of having succeeded to that brave and unfortunate general, under whom I should have felt honored to have learned to conquer. I embrace you.

"BONAPARTE."

Alvinzi thus completely routed, Wurmser and Provera surrendering, left the spreading plains and swelling slopes of Lombardy under the banner of the republic, and threw around the name of Napoleon, a dazzling halo of premature glory, which, with comparatively small abatement, was yet the merited reward of unexampled military wisdom, and exhaustless activity on the field of daring and heroic deeds.

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 Slavonians; 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 *fact*; 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 Borromean 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 Genereino, 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

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 P'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-

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 poutrels 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 fullness 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

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my little band, I fell like lightning on the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. Thus I beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result, was still an example of the truth of the principle, that the greater force defeats the lesser." When he appeared first at Louxembourg, he was welcomed with enthusiastic expressions of devotion. Not a murmur arose over his flight from Egypt. His studied and mysterious reserve did not cool the ardor of the people. He accepted an invitation to a public dinner, gave a toast—"The union of all parties"—and retired. The parties, besides the subdued royalists, were the Jacobins, under Barras, and the *moderates*, or republicans, led by Sieyes; both of which sought an alliance with Napoleon, whose influence would be a tower of strength. He chose the latter, as better suited to his grand design. His brother Lucien was president of the Council of Five Hundred, who, with the shrewd and unprincipled Talleyrand, was his confidential friend. The 17th Brumaire (November 8th, 1799) came, and with it the distinct and ominous tokens of civil commotion. The dragoons, the officers of the national guard, and of the garrison, who had requested an interview with Napoleon, on the evening of that day were astir with excitement; Napoleon had named the next morning for their reception at the *Rue de la Victoire*. The 18th Brumaire dawned; and at six o'clock the military bands were moving toward the humble residence of Napoleon, marching to the strains of martial music, which drew the populace in throngs along the streets. Bernadotte was there *in citizen's dress*. Having desired Napoleon's arrest as a deserter

upon his arrival from Egypt, he refused all the proposals to join the new party, and left the splendid cavalcade around the man who had little cause to fear his hostility, with the promise, that as a citizen he would do nothing against him. The Council of the Ancients assembled at the Tuilleries, at seven o'clock in the morning, and the president declared the necessity of bold measures to save the republic; and announced two decrees for immediate adoption. One was to remove their sittings to the chateau of St. Cloud, a few miles from the capital; and the other conferred upon Napoleon the supreme command of all the military force in and around Paris. The motions passed, and the tidings were carried to Napoleon. Mounting a steed he rode off to the Tuilleries, to finish the victory so nearly won. He addressed the Council in these words: "You are the wisdom of the nation; I come, surrounded by the generals of the republic, to promise you their support. Let us not lose time in looking for precedents. Nothing in history resembled the close of the eighteenth century—nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom has devised the necessary measure; our arms shall put it in execution."

While these scenes were transpiring at the *Rue de la Victoire* and St. Cloud, the three Directors, who were not dreaming of a revolution, awoke as from a deep sleep to the crisis. Moulins suggested that they send a battalion of troops, surround Napoleon's house, and take him prisoner. But he was already in the palace, encircled by devoted and brave men in arms. Barras sent his secretary with an appeal to Napoleon, and received the haughty reply: "What have you done for that fair France which I left you so prosperous? For peace, I find war; for the wealth of Italy, taxation and

misery. Where are the one hundred thousand brave French whom I knew—where are the companions of my glory?—They are dead.” Sieyes and Ducos had resigned, and now Barras, dreading the exposure of his corruption and bribery, followed.

Bernadotte, whose pledge did not allow of active hostility as a citizen, offered his command to the opposition, urging that would give the troops a choice of leaders. The offer was rejected, and the Directory of France passed away before the advancing power of Napoleon. The Council of Five Hundred only remained. When they heard of the decree which changed their place of meeting to St. Cloud, they separated, indignantly shouting, “*Vive la Republique!*” “*Vive la Constitution!*” Next morning, attended by all who sympathized with them, they repaired for a final struggle to St. Cloud. Napoleon was in the Tuilleries, the soldiers ready for action, and the people anxiously waiting the issue of these far-reaching events. Murat led a formidable force to the arena of civil strife. On the 19th Brumaire, the assemblies gathered to their chambers.

“The Council of Ancients were ushered into the Gallery of Mars, and, the minority having by this time recovered from their surprise, a stormy debate forthwith commenced, touching the events of the preceding day. Bonaparte entered the room, and, by permission of the subservient president, addressed the assembly. ‘Citizens,’ said he, ‘you stand over a volcano. Let a soldier tell the truth frankly. I was quiet in my home when this council summoned me to action. I obeyed: I collected my brave comrades, and placed the arms of my country at the service of you who are its head. We are repaid with calumnies—they talk of Cromwell—of Cæsar. Had I aspired at power the opportunity was mine ere now. I swear that France holds no more

devoted patriot. Dangers surround us. Let us not hazard the advantages for which we have paid so dearly—Liberty and Equality!’ A democratic member, Linglet, added aloud, ‘And the Constitution.’ ‘The Constitution!’ continued Napoleon—‘it has been thrice violated already—all parties have invoked it—each in turn has trampled on it: since that can be preserved no longer, let us, at least, save its foundations—Liberty and Equality. It is on you only that I rely. The Council of Five Hundred would restore the Convention, the popular tumults, the scaffolds, the reign of terror. I will save you from such horrors—I and my brave comrades, whose swords and caps I see at the door of this hall; and if any hireling prater talks of outlawry, to those swords shall I appeal.’ The great majority were with him, and he left them amid loud cries of ‘*Vive Bonaparte!*’

“A far different scene was passing in the hostile assembly of the Five Hundred. When its members at length found their way into the Orangery, the apartment allotted for them, a tumultuous clamor arose on every side. *Live the Constitution!—The Constitution or death!—Down with the Dictator!*—such were the ominous cries. Lucien Bonaparte, the president, in vain attempted to restore order: the moderate orators of the Council with equal ill success endeavored to gain a hearing. In the midst of the tumult Napoleon himself, accompanied by four grenadiers, walked into the chamber—the doors remained open, and plumes and swords were visible in dense array behind him. His grenadiers halted near the door, and he advanced alone toward the center of the gallery. Then arose a fierce outcry—*Drawn swords in the sanctuary of the laws!—Outlawry!—Outlawry!—Let him be proclaimed a traitor!—Was it for this you gained so many victories?*

Many members rushed upon the intruder, and, if we may place confidence in his own tale, a Corsican deputy, by name Arena, aimed a dagger at his throat. At all events, there was such an appearance of personal danger as fired the grenadiers behind him. They rushed forward, and extricated him almost breathless; and one of their number (Thomé) was at least rewarded on the score of his having received a wound meant for the general.

"It seems to be admitted, that at this moment, the iron nerves of Bonaparte were, for once, shaken. With the dangers of the field he was familiar—he had not been prepared for the manifestations of this civil rage. He came out, staggering and stammering, among the soldiery, and said, 'I offered them victory and fame, and they have answered me with daggers.'

"Sieyes, an experienced observer of such scenes, was still on horseback in the court, and quickly reassured him. General Angereau came up but a moment afterward, and said—'You have brought yourself into a pretty situation.' 'Angereau,' answered Napoleon, 'things were worse at Arcola. Be quiet; all this will soon right itself.' He then harangued the soldiery—'I have led you to victory, to fame, to glory. Can I count upon you?' 'Yes, yes, we swear it,' was the answer that burst from every line—'*Vive Bonaparte!*'

"In the Council, meantime, the commotion had increased on the retreat of Napoleon. A general cry arose for a sentence of outlawry against him; and Lucien, the president, in vain appealed to the feelings of nature, demanding that, instead of being obliged to put that question to the vote, he might be heard as the advocate of his brother. He was clamorously refused, and in indignation flung off the insignia of his office.

Some grenadiers once more entered, and carried him also out of the place.

"The president found the soldiery without in a high state of excitement. He immediately got upon horseback, that he might be seen and heard the better, and exclaimed: 'General Bonaparte, and you, soldiers of France, the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you that factious men with daggers interrupt the deliberations of the senate. He authorizes you to employ force. The assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved.'

"Napoleon desired Le Clerc to execute the orders of the president; and he, with a detachment of grenadiers, forthwith marched into the hall. Amid the reiterated screams of '*Vive la République,*' which saluted their entrance, an aid-de-camp mounted the tribune, and bade the assembly disperse. 'Such,' said he, 'are the orders of the general.' Some obeyed; others renewed their shouting. The drums drowned their voices. 'Forward, grenadiers,' said Le Clerc; and the men leveling their pieces as if for the charge, advanced. When the bristling line of bayonets at length drew near, the deputies lost heart, and the greater part of them, tearing off their scarfs, made their escape, with very undignified rapidity, by way of the windows. The apartment was cleared. It was thus that Bonaparte, like Cromwell before him,

" 'Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door.

Some of his military associates proposed to him, that the unfriendly legislators should be shot, man by man, as they retreated through the gardens; but to this he would not for a moment listen.

"Lucien Bonaparte now collected the *moderate* mem-

bers of the Council of Five Hundred; and that small minority, assuming the character of the assembly, communicated with the Ancients on such terms of mutual understanding, that there was no longer any difficulty about giving the desired coloring to the events of the day. It was announced, by proclamation, that a scene of violence and uproar, and the daggers and pistols of a band of conspirators, in the Council of Five Hundred, had suggested the measures ultimately resorted to. These were—the adjournment of the two Councils until the middle of February next ensuing; and the deposition meantime, of the whole authority of the state in a provisional *consulate*—the consuls being Napoleon Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos.

“Thus terminated the 19th of Brumaire. One of the greatest revolutions on record in the history of the world was accomplished, by means of swords and bayonets unquestionably, but still without any effusion of blood. From that hour the fate of France was determined.”

Napoleon immediately returned to Paris, and communicated to the waiting, anxious Josephine the tidings of that day's decisive scenes; the convulsive throes in which a monarchy was born of a monster republic. After a cordial embrace, he said to her triumphantly, “Good night, my Josephine! To-morrow we sleep in the palace of the Louxembourg.”

The next morning, the consuls met in council. Napoleon displayed his versatile talent, by the superiority of his knowledge on all questions of governmental, civil, and social reform. And the words of Sieyes, when he returned to his house, where Talleyrand and others were assembled, fell like a knell upon their ears; and their ambition to divide the power with Napoleon vanished forever. “Gentlemen,” he exclaimed, “I

perceive that you have got a master. Bonaparte can do, and will do everything himself.” Then thoughtfully pausing a few moments, he added, “But it is better to submit than to protract dissension forever.”

This stride of the Corsican General, not yet thirty years old, toward the summit of absolute rule, has been the theme of bitterest condemnation, and is one of the most difficult questions to rightly consider and justly settle, in all his surprising career. That France was not prepared for the rational construction and enjoyment of a republic like our own, cannot be denied. And further, that wearied with ten years of successive revolutions, and new constitutions the masses were ready for any form of stable authority, under the disguise of freedom, is equally clear. On the other hand Napoleon was ambitious, and without an effort to mold into form and durability the elements of democratic government, he dissolved the legislative assemblies, and by a resort to arms, which if opposed might have ended in sanguinary civil war, crushed out every germ of a republican state; and sat down upon a throne, which the populace did not at first behold, because obscured by the satellites he kept in servile evolutions between *it* and those who bowed before their idol.

Dizzy and dazzled with his own premature greatness, Napoleon doubtless believed he was doing the best for France, while bringing her under the undisputed sway of his transcendent genius. But he was responsible for the absence of those moral qualities, that enlightened conscience, and regard to man as possessed of inalienable rights, and sighing the world over for freedom, which gave the world a Washington. How great the temptation to the Father of American liberty at one crisis in the great struggle, to become a king; and how indignantly he spurned it, and would rather have been a bleed-

ing sacrifice upon the demolished altar of freedom, than grace a throne of willing subjects. Napoleon has been maligned by English historians, but "no sorcery of words," nor admiration of the biographer, can make him compare, only in glaring contrast, with the youthful chieftain of Valley Forge, and the sage of Mount Vernon.

Napoleon, with no opposition but the hatred of the powerless Jacobins, set about the reorganization of the empire, and the administration of its chaotic affairs. The first act of the consuls was to arrange the finances of the nation, which were in a disordered and burdensome condition. Twenty-five per cent. was added to the regular taxes, and the revenue fixed on a systematic basis of income and expenditure. The "Law of Hostages" which confined multitudes of innocent people in prison, on account of the real or imagined crimes of their exiled friends, was wiped out of the statute book, and the captives ushered into the light of day. The humane deed spread joy over France, and increased the popularity of Napoleon. The next and most honorable stroke of policy, was the reopening of the Christian temples for religious worship, in the face of that skeptical, materialistic philosophy which has ever been the curse of the nation, and was imported into the heritage of the noble pilgrims, from that fair land, during the revolutionary war. Without a belief in the personality, holiness, and power of God, and the spiritual worship and religious institutions which attend it, a republic never did long, and never can permanently exist. Napoleon understood this want among a people, although he was not a Christian. He carried the measure, restoring nominally Christianity on the ground of its utility—the necessity of it in the progress and control of a great nation. He secured immediately the

devoted fidelity of not less than twenty thousand of the clergy who had pined for months or years in prison. Shipwrecked exiles were set free. Lafayette and other conspicuous revolutionists who had been banished, were recalled—of whom Carnot was made secretary of war, and soon showed the wisdom of the choice by his reforms in the army, which the neglect of the Directory had weakened and divided. The time had arrived for the formation and announcement of a new government for the people. Sieyes presented a plan to Napoleon, in which the chief magistrate was to be styled grand Elector—having a splendid salary but only the form of authority. Napoleon, with contempt, rejected the proposal, and the following constitution in substance was accepted December 14, 1799:

"Three assemblies shall be composed of persons chosen from the notables of France, viz.—1. The *Conservative Senate*, consisting (at first) of twenty-four men, of forty years of age, to hold their places for life, and receive, each, a salary equal to one-twentieth of that of the chief consul: 2. The *Tribunate*, to be composed of one hundred men, of twenty-five years of age and upwards, of whom one-fifth go out every year, but re-eligible indefinitely; the salary of each, 15,000 francs: and, 3dly, The *Legislative Senate*, composed of three hundred members, of thirty years of age, renewable by fifths every year, and having salaries of 10,000 francs. The executive power shall be vested in three consuls, chosen individually, as chief consul, second, and third; the two former for ten years, the last for five. In order that the administration of affairs may have time to settle itself, the tribunate and legislative senate shall remain as first constituted for ten years, without any re-elections. With the same view of avoiding discussions during the unsettled state of

opinion, a majority of the members of the conservative senate are for the present appointed by the consuls, Sieyes and Ducos, going out of office, and the consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, about to come into office; they shall be held to be duly elected, if the public acquiesce; and proceed to fill up their own number and to nominate the members of the tribunate and legislative senate. The acts of legislation shall be proposed by the consuls: the tribunate shall discuss and propound them to the legislative senate, but *not vote*: the legislative senate shall hear the tribunate, and vote, but *not debate* themselves; and the act thus discussed and voted shall become law on being promulgated by the chief consul. Bonaparte is nominated chief consul, Cambaceres (minister of justice) second, and Lebrun third consul."

The *first consul* was virtually sole regent, whose authority, by the confirmation of the legislative body, was nearly dictatorial. He was elected for ten years, and was re-eligible. He was also irresponsible, and appointed all the employes of peace and war. He was the head of the army. By the organ of the council of state, and of the ministry, who were entirely dependent on him, he had the right of proposing laws. He controlled the finance, police, war, peace and alliances. Indeed the checks upon supreme rule were rather apparent than real.

Finding his republican residence too small for his court and ambition, he obtained a removal of the consular domicile to the Tuilleries, although the very center of kingly associations, and of that hated pomp which the people had trodden in the dust with the blood of their monarch. Everything opposed to the leveling democracy was proposed and carried forward under disguise. The ancient halls of royalty were

named the Government Palace, and given into the hands of rulers whose chief wore in place of a crown a conqueror's cockade, and for a scepter a sword which he grasped with more devotion than ever did a despot the symbol of power.

The occasion of this transfer was one of great splendor—resembling an English coronation in the ceremony and jubilant festivity of the scene. The consul's tried and brave companions in arms were many of them in the train which delighted to do him honor. The troops dashed proudly along the streets, the banners were flung out on the breath of departing winter—and the swell of martial music led on the excited cavalcade to the silent apartments made desolate by the Reign of Terror. Upon their walls was engraved in golden letters, the word *Republic*—completing the deception which calmed the fears of the masses unconsciously rendering homage to Jupiter, while, as they supposed, bowing to the goddess of liberty.

The evening of this memorable day brought the arena of Josephine's glory. The spacious drawing-rooms occupied by her were crowded by eight o'clock with the beauty and chivalry of France. Foreign ambassadors in decorations that were indices of the courts that they represented, veteran officers, and the remnant of an ancient nobility, all assembled to congratulate the hero of Egypt and Italy, upon his accession to the guardianship of their beloved France. Beautiful women in rich apparel and with jeweled brows, shed the light of their admiring eyes upon the flashing star, coronet, and plume, that were the attractive insignia of greatness in that gay assembly. The horrors of civil war which for ten years had agitated and ravaged the realm were forgotten—the dead slumbered in the covered caves of their hurried burial—the guillotine had ceased to haunt

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

with pleasure. The enraged troops poured a fresh storm of bullets upon the enemy; and Napoleon, who greatly admired Dessaix, said, "Why is it not permitted me to weep? Victory at such a price is dear." The day declined, and the last smile of the sun, after the twelve hours' carnage on whose beginning it rose, flashed over twenty thousand men, mangled and bleeding; the dead and dying, in hideous chaos among the pools of yet warm life-blood.

The tricolor again waved over the triumphant consul, and unnumbered living hearts were breaking beneath the swelling shout of conquest.

The next day, Melas opened a negotiation, whose terms Napoleon accepted. The Austrians abandoned Genoa, Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations, and were allowed to leave the field undisturbed, and gain the rear of Mantua.

Napoleon then entered Milan, a conqueror with the mysterious greatness of a military prodigy, and the boundless enthusiasm of the people of France. Four days after the affair of Marengo, he wrote to his associates in office, at the capital: "To-day, whatever our atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum*, which is to be chanted in the cathedral of Milan;" an expression indicating that external regard to forms of religious worship, which his convictions of the Divine sovereignty, and sagacious policy in governing men, approved.

Massena received the command of the army of Italy. Jourdan was minister at Piedmont. The first consul started for Paris. His journey was the march of a nation's idol, to whom their wildest and most sounding homage was paid. July 2d he arrived at the Tuilleries, and the Parisians seemed frantic with joy. Illuminations nightly made the city flash and glow like a magnificent

temple, whose dome was the bending sky, filled with acclamations.

During the month of August, the Jacobins, who hated as bitterly the royalist, as they had ardently admired their republican leader before his apostacy, plotted his assassination. Ceracchi, a sculptor, who modeled a bust of Napoleon, came from Italy to aid in the design. The plan was to surround Napoleon in the entrance of the theater, and stab him. But a conspirator betrayed his comrades, and they were arrested at the moment the consul was expected, and quietly given into the hands of justice.

September 5th, Malta surrendered to the English under Lord Keith, which increased the indisposition to close the war with France, on the part of England; whose government had bound Austria to her consent, before a treaty could be definitely signed.

"During the armistice, which lasted from the 15th of June to the 17th of November, the exiled princes of the house of Bourbon made some more ineffectual endeavors to induce the chief consul to be the Monk of France. The Abbé de Montesquieu, secret agent for the Count de Lille, afterward Louis XVIII., prevailed on the third consul, Le Brun, to lay before Bonaparte a letter addressed to him by that prince—in these terms: 'You are very tardy about restoring my throne to me: it is to be feared that you may let the favorable moment slip. You cannot establish the happiness of France without me; and I, on the other hand, can do nothing for France without you. Make haste, then, and point out, yourself, the posts and dignities which will satisfy you and your friends.' The first consul answered thus: 'I have received your royal highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes and those of your family. You must not

think of appearing in France—you could not do so without marching over five hundred thousand corpses. For the rest, I shall always be zealous to do whatever lies within my power towards softening your royal highness's destinies, and making you forget, if possible, your misfortunes.' The Comte D'Artois, afterward Charles X. of France, took a more delicate method of negotiating. He sent a very beautiful and charming lady, the Duchesse de Guiche, to Paris. She without difficulty gained access to Josephine, and shone, for a time, the most brilliant ornament of the consular court. But the moment Napoleon discovered the fair lady's errand, she was ordered to quit the capital within a few hours. These intrigues, however, could not fail to transpire; and there is no doubt that, at this epoch, the hopes of the royalists were in a high state of excitement."

When the armistice expired, Austria, having employed the time in mustering her forces for war, put her splendid army under the command of Archduke John. Napoleon was also ready for the contest. General Brune marched against the enemy on the plains of Italy, with Vienna in view; General Macdonald was among the Alps, with victory attending his progress over the fields of snow; and Moreau with twenty thousand men was on the Rhine. December 3d he was in the dismal forest between the Iser and the Inn, when at midnight, in a howling, wintry storm, he met the archduke with seventy thousand troops. The roads, which were covered with snow, were lost; the Austrians were bewildered, and the combatants came together not unfrequently, column against column. The cannon balls cut down trees, whose crash added a faint echo to the sounds of carnage and death, which rose through that horrible midnight. The tri-color again waved over the

field of battle, and with ten thousand dead, the exulting army of the Rhine pursued the retreating Austrians, whose loss in killed and wounded, was not less than fifteen thousand.

Contemplating such scenes, the mind cannot fail to wonder at the fascination of war over the common soldiery, with the certainty of this havoc in their ranks, and an unlamented, ghastly bed of death; and often without knowing or caring for the cause of contest, rushing, like sheep driven to the slaughter, at the bidding of ambitious kings, into the leaden tempest of battle. The capital of Austria was threatened by three proud armies, and the emperor was in extremity. He must let England go, or fall himself into the hands of the French. He despatched a messenger of peace, and the result was the treaty at Luneville, February 9th, 1801. The Rhine was acknowledged to be the boundary of France, which gave to the nation Austrian and Prussian territory; Tuscany was given up, which the consul purposed to offer the House of Parma as a royal reward for Spanish services in the war; the new republics were secured against intervention; the Italian prisoners released from Austrian dungeons; and France at peace with Europe, England excepted. The terms of this memorable treaty were not immoderate; and they left without excuse the king and cabinet of the British Empire, whose isolated position and their conquering navy, were the sources of security, and of injury to the French. In the pause of the open hostilities which succeeded the treaty, Napoleon, with characteristic power, transferred his inspiring presence again to the peaceful arena of national glory. Revenues, roads, and bridges, appeared with magical rapidity; and the legal code was cast into the crucible of his molding, creative mind, where everything connected with personal and

public interest was fused under its glowing activity, and went forth bearing indelibly the stamp, *Napoleon*.

Attempts to assassinate the first consul were repeatedly made. The boldest and most nearly successful, was the explosion of *the infernal machine*, December 24th. A cart was prepared containing a barrel with gunpowder and grape shot, to be fired by a slow match. The terrible engine of destruction was designed for Napoleon, at the moment his carriage passed on the way to the opera from the Tuilleries. He reached the Rue St. Nicaise, and was startled from slumber by the thunder of the report, and the jar of the carriage, exclaiming to Lannes and Bessieres, "We are blown up." The terrified attendants were halting, when he quickly ordered them to drive on with all speed to the theater. The coachman, excited with wine, had driven faster than usual, and saved the consul's life. Half a minute earlier, and Napoleon's career would have closed suddenly and tragically as did Cæsar's, the splendor of whose military fame he admired.

Twenty persons were killed, among them the assassin who sprung the mine; and the windows near were shattered to fragments. When the tidings spread through the assembly in the theater, shouts of enthusiastic congratulation greeted him; and the escape gave a new and almost unearthly interest to their idol. The conspirators were discovered and beheaded. Such is the greatness of royalty; the adulation of the throng rises over the smothered embers of hate, whose conflagration at any moment may consume the dazzling pageant, and leave behind the brief epitaph:

Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh.

It is an argument supporting the principle of democratic government, that nowhere is greatness so secure

—sovereignty so quiet and unguarded by force, as in an enlightened republic.

The spring of 1801 opened with a new aspect of continental affairs, favorable to the interests of France. A treaty had been formed with the United States; Pope Pius VI. had died, and was succeeded by the bishop of Imola, a favorite of Napoleon; and at the request of the emperor of Russia, to whom the queen of Naples went in mid-winter to implore his mediation, peace was made with that kingdom March 28th. Thus instead of re-establishing the "Roman Republic," upon the second conquest of Italy, the papal reign was continued, as more subservient to the consolidation of the consul's power, than his removal would be. It was no longer difficult to enlist Paul of Russia in the plans of Napoleon. His vanity was flattered; and the Russian prisoners sent home, equipped and clothed at the expense of the state. England claimed the right of a general blockade of France, and to search merchant vessels of every nation. She was the undisputed mistress of the seas. The neutral powers, it is true, had consented to the principle of blockade and search; but when Russia revived the opposition felt at first to this exercise of authority, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden soon followed, and united their powers in an alliance against England. Meanwhile, the British fleet, under Lord Nelson, had passed the Sound, to secure an engagement with those allies, before the forces of France and Holland should be added to them. April 2d, with a favoring wind, Nelson advanced with twelve ships of the line, beside frigates and fire-ships, upon the Danish armament, which included six ships of the line, eleven floating batteries, and an immense number of smaller vessels chained together and to the shore, and covered by crown batteries and the

fortifications of Amack. The terrible battle opened and raged with fiendish fury. For four hours limbs fell like autumnal leaves—the brains flew on every hand, and blood ran in streams upon the decks. Another complete victory was gained by the naval power of England, and at so fearful a sacrifice, that Nelson said, "I have been in above a hundred engagements, but that of Copenhagen was the most terrible of them all." The prince-regent of Denmark was compelled to abandon the alliance with France. A few days before this event, the emperor of Russia was assassinated in his palace, and was succeeded by Alexander, who consulted the wishes of the nobility in a change of policy toward Napoleon. The intelligence was more melancholy to the consul than the defeat in the Baltic. He exclaimed, "Mon Dieu!" and immediately wrote the following brief note to Joseph, evidently not aware of the real cause of his death.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, April 11, 1801.

"The emperor of Russia died on the night of the 24th of March, of a stroke of apoplexy. I am so deeply afflicted by the death of a prince whom I highly esteemed, that I can enter into no more details. He is succeeded by his eldest son, who has received the oaths of the army and of the capital."

Malta had surrendered to British arms, and now came the loss of Egypt, while Napoleon was preparing to send reinforcements thither. The brave Kleber was killed by a Turkish assassin, and Menou, his successor, was unpopular. At this crisis, the English under Lord Keith, on the sea, and Abercrombie on land, made the descent March 8th, at Aboukir. The French

were beaten in a single campaign, and the remnant of the splendid army which sailed under Napoleon two years before, was transported free in English vessels home again.

Upon hearing of the fate of his dearly purchased colony, he remarked, "Well, there remains only the descent on Britain." An army of one hundred thousand men was rapidly concentrated on the coast of the English channel, and flat-bottomed boats were ready to convey the troops across the Rubicon, whenever the possibility of avoiding the English fleet should occur. Lord Nelson was again the formidable and watchful commander of the opposing naval force, and after repeated surveys of the French preparations for invasion, at length determined to move down upon the flotilla, under the fire of the batteries, and cut away the boats of the enemy. August 4th, before dawn, the bold attempt was made. But the boats were chained to each other, and to the land; and after a brief and furious fire, Nelson retired, without any show of success. A more desperate assault was made August 16th, with more decided defeat. Everything now conspired to urge measures for peace. Ireland was restless, and combustible material of a serious kind was accumulated in England. The increase of taxation to meet the enormous expenses of prolonged conflict, was oppressive, and corruption prevailed in Parliament. The probabilities of a victorious descent upon British soil were becoming daily less, and Napoleon also desired a cessation of hostilities. Pitt, the champion of the anti-revolutionary party, who was too obstinate to yield to any pressure but that of self-preservation, retired from office, and was succeeded by Addington. Lord Hawkesbury, the new secretary of foreign affairs, expressed immediately the king's willingness to make peace.

The congress met at Amiens, midway between London and Paris. Lord Cornwallis, who was conspicuous in the American Revolution, was the English minister, and Joseph Bonaparte the ambassador of the court of France. About this time Louis Bonaparte was married to Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, and the mother of the present emperor of France.

Letters to Joseph, during the negotiations at Amiens, shed light upon that conference, and on his manifold ambitious plans.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“PARIS, January 6, 1802.

“I am to set off to-morrow, at midnight, for Lyons.* I shall stay there only eleven or twelve days.

“I believe that General Bernadotte has gone to Amiens. Whether he be there or not, I wish him to let you know if he would like to go to Gaudaloupe as captain-general. The island is in a high state of prosperity and of cultivation; but Lacrosse made himself unpopular; and as he had only five hundred whites in his service, he was driven out, and a mulatto has set himself at the head of the colony. The peace with England was not then expected. Three ships, four frigates, and three thousand good infantry, have been sent to disarm the blacks, and to maintain tranquillity. It is an agreeable and important mission in every respect. Some reputation is to be gained, and a great service done to the republic, by tranquilizing forever this colony. From thence he may perhaps go to take possession of Louisiana, and even of Martinique and of St. Lucia.

* The objects of Napoleon's visit to Lyons were to arrange the details of the Constitution of the Cisalpine Republic, and to be received as its President.—Tr.

“If this tempts Bernadotte's ambition, as it appears to do, you must immediately let me know; for the expedition will set off in the month of Pluviôse [January—February], and missions to the colonies are desired by the most distinguished generals. I shall wait for the courier's return before I appoint to this post.”

A few days later, he wrote more fully his views upon the difficulties before the congress, and gave another exhibition of his thirst for conquest, in his designs upon Hayti; a fact which fixes an indelible blot on the character of the first consul, and which we shall expose more at length in another place.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“PARIS, March 21, 1802.

“Your last letter has been shown to me. I approve of your conduct, and especially of your reserve.

“It seems that to-day we are again approaching an agreement. As to the prisoners, Otto tells me that the English ministers admit that France should be allowed in account what the prisoners taken from the allies of England have cost her. This seems right.

“With regard to Malta, there can be no harm in declaring, since it is a fact, that the post of Grand Master is vacant; as one of the articles provides that there shall be no longer an English or a French nation,* a Frenchman cannot be appointed. This stipulation has been made chiefly on account of the Bourbons, because it has been said that England wishes to appoint a Bourbon Grand Master. We hold that the French emigrants are not eligible, as there is no longer a French nation, and, although the emigrants are in exile, they retain their nationality.

* The knights were divided into seven Langues or nations. Tr.

"The words 'forming part of the Neapolitan army,' which they want to substitute for the term 'native,' are rather important if their secret wish is to introduce French emigrants or Englishmen; if this be not the motive for the change of words, it is of less importance.

"What relates to the Prince of Orange may stand if the words 'patrimonial estates' are added.

"What is very important is that no mention should be made of nobility as regards Malta; our system of government is opposed to it. It would be absurd if we were made to say that a man must be noble in order to enter the order of Malta: the middle course, and the right one, is not to allude to the subject. This matter is the most important in the Maltese questions.

"It is also important to put the article on Turkey last, and to cancel the words 'allies of England;' otherwise you would likewise have to insert 'former allies of France, allies of Russia, and of the emperor;' but the better plan is to suppress the words 'allies of Great Britain.' This is a very important article, because these words, standing alone, would give to England a species of supremacy which would not suit us.

"I have just received letters from St. Domingo, dated the 20th February; they contain good news. Port Republic has been taken, with all its forts, without burning anything. They have taken Toussaint's military chest; it contained two million five hundred thousand francs. The Port de la Paix and St. Domingo are occupied. The Spanish party has submitted, and on the 29th General Leclerc had gone to attack Toussaint, who held out with seven or eight thousand men.

"You will find enclosed a letter to Jérôme."

March 27, the treaty was concluded and hailed with

joy and festivity by both nations. England restored all her conquests, excepting Ceylon and Trinidad, ceded to her by the Batavian republic and Spain. Egypt was to be restored to the Porte; Malta given again to the knights of St. John, and declared a free port. Neither nation was to have any representatives in the Order, and the garrison was to be troops of a neutral power. This article which occasioned much discussion, was subsequently the pretext of another hostile struggle. With tranquillity, came a ceaseless flow of travel from Britain to France, where, amid the new order of things, Napoleon was the great object of curiosity to the distinguished visitors who resorted to the Tuilleries. Fox and the Consul parted with the most friendly regard. The aristocracy were pleased with the regal order of the consular court.

The treaties of Luneville and Amiens, which thus gave fresh grandeur, and the promise of abiding greatness to the new dynasty, afforded Napoleon the opportunity of prosecuting his vast designs—"vast indeed, for he aspired to nothing less than making France the world-swaying state, and himself its unlimited lord. The measures which he conceived and executed to arrive at this result, were prudent, energetic, persevering, for the most part salutary in their more immediate effects, but also frequently unprincipled, unjust, criminal, and in respect to their ultimate object, altogether execrable. It was necessary, in the first place, to heal the yet bleeding wounds which France had received in the Revolution, and to gain the confidence and the gratitude of the people for the first consul. He therefore first tranquilized and subjected all parties, in showing to all equal favor, without giving himself up to any. Then an active life that corresponded with the progress of politics, and especially with the inter-

ests of national economy, came into all branches of the administration. Roads were laid out, canals dug, harbors, dikes, and bridges constructed, everywhere ways of intercourse made or facilitated, the spirit of invention encouraged by honors and rewards, and even the genius of foreign countries rendered subservient to the French interest. Such establishments and institutions in France itself, and in its vassal states, mark the whole period of Bonaparte's power, and—however many are his faults and his iniquities—the half of Europe is full of those monuments of his creative genius and his greatness as a regent.

But besides such praiseworthy works, the most artful maneuvers of despotism, and the most insatiable ambition were early displayed. To be the venerated and loved head of a great and free people did not satisfy his selfishness. He would be despot and sole ruler, in short, all in all. No other independent power was permitted to stand beside his, and he thought he had nothing unless all.

“In the first place, he put the press in chains. But he who does not allow the word of complaint challenges the hostile deed. Only a system of terror can then protect him. Bonaparte had recourse to the last. Fouché, his minister of police, organized an omnipotent army of Arguses and police servants, which soon mastered the domain of thought itself. At the same time the first consul established *special tribunals* through the whole kingdom, composed of judges whom the consul appointed, chiefly officers, truly *revolutionary* tribunals now in the service of the monarch.”*

By a decree of the senate, April 26th, the emigrants were allowed to return to France upon taking the oath of allegiance. But a greater measure soon followed in

* Von Rotteck—History of the World.

the concordat, or peace between the consul and the Pope. This restored the Roman Catholic religion to its supremacy in France, but shorn of its power by the overshadowing authority of Napoleon. Ecclesiastical ordinances, the consecration of priests, and festivals, were all celebrated only with the permission of the government. A special ministry was appointed for the purpose, and but one liturgy and catechism were permitted in the kingdom. In nothing, however, did Napoleon encounter more opposition, than when the church was the object of regard. The atheism born of a corrupt, despotic system of Christianity, was roused in the minds of the revolutionary leaders into hostility, at the mention of religion. While Napoleon never identified himself with the church, he defended it, as necessary to the preservation of the state. In one of his conversations at Malmaison, he said :

“But religion is a principle which cannot be eradicated from the heart of man.” “Who made all that ?” said Napoleon, looking up to the heaven, which was clear and starry. “But last Sunday evening,” he continued, “I was walking here alone when the church bells of the village of Ruel rung at sunset. I was strongly moved, so vividly did the image of early days come back with that sound. If it be thus with me, what must it be with others ? In reestablishing the church,” he added, “I consult the wishes of the great majority of my people.”

The concordat dissatisfied the high Catholic party, and the bishops made trouble for the consul in their reluctant assent to its practical workings, yet it was ratified by the people as the best that could be done in the emergency. It was celebrated in the cathedral of Notre Dame, where Napoleon appeared in state.

A national system of education, as a substitute for

the institutions of learning which disappeared with the influence and position of the clergy was adopted; and the Polytechnic school established under Monge—an institute which furnished France with gifted men during the succeeding years of its prosperity. The deliberations concerning the *new civil code* were opened, but awoke so much opposition from those jealous of his extending power, that he withdrew, for the time, his projected reform. Then came the splendid link in the lengthening chain which would gather the people within its folds to his throne which he called the *legion of honor*.

The proposition to form this order, met with violent hostility. The idea was evidently suggested by the idolatrous admiration the crowd paid to the insignia of royalty which glittered on the forms of foreign ambassadors, who appeared at the Tuilleries. But republican senators saw in it a stride toward monarchy. Napoleon expressed himself freely to them on the subject, in the following words, in which he alluded to Berthier's remark, that ribbons and crosses were the playthings of monarchy, unknown among the Romans:

"They are always talking to us of the Romans. The Romans had patricians, knights, citizens, and slaves:—for each class different dresses and different manners—honorary recompenses for every species of merit—mural crowns—civic crowns—ovations—triumphs—titles. When the noble band of patricians lost its influence, Rome fell to pieces—the people were vile rabble. It was then that you saw the fury of Marius, the proscriptions of Sylla, and afterward of the emperors. In like manner, Brutus is talked of as the enemy of tyrants: he was an aristocrat, who stabbed Cæsar because Cæsar wished to lower the authority of the noble senate. You talk of *child's rattles*—be it so; it is with

such rattles that men are led. I would not say that to the multitude; but in a council of statesmen one may speak the truth. I do not believe that the French people love *liberty* and *equality*. Their character has not been changed in ten years: they are still what their ancestors, the Gauls, were, vain and light. They are susceptible but of one sentiment—*honor*. It is right to afford nourishment to this sentiment, and to allow of distinctions. Observe how the people bow before the decorations of foreigners. Voltaire calls the common soldiers Alexanders at five sous a day. He was right: it is just so. Do you imagine that you can make men fight by reasoning? Never. You must bribe them with glory, distinctions, rewards. To come to the point; during ten years there has been a talk of institutions. Where are they? All has been overturned: our business is to build up. There is a government with certain powers; as to all the rest of the nation, what is it but grains of sand? Before the republic can be definitely established, we must, as a foundation, cast some blocks of granite on the soil of France. In fine, it is agreed that we have need of some kind of institutions. If this legion of honor is not approved, let some other be suggested. I do not pretend that it alone will save the state; but it will do its part."

The law which created the legion of honor, was passed by a small majority, and in the face of great opposition, in the spring of 1802. Merit and not birth, it is true, was the ground of distinction; but still it was a reward which amounted simply to a mark of favor from the prince—a regal smile upon the loyal subject, whose eminent services were deemed worthy of reward.

Napoleon, with great display and public demonstration, had accepted the office of President of the Cisal-

pine republic, at the hands of the four hundred and fifty deputies, at Lyons, in January; and the next bold step in taking the reins of absolute rule to himself, was the consulate for life.

The peace of Amiens suggested to the tribune the presentation of some signal expression of national regard. Cambacères proposed that Napoleon be created first consul without further limitation; the measure was carried, and the statesman repaired immediately to Malmaison, and laid the question before him. He had anticipated the event, and with expressions of devotion to the glory of France, accepted the prospective honor. The polls were opened throughout the kingdom, and the prefects with other officials, were busy in behalf of their future emperor. It was a difficult, and even dangerous thing to say "no!" Carnot alone ventured to enter his protest in the council of state. There were three million five hundred and seventy-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-nine votes cast, of which eleven thousand only were in the negative. Lafayette recorded his enlightened patriotism in these words, "I cannot vote for such a magistracy until public freedom is sufficiently guaranteed. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte."

Napoleon was declared consul for life, August 2d, 1802. The proposition was also made, to include in the enthronement of the nation's idol, the power of appointing a successor; the last act in the creation of an hereditary imperial scepter. This was wisely refused, or rather deferred for a while, by Napoleon. But the words "*Liberty, Equality, Sovereignty of the People*" were effaced from the governmental papers, without exciting alarm among a people whose unstable character, whose vanity and enthusiasm, rendered

the yoke of a brilliant dynasty easy, and the throne, reared by their hands, a fascinating substitute for the simpler sovereignty of a republic. The monarchists were in ecstasies, and the consul well pleased with the change.

The unfitness of the French for the unfettered freedom enjoyed in the United States, was palpable, but no more so than the boundless desire for unquestioned sway, including in his view, the glory of his family and the nation, on the part of Napoleon. He made no effort to do anything less than become supreme disposer of France, and if this march of power does not separate him from Washington beyond an outline of similarity, then never were republicans and royalists—presidents and kings—the world over, more deluded, and stupid in their judgment and verdict upon two of the most conspicuous and renowned actors on the world's arena, since time began.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, like England before him, was extending his scepter over colonies, near and remote, fast as the work could be securely accomplished.

"Spain had agreed that Parma, after the death of the reigning prince, should be added to the dominions of France: and Portugal had actually ceded her province in Guyana.

"Nearer him, he had been preparing to strike a blow at the independence of Switzerland, and virtually united that country also to his empire. The contracting parties in the treaty of Luneville had *guaranteed* the independence of the Helvetic republic, and the unquestionable right of the Swiss to model their government in what form they pleased. There were two parties there as elsewhere—one who desired the full reestablishment of the old federative constitution

—another who preferred the model of the French republic ‘one and indivisible.’ To the former party the small mountain cantons adhered—the wealthier and aristocratic cantons to the latter. Their disputes at last swelled into civil war—and the party who preferred the old constitution, being headed by the gallant Aloys Reding, were generally successful. Napoleon, who had fomented their quarrel, now, unasked and unexpected, assumed to himself the character of arbiter between the contending parties. He addressed a letter to the eighteen cantons, in which these words occur: ‘Your history shows that your intestine wars cannot be terminated, except through the intervention of France. I had, it is true, resolved not to intermeddle in your affairs—but I cannot remain insensible to the distress of which I see you the prey:—I recall my resolution of neutrality—I *consent* to be the mediator in your differences.’ Rapp, adjutant-general, was the bearer of this insolent manifesto. To cut short all discussion, Ney entered Switzerland at the head of forty thousand troops. Resistance was hopeless. Aloys Reding dismissed his brave followers, was arrested, and imprisoned in the castle of Aarburg. The government was arranged according to the good pleasure of Napoleon, who henceforth added to his other titles that of ‘grand mediator of the Helvetic republic.’ Switzerland was, in effect, degraded into a province of France; and became bound to maintain an army of sixteen thousand men, who were to be at the disposal, whenever it should please him to require their aid, or the grand mediator.”

And here we may properly glance again at the conduct of Napoleon toward Hayti.

Eight years after the government of France had, in accordance with the demands of her citizens, abolished

slavery forever in the French territory of St. Domingo, and after the blacks of that colony had manfully and successfully battled with the fleets and armies of England, and saved the colony to France, the first consul sought to reward them by reinstating the system of slavery. His deputy, M. Vincent, who had newly arrived from the Island with favorable impressions of the blacks, advised him to desist, hinting at the same time, that even the conquerors of Europe might fail to gather laurels in such an enterprise.

For this suggestion, M. Vincent was banished to Elba, and the first consul, to make assurance doubly sure, despatched an immense fleet with twenty-five thousand troops under the command of his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to reestablish the “*ancient system*” in St. Domingo.

This force was in every sense, of a most imposing character. There were the troops of the Rhine, of Egypt, of the Alps, and of Italy;—the very flower of the victorious armies of France;—well tried and gallant soldiers—worthy of a better master and a higher cause.

Whether this splendid armament was really sent forth for the glory of France, or whether the first consul was seeking the aggrandizement of his house, by giving to the husband of his sister the “heathen for an inheritance,” cannot be known; but, whatever might have been the motive, the result of the expedition was disastrous in the extreme.

On the arrival of the fleet off the Cape François, General Leclerc despatched messengers to the commandant of the town to indicate his intentions, and also to suggest that he had splendid marks of favor for him from the consular government. But the officer, acting under the instructions of Toussaint, affected to

believe that the ships could not be from France upon such an errand, and forbade the landing of a single man. Finding, however, that the force was overwhelming, and that its commander was resolute, he cleared the place of the women and children, and informed the messenger that upon the entrance of a single ship, the town would be given to the flames. Notwithstanding the hopeless chance of resistance, the outer fort expended its last shot upon the approaching ships; and as soon as the first vessel had passed the outer reef, the Cape was in a blaze—so that in less than six hours this miniature Paris was a mass of ruins.

At every point the approach of the French troops was the signal for conflagration; thus towns, villages and hamlets were reduced to ashes in rapid succession. Consequent upon the peculiarity of the climate, the exposed situation of the French, and the harassing guerrilla warfare of the blacks, the invaders became dispirited and perplexed. Pestilence and famine were soon added to the horrors of war, and in an incredibly short time, out of all the French troops, twenty-four thousand were dead, and one half of those who remained were in the hospital.

The position of General Leclerc became one of un-mixed anguish. The only ray of light which gleamed upon his gloomy path flashed from the desperate hope of ridding the country of Toussaint, whose name alone was stronger than an "army with banners." To effect this great end fairly and openly, he felt to be impossible; for in reply to an invitation to make a voyage to France in a French frigate, the wary chief replied, "when that tree (pointing to a small sapling) will build a big enough ship to carry me, I intend to go."

This manifestation of distrust, satisfied Leclerc that

Toussaint was no stranger to his wishes, and consequently that he would not easily be entrapped; but the French commander soon found that Toussaint had not acquired even the first rudiments in political depravity; for upon receiving an invitation to a friendly conference (in relation to the welfare of a part of the French Army which was in distress), the black chief, in good faith, repaired to the isolated spot (near the sea coast) which had been named; in this wild place he was seized, manacled, and sent to France.

On his arrival at Brest, he was hastily transferred to an ice-bound dungeon in the mountains of Switzerland, where, after a close confinement of ten months, he died.

That the black chief * aimed at supremacy in St. Domingo is quite probable; in defense of this design it may be urged that the freedom of his race could not have been safely intrusted to other hands. It was true that France had given them freedom, but she had given them only what she had no longer the power to withhold, and having been impelled by necessity, or at best by a selfish policy, the blacks looked to the future with feelings of distrust, which were greatly strengthened by a knowledge of the fact that the colonists had never ceased for a moment to importune both France and England to aid them in the reestablishment of slavery.

The extensive preparations which were going on in France for the restoration of the ancient system of slavery were early known to Toussaint. Had he chosen

*"It is an interesting fact, confirming the view already given of the consul's oppressive and fatal treatment of the Haytien chief, that the French government, after Napoleon's fall, granted to the son of Toussaint a handsome pension for life. This income he freely gave to charity; and recently died in Paris, unknown to fame, but honored and loved by the grateful poor."

to cooperate with the first consul, he could have secured for himself everything short of sovereignty in the country, while resistance was sure to bring upon him condemnation as an outlaw, and probably death in lingering torments—but it is not pretended that he ever compromised or sought to compromise the freedom of his race. Before the overwhelming armament appeared he had prepared himself for the worst, and when it came, the blazing batteries of the fifty-four ships backed by twenty-five thousand troops failed to change his purpose.

CHAPTER V.

Omens of discord between England and France.—Violations of treaty.—Abuse of Napoleon.—Remonstrance.—Interview of the First Consul with Lord Whitworth.—Declaration of war.—Successes.—Descent upon England.—Conspiracy.—Pichegru.—Duke d'Enghien.—Napoleon emperor.—The coronation.—Napoleon's sway.—Coronation at Milan.—Napoleon hastens to Paris.—Omens of war.—New coalition against France.—Napoleon desires peace.—The conflict opens.—Napoleon is victorious.—Address to the soldiers.—Marches toward Vienna.—Correspondence.—Austerlitz.—Letters.—Treaty of peace at Presburg.—Death of Pitt.—Royal plans.—Letters.—Naples seized.—Sub-kingdoms.—Napoleon and Mr. Fox.—Letters.—Another campaign.—Prussia enters the field.—Battle of Jena and Auerstadt.—Napoleon enters Berlin.—Letters.—Pardons Prince Hatzfeld.

THE year 1803 brought with it omens of a rupture between France and England. The subjection of Switzerland to the consulate, and the rapid enlargement of the empire by diplomatic means, and as we have seen, daring invasions of independent nations, aroused the fears of England. Sheridan expressed the jealousy and hate of the Pitt party, when he said "The destruction of this country, is the first vision that breaks on the French consul through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he may address it, whether to Jupiter or to Mohammed, to the goddess of battle or the goddess of reason. Look at the map of Europe, from which France was said to be expunged, and now see nothing but France. If the ambition of Bonaparte be immeasurable, there are abundant reasons why it should be progressive."

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to cooperate with the first consul, he could have secured for himself everything short of sovereignty in the country, while resistance was sure to bring upon him condemnation as an outlaw, and probably death in lingering torments—but it is not pretended that he ever compromised or sought to compromise the freedom of his race. Before the overwhelming armament appeared he had prepared himself for the worst, and when it came, the blazing batteries of the fifty-four ships backed by twenty-five thousand troops failed to change his purpose.

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guage: "France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. * * * No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties."

England refused to surrender Malta, the fortress of the Mediterranean, according to the treaty of Amiens. The public prints on both sides of the channel exasperated popular feeling with passionate and bitter articles upon the causes of discontent. Especially did English newspapers assail the character of Napoleon. He remonstrated, and received in reply from the ministry, the cool assurance that,

"Our courts of law are open—we are ourselves accustomed to be abused as you are, and in them we, like you, have our only recourse." The paragraphs in the *Moniteur*, on the other hand, were, it was impossible to deny, virtually so many manifestoes of the Tuilleries.

"Of all the popular engines which moved the spleen of Napoleon, the most offensive was a newspaper (*L'Ambigu*) published in the French language, in London, by one Peltier, a royalist emigrant; and, in spite of all the advice which could be offered, he at length condescended to prosecute the author in the English courts of law. M. Peltier had the good fortune to retain, as his counsel, Sir James Mackintosh, an advocate of most brilliant talents, and, moreover, especially distinguished for his support of the original principles of the French Revolution. On the trial which ensued, this orator, in defense of his client, delivered a philippic against the personal character and ambitious

measures of Napoleon, immeasurably more calculated to injure the chief consul in public opinion throughout Europe, than all the efforts of a thousand newspapers; and, though the jury found Peltier guilty of libel, the result was, on the whole, a signal triumph to the party of whom he had been the organ.

"This was a most imprudent, as well as undignified proceeding; but ere the defendant Peltier could be called up for judgment, the doubtful relations of the chief consul and the cabinet of St. James were to assume a different appearance. The truce of Amiens already approached its close."

England stubbornly refused to yield Malta to the protection of a neutral power, and thus clearly, perseveringly violated the most solemn pledge. Whatever infringement of the spirit of the treaty, Britain may have discovered in the spreading power of France, the letter of the engagement she treated with unblushing contempt. Justice demands the indictment, in this re-opening of bloody conflict. In an interview with Lord Whitworth, Napoleon, with great earnestness, not unmixed with a dictatorial tone, and at considerable length, declaimed against the conduct of England. Among other things, he said:

"Every gale that blows from England is burdened with enmity; your government countenances Georges, Pichegru, and other infamous men, who have sworn to assassinate me. Your journals slander me, and the redress I am offered is but adding mockery to insult. I could make myself master of Egypt to-morrow, if I pleased. *Egypt, indeed, must sooner or later, belong to France*; but I have no wish to go to war for such a trivial object. What could I gain by war? Invasion would be my only means of annoying you, and invasion you shall have, if war be forced on me—but I

confess the chances would be a hundred to one against me in such an attempt. In ten years I could not hope to have a fleet able to dispute the seas with you; but, on the other hand, the army of France could be recruited in a few weeks to four hundred and eighty thousand men. United we might govern the world—why can we not understand each other?"

At a levee in the palace of the Tuilleries, March 13th, Napoleon exclaimed to Lord Whitworth with much warmth, "You are then determined on war. We have been at war for fifteen years. You are resolved to have fifteen years more of it; you force me to it." And turning to other members of the ministry, he added: "The English wish for war; but if they draw the sword first, I will be the last to sheath it again. They do not respect treaties—henceforth we must cover them with crape."

May 18th, England declared war. Before the proclamation reached Paris, orders were given to seize French vessels wherever found; and Napoleon retaliated as soon as the fact was known, by issuing commands to arrest all the British subjects residing or traveling in his dominions. Several thousands, including eminent citizens, were thus made exiles in a hostile realm.

The English prosecuted the war with energy, recapturing French territory; while Bonaparte sent Mortier with twenty thousand men into the Electorate of Hanover, belonging to the patrimonial possessions of the king of England.

The mighty contest, affecting the destinies of the world, had no longer the interest of former campaigns of the republic. Principles ceased to be the spirit of conflict, and the war became the desperate struggle of kings for their regal rights, and the stability of their

thrones. Liberty had plainly disappeared from the arena of prizes for which the nations were contending.

Within ten days after the opening of the conflict by the enemy, the army of the consul had taken sixteen thousand troops, four hundred cannon, thirty thousand muskets, and three thousand five hundred horses of the finest mold, from which the gallant riders parted, like the Hungarians more recently, with tears. Napoleon assured the emperor of Austria, and cabinet of England, that in this conquest, "he had only in view to obtain pledges for the evacuation of Malta, and to secure the execution of the treaty of Amiens."

"These successes enabled Napoleon to feed great bodies of his army at the expense of others, and to cripple the commerce of England, by shutting up her communication with many of the best markets on the continent. But he now recurred to his favorite scheme, that of invading the island itself, and so striking the fatal blow at the heart of his last and greatest enemy. Troops to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand, were mustered in camps along the French and Dutch coasts, and vast flotillas, meant to convey them across the channel, were formed and constantly maneuvered in various ports, that of Boulogne being the chief station.

"The spirit of England on the other hand, was effectually stirred. Her fleets to the amount of not less than five hundred ships of war, traversed the seas in all directions, blockaded the harbors of the countries in which the power of the consul was predominant, and from time to time made inroads into the French ports, cutting out and destroying the shipping, and crippling the flotillas. At home, the army, both regular and irregular, was recruited and strengthened to an unexampled extent. Camps were formed along the

English coasts opposite to France, and the king in person was continually to be seen in the middle of them. By night, beacons blazed on every hill-top throughout the island; and the high resolution of the citizen soldiery was attested on numberless occasions of false alarm, by the alacrity with which they marched on the points of supposed danger. There never was a time in which the national enthusiasm was more ardent and concentrated; and the return of Pitt to the prime ministry was considered as the last and best pledge that the councils of the sovereign were to exhibit vigor commensurate with the nature of the crisis. The regular army in Britain amounted, ere long, to one hundred thousand; the militia to eighty thousand; and of volunteer troops there were not less than three hundred and fifty thousand in arms.

“Soul, Ney, Davoust, and Victor were in command of the army designed to invade England, and the chief consul personally repaired to Boulogne and inspected both the troops and the flotilla. He constantly gave out that it was his fixed purpose to make his attempt by means of the flotilla alone, but while he thus endeavored to inspire his enemy with false security, for Nelson had declared this scheme of a boat invasion to be *mad*, and staked his whole reputation on its miserable and immediate failure, if attempted, the consul was in fact providing indefatigably a fleet of men of war, designed to protect and cover the voyage. These ships were preparing in different ports of France and Spain, to the number of fifty: Bonaparte intended them to steal out to sea individually or in small squadrons, rendezvous at Martinico, and, returning thence in a body, sweep the channel free of the English, for such a space of time at least as might suffice for the execution of his great purpose. These designs, however, were from

day to day thwarted by the watchful zeal of Nelson, and the other English admirals; who observed Brest, Toulon, Genoa, and the harbors of Spain so closely, that no squadron nor hardly a single vessel could force a passage into the Atlantic.”

Still the consul hoped to take advantage of the frequent calms in the channel, which would leave British ships motionless, while his flat-bottomed boats could be rowed rapidly across; or if all other means failed, he purposed to watch the recurrence of a tempest, which should compel the English vessels to stand out to sea, and then attempt the transit when it subsided, and before the foe could return. In the most favorable condition of things, the truth of Napoleon's remark to Lord Whitworth, was apparent: “It is an awful temerity, my lord, to attempt the invasion of England.” Meanwhile, another great conspiracy was formed against the first consul. The theater of it was London, and the leader Count d'Artois, with whom were combined French royalists in the English capital. More than a hundred daring men, under Georges Cadoudal, were to reach France secretly, and lying in wait near Malmaison, assassinate the first consul when leaving or returning to his mansion. To insure success in the plot to restore the Bourbon dynasty, the aid of the army was indispensable. This object was sought through Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, who, jealous of Napoleon, had become hostile and revengeful. General Pichegru, who escaped from banishment in Cayenne, and reached London, a man of popular talent, and still a favorite with many of the people, was selected to confer with Moreau. Early in 1804, Napoleon suspected some grand movement was in progress to undermine his throne. At this crisis, a spy who had been arrested, and was on the way to ex-

ecution, confessed that he was one of Cadoudal's men, and revealed the whole conspiracy. In February, Moreau was arrested. General Pichegru, who eluded pursuit a few weeks longer, while asleep, with his weapons by his side, was suddenly taken by the gendarmes, who, rushing upon him, bound the struggling assassin. Of the Bourbon princes who were suspected of being involved in the deeply laid plot, was the Duke d'Enghien, grandson of the prince of Condé, a promising scion of royalty, who was at Ettenheim, near Strasburg. Circumstances connected with the plan of destroying the consul, made it strongly probable that he was acquainted with it. Orders were issued for a body of dragoons to cross the Rhine into the German territory, press on to Ettenheim, arrest the duke, and remove him to Strasburg. An apology was sent to the grand duke of Baden, for the entrance upon his territory. The prince was seized in bed and hurried away. He denied any sympathies with the conspirators, but avowed his adherence to the former monarchy, and enmity towards Napoleon. When arraigned, he earnestly pleaded for an interview with the consul. This was refused, and before M. Real, counselor of state, commissioned to examine him in Napoleon's behalf, arrived, he was led forth by torch light, and his career finished by a discharge of musketry, from a file of soldiers awaiting his appearance.

The death of this gallant young Bourbon went over Europe with electric power. The emperor of Russia, and the kings of Denmark and Sweden, hung their courts in mourning, and through their diplomatic representatives remonstrated against the tragical deed. With all the reasons, suggested by the perils around the first consul, for summary justice, the execution of the duke will be regarded as a sanguinary deed of a

revolutionary period, for which Napoleon was responsible; but there is not evidence satisfactory to the unbiassed mind, that he had decided to execute the duke, or knew, until too late, that such would be the prompt action of the court. Retaliation was, however, the law of Napoleon's dealings with his foes, and his blows fell when and where they would be most deeply felt.

Chateaubriand, who was then high in favor with Napoleon, and had just been appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Vallais, instantly resigned his appointment on hearing of the duke's death. This was a strong rebuke to Bonaparte, for as Bourrienne remarks, "It said plainly, 'You have committed a crime, and I will not serve a government which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!'" In England, Bonaparte was constantly styled in some of the leading journals, "the assassin of the Duke d'Enghien." On the fatal morning of the 21st of March, before he had finished his toilet, Josephine rushed into the room from her own distant apartments, with her countenance bathed in tears, and every personal care neglected, crying, "The Duke d'Enghien is dead! oh, my friend, what hast thou done?" and threw herself on his bosom. Napoleon is said to have shown extraordinary emotion, and to have exclaimed, "The wretches! they have been too hasty!" Napoleon was not naturally cruel; he pardoned many of his guilty enemies; but he neglected nothing which advanced his lofty aims; and without the shadow of doubt, desired the death of a Bourbon, to strike terror to the hearts of the royal assassins, who thirsted for his blood.

A few days later, Pichegru was found dead in prison, with a handkerchief around his neck; whether a suicide or a murdered man is unknown, but probably the former.

Moreau was tried, and condemned to two years of exile; and Georges Cadoudal followed in the public trial, and with eighteen others was condemned to die. The defeated conspiracy confirmed Napoleon's authority, and prepared the way for the last stride toward royalty—the right of succession to the crown in the Bonaparte family. April 30th, a month after the Duke d'Enghien was shot, Curée proposed to the Tribune, "that it was time to bid adieu to political illusions—that victory had brought back tranquillity—the finances of the country had been restored, and the laws renovated—and that it was a matter of duty to secure those blessings to the nation in future, by rendering the supreme power hereditary in the person and family of Napoleon. Such was the universal desire of the army and of the people. The title of emperor, in his opinion, was that by which Napoleon should be hailed, as best corresponding to the dignity of the nation."

Carnot, as before, when the question of the consulate was under discussion, alone dissented. He admitted the greatness of Napoleon, and his indispensable power; but added: "Fabius, Camillus, Cincinnatus were dictators also. Why should not Bonaparte, like them, lay down despotic power, after the holding of it had ceased to be necessary to the general good? Let the services of a citizen be what they might, was there to be no limit to the gratitude of the nation? But at all events, even granting that Bonaparte himself could not be too highly rewarded or too largely trusted, why commit the fortunes of posterity to chance? Why forget that Vespasian was the father of Domitian, Germanicus of Caligula, Marcus Aurelius of Commodus?"

The senate passed unanimously the decree, and May

18th, 1804, proceeded in a body to present it to Napoleon, and salute him Emperor of France.

The decree immediately appeared, published in the name of "Napoleon, by the grace of God, and by the constitutions of the Republic, Emperor of the French," and was sent down to the departments, and was ratified by a majority of the popular vote, although but a small part of the nation was represented at the ballot-box. The empire was to descend in the male line; and in case of having no son, Napoleon might adopt any son or grandson of his brothers; but in the failure of such provision, Joseph and Louis Bonaparte were named as next in order of succession. Lucien and Jerome were omitted, because the emperor was displeased with their matrimonial affairs, and not in this slight alone made them feel his anger. The members of the Bonaparte family were declared princes royal of France. The senate was the servant of the emperor, over whose decision to the contrary he had the right to publish a law as constitutional; the legislative branch, whose president he appointed, was entirely dependent upon the royal will; and the liberty of the press was annihilated.

May 18, 1804, Napoleon displayed the imperial insignia, and named Cambacères, his former colleague, Chancellor, and Le Brun Treasurer of the Empire. His group of splendid generals were created marshals. The theater of enthusiasm was not now in the walks of the people, but at Boulogne, in the camps of the soldiers. There on a magnificent throne on the margin of the ocean, he distributed the crosses of the Legion of Honor, amid the shouts of his great army. Congratulations poured in from the kings of Europe, excepting Russia, Sweden, and England.

Napoleon, to complete his claim to hereditary power,

sent a request to Pius VII. to repair to Paris and crown him—even in this proud act, subordinating the Church of Rome to his scepter. The unwilling Pope obeyed, and December 2d the coronation was performed.

It surpassed in magnificence all that had ever preceded it. The dress of the empress was in itself elegant, and arranged with that taste in which she excelled all the ladies of her time, the effect must have been unequalled. A drapery of white satin, embroidered on the skirt with gold, and on the breast with diamonds; a mantle of the richest crimson velvet lined with ermine and satin, embroidered with gold; a girdle of gold so pure as to be quite elastic, and set with large diamonds, formed her dress; and on her head she wore a splendid diadem of pearls and diamonds, the workmanship of which had employed the first artists of the capital. How her thoughts must have reverted to her first marriage, when, as she used to relate with great simplicity, she carried the few trinkets given her by Beauharnais for some days in her pocket to exhibit to admiring acquaintances.

Bonaparte's dress was quite as gorgeous, and must have reminded him that he had indeed assumed the *weight* of empire, for the mantle alone is said to have weighed eighty pounds. Indeed, he was by no means elated with this display of finery, but submitted to it as part of the system of personal aggrandizement, to which he adhered at whatever sacrifice of comfort. We can readily imagine that the hardy soldier must have been much less at his ease, in his white silk stockings, and white buskins laced and embroidered with gold, than when shortly afterward he appeared on the plain of Marengo, on the anniversary of his great victory there, in the identical cap and cloak pierced with bullet-holes which he had worn in that battle, and

there, surrounded by thirty thousand of his troops distributed the decorations of the Legion of Honor.

The imperial carriage, paneled with mirrors, and drawn by eight horses like the ancient regal coaches of the empire, attended by horsemen to the number of ten thousand, and double lines of infantry a mile and a half in length, and gazed at by four hundred thousand spectators, proceeded to the church of Notre Dame, which had been magnificently embellished for the occasion. The incessant thunder of artillery rolled over that tumultuous sea of humanity, whose shouts rose in one loud acclamation. While the grand procession was slowly moving forward, the clouds which had hung darkly over the city suddenly parted, and the clear sunlight fell upon the gay uniform, golden trappings, and burnished arms, till the reflection was a blended brightness that gave the finishing halo of glory to this regal march. Arriving at the archiepiscopal palace, the cortège paused, while beneath a high archway, from which floated the banners of the Legion of Honor, the royal group entered the cathedral, where a throne was prepared for the most influential and remarkable sovereign of Europe. It was placed opposite the principal entrance, on a platform whose elevation was reached by twenty-two semi-circular steps, richly carpeted and gleaming with golden bees. Here were standing the high officers of the realm in solemn state. The drapery of the throne was crimson velvet, under a canopy of which appeared Napoleon and Josephine, attended by his brothers, and the members of the imperial family. Four hours were consumed in the religious services by a choir of three hundred, and martial airs from a band whose number was still greater, filling the wide arches of that temple with a tide of harmony such as never before was poured over

a silent throng within its consecrated walls. At length Napoleon arose, and taking the diadem of wrought gold, calmly placed it upon his brow. Resolved to impress the people from the commencement of his reign, that he ruled in his own right, the Roman See was permitted to do no more than consecrate the bauble that made him king—Napoleon calmly placed the crown upon his own ample brow. Then raising the crown designed for Josephine to his head, he passed it to her own. Josephine, always natural, and therefore always interesting, with folded arms kneeled gracefully before him, then rising fixed upon him a look of tenderness and gratitude, while tears fell from her eyes—the lovely queen and devoted sacrifice, soon to pass from the throne to the altar of ambition. The Bible was laid upon the throne; Napoleon placed his hand upon it, and in a voice which was distinctly heard throughout the immense edifice, pronounced the customary oaths of office. A simultaneous shout broke from all the vast assembly, which was echoed by the crowds without; while the thunders of artillery proclaimed to more distant places that Bonaparte was Emperor of France.

Napoleon, ten years before, was a captain in the service of the republic; he had shaken a continent with his armies; and at length sat down upon the throne of an empire. Within the fifth part of man's allotted age, the Corsican youth, hating warmly the French, had become a devoted republican—adopted the despised nation as his own—risen from a lieutenant's position in the army to its head—conquered the fairest part of Europe—and now swayed over all, a monarch's scepter, receiving the willing homage of the millions who so recently shouted frantically, "*Vive la Republique!*"

The marvelous history is without a parallel in the annals of time. It must be conceded, that the royalty

of Napoleon was vastly superior to that of the Bourbons. The privileged classes—the nobility—the corrupt officials, and priesthood—were no longer the favorites of a voluptuous king. Personal security from oppression among the masses—religious toleration—and equitable taxation—were secured. It is also true, that France was unprepared for the unfettered freedom we enjoy. But all this does not alter the fact, that Napoleon made no efforts, either to prepare the people for republican institutions, or retain a vestige of the brief republic. By decrees, and intermarriage of his family—and every act—his purpose, as he expressed it, to rule the world with or without England, was clearly declared. Then again, he did not know how soon after his death, a worse than Louis XVII. would ascend the throne. There was a forceful view given of the emperor's ambition and betrayal of humanity in Carnot's question: "Why forget that Vespasian was the father of Domitian, Germanicus of Caligula, Marcus Aurelius of Commodus?"

The coronation at Paris was followed, very naturally, by a petition from the Italian senators, that Napoleon accept the iron crown of Charlemagne, worn by the Lombard kings. He immediately set out for Milan, accompanied with Josephine.

It was decided to cross the Alps by Mont Cenis, and for the adventure two elegant sedans were forwarded from Turin. There was no grand highway, as soon afterward, bridging the chasms, and the traveler, like the wild goat, had often to climb the perilous steep in a path untrodden before. Josephine avoided the beautiful conveyance ordered expressly for her, and preferred, whenever possible, to advance by her elastic step; to walk beside Napoleon, breathe the bracing air, and behold with kindling eye the sea of glittering sum-

mits, the gorges and their foaming torrents, and the ice-fields stretching away in cold and majestic desolation. That passage was a novel and sublime spectacle. The sovereign of an empire, with his charming queen, toiling up the heights over which he had led conquering armies—his thoughts busy with those mighty scenes—hers wandering over the waste of wonders, and above them through eternity, of which the solemn peaks seemed silent yet eloquent witnesses.

From Turin the tourists' next place of rendezvous was Alessandria, near the plain of Marengo; and he could not resist the inducement to stand once more upon that field which had rocked to one of the world's decisive battles, and sent his name like a spell-word around the globe. He ordered from Paris the old uniform and hat which he had worn on the day of conflict amid the smoke of the terrible struggle, and, then, while in fancy he saw again the meeting battalions, as when he wrung from the outnumbering foe victories that astonished the heroes of every realm, he reviewed with imperial dignity the national troops in Italy. Reaching Milan, May 26, 1805, the ancient crown was brought from seclusion, and the dust in which it had been entombed removed from the neglected symbol of royalty. In the grand cathedral of the city, the second in magnificence to St. Peter's, Napoleon receiving the crown from the archbishop's hand, placed it, as on a former occasion, upon his own head.

He repeated during the ceremony, in Italian, these words—"God has given it—woe to the gainsayer;" raising the iron circlet also to the brow of Josephine. The assemblage of nobility and beauty dispersed; Napoleon calmly received their display of loyalty, and the gay Milanese again, with wonted hilarity, thronged the market-place and busy streets of the capital.

Napoleon's title was now Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

The Ligurian republic sent the doge to Milan to offer congratulations, and desire the addition of their territory to the empire of France. This was granted, and became a serious affair in the subsequent course of events. Eugene Beauharnois, Josephine's son, was appointed viceroy at Milan.

Here the first intimations of threatening dissatisfaction, on the part of Austria and Russia, reached the emperor. Although he continued his tour through the peninsula, so rich in picturesque scenery and historic recollections—in everything that awakens thought and kindles the imagination—his mind was occupied with coming events, whose foreshadowing he beheld in the blackening horizon of the north. Arriving at Genoa, the tidings of a coalition were confirmed, based in part at least, it was apparent, upon the coronation in Milan. The departure was impetuous, for the eagle eye of Napoleon saw clearly the hastening tempest, and he caught in fancy the thunders of its terrible shock. The imperial carriage glided like a spirit along the highway, and the lash fell with increasing rapidity upon the foaming steeds. When for a moment there was a halt to change the horses, water was dashed on the smoking axle, and again the wheels revolved, till they seemed self-moving, while their low hum only broke the silence, except the occasional shout of Napoleon, "On! On! we do not move!"

He reached Paris, and on the 29th of January, 1805, in his new character of emperor, addressed a letter to King George III., in person, and was answered, as before, by the British Secretary of State for foreign affairs; who said that in the present state of relations between the cabinet of St. James and that of

St. Petersburg, it was impossible for the former to open any negotiation without the consent of the latter.

This sufficiently indicated a fact of which Napoleon had just suspicion some time before. The murder of the duke d'Enghien had been regarded with horror by the young emperor of Russia; he had remonstrated vigorously, and his reclamations had been treated with indifference. The king of Sweden, immediately after he heard of the catastrophe at Vincennes, had made known his sentiments to the czar: a strict alliance had been signed between those two courts about a fortnight ere Napoleon wrote to the king of England; and it was obvious that the northern powers had, in effect, resolved to take part with Great Britain in her struggle against France.

The cabinets of London, Petersburg, and Stockholm were now parties in a league which had avowedly the following objects:—To restore the independence of Holland and Switzerland; to free the north of Germany from the presence of French troops; to procure the restoration of Piedmont to the king of Sardinia; and, finally, the evacuation of Italy by Napoleon. Until, by the attainment of these objects, the sway of France should be reduced to limits compatible with the independence of the other European states, no peace was to be signed by any of the contracting powers; and, during several months, every means was adopted to procure the association of Austria and Prussia. But the latter of these sovereigns had a strong French party in his council, and though personally hostile to Napoleon, could not as yet count on being supported in a war against France by the hearty good-will of an undivided people. Austria, on the other hand, had been grievously weakened by the campaign of Marengo,

and hesitated, on prudential grounds, to commit herself once more to the hazard of arms.

The czar visited Berlin; and the two sovereigns repaired to the vault of Frederic the Great, and there swore over his ashes, to strike for the independence of Germany. Austria, upon hearing of the scenes at Milan, yielded to the policy of England, and suddenly entered, with eighty thousand troops, the field of strife—an opening campaign of carnage—for which the British king and cabinet were chiefly responsible. The combined armies swept over Bavaria, an ally of France, and while the elector begged to be let alone in his neutrality, endeavored to compel him to join the allies. He withdrew into Franconia; and the enemy taking possession of Munich and Ulm, penetrated the Black Forest, and fortified their position by commanding the outposts bordering on the valley of the Rhine.

Napoleon was not, as anticipated, taken by surprise, and overwhelmed in the weakness of unavailible strength. He had issued orders to the commanders of the army of invasion, to be ready, upon the first hostile movement of Austria, to advance against her. His vast arrangements went forward with usual precision and haste—the army went wild with enthusiasm in view of the campaign; and the marvelous activity of their leader made him their wonder and their idol. *Twenty thousand* carriages conveyed the battalions, as if by a magical flight, from Boulogne to the beautiful Rhine, upon whose green banks a hecatomb of youthful soldiers, who had impatiently waited for the conflict, were trodden in gore beneath the iron hoof.

When Napoleon appeared before his army, and the shouts of the welcome had subsided, he made this stirring address: “Soldiers! the campaign of the third

coalition has commenced. Austria has passed the Inn, violated its engagements, attacked and chased our ally from his capital. We will not again make peace without sufficient guaranties. You are but the advance-guard of the great people. You have forced marches to undergo, fatigues and privations to endure. But, whatever obstacles we may encounter, we shall overcome them, and never taste of repose till we have placed our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

Mack, the Austrian general, was not equal in military skill to those who preceded him in command. While he was anticipating an assault in front of the Ulm, the main body of the French troops entered the German dominions, and crossing the Danube, appeared in his rear, and cut off his communication with Vienna.

"Napoleon's gigantic plan was completely successful. The Austrians were surrounded beyond all hope of escape. In twenty days, without a single pitched battle, by a series of marches and a few skirmishes, the Austrian army of eighty thousand men was utterly destroyed. A few thousand only, in fugitive bands eluded the grasp of the victor, and fled through the defiles of the mountains. The masterly maneuvers of the French columns had already secured thirty thousand prisoners almost without bloodshed. Thirty-six thousand were shut up in Ulm. Their doom was sealed."

The emperor summoned the Austrian commander to surrender. Notwithstanding the expected reinforcements by the advance of the Russian army, and a full supply of stores for the garrison, Mack, who, on the 16th of October, prepared for desperate defense, overcome with his fears, upon the 17th signed articles of capitulation. Prince Maurice was sent to the French

camp to offer the evacuation of Ulm, if the troops would be allowed to retire into Austria.

Napoleon, with a smile, assured the envoy that such a sacrifice would be absurd, when a week would secure the surrender without conditions. The 20th of October poured its cold and cloudless splendor upon the more than thirty thousand soldiers, who, marching through the gates of Ulm, laid down their glittering arms at the feet of Napoleon. Turning to the imposing array of captive officers, he said, "Gentlemen, war has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he requires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust he will find that I have not forgotten my original avocation. I want nothing on the continent. I desire ships, colonies, and commerce. Their acquisition would be as advantageous to you as to me."

This splendid campaign spread unutterable joy over the army and nation. Like the summary of successes on the flag sent to the Directory after the Corsican's first triumph, Napoleon gave an eloquent outline of his victories in an address which was a tocsin of thrilling import to Europe:

"SOLDIERS OF THE GRAND ARMY—In fifteen days we have finished our campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have chased the Austrian troops from Bavaria, and restored our ally to the sovereignty of his dominions. (R)

"That army which with so much presumption and imprudence marched upon our frontiers, is annihilated.

"But what does this signify to England? She has

gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidies will not be the less great.

"Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army, sixty thousand are prisoners; but they will supply our conscripts in the labor of husbandry.

"Two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety flags, and all their generals are in our power. Not more than fifteen thousand men have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announced to you a great battle; but thanks to the ill-devised combinations of the enemy, I was able to secure the desired result without any danger; and, what is unexampled in the history of nations, these results have been gained at the loss of scarcely fifteen hundred men, killed and wounded.

"Soldiers! this success is due to your entire confidence in your emperor, to your patience in supporting fatigue and privations of every kind, and to your remarkable intrepidity.

"But we will not stop here. You are impatient to commence a second campaign.

"The Russian army which the gold of England has brought from the extremity of the world, we have to serve in the same manner.

"In the conflict in which we are now to be engaged, the honor of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall then see decided, for the second time, that question which has already been decided in Switzerland and Holland; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or second in Europe?

"There are no generals among them, in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are my children."

When advancing into the heart of Germany, the neutral territory of Anspach, belonging to Prussia,

was violated, threatening immediate war with that power; but this grand result hushed the tones of indignation, and kept the king in dread of the avenger. Ney, on the right of Napoleon, was successful in the Tyrol; and Murat, on his left, had watched the Austrians retreating to Bohemia; and both rejoined Napoleon, with Augereau's fresh reserve from France, who guarded the mountain passes at Voralberg. He was thus prepared to march toward the German capital. Meanwhile, the Czar of Russia, with one hundred and sixteen thousand troops, had advanced to Moravia, and gathered around the hostile standard the available force of Austria. England sent thirty thousand men to Hanover to press on to the field of conflict.

The French army, amid the astonishment of kings, fired with their leader's spirit, swept forward toward Vienna. November 7th, Francis fled from his defenseless capital, and repaired to the headquarters of the czar. A general panic seized the nation. On the 13th of November, the exultant army of Napoleon entered the capital, and took possession of the rich supply of stores and arms in the arsenals of the empire. Here he heard of the terrible defeat of the united naval force of France and Spain. The tidings added fuel to the flame of determined vengeance upon his combined enemies. Although he was many hundred miles from Paris, on the verge of winter, instead of halting to fortify a position of defense, he gave orders to march onward to meet the enemy. He has been severely condemned for "the rashness of thus passing the Danube into Moravia, while the archduke Ferdinand was organizing the Bohemians on his left, the archdukes Charles and John in Hungary, with still formidable and daily increasing forces on his right, the population of Vienna and the surrounding territories ready to

rise, in case of any disaster, in his rear; and Prussia as decidedly hostile in heart as she was wavering in policy. The French leader did not disguise from himself the risk of his adventure; but he considered it better to run all that risk, than to linger in Vienna until the armies in Hungary and Bohemia should have had time to reinforce the two emperors."

His correspondence affords an interesting survey of his movements, an estimate of his marshals, and of his own unaided genius:

UNIVERSIDAD
 NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"Schönbrunn, November 15, 1805.

"MY BROTHER—The bulletin has told you all that I found in Vienna.* I maneuver to-day against the Russian army, and have not been satisfied with Bernadotte; † perhaps the fault is in his health.

"When I let him enter Munich and Salzburg, and enjoy the glory of these great expeditions without his having to fire a gun, or to endure any of the fatiguing services of the army, I had a right to expect that he would want neither activity nor zeal. He has lost me a day, and on a day may depend the destiny of the world. Not a man would have escaped from me. I hope that he will repair his fault to-morrow, by a more active movement. I want Junot. Every day convinces me more and more that the men whom I have formed are incomparably the best. I continue to be pleased with Murat, Lannes, Davoust, Soult, Ney, and Marmont. I hear nothing of Augereau's march. Massena has behaved himself indifferently. He made bad dispositions, and got himself beaten at Caldiero.

*An immense arsenal, containing one hundred thousand muskets, two thousand pieces of cannon, and vast stores of ammunition, was found there.—Tr.

† Joseph's brother-in-law.—Tr.

Prince Charles army is advancing on me. The Venetian country must by this time be evacuated. It may be as well if you let him know, through our common friends, that I am not very well pleased, I will not say with his courage, but with the ability which he has shown. This will rouse his zeal, and may stop the disorder which is beginning in his army. I know that a contribution of 400,000 francs has been imposed on the Austrian portion of Verona. I intend to make the generals and officers who serve me well, so rich that they will have no pretext for dishonoring by their cupidity the noblest of all professions, and losing the respect of their soldiers. General Dejean is absurd about arming Ancona: his reasons are contemptible. Support the Constable.* All the arguments that Dejean uses are good for nothing. It is a habit of engineer officers to wish to show their clearness; I choose it to be armed, and that is enough. The Emperor of Germany writes beautiful letters to me; but though he has allowed me to occupy his capital, he has not yet shaken off the influence of Russia. Just now he is supposed to be with the Emperor Alexander, but some day or other he must make up his mind."

A few days later, he reports progress, and dictates despatches to appear in the official paper.

UNIVERSIDAD
 NOMA DE NIEVOLEÓN
 NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"BRUNN, November 24, 1805.

"MY BROTHER—I inform you that the Emperor of Germany has just sent to me M. de Stadion his minister in Russia, and Lieutenant-General Comte de Giulay, with full powers to negotiate, conclude, and sign a definite peace between France and Aus-

* Prince Louis Bonaparte.

tria. I have given similar powers to M. de Talleyrand. You will state this in the *Moniteur*, and add this paragraph: 'It is to be hoped that the negotiation will produce peace, but this hope must not slacken the zeal of our administrators: on the contrary, it is an additional motive for hastening the conscripts on their march, according to the old proverb, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*. His Majesty recommends the Ministers of War and of the Interior to press on their preparations.'

"You will insert as news from Vienna, 'Negotiations have begun. It is said that the Emperor of the French is going to Italy. It is also said that he intends to appear in Paris when least expected there. We have not yet seen him.'"

The French continued to advance.

"Napoleon's preparations were as follows: his left, under Lannes, lay at Santon, a strongly fortified position; Soult commanded the right wing; the center, under Bernadotte, had with them Murat and all the cavalry. Behind the line lay the reserve, consisting of twenty thousand, ten thousand of whom were of the imperial guard, under Oudenot; and here Napoleon himself took his station. But besides these open demonstrations, Davoust, with a division of horse and another of foot, lay behind the convent of Raygern, considerably in the rear of the French right—being there placed by the emperor, in consequence of a false movement, into which he, with a seer-like sagacity, foresaw the enemy might, in all likelihood, be tempted." Napoleon was on the field of Austerlitz, confronting the superior, confident army of the allied enemy. It was December 1st; and no sooner had he discerned their plan of attack, than he exclaimed, with delight,

"To-morrow before nightfall, that army shall be my own." The day was devoted to untiring preparation for the carnage at hand. Amid the gloom of night, as he rode over the field of encampment, a sudden shout, and torch-light illuminations greeted him. It was the anniversary of his imperial honors—the first celebration of his coronation. The enthusiastic soldiers assured him the dawning day should be one of glorious commemoration. "Only promise us," cried a veteran grenadier, "that you will keep yourself out of the fire."

He replied, in language repeated in the proclamation immediately issued to the army: "I will do so; I shall be with the reserve *until you need us*." This entire confidence between Napoleon and his vast armies, was sublime, and without a similar instance of devotion in the annals of war.

The unclouded sunrise was hailed with rapture, and ever after called "the sun of Austerlitz." Soon the advancing columns of the czar disclosed the certainty that they had been taken in the snare, and were making an onset upon the right, to which the emperor had hoped to direct their attention. Davoust sustained the shock, while Soult rushed into the gap made by the regiments which had left the heights in the very center of the allied host. Napoleon exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder!" It was on the hill of Pratzen, that the second army, which for a moment beat back the French, lost the day. The right wing gave way, and then the victors poured the tide of slaughter upon the left, till in ghastly confusion of the dead, the dying, and the flying, the mighty struggle closed, and another stupendous triumph shed its fearful glory upon the arms of Napoleon. A grand division of the foe were making

their escape across a frozen lake which swayed to their tramp, when the batteries of the conqueror thundered, and the balls and shells falling among the fugitives, tore in fragments the surface of ice, engulfing, as the Red Sea did the Egyptians, the entire throng, with their heavy ordnance and neighing steeds. The following letter gives Napoleon's account of the affair :

ALERE FLAMMAM
VERITATIS
UNIVERSIDAD
NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

AUSTERLITZ, December 3, 1805.

MY BROTHER,—I hope that by the time this courier reaches you my aide-de-camp Lebrun, whom I sent off from the field of battle, will have got to Paris. After some days of maneuvers, I had yesterday a decisive battle. I put to flight the allied army, commanded by the two Emperors of Germany and Russia in person. It consisted of eighty thousand Russians and thirty thousand Austrians. I have taken about forty thousand prisoners, among whom are twenty Russian generals, forty colors, one hundred pieces of cannon, and all the standards of the Russian imperial guards. The whole army has covered itself with glory.

The enemy has left at least from twelve to fifteen thousand men on the field. I do not yet know my own loss. I estimate it at eight or nine hundred killed, and twice as many wounded. A whole column of the enemy threw itself into a lake, and the greater part of them were drowned. I fancy that I still hear the cries of these wretches *whom it was impossible to save*.* The two emperors are in a bad situation. You

*This is a remarkable passage. The inference which Napoleon intended Joseph to draw is, that he would have saved the Russians from being drowned, if he had been able. But, in fact, they were drowned intentionally, and by his orders.

This is the account of the transaction by M. Thiers :—"The flying Russians threw themselves on the frozen lakes. The ice gave way in some places, but was firm in others, and afforded an asylum to a crowd of fugitives. Napoleon, from the hill of Pratzen, overlooking the lakes, saw the

may print the substance of this, but not as extracted from a letter of mine : it would not be suitable. You will receive the bulletin to-morrow. Though I have been sleeping for the last week in the open air, my health is good. To-night I sleep in a bed in the fine country house of M. de Kaunitz, near Austerlitz, and I have put on a clean shirt, which I have not done for a week. The guard of the Emperor of Russia was demolished. Prince Repnin, who commanded it, was taken, with a part of his men, and all his standards and artillery.

"The Emperor of Germany, this morning, sent to me Prince Lichtenstein to ask for an interview. It is possible that peace may soon follow. On the field of battle my army was smaller than his, but the enemy was caught in a false position while he was maneuvering."

The emperor, with considerable severity, reproves his brother for announcing at the theaters that the German monarch had sent Stadion and Giulay to negotiate peace ; and permitting the guns of the Invalides to be fired in honor of the anniversary of his coronation.

UNIVERSIDAD
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND
NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"SCHÜNBRUNN, December 13, 1805.

"MY BROTHER,—You need not have announced so disaster. He ordered the battery of his guard to fire round shot on the parts of the ice which remained unbroken, and thus to complete the destruction of the wretches who had taken refuge there. Nearly two thousand persons were thus drowned among the broken ice."—*Consulat et Empire*, liv'e xxiii., p. 326.

A person, not an eye-witness himself, but who had carefully collected information respecting this battle from eye-witnesses, described to me the scene. The French batteries fired, by Napoleon's orders, first, not on the Russians, but on the parts of the ice nearest to the shore. When these were broken, the Russians were on a sort of island of ice. They all fell on their knees. The batteries then fired on them and on the ice on which they stood, until the last man was killed or drowned. My informant computed the number thus destroyed at six thousand.—Tr.

pompously that the enemy had sent plenipotentiaries, or have fired the guns. It was the way to throw cold water on the zeal of the nation, and to give foreigners a false impression as to our affairs at home. Crying out for peace is not the means of getting it. I did not think it worth putting into a bulletin, still less did it deserve to be mentioned in the theaters. The mere word *peace* means nothing; what we want is a glorious peace. Nothing could be more ill-conceived or more impolitic than what has just been done in Paris."

The next letter is a further discipline of Joseph, and strong utterance of the absolute power he designed to wield, whatever reasons of public good were assigned for the boundless ambition.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"SCHÖNBRUNN, December 15, 1805.

"MY BROTHER,—I have got your letter of the 7th.* I am not accustomed to let my policy be governed by the gossip of Paris, and I am sorry that you attach so much importance to it. My people, under all circumstances, have found it good to trust everything to me, and the present question is too complicated to be understood by a Parisian citizen. I mentioned to you my disapprobation of the importance which you gave to the arrival of the two Austrian plenipotentiaries. I disapprove equally of the articles which the *Journal de Paris* keeps on publishing. Nothing can be more silly or in worse taste. I shall make peace when I think it the interest of my people to do so; and the outcries of a few intriguers will not hasten or delay it by a single hour. My people will always be of one

*In this letter Joseph had dwelt on the general wish in Paris for peace.—Tr.

opinion when it knows that I am pleased, because that proves that its interests have been protected. The time when it deliberated in its sections has passed. The battle of Austerlitz has shown how ridiculous was the importance which, without my orders, you gave to the mission of the plenipotentiaries. I will fight, if it be necessary, more than one battle more to arrive at a peace with securities. I trust nothing to chance; but what I say I do, or I die. You will see that the peace, advantageous as I shall make it, will be thought disadvantageous by those who are now clamoring for it, because they are fools and blockheads, who know nothing about it. It is ridiculous to hear them always repeating that we want peace, as if the mere fact of peace was anything; all depends on the conditions. I have read the extract from Fesch's letter. He does not know what he is talking about, nor M. Alquier any more, when they speak of a disembarkation of eight thousand Austrian cavalry—as if eight thousand cavalry could be so easily embarked."

The morning succeeding the battle, Francis, Emperor of Germany, rode with his escort to the headquarters of Napoleon. Partially sheltered by a mill, and standing in the chill breath of the winter winds, he saluted the monarch, saying to his majesty, "I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months."

Francis replied, "You have made such use of it, that you ought not to complain of the accommodations." For two hours the kings conversed; and Napoleon said to the charge of injustice on the part of England, "The English are a nation of merchants. In order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world, they are willing to set the continent in flames."

A remark of much truth, so far as the policy and power of Pitt were concerned. Having agreed upon an armistice with Germany, Francis proposed to include Russia, on the condition that Alexander and his army might withdraw to his dominions. Napoleon immediately agreed to the terms, and sent an envoy to the headquarters of the emperor, to obtain his pledge that he would cease to fight against France. December 15th the treaty was signed with Francis at Presburg, and on the 26th at Vienna with Prussia.

Austria paid the expenses of the campaign. She also "yielded the Venetian territories to the kingdom of Italy: her ancient possessions of the Tyrol and Voralberg were transferred to Bavaria, to remunerate that elector for the part he had taken in the war; Wirtemberg, having also adopted the French side, received recompense of the same kind at the expense of the same power; and both of these electors were advanced to the dignity of kings. Bavaria received Anspach and Bareuth from Prussia, and, in return, ceded Berg, which was erected into a grand duchy, and conferred, in an independent sovereignty, on Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat. Finally, Prussia added Hanover to her dominions, in return for the cession of Anspach and Bareuth, and acquiescence in the other arrangements above mentioned."

Pitt was astonished and greatly depressed by the tidings of the terrible defeat of the allies at Austerlitz. His health, which had declined, now rapidly failed, and January 23, 1806, he expired, with the sad exclamation, "Alas, my country!" on his dying lips. He was no more jealous of England's glory than Napoleon of the honor of France; and he cordially hated the revolutionary *republicanism* of his enemy, and equally so, the gigantic influence it gave to the enthroned Corsican,

who rose from a Jacobin officer, to the proudest throne in Europe. While this scene was transpiring in England, Napoleon was concluding a peace with all the hostile nations except "the sea-girdled isle." His communications now reveal his new designs of seizing the ancient monarchies of Europe, and forming of them subkingdoms for his family—a stroke of ambition which ultimately reached the base of his own throne, rendering his empire—opening both the path of unrighteous dominion, and of ultimate ruin. At this date the intermarriage of near relations with princes and potentates, is also declared.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"MUNICH, December 31, 1805.

"MY BROTHER—I am at Munich. I shall remain here a few days to receive the ratification of the treaty, and to give to the army its last orders.

"I intend to take possession of the kingdom of Naples. Marshal Massena and General Saint-Cyr are marching on that kingdom with two corps-d'armée.

"I have named you my lieutenant commanding-in-chief the army of Naples.

"Set off for Rome forty hours after the receipt of this letter, and let your first despatch inform me that you have entered Naples, driven out the treacherous Court, and subjected that part of Italy to our authority.

"You will find at the headquarters of the army the decrees and instructions relating to your mission. (R)

"You will wear the uniform of a general of division. As my lieutenant, you have all the marshals under your orders. Your command does not extend beyond the army and the Neapolitan territory. If my presence were not necessary in Paris I would march myself on Naples; but with the generals whom you have, and the

instructions which you will receive, you will do all that I could do. Do not say whither you are going, except to the Arch-Chancellor ; let it be known only by your letters from the army."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

" MUNICH, December 31, 1805.

" MY BROTHER—I have demanded in marriage for Prince Eugene, Princess Augusta, daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, and a very pretty person. This marriage has been agreed on ; I have demanded another princess for Jerome. As you have seen him last tell me if I can reckon on the young man's consent. I have also arranged a marriage for your eldest daughter with a small prince, who in time will become a great prince. As this last marriage cannot take place for some months, I shall have time to talk to you about it. Tell mamma, as from me, about the marriage of Prince Eugene with Princess Augusta. I do not wish it to be mentioned publicly."

NAPOLEON TO PRINCESS JOSEPH.

" MUNICH, January 9, 1806.

" MADAME MY SISTER-IN-LAW—I settled some time ago the marriage of my son, Prince Eugene, with the Princess Augusta, daughter of the King of Bavaria. The Elector of Ratisbon marries them at Munich on the 15th of January. I am detained, therefore, for a few days longer in this town.

" The Princess Augusta is one of the handsomest and most accomplished persons of her sex. It would be proper, I think, that you should make her a present costing from 15,000, to 20,000 francs. She will set off for Italy on the 20th of January. The King of Bavaria will write to you to announce the marriage.

Whereupon I pray God, madame, my sister-in-law, to keep you in his holy and worthy protection."

The immediate provocation to invade Naples, was the unprincipled disregard of that kingdom, which was under the scepter of a Bourbon, of her pledge of neutrality, and upon the withdrawal of St. Cyr's army from her ports to join the emperor's campaign, inviting the English fleet into her harbors, and then turning her battalions against France. The truth is, Naples was terrified into a submission which was scorned as soon as there was hope of deliverance from Napoleonic power. It was dishonorable, and an occasion for hostility. Having now the might, the emperor resolved to dethrone the reigning sovereign, and *confiscate* the realm for his brother.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

" STUTTGART, January 19, 1806.

" MY BROTHER—I wish you to enter the kingdom of Naples in the first days of February, and I wish to hear from you in the course of February that our flag is flying on the walls of that capital. You will make no truce ; you will hear of no capitulation : my will is that the Bourbons shall have ceased to reign at Naples. I intend to seat on the throne a prince of my own house. In the first place, you, if it suits you ; if not, another.

" I repeat it, do not divide your forces ; let your army pass the Apennines, and let your three corps march on Naples, so disposed as to be able to join in one day on one field of battle. Leave a general, some dépôts, some stores, and some artillerymen at Ancona for its defense. Naples once taken, the distant parts of the kingdom will fall of themselves. The enemy

in the Abruzzi will be taken in the rear, and you will send a division to Taranto, and another toward Sicily to conquer that kingdom. I intend to leave under your orders in the kingdom of Naples all this year and afterward, until I make some new disposition, fourteen regiments of French cavalry on a full war establishment. *The country must find provisions, clothes, re-mounts, and all that is necessary for your army, so that it may not cost me a farthing.*"

Napoleon began his marches slowly toward France, making all possible provision for the wounded which were left behind till the warmer air of spring. He hastened to the capital, and prevented a grand reception by entering the city at dead of night. He immediately commenced a scrutiny of the disordered bank of the kingdom, and surveyed at a glance the details of finance, and magnificent plans of internal improvement.

He addressed a note of approbation to Joseph for his management, as his representative in the capital, and presented him an elegant snuff-box with the emperor's portrait. A few extracts from his further correspondence will continue the history of his invasion of Naples.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, January 27, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—I hear that the court of Naples sends Cardinal Ruffo to me with propositions of peace. My orders are that he be not allowed to come to Paris. You must immediately commence hostilities, and make all your arrangements for taking immediate possession of the kingdom of Naples, without listening to any propositions for peace, armistice, or suspension of arms—reject them all indiscriminately."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, January 30, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—I suppose that by the time you receive this letter you will be master of Naples. I can only repeat to you my former instructions and my decided intention to conquer the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. As soon as you are master of Naples you will send two corps, one toward Taranto, the other toward the coast opposite Sicily. You will affirm in the strongest manner that the King of Naples will never sit again on that throne; that his removal is necessary to the peace of the continent, which he has troubled twice."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, January 31, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—It is supposed that the Prince Royal remains in Naples; if so, seize him and send him to France, with a sufficient and trustworthy escort. This is my express order. I leave you no discretion.

"* * * If any of the great people or others are troublesome, send them to France, and say that you do it by my order. No half measures, no weakness. I intend my blood to reign in Naples as long as it does in France: the kingdom of Naples is necessary to me."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, February 7, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letter of the 28th of January. I thoroughly approve your answer to the Prince Royal of Naples; a stop must be put to all such absurdities.* Your drafts on Paris will be regularly paid. I am surprised at the bad state of your artillery, and at your general want of supplies.

* The king and queen offered to abdicate in favor of the prince. Joseph answered that it was too late; that he came to execute Napoleon's orders, not to treat.—Tr.

This comes of generals who think only of robbing; keep a strict hand over them. I ask from you only one thing—be master. I am anxious to hear that you are at Naples. I approve of your delaying for a few days; everything requires time; I agree with you that it is better to begin a day or two later and go straight forward. March on boldly. In your endeavors to improve the condition of your army on their way to Naples, you will be doing what I wish. You cannot have too many staff-officers. When you enter Naples, proclaim that you will suffer no private contributions to be raised, that the whole army will be rewarded, and that it is not right that only a few individuals should be enriched by the exertions of all.

“* * * Do not lose a day or an hour in trying to seize Sicily: many things will be easy in the first moment, and difficult afterward.

“When you have taken Naples, and all looks settled, I will communicate to you my plans for getting you acknowledged king of Naples.

* * * * *

“I am well pleased with my affairs here. It gave me great trouble to bring them into order, and to force a dozen rogues, at whose head is Ourard, to refund. I had made up my mind to have them shot without trial. Thank God I have been repaid. This has put me somewhat out of humor. I tell you about it that you may see how dishonest men are. You, who are now at the head of a great army and will soon be at that of a great administration, ought to be aware of this. Roguery has been the cause of all the misfortunes of France.

“* * * I take the greatest interest in your prosperity, and particularly in your glory; in your position it is the first of wants; without it life can have no charm.”

Napoleon's absorbing love of military life is forcefully expressed in other passages:

“The returns of my armies form the most agreeable portion of my library. They are the volumes which I read with the greatest pleasure in my moments of relaxation.

“* * * Take pleasure, if you can, in reading your returns. The good condition of my armies is owing to my devoting to them two or three hours in every day. When the monthly returns of my armies and of my fleets, which form twenty thick volumes, are sent to me, I give up every other occupation in order to read them in detail, and to observe the difference between one monthly return and another. No young girl enjoys her novel so much as I do these returns.”

The English and the Russians having abandoned the Neapolitan territory, Joseph led his army on the frontiers; at which point Napoleon wrote him, with the request to drop the family name.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“PARIS, February 18, 1806.

“MY BROTHER—Your letter of the 8th of February has reached me. You must have received my proclamation to my army at Schönbrunn, which I had kept in reserve. Caution is no longer necessary. You are already master of Naples, and on the point of taking Sicily by surprise; this is your chief aim. The Neapolitan arrangements are already approved by Prussia. You should entitle your acts ‘Joseph Napoleon’; you need not add ‘Bonaparte.’”

The court passed over into Sicily, and Joseph was

* From this time the family changed their name to Napoleon.

proclaimed King of Naples. Napoleon gave him royal counsel respecting the securities of his throne, and absolute dictation.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, March 2, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—You are too cautious. Naples can well give you four or five millions. Announce my speedy arrival at Naples. It is so far off that I do not dare to promise you that I shall go, but there is no harm in announcing it, both for the sake of the army and the people.

"Your troubles are what always occur. Never go out without guards. * * * In all your calculations assume this; that a fortnight sooner or a fortnight later you will have an insurrection. It is an event of uniform occurrence in a conquered country. * * * Whatever you do the mere force of opinion [Joseph had written—'This town appears to me more populous than Paris. I can maintain my position only by the assistance of public opinion'] will not maintain you in a city like Naples. Take care that there are mortars in the forts and troops in reserve to punish speedily an insurrection. Disarm, and do it quickly. * * * I presume that you have cannon in your palaces, and take all proper precautions for your safety. You cannot watch too narrowly those about you. The presumption and carelessness of the French are unequalled.

"All the troubles under which you are suffering belong to your position. Disarm, disarm, keep order in that immense city. Keep your artillery in positions where the mob cannot seize them. Reckon on a riot or a small insurrection. I wish that I could give you the benefit of my experience in these matters."

Four days later he added :

"Let the lazzaroni who use the dagger be shot without mercy. It is only by a salutary terror that you will keep in awe an Italian populace. The least that the conquest of Naples must do for you is to afford supplies to your army of forty thousand men. Lay a contribution of thirty millions on the whole kingdom. Your conduct wants decision. Your soldiers and your generals ought to live in plenty. Of course, you will call together the priests and declare them responsible for any disorder. The lazzaroni must have chiefs; they must answer for the rest. Whatever you do, you will have an insurrection. Disarm. You say nothing about the forts. If necessary, do as I did in Cairo: prepare three or four batteries, whose shells shall reach every part of Naples. You may not use them, but their mere existence will strike terror. The kingdom of Naples is not exhausted. You can always get money; since there are royal fiefs, and taxes which have been given away. Every alienation of the royal domains or of the taxes—though its existence may be immemorial—must be annulled, and a system of taxation, equal and severe, must be established. * * * You have no money, but you have a good army and a good country to supply you. Prepare for the siege of Gaeta. You speak of the insufficiency of your military force. Two regiments of cavalry, two battalions of light infantry, and a company of artillery, would put to flight all the mob of Naples. But the first of all things is to have money, and you can get it only in Naples. A contribution of thirty millions will provide for everything, and put you at your ease. Tell me something about the forts. I presume that they command the town, and that you have put provisional commandants into them. You must set about organizing a gendarmerie. You feel, on entering Naples, as every one feels on

entering a conquered country. Naples is richer than Vienna, and not so exhausted. Milan itself, when I entered it, had not a farthing. Once more, expect no money from me. The five hundred thousand francs in gold, which I sent to you, are the last I shall send to Naples. I care not so much about three or four millions, as about the principle. Raise thirty millions, pay your army, treat well your generals and commanders, put your material in order."

The purpose to make the people pay the invading army; the establishment of nobility, and all the supports of a splendid monarchy, are apparent in a subsequent letter to Joseph, who was an amiable, kind-hearted man, and too yielding and sympathizing to suit his younger, but imperial brother:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

PARIS, March 8, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—I see that by one of your proclamations you promise to impose no war contribution, and that you forbid your soldiers to require those who lodge them to feed them. It seems to me that your measures are too narrow. It is not by being civil to people that you obtain a hold on them. This is not the way to get the means to reward your army properly. Raise thirty millions from the kingdom of Naples. Pay well your army; remount well your cavalry and your trains; have shoes and clothes made. This cannot be done without money. As for me it would be too absurd if the conquest of Naples did not put my army at its ease. It is impossible that you should keep within the bounds which you profess. Back yourself, if you like, by an order of mine.

* * * * *

"You must establish in the kingdom of Naples a

certain number of French families, holding fiefs either carved out of domains of the crown, or taken from their present possessors, or from the monks by diminishing the number of convents. In my opinion your throne will have no solidity unless you surround it with a hundred generals, colonels, and others attached to your house, possessing great fiefs of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Bernadotte and Massena should, I think, be fixed in Naples, with the title of princes, and with large revenues. Enable them to found great families: I do this in Piedmont, the kingdom of Italy, and Parma. In these countries and in Naples three or four hundred French military men ought to be established with property descending by primogeniture. In a few years they will marry into the principal families, and your throne will be strong enough to do without a French army—a point which must be reached. In the discussions between Naples and France, France will never desire to supply Naples with more troops than are absolutely necessary. She will always wish to keep them together to meet her other enemies. I intend to give Dalmatia to a prince, as well as Neufchatel, which Prussia has ceded to me.

"There are about one hundred old gardes-du-corps here, good men, who may be useful in your body-guard, mixed with the Neapolitan nobles."

Holland, which had been overswept in her revolutionary struggles by England, and delivered from the enemy by the interposition of France, was now induced to ask the emperor for a king in the person of Louis Bonaparte. This amiable prince, who had married the graceful Hortense, Josephine's daughter, was established at the Hague, May 6th, 1806. He became a deservedly popular ruler.

The kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria, with fourteen other princes of various degrees of rank, occupying the valley of the Rhine in the west of Germany, associated themselves together in an alliance called the *Confederation of the Rhine*, and Napoleon became, according to his design, *Protector*. This reach of authority virtually dismembered the German Empire, and added some of its most beautiful portions to the realm of France. Napoleon, while thus increasing his power, was raising barriers against his foreign foes. He was a noble monarch in his schemes of national progress and universal sway, but nevertheless, a king whose law of conquest and control, was *force*—and whose pole-star of wondrous thought was *glory*, with little reverence for man in his individual worth, and as little for God in his real character and spiritual worship.

Mr. Fox had succeeded Pitt in the cabinet of England, and was his antagonist in politics. His friendly relations to Napoleon, awakened the hope and expectation among the people, of peace. But the aristocracy of England were unchanged in that hostility to the emperor, which had its stern and unalterable expression in the government of Pitt. Napoleon's views were expressed in a letter to Mr. Fox: "France will not dispute with England the conquests England has made. Neither does France claim anything more on the continent than she now has. It will, therefore, be easy to lay down the basis of a peace, if England has not inadmissible views relative to commercial interests. The emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they are sought, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means

to protect by all duties and prohibitions which can favor its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

The entire intercourse between Napoleon and Mr. Fox was frank and cordial. Exchange of several prisoners of note was had, and no bitter words were passed. Besides the storm in parliament, the prospect of a treaty declined as the conditions were more distinctly announced. England wanted Malta, and also Hanover given to Prussia by Napoleon after the peace of Presburg. Napoleon was determined to have Sicily. To complete the difficulties, and remove the last ground of anticipated reconciliation, Mr. Fox died, September, 1806.

The interesting letters of the emperor furnish a vivid view of the crisis.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"St. Cloud, September 12, 1806.

"MY BROTHER—I told you that Russia had not ratified. Prussia is arming in a most ridiculous manner; however, she shall soon disarm, or pay dearly for what she is doing. Nothing can exceed the vacillation of that cabinet. The court of Vienna makes me great protestations, and its total want of power inclines me to put faith in them. Whatever happens, I can face, and will face, every enemy. The conscription which I have just levied is going on in every direction. I am going to call out my reserve; * I am fully provided,

* In France, usually only half the conscripts are called out at first; the other half is called the reserve, and in peace is seldom called out. It remains, however, liable to serve; and on an emergency, the reserves of the four or five previous years are sometimes called out together. This was done in 1854.—Tr.

and in want of nothing. Whether it be war or peace I shall not diminish your army. In a few days perhaps I may put myself at the head of my grand army; it consists of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men, and with that force I can reduce to submission Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. There will be a somewhat formidable army in Upper Italy. Keep these dispositions secret; they will be best proclaimed by victory.

“Press your enemies sharply; drive them out of the peninsula; recover Cotrona, Scylla, and Reggio. Jerome has landed; I have made him a prince, and I have given him the great cordon of the Legion of Honor. I have arranged his marriage with the Princess Catherine, the Duke of Wirtemberg’s daughter. As I shall be obliged to call for a *plebiscitum* on his account, that is to say the sanction of the people to his succession to the crown, I wish Lucien not to let slip this opportunity.*

“Be quite easy about political affairs; go on as if nothing were happening. If indeed I am again forced to strike, my measures are so well and surely taken, that the first notice to Europe of my departure from Paris will be the total ruin of my enemies. Let your newspapers describe me as occupied in Paris with hunting, amusements, and negotiations. If the warlike preparations of Prussia are mentioned, let it be supposed that they take place with my consent; and M. Humboldt must have received orders to proceed to your court as Prussian minister. I will never lay down my arms unless Naples and Sicily are yours. I have called your attention to Pescara: keep there a

* Joseph wrote to Lucien. Lucien answered that he would not part with his wife or make any change in the position of his children, and that solicitations to him, which must meet with refusals, were useless.—Tr.

sufficient quantity of powder, of gun-carriages, a military commandant, an engineer officer, an artillery officer, a storekeeper, a commissariat officer, a garrison of four or five hundred men, and provisions for a month. Order the troops in the Abruzzi to shut themselves up in Pescara in an emergency, sending word at the same time to the general in command at Ancona. If the enemy succeeded in landing and throwing a thousand men into that place, he would soon be able to sustain a siege, which would be very inconvenient.

“In the midst of all these events I do not forget the sea. I have schemes which may possibly in a month or two make me master of the Mediterranean.”

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“St. Cloud, September 13, 1806.

“MY BROTHER—Everything proves that Mr. Fox is dead. Lord Yarmouth has been triumphantly received in London, because he was known to belong to the peace party. Mr. Fox’s illness has filled the nation with consternation. The ministers seemed delighted with these demonstrations, and all hope of peace is not yet lost. The English minister in Paris is too ill to see any body. He has attended no conference since the arrival of his last courier. Prussia makes me a thousand protestations, which do not prevent my taking my precautions: in a few days she will have disarmed, or she will be crushed. Austria declares her intention to remain neutral. Russia does not know what she wants, but her distance renders her powerless. Such, in two words, is the state of affairs.

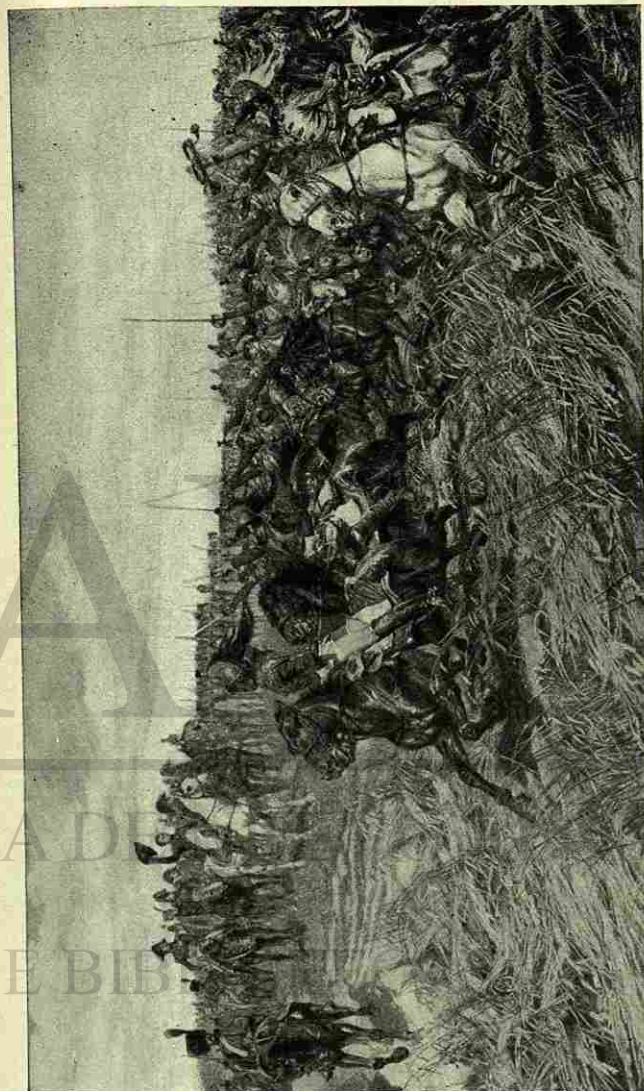
“I fancy that in the course of the next ten days the peace of the continent will be more settled than ever. As to England, I can conjecture nothing. Her conduct is decided, not by general politics, but by internal

intrigues. The last news announced that Mr. Fox was at the point of death ; his friends are deploring his loss as if he were already dead."

Prussia had never been satisfied with Napoleon's apology for violating her territory, when, surrounding Mack at Ulm, he crossed Anspach with his troops. Of this, amid the returning hostility to France in Russia, and its fresh intensity in England, she complained ; and mustering her legions, joined the new coalition with those mighty empires, to crush Napoleon. She marched her army, two hundred thousand strong, into Saxony.

"The conduct of Prussia, in thus rushing into hostilities without waiting for the advance of the Russians, was as rash as her holding back from Austria, during the campaign of Austerlitz, had been cowardly. As if determined to profit by no lesson, the Prussian council also directed their army to advance toward the French, instead of lying on their own frontier—a repetition of the great leading blunder of the Austrians in the preceding year. The Prussian army accordingly invaded the Saxon provinces, and the elector of Saxony, seeing his country treated as rudely as that of the elector of Bavaria had been on a similar occasion by the Austrians, and wanting the means to withdraw his own troops as the Bavarian had succeeded in doing under like provocation, was compelled to accept the alliance which Prussia urged on him, and to join his troops with those of the power by which he had been thus insulted and wronged."

Napoleon led his legions forward, confused the Prussians by rapid movements, and soon encamped in their rear, cutting off supplies, and possibility of retreat. He again made efforts to save the needless flow of blood,



1807. NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF JENA.



and wrote the king, urging the cessation of hostilities and carnage. No reply was received, and his troops advanced in three divisions: Soult and Ney in the direction of Hof; Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust toward Saalburg, and Lannes and Augereau upon Saalfeld. At Saalfeld there was a fierce battle with the corps of Prince Louis of Prussia, in which the French were victorious, and blew up Naumburg with its magazines. The prince was mortally wounded, and the Prussian forces completely surrounded by the enemy.

At Jena and Auerstadt, the great armies met in decisive conflict. Napoleon perceived on the evening of October 13th, that the battle must come the following day, although his heavy train of artillery was still many hours behind. But he encouraged his men, who, with what seemed superhuman strength, drew the guns which they had up a lofty plateau in front of Jena, and prepared for the desperate action. "Lannes commanded the center; Augereau the right; Soult the left; and Murat the reserve and cavalry. Soult had to sustain the first assault of the Prussians, which was violent and sudden; for the mist lay so thick on the field that the armies were within half gunshot of each other ere the sun and wind rose and discovered them; and on that instant Mollendorf charged. The battle was contested well for some time on this point; but at length Ney appeared in the rear of the emperor with a fresh division; and then the French center advanced to a general charge, before which the Prussians were forced to retire. They moved for some space in good order; but Murat now poured his masses of cavalry on them, storm after storm, with such rapidity and vehemence that their rout became miserable. It ended in the complete breaking up of the army—horse and foot all flying

together, in the confusion of panic, upon the road to Weimar. At that point the fugitives met and mingled with their brethren flying, as confusedly as themselves, from Auerstadt. In the course of this disastrous day, twenty thousand Prussians were killed or taken; three hundred guns, twenty generals, and sixty standards. The commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, being wounded in the face with a grape-shot, was carried early off the field, never to recover. The loss of superior officers on the Prussian side was so great, that of an army which, on the evening of the 13th of October, mustered not less than one hundred and fifty thousand, but a few regiments were ever able to act in concert for some time after the 14th. The various routed divisions roamed about the country, seeking separately the means of escape; they were in consequence destined to fall an easy prey. Mollendorf and the Prince of Orange-Fulda laid down their arms at Erfurt. General Kalkreuth's corps was overtaken and surrounded among the Hartz mountains; Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg and sixteen thousand men, surrendered to Bernadotte at Halle. The Prince of Hohenlohe at length drew together not less than fifty thousand of these wandering soldiers, and threw himself at their head into Magdeburg. But it turned out that that great fortress had been stripped of all its stores for the service of the Duke of Brunswick's army before Jena. Hohenlohe, therefore, was compelled to retreat toward the Oder. He was defeated in a variety of skirmishes; and at length, finding himself devoid of ammunition or provisions, laid down his arms at Prenzlau; twenty thousand surrendered with the prince. His rear, consisting of about ten thousand, under the command of the celebrated general Blucher, were so far behind as to render it possible for them to attempt escape. Their heroic

leader traversed the country with them for some time unbroken, and sustained a variety of assaults, from far superior numbers, with the most obstinate resolution. By degrees, however, the French under Soult hemmed him in on one side, Murat on the other, and Bernadotte appeared close behind him. He was thus forced to throw himself into Lubeck, where a severe action was fought in the streets of the town, on the 6th of November. The Prussians in this battle, lost four thousand prisoners, besides the slain and wounded: he retreated to Schwerta, and there, it being impossible for him to go further without violating the neutrality of Denmark, on the morning of the 7th, Blucher at length laid down his arms—having exhibited a specimen of conduct and valor such as certainly had not been displayed by any of his superiors in the campaign.”

Bonaparte entered Berlin the 25th of October. The Prussian monarchy had crumbled before the march of his resistless battalions, and lay in ruins at his feet. He describes the grand success:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

BERLIN, November 4, 1806.

“MY BROTHER—The bulletins will have informed you of what is going on here. I have taken one hundred and twenty thousand prisoners; park, magazines, baggage, everything has fallen into my power. The three fortresses on the Oder have capitulated. I have completely crushed the power of Prussia. Austria has begun to arm on the pretext of protecting her neutrality. We must make corresponding preparations in Upper Italy. If Austria were to attack us, you would gain this advantage by my position—that the Russians would concentrate their forces in Poland, and that England would direct hers upon Sweden.

* * * * *

"I am on the borders of Poland; to make war in that country one must have cavalry. Relying on your sending back yours, I have withdrawn eight regiments of horse from Italy, and if you fail me, enough will not be left there. The last two months have been spent in arming and victualing my strong places in Italy. I have just given orders that my army may be assembled by the 1st of December; it will consist altogether of more than sixty thousand men."

Napoleon took possession of the royal palace, with triumphal display; and in his bulletin having spoken severely of the queen who rode at the head of her troops, animating them with her fiery valor and beauty, Josephine remonstrated in a letter to him. In his reply, he narrates briefly the pardon of the Prince of Hatzfeld, who was governor of Berlin under Napoleon's protection, but secretly in correspondence with the Prussian army. He was arrested, taken before a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE.

"November 6, 1806; 9 o'clock P. M.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is, that above all things I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently toward one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears; and said in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much; it went to my heart. I said, 'Well, madame,

throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected and amiable, for they alone resemble you. Adieu, my love. I am very well."

Such an incident, is a pleasant interlude to the clangor of arms, the groans of the dying and the wail of anguish from the living. Napoleon had feeling, but with rare exceptions it was subordinated altogether to his lofty plans of national and personal grandeur. It never turned aside the wasting strokes of his avenging arms, when the terror they inspired was auxiliary to the ultimate object. Madame Hatzfeld was restored to happiness; but a great company, in the march of empire, were consigned to hopeless sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

The position of the hostile parties.—The Berlin decrees.—The war goes on.—Battle of Eylau.—Letter to Josephine.—Offers of peace rejected.—Preparations for another campaign.—Battle of Friedland.—The peace of Tilsit.—Friendship of Napoleon and Alexander.—Correspondence.—Napoleon's magnificent plans.—Code Napoleon.—Designs upon Spain and Portugal.—Letters.—Tour to Italy.—Disagreement with Lucien.—Portugal taken.—Invasion of Spain.—Letters.—The abdication.—Joseph designated for the vacant throne.—His reluctant and unquiet reign.—The meeting of the emperors at Erfurth.—Josephine's divorce suggested.—Revolution in Spain.—Victories.—Letters.—Joseph again enthroned.—His complaint of Napoleon.—Intelligence of an Austrian campaign.—Battles of Eckmühl and Wagram.—Quarrel with the Pope.—Peace.—Divorce of Josephine.

A WEEK'S campaign had changed the fortunes of Prussia. With a remnant of his almost annihilated army the king had fled to the frontier of Poland, and was welcomed with sad surprise by the advancing Alexander of Russia. He refused renewed propositions of peace, and prepared with his powerful ally again to meet France on the battle-plain.

England, thoroughly aroused, violated the law of nations in her proclamation that France was in a state of blockade in regard to all nations, whether hostile or neutral. Private property of the enemy on the sea, was seized, and passengers there, made prisoners.

Napoleon retaliated by issuing a manifesto, and eleven edicts, called the *Berlin Decrees*—a measure famous among the boldest acts of their author. The British islands were declared to be blockaded, and English property on the continent confiscated; Englishmen wherever found were taken prisoners, and all intercourse, commercial or civil, forbidden as

treason against the government. The difficulties in the way of a practical working of the decrees were very great. The fabrics of England, and the necessaries of life which she furnished, had become indispensable to domestic comfort. Evasions were sought, and dissatisfaction was general. But the question of right in a national view, hinges on the disputed fact of *retaliation*. And odious as the Berlin decrees were to the people of Europe, no careful reader of the conflicting testimony, can doubt the provocation given, "by issuing in May, 1806, the blockade of the French coasts of the English channel." It was now the autumn of the same year, and Napoleon was master of Northern Germany, bringing almost the entire coast of Europe under his sway; affording the opportunity he was prompt to improve, of embarrassing and crippling his formidable foe. Another act in the tragedy of wide-spread war was immediately opened.

The emperor "prepared, without further delay, to extinguish the feeble spark of resistance which still lingered in a few garrisons of the Prussian monarchy beyond the Oder; and to meet, ere they could reach the soil of Germany, those Russian legions which were now advancing, too late, to the assistance of Frederic William. That unfortunate prince sent Lucchesini to Berlin, to open, if possible, a negotiation with the victorious occupant of his capital and palace; but Bonaparte demanded Dantzic, and two other fortified towns, as the price of even the briefest armistice; and the Italian envoy returned, to inform the king that no hope remained for him except in the arrival of the Russians. ®

"Napoleon held in his hands the means of opening his campaign with those allies of Prussia, under circumstances involving his enemy in a new and prob-

ably endless train of difficulties. The partition of Poland—that great political crime, for which every power that had part in it has since been severely, though none of them adequately, punished—had left the population of what had once been a great and powerful kingdom, in a state of discontent and irritation, of which, had Napoleon been willing to make full use of it, the fruits might have been more dangerous for the czar than any campaign against any foreign enemy. The French emperor had but to announce distinctly that his purpose was the restoration of Poland as an independent state, and the whole mass of an eminently gallant and warlike population would have risen instantly at his call. But Bonaparte was withheld from resorting to this effectual means of annoyance by various considerations, of which the chief were these: first, he could not emancipate Poland without depriving Austria of a rich and important province, and consequently provoking her once more into the field; and secondly, he foresaw that the Russian emperor, if threatened with the destruction of his Polish territory and authority, would urge the war in a very different manner from that which he was likely to adopt while acting only as the ally of Prussia. In a word, Napoleon was well aware of the extent of the czar's resources, and had no wish at this time to give a character of irremediable bitterness to their quarrel; but though he for these reasons refrained from openly appealing in his own person to the Poles as a nation, yet he had no scruple about permitting others to tamper, in his behalf, with the justly indignant feelings of the people. Some Polish officers were already enlisted in his army, and through these and others, he contrived to awaken the outraged passions of their countrymen, many of whom flocked to his

standard, in the fond belief that he was to be the liberator of their nation."

He issued another address to the army, many of whose troops were reluctant to leave comfortable quarters for the snow-plains of Russian war, which like a trumpet-call awakened the enthusiasm Napoleon only could inspire—a source of power greater than all others wielded by his genius.

The Russians and Prussians lay, a hundred and twenty thousand strong, on the banks of the Vistula. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw, toward which the French battalions marched amid the bitter cold and driving storms of winter. The horrors of this campaign were scarcely less terrific than those of the Egyptian marches upon burning sands—between whose extremes, were gathered all the forms of human suffering and degradation.

After a few skirmishes with the Russians, Murat occupied Warsaw, the 28th of November; and Napoleon at Posen, meanwhile, was surrounded by the excited, hopeful Poles. Said the palatine of Gnesna: "We adore you, and with confidence repose, as upon Him who raises empires and destroys them, and humbles the proud—the regenerator of our country, the legislator of the universe!" Similar extravagant expressions of admiration and joyful anticipation repeatedly greeted his ear. He assured the deputations that waited upon him, of his sympathy, and recruiting his forces from the ranks of the noble patriots, gave no further thought to the difficult enterprise of their liberation from galling oppression.

Then followed severe encounters, which stained for many a league, the snow with crimson, and scattered the frozen, ghastly bodies of men along the path of those magnificent armies. The opposing columns soon

met on the field of Eylau. Here the whole Russian force, driven more than two hundred miles from the Vistula by the French, made a final, desperate stand. This was on February 7th, 1807; and as the night came down, Napoleon saw in the calm, cold moonlight, and waving lights of the watchfires, the enemy's line, extending two miles along a gentle swell of glittering ice and drifted snow; while over all, the howling winds wailed, in anticipation of the morrow, a funeral dirge. Two hundred cannon were placed with silent threatening, at that midnight hour, to sweep the ranks of the foe. While the next dawn was kindling upon the storm-clouds, the roar of the artillery announced the opening strife.

"The French charged at two different points in strong columns, and were unable to shake the iron steadiness of the infantry, while the Russian horse, and especially the Cossacks, under their gallant Hetman Platoff, made fearful execution on each division, as successively they drew back from their vain attempt. A fierce storm arose at midday; the snow drifted right in the eyes of the Russians; the village of Serpallen, on their left, caught fire, and the smoke also rolled dense upon them. Davoust skilfully availed himself of the opportunity, and turned their flank so rapidly that Serpallen was lost, and the left wing compelled to wheel backward, so as to form almost at right angles with the rest of the line. The Prussian corps of L'Estocq, a small but determined fragment of the campaign of Jena, appeared at this critical moment in the rear of the Russian left; and, charging with such gallantry as had in former times been expected from the soldiery of the great Frederic, drove back Davoust, and restored the Russian line. The action continued for many hours along the whole line—the French

attacking boldly, the Russians driving them back with unflinching resolution. Ney, with a French division, at length came up and succeeded in occupying the village of Schloditten, on the road to Königsberg. To regain this, and thereby recover the means of communicating with the King of Prussia, was deemed necessary; and it was carried accordingly at the point of the bayonet. This was at ten o'clock at night. So ended the longest and by far the severest battle in which Bonaparte had as yet been engaged. After fourteen hours' fighting either army occupied the same position as in the morning.

"Either leader claimed the victory."

Deeds of unequalled valor were done, and fifty thousand victims left on the frozen earth. Of the slain, more than ten thousand were Frenchmen. In one onset, a grenadier, whose arm had been torn away by a shell, rushed into the assaulting ranks, refusing to have his wound dressed, till the position was taken. The sight greatly moved Napoleon. It was devotion too deep for so dark a shrine beneath the glory of conquest.

It was the first great battle in the career of Napoleon, which did not result in decided victory. The Russians had twelve of the eagles of France, taken by Bensingen, while the emperor had possession of the field at a sacrifice which could not well bear repetition. We need not pause to dwell on the scenes of blood displayed on the plain of Eylau, when the battle was over—the piteous appeals to Napoleon in behalf of wife, mother, and children—the pools of the red life-current—the heaps of mangled bodies of men and horses—beneath which lay the dying. Nor can fancy catch the sobs of grief and the low moans of unrecorded heart-breaking, in the hamlets and among the mountain homes of a continent. The Russians retired to Königsberg; and

on February 19th, Napoleon retreated to the Vistula.

Before his departure, he wrote to Josephine, and used the following kind and descriptive words :

“ My love ! I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and the wounded. This is not agreeable. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. I have repulsed the enemy, compelling him to abandon his projects. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless, tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine.

“ NAPOLEON.”

Offers of peace were again made by the emperor and rejected. And with an eloquent address to the decimated army, he entered his winter quarters to prepare for the renewed meeting with his unyielding, and now equal enemy. The spring came, and with it supplies from France and Switzerland, furnishing and recruiting his army, till he was ready with nearly three hundred thousand men to enter the contest afresh. He was at Osterode, in Poland, where he divided his time between his military plans and the immense burdens of state—the educational, civil, and financial interests of his empire. He projected the grand and beautiful Madeleine—a temple of literature, and a monument of fame to the bravery of the grand army.

During this vernal season of preparation for war, the young prince, and intended heir to the throne of France, the son of Hortense and Louis, then five years of age, died of the croup. The sad tidings reached Napoleon, and bowed his head in sorrow. But Josephine felt the blow with unutterable anguish. She knew that beyond the loss of a lovely and promising boy, was the

necessity of a successor to the crown of France, and her marriage tie would not thwart the ambitious desire of him in whom was enshrined her earthly bliss—her very life. He wrote letters of condolence and affection to Josephine and Hortense, but these did not change the fact, which threw a dismal shadow over the desolate home.

Dantzic, a strongly fortified town, surrendered to Napoleon, May 26th, after a terrific siege of fifty-one days, furnishing a rich supply of stores for his troops. The Russians struck the first blow of general conflict early in June, by an assault on Ney's division, which was at Gustadt. It fell back to Deppen, where the emperor joined the division, and compelled the pursuers to retreat. They were followed, and bloody battles were fought.

Bensingen finally took his position on the west bank of the river Aller, bringing that stream between him and the French forces. The town of Friedland, from which a narrow bridge crossed the river, was opposite. On the morning of June 14th, the Russians commenced the attack on the enemy, hoping to secure defeat before Napoleon with the other divisions of the grand army could arrive. Crossing the Aller incautiously, he was inclosed in a deep bend of the river, fighting furiously, when, guided by the thunder of the cannonade, the emperor came ; he saw the situation of the Russians, and ordered a general assault, exclaiming, “ This is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us.”

Ney rushed upon the dense mass of Russians in and before the town, and the fearful struggle became one wild commotion of desperate men, plunging steeds, tossing plumes, and waving banners. Friedland was in flames, and lit up the scene, as darkness shrouded the

ensanguined plain. The allies were conquered; and retreating, dashed into the waters which swept them down, beneath a shower of bullets from the columns of the victors.

Bensingen retreated toward the Niemen.

“The Emperor Alexander, overawed by the genius of Napoleon, which had triumphed over troops more resolute than had ever before opposed him, and alarmed for the consequences of some decisive measure toward the reorganization of the Poles as a nation, began to think seriously of peace. Bensingen sent, on the 21st of June, to demand an armistice; and to this proposal the victor of Friedland yielded immediate assent.

“The armistice was ratified on the 23d of June, and on the 25th the emperors of France and Russia met personally, each accompanied by a few attendants, on a raft moored on the river Niemen, near the town of Tilsit. The sovereigns embraced each other, and retiring under a canopy had a long conversation, to which no one was a witness. At its termination the appearances of mutual good-will and confidence were marked: immediately afterward the town of Tilsit was neutralized, and the two emperors established their courts there, and lived together in the midst of the lately hostile armies, more like old friends who had met on a party of pleasure, than enemies and rivals attempting by diplomatic means the arrangement of difficulties which had for years been deluging Europe with blood.”

Napoleon wrote to the King of Naples upon the close of the fêtes, rides, and royal display on the banks of the Niemen:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

TILSIT, July 9, 1807.

“MY BROTHER—Peace was signed yesterday and

ratified to-day. The Emperor Alexander and I parted to-day at twelve o'clock, after having passed three weeks together. We lived as intimate friends. At our last interview he appeared in the order of the Legion of Honor, and I in that of St. Andrew. I have given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to the Grand Duke Constantine, to the Princes Kourakin and Labanoff, and to Count Budberg. The Emperor of Russia has conferred his order upon the King of Westphalia, the Grand Duke of Berg, and on the Princes Neufchatel and Benevento. Corfu is to be given up to me. The order of the chief of the staff to have Corfu occupied by the troops whom I mentioned to you has been given to an officer who is on his way to you. Do not lose time in victualing that island, and sending thither all that is necessary.”

The King of Prussia, who had been invited by Alexander to join him in the negotiations at Tilsit, was treated like a subdued and unregarded foe. He was an ordinary man, and had been the immediate cause of the late hostilities. Napoleon, therefore, despised him; and assured the Emperor of Russia, that on *his* account only did he consent to admit Frederic into the royal fraternity. The beautiful queen was no more honored, with all her arts of fascination; she went to her palace broken-hearted, and soon after died. The Prussian king had by the treaty half of his kingdom restored.

The Polish provinces of Prussia were erected into a separate principality, styled “the Grand Duchy of Warsaw,” and bestowed on the elector of Saxony, with the exception, however, of some territories assigned to Russia, and of Dantzic, which was declared a free city, to be garrisoned by French troops until the ratification

of a maritime peace. The Prussian dominions in Lower Saxony and on the Rhine, with Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and various other small states, formed a new kingdom of Westphalia, of which Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother, was recognized as king. Finally, Russia accepted the mediation of France for a peace with Turkey, and France that of Russia for a peace with England.

Russia thus became the ally of France, even beyond the letter of the treaty of Tilsit, and was willing to turn her strength against England, unmoved in a formidable and sublimely resolute, although often unjust, preeminence and hate.

Napoleon and Alexander were united in extending their scepters over coveted territories, and opposition to British aggressions. Into this coalition, soon after, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark entered—reversing the order of conflict, and changing the position of the French emperor, from solitary resistance to the rest of Europe, to that of a sovereign of monarchs, in the struggle with a foe, secure and defiant in his sea-girdled lair.

The reliable pen of Napier has recorded the subjoined verdict upon the desolating campaigns of the embattled nations: "Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were essentially *defensive*; for the bloody contest that wasted the continent so many years, was not a struggle for preeminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some acquisition of territory—not for the political ascendancy of one or another nation—but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether aristocracy or *privilege* should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

Leaving his strong garrisons in Poland and North-

ern Germany, Napoleon returned to Paris, July 27th, and was received with boundless adulation. He again grasped with his versatile and rapid thought, the affairs of his vast empire, and projected with the precision and scientific skill of a royal engineer, canals, aqueducts, and bridges. The officers of state, from the prince to the policeman, felt the ubiquitous power of the emperor—"the greatest writer of his time, while he was its greatest captain, its greatest legislator, its greatest administrator."

Never before, did a ruler so impress himself upon every part of public progress, and associate his name so justly with all the history of a realm, whether in acts of benign supremacy, or in the exercise of despotic authority.

"The *Code Napoleon*, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the emperor labored personally along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. 'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with just pride, 'with the code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed; and being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, it at this day forms the code not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeached tribunals.

"He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuilleries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility, returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns; and over all the ceremonials of these stately festivities, Josephine presided with the grace

and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in whose ante-chambers kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great emperor continued throughout to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office. His days were given to labor and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes into the minutest details of local arrangement; and even from the center of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during these journeys, and his anxiety to promote by any means, consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of some French district, town, or even village."

August 15th, 1807, the birthday of Napoleon, was a holiday of enthusiastic joy in the capital, and a scene of festivity in the palace of the Tuilleries. But already tokens of warfare nearer the throne than English anger, were apparent. Portugal and Spain were unquiet. The former opened its harbors to English vessels, while the government of a degraded people was vacillating between alliance with France, and open sympathy with Britain.

Spain was ruled by the voluptuous Charles IV., a prince of the Bourbon blood; and was also secretly leaning to the cause of England.

The private yet royal messages to Joseph at this crisis, contain interesting allusions to the Mediterranean islands which Alexander gave the emperor, and intimate distinctly his designs upon Spain.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"St. Cloud, September 6, 1807.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letter of the 28th of August, in which you tell me that General C. Berthier has started, but you do not acquaint me with his arrival. If the Russians land on your coast treat them well, and send them to Bologna, where the Viceroy will give them a further destination. I approve highly of Salicetti's proposal that you should send five thousand quintals of wheat to Corfu.

"I have already informed you that, although the isles of Corfu do not form part of your kingdom, they are nevertheless under your civil and military government as commander-in-chief of my army of Naples. In general, I wish you to interfere as little as possible with the constitution of the country, and to treat the inhabitants well. The Emperor Alexander, who gave them their constitution, thinks it very good. Make General Cæsar Berthier aware that I wish the inhabitants of these islands to have cause only to rejoice at having passed under my dominion; that when I selected him I relied on his honesty and on his endeavors to make his government popular. The idea of establishing packets is very sensible. My troops have taken possession of Cattaro; the English are besieging Copenhagen, which still holds out."*

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"FOUNTAINBLEAU, October 31, 1807.

"MY BROTHER—I do not know whether you have established the *Code Napoleon* in your kingdom. I

* England had most unjustly sent an expedition against Denmark, a neutral power, in anticipation of affinities with France, and soon made the capital a scene of horrible slaughter and of ruin.

wish it to become the civil law of your states, dating from the first of January next.* Germany has adopted it; and Spain will do so soon. This will be very useful.

"You ought to arrest at M. B——, a French emigrant pensioned by England; let him be shut up in a fortress till we have peace. Treat in the same way Lombardi, Perano, Cara, Martini, the two brothers Cerutti, Laurant Durazzo, the Abbé del Arco and the Chevalier de Costes. Prepare a prison in some fortress, and let all these people be confined in it. I have given orders to arrest all Corsicans pensioned by England. I have already sent many to Fenestrelle—among others, one Bertolazzio. I advise you to take the same measure in your kingdom. Order the detachment of the 81st, which is at Corfu, to join its dépôt in Italy. It has nine officers and one hundred and eighty-three men."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"FONTAINEBLEAU, November 2, 1807.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letters of the 23d. I have not yet quite made up my mind not to go to Italy; I should not like to cross you on the road: as soon as I have decided I will write to you.

"Pray make the expedition to Reggio and Scylla, and deliver the continent from the presence of the English. You have ten times as many troops as are wanted for that purpose, and the season is favorable. I see with pleasure that you have ordered the Russian garrison of Corfu, which has landed at Manfredonia, to be well received."

* This allows only two months for a change of the whole civil law of the country. The prophecy that Spain would soon adopt the Code Napoleon shows that Napoleon already contemplated the seizure of Spain.—Ta.

Two weeks after the last date, Napoleon suddenly signified to Josephine his intention of proceeding to Italy, and bade her to be ready to accompany him in a few hours. His ostensible reason was to secure the grand duchy of Tuscany for his sister Eliza, and to confirm by his presence the treaty of Presburg, which had annexed Venice and other Italian provinces to the kingdom of Italy. But his main object was doubtless different from either of these. The conclusion is irresistible that his determination to divorce Josephine was fixed soon after the death of the prince royal of Holland, and that his present journey to Italy, was mainly for the purpose of sounding Eugene upon this point.

The viceroy with his attendants came out to meet him as he approached Milan; "Dismount, dismount," cried Napoleon to Eugene; "come seat yourself with me, and let us enter your capital together." The viceroy did as desired, and the imperial carriage bearing Napoleon, Josephine, and Eugene, entered the gates of the city. The emperor signified to Eugene his approbation of all that he had done, and loaded him with favors.

Jerome, who had married Miss Patterson of Baltimore during a cruise to this country, was compelled to send her home again upon his return to France, because she had no place in the new dynasty, and Napoleon refused to recognize her alliance with his family. And incidents of this tour increased the alienation between the emperor and Lucien, who met at Mantua. Napoleon thought of Charlotte, Lucien's daughter, a brilliant woman, for queen of Spain. His letter to Joseph, and M. Thiers in his history, give some account of the mysterious interview.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"MILAN, December 17, 1807.

"MY BROTHER—I saw Lucien at Mantua, and had with him a conversation of several hours. He has no doubt acquainted you with the sentiments with which he left me. His notions and his expressions are so different from mine that I can hardly make out what it is that he wants; I think that he told me that he wished to send his eldest daughter to Paris to live with her grandmother. If he still is thus disposed, I desire to be immediately informed of it; the girl must reach Paris in the course of the month of January, either accompanied by Lucien or under the charge of a governess who will take her to Madame. It appeared to me that there was in Lucien's mind a contest between opposite feelings, and that he had not sufficient strength to decide in favor of any one of them. I exhausted all the means in my power to induce him, young as he is, to devote his talents to my service and to that of his country. If he wishes to let me have his daughter, she must set off without delay, and he must send me a declaration putting her entirely at my disposal; for there is not a moment to lose; events are hastening on, and my destiny must be accomplished. If he has changed his mind, let me know it immediately, for I shall then make other arrangements.

"Tell Lucien that I was touched by his grief and by the feelings which he expressed toward me; and that I regret the more that he will not be reasonable and contribute to his own comfort and to mine.

"I think that this letter will reach you on the 22d. My last news from Lisbon are dated the 28th of November; the prince-regent had embarked for the Brazils; he was still in the roadstead of Lisbon; my troops were only at a few leagues' distance from the forts which form the

entrance of the roadstead. I have heard from Spain no more than is contained in the letter which you have read. I am waiting with impatience for a clear and decisive answer, particularly with regard to Charlotte.

"P. S. My troops entered Lisbon on the 30th of November; the prince royal escaped in a man-of-war; I have taken five ships of the line and six frigates. On the 2d of December all was going on well at Lisbon. England declared war against Russia on the 6th of December. Pass this news on to Corfu. The Queen of Tuscany is here: she wishes to go to Madrid."

The reader may be interested by Thiers's relation of the interview between Napoleon and Lucien:

"M. de Meneval went during the night to bring Lucien from his inn to Napoleon's palace. Instead of throwing himself into his brother's arms, Lucien addressed him with a haughtiness excusable in a man without material power, but perhaps carried further than mere self-respect required. The interview was painful and stormy, but not useless. Among the possible arrangements in Spain one was that of the marriage of a French princess to Ferdinand. Napoleon had just received a letter from Charles IV., repeating his request for such a marriage, and, though he leaned toward a more radical solution, he did not exclude this middle course from his projects. He wished Lucien then to give him his daughter by his first wife to be brought up by the empress-mother, to imbibe the feelings of the family, and to be sent to Spain to regenerate the Bourbons. If it should not suit him to give her this part to play, there were other thrones, more or less lofty, to which he could raise her. As for Lucien, he wished to make him a French prince, and even king of Portugal, which would put him in

the neighborhood of his daughter, on condition of his dissolving his second marriage, the divorced wife being indemnified by a title and a great fortune.

"These arrangements were practicable, but they were demanded with authority and refused with anger; and the brothers separated, both excited and irritated, but without a quarrel, since a part of what Napoleon asked—the sending Lucien's daughter to Paris—took place a few days after."

Then followed the Milan Decrees, to avenge with greater severity than by the Berlin edicts the increased embarrassment of French commerce under new orders of the English government. Napoleon proclaimed all vessels a lawful prize which should submit to the British policy toward France. The United States were independent of dictation from England, and their government was assured by the emperor of exemption from his rigorous measures. He communicated the stringent law to the government of Naples.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"TURIN, December 28, 1807.

"MY BROTHER,—I send you a copy of a decree which I have just issued in consequence of the changes in the commerce by sea. I wish it to be executed in your dominions.* Equip as many privateers as you can to pursue the ships which communicate with Sicily, Malta, or Gibraltar, and which go to and from England. I have ordered an embargo upon all Sardinian ships and ships coming from Sardinia. It is by means

* The Milan Decree, which declared subject to capture every ship which had touched at any port in the British islands or in the British colonies. It was provoked by Orders-in-Council, which declared subject to capture every ship which had *not* touched at a port in the British islands or in the British colonies. Between the two all commerce by sea by any nation whatever was prohibited.—*Ts.*

of Sardinia that the English correspond at present. I have ordered all vessels coming from thence to be stopped. It is advisable not to make this measure public. I start in an hour, and I shall reach Paris on the night of the 1st. Whereupon I pray God that he may keep you in his holy and honorable care."

Napoleon, after a hasty tour through the other Italian provinces, returned with Josephine to Paris.

Meanwhile an army under Junot had advanced upon Lisbon, whose fugitive court sailed for the coasts of Brazil, to find security in their magnificent dominions there. Portugal, therefore, passed immediately from English into French possession. The people, indignant at the cowardly flight of their rulers, acquiesced for the time in Napoleon's sovereignty.

But Spain, the greater prize, was not his own. He had said before the battle of Jena, referring to the unreliable course of that kingdom, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." Manuel Godoy, one of the king's body guard, had by his fine person and attainments won the affections and control of the licentious queen. Of the three sons of Charles IV., Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco, Ferdinand was the heir-apparent to the crown; and although a profligate youth of twenty-five, more popular than his equally imbecile father or Godoy, with the majority of the people. It was with him Napoleon contemplated the marriage of Charlotte, the daughter of Lucien. Godoy was the object of universal scorn. His house, March 18th, was pillaged; and on the following day he was rescued from violent death by the guards. Charles IV., greatly alarmed, abdicated the throne, and Ferdinand was proclaimed king amid the wild applause of the people. Murat, Grand Duke of

Berg, commanding the army in Spain, marched to Madrid, and took possession of that capital. He refused to recognize Ferdinand's right to the crown, and waited for the mandate of Napoleon. The trembling Charles appealed to the emperor. The conqueror of Spain revealed his unfolding plans to its future king :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

" ST. CLOUD, March 31, 1808.

" MY BROTHER—You have seen the news from Spain in the *Moniteur*. I will tell you, *as a secret*, that my troops entered Madrid on the 24th; that King Charles protests against all that has been done;* he believes his life to be in danger, and he has implored my protection. Under these circumstances I shall go. I have many troops in Spain; they have been well received there. I need not tell you that I have not recognized the new king,† nor has he been acknowledged by the Grand Duke of Berg.‡ They have made each other civil speeches without meeting, as the Grand Duke could not treat him as a king until I had recognized him. I may start any day for Madrid. This information is for your use, and for you alone."

April 2d, Napoleon set out for Bayonne, a town on the frontier, and at the base of the Pyrenees, to meet the new monarch of Spain, who had been persuaded to believe that a personal interview with Napoleon would secure to him his scepter. He arrived on the 20th, and was soon followed by the anxious old king, the queen, and Godoy. Here were mutual recriminations, the repetition of domestic broils, and disclosures of their almost idiotic follies in government, and brutal vices in private life. If crimes so manifold could jus-

* His abdication and Ferdinand's succession.—Tr.

† Ferdinand VII.

‡ Murat.—Tr.

tify the policy of a majestic, ambitious mind, then was there an excuse for the grasp of power with which the emperor took this splendid prize.

The result of the conference was, the resignation by Charles IV. of all sovereignty, for a magnificent domain and pension, which was immediately followed with a similar submission, as the only alternative, by Ferdinand VII.

Manuel Godoy, who, because of his success in effecting the treaty of Basle, had received the sounding title of Prince of Peace, assented to the disposal of the crown, for the sake of safety and luxury with the guilty queen, whose unblushing shame sought, rather than avoided, the eye of the world.

Napoleon issued his proclamation to the Spaniards, promising them fresh political and commercial life, and a constitution which should secure their national freedom and glory. He announced to the king of Naples his prospective transfer to the vacant throne :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

" BAYONNE, May 11, 1808.

" MY BROTHER—You will find annexed the letter of King Charles to the Prince of the Asturias and a copy of my treaty with the king. The Grand Duke of Berg is lieutenant-general of the kingdom, president of the junta, and generalissimo of the Spanish forces. King Charles starts in two days for Compeigne. The Prince of the Asturias is going toward Paris. The other Infants are to occupy villas in the environs of Paris. King Charles, by his treaty with me, surrenders to me all his rights to the crown of Spain. The prince had already renounced his pretended title of king, the abdication of King Charles in his favor having been involuntary. The nation, through the Supreme

Council of Castile, asks me for a king ; I destine this crown for you. Spain is a very different thing from Naples ; it contains eleven millions of inhabitants, and has more than 150,000,000 of revenue, without counting the Indies and the immense revenue to be derived from them. It is besides a throne which places you at Madrid, at three days' journey from France, which borders the whole of one of its frontiers. At Madrid you are in France ; Naples is the end of the world. I wish you therefore, immediately after the receipt of this letter, to appoint whom you please regent, and to come to Bayonne by way of Turin, Mont Cénis, and Lyons. You will receive this letter on the 19th, you will start on the 20th, and you will be here on the 1st of June. Before you go, leave instructions with Marshal Jourdan as to the disposition of your troops, and make arrangements as if you were to be absent only to the first of July. Be secret, however ; your journey will probably excite only too much suspicion, but you will say that you are going to the north of Italy to confer with me on important matters."

Joseph was a generous, high-minded man, "too kind," as Napoleon expressed it, to be a king. The contrast between these brothers, in the milder virtues of humanity, is seen in their fraternal correspondence. The king of Naples reached Bayonne on the 7th of June, where he was waited upon by the Spanish congress, and welcomed to the sovereignty of the realm. July 9th he departed with an imposing train, for Madrid. His accession was transmitted to the powers of Europe, and acknowledged by nearly all of them ; but by none more cordially than by Alexander of Russia. Napoleon embraced the opportunity, as he regarded it, of "regenerating Spain," and under this brilliant form of ambition,

began there the career of kingly piracy which ultimately stranded his proud and resplendent fortunes upon the rocks of St. Helena. It is true, never was the pursuit of glory, and the hallucination that the world's redemption was in the hands of a gifted man, more grand in development and design, and more sadly baptized in blood, than was Napoleon's.

Joseph recoiled from his mission in Spain, and found it, as he anticipated, no pastime to take possession of an ancient throne. His burdened, unquiet heart was known only to his master, to whom he expressed his fears, but received little sympathy.

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

" July 18, 1808.

"SIRE—It appears to me that no one has told your majesty the whole truth. I will not conceal it. Our undertaking is a very great one : to get out of it with honor requires vast means. I do not see double from fear. When I left Naples, I saw the risks before me, and I now say to myself every day, "My life is nothing, I give it to you." But if I am to live without the shame of failure, I must be supplied largely with men and money. *Then* the kindness of my nature may make me popular. Now, while all is doubtful kindness looks like timidity, and I try to conceal mine. To get quickly through this task, so hateful to a sovereign, to prevent further insurrections, to have less blood to shed and fewer tears to dry, enormous forces must be employed. Whatever be the result in Spain, its king must lament, for, if he conquers, it will be by force ; but, as the die is cast, the struggle should be cut short. My position does not frighten me, but it is one in which a king never was before. I have not a single partisan."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“BAYONNE, July 19, 1808, 10. P. M.

“MY BROTHER—I received your letter of the 18th at three o'clock this morning. I am sorry to see that your courage seems to fail you; it is the only misfortune which I feared. Troops are pouring in continually from all quarters. You have a great many partisans in Spain; you have all the honest people, but they fear to come forward. I do not, however, deny that you have a task, but it is a great and a glorious task. Marshal Bessières' victory, entirely defeating Cuesta and the army of the line in Galicia, has greatly improved the whole state of affairs; it is worth more than a reinforcement of thirty thousand men. As General Dupont has been joined by the divisions of Gobert and Vedel, the attack must be vigorously pressed in that direction. General Dupont has good troops; he will succeed. I would rather that the 2d and 12th light infantry had reinforced Marshal Bessières; but, since you have thought proper to take them to Madrid, keep them for your guard; they will soon be joined by two thousand conscripts from the battalions on drill; and these two fine regiments, with those of your guard, will form you a splendid reserve. You ought not to be surprised at having to conquer your kingdom. Philip V. and Henry IV. were forced to conquer theirs. Be happy; do not allow yourself to be so easily affected, and do not doubt for an instant that everything will end sooner and more happily than you think.”

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

“MADRID, July 23d, 1808.

“SIRE—If your majesty would write to General Caulaincourt that you are informed that in cold blood

he arranged the pillage of the churches and houses in Cuenza, it might do much good. I know that the public sale in Madrid of the church plate has done much harm. Every sensible person in the Government and in the army says that a defeat would have been less injurious.”

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

“MADRID, July 23, 1808.

“SIRE—Marshal Monecy has arrived. He found everything hostile on his march. He complains bitterly that the pillage by General Caulaincourt has increased the general exasperation. Since Cuenza was plundered many of the wealthier families fly with their property.”

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

“MADRID, July 24, 1808.

“SIRE—The honest people are as little on my side as the rogues are. No, Sire, you are deceived. Your glory will be shipwrecked in Spain. My tomb will be a monument of your want of power to support me, for no one will suspect you of want of will. This will happen, for I am resolved under no circumstances to recross the Ebro.

“Yet fifty thousand good troops, and fifty millions, sent before the end of three months, might set things right. The recall of five or six of your generals; sending hither Jourdan and Maurice Mathieu, who are honest men; on your part, absolute confidence in me; on my part, absolute power over the officers who misconduct themselves—the union of all this alone can save the country and the army.”

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"BORDEAUX, July 31, 1808.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letters of the 24th, 25th and 26th. The style of your letter of the 24th does not please me. To die is not your business, but to live and to conquer, which you are doing, and shall do.

"I shall find in Spain the pillars of Hercules, but not the limits of my power.

"Troops and succors of every description are on their way toward you. Your forces are more by one third than are necessary if they are well managed.

"Caulaincourt did what was perfectly right at Cuenza. The city was pillaged: this is one of the rights of war, since it was captured while the defenders were still in arms. Russia has recognized you; the letter announcing it has been despatched to Count Stroganoff. On reaching Paris I shall learn that Austria has done the same. Your position may be painful as king, but, as a general, it is brilliant. There is only one thing to fear: take care not to impair the spirit of the army—not to sacrifice it to the Spaniards. No measures are to be kept with ruffians who assassinate our wounded, and commit every kind of horror; the way in which they are treated is quite right. I have told you already, and I repeat it, since the glorious victory of Medina de Rio Seco, which so promptly settled the question of Spain, Marshal Bessières is absolute master of the North. Make yourself easy as to the result. I am not surprised at what has happened; if I had not expected it, should I have sent one hundred and fifty thousand men into Spain, and raised two conscriptions, and spent eighty millions? I would rather have lost a battle than have had to read Moncey's report. My health is good.

I reached Bordeaux this morning. I am going to Rochefort."

Napoleon returned to Paris, again to be received as a god—the idolized and dazzling wonder of their deepest homage. His morality beyond a reasonable doubt, was unsullied by vice, and preeminent among monarchs. While adding vast empires to his own, France was covered with improvements begun or completed, which emanated from his exhaustless brain. But there are sublime and beautiful exhibitions of a ruling passion in human life, which do not change the selfish, immoral character of the motive, tried by the eternal principles of pure and righteous action. Napoleon can never, without violence to the conscience of mankind, be viewed in the light of self-forgetful love for oppressed humanity—a man whose benign patriotism borrowed strength and excellence from a serious regard to the benevolent sovereignty of the "King of kings." But he was a great conqueror, and a great monarch.

Austria now spread again upon the horizon a cloud of threatening. She had desired an occasion for rupture with expanding France. Prussia was equally restless. To prepare for the rising storm, by renewing the treaty of peace and united strength, made at Tilsit, the emperor appointed a meeting with Alexander of Russia, at Erfurth in Germany. He arrived there amid the gathered aristocracy and royalty of kingdoms, September 27th, 1808. The autocrat was friendly and pliable, pledging himself to sustain Napoleon in his plans, if he might be equally favored in his designs upon Turkey and Sweden.

A distinguished lady* who was an eye-witness of the splendid scenes at Erfurth, thus describes them:

*Madame de Schopenhauer.

“What an extraordinary commotion reigned at that time in the contracted circle of the city of Erfurth, now so deserted! What an epoch was that in which the all-powerful will of the extraordinary man who for a number of years reposed on the rock of St. Helena, in a marvelous dream of life, brought together as by a stroke of the magician’s wand, emperors, kings, and other distinguished men. What a clatter of brilliant equipages, among which crowds of spectators, attracted by curiosity, were hustled to and fro at the risk of being crushed to death. Citizens, peasants, foreigners, from every country; courtiers in richly embroidered costumes; Polish Jews, statesmen, officers covered with ribbons and crosses, citizen’s wives, and elegantly dressed ladies, porters, hod-carriers, all squeezing and struggling to open a passage for themselves. From time to time French troops marching by, with bands playing, added to the confusion in the streets. The streets were insufficient to contain the crowds which flowed into Erfurth. The principal inhabitants were driven from their apartments, and took refuge in their servants’ rooms, in order to accommodate the retinue of the French Emperor. In the most remote streets, the owners of houses reaped a golden harvest by the hire of rooms. The hotels were filled to overflowing. Napoleon had caused the principal performers of the French theater to be present: Talma, Mesd’s, Duchesnois, Mars, the beautiful Georges, the charming Bourgoin, appeared many times a week in their most brilliant characters before the august assembly. A small theater had been fitted up in the Jesuits’ college for this purpose, with a promptitude and elegance truly French. Box tickets were distributed for each representation to the native and foreign ladies, but it was no easy matter to obtain them. After urgent solicitation

myself and friends had the good fortune to obtain tickets for the representation of *Œdipus*, in which Madame Rancourt and Talma were to appear. At the top of the stairs we were received by a fierce looking soldier of the guard, who distributed us in several boxes, almost empty at the time. I was quite fortunate at being seated with two friends, in the front of a box near the stage, whence we could easily see all that was passing in the parquet. We congratulated ourselves at being so comfortably seated, but our joy was premature. The box adjoining ours was filled to excess. The door of ours was quickly opened, ‘How is this?’ cried a soldier or policeman, I know not which, ‘how is this—three women on three chairs in place of six!’ At the same time he placed two ladies between us, with whom we were, fortunately, acquainted. Every box, as well as ours, was closely packed; we could scarcely move. The heat was oppressive, but we had no time to think of it. The interest of the grand display which was forming under our eyes in the parquet, so occupied our attention that we thought but little of the inconvenience of our position.

“Immediately in front of the stage were placed two armchairs for the emperors: at each side were ranges of common chairs, for the kings and reigning princes. The space behind the seats began to be occupied. There were present statesmen and generals from most of the European powers—men whose names were then celebrated, and have become a part of history. The French were distinguished from the more serious and modest Germans, by their richly embroidered uniforms, and an air of vivacity and confidence. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others equally celebrated. It seemed as if the greatness of the master was reflected from the

countenance of each of them. There was Goethe, calm and full of dignity; the venerable Weiland. The grand duke of Weimar had invited them to Erfurth, The Duke of Gotha, several German princes, reigning or allied to reigning families, were grouped around the two veterans of German literature.

“Drums were heard from without. ‘It is the emperor,’ was heard from every box. ‘Fools, what do you mean?’ cried the officer in command to the drummers, ‘it is only a king!’ In fact, a German king entered, and soon after three others. The kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg entered without any parade; the King of Westphalia, who came in later, eclipsed all by the brilliancy of his rich embroidery and jewelry. The Emperor Alexander, majestically tall, then entered. The state box opposite the stage, dazzled the eyes with its brilliancy. The Queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, sat in the center; next to her, the charming Stephanie, grand duchess of Baden, was conspicuous by her graces rather than by the splendor of her apparel. Some German princesses sat near the two reigning princesses; the gentlemen and ladies of the court occupied the back part of the box.

“At this time, Talleyrand appeared in a box fitted up for him on a level with the parquet near the stage, on account of his lameness at that time preventing him from occupying a place in the parquet. The emperor and kings stood before the box, to converse with the ministers conveniently seated. Everybody had arrived. He alone who had collected this magnificent assembly was yet wanting. All, for a long time, awaited his presence.

“At length, a loud beating of drums was heard, all eyes were directed with a restless curiosity to the en-

trance. At length, appeared the man, the most incomprehensible of this incomprehensible era. Dressed, according to his custom, in the simplest manner, he hastily bowed to the sovereigns present, who had been obliged to wait so long for him, and seated himself in the armchair at the right of the Emperor of Russia. His appearance poorly contrasted with that of the superb Alexander. The four kings were seated on common chairs, and the play commenced.

“In vain Talma displayed all his art, the parquet before us occupied our whole attention. In the mean time, the *gens d’armes* at the door of our box, exerted themselves to complete our lacking education, and to inform us between the acts of the *etiquette* to be observed in the presence of the master of the world. ‘Take away that *lorgnette*; the emperor does not like it!’ cried one of them, in leaning over the ladies who sat behind us. ‘Sit upright. Do not stretch out your neck; it is disagreeable to the emperor!’ cried another. The impertinence was great; but we took example from the kings and princesses before us, and patiently endured what we could not change.

“Immediately after the opening of the tragedy, which Napoleon had, probably, seen a hundred times, he put himself at his ease, and slept profoundly. It was well known that at any hour of the day or night he could sleep when he wished. Ocular witnesses assure us that in the midst of a battle, he purposely gave himself up to sleep, to recruit his strength, and could awake at any moment he wished. On the day of this representation at Erfurth, he was fatigued in exercising his troops for many successive hours.

“It was a singular spectacle to us, to see this terrible man give himself up to gentle sleep, whose vast plans caused happiness or unhappiness to half the world.

We continued to contemplate with an astonishment mixed with fear this profile of a fine antique, for which the dark uniform of Alexander served as a background.

“Twenty years have rolled away since—in 1828—scarcely the third part of the life of man, yet how many changes have happened in this short space of time! What a lofty flight has the world taken in this fifth part of an age! At that time one could scarcely have dreamed what has actually occurred. With what fury has the scythe of time raged, and what a terrible harvest it has mown in so short a period. Where are the kings, the potentates, the grandees who were assembled in this theater? Where is he, even he who had collected them together? He reposes forever upon the rock round which dash the ocean’s waves! The short and fair life of Alexander is finished. The kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg lie in their marble tombs. The late king Jerome alone survives, but his renown has vanished with his fantastic royalty, like a dream of the morning.

“The grand duchess of Baden, the beautiful Stephanie, for a long time lamented her husband who was taken away in the flower of his age. The Duke of Gotha, who needed not the title of prince to charm the world, is dead, and with him, his race is extinct. The Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar, lives only in the remembrance of his friends. How many imposing names might be added to this melancholy list!”

The divorce of Josephine came into the prospective securities of the throne, which were discussed during this royal conference with the sovereigns of Europe. With this cruel resort of ambition before his mind, he repaired again to Paris. Napoleon gave Josephine no intimation of his design, but continued to treat her with

all the cordiality he had ever manifested. Her disposition was naturally joyous. She was inclined to find a brighter view in every picture of life, and it was doubtless this which supported her so well under the sad apprehension of Napoleon’s intentions toward her. Her *hopefulness*, also, led her at times fondly to trust that the storm would retire, while reason persuaded her that the emperor would not allow her happiness to thwart the plan which she knew he cherished. What was she in comparison with him? What was her poor human heart worth, and what availed the treasure of its affection to him, who made them subordinate to a throne, and the inscription of his name on its columns? Bleeding affections, blasted hopes, and tears, never bowed the will of Napoleon. Josephine perfectly understood that such trifles in his path would be swept away like chaff before the resistless march of the whirlwind.

Let not Napoleon, however, be misunderstood. As we have said before, he loved Josephine, and this, probably, with a stronger affection than he ever gave to any other object. But he would not let one of the purposes or plans which he had formed go unaccomplished, though the world were to perish. “All, or nothing,” was his motto when a boy in Corsica, and it was the one feeling of his heart when he became a man. No plan which he made was a trivial one with him, for it affected himself. Everything, in his estimation, should be subservient to him, and everything over which he had the control was made so. With this view, we can easily see that his love for Josephine would not endure for a moment, if it conflicted with any of his designs for self-aggrandizement. The empress understood it, and knowing that one of his cherished schemes was for the perpetuity of his empire, she now clearly saw that her own sacrifice was inevitable. The Prince of Holland

had died; the viceroy, Eugene, though adopted by Napoleon, Josephine knew could never be the successor to the empire. Upon no living member of his own family would the emperor fix his choice, and there was thus left no alternative to his seeking a wife who might bring him up an heir to the throne.

It is not at all unnatural, that Napoleon should have so strong a desire for posterity. Aside from political motives, and inordinate self-love, such a desire belongs to every man. It is in a certain degree the outgoing of every one's natural affection. The owner of a single hut, or of a petty farm, is unhappy if he have

"No son of his succeeding"

to whom he can leave his solitary estate. No one quits the world without desiring that there should be some link to connect him still to it; that there remain behind him some stream of influence which has risen in himself, and which, when he is gone, shall flow on and move mankind. It is a wish natural to universal humanity, and there are few to which men cling with such sincere attachment. It belonged to Napoleon in common with his race, and was stronger in him than in any other man, because his power was more extensive, and his influence vaster; it was a desire commensurate with his own greatness, which grew with every victory, and strengthened with every increase of his power, winding itself more and more closely about his heart with every step taken in his ascending career; and which accompanied every thought of glory, and held a power over him only equaled by that which he himself swayed so tremendously over the minds of other men.

The purpose, which was ripening, now disappeared from the surface of affairs, before the stormy events crowding upon him. Spain was in revolt and revolu-

tion. England had formed an alliance with that kingdom, and her troops were on its soil, while her fleet swept the coasts. The mountain fastnesses were filled with armed men—Joseph was compelled to flee from Madrid—and the butchery of French soldiers was terrible. Dupont, Moncey, and Duchesne, had been defeated, and the siege of Saragossa, by Lefebvre, was abandoned. Napoleon hastened to Vittoria, where the French legions lay encamped, awaiting his arrival. Immediately the enthusiasm rose, and the forces were in motion.

"Marshals Victor and Lefebvre, with forty thousand men, were commanded to march upon the Spanish troops who were waiting for a junction with the approaching English army, in Biscay. Soult was ordered to put to rout Count de Belvidere in Estremadura, while Napoleon himself, taking the main strength of his army, hastened with the rapidity and resistlessness of an avalanche against the whole left wing of the Spanish host, as it lay stretched from Bilboa to Burgos. Everywhere, he was successful. The Spanish armies melted away like dew before him, and the fate of all those upon the Ebro was finally sealed, almost before the English forces had heard that Napoleon had arrived in Spain. Following up his successes, the emperor marched at once upon Madrid, which he entered upon the 4th of December, after a stern but ineffectual resistance. Leaving the capital he joined the division under Soult, which was in rapid pursuit of Sir John Moore and the English army. Perceiving, however, that Moore was no longer worthy of his own attention, he intrusted the consummation of his ruin to Soult, and returned with his utmost haste to Paris, riding on post-horses, on one occasion, not less than seventy-five English miles in five hours and a half. The

cause of this sudden change and extraordinary haste, was a sufficient one ; and it ere long transpired."

He had received despatches from France apprising him that Austria, improving his absence in Spain, with his army, was uniting with England to advance upon him from the north, to regain the lost glory of Austerlitz. Joseph, not apprised of these decisive indications of a continental war, sent him upon the first of January, with his fraternal salutations, warm expressions of his desire for peace. The emperor replied :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"BENEVENTO, January 6, 1809.

"MY BROTHER,—I thank you for your new-year's day wishes. I have no hopes of peace in Europe for this year at least. I expect it so little, that I signed yesterday a decree for raising one hundred thousand men. The fierce hatred of England, the events at Constantinople, all betoken that the hour of peace and repose has not yet struck. As for you, your kingdom seems to be settling into tranquillity. The provinces of Leon, of the Asturias, and of New Castile, desire nothing but rest. I hope that Galicia will soon be at peace, and that the country will be evacuated by the English.

"Saragossa must fall before long, and General St. Cyr, who has thirty thousand men, ought to settle the affairs of Catalonia."

On the 15th he ordered the seizure of paintings for the Louvre :

"I think that I wrote to advise you to make your entry into Madrid on the 14th. Denon is anxious for some pictures ; I wish you to seize all that you can find in the confiscated houses and suppressed convents,

and to make me a present of fifty chef's d'œuvre, which I want for the Museum in Paris. At some future time I will give you others in their places. Consult Denon for this purpose. He may make proposals to you. You are aware that I want only what is really good, and it is supposed that you are richly provided."

Napoleon reached the capital January 22, 1809.

Meanwhile, Soult had chased the enemy to the hills near Corunna, with one of the most ruinous, sanguinary, horrible defeats in the annals of war. It was in this campaign that Sir John Moore, the brave leader of the retreating columns, fell. Joseph returned to Madrid, to continue a short time his troubled reign, uncheered by the willing, grateful homage of his subjects.

The condition of the unhappy king, of whom Napoleon had complained that he "was changing the government, and becoming too indulgent ;" and the dictatorial policy of the emperor, are vividly portrayed in the affecting protest of Joseph.

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

"February 19, 1809.

"SIRE—It grieves me to infer from your letter of the 6th of February that, with respect to the affairs at Madrid, you listen to persons who are interested in deceiving you. I have not your entire confidence, and yet without it my position is not tenable. I shall not repeat all that I have frequently written on the state of the finances. I devote to business all my faculties from seven in the morning till eleven at night. I have not a farthing to give to anybody. I am in the fourth year of my reign, and my guards are still wearing the coats which I gave to them four years ago. All complaints are addressed to me ; all

prejudices are opposed to me. I have no real power beyond Madrid, and even at Madrid I am every day counteracted by people who grieve that things are not managed according to their own system. They accuse me of being too mild; they would become infamous if I were more severe and left them to the judgment of the tribunals.

"You thought proper to sequester the property of ten families; more than twice that number have been thus treated. Officers are in possession of every habitable house; two thousand servants belonging to the sequestered families have been turned into the streets. All beg; the boldest try to rob and to assassinate my officers. All those who with me sacrificed their positions in the kingdom of Naples are still billeted on the inhabitants. Without any capital, without any revenue, without any money, what can I do? This picture, dark as it is, is not exaggerated. I am not dismayed; I shall surmount these difficulties. Heaven has given to me qualities which will enable me to triumph over obstacles and enemies, but what Heaven has not given to me is a temper capable of bearing the opposition and the insults of those who ought to serve me, and, above all, a temper capable of enduring the displeasure of one whom I have too much loved to be able ever to hate him.

"If, then, Sire, my whole life does not entitle me to your perfect confidence; if you think it necessary to surround me by poor creatures who make me blush for myself; if I must be insulted even in my own capital; if I am denied the right of naming the governors and the commanders who are always before me, and make me contemptible to the Spaniards and powerless to do good; if, instead of judging me by results, you put me on my trial in every detail—under such

circumstances, Sire, I have no alternative. I am King of Spain only through the force of your arms; I might be so through the love of the Spanish people, but for that purpose I must govern them in my own way. I have often heard you say, every animal has its instinct and ought to follow it. I will be such a king as the brother and the friend of your majesty ought to be, or I will return to Mortefontaine, where I ask for no happiness but to live without humiliation and to die with a good conscience.

"Only a fool remains long in a false position. In forty years of life I have learned only what I knew almost at the beginning, that all is vanity except a good conscience and self-esteem.

"A Spaniard has let me know that he has been ordered to give to Marshal Duroc, day by day, an exact account of all that I do. I am complained of for having allowed five counselors of Castile to return, while fifteen more were free. Why did I do so? Because advantage had been taken of their absence to pillage their houses. Sire, my misery is as much as I can bear; what I deserve and what I expect from you is consolation and encouragement; without them the burden becomes intolerable: I must slip from under it before it crushes me.

"If there is on earth a man whom you esteem or love more than you do me, I ought not to be King of Spain, and my happiness requires me to cease to be so.

"I write to you my whole thoughts, for I will not deceive you or myself.

"I do not choose to have an advocate with you; as soon as that becomes necessary, I retire. During my whole life I shall be your best, perhaps your only, friend. I will not remain King of Spain unless you

can think this of me. Many illusions have left me; I cling a little to that of your friendship; necessary as it is to my happiness, I ought not to continue to risk losing it by playing the part of a dupe."

April 6th, Austria issued a declaration of hostilities, and three days later, Archduke Charles crossed the Inn with one hundred and eighty thousand troops. With so large an army in Spain, Napoleon could hope for victory only by the concentrated and rapid action which before had won the field. Sending out couriers to summon his battalions beyond the Alps and on the Rhine to the conflict, without escort or equipage, he rode with his unequalled speed when events demanded his presence, accompanied by the devoted Josephine, to Strasburg. He was at the head of the army, April 13th, and on the 17th ordered Davoust and Massena commanding the two wings of the army, to advance upon the enemy, while he led the center, hemming in completely the divisions of Charles. After a battle at Abensburg, on the 20th, a decisive, wasting conflict occurred at Landshut on the following day. The archduke lost nine thousand men, thirty guns, and his stores. Then mustering his entire strength he fell upon the enemy at Eckmuhl, where an army of two hundred thousand men presented, as they believed, a resistless barrier to the weakened forces of the victor.

The struggle began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued with fierce activity till night came down upon the Golgotha of battle. The Austrians were driven from the field and retreated toward Ratisbon. The stupendous work was done by falling upon the foe in full force at selected points, like the direct and crushing descent of the red bolts from the echoing cloud upon the shivered oak. Napoleon took twenty

thousand prisoners, fifteen imperial standards, and a large number of cannon. At Ratisbon, Charles, besides attempting to defend the town, again gave the French battle, and was overwhelmed with their impetuous legions, and compelled to flee into Bohemia, abandoning Vienna to the mercy of the conqueror.

The emperor, who seemed to have a charmed existence, and had stood unharmed amid the hail of conflict, was wounded in this deadly encounter in one of his feet, which was hastily dressed and forgotten. Five days had given him another triumph over Austria; an incredible result to his paralyzed foes.

On the 24th of April, he reviewed his army, and lavished rewards of heroism upon his elated troops. Davoust was created Duke of Eckmuhl. May 10th, he was before the walls of Vienna.

"The emperor had already quitted it, with all his family, except his daughter, the archduchess Maria Louisa, who was confined to her chamber by illness. The archduke Maximilian, with the regular garrison of ten thousand men, evacuated it on Napoleon's approach; and though the inhabitants had prepared for a vigorous resistance, the bombardment soon convinced them that it was hopeless. It perhaps deserves to be mentioned, that on learning the situation of the sick princess, Bonaparte instantly commanded that no fire should be directed toward that part of the town. On the 10th a capitulation was signed, and the French troops took possession of the city, and Napoleon once more established his headquarters in the imperial palace of Schönbrunn." ®

The "sick princess" afterward became the bride of the besieging emperor.

Charles, recruiting his army, had advanced down the Danube, and taken his position in order of battle op-

posite Vienna. Napoleon was willing to accept as the archduke was to give another battle. But the majestic river was swollen with a freshet, the bridges gone, and a thousand yards of turbulent waters between them. The emperor selected the channel below the capital, intersected by small islands, among which the largest was Lobau, for the perilous transit. Boats were prepared and anchored with chests of cannonballs, planks laid, bridges erected, and May 19th, a large portion of his army was on the island, and the following day, passed over to meet the hostile host. He entered the villages of Asperne and Essling, and waited the movement of the Austrians. On the 21st, they appeared upon the rising outline of an extensive plain, spreading away from the French encampment. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the battle opened with an assault upon Asperne, which rapidly changed hands till night closed the slaughter, leaving it under the opposing flags of the French and the Austrian commanders; the latter occupying the church and burial-ground. The Austrians were animated with their partial success; and the next morning the conflict was renewed with fiery courage. The French regained possession of Asperne, and Essling remained unyielding under the protection of its batteries. At this crisis the fire-ships of the enemy carried away the bridge connecting the right bank of the river with Lobau. To regain connection with his reserve now separated from him, he must retreat to the island, intrench himself there, and reconstruct the demolished bridge. Just then the brave Lannes was struck with a ball, and both legs carried away. The disaster brought tears to Napoleon's eyes, while the poor marshal turned to him, his deity, for aid, dwelling till death upon his name. During the night, the em-

peror's troops who survived the carnage safely landed on Lobau, and the islands near. Charles claimed the victory; but the undecisive advantage was too dearly purchased to admit of following up the blow. Napoleon felt that the issue would shake the fearful power of his magical name, and resolved to profit by the interlude. "On the fourth of July he had at last re-established thoroughly his communication with the right bank, and arranged the means of passing to the left at a point where the archduke had made hardly any preparation for receiving him. The Austrians having rashly calculated that Asperne and Essling must needs be the objects of the next contest as of the preceding, were taken almost unawares by his appearance in another quarter. They changed their line on the instant and occupied a position, the center and key of which was the little town of Wagram."

Here, on the sixth of July, the final and decisive battle was fought. The archduke had extended his line over too wide a space; and this old error enabled Napoleon to ruin him by his former device of pouring the full shock of his strength on the center. The action was long and bloody: at its close there remained twenty thousand prisoners besides all the artillery and baggage, in the hands of Napoleon. The archduke fled in great confusion as far as Znaim in Moravia. The imperial council perceived that further resistance was vain: an armistice was agreed to at Znaim; and Napoleon, returning to Schönbrunn, continued occupied with the negotiation until October.

A few days after he returned, he escaped narrowly the dagger of a young man, who rushed upon him in the midst of all his staff, at a grand review of the imperial guard. Berthier and Rapp threw themselves upon the regicide, and disarmed him at the moment

when his knife was about to enter the emperor's body. Napoleon demanded what motive had actuated the assassin. "What injury," said he, "have I done to you?" "To me, personally none," answered the youth, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world; and to have put you to death would have been the highest glory of a man of honor." This enthusiastic youth, by name Stabbs, son of a clergyman of Erfurth, was—justly, no doubt—condemned to death, and he suffered with the calmness of a martyr.

It was during his residence at Schönbrunn that a quarrel, of no brief standing, with the pope, reached its crisis. The very language of the consular concordat sufficiently indicated the reluctance and pain with which the head of the Romish church acquiesced in the arrangements devised by Bonaparte, for the ecclesiastical settlement of France; and the subsequent course of events, but especially in Italy and in Spain, could hardly fail to aggravate those unpleasant feelings. In Spain and in Portugal, the resistance to French treachery and violence was mainly conducted by the priesthood; and the pope could not contemplate their exertions without sympathy and favor. In Italy, meantime, the French emperor had made himself master of Naples, and of all the territories lying to the north of the papal states; in a word, the whole of that peninsula was his, excepting only that narrow central strip which still acknowledged the temporal sovereignty of the Roman pontiff. This state of things was necessarily followed by incessant efforts on the part of Napoleon to procure from the pope a hearty acquiescence in the system of the Berlin and Milan decrees; and thus far he at length prevailed. But when he went on to demand that his holiness should take an active part in the war against England, he was met by

a steady refusal. Irritated by this opposition, and, perhaps, still more by his suspicion that the patriots of the Spanish peninsula received secret support from the Vatican, Bonaparte did not hesitate to issue a decree in the following words: "Whereas the temporal sovereign of Rome has refused to make war against England, and the interests of the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples ought not to be intercepted by a hostile power, and whereas the donation of Charlemagne, *our illustrious predecessor*, of the countries which form the Holy See, was for the good of *Christianity*, and not for that of *the enemies of our holy religion*, we therefore declare that the duchies of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, and Camarino be forever united to the kingdom of Italy."

On the 17th of May, Napoleon issued, from Vienna, his final decree, declaring the temporal sovereignty of the pope to be wholly at an end, incorporating Rome with the French empire, and declaring it to be *his* second city; settling a pension on the holy father in his spiritual capacity—and appointing a committee of administration for the civil government of Rome. The pope, on receiving the Parisian *senatus-consultum*, ratifying this imperial rescript, instantly fulminated a bull of excommunication against Napoleon. Shortly after, some unauthentic news from Germany inspired new hopes into the adherents of the holy father; and, disturbances breaking out, Miollis, on pretense that a life sacred in the eyes of all Christians might be endangered, arrested the pope in his palace, at midnight, and forthwith despatched him, under a strong escort, to Savona.

The intelligence of this decisive step reached Napoleon soon after the battle of Wagram, and he was inclined to disapprove of the conduct of Miollis as too

precipitate. It was now, however, impossible to recede; the pope was ordered to be conveyed across the Alps to Grenoble. But his reception there was more reverential than Napoleon had anticipated, and he was soon reconducted to Savona.

This business would, in any other period, have been sufficient to set all Catholic Europe in a flame; and even now Bonaparte well knew that his conduct could not fail to nourish and support the feelings arrayed against him openly in Spain and southern Germany, and suppressed, not extinguished, in the breasts of a great party of the French clergy at home. He made, therefore, many efforts to procure from the pope some formal relinquishment of his temporal claims—but Pius VII. remained unshaken; and the negotiation at length terminated in the removal of his holiness to Fontainebleau, where he continued a prisoner, though treated personally with respect, and even magnificence, during more than three years.

The treaty with Austria was at length signed at Schönbrunn on the 14th of October. The emperor Francis purchased peace by the cession of Saltzburg, and a part of Upper Austria, to the Confederation of the Rhine; of part of Bohemia to the King of Saxony, and of Cracow and western Galicia to the same prince, as grand duke of Warsaw; of part of eastern Galicia to the czar; and to France herself, of Trieste, Carniola, Friuli, Villach, and some part of Croatia and Dalmatia. By this act, Austria gave up, in all, territory to the amount of forty-five thousand square miles, and a population of nearly four millions; and Napoleon, besides gratifying his vassals and allies, had completed the connection of the kingdom of Italy with his Illyrian possessions, obtained the whole coast of the Adriatic, and deprived Austria of her last seaport.

Yet, when compared with the signal triumphs of the campaign of Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation; and he claimed merit with the Emperor of Russia on the score of having spared Austria in deference to his personal intercession.

Bonaparte quitted Vienna on the 16th of October; was congratulated by the public bodies of Paris on the 14th of November, as the greatest of heroes, who never achieved victories but for the happiness of the world.

On his return to Paris, Napoleon proudly proclaimed to his senate, that no enemy opposed him throughout the continent of Europe—except only a few fugitive bands of Spanish rebels, and the “English leopard” in Portugal, whom ere long he would cause to be chased into the sea. “I and my house,” said he, “will ever be found ready to sacrifice everything, even our own dearest ties and feelings, to the welfare of the French people.”

This was the first public intimation of a measure which had for a considerable period occupied much of Napoleon's thoughts, and which, regarded at the time (almost universally) as the very master-stroke of his policy, proved in the issue no mean element of his ruin.

An incident occurred upon his approach to the capital, which foreshadowed sadly the hastening event. At Munich he stopped and despatched a courier to the empress at St. Cloud, apprising her that he should arrive at Fontainebleau on the 27th, and directing the court to proceed thither to receive him. So rapid, however, was his progress, that he reached Fontainebleau at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th, and of course found no preparations made for his reception. This threw him into a rage, though he could not have forgotten that his arrival was a day earlier than he had

fixed, and cursing their tardiness, ordered a courier to gallop immediately to St. Cloud, and announce to the empress his arrival. Fontainebleau is forty miles distant, and it was one o'clock before Josephine received the intelligence. Aware of the emperor's disposition, she set off hastily, with a feeling of dismay, fearing he might charge the consequences of his own haste upon her.

Toward evening, Josephine arrived; Bonaparte was writing in his library, and when an attendant told him the empress had come, he took no notice of the announcement. It was the first time he had failed to welcome her after absence, and not only Josephine, but all, marked so strange a mood. Inquiring after him, the empress ran to the library, threw open the doors, and, unheralded, stepped forward to greet him. At her first salutation, the emperor raised his eyes, and without rising from his seat, gave her a look that was like the touch of death. "Ah! so you are come, madam," said he, "'Tis well; I was just about to set out for St. Cloud." Josephine attempted to answer, but her emotions choked her, and she burst into tears. Was this the reception which was to requite her love, her fears for his safety, her efforts for his success? As she stood sobbing there, Napoleon's heart smote him, and rising, he apologized for his rudeness. "Forgive me," he said, tenderly embracing her—"I own I was wrong. Let us be friends again." Josephine was ready for a reconciliation, but she could not at once dry her tears. Retiring to dress, they flowed afresh, and for several moments she freely indulged them. What meant his coldness, and then his returning favor? Was his kindness real, or did he show it only to give her a false hope, as the boa is said to loosen its folds and look brightly in the eye of its victim, as a prelude to the last struggle?

When Josephine and the emperor again met, it was with mutual smiles, and apparent cordiality. Each seemed to have forgotten the previous misunderstanding, and mainly desirous of treating the other with affection.

When at Paris, everything appeared in its accustomed way, and Josephine was ever glad of a pretext which called them there, for at the palace, life was irksome and full of disquiet. Napoleon had told her that she stood in the way of his prosperity; that he needed not only an heir, but that to render his power stable, he must seek an alliance with one of the great reigning houses of Europe; that she lay as ever near his heart, but bade her ask herself the question, if it would be a pleasing reflection, that the great empire to whose formation she had essentially contributed, was to crumble away at his death. "What a glorious sacrifice," he would say, "you can make, not only to myself but to our empire." Josephine would answer sometimes by tears, then by supplications, and again by arguments, to which even Napoleon could not reply. She would appeal by turns to his generosity, to his former love, and to his superstition. She would talk to him of that mysterious influence which had bound them together, and against which he might not rashly sin. "See there," said she to him one starlight evening as they sat alone at a window of the palace—"Bonaparte, behold that bright star; it is mine! and remember, to mine, not to thine, has sovereignty been promised. Separate, then, our fates, and your star fades!"

Nothing, however, could swerve the emperor from his purpose, and Josephine saw from day to day that her influence over him was declining.

Bonaparte endeavored to act his part without betraying his emotion, but it was in vain. The strong man who

had smiled in the face of danger and death, trembled as he drew near the closing scenes of this strange drama. Some have represented him as appearing to act a comedy, and pass with perfect calmness through the ordeal; but this is only an outside view of the picture. It was no farce that made Napoleon Bonaparte weep in his chamber, while his whole frame shook with the emotions which were wildly struggling in his breast. But the iron hand of destiny was upon him—destiny which had impelled him on in the career of glory, and still pointed to a brighter eminence beyond—and he could not resist it. He looked before him, but the abyss which was already yawning at his feet was covered, and like a bed of flowers, upon which his star shone undimmed. The die was cast, his resolution was irrevocably taken, and though, while he should carry it into action, clouds might gather upon his sky, they would roll away, leaving his path the clearer and brighter, in contrast with a transient eclipse.

It was the last day of November, that he formally announced his purpose to Josephine. He had previously urged her to consent to the divorce, but had never before positively told her that she must cease to be his wife. Upon this day, dinner had been served as usual, to which the emperor and empress sat down. Josephine had been weeping all the morning, and to conceal the tears which were still falling, she appeared at the dinner-table, wearing a head-dress which completely shaded the upper part of her face. The dinner was one merely of form. The viands were brought on and removed, but neither Josephine nor Bonaparte tasted the luxuries or uttered a word. Once or twice their eyes met, but were instantly averted, each fearing to read the look which revealed the spirit's struggle.

Josephine saw that her sunlight had passed away, and felt that the storm would quickly spend its wrath upon her.

The dinner ceremony concluded, the emperor rose, and Josephine followed him mechanically into the adjoining saloon. Napoleon ordered all the attendants to retire, and for a few moments they were alone, and both were silent. Josephine instinctively apprehended her fate, but as she watched the changing expression of Bonaparte's countenance, and read through these the struggles of his soul, a single ray of hope darted athwart the gloom. Approaching her with trembling steps, the emperor gazed at her for a moment, then took her hand and laid it upon his heart, as he said—"Josephine! my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." "Say no more," said the empress; "I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal." Josephine stopped; she tried to say more, but the appalling vision of her doom choked her utterance. She endeavored to command her feelings, but they were too strong to be restrained, and sobbing out, "Oh, no, you cannot surely do it! you would not kill me?" she sunk upon the floor, overcome with the weight of her calamity. Napoleon, alarmed for her safety, threw open the doors of the saloon and called for help. The court physician was instantly summoned, and committing the hapless empress to his care, the author of her misery shut himself up in his cabinet, with feelings known only to Him, whose Omniscient eye "*searches the hearts* of the children of men."

Josephine remained in her swoon for three hours.

Again and again, the emperor came to inquire after her, and would hang over her couch with an expression of the deepest anxiety. Corvisart, the physician, and Hortense, watched eagerly for tokens of returning animation; but when the empress opened her eyes again in consciousness, it was with a look so full of sadness, that those who stood around, almost wished that she could then bury her sorrows in the forgetfulness of death.

"I cannot describe," she afterward writes, "the horror of my condition during that night! Even the interest which *he* affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh, *mon Dieu!* how justly had I reason to dread becoming an empress!" When she recovered, she made no effort to change Napoleon's resolution, but simply expressed to him her acquiescence. A day or two afterward she wrote the following letter to the emperor, which, as it illustrates her peculiar feelings in relation to this event, we have inserted:

"My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us: the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward—I will not say of so many sacrifices (they were sweet, because made for you)—but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as a motive, will, it is said, indemnify me, by justifying you! These interests, however, upon which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext; your ill-dissembled ambition, as it has been, so it will ever continue, the guide of your life—a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin.

"You speak of an alliance to contract—of an heir to be given to your empire—of a dynasty to be founded!

But with whom do you contract that alliance? With the natural enemy of France—that insidious house of Austria—which detests our country from feeling, system, and necessity. Do you suppose that the hatred, so many proofs of which have been manifested, especially during the last fifty years, has not been transferred from the kingdom to the empire; and that the descendants of Maria Theresa, that able sovereign, who purchased from Madam Pompadour the fatal treaty of 1756, mentioned by yourself only with horror; think you, I ask, that her posterity, while they inherit her power, are not animated also by her spirit? I do nothing more than repeat what I have heard from you a thousand times; but then your ambition limited itself to humbling a power which now you propose to elevate. Believe me, so long as you shall be master of Europe, Austria will be submissive to you; but never know reverse.

"As to the want of an heir, must a mother appear to you prejudiced in speaking of a son? Can I—ought I to be silent respecting him who constitutes my whole joy, and on whom once centered all your hopes? The adoption of Eugene was, then, a political falsehood? But there is one reality, at least; the talents and virtues of my Eugene are no illusion. How many times have you pronounced their eulogium! What do I say? Have you not deemed them worthy the possession of a throne as a recompense, and often said they deserved more? Alas! France has repeated the same; but what to you are the wishes of France?"

"I do not here speak of the person destined to succeed me, nor do you expect that I should mention her. Whatever I might say on the subject would be liable to suspicion. But one thing you will never suspect—the vow which I form for your happiness. May that

felicity at least recompense me for my sorrows. Ah! great it will be if proportionate to them!"

The empress was not a woman that yielded to despair, though to appear cheerful, or even calm, at this time, cost her a struggle that shook the throne of reason. But she was empress still, and while her moments of solitude were consumed in weeping and unavailing regret, she lost none of her dignity or ease when subjected to the curious gaze of the officers of the court, or the ladies who had a more immediate access to her person. She even went to Paris, and presided at some of the splendid fêtes given in honor of Napoleon's late victories; but in all her movements, no one detected a step less light, an air less gay, a mien less commanding, than had distinguished her in the palmiest days of her imperial happiness. Hortense was at Fontainebleau when Napoleon made his announcement to the empress, and Eugene left Italy and hastened to cheer his mother by his presence, as soon as the first tidings of her calamity reached him. Both of her children desired immediately to withdraw from further association with Napoleon. Eugene tendered his resignation as viceroy of Italy, and asked to be excused from future service. Said he, "The son of her who is no longer empress, cannot remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children." Napoleon was much affected at this declaration, and urged Eugene not to relinquish hastily his honors. He told him that it was necessity, and not inclination, which urged the sacrifice of Josephine; that he still loved her, and lavished the same affections upon her children as before. "Should you leave me," said he, "and should I have a son, who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? who will bring him up? who is

to make a man of him?" Josephine also heroically pleaded Napoleon's request. "The emperor," said she to Eugene, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for everything, and, therefore, owe a boundless obedience." History hardly shows a stronger instance of self-denying devotion than that which the empress exhibited during the whole of these scenes.

That "fatal day" was not to be averted. It came, and notwithstanding her previous fortitude, the blow fell with a crushing weight upon her soul. A stupor, as though death were fastening his arrow in her heart, came over her. She was the gay and lovely Josephine no longer. She lost the self-control which she had with so much conflict gained, and was again a weak, broken-hearted woman, helpless and comfortless; a vine reaching forth in vain its tendrils for the support whence it was rudely torn.

The 15th of December had been announced as the day for the intended separation. Napoleon had caused to assemble at the Tuilleries the different members of his own family, the Arch-chancellor of France, and all the high officers of state who composed the imperial council. It was a magnificent assembly, but each countenance wore a shade of gloom, as if some terrible blow were impending over the dearest prospects of every heart. Napoleon first addressed them and told them the object of his calling them together. "The political interests of my monarchy," said he, "the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse the Empress Josephine: this it is which induces me to

sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consider only the good of my subjects and desire a dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart! but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage when it is proved to be for the best interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life—the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart; she was crowned by my hand: she shall retain always that rank and the title of empress; but, above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend.”

The sweet but faltering tones of Josephine's voice struck a chord of sympathy in every heart, as she thus, with great dignity, replied—“I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage, which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever find in me his truest friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth.” When

she had finished, the empress was assisted out of the apartment, but the exercises of the day, from which she was drinking such draughts of bitterness, were not yet brought to a close. Again had the imperial family and chief nobles of the realm assembled, all in grand costume, to witness the final consummation. A decree of the Senate had been obtained, proclaiming the divorce, and all that was now necessary, was that it receive the signatures and seals of the parties to be separated. Napoleon wore a hat whose sweeping plumes mostly concealed his face, but an observer could still read in his countenance traces of deep emotion. He stood with his arms crossed upon his breast motionless and speechless. A writing apparatus of gold lay upon a small table in the midst of the apartment, and before it an armchair was placed, waiting the entrance of the empress. The door opened and Josephine, leaning on the arm of Hortense, came slowly forward. For a moment she gave an involuntary shudder, and paused while her lustrous eye ran over the face of every one present, as though she had now for the first time gained a full apprehension of her doom.

It was, however, but for a moment, and proceeding forward she seated herself in the chair at the table, and listened to the decree of the council which completed the separation between herself and the object of her warmest affections. The decree was as follows:

“Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, is dissolved. ®

“Art. II. The Empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of EMPRESS QUEEN CROWNED.

“Art. III. Her allowance is fixed at an annual payment out of the public treasury.

“Art. IV. Whatever provision the emperor shall make in favor of the Empress Josephine out of the funds belonging to the civil list, shall be obligatory upon his successors.

“Art. V. The present Senatus-consultum shall be transmitted by a message to her imperial and royal majesty.”

Josephine listened to this decree, but the warm tears fell like rain from her quivering lids. Rising from her chair, she pronounced the oath of acceptance with a tremulous voice, and then overcome with emotion, sank again into her seat. Count Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely placed the pen in her hand, with which she signed the fatal decree. The deed was done, but oh! with what a heaving heart did that martyr lay down the pen, and look up to catch one glance of love from the stern countenance, which, pale and motionless as that of a statue, was turned full upon her. With one convulsive sob she rose, and leaning again upon the arm of Hortense, left the apartment no longer the wife of Bonaparte.

Eugene, who had been an agonized spectator of the whole scene, followed her closely, but his emotions were too strong for his sensitive nature to endure. He had hardly left the saloon before he fainted and fell, completely overcome by his anguish.

Josephine shut herself up in her apartment, where the sorrow of her soul could be unseen by human eye. She had nerved herself for the issue, had for days been steeling her heart to composure, but when the blow fell, she bowed like a reed before the tempest. It was in vain that she assumed tranquillity: the tide of feeling swept its barriers. At night she sought a last interview with Napoleon. He had retired to rest when, with eyes swollen and red from weeping, Josephine entered

the apartment. She threw open the door but stopped, as she saw the emperor, doubtful whether to advance or retire. A throng of emotions—delicacy, love—the consciousness that she had no longer any right there, and an unwillingness to leave without an adieu, struggled in her breast. Napoleon, dismissing his servant in waiting, rose and clasped the Empress in his arms, and for a few moments they were locked in each other's embrace, silently mingling their tears together. Josephine remained with him an hour, and then parted from the man who had won and broken her heart. Her sobs told what a weight of sorrow still rested upon her spirit as she left the apartment, but the bitterness of death had passed.

And another trial was in store for her. The next morning she was to leave the Tuilleries, and bid adieu to scenes sacred to the memory of happiest years. At eleven o'clock an officer of the guard entered her room, and told her that he had orders to conduct her to Malmaison. Silently she prepared to obey the summons, but paused to weep again, when she thought of what she had sacrificed and what she was to leave. To add to her sadness, the whole household, who were tenderly attached to her, assembled together on the stairs and in the vestibule through which she was to pass, anxious to catch one last look at their martyr mistress, “who carried with her into exile the hearts of all that had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence.” The expressions of their grief as they met her ears, were too much for the heart of Josephine. She would have stopped and taken them each by the hand, but she knew if she had hesitated now, a delirium of grief would lay her a helpless victim at their feet. She leaned upon one of her ladies, and moved on with mournful step, more tremulously and wearily

than the unfortunate, but faithful Beauharnais, had trod the floor of the guillotine. A carriage stood at the gates, an officer assisted her up the steps, and pausing to take a farewell gaze at the scenes of past greatness and departed happiness, she veiled a face whose twofold expression of resignation and sorrow made it indescribably touching and lovely; and was borne away forever from the palace consecrated by her presence, to the empire of virtue and affection.

Josephine returned to Malmaison, the mansion which twelve years before she entered as the bride of Napoleon, and where she had passed the happiest hours of life, now heart-broken and desolate. She struggled vainly to calm the agitation of her unoffending spirit, that forced the tears like rain from her swollen eyes, and to hide the agony written in unmistakable lines upon her meek and mournful face. Though past middle age, she was still youthful in appearance, and seemed the very angel of sorrow, smiling through the grief and gloom of her great calamity; the more distressed, because others were sad on her account. Every object that she looked upon reminded her of the varied past, her present humiliation, and a joyless future. Her favorite walks were no more taken for refreshment or pleasure, but became the hours of weeping, while every apartment of that villa, chosen and embellished by her taste, presented to her eye some trace of the man whose ambition crushed her, or gave back to her imagination an echo of his familiar voice. It was not simply that her divorce was unjust, and her pride wounded by so rudely taking from her brow a crown she had not sought, but her affections were torn from their object and bleeding—she was spurned from a heart that had won her own, and loved deeply in turn—and all to gratify an insatiate thirst

for power and permanent fame. None but those who have striven to conceal the throes of anguish which almost brought tears of blood, can sympathize with this uncomplaining sufferer during the months that succeeded her separation from Napoleon.

CHAPTER VII.

The choice of a new empress.—Josephine's experience.—Napoleon's power shaken.—The birth of a prince.—Propositions of peace with England.—War with Russia.—His progress to Dresden.—He reaches Dantzic.—The Grand Army cross the Niemen.—The Poles hail the presence of the emperor with hope.—The Russian method of destruction to the enemy.—Napoleon enters Moscow.—He occupies the Kremlin.—Letter to Alexander.—Conflagration of Moscow.—The retreat.—The march to Smolensk.—Conspiracy in Paris.—Marshal Ney.—His supposed death—His rescue.—The wasting army reach the Beresina.—The tragical crossing of the river Wilna.—Napoleon returns to Paris.—Reaches the palace at night.—The rear-guard of the Grand Army.

THE choice of a new Empress of France lay mainly between Austria and Russia. Alexander desired the alliance because he anticipated conditions which would advance his designs against the restoration of Poland, and especially those upon Constantinople. After consulting his Privy Council, a majority of whom favored the Austrian princess, Napoleon opened negotiations with Francis. Berthier, in behalf of his sovereign, received her hand at Vienna, and the marriage was celebrated, March 10, 1810, in that capital, with great splendor. The bride commenced her journey to France, amid the exultation of the people. Napoleon hastened to take her by surprise. Disregarding the order of arrangements, he rode toward Soissons, and as her carriage approached, leaving his own, sprang into the presence of Maria Louisa. Surprised and pleased at his enthusiasm, she said as soon as the excitement passed: "Your Majesty's pictures have not done you justice." Napoleon was forty years of age,

the empress eighteen—both fine-looking, and in perfect health.

The following distich, which a burgomaster of Holland placed on a triumphal arch erected to Napoleon, is well known:

"Il n'a pas fait une sottise
En épousant Marie-Louise."*

Napoleon had no sooner read this singular inscription, than he sent for the burgomaster. "Mr. Mayor," said he, "you cultivate the French muses here!" "Sire, I compose a little." "Ah! it's you, then! Do you take snuff?" added he, on presenting him a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. "Yes, sir; but I—" "Take it, take it—box and all! And

"Quand vous prendrez une prise,
Rappelez-vous Marie-Louise."†

They spent the evening at the Chateau of Compeigne, where it was expected they would first meet, and April 1st, the marriage which was virtually consummated according to Austrian statutes, was formally and civilly celebrated at St. Cloud. The following day the grand entry was made into Paris. He acted the part of a devoted lover, but could not and did not forget Josephine. He endeavored in vain to induce Maria Louisa to become acquainted with the former wife of Napoleon—still the queen of his heart.

Malmaison had fallen much into decay during the years of change in the empire. To restore the departed grandeur and beauty was Josephine's new employment, which was a double source of delight, in furnishing

* "He has not done a foolish thing
In marrying Marie-Louise."

† "When you shall take a pinch of snuff
Remember Marie-Louise."

entertainment to herself, and a means of benevolence in the labors of the poor peasantry. Bonaparte gave her a million of francs, or forty-one thousand pounds sterling, on her retirement, as a part of her allowance, which she devoted entirely to this object. Soon the wilderness of decay "blossomed as the rose"; the waters sparkled and murmured along their channels, and slumbered in their boundaries fringed with foliage—the sunny slopes were gay with flowers, and the wide fields alive with the laborers, who were grateful for toil, if it purchased bread. In the center of this miniature kingdom, the ex-empress lived more secluded than before, and consequently more in unison with her taste. There were less parade, and fewer guests, but more freedom and greater intimacy of friendship.

Yet Josephine felt not a thrill of joy amid all this change, unless upon receiving words of love from Napoleon, or at the gladness of others. The words of inspiration were deeply her experience: "Every heart knows its own *bitterness!*" There is nothing more sad in life's changes, than the suffering of the innocent for the guilty; the unuttered grief of a bosom another has robbed of hope—the slow death of one who has a wounded spirit. But such are the woes that make the pastime of half the world. The millionaire rides in a gilded chariot bought with the gains that made tears fall like rain—the man with a little brief authority walks unmoved upon the prostrate form of another whom he fears or hates—and in a thousand homes, woman is a secluded martyr to the vice and caprice of a heartless ruffian.

To Josephine, this view of earth, after the completed work of desolation, which banished her from St. Cloud, became naturally the habitual one, as expressed in a letter to Bonaparte:

"Sire—I received, this morning, the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These, indeed, do not in themselves surprise me; but only as being received so early as fifteen days after my establishment here; so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would search out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat renders it almost agreeable.

"After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the suffering of one that is so no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved, enthusiastically admired, is there aught else, save repose, to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus, the only ties which yet bind me to life are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of being able still to do some good, and above all, the assurance that you are happy. Do not, then, condole with me on my being here, distant from a court which you appear to think I regret. Surrounded by those who are attached to me, free to follow my taste for the arts, I find myself better at Navarre than anywhere else; for I enjoy more completely the society of the former, and form a thousand projects which may prove useful to the latter, and will embellish the scenes I owe to your bounty. There is much to be done here, for all around are discovered the traces of destruction; these I would efface, that there may exist no memorial of those horrible inflictions which your genius has taught the nation almost to

forget. In repairing whatever these ruffians of revolution labored to annihilate, I shall diffuse comfort around me; and the benedictions of the poor will afford me infinitely more pleasure than the feigned adulations of courtiers.

"I have already told you what I think of the functionaries in this department, but have not spoken sufficiently of the respectable bishop (M. Bourlier). Every day I learn some new trait, which causes me still more highly to esteem the man who unites the most enlightened benevolence with the most amiable dispositions. He shall be entrusted with distributing my alms-deeds in Evreux; and as he visits the indigent himself, I shall be assured that my charities are properly bestowed.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you, sire, for the liberty you have permitted me of choosing the members of my household, all of whom contribute to the pleasure of a delightful society. One circumstance alone gives me pain, namely, the etiquette of costume, which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen; but I believe you are wrong in thinking they would, for one minute, forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion. Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me (which I cannot doubt), secures me against the danger of being obliged to recall what it is your wish they should remember. My most honorable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but assuredly from having been chosen by you—none other is of value—that alone suffices for my immortality.

"I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him; for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your re-

membrance; and I can question him at my ease of a thousand things concerning which I desire to be informed, but cannot inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. My daughter will come also, but later, her health not permitting her to travel at this season. I beseech you, sire, to recommend that she take care of herself; and insist, since I am to remain here, that she do everything possible to spare me the insupportable anxiety I feel under any increase of her ill-health. The weakness in her chest alarms me beyond all expression. I desire Corvisart to write me his opinion without reserve.

"My circle is at this time somewhat more numerous than usual, there being several visitors, besides many of the inhabitants of Evreux and the environs, whom I see of course. I am pleased with their manners, and with their admiration of you, a particular in which, as you know, I am not easily satisfied; in short, I find myself perfectly at home in the midst of my forest, and entreat you, sire, no longer to fancy to yourself that there is no living at a distance from court. Besides you, there is nothing there I regret, since I shall have my children with me soon, and already enjoy the society of the small number of friends who remained faithful to me. Do not forget *your friend*; tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life; often repeat to her that you are happy, and be assured that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy—and often sad." ®

The too-devoted Josephine appeared no more upon the public arena; in silence and seclusion she suffered a few years, and died broken-hearted.

It was not this sacrifice alone that presaged Napoleon's fall; but passing by France and Russia, he had taken

a daughter of the House of Hapsburg—a tyrannical, faithless race. In this, while securing the favor of the nobility in the royal scheme, he swept away the last claim to sincerity in his conflicts for *the people* against despotism. The niece of Maria Antoinette, whose blood had scarcely faded from the guillotine, was empress of France.

Napoleon—who had overthrown the old feudal system, and revolutionized Europe prepared for the stupendous changes by the corrupt monarchies of the past—failed to redeem his pledge of regeneration and reconstruction of half a continent laid at his feet. “He married the fresh, the genial, the immortal, the glorious, the newly-born future, which all coming ages will claim, to the corrupt, and effete, and putrid corpse of the dark ages.”

And the shock he had given to his sovereignty, by the imprisonment of the Roman Pontiff, was more widely felt than was apparent. These events were followed by another blow upon the base of the imperial throne—startling to the callous and iron-hearted monarch. King Louis disregarded the rule of Napoleon, which was, to make “the first object of his care the emperor, the second, France, and the third, Holland,” and was pliant in the enforcement of the Berlin and Milan decrees, by which he grew in popularity with the people. He was rebuked by Napoleon, and hating the restraint upon his reign, suddenly abdicated his throne, and retired with disgust into private life, at Gratz in Styria. Holland was immediately annexed to the empire of France. The Peninsular war continued; the people were unsubdued, except by the force of arms; and Joseph was still the weary, powerless representative of a king. Amid these causes of irritation, which pointed ominously to the future, Napoleon’s

heart beat proudly with the fruition of cherished hope.

On the 20th of March, 1811, his wishes were crowned by the birth of a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the nerves of the medical attendant were shaken. “She is but a woman,” said the emperor, who was present, “treat her as you would a *bourgeoise* of the *Rue St. Denis*.” The accoucher at a subsequent moment withdrew Napoleon from the couch, and demanded whether, in case one life must be sacrificed, he should save the mother’s or the child’s. “The mother’s,” he answered: “it is her right!” At length the child appeared, but without any sign of life. After the lapse of some minutes a feeble cry was heard, and Napoleon entering the antechamber in which the high functionaries of the state were assembled, announced the event in these words: “It is a king of Rome!”

The booming of cannon announced in the capital the advent of an heir to the crown of Napoleon; and the tidings spread over the realm, accompanied with all the demonstrations of enthusiasm which had before attended the birth of a dauphin. The Bourbons and their friends, heard in the shouts of joy, the knell of their hopes. Murat had anticipated an independent sovereignty for his family in Naples; the King of Prussia was chafing against the humbling conditions of peace, ready to avenge the rifled tomb of Frederic, even upon the husband of an Austrian princess; and Russia was preparing again for war. When Alexander heard of the marriage with Maria Louisa, he remarked, “Then the next thing will be to drive us back into our forests.” The “Continental System,” as the blockade-policy was called, increased the antagonism of Russia, which, jealousy of Napoleon’s greatness, and his refusal to give desired pledges favoring the plans of extending power,

had nourished. And the union with the House of Austria was significant of resources for any service his absolute will might require. Sweden at this period, to please the emperor, and enthrone a man she believed fit to be a king, placed Bernadotte on the throne. But with the appearance of fidelity to the monarch who raised him from obscurity to fame, he soon betrayed Napoleon, and became his open enemy.

Thus environed with difficulties, the Emperor of France once more opened negotiations with England for peace. He desired it, doubtless; he would avoid the hazard attending another general conflict, and he preferred to develop the elements of prosperity and glory in France. The decided, stern refusal of England to recognize Joseph King of Spain, closed the correspondence, and sounded afresh the tocsin of war. Russia was plied with English influence, and Alexander could not long resist the pressure from abroad and his nobles at home, added to his own embarrassed schemes of empire.

In April, 1812, Russia declared war. In doing so, the treaty of Tilsit was broken with faithless contempt of the most sacred obligations, and the signal of another combined effort to crush Napoleon was thrown out upon the vast horizon of the empire of the north.

The French emperor had issued conscriptions; and from Switzerland, Italy, Bavaria, and the vine-clad hills of France, the battalions came pouring into the ranks of the grand army, till half a million of men were ready to march into the fearful wastes of Russia, to furnish the world a tragedy of war, never before or since recorded in history.

The prospective campaign was too daring and perilous not to awaken fears in heroic minds. Talleyrand opposed it; Fouché drew up a memorial against it,

and called the emperor's attention to the important crisis. Napoleon replied, "It is no crisis at all, but a mere war of politics. Spain falls whenever I have destroyed the English influence at St. Petersburg. Did not you yourself once tell me that the word *impossible* is not French?" It deserves to be mentioned that neither this statesman nor any of his compeers, ever even alluded to the injustice of making war on Russia for the mere gratification of ambition. Their arguments were all drawn from the extent of Alexander's resources—his four hundred thousand regulars, and his fifty thousand Cossacks, already known to be in arms, and the enormous population on which he had the means of drawing for recruits; the enthusiastic national feeling of the Muscovites; the distance of their country; the severity of their climate; the opportunity which such a war would afford to England of urging her successes in Spain; and the chance of Germany rising in insurrection in case of any reverses!

Cardinal Fesch, who grieved at the arrest of the Pope, looked with alarm on this expedition, as an insane measure to secure the vengeance of Heaven. He entreated Napoleon not "to provoke at once the wrath of man and the fury of the elements." The emperor drew the cardinal to the window, and pointing upward, exclaimed "Do you see yonder star?" "No, sire," replied the cardinal. "But I see it," answered Napoleon; and abruptly dismissed him.

May 9th, Bonaparte left Paris with the empress, and with triumphal splendor, followed by the shouts of the people, reached Dresden, the capital of Saxony.

Here he gathered about him the kings of Prussia, Naples, Wirtemberg, and Westphalia; and he sat in the palace of another, more like the monarch among courtiers, than the royal general on his way to fresh

and wasting conflicts with the lauded sovereign of the earth's proudest realms. The population of the surrounding country thronged the streets, and surged like waves of the sea, against the palace walls, to see the man before whose greatness the rulers of the world were dwarfed to common men. Napoleon was confident of success; the word *destiny* rang in the chambers of thought like a trumpet-call to the conquest of Europe.

May 28th, leaving Dresden, and parting with Maria Louisa at Prague, he pressed on to Dantzic, which was governed by General Rapp, a favorite with Napoleon. This officer, Murat, and Berthier, confessed to the emperor their reluctance to engage in the perilous uncertainty of the Russian campaign.

June 22d Napoleon issued the following bulletin:

"Soldiers! Russia is dragged on by her fate: her destiny must be accomplished. Let us march: let us cross the Niemen: let us carry war into her territories. Our second campaign of Poland will be as glorious as our first: but our second peace shall carry with it its own guaranty: it shall put an end forever to that haughty influence which Russia has exercised for fifty years on the affairs of Europe." The address, in which the czar announced the terminations of his negotiations, invoked the aid of Almighty Providence as "the witness and the defender of the true cause;" and concluded in these words—"Soldiers, you fight for your religion, your liberty, and your native land. Your emperor is among you, and God is the enemy of the aggressor."

From Dantzic, on the 11th of June, Napoleon advanced to Königsberg, where immense stores were collected for the long march into Russian forests, and over desert wastes. The divisions of the grand army

commanded by Davoust, Oudinot, Ney, Eugene, Poinatowski, St. Cyr, Regnier, Jerome, Victor, Macdonald, Augereau, Murat, and Schwartzenberg. Marshals Mortier, Lefebvre, and Bessières, led the imperial guard. This splendid cavalcade, which Napoleon reviewed on the battle-plain of Friedland, with all the equipments of siege and difficult marches, reached, the last of June, the banks of the rushing Niemen, beneath the dark shadow of the silent wilderness.

It was on the 24th, that the host began to cross, in three great caravans at as many different points, the bridges they had built; the river reflecting the glittering weapons and nodding plumes, as for two days and nights they moved forward under the eye of Napoleon. While reconnoitering the banks at Kowno, his horse stumbled and fell. "A bad omen—a Roman would return," he exclaimed.

Over the plains of Lithuania, the battalions advanced without opposition from the enemy, towards Wilna, the capital of Russian Poland; it was evacuated at their approach. Here Napoleon rested on the 28th of June; but the magazines which he anticipated had been consumed—a prelude to the greater conflagration, whose flames would prove the funeral-torch of desolation wherever they retired; every village was burned ere they quitted it; the enthusiastic peasantry withdrew with the army, and swelled its ranks."

The brave Poles rallied around the emperor, and petitioned him to restore to them their nationality, furnishing as an expression of confidence and hope, eighty-five thousand troops to join the desperate campaign against their gigantic and cruel foe. But Napoleon's refusal to meet the demand of Russia, "that the kingdom of Poland should never be established, and that her name be effaced forever from every public

and official act," was no mean cause of hostilities, while Austria and Prussia were too deeply involved in the piratical possession, to make the intervention desirable. He accepted the heroic men, yet struck no blow for Polish freedom. There is an apology in the complication of affairs, and still is it true, that the emperor never periled an iota of power, or swerved from his single object of attaining a higher summit of glory, by the rescue or protection of a dependent nation. It was necessity or ambitious choice that guided his interposition whenever given to the kingdoms and colonies for which despots contended.

He remained three weeks at Wilna, detained by the slowness of the arrival of the impromptitude of his commissariat; a pause Alexander with energy improved. A million of soldiers inured to the rigors of a polar winter, swarmed to the standard of the autocrat. Moscow offered eighty thousand men; the Grand Duchess of Russia, whose rival was Maria Louisa, equipped a regiment on her own estate; and the Cossack-chief Platoff bid for Napoleon's life, with the premium of his only daughter, and a dower of 200,000 rubles.

"The Russian plan of defense was already ascertained, and alarming. The country was laid utterly desolate wherever they retired; every village was burned ere they quitted it; the enthusiastic peasantry withdrew with the army, and swelled its ranks."

With these scenes of conflagration hourly occurring, and bloody battles between, the French legions hastened toward Moscow.

"On the 5th of September, Napoleon came in sight of the position of Kutusoff, and succeeded in carrying a redoubt in front of it. All the 6th the two armies lay in presence of each other, preparing for the contest. The Russians were posted on an elevated plain;

having a wood on their right flank, their left on one of the villages, and a deep ravine, the bed of a small stream, in their front. Extensive field-works covered every more accessible point of this naturally very strong ground; and in the center of the whole line, a gentle eminence was crowned by an enormous battery, serving as a species of citadel. The Russian army were one hundred and twenty thousand in number; nor had Napoleon a greater force in readiness for his attack. In artillery also the armies were equal. It is supposed that each had five hundred guns in the field.

"To his sanguinary troops Napoleon said, 'Soldiers! here is the battle you have longed for; it is necessary, for it brings us plenty—good winter quarters, and a safe return to our country. Behave yourselves so that posterity may say of each of you, He was in that great conflict beneath the walls of Moscow.'"

At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, the French advanced under cover of a thick fog, and assaulted at once the center, the right, and the left of the position. Such was the impetuosity of the charge that they drove the Russians from their redoubts; but this was but for a moment. They rallied under the very line of their enemy's fire, and instantly readvanced. Peasants who, till that hour, had never seen war, and still wore their rustic dress, distinguished only by the cross sewed on it in front, threw themselves into the thickest of the combat. As they fell, others rushed on and filled their places. Some idea may be formed of the obstinacy of the contest from the fact, that of one division of the Russians which mustered thirty thousand in the morning, only eight thousand survived. These men had fought in close order and unshaken, under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery. The result of this terrible day was, that Bonaparte withdrew his troops and aban-

done all hope of forcing his way through the Russians. In no contest by many degrees so desperate had he hitherto been engaged. Night found either army on the ground they had occupied at daybreak. The number of guns and prisoners taken by the French and the Russians was about equal; and of either host there had fallen no less than forty thousand men. Some accounts raise the gross number of the slain to one hundred thousand. Such was the victory in honor of which Napoleon created Marshal Ney *Prince of Moskwa*.

Bonaparte, when advised by his generals, toward the conclusion of the day, to bring forward his own guard and hazard one final attack at their head, answered, "And if my guard fail, what means should I have for renewing the battle to-morrow?" The Russian commander, on the other hand, spared nothing to prolong the contest. During the night after, his cavalry made several attempts to break into the enemy's lines; and it was only on receiving the reports of his regimental officers in the morning, that Kutusoff perceived the necessity of retiring until he should be further recruited. His army was the mainstay of his country; on its utter dissolution, his master might have found it very difficult to form another; but while it remained perfect in its organization, the patriotic population of the empire were sure to fill up readily every vacancy in its rank. Having ascertained then the extent of his loss, and buried his dead (among whom was the gallant Bagrathion) with great solemnity—the Russian slowly and calmly withdrew from his intrenchments, and marched on Mojaisk. Napoleon was so fortunate as to be joined exactly at this time by two fresh divisions from Smolensko, which nearly restored his muster to what it had been ere the battle began; and, thus reinforced, commanded the pursuit to

be vigorously urged. On the 9th, the French van came in sight of the Russian rear again, and Bonaparte prepared for battle. But next morning Kutusoff had masked his march so effectually, by scattering clouds of Cossacks in every direction around the French, that down to the 12th the invader remained uncertain whether he had retreated on Kalouga, or directly to the capital. The latter he, at length, found to be the case; and on the 4th of September Napoleon reached the Hill of Salvation; so named because from that eminence the Russian traveler obtains his first view of the ancient metropolis, affectionately called "Mother Moscow," and hardly less sacred in his eye than Jerusalem. The soldiery beheld with joy and exultation the magnificent extent of the place; its mixture of Gothic steeples and oriental domes; the vast and splendid mansions of the haughty boyards, embosomed in trees; and, high over all the rest, the huge towers of the Kremlin, at once the palace and the citadel of the old czars. The cry of "Moscow! Moscow!" ran through the lines. Napoleon himself reined in his horse and exclaimed, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" He added, after a brief pause, "It was time."

Bonaparte had not gazed long on this great capital ere it struck him as something remarkable that no smoke issued from the chimneys. Neither appeared there any military on the battlements of the old walls and towers. There reached him neither message of defiance, nor any deputation of citizens to present the keys of their town, and recommend it and themselves to his protection. He was yet marveling what these strange circumstances could mean, when Murat, who commanded in the van, and had pushed on to the gates, came back and informed him that he had held a parley with Miarodowitch, the general of the Russian

rear-guard, and that, unless two hours were granted for the safe withdrawing of his troops, he would at once set fire to Moscow. Napoleon immediately granted the armistice. The two hours elapsed, and still no procession of nobles or magistrates made its appearance.

On entering the city the French found it deserted by all but the very lowest and most wretched of its vast population. They soon spread themselves over its innumerable streets, and commenced the work of pillage. The magnificent palaces of the Russian boyards, the bazaars of the merchants, churches, and convents, and public buildings of every description, swarmed with their numbers. The meanest soldier clothed himself in silk and furs, and drank at his pleasure the costliest wines. Napoleon, perplexed at the abandonment of so great a city, had some difficulty in keeping together thirty thousand men, who followed Miarodowitch, and watched the walls on that side.

The emperor, who had retired to rest in a suburban palace, was awakened at midnight by the cry of *fire*. The chief market-place was in flames; and some hours elapsed ere they could be extinguished by the exertions of the soldiery. While the fire still blazed, Napoleon established his headquarters in the Kremlin,* and wrote, by that fatal light, a letter to the czar, containing proposals for peace. The letter was committed to a prisoner of rank; no answer ever reached Bonaparte.

Next morning found the fire extinguished, and the French officers were busied throughout the day in selecting houses for their residence. The flames, how-

* An extensive fortress, including a palace and several churches and convents.

ever, burst out again as night set in, and under circumstances which might well fill the minds of the invaders with astonishment and with alarm. Various detached parts of the city appeared to be at once on fire; combustibles and matches were discovered in different places as if laid deliberately; the water pipes were cut: the wind changed three times in the course of the night, and the flames always broke out again with new vigor in the quarter from which the prevailing breeze blew right on the Kremlin. It was sufficiently plain that Rostopcein, governor of Moscow, had adopted the same plan of resistance in which Smolensko had already been sacrificed; and his agents, whenever they fell into the hands of the French, were massacred without mercy.

The efforts to stop the flames were all in vain, and it was not long ere a raging fire swept the capital east, west, north, and south. During four days the conflagration continued, and four-fifths of the city were wholly consumed. "Palaces and temples," says the Russian author, Karamsin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since past, and the creations of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors, and the cradles of children, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the memory of her people, and their deep resolution to avenge her fall."

During two days Napoleon witnessed from the Kremlin the spread of this fearful devastation, and, in spite of continual showers of sparks and brands, refused to listen to those who counseled retreat. On the third night, the equinoctial gale rose, the Kremlin itself took fire, and it became doubtful whether it would be possible for him to withdraw in safety; and then he at length rode out of Moscow, through streets in many

parts arched over with flames, and buried, where this was not the case, in one dense mantle of smoke. "These are, indeed, Scythians," said Napoleon. He halted, and fixed his headquarters at Petrowsky, a country palace of the czar, about a league distant. But he could not withdraw his eyes from the rueful spectacle which the burning city presented, and from time to time repeated the same words: "This bodes great misfortune."

Napoleon again reoccupied the Kremlin, around which lay in smoldering heaps the fairest portion of the city, on the 20th, when the conflagration had spent its fury. With characteristic levity, the French troops opened a theater, whose applauded actors were sent from Paris by the order of Napoleon.

The silence of Alexander began to awaken the presentiment of still more serious events. The successes of the Russian forces in the battles with their enemy on the south, threatened to cut off communications with the magazines in Poland. But the resistless foe, whose power the emperor feared, was advancing upon him. *Winter*, with its northern severity and dismal length, was at hand. A second letter to the autocrat, was despatched, with proposals of peace.

Count Lauriston presented himself to Kutusoff at his headquarters, early in October, but was refused a passport. Kutusoff denied the right to give one, but offered to transmit the letter to St. Petersburg. It drew forth no reply. Autumn scattered the sere leaves; and to the dismay of Napoleon, October 13th, three weeks earlier than at any recorded period before, the snow shrouded the landscape, and fringed the blackened walls of abandoned cities. Upon the 18th, in a sanguinary conflict at Vincovo between Bennigsen and Murat, the French sustained an immense loss.

This hastened the evacuation of Moscow, which the emperor had seen to be inevitable. The immense host poured through the gates into the merciless embrace of the destroying elements. Mortier lingered with 3,000 men, to guard the retreat, and blow up as the farewell peal of war's infernal thunder, the massive walls of the Kremlin.

Desprez, Joseph Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, visited Napoleon just before the evacuation, with despatches from the King of Spain, presenting to the emperor his declining power in the Peninsula. Desprez, upon his return to Paris, wrote to his sovereign, the displeasure of the emperor regarding his management of the war, and gave the following account of the grand army at Moscow:

"The army, when I quitted it, was in the most horrible misery. For a long while previously the disorder and losses had been frightful; the artillery and cavalry had ceased to exist. The different regiments were all mixed together; the soldiers marched pell-mell, and sought only how to prolong mechanically their existence. Although the enemy was on all sides of us, thousands of men strayed every day into the neighboring villages, and fell into the hands of the Cossacks. Nevertheless, large as is the number of prisoners, that of the dead exceeds it. It is impossible to describe the famine; during more than a month there were no rations; dead horses were the only resource, and even the marshals were frequently in want of bread. The severity of the climate rendered hunger more fatal; every night we left at the bivouac several hundred corpses. I think that I may, without exaggeration, estimate those who have been lost in this manner at one hundred thousand—the truth is best expressed by saying that the army is dead. The young guard, which

formed part of the corps to which I was attached, was eight thousand strong when we left Moscow; at Wilna it scarcely numbered four hundred. All the other corps are reduced in the same proportion; and as the flight did not end at the Niemen, I am persuaded that not twenty thousand men reached the Vistula. It was believed in the army that a great many soldiers were on in front, who would rally when it was possible to suspend the retreat. I convinced myself of the contrary; at five leagues from headquarters I met no more stragglers, and I was then aware of the extent of the calamity.

"A single fact may give your majesty an idea of the state of things. Since crossing the Niemen a corps of eight hundred Neapolitans, the only corps which has preserved any sort of order, formed the rear-guard of a French army the strength of which once amounted to three hundred thousand men. It is impossible to say how contagious was the disorder: the corps of the Dukes of Belluno and Reggio amounted together to thirty thousand men when they crossed the Beresina; two days afterward they had melted away like the rest of the army. Sending reinforcements only increased the losses, and at last we became aware that fresh troops must not be allowed to come in contact with a disorderly multitude which could no longer be called an army. The King of Naples declared that, in delegating the command to him, the emperor exacted the greatest possible proof of his devotion. Both the moral and physical strength of the Prince of Neufchatel were completely exhausted. If your majesty were now to ask me when the retreat is to end, I can say only that it depends on the enemy. I do not think Prussia will make much effort to defend her territory. M. de Narbonne, whom I saw at Berlin, and who was the bearer

of letters from the emperor to the King of Prussia, told me that both the king and his prime minister were favorably disposed, but that he was aware that the feeling of the nation was different. Already several brawls had taken place between the citizens of Berlin and the soldiers of the French garrison; and when I passed through Prussia, I had opportunities of convincing myself that no trust could be placed in our recent ally.

"It seems also that in the Austrian army the officers declaim openly against the war.

"Sad as this picture is, I believe it to be painted without exaggeration, and that my observations have been made with impartiality. My estimate of the extent of the evil is the same now as it was when I was nearer to the scene of action."

Napoleon marched with his wasting battalions by a new route toward Smolensk. The Cossacks made fearful havoc with the scattered companies, cutting them down, plundering, and then on their fleet horses retiring to their forest-lair. When he passed the Souja, the emperor came near falling into their hands; but in their lust for spoil, they overlooked the defiant, weary leader in this terrible march of death. October 23d, he rested at Borouk, sixty miles from Moscow. A few miles farther on lay Eugene's force of eighteen thousand troops. Before dawn of the next day the Russians fell upon him, and after a bloody struggle were compelled to leave the field. Napoleon embraced Eugene, and exclaimed, "This is the most glorious of your feats of arms."

Learning here that one hundred and thirty thousand Russians, strongly intrenched, crossed his path, he called a council of war. He decided, with bitter disappointment, to abandon the attempt to press through the defiles of Kalouga, and retire to the "war-scathed

road" in which he came so proudly to the fatal plains of the north. The Russian army, ignorant of the movement, and alarmed by the victory of Eugene, also began a retreat; the two armies thus flying from each other, but neither aware of the advantage given. For seven hundred and fifty miles, Napoleon had but two points at which repose and supplies could be obtained. Upon this awful march—this "Iliad of woes"—the great captain, and peerless monarch, sadly, despondingly entered.

It was on the 26th, that the march commenced, and on the 28th the army passed over the field of Borodino. The unburied, decaying dead, half-eaten by the wolves, made the living soldier pass with averted face to his own fate—mortal agony on the spear-point of the Cossack, or the lethargy which has no waking. Three hundred miles were traversed in ten days; and yet onward, between the Russian columns watching their progress—followed by the dashing, savage hordes of Platoff—and the hunger-maddened wolves, the struggling columns moved. With November came the settled gloom and unalleviated cold of a Russian winter. Storms howled around the thinning ranks of the grand cavalcade, and the angry sky grew dark above them. They fell in battalions to rise no more till the resurrection morning. The brave, indomitable, chivalrous Ney, protected this retreat of the imperial army; and his marvelous skill, his endurance and courage, elevated his rank in the admiration of the world, nearer his commander, than that of any other man in the constellation of noble marshals who waited on Napoleon.

November 9th, the emperor was before Smolensk. Instead of the promised and expected supplies for his soldiers, there was nothing but brandy—the direst foe

of the hungry and benumbed soldiers. They drank and died in groups along the icy streets. Since the departure from Moscow, eighty thousand men had fallen, and no more than forty thousand could now enter the battle-field, were the opposing armies to meet.

A messenger had reached Napoleon with intelligence which increased his fears, and his desire to be in the capital of France. Mallet, an officer, forged a report of the emperor's death, and gathered to his standard, in the excitement which followed, a part of the national guard. He was arrested and shot. But the conspiracy revealed to Napoleon the frail tenure of his regal authority, and how little a son might have to do with the continuance of his dynasty.

Five days were passed in Smolensk, receiving despatches, and preparing for the final effort to reach the boundaries of friendly territory.

Murat, Eugene, Davoust, and Ney commanded the divisions of an army, reduced to less than one tenth of its original numbers. Kutusoff with more than double the force, hung along his track, in a parallel line of march.

At length he advanced and crossed the path of his enemy. A battle followed, and through wasting carnage the first division cut its way. Eugene's battalions followed, and met the same wall of bristling bayonets and batteries. But the columns moved on, and were mowed down in ranks, till only a remnant escaped. This band had no other hope, but to leave their camp-fires burning, and creep around the impregnable position. A Russian sentinel saw a company of them and gave the challenge; but a Pole answered in the national dialect, and all was silent. The deception saved the brave four thousand under Beauharnais. Davoust and Mortier, were at Krasnoi, holding the

enemy back, if possible, till Ney could join them. This splendid officer who led the rear-guard, found at Smolensk the heaps of the dead, assuring him of accumulating disasters upon the advanced divisions of the army. The opposition to his progress was considerable, till he reached the ravine of Sormina, over which hung a curtain of heavy mist, and obscured the masses of Russian troops, and the frowning batteries which lay beyond. He was in the resistless grasp of the foe.

A Russian officer summoned Ney to surrender. "A marshal of France never surrenders," was the heroic answer; and instantly the artillery, distant only two hundred and fifty yards, poured its storm of grape shot into his ranks. Ney plunged into the ravine, crossed the stream, and charged the astonished legions at the cannon's mouth. He was beaten back by the merciless fire, and still held his original position under the very shadow of the grim batteries through which not a man could pass alive. Napoleon, meanwhile, was deeply anxious for the fate of his favorite marshal. He expressed the intensest interest, and waited in suspense to catch some tidings of his safety or death. The night after the combat, Ney deserted his camp at midnight, and retraced his steps, till he came to a small stream, which, he told his men, must enter into the Dnieper. On through the untraveled, howling wilderness—through snow, and across icy plains—the intrepid marshal led his brave band. He was not mistaken in his plan; he came upon the great river which he sought, and found a surface of ice, which swayed and cracked beneath his feet. The soldiers in single file passed over; but the wagons laden with the wounded and the ordnance, crushed the frail bridge, and went down into the cold waters, sending upward

to the gloomy heavens, a shriek of wild and bitter agony. The Cossacks were also upon them. Ney sent to Napoleon at Orcha for assistance. Upon hearing the intelligence, the emperor sprang toward the messenger, and exclaimed: "Is that really true? Are you sure of it? I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuilleries; I would give them all to save Marshal Ney." Eugene went to the rescue, and in a few hours, the remnants of the grand divisions of the imperial army, reduced since leaving Smolensk from forty thousand to twelve thousand men, met with mournful joy at Orcha. There were but one hundred and fifty of the cavalry, and to remedy the deficiency, five hundred officers still possessing horses were formed "into a sacred band," to guard the person of Napoleon. The Dnieper was crossed, but tidings of additional disaster reached him. Minsk had fallen; another oasis in the desert was wiped out by the legions of Russia. A new line of march into Poland, was chosen, north of the ruined town, and haste was demanded, to escape the successful Witgenstein on the right flank, and Tchichagoff on his left. The Beresina was to be the next cold and rushing stream, whose passage would be disputed by the unwasted columns of Alexander. The point of transit selected by Napoleon was Borizoff, when he heard that Dambrowski who commanded there had been defeated by Witgenstein, and abandoned the position. He then advanced farther up, to Studzianska.

"His twelve thousand men, brave and determined, but no longer preserving in their dress, nor unless when the trumpet blew, in their demeanor, a soldier-like appearance, were winding their way amid these dark woods, when suddenly the air around them was filled with

sounds which could only proceed from the march of some far greater host. They were preparing for the worst, when they found themselves in presence of the advanced guard of the united army of Victor and Oudinot, who had indeed been defeated by Witgenstein, but still mustered fifty thousand men, completely equipped, and hardly shaken in discipline. With what feelings must these troops have surveyed the miserable, half-starved, and half-clad remains of that "grand army," their own detachment from whose banners had, some few short months before, filled every bosom among them with regret!

Oudinot had been left at Smolensk, and upon the evacuation of Moscow, was ordered to move forward to secure the retreat. Victor was severely wounded at Polotsk, and compelled to retire to Wilna. These brave men parted with grief from the confident host of invasion; and now with deeper sorrow, welcomed the ragged, famishing, freezing, and bleeding remains of that unrivaled army, a few miles from Borizoff, which the marshals had meanwhile retaken. With this augmented force, the emperor moved toward the Beresina. The river was three hundred yards wide, six feet in depth, and full of floating ice. Napoleon, with artful maneuvers, deceived his enemy, and the Russian commander withdrew from Studzianska to a position eighteen miles below. When it was shown to the emperor, he exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the general?" Before the Russians discovered the mistake, two bridges were thrown across the stream, and Oudinot had passed over. When Napoleon gained the opposite shore, his words of triumph were, "My star still reigns!" November 27th the conflict opened. Into the crowded mass of soldiers, the women and wounded, the Russians poured their iron hail of death.

One of the bridges broke down in the midst of the carnage, beneath the weight of artillery and troops, and plunged the shrieking multitude into the flood. A survivor of the campaign said, afterward, "the scream that rose, did not leave my ears for weeks; it was heard clear and loud over the hurrahs of Cossacks, and all the roar of artillery." Victor defended the bridge until evening, while the columns trampling on the dead and dying, advanced in the cannonade of the Russian batteries; he then followed, leaving the wounded and straggling portions of the army, on the enemy's bank. He fired the bridge and left them to their fate, as the stern necessity of war. When spring thawed the Beresina, twelve thousand bodies were drifted from its bed.

December 3d the struggling companies arrived at Molodaczno. Here they met supplies despatched from Wilna, to which town were sent immediately, under escort, the wounded and whatever encumbered the army. Napoleon called a council of war, and announced the decision to his officers of returning without delay to Paris.

The troops were near the soil of Poland, and sure of an abundance to feed and clothe them. The design was approved, and the emperor on the 5th, leaving the chief command to Murat, bade the garrison and relics of the "grand army," drawn up before Wilna, adieu, and set off at midnight with a few attendants in three sledges, for the capital of France. Near Warsaw he just escaped falling into the hands of a company of Russians; and on the 10th entered that city. His ambassador there, Abbe de Pradt, whose mission was a failure, which occasioned his removal, congratulated the emperor upon his deliverance from so great dangers. "Dangers," cried Napoleon, "there were none—I have beat the Russians in every battle—I live but

in dangers—it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease. My army is in a superb condition still—it will be recruited at leisure at Wilna, and I go to bring up three hundred thousand men more from France.”

On the 14th he was at Dresden, and visited by the king of Saxony, who renewed his pledge of fidelity.

Four days later, he entered the Tuilleries after Maria Louisa had retired to sleep. A cry of alarm from the startled inmates roused the empress, and in another moment she embraced, with unfeigned affection, the royal fugitive. The next morning he held a levee, and freely declared the disastrous ravages of fire and frost among his annihilated army. The eighty thousand soldiers and stragglers left at Wilna continued to waste away before the increasing cold. Crossing the bridge at Kowno with only thirty thousand—the “Old Guard” was reduced to three hundred men—Marshal Ney had fought his way on, his path lined and paved with his slaughtered and frozen troops, and was the last to pass the bridge, with thirty heroes by his side. Calmly walking back toward the enemy's shore, he fired the last shot, and threw his gun into the river. When he met General Dumas on the German side, in the house of a friend, he answered to the question, “Who are you?” “I am the rear-guard of the grand army—Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket shot on the bridge of Kowno, I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms, and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forest.” The annals of war can present no more sublime defiance of an unconquered will, and quenchless ardor of devotion to his king and country.

CHAPTER VIII.

Napoleon's reception after the defeat in Russia—His character.—The new coalition—Battle of Lutzen.—Entrance into Dresden.—Battle of Bautzen.—Negotiations.—Metternich.—The plan of campaign.—Siege of Dresden.—Disasters.—Napoleon's desperate courage.—Battle of Leipsic.—Murat abandons the Emperor's cause.—Treachery of the Allies.—The Senate of France falter in their support.—Napoleon's rebuke.—Correspondence with Joseph.—Napoleon at the Tuilleries.—He enters on the final struggle.—Battle of Brienne.—Letters.—Want of arms.—Letters.—The progress of the Allies.—Napoleon's expedition on the Marne.—His victories.—Letters from Joseph on the condition of Paris.—Negotiations for Peace.—Napoleon's account of the crisis in his affairs.—His policy in his extremity.—Battle of Leon.—Rheims.—Letters to Joseph.—The last struggle.—The Allies advance toward Paris.—The flight of the Court.—The capitulation.

THE twenty-ninth bulletin of Napoleon had prepared the popular mind to welcome the emperor, whose eloquent words assured his subjects that the resistless elements alone had snatched victory from the grand army. Although nearly every family of the empire was in mourning, his magical name and presence restored the confidence, and renewed the devotion of the people. The senate, officials, and public bodies, all pressed up to the throne, with expressions of homage and applause. Enlistments were ordered, and the regiments of fresh troops gathered to his standard by thousands. The arsenals were alive with preparation, and in each habitation, the farewell to some manly inmate was spoken. Within a few weeks, Napoleon was at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, fresh from the bosom of a loyal, gallant nation. The grandeur of his genius, was seen and felt at home and abroad, in the magnificent expenditures of money

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and labor during these years of war with the rest of Europe, in national improvements. The whole sum laid out on canals, docks, harbors and public buildings, in nine years, was \$200,000,000. Such achievements of intellect and power, stamp Napoleon with a fascinating preeminence, which may lead the historian, and admirer of brilliant deeds, to a partial estimate of moral qualities, which are essential elements of true greatness. Napoleon's character was deficient in the strength and purity which have invested with a benign attraction the names of earth's noblest heroes—elevating far above Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, in the scale of being, Washington, and the less successful Louis Kossuth of Hungary. Every rational mind feels the transcendent excellence of these Christian virtues, which we do not discern in the Emperor, of France, and without which, ambition must ever have an alliance with brute force, and be directed mainly to personal glory. But it is also undeniable that Napoleon was vastly superior in intellectual and moral proportions to the monarchs with whom he contended; and in his great campaigns, was sustained in the general principle of lawful war, by the violation of sacred treaties on the part of his enemies.

This does not change the motives which ruled him in the invasion of Egypt, the seizure of Naples, the conquest of Spain, the divorce of Josephine, the awful tragedy of the Russian expedition.

Napoleon was again mustering his energies for the conflict with surrounding kings. Frederic William of Prussia, a sincere ally, desired to continue his friendly relations with France. The garrisons of the emperor, scattered over the Prussian territory, were unable to keep the people in subordination. The king interposed, indeed, his authority to protect the soldiers of

Napoleon from popular violence; but it soon became manifest that their safety must depend on their concentrating themselves in a small number of fortified places; and that even if Frederic William had been cordially anxious to preserve his alliance with France, it would ere long be impossible for him to resist the unanimous wishes of his people. Murat was soon weary of his command. He found himself thwarted and controlled by the other generals, none of whom respected his authority; and one of whom, when he happened to speak of himself in the same breath with the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, answered, without ceremony, "You must remember that these are kings by the grace of God, and by descent, and by custom; whereas you are only a king by the grace of Napoleon, and through the expenditure of French blood." Murat was moreover jealous of the extent to which his queen was understood to be playing the sovereign in Naples, and he threw up his command. Eugene succeeded him at the moment when it was obvious that Frederic William could no longer, even if he would, repress the universal enthusiasm of his people. On the 31st of January the king made his escape to Breslau, in which neighborhood no French were garrisoned, erected his standard, and called on the nation to rise in arms. Whereon Eugene retired to Magdeburg, and shut himself up in that great fortress, with as many troops as he could assemble to the west of the Elbe.

Six years had elapsed since the fatal day of Jena; and the Prussian nation had recovered in a great measure its energies. The people now answered the call of their beloved prince, as with the heart and voice of one man. Young men of all ranks, the highest and the lowest, flocked indiscriminately to the standard: the students of the universities formed themselves into bat-

talions, at the head of which, in many instances, their teachers marched. The women flung their trinkets into the king's treasury—the gentlemen melted their plate—England poured in her gold with a lavish hand. The rapidity with which discipline was established among the great levies thus assembled, excited universal astonishment.

In March the allies met at Breslau; Alexander embraced cordially Frederic William. It was stipulated in the conditions of coalition, that the German powers should be required to join the alliance against Napoleon, or forfeit their estates. The King of Saxony refused the demand, and was compelled to flee from his capital. The allies then marched over his realm, and entered triumphantly Dresden. Bernadotte landed thirty-five thousand troops at Stralsund. England lavished gold by millions, to secure the revolution in feeling and action among these rulers, at this crisis of apparent weakness and waning power of Napoleon. The struggle in Spain continued. Thus once more the storm blackened around the single kingly captain, who had for twenty years rocked a continent with his advancing steps.

April 15th, Napoleon left St. Cloud for the banks of the Saale, the headquarters of his army. Maria Louisa had been created regent of the empire during his absence. She was amiable and loved by the emperor, who often expressed his entire confidence in her fidelity and devotion. On the 25th, he reached Erfurth, to lead onward in the shock of a continental struggle, his battalions of youthful, and enthusiastic recruits. His eagle eye was toward Dresden, where the czar and the King of Prussia were waiting for the coming of Russian legions, designing to move toward Leipsic.

May 2d, the hostile armies met unexpectedly on the

old battle-ground which drank the blood of Gustavus Adolphus, near the town of Lutzen. Crossing the Elster under cover of a dense fog, the allied forces emerged from the interposing heights, and fell upon the columns of Napoleon. During eight hours, the slaughter went on, and the young men fell in ranks around their emperor, toward whom was turned their dying glance. At last, Napoleon brought forward his guard, with sixty pieces of artillery, and entered like a falling avalanche, the living masses of disciplined soldiers. The field was won, but too dearly for pursuit.

The allies retreated to Leipsic, thence to Dresden, and finally crossed the Elbe to Bautzen.

This result was another splendid achievement of Napoleon's genius. The advantage in the opening conflict was with his enemies, but he wrung the victory from their hands. He ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung in the churches, in commemoration of the first success of his arms since he fled from the snow-fields of Russia. He advanced to Dresden; and beneath the smile of a vernal day, reflected from the trappings and weapons of war, he entered the streets of the beautiful city, with a jubilant welcome from the subjects of his faithful friend, the King of Saxony. The aristocracy who had hailed the appearance of the allies, waited on the emperor; and the hitherto wavering army joined his legions.

“While the emperor paused at Dresden, Ney made various demonstrations in the direction of Berlin, with the view of inducing the allies to quit Bautzen; but it soon became manifest that they had resolved to sacrifice the Prussian capital, if it were necessary, rather than forego their position; by adhering to which they well knew Bonaparte must ultimately be com-
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pelled to carry his main force into a difficult and mountainous country, in place of acting in the open plains of Saxony and Brandenburg.

“Having replaced by wood-work some arches of the magnificent bridge over the Elbe, at Dresden, which the allies had blown up on their retreat, Napoleon now moved toward Bautzen, and came in sight of the position on the morning of the 21st of May. Its strength was obviously great. In their front was the river Spree: wooded hills supported their right, and eminences well fortified their left. The action began with an attempt to turn their right, but Barclay de Tolly anticipated this movement, and repelled it with such vigor, that a whole column of seven thousand dispersed, and fled into the hills of Bohemia for safety. The emperor then determined to pass the Spree in front of the enemy, and they permitted him to do so, rather than come down from their position. He took up his quarters in the town of Bautzen, and his whole army bivouacked in presence of the allies. The battle was resumed at daybreak on the 22d; when Ney on the right, and Oudinot on the left, attempted simultaneously to turn the flanks of the position; while Soult and Napoleon himself directed charge after charge on the center. During four hours the struggle was maintained with unflinching obstinacy; the wooded heights where Blucher commanded, had been taken and retaken several times—the bloodshed, on either side, had been terrible—ere, the situation of both flanks being apparent, the allies perceived the necessity either of retiring, or of continuing the fight against superior numbers on disadvantageous ground. They withdrew accordingly; but still with all the deliberate coolness of a parade; halting at every favorable spot, and renewing their cannonade. ‘What,’

exclaimed Napoleon, ‘no results! not a gun! not a prisoner!—these people will not leave me so much as a nail.’ During the whole day he urged the pursuit with impetuous rage, reproaching even his chosen generals as ‘creeping scoundrels,’ and exposing his own person in the very hottest of the fire. By his side was Duroc, the grand master of the palace, his dearest—many said, ere now, his only friend. Bruyeres, another old associate of the Italian wars, was struck down in their view. ‘Duroc,’ whispered Napoleon, ‘fortune has a spite at us this day.’ A few minutes afterward Duroc himself was mortally wounded. The emperor instantly ordered a halt, and remained all the afternoon in front of his tent, surrounded by the guard, who did not witness his affliction without tears. From this time he would listen to no reports or suggestions. ‘Everything to-morrow,’ was his invariable answer. He stood by Duroc while he died; drew up with his own hand an epitaph to be placed over his remains by the pastor of the place, who received 200 Napoleons to defray the expense of a fitting monument; and issued also a decree in favor of his departed friend’s children. Thus closed the 22d. The allies, being strongly posted during most of the day, had suffered less than the French: the latter had lost fifteen thousand, the former ten thousand men.

“They continued their retreat into upper Silesia; and Napoleon advanced to Breslau and released the garrison of Glogau. Meanwhile, the Austrian, having watched these indecisive though bloody fields, once more renewed his offers of mediation. The sovereigns of Russia and Prussia expressed great willingness to accept it; and Napoleon also appears to have been sincerely desirous for the moment of bringing his disputes to a peaceful termination. He agreed to an

armistice, and in arranging its conditions, agreed to fall back out of Silesia; thus enabling the allied princes to re-open communications with Berlin. The lines of country to be occupied by the armies respectively, during the truce, were at length settled, and it was signed on the first of June. Napoleon then returned to Dresden, and a general congress of diplomatists prepared to meet at Prague."

The allies demanded that Napoleon should surrender Illyria, half of Italy, and abandon Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland. Metternich, the unprincipled and cunning politician, presented the terms of treaty to Napoleon.

There was doubtless truth in the words of the emperor, who afterward said, "These extravagant propositions were made that they might be rejected." The concessions would have given, in his declining power, the occasion of general conspiracy, and secured his inevitable overthrow.

He had gone too far to retreat; greater victories or a demolished throne was the alternative before him. But his enemies wished to gain time for the arrival of Bernadotte, and the Russian forces; while Austrian and Prussian relations were more definitely settled.

The interview between Napoleon and Metternich was private and spirited. The emperor expressed his surprise that his own father-in-law should declare war against France. He offered to give up the Hanse towns and Illyria, besides granting the dissolution of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the reconstruction of Prussia, to secure peace. He added, "I only wish you to be neutral. I can deal with these Russians and Prussians single-handed. Ah, Metternich, tell me honestly how much the English have given you to take their part against me?"

At this crisis, when the allies, conscious of the greatness of Napoleon, and the uncertainty of the conflict, were not unwilling to continue negotiations, news of the victories in Spain over the French army there, elated the enemy, and terminated the armistice. Wellington had triumphed; Joseph and Jourdan were defeated. The duke was ready to pour his columns into the valleys of southwestern France.

August 10th, 1813, Austria signed the alliance offensive and defensive with Russia and Prussia. At nightfall, brilliant rockets rose successively along the frontier-heights of Bohemia and Silesia, announcing the re-opening of war upon the plains of Europe. Generals Jomini and Moreau had joined the allied troops, and Bernadotte was leading the columns of Sweden into the field. This treachery was bitter to Napoleon, and ominous of future disasters. Austria contributed two hundred thousand men to the army which environed Napoleon, making a host of nearly five hundred thousand disciplined troops, to encounter which he had only about half the number of soldiers. He was entering on a desperate struggle for his tottering throne. The opposing generals had studied the emperor's military tactics, and under the direction of Bernadotte and Moreau, whose experience was no trifling auxiliary, the campaign was wisely planned.

The commanders agreed that whoever was first drawn into the conflict, should retreat, tempting Napoleon to abandon Dresden in the pursuit, and so leave the city exposed to an attack by remaining forces. If successful, the magazines would fall into their hands, and the French army would be broken by the interposing divisions of the enemy, while in the rear of the French, between the Elbe and the Rhine, the allies would extend their lines.

Blucher, a Prussian, whom Napoleon called "the debauched dragoon," commanding eighty thousand Russian and Prussian troops, threatened Macdonald's division. Blucher was a great general, but a man of reckless character. Napoleon knew his qualities as an officer, and despised his entire want of moral principle. He immediately decided to advance upon him, and protect Macdonald. Blucher retired, and the emperor pursued him. According to the plan of operations, Schwartzberg, with whom were Alexander and Francis, marched toward Dresden, August 25th. An immediate assault would have taken the city. But it was not till the next day that the allied armies, in six columns, with fifty pieces of artillery, opened their terrific fire upon the beautiful capital. The carnage defies description. The streets were deluged with blood, and the dead lay mangled in the gorgeous apartments of princely wealth. St. Cyr, who commanded the garrison, was on the borders of despair, and the inhabitants pleading for capitulation, when Napoleon, with the Imperial Guard, crossed the Elbe, and, amid a storm of balls and shells, entered the city. Shouts of exultation filled the air. Without pausing to rest or eat, the reinforcement rushed to the onset; the allies were driven back, and night interrupted the wasting conflict. A tempestuous morning was the signal for renewed battle; and with such marvelous skill did Napoleon pour his divisions upon the encircling host, that, before the close of day, the enemy retreated. Moreau, who was reconnoitering the French on a distant eminence in company with Alexander, was struck by a cannon-ball, and both his legs almost torn from his body. The fire was given by Napoleon's order, but without any knowledge of those at whom it was directed. With stoical indiffer-

ence the traitor submitted to amputation, and died two days after. The emperor was again victorious; but his strength was exhausted, and a sudden attack of illness compelled him to return to Dresden. Vandamme, a fiery, daring officer, while pursuing the flying battalions toward Toeplitz, where around the magazines the scattered forces were rallying, pushed on too far into the valley of the Culm. Here he was met by the Russian divisions, and, after a fierce encounter, surrendered with eight thousand troops. General Oudinot, who was ordered to advance upon Bernadotte, was overwhelmed by a superior force, and defeated. Macdonald was hemmed in within a narrow defile, and also conquered. When these tidings of disaster reached Napoleon on his couch of suffering at Dresden, he said to Murat, "This is the fate of war; exalted in the morning, low enough before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin." A map of Germany was spread out before him, and, tracing the distances with his compasses, he repeated these lines of his favorite poet, Corneille:

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années;
Du monde, entre mes mains, j'ai vu les destinées;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement
Le destin des états dépendait d'un moment."*

During the month of September, Napoleon marched upon the allies under Blucher and Bernadotte, at different points, and was victorious. But his triumphs were fruitless; no decisive results were obtained, and his army was declining in strength daily. The King

* I have served, commanded, conquered for forty years.
Of the world, in my hands, I have seen the destinies:
And I have always known, that in each event,
The destiny of states depended on a moment.

of Bavaria was forced to yield to the pressure around him, and join the enemy. Jerome, King of Westphalia, was driven by revolt from his capital.

Napoleon, thus plunged into a sea of troubles, had one hundred thousand troops with which to face five times that number. It was a sublime and touching spectacle of greatness passing from the zenith toward a horizon of dismal gloom. His purpose was formed of marching upon Berlin, cutting his way through the opposing wall of living men, and by carrying the war into the enemy's country, oblige them to retrace their steps, and defend their beleaguered cities. France had responded to the call for 180,000 conscripts to strengthen his greatly inferior force. But his officers, exhausted and desponding, refused to support the emperor in the bold enterprise—the grandest in his career. A council of war was called; and never was the mighty heart of Napoleon more oppressed and filled with sorrow. His star was already in the darkness of eclipse. He could do nothing without the enthusiasm of his generals. He yielded to necessity, and abandoned the design which he believed would have retrieved his fortunes. He now turned toward Leipsic, where “as on a common center, the forces of France, and all her enemies, were now at length converging. Napoleon reached that venerable city on the 15th of October, and almost immediately the heads of Schwartzberg's columns began to appear toward the south. It was necessary to prepare on the northern side also, in case Bernadotte and Blucher should appear ere the grand army was disposed of; and, lastly, it was necessary to secure effectually the ground to the west of Leipsic;—a series of marshy meadows, interfused with the numerous branches of the Pleisse and the Elster, through which lies the only road to France. Napoleon, having made

all his preparations, reconnoitered every outpost in person, and distributed eagles, in great form, to some new regiments which had just joined him. The ceremonial was splendid; the soldiers knelt before the emperor, and in presence of all the line: military mass was performed, and the young warriors swore to die rather than witness the dishonor of France. Upon this scene the sun descended; and with it the star of Napoleon went down forever.

“At midnight, three rockets, emitting a brilliant white light, sprung into the heavens to the south of the city; these marked the position on which Schwartzberg had fixed his headquarters. They were answered by four rockets of a deep red color, ascending on the instant from the northern horizon. Bonaparte had with him, to defend the line of villages to the south and north of Leipsic, 136,000 men, while, even in the absence of Bernadotte, who might be hourly looked for, the allies mustered not less than 230,000.

“The battle commenced on the southern side, at day-break of the 16th. The allies charged the French line there six times in succession, and were as often repelled. Napoleon then charged in his turn, and with such effect, that Murat's cavalry were at one time in possession of a great gap between the two wings of the enemy. The Cossacks of the Russian imperial guard, however, encountered the French horse, and pushed them back again. The combat raged without intermission until nightfall: three cannon shots, discharged at the extremity of either line, then marked, as if preconcertedly, the pause of battle; and both armies bivouacked exactly where the morning light had found them. Such was the issue on the south, where Napoleon himself commanded. Marmont, his lieutenant on the northern side, was less fortunate. Blucher attacked

him with a vast superiority of numbers : nothing could be more obstinate than his defense ; but he lost many prisoners and guns, was driven from his original ground, and occupied, when the day closed, a new line of positions, much nearer the walls of the city.

“ Gallant as the behavior of his troops had been, the result satisfied Napoleon that he must finally retreat from Leipsic ; and he now made a sincere effort to obtain peace. He accordingly sent a messenger with proposals to the allied camps, but it was now too late : the allied princes had sworn to each other to entertain no treaty while one French soldier remained on the eastern side of the Rhine. Napoleon received no answer to his message ; and prepared for the difficult task of retreating with 100,000 men, through a crowded town, in presence of an enemy already twice as numerous, and in hourly expectation of being joined by a third great and victorious army.

“ During the 17th the battle was not renewed, except by a distant and partial cannonade. The allies were resolved to have the support of Bernadotte in the decisive contest.

“ At eight in the morning of the 18th it began, and continued until nightfall without intermission. Bonaparte had contracted on the south, as well as on the north, the circuit of his defense ; and never was his generalship, or the gallantry of his troops, more brilliantly displayed than throughout this terrible day. Calm and collected, the emperor again presided in person on the southern side, and again, where he was present, in spite of the vast superiority of the enemy's numbers, the French maintained their ground to the end. On the north, the arrival of Bernadotte enabled Blucher to push his advantages with irresistible effect ; and the situation of Marmont and Ney was further

perplexed by the shameful defection of ten thousand Saxons, who went over with all their artillery to the enemy, in the very midst of the battle. The two marshals, therefore, were compelled to retire from point to point, and at nightfall lay almost close to the walls of Leipsic. Three cannon shots, as before, marked the general termination of the battle.

“ The loss on either side had been great. Napoleon's army consisted chiefly of very young men—many were merely boys—the produce of his fore-stalled conscriptions ; yet they fought as bravely as the guard. The behavior of the Germans, on the other hand, at length considering their freedom and independence as hanging on the fortune of a single field, had been answerable to the deep enthusiasm of that thoughtful people. The burghers of Leipsic surveyed from their towers and steeples one of the longest, sternest, and bloodiest of battles ; and the situation of the King of Saxony, who remained all the while in the heart of his ancient city, may be imagined.

“ Napoleon gave orders at midnight for the commencement of the inevitable retreat ; and while the darkness lasted, the troops continued to file through the town, and across the two bridges, over the Pleisse, beyond its walls. One of these bridges was a temporary fabric, and it broke down ere daylight came to show to the enemy the movement of the French. The confusion necessarily accompanying the march of a whole army through narrow streets and upon a single bridge, was fearful. The allies stormed at the gates on either side, and but for the heroism of Macdonald and Poniatowski, to whom Napoleon intrusted the defense of the suburbs, it is doubted whether he himself could have escaped in safety. At nine in the morning of the 19th, he bade farewell forever to the King of

Saxony, who remained to make what terms he could with the allied sovereigns. The battle was ere then raging all round the walls.

“At eleven o'clock the allies had gathered close to the bridge from either wing; and the walls over against it had been intrusted to Saxons, who now, like their brethren of the day before, turned their fire on the French. The officer to whom Napoleon had committed the task of blowing up the bridge, when the advance of the enemy should render this necessary, conceived that the time was come, and set fire to his train. The crowd of men urging each other on the point of safety, could not at once be stopped. Soldiers and horses, cannons and wains, rolled headlong into the deep though narrow river; which renewed, though on a smaller scale, the horrors of the Beresina. Marshal Macdonald swam the stream in safety; the gallant Poniatowski, the hope and pride of Poland, had been twice wounded ere he plunged his horse into the current, and he sunk to rise no more. Twenty-five thousand Frenchmen, the means of escape entirely cut off, laid down their arms within the city. Four sovereigns, each entering at the head of his own victorious army, met at noon in the great market-place of Leipsic: and all the exultation of that solemn hour would have been partaken by the inhabitants, but for the fate of their own sovereign, personally esteemed and beloved, who now vainly entreated to be admitted to the presence of the conquerors, and was sent forthwith as a prisoner of war to Berlin.

“Napoleon, in killed, and wounded, and prisoners, lost at Leipsic at least fifty thousand men.

“The retreat of the French through Saxony was accompanied with every disaster which a hostile peasantry, narrowness of supplies, and the persevering pursuits of the Cossacks and other light troops could

inflict on a disordered and disheartened mass of men. The soldiers moved on, while under the eye of Napoleon, in gloomy silence: wherever he was not present, they set every rule of discipline at nought, and were guilty of the most frightful excesses. The emperor conducted himself as became a great mind amid great misfortunes. He appeared at all times calm and self-possessed; receiving, every day that he advanced, new tidings of evil.

“He halted two days at Erfurth, where extensive magazines had been established, employing all his energies in the restoration of discipline; and would have remained longer, had he not learned that the victors of Leipsic were making progress on either flank of his march, while the Bavarians (so recently his allies) reinforced by some Austrian divisions, were moving rapidly to take post between him and the Rhine. He resumed his march, therefore, on the 24th. It was here that Murat quitted the army. Notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which he had retired to Naples in January, Joachim had reappeared when the emperor fixed his headquarters at Dresden, in the summer, and served with his usual gallantry throughout the rest of the campaign. The state of Italy now demanded his presence; and the two brothers-in-law, after all their differences, embraced each other warmly and repeatedly at parting—as if under a mutual presentiment that they were parting to meet no more.”

Murat saw that the prestige of Napoleon was gone, and to save his crown in Naples, he entered into an alliance with the foes of France. He immediately appeared on the arena of combined empires, against him who had made his fortune, and prevented by his opposing division, the advance of Eugene from Italy to aid

the cause of Bonaparte. The two members of the imperial family met at Milan, as enemies. For this timely assistance, the allies promised to secure the throne of Naples to Murat, and his heirs; a reward which was never given to the ambitious, dashing, vain, and unstable prince.

The hostile armies fell on Napoleon in his retreat, at Haynau, and were defeated, after losing ten thousand men. A bomb-shell exploded near him, but he escaped unhurt—his destiny was not fulfilled. He continued to press forward toward Paris, and at five o'clock, November 5th, reached St. Cloud, and embraced the weeping empress. It was a strange and humbling misfortune, which seems a part of the awful retribution for abandoning Josephine, and accepting the union with a faithless, because a royal race, that her father was then the most dreaded enemy of all the kings whose myriad host, like the Assyrians of ancient battle, were sweeping in concentrating circles upon the single captain of a decimated army. Maria Louisa felt the blow which had fallen from a paternal hand, amid the unfriendly strokes of those who had formed the emperor's household, and received their honors from him who gave thrones away to his heroes, as if the world were his own.

A revolution followed the tidings of the result at Leipsic, in Holland, and the exiled prince of Orange returned to resume the reins of government, November, 1813. The Confederation of the Rhine became a gossamer web before the victorious allies, and the states, as the only alternative, wheeled into the ranks of the augmenting caravan of monarchs and subjects, whose hydra-folds were around the struggling Hercules who still kept the world in awe.

St. Cyr, with thirty thousand troops, who had been

shut up in Dresden, capitulated, on the conditions of returning to France, and no more taking arms against the allied armies, until formally exchanged as prisoners of war. But, in contempt of the stipulation, and, it must be confessed, in contrast with Napoleon's treatment of Wurmser at Mantua seventeen years before, the allies offered them starvation in Dresden, or the necessity of marching to the prisons of Austria. There was no sufficient excuse for this act of infidelity, and it was one of the lasting blots upon the banner of Napoleon's determined foes. Similar was the fate of General Rapp and his division at Dantzic. Wellington had driven the soldiers of France from Spain, and was on the territory of their sovereign. The outposts of power were all gone, and the way prepared to come down upon the citadel of strength—to march upon Paris itself. Napoleon afterward said of this crisis, "*Ere then I felt the reins slipping from my hands.*" Though propositions for peace were made by Caulaincourt in the emperor's behalf, and the branded kings issued at Frankfort a manifesto, the negotiations were no more than a passing illusion. Napoleon aroused himself with an amazing energy for the final contest. France was alive with warlike preparations. Conscriptions and taxation went forward with redoubled vigor. The emigrant royalists, who had been allowed to return to France, were busy plotting against the doomed man. The priests, remembering the invasion of their sacred rights in the person of the Roman Pontiff, and the confiscation of church possessions, joined in the widespread conspiracies. The wily diplomatist, Talleyrand, anticipating the coming overthrow, commenced correspondence with the allies to secure his good fortune against ruin. The emperor called around him the Council of State and the Senate, and made his stirring

appeals. But the nation was exhausted, and the conflicting parties growing strong under the shadow of his throne. To the coolness of the senators, who suggested that if the proposals of the allies had been accepted France might have been preserved, he replied, "Wellington has entered the south, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians the eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen *en masse* to drive him back! All my allies have deserted—the Bavarian has betrayed me. No peace till we have burned Munich. I demand a levy of three hundred thousand men—with this and what I already have, I shall see a million in arms. I will form a camp of one hundred thousand at Bourdeaux; another at Mentz; a third at Lyons. But I must have grown men—these boys serve only to encumber the hospitals and the roadsides. * * * Abandon Holland! sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given—all must march—you are fathers of families, the heads of the nation—you must set the example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war." To the Council of State he added, respecting the undecided report drawn up by the Senate, "In place of assisting, they impede me. Our attitude alone could have repelled the enemy—they invite him. We should have presented a front of brass—they lay open wounds to his view. I will not suffer their report to be printed. They have not done their duty, but I will do mine—I dissolve the legislative senate." The truth is, the last conditions of the allies to reduce France to her natural limits were humiliating; and, rather than leave the realm less powerful than he found it, he preferred to fight and conquer—or die honorably in the struggle; or, if the dire necessity arose, abdicate his throne.

December 20th, Schwartzberg, with the grand army of invasion, crossed the Rhine near Basle, entering upon the neutral territory of Switzerland, and marched without opposition into Burgundy. At this juncture, and after but little correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph for months, the following letters were written, and soon after a reconciliation was so far made, that frequent notes were exchanged.

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

"December 29, 1813.

"SIRE—The violations of the Swiss territory have laid France open to the enemy.

"In this state of affairs I am anxious that your majesty be persuaded that my heart is wholly French. Recalled by circumstances to France, I should be glad to be of some use, and I am ready to undertake anything which may prove to you my devotion.

"I am also aware, sire, of what I owe to Spain; I see my duties, and wish to fulfil all of them. If I make claims, it is only for the purpose of sacrificing them to the general good of mankind, esteeming myself happy if by such sacrifices I can promote the peace of Europe.

"I hope that your majesty may think fit to commission one of your ministers to come to an understanding on this subject with the Duke of Santa Fé, my minister for foreign affairs."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"December, 1813.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letter of the 29th of December. It is far too clever for the state of my affairs. I will explain it in two words. France is invaded, all Europe is in arms against France, and

above all against me. You are no longer King of Spain. I do not want Spain either to keep or to give away. I will have nothing more to do with that country, except to live in peace with it, and have the use of my army. What will you do? Will you, as a French prince, come to the support of my throne? You possess my friendship and your apanage, and will be my subject as prince of the blood. In this case you must act as I have done—announce the part which you are about to play, write to me in simple terms a letter which I can print, receive the authorities, and show yourself zealous for me and the King of Rome, and friendly to the regency of the empress. Are you unable to do this? Have you not good sense enough for it? Then retire to the obscurity of some country-house forty leagues from Paris. You will live there quietly if I live; you will be killed or arrested if I die. You will be useless to me, to our family, to your daughters, and to France; but you will do me no harm, and will not be in my way. Choose quickly the line which you will take.”

Ferdinand was restored to power; of whom Napier says, “an effeminate, superstitious, fawning slave at Valencay, and now, after six years’ captivity, he returned to his own country an ungrateful, cruel tyrant.” January 1st, 1814, Blucher passed the Rhine; and the third division of an army, numbering a million of troops, under Witzengerode and Bulow, crossed the frontier of Netherlands. The wealthy citizens fled to Paris with the news of the darkening storm over hitherto proud, victorious France.

January 24th, Napoleon held a grand levee in the saloon of the Tuilleries. Nine hundred officers and dignitaries gathered in splendid array around the em-

peror, with the subdued aspect of a grave and anxious assembly. Napoleon appeared in the center of the hall, accompanied by Maria Louisa, and the beautiful boy, for whom so fearful a sacrifice had been made. After bestowing the regency on the empress, he said with the firm and thrilling tones of an ever-eloquent voice, “Gentlemen, France is invaded; I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and, with God’s help and their valor, I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier.” Here he took Maria Louisa in one hand and her son in the other, and continued—“But if they should approach the capital, I confide to the national guard, the empress and the King of Rome”—then correcting himself, he said in a tone of strong emotion—“*my wife and my child.*”

Tears gushed from veteran eyes; they were shed by many who cherished no strong attachment for Napoleon. Officers immediately advanced from the silent and imposing circle, as pledges of the protection desired for the trembling queen, and her dreaming child. The hour of peril had brought from obscurity friends who had lived apart from Napoleon’s career. Carnot, who so boldly opposed the stride to imperial power, came forward, and offered his sword to the emperor. With characteristic appreciation of preeminent talent and noble qualities, he gave him the command of the important city and fortress of Antwerp.

January 25th, while the snow was falling, suggestive of past disasters, Napoleon having given his private papers to the flames, and embraced his wife and child for the last time, left Paris for the field of battle. Joseph was again in the capital at the head of the council, and next in official station to the empress.

Napoleon reached St. Dizier, a hundred miles from Paris, on the 27th, and there met with a small force,

the Cossacks of Blucher's army. A brief struggle followed, and the French were victorious. The main columns of the Prussians were at Brienne on the Aube—the town where the genius of Napoleon received its earliest military culture. Could the emperor drive Blucher from this position, he would then lie between two great divisions of the overshadowing enemy, weakening their strength, and giving him the advantage of his inimitable mode of warfare—falling on separate masses of his enemy, like the successive shocks of the earthquake which lays the city in ruins. The 28th he marched in the face of a tempest, and through the snow, rekindling the enthusiasm of his soldiers, and receiving the warmest expressions of self-sacrifice and devotion from the humblest peasantry. The next day, he stood before the bristling castle and heights of Brienne, with twenty thousand men, opposed by sixty thousand Russians in this stronghold, whose presence thronged memory with bitter recollections. The sudden tramp of the French battalions before the gates, startled Blucher from his wine at the dinner-table of the chateau, and he made his escape through a postern, leading his horse down a stairway. A bloody fight began, and when twilight deepened over the crimson hills, five thousand of the allies were slain. General Gourgard shot a Cossack when pointing his spear at the back of the emperor—a moment more, and Brienne would have witnessed the close, as it did the dawn, of his career.

Napoleon gives a graphic account of these events :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"BRIENNE, January 31, 1814; in the evening.

"The bulletin will have informed you of the events which have taken place. The engagement at Brienne

was very hot. I have lost three thousand men, and the enemy's loss amounts to between four thousand and five thousand. I pursued him half-way to Bar-sur-Aube. I have repaired the bridges over the Aube which were burnt. In another instant General Blucher and the whole of his staff would have been taken. The nephew of the Chancellor of Hardenberg, who was close to them, *was* taken. They were on foot, and did not know that I was with the army.

Since the battle of Brienne the allies have had great respect for our army. They did not believe we had any. I have reason to think, although I am not certain, that the Duke of Vicenza has reached the emperor's headquarters at Chaumont. This affair of Brienne, the position of our armies, and the opinion which is entertained of them, may hasten the peace. It is advisable that the newspapers should describe Paris as determined to defend itself, and should announce large numbers of troops as arriving from every quarter.

"I have ordered a column of from one thousand to two thousand horses belonging to the guard, two pieces of cannon, three or four infantry wagons, and between three thousand and four thousand men of the young guard, altogether a column of from four thousand to five thousand men, to leave Paris. To these should be joined a company of the baggage-train belonging to the guard, if there is one ready. This column is to proceed toward Nogent and Fismes, where it will wait for further orders. The Duke of Treviso had evacuated Troyes in order to advance upon Arcis-sur-Aube; but I desired him to return to Troyes, and he arrived there this evening at seven o'clock. It is very important to reinforce as soon as possible the division which is at Troyes."

Blucher retreated along the Aube to La Rothiere, nine miles from Brienne, where Schwartzberg, incited by the thunder of artillery, joined him. February 1st, Blucher opened the conflict, which raged all day with frightful ferocity. The eagles of France were struck down, and leaving five thousand of his soldiers mangled on the frozen plain, Napoleon fled toward Troyes. This second battle of Brienne, is called by French writers, the battle of La Rothiere; in which Napoleon's advanced guard was posted.

The allies now definitely arranged a conference for the consideration of peace. The emperor informs Joseph of its character:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PINEY,* February 21, 1814.

"It seems that the allies have fixed the 3d of February for opening the congress at Chatillon; that Lord Castlereagh and half a dozen other Englishmen will negotiate for England, M. de Stadion for Austria, M. de Humboldt for Prussia, and Rasumouski for Russia. It appears that the allies feared lest the arrival of the Duke of Vicenza at their headquarters might develop and mature the seeds of disunion already existing among them. They preferred to hold the congress at a distance from their headquarters. I shall be at Troyes to-morrow."

He arrived at Troyes on the 3d, and remained there three days; during which, Joseph despatched a message containing the following significant passage:

"The public mind was depressed to-day, and I had great trouble in keeping up the spirits of many people. I have seen the empress twice, and when I left her last

* A village half way between Brienne and Troyes.

night she was more composed; she had just received a letter from your majesty in which you mention the congress.

"If your majesty should meet with serious reverses, what form of government ought to be left here in order to prevent intriguers from putting themselves at the head of the first movement? Jerome asks me what should be his conduct in such a case? Men are coming in, but we want money to clothe them. Count Daru can obtain only 10,000 fr. a day from the Treasury; this delays terribly the departure of the troops. There are here two battalions of National Guards."

The emperor with gleams of hope, and a faithful army, lived continually under the shadow of fear for his capital. In a reply to his brother he betrays his anxiety: "Take away from Fontainebleau all valuables, and above all everything which might serve as a trophy, without, however, unfurnishing the chateau too much; it is useless to leave in it plate or anything that can be easily removed. I am writing to La Bouillerie to desire him to hold a million francs at your disposal, to hasten the clothing and equipment of the troops."

He gave orders to "hold firmly the batteries of Paris," to watch the three points of approach, and arm with fowling-pieces and pikes, reserves for defense.

He complains that "the bad spirit of such men as Talleyrand, who endeavored to paralyze the nation, prevented him from having early recourse to arms," the consequence of which was the doubtful crisis of national affairs. His efforts to quiet the popular feeling were constant, and he resorted to any form of deception to attain the object. From Nogent, on the Seine, to which he had advanced, he directed Joseph to "insert in the *Moniteur* an article, headed Cha-

tillon-sur-Seine, saying that on the 6th the members of the congress dined with the Duke of Vicenza; that it is remarked that all the ambassadors are on terms of the greatest politeness, especially those of France and England, who are full of attentions for each other."

The correspondence given at length, presents a vivid picture of the crowding events of this reign of terror, and exhibits the character of actors on the world-exciting stage of royal contest.

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, February 7, 1814; 11 P.M.

"SIRE—I have received your majesty's two letters of yesterday. I have seen and written to the Duke of Valmy. He starts to-night for Meaux. He showed me a letter from the Duke of Taranto, dated the 6th. He was still at Epernay, and had heard nothing from your majesty for four days. He had abandoned Chalons after defending it for some time. The artillery was directed on Meaux. The enemy had entered Sezanne. The intendant and the public treasure had escaped falling into the hands of the enemy.

"I inclose the exact route of the 9th infantry division of the army of Spain.

"I have sent an aide-de-camp along the Chalons road by way of Vitry.

"The minister of war tells me that he sent two thousand muskets to Montereau this morning.

"I have spoken to Louis about leaving him here; he has written to me a long letter on the subject. I have determined on forwarding it to your majesty. I believe that your majesty told me that the princesses were to accompany the empress. If this should not be the case, I ought to have positive orders on the subject. I am most anxious that the departure of the empress

should not take place. We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that the consternation and despair of the people may lead to sad and even fatal consequences. I think, and so do all persons whose opinion is of value, that we should be prepared to make many sacrifices before resorting to this extremity. The men who are attached to your majesty's government fear that the departure of the empress will abandon the people of Paris to despair, and give a capital and an empire to the Bourbons. Although I express the fear which I see on every face, your majesty may rest assured that your orders will be faithfully executed by me as soon as I receive them.

"I have spoken to General Caffarelli on the subject of Fontainebleau, and to M. de la Bouillerie about the million for the war and the removal of the treasure.* I do not know how far your majesty may approve of my observations, but I must say that I think it important to pay a month's salary to the great dignitaries, ministers, counsellors d'etat, and senators. Several have been mentioned to me who are really in distress, and, in the event of their departure becoming expedient, it is thought that many will be detained in Paris for want of the means of traveling.

"Marshal Brune has called on me; I was not able

* The treasure in the hands of M. de la Bouillerie was gradually accumulated by Napoleon out of the contributions which he imposed on conquered towns, and out of the sale or the revenues of the domains belonging to the sovereigns whom he deposed or robbed. It was completely at his disposal, but was employed by him only for military purposes. Not much is known as to its extent, or as to the mode in which it finally disappeared; but the general opinion is, that at the beginning of 1814 it amounted to about 150,000,000 of francs, and that about 110,000,000 of it were spent on the army before the expulsion of Napoleon. When that event happened about 40,000,000 of this treasure are supposed to have remained. It fell into the hands of the government which succeeded him, but was never accounted for; one or two of the great fortunes of the Restoration are suspected to have been created out of it.—Tr.

to see him. I have no doubt that he came to offer his services. I should like to know your majesty's wishes on the subject.

"Jerome is annoyed that your majesty has not yet explained your intentions as to the request which I made for him in two of my former letters.*

"I am told that M. de la Fayette was one of the first grenadiers of the national guard on duty at the Hotel de Ville.

"The barriers will be completely fortified to-morrow, and we shall begin to send artillery thither.

"General Caffarelli answered to the Duke of Conegliano that he had not yet received a reply from the Grand Marshal of the Palace to his request for permission to place twenty-five national guards at the Tuileries.

"P. S.—I have received your majesty's letter, dated to-day, from Nogent. I have already ordered its directions to be followed, and I will keep your majesty informed during the progress of their execution.

"The courier Remy will be the bearer of this letter."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"NOGENT, February 8, 1814; 11 A. M.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letter of the 7th, 11 P. M. It surprised me extremely. I have answered you on the event of Paris,† that you may not ask me any more about what is to follow it—a matter which interests more persons than me. When that hap-

* Joseph had proposed that he should be employed.—Tr.

† If Napoleon refers to any of the letters now published, they must be the two of the 6th of February. But neither of these letters mentions the empress or the King of Rome. Perhaps he refers to *viva voce* instructions.

It is to be observed that he never mentions the capture of Paris in direct terms. Here he alludes to it as "l'evenement de Paris." In his first letter of the 6th he calls it "Dans des moments extraordinaires;" in the second "Dans tout evenement imprevu."—Tr.

pens I shall be no more, consequently it is not for myself that I speak. I told you that the movements of the empress and the King of Rome, and the rest of our family, must be governed by circumstances, and you have not understood me. Be sure that, if the event takes place, what I have prophesied will certainly follow; I am persuaded that she herself has the same expectation.*

"King Louis talks of peace. His advice is ill-timed; in fact, I can understand nothing in your letter. I thought that I had explained myself to you, but you never recollect anything, and you are of the opinion of the first comer and of the last speaker.

"I repeat, then, in two words, Paris will never be occupied while I am alive. I have a right to be believed if I am understood.

"I will admit, that if through unforeseen circumstances, I should march toward the Loire, I should not leave the empress and my son at a distance from me, because, whatever happened, they might both be carried off to Vienna; this would be still more likely to take place if I were not alive. I cannot make out how, with all these intrigues going on around you, you can bestow such imprudent praise upon the proposals of traitors, who are incapable of giving honorable advice: never employ them, even in the most favorable circumstances. Besides, no one is bound to do what is impossible. I can no longer pay any of my officers: I have nothing. ®

"I own that I am annoyed by your letter of the 7th, 11 P. M., because I see that there is no coherence in your ideas, and that you allow yourself to be influenced by the chattering and the opinions of a set of people who never reflect. Yes, I will talk to you

* This seems to be an allusion to something that passed in conversation.—Tr.

openly. If Talleyrand has anything to do with the project of leaving the empress in Paris in case of the approach of the enemy, it is treachery. I repeat, distrust that man. I have dealt with him for the last sixteen years; once I even liked him; but he is undoubtedly the greatest enemy to our house since it has been abandoned by fortune. Keep to my advice. I know more than all those people. If we are beaten and I am killed, you will hear of it before the rest of my family. Send the empress and the King of Rome to Rambouillet; order the senate, the conseil-d'état, and all the troops, to assemble on the Loire: leave in Paris a prefect, or an imperial commission, or some mayors.

"I have told you * that Madame † and the Queen of Westphalia ‡ may remain in Paris in Madame's house. If the viceroy has returned to Paris, he may also stay there; but on no account let the empress and the King of Rome fall into the hands of the enemy.

"Be certain that, from that moment, Austria, the band which connected her with France being broken, ¶ would carry her off to Vienna, and give her a large apanage; and, on pretense of securing the happiness of the empress, the French would be forced to do whatever England and Russia might dictate. Every [national] party would thus be destroyed, for * * * §; instead of which, in the other case, the national feelings of the numbers whose interest it would be to rebel, make it impossible to foresee the result. ||

* Apparently in conversation.—Tr.

† Napoleon's mother.—Tr.

‡ Jerome's wife.—Tr.

¶ The words of the text are. "l'Autriche étant désintéressée." I think that this is their meaning.—Tr.

§ Illegible.—Ed.

|| The loss of the first part of this sentence renders the second part obscure.—Tr.

"However, it may happen that I beat the enemy on his approach to Paris, and that none of these things may take place. It is also possible that I may make peace in a few days. But, at all events, it appears from your letter of the 7th, 11 P. M., that you have no means of defense. Your judgment in these matters is always at fault; your very principles are wrong. It is for the interest even of Paris that the empress and the King of Rome should not remain there, because its welfare depends on their safety; and since the world has existed, I have never heard of a sovereign allowing himself to be taken in any open town. This would be the first instance.

"The unfortunate King of Saxony has just reached France; he is beginning to lose his happy illusions.

"In difficult and critical circumstances a man does his duty, and leaves the rest to take its course. If I should happen to live, I ought to be, and I have no doubt that I shall be, obeyed; if I die, my son, as sovereign, and the empress as regent, must not, for the honor of the French, allow themselves to be taken; they must retreat to the last village.

"Remember what was said by the wife of Philip V. What, indeed, would be said of the empress? That she had abandoned our throne and that of her son. Nothing would better please the allies than to make an end of everything by carrying them off prisoners to Vienna. I am surprised that you do not see this. I see that fear has turned all your heads in Paris.

"The empress and the King of Rome, once at Vienna, or in the hands of our enemies, you and all others who attempted a defense would be rebels.

"As for me, I would rather they would kill my son than see him brought up at Vienna as an Austrian prince, and I think well enough of the empress to be-

lieve that she is of the same opinion, as far as that is possible to a woman and a mother.

"I have never seen Andromaque acted without pitying the fate of Astyanax in surviving the rest of his house, nor without thinking that it would have been a blessing for him if he had died before his father.

"You do not understand the French nation. It is impossible to foresee the ultimate result of such great events as these.

"As for Louis, I think that he ought to follow you."

The only letter written by the empress which appears up to this date possesses interest, as revealing the affectionate nature of the Austrian successor to the peerless Josephine.

MARIE LOUISE TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, February 8th, 1814.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—I received last night a letter from the emperor, dated the 6th. He tells me that he is well, and that circumstances, although they are difficult, have improved during the last week. He desires me not to be anxious; you know that this is impossible. If you have any details, it will be very kind in you to send them to me. You see, my dear brother, from my teasing you in this way, the confidence which I have in your friendship and patience. I entreat you to believe in the friendship of your affectionate sister."

The want of muskets was the fatal difficulty in the way of defending Paris. The Russian war had made an enormous waste of arms, and it had been impossible in so brief a period to supply the deficiency. Multi-

tudes, who asked for weapons, were denied. But for this the capital might have been secure.

The ex-King of Spain, in a further communication, alluded to a proposed order by the empress for public prayers and religious ceremonies, in a manner that discloses the unrest of the Catholic population, and also the magazine of feeling, which a spark might kindle into a conflagration.

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, February 8, 1814; midnight.

"SIRE—I have desired M. de la Bouillerie to make arrangements which will enable him, if I desire him to leave Paris with the treasure, to set off in six hours after receiving the order. He has, therefore, been obliged to load some fourgons, and to house them in the court of the Grand Ecuyer on the Carousal. This was effected in the night, and the officers on guard in the palace alone can have been aware of it. The director of the Museum came to-day to tell me that it ought to be shut up, and the things of most value sent out of Paris, unless I gave him orders to the contrary. As your majesty has given none to me, I could give none to him. If I should receive any from your majesty, I will communicate them without delay.

"It appears to me, sire, that the proposed solemnity at St. Geneviève will not have a good effect. The public is already so depressed, and so inclined to trust to accidents for its defense, that we ought not to increase its inactivity by telling it to hope for safety from religious intercession. I may add, that to the incredulous these prayers would be a mere ceremony, or an avowal of danger and of distrust in our own exertions. With respect to the good Catholics, your

majesty may rest assured that the government will obtain nothing from them till you are publicly reconciled to the vicar of Jesus Christ. No, sire, in France none are truly religious but those who acknowledge the Pope as their spiritual head. The rest are not Catholics, but unbelievers or Protestants. Therefore, till I see in the *Moniteur*, 'The Pope has returned to Rome: the emperor has ordered him to be properly escorted and received there,' I do not think that any religious ceremony would produce an impression on the Catholics in your majesty's favor. This, sire, is the truth. The empress is in better spirits to-day. I have passed the day in sustaining the hopes of people who have much less self-possession than belongs to her majesty."

Napoleon approved the suggestion, and the appeal to the religious element was abandoned.

Like the flames of a burning forest around a solitary clearing, the foes of France, with the fire of battle, girdled the interior of France, and swept onward toward Paris and the throne. The emperor desired peace, and gave Caulaincourt full powers "to keep the negotiations alive, and save the capital." On the 8th the Duke of Vicenza proposed a treaty on the basis of the ancient limits of France which were the frontier before 1789, and nearly its present boundary; while the "natural limits" were the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Rhine. Napoleon consented to sign these conditions, as a subsequent letter will disclose, if the allies would immediately cease hostilities. This they refused to do, and the conference closed. They declared that signing preliminaries would not close the war—the treaty must be definitely settled. Meanwhile, Joseph wrote earnestly in behalf of peace.

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, February 9th, 1814; 11 A.M.

"SIRE—I have received your letters of the 8 that 8 P.M. I have sent the one to the empress Josephine, and I am expecting an answer by Tascher. After the cabinet council I will see MM. de Feltre and d'Hauterive. The Minister of war has written to me a letter which I send on to your majesty; you will see that our muskets are reduced to six thousand. It is, therefore, useless to expect to form a reserve of from thirty to forty thousand men in Paris. Things are stronger than men, sire; and when this is clearly proved, it seems to me that true glory consists in preserving as much as possible of one's people and one's empire; and that to expose a precious life to such evident danger is not glorious, because it is against the interests of a great number of men whose existence is attached to your own. Your majesty may rest assured that I shall faithfully execute your commands, whatever they may be. No one here has anything, directly or indirectly, to do with what I am writing to your majesty in perfect openness, just as it occurs to me.

"I see so much depression, that I fear that it is useless to expect an army of reserve, or any extraordinary effort to be made in Paris: you must, therefore, submit with fortitude to necessity; whether you are permitted to make a great nation happy, or you are forced to yield, there being no choice left except between death and dishonor; and, at this juncture, I see no dishonor for your majesty, unless you abandon the throne, because in this case you would ruin a number of individuals who have devoted themselves to you. If it be possible, then, make peace at any price; if that is impossible, when the hour comes we must meet

death with resolution, as did the last Emperor of Constantinople.

"Should this occur, your majesty may be persuaded that I shall in every respect follow out your wishes, and that I shall do nothing unworthy either of you or of me."

The Silesian army, in four divisions, under Blucher, Sacken, D'York and Alsusief, was marching on Paris down the Marne, and also along another road across the marshy country by Vertus, Etoges and Montmirail. The allied grand army, commanded by Schwartzberg, whose headquarters were at Troyes, was moving toward the capital through the valley of the Seine. Napoleon, at Nogent, upon the latter river, was between the two armies, and on the 9th designed, by a flank movement to Sézanne, to attack Blucher, while separated from the other portion of the invading host. Unexpectedly at Baye he encountered a division of the enemy, and, after a fierce contest, defeated it, and reached Sézanne the same day. "The next day, the 10th, he beat Alsusief at Champ-Aubert; on the 11th he defeated Sacken at Montmirail; on the 12th he defeated York at Chateau-Thierry, and, finding that Blucher was advancing, he turned back to Montmirail, and on the 14th defeated him with great loss at Vauchamps, a village between Montmirail and Etoges, and drove him back through Etoges to Chalons.

"But Schwartzberg was profiting by Napoleon's absence to march on Paris by the Seine. He drove Victor out of Nogent, occupied Montereau, and penetrated beyond Nangis to Mormant, a village not more than twenty-five miles from Paris. Three marshals, Oudinot, Victor, and Macdonald, were opposed to him with a force of about forty-seven thousand men, but

they appear to have expected defeat, and earnestly implored Napoleon's presence. Napoleon left Montmirail on the 15th, a few hours after he had defeated Blucher, reached Meaux the same day, and on the 16th joined his marshals at Guignes, a small town at the intersection of the roads from Meaux to Melun, and from Paris to Nogent. On the 17th he drove the Russians, under Count Pahlen, from Mormant, and entered Nangis, and on the 18th he drove the Prince of Wirtemberg out of Montereau, and marched on Troyes, from whence the allied sovereigns and Schwartzberg fled in terror, and scarcely paused until they found themselves more than one hundred miles off at Langres. In nine days he gained seven victories, made nine marches in the depth of winter, most of them over cross-roads, such as the cross-roads of France then were, and drove away or frightened away two armies, each much larger than his own.

"It is not surprising that such wonderful success, immediately following two years of almost uninterrupted disaster, somewhat intoxicated him, and led him to believe that the chances were again in his favor, and even to imagine that the allies themselves had little hope of escaping with many of their troops from France."

The general feeling and the condition of affairs at the capital during these triumphs, are fully and forcibly portrayed in the words of the chief of the council of state :

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, February, 11, 1814; 7 A.M.

"SIRE—I did not receive your letter dated Sézanne, the 10th, 10 A.M., till to-day at seven. I have despatched a courier to inform Marshal Macdonald of your

majesty's arrival at Champ-Aubert, on the rear of the enemy's column, then at Montmirail.

"Nothing remarkable is going on here. The public mind continues in the same state. The wives and children of many of the principal public functionaries have left the capital. The rise in the funds which took place yesterday is attributed to a letter from the Duke of Vicenza, giving hopes of the negotiations terminating favorably. Every one is persuaded that our affairs can be reestablished in no other way; the state of the exchequer and the arsenals is known to all the world; and whatever prodigies may yet be expected from the experience and skill of your majesty, it is not thought possible that you can struggle alone against numbers and circumstances. The ministers have doubtless already informed your majesty that one of the Bourbons has joined Lord Wellington's army, and that another is in Holland. Many sick have arrived here. Money is wanting to pay the troops; they commit in consequence all sorts of irregularities, which exasperate the inhabitants to such a degree (I can speak chiefly of those of Versailles, Compiègne, and Senlis), that it is not uncommon to hear it said publicly, 'The enemy could not do worse.'

"I do not write these disagreeable truths to your majesty for the sake of persuading you to make peace—I know that you desire it more than any other person—but in order to console you, if you should be forced to submit to conditions to which France would not be reduced, if the strength of mind of all her people were in proportion to that of her sovereign. I entreat your majesty to believe that my language to the rest of the world is very different; but I am obliged to own that there is no salvation for us but in the speediest peace, on whatever conditions. I know no one who is of a

contrary opinion. Your majesty's most faithful servants are chiefly distinguished by their profound conviction that, with peace, your majesty will find in your own genius, and in the confidence of the nation, means to restore our affairs."

Again the negotiations for peace were opened, but Napoleon refused to sign an armistice on the former terms of treaty. His circumstances had greatly changed, and instead of a willingness to obtain a cessation of hostilities upon the humbling conditions of the "ancient limits," according to the earnest desire of his brother and other leading minds at Paris, he demanded a retreat from his dominions. The whole course of the unreserved utterance of the emperor's policy in his correspondence. The fact, which some historians warmly dispute, that he identified himself and his family with the glory of France, with an unrivaled ambition, appears from his own confession. It is equally evident that under the power of royal associations, and fearing the spreading influence of a *new man*, both in his system of government, and contempt of the "divine right" of kings, England with her allies was resolved, at every sacrifice of treasure and blood, to crush Napoleon, and restore the indolent, worthless Bourbons to the throne of France.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"NANGIS, February 18, 1814. (R)

"MY BROTHER—Prince Schwartzberg has at last shown signs of life. He has just sent a flag of truce to ask for a suspension of hostilities. It is hard to be dastardly to such a degree. He constantly, in the most insulting terms, rejected every species of suspen-

sion of arms or armistice; and after the capitulation of Dantzic and that of Dresden he refused even to receive my flags of truce, a barbarity of which there are few examples in history. On the first repulse these wretches are on their knees. Happily the Prince of Schwartzberg's aide-de-camp was not allowed to come within our posts. I received only his letter, which I shall answer at my leisure. I shall not grant any armistice till I have cleared my territory of them. From what I hear, the allies seem to have quite changed their minds. The Emperor of Russia, who, a few days ago, broke off the negotiations, because he wished to impose upon France worse conditions than those of our ancient limits, wishes now to renew them; and I hope that I may soon attain a peace founded on the terms of Frankfort, which are the lowest I could accept with honor.* Before I began my last operations, I offered to sign on the basis of the ancient limits, provided they would cease hostilities immediately. This proposal was made by the Duke of Vicenza on the 8th. They refused. They said that even the signature of preliminaries would not put a stop to hostilities; that the war should last till all the articles of peace were signed. They have been punished for this inconceivable answer, and yesterday, on the 17th, asked for an armistice!

“You may well imagine that on the eve of a battle † which I was resolved to win, or to perish, when, if I failed, my capital was taken, I would then have consented to anything rather than run so great a risk. I

* The terms offered by the allies from Frankfort were what the French have called the “natural limits” of France, namely, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine.

The term “ancient limits” signifies the frontier of France before 1789, and with slight modifications, her present frontier.—Tr.

† Napoleon uses the word battle to signify his whole connected operations against Blucher.—Tr.

owed this sacrifice of my pride to my family and to my people. But since they refused these terms; since the danger has been encountered; since everything has returned to the ordinary risks of war; since a defeat no longer exposes my capital; since all the chances are for me, the welfare of the empire and my own fame require me to make a real peace. If I had signed on the terms of the ancient limits, I should have rushed to arms in two years, and I should have told the nation that I had signed not a peace, but a capitulation. I could not say this in present circumstances, for, as fortune is again on my side, I can impose my own conditions. The enemy is in a very different position from that which he occupied when he made the Frankfort propositions; he must now feel almost certain that few of his troops will recross the frontier. His cavalry is worn out and low; his infantry is exhausted by marches and counter-marches; he has lost all heart. I hope, therefore, to make a peace such as will satisfy a reasonable man; and I wish for no more than the conditions of Frankfort. Whisper that the enemy finding himself embarrassed, has asked for an armistice, or a suspension of hostilities, which was absurd, as it would have deprived me of the fruit of my operations: add that this shows how thoroughly he is disheartened. Do not let this be printed, but let it be repeated in every quarter.”

Napoleon in vain looked for a more yielding spirit in the enemy. A second “expedition of the Marne” was the plan of the tireless, ubiquitous genius of the man who has no equal in the energies of body and mind, and the amazing versatility of his talent. On the 18th he met and conquered two divisions of the enemy near Montereau, and secured the bridge on the Seine. His

exposure of his person was never surpassed by the commonest soldier. The next day was spent in erecting bridges, and crossing an almost impassable defile ; in the midst of which he wrote : " The emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were at Bray. As soon as they heard that I had forced the bridge of Montereau, they ran away as fast as they could. Their whole army is terrified. The three sovereigns spent a few days at Pont, with Madame. They intend to reach Fontainebleau to-morrow, and in a very few days, Paris : they cannot understand what is taking place. To-day we have snow, and the weather is rather severe. I am sending an article for the *Moniteur* to the empress, but you may put into the *Moniteur*, as well as into the other newspapers, under the head of Provins, a notice of the precipitation with which the sovereigns quitted Bray. The Austrians protected my palace at Fontainebleau from the Cossacks. We have taken several convoys of baggage and some carriages going toward Bray. Several hundred Cossacks have been taken in the forest of Fontainebleau. My advanced guard will reach Bray to-morrow."

As indicated in this language, Napoleon resorted now to the system of terror. Oudinot and Macdonald were ordered to march against Schwartzberg, and the troops were to shout " Vive l'Empereur ! " when in the hearing of the hostile forces, to convey the impression that the mighty commander was himself advancing. From Montereau Napoleon marched to Nogent, thence by way of Chartres to Troyes, with no battles excepting a hot and profitless skirmish with Blucher at Mery, the result of unforeseen proximity. There was during the close of February a pause in the emperor's movements, for the twofold reason that peace was possible, and the preceding campaign, distinguished for inten-

sity of action, made repose desirable. Orleans became terrified at the approach of a small force, and he dictated a thrilling appeal to arm and meet the assault, which was to be read in the name of the empress. He directed placards of the enemy's atrocities to be scattered through Paris ; and nothing overlooked which might arouse the people to the final struggle. Joseph meanwhile was writing sad news of the popular unrest, the rise of Bourbon sympathy at Amiens, the crumbling administration ; and urging peace. In dwelling on these alarming facts, he adds, with subdued expressions of encouragement : " The people of Paris, hostile to the government a month ago, touched by your majesty's confidence in trusting your wife and your son to them, encouraged and astonished by your majesty's successes, are yet not in a state in which more than mere fidelity and obedience can be expected. They admire your genius, but they can be excited only by the hope of a speedy peace, and they are by no means inclined to oppose any effective resistance to a hostile army, or to send detachments of the national guard beyond the walls. This, sire, is the exact truth. Your majesty must not rely on an exertion greater than can fairly be expected from a population so disposed.

Augereau failed, at this crisis, with a strange and unaccountable disregard of orders, to attack the allies in flank, and march on to Geneva to cut off their communications ; which contributed largely to the ultimate disaster. At the moment Napoleon was expecting the marshal to meet Borghese at Chambry, he was exulting in the success of stratagem, which he thus announced in the despatch : " Terror reigns in the ranks of the enemy. A few days ago they thought that I had no army ; now their imagination sticks at nothing ; three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand men

are not enough for them. They fancied that I had none but recruits; they now say that I have collected all my veterans, and that my armies consist of picked men; that the French army is better than ever, etc. See what is the effect of terror. The Parisian newspapers must confirm their fears. Newspapers are not history, any more than bulletins are history: one should always persuade the enemy that one's forces are immense."

He also took advantage of the neglect of the allies to confirm the treaty with Murat of security to his throne, and through Joseph made a last effort to regain the loyalty and cooperation of the King of Naples.

From Troyes he advanced northward to fall upon Blucher, leaving Oudinot and Gerard to hold Schwartzberg in check.

Those generals were defeated soon after. The emperor, who expected to find the enemy before Soissons, learned on the 4th of March that the town had surrendered. An attack on the position failed, and on the 7th he gave Blucher battle at Craonne. With victory for the moment, he pursued the Prussian commander to the stronghold of Laon. Upon these heights, protected by terrace-walls, between which lay the fruitful vineyards, the foe were intrenched, and through the mist which covered the advancing columns of the French till midway on the slope, poured their terrible fire into the ranks of Napoleon. The storm of balls was irresistible, and retiring, the next day, March 11th, they retreated to Chavignon, leaving thirty cannon and ten thousand men. At Soissons he commenced strengthening his position to meet Blucher, when tidings that Rheims was taken by St. Priest, a French emigrant, with a Russian corps, reached his ear.

He immediately and rapidly marched thither, and took the town by assault at midnight. St. Priest was

killed by the same artilleryman that directed the gun which cut Moreau in pieces; and drew from Napoleon the remark, "It really seems like a stroke of Providence." While these things were transpiring on the field of conflict, Joseph was tortured with anxiety among the restless masses at home. He wrote in the following pleading tone to Napoleon:

"As for you, sire, who have been so repeatedly victorious, I am convinced that you possess all the qualities which might make the French forget, or rather might recall to them, the best features of the reigns of Louis XII., Henri IV., and Louis XIV., if you will make a lasting peace with Europe, and if, returning to your natural kindness, and renouncing your assumed character and your perpetual efforts, you will at last consent to relinquish the part of the wonderful man for that of the great sovereign.

"After having saved France from anarchy within, and from all Europe without, you will become the father of your people, and you will be adored as much as Louis XII., after having been admired more than Henri IV. and Louis XIV.; and in order thus to accumulate every species of glory, you have only to will your own happiness, as well as that of France.

* * * * *
 "The result of all that I hear from the ministers, from the chief officers of the national guards, from all the persons whom I know to be attached to the present order of government, is, that circumstances render peace imperative. There is not one individual in Paris who would not loudly ask for it if it were not for the fear of offending you; and, in truth, none but your enemies can endeavor to persuade you to refuse a peace with the ancient limits. The month of March is slip-

ping away, yet the fields are not sown. It is however superfluous to enter into further details. Your majesty must feel that there is no longer any remedy but peace, and an immediate peace. Every day that is lost is mischievous to our personal popularity. Individual distress is extreme; and on the day when it is believed that your majesty has preferred prolonging the war to making even a disadvantageous peace, there is no doubt that disgust will incline the public mind in another direction. If Toulouse or Bordeaux should set up a Bourbon, you will have civil war, and the immense population of Paris will support the side which promises to give them peace soonest.

"Such is the state of opinion; no one can change it. This being the case, the only way is to submit. If the peace be unfavorable, it will be no fault of yours, as all classes here insist upon it. I cannot be mistaken, as my view is that of all the world. We are on the eve of total destruction; our only hope is in peace."

Napoleon was four days at Rheims, from which he replied to the complaints of his brother in a manner wholly characteristic, and which needs no comment to prove the essential selfishness of his nature beneath all the grander displays of transcendent abilities.

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"RHEIMS, March 14, 1814.

"MY BROTHER—I have received your letter of the 12th of March. I am sorry that you repeated to the Duke of Conegliano what I had written to you. I do not like all this gossip. If it suited me to remove the Duke of Conegliano, all the idle talk of Paris would have no effect. The national guard of Paris is a part of the people of France, and, as long as I live, I will

be master everywhere in France. Your character is opposed to mine; you like to flatter people, and to yield to *their* wishes; I like them to try to please me, and to obey *my* wishes. I am as much a sovereign now as I was at Austerlitz. Do not permit any person to flatter the national guard, nor Regnaud, nor any one else, to set himself up as their tribune. I suppose, however, that they see that there is some difference between the time of La Fayette, when the people ruled, and the present time, when I rule.

"I have issued a decree for raising twelve battalions in Paris out of the *levée en masse*. On no pretext must the execution of this measure be delayed. I have written my wishes on this subject to the ministers of the Interior and of the Police. If the people find that, instead of doing what is for their good, one is trying to please them, it is quite natural that they should think that they have the upper hand, and that they should entertain but a mean opinion of those in authority over them."

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"RHEIMS, March 16, 1814.

"In accordance with the verbal instructions which I gave to you, and with the spirit of all my letters, you must not allow, happen what may, the empress and the King of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. The maneuvers which I am about to make may possibly prevent your hearing from me for several days. If the enemy should march on Paris with so strong a force as to render resistance impossible, send off towards the Loire the regent, my son, the great dignitaries, the ministers, the senators, the president of the Conseil d'Etat, the chief officers of the crown, and Baron de la Bouillerie, with the money which is in my

treasury. Never lose sight of my son, and remember, that I would rather know that he was in the Seine, than that he was in the hands of the enemies of France : the fate of Astyanax, prisoner to the Greeks, has always seemed to me to be the most lamentable in history."

Wellington, with the Spanish hero, Mina, had taken Bordeaux, invested Bayonne, and was sweeping victoriously onward to the interior of France. "And such a flood of soldiers as had not been seen since the Crusades, poured over France, and against one formidable man."

The once sublime solitary monarch in self-reliance and magical supremacy, was now like the surrounded and yet defiant lion, chafing against restraint, and doubtful in what direction to make the desperate attempt at escape. Should he press on after Blucher, Schwartzberg would hasten to Paris before he could return, if victorious. If he encountered the latter, Blucher would dash onward to the Tuilleries. He decided to do neither, but march into the rear of the grand army, and, by the terror of his name and skilful maneuvering, direct and paralyze their movements toward Paris. On the 20th he was at Arcis-sur-Aube, where Schwartzberg gave him battle, and was beaten back with desperate valor. He was two hundred miles from the capital, with both the generals of the allied forces between him and that city.

The 22d he reached Vitry, in the path of the enemy, and summoned the commandant to surrender in vain. The next day he was at St. Dizier, and subsequently had sharp skirmishes with the divisions left to watch his progress. Tidings reached him that the main columns of the allies were rapidly approaching Paris. He then pushed forward with a superhuman energy, and



The Allies on the Road to Paris.

reached Troyes on the 29th, having marched fifty miles in a single day. Early in the morning with the remnant of his guard he advanced a short distance, and then leaving them, he took a light carriage, and, accompanied by Caulaincourt and Berthier, passed through Sens at dead of night, ordering rations for one hundred and fifty thousand troops, who he affirmed were advancing, and arrived at La Cour de France, ten miles from Paris, March 31st.

“Now, if one of the marshals had been in command—if he had had to report that such had been the employment of the last army, and the last month, of the empire—what would have been the storm of reproach and invective with which he would have been assailed by Napoleon!

The ill-success of the first fortnight may be excused. In his desperate state Napoleon was forced to run great risks, and the defeat of Blucher would have been a glorious prize. But from the time that he marched eastward, to the rear of Schwartzenberg, he seems to have wandered without any definite plan, at least without any definite military plan. He relied on the terror of his name. He had so often repeated that “in war moral force is everything,” that he seems to have believed it to be literally true. He believed that all the armies that were advancing on Paris would turn back as soon as they found that he was in their rear, and would follow him till he could be succored by his garrisons on the Rhine. In this expectation he marched and countermarched, approached Vitry on the 22d, was in St. Dizier on the 23d, left it on the 24th, returned to it on the 26th, tried Vitry again on the 27th, and awoke from his dream on the 28th to find that, while he was in Lorraine, the allies were within a march of Paris.”

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In Paris terror and confusion reigned. "The terrified population of the country between Meaux and Paris came pouring into the capital," says an eye-witness, "with their aged, infirm, children, cats, dogs, live-stock, corn, hay, and household goods of every description. The boulevards were crowded with wagons, carts, and carriages thus laden, to which cattle were tied, and the whole surrounded with women."

The empress had fled, attended with seven hundred soldiers, leaving only the national guard in the city; and with a train of wagons laden with plate and money, reached Rambouillet. She there addressed a note to Joseph:

MARIA LOUISE TO JOSEPH.

"RAMBOUILLET, March 29; 5¼ P.M.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—I have this instant reached Rambouillet, very sad and very harassed. It would be very kind if you would let me know what is going on, and whether the enemy has advanced. I wait for your answer before I decide whether I ought to go farther or to remain here. If I ought to move I beg you to tell me what place you think would be best and safest for me. I earnestly wish that you could write to me to return to Paris; it is the thing of all others which would give me most pleasure. A thousand remembrances to the queen. Pray believe in the sincere friendship with which I am your most affectionate sister."

Marmont and Mortier made a fruitless, though brave resistance, up to the very walls of the capital. The 30th was a fearful day. From Montmartre, and other heights, the allies poured the cannonade into the streets. Officers were despatched with flags of truce to beg for a suspension of hostilities, but in the terrific

siege, they were shot down upon the intervening plain. At 5 o'clock P. M., the capitulation was signed. At La Cour de France, General Belliard came up with his exhausted, despairing cavalry. On the way to Fontainebleau, Napoleon learned that he was too late, and springing from his carriage inquired with agitation,

"What means this? Why here with your cavalry, Belliard? And where are the enemy? Where are my wife and my boy? Where Marmont? Where Mortier?" Belliard, walking by his side, told him the events of the day. He called out for his carriage—and insisted on continuing his journey. The general in vain informed him that there was no longer an army in Paris; that the regulars were all coming behind, and that neither they nor he himself, having left the city in consequence of a convention, could possibly return to it. The emperor still demanded his carriage, and bade Belliard turn with the cavalry and follow him. "Come," said he, "we must to Paris—nothing goes aright when I am away—they do nothing but blunder." With such exclamations Bonaparte hurried onward, dragging Belliard with him until they were met, a mile from La Cour de France, by the first of the retreating infantry. Their commander, General Curial, gave the same answers as Belliard. "In proceeding to Paris," said he, "you rush on death or captivity."

But soon, seeing the dreaded reality of overthrow, he resumed his calmness, sent Caulaincourt to Paris, to accept whatever terms might be offered, and hastened to the old castle of Fontainebleau. In the stillness of a secluded apartment, he laid down to repose; exchanging the dreams of greatness for the feverish thoughts of a fallen monarch, who had given away thrones and kingdoms, but was now an exile from his own palace.

CHAPTER IX.

Caulaincourt secures an interview with the Czar of Russia.—Scenes in the capital.—Correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph.—The abdication.—The royal debate upon the disposal of the fallen emperor.—Marmont's treachery.—The conditions of the allies.—Joseph urges peace.—Napoleon's anguish.—Attempts suicide.—Adieu to his army.—Josephine and Maria Louise.—Napoleon embarks for Elba.—The return of Louis XVIII.—His reign.—Napoleon at Elba.—His return to France.—The tidings reach Talleyrand on the eve of a ball.—Vain attempt to regain the empress and her son.—Letters.—The exile again on the throne.—The allies enter the field.—Napoleon leads the French army.—The plan of the campaign.—The battles of Ligny and Quatre-Bras.—Waterloo.—The charge of the Old Guard.—The victory of Wellington.—The flight of Napoleon.—He reaches the Elysée.—The meeting of the Chambers.—The debates.—The abdication.

THE same night in which the emperor was alone at Fontainebleau, Caulaincourt rode in the lurid light of the camp-fires around the capital, towards the headquarters of the allied kings. It was the first of April, when the dawn broke upon the tumultuous city. The Duke of Vicenza was repulsed, and an audience with Alexander, who retained some show of interest in Napoleon, seemed impossible, when unexpectedly meeting the Grand Duke Constantine, the czar's brother, with whom he was familiar at St. Petersburg, he was conveyed in disguise to the royal presence. With Alexander he passed several hours. He was awhile alone in the apartment of the palace of the Elysée, occupied by Napoleon for sleeping, where he found private papers, plans, and maps left by his sovereign, and committed them to the flames. During three hours the triumphal procession was moving through Paris; fifty thousand troops—cavalry and in-

fantry, all finely equipped, and surrounding the monarchs and princes in splendid array—marched along the Boulevards.

Strengthened by the influence of Talleyrand, and the tract of Chateaubriand, entitled "Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons," the royalists rallied at the entrance of the allies, and from the moving, mighty throng of excited people, were heard the shouts, "Vive l'Empereur Alexander!" "Vive le Roi de Prusse!" "Vive le Roi!" "Vive Louis XVIII.!" "Vivent les Bourbons!" The white cockades of the Bourbons, were scattered through the multitude, while silent groups on every hand, declared the grief of the many hearts still devoted to the fallen idol of France.

As night came down, the scene was grotesque and wild in the extreme. Every tongue, and people, and costume were mingled in the uncertain light, while in the Elysian Fields, the Cossacks held their savage jubilee around their bivouac fires. It was midnight when Caulaincourt returned to Fontainebleau, and informed Napoleon that the only promise of peace, was in the surrender of his crown in favor of his son—in a word nothing short of abdication would be accepted by the monarchs who had battled for the restoration of the dethroned dynasty swept away on the volcanic tide of revolution.

The two brothers, who continued their friendship in these calamitous times, exchanged messages, which present them in an unenviable, less imposing aspect than when viewed in the turmoil of public events:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

Fontainebleau, April 2, 1814.

"I desired the grand marshal to write to you on the necessity of not crowding into Blois. Let the

King of Westphalia go to Brittany or toward Bourges. I think that Madame had better join her daughters at Nice, and Queen Julie and your children proceed to Marseilles. The Princess of Neufchâtel and the marshals' wives should go and live on their estates. It is natural that King Louis, who has always liked hot climates, should go to Montpellier. As few persons as possible should be on the Loire, and let every one settle himself quietly, without attracting attention. A large colony always excites a sensation in the neighborhood. The Province road is now open—it may not remain so for one day. Among the other ministers you do not mention the minister of police. Has he reached you? I do not know whether the minister of war has his cipher. I have none with you, and as this is the case I cannot write to you on important subjects.

“Advise everybody to observe the strictest economy.”

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

“BLOIS, April 3, 1814.

“SIRE—I have received your letter of the 2d. Mamma and Louis are ready to fulfil your wishes. Mamma is in want of money; six months of her pension is due. Neither has Jerome any money. My wife has no longer any friends at Marseilles. What occasions our train to appear so large is the number of empty carriages belonging to the court. I have received no letter from the grand marshal on this subject or on any other. The minister of police has returned hither from Tours. The council to-day were unanimous in its opinions and wishes. We are waiting for your majesty's decision as to the place of residence. May the fears which have been excited by the Duke of Vicenza's report never be realized! The

minister of war has no cipher with your majesty, nor have I. The ministers of the treasury and of finance know no longer how to discharge their duties. M. de la Bouillerie asks for orders to ensure the safety of his convoy. One of his fourgons, containing two millions, has reached Orleans; it was left in Paris when the empress went away. Might not Jerome be sent to command the army at Lyons?”

Talleyrand joined with all his heart the cause of Louis XVIII., and was placed at the head of the provisional government. Nesselrode, the czar's minister, was decidedly in favor of a regency, securing the crown to the young King of Rome. The Senate followed the treacherous Talleyrand, and passed a decree deposing Napoleon. The emperor reviewed his troops on the 3d of April, amid the shouts, “To Paris—to Paris!” A council of officers, civil and military, dispelled the last illusion from his mind. They declared that any further struggle was fruitless—all was lost. With words of mournful rebuke, he retired to his room, and, after hours of agonizing deliberation, he summoned Caulaincourt, and handed him the following abdication, saying, with the air of a conqueror chained, but not submitting, “Depart, Caulaincourt; depart immediately.”

“The allied forces having proclaimed that the emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the reestablishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the empress, and from the maintenance of

the laws of the empire. Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814.

“NAPOLEON.”

In the hotel of Talleyrand the abdication was discussed, and Alexander expressed his astonishment that there were no conditions in behalf of Napoleon personally, and added, “But I have been his friend, and I will willingly be his advocate. I propose that he should retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island.” The counsel of the czar prevailed against the wishes of the Bourbons, who desired a more secure and remote prison for the illustrious successor of the murdered Louis.

Marmont had forsaken the fortunes of Napoleon—the final blow of unpitying misfortune upon his crownless brow. The marshal concealed the plot from his men until the morning of the 5th, when they commenced their march toward Paris; “and for the first time suspected the secret views of their chief, when they found themselves in the midst of the allied lines, and watched on all sides by overwhelming numbers in the neighborhood of Versailles. A violent commotion ensued; some blood was shed; but the necessity of submission was so obvious, that ere long they resumed the appearance of order, and were cantoned in quiet in the midst of the allies.

“This piece of intelligence was followed by more of like complexion. Officers of all ranks began to abandon the camp at Fontainebleau, and present themselves to swear allegiance to the new government. Talleyrand said wittily, when some one called Marmont a traitor, ‘His watch only went a little faster than the others.’”

The allies sent their acceptance of nothing less than an unconditional abdication, with these concessions :

1st. The imperial title to be preserved by Napoleon, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards, and a navy suitable to the extent of that island, and a pension, from France, of six millions of francs annually. 2d. The duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla to be granted in sovereignty to Maria Louisa and her heirs; and 3d. Two millions and a half of francs annually to be paid by the French government, in pensions to Josephine and the other members of the Bonaparte family. Napoleon was still undecided whether to yield all, when he received the subjoined and suggestive letter :

JOSEPH TO NAPOLEON.

“ORLEANS, April 10, 1814.

“SIRE—I wrote to you yesterday that we should be here to-day, and here we actually are. General Schuwaloff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, accompanied the empress. He came to Blois yesterday with M. de Saint-Aignan, who said nothing on the subject of his mission. If what is reported should prove true, and the Bourbons should be called to the throne, I am most anxious not to be obliged to ask anything from them. I could not possibly live in France, nor could I take my wife and children to the island of Elba. If sad necessity should force your majesty thither, I will go to visit you, and to prove to you my attachment; but it will not be until I have placed my wife and children in safety on the continent.

“All that takes place, sire, justifies my old and fatal predictions. You must take a decided course, and put an end to this cruel agony. Why not appeal to Austria if necessary? Your son is the grandson of Francis. Why not speak the truth openly to France, and at length proclaim peace, abolish the conscription

and the *droits réunis*, issue a general amnesty, and adopt a real constitutional monarchy? France wishes for peace and a liberal monarchy, but she does not wish for Bourbons. She prefers them to perpetual war, but she receives them only as a punishment, to which she resigns herself because she is beaten.

“M. Foy has just returned from Italy; the army there is in excellent order; the viceroy is quietly at Mantua; the King of Naples prays for your success, if you desire universal peace and the independence of Italy. A single effort might perhaps extricate France from the abyss into which she is falling. An immediate decision with regard both to military affairs and to politics may perhaps repair all in favor of your son; be bold enough to try it. Save the state from imminent danger by getting rid of princes who will revive old hatreds, and inflict a fresh injury upon the country by internal disturbances, brought on by the pride of the old nobility and the vanity of the new, and the character of the people raised by the revolution to a level at which we may lament that it was not left.

“The Cossacks have appeared on the road from Beaugency to Orleans, and robbed some of the carriages belonging to the convoy.”

The next day, when the allies were threatening Fontainebleau, Napoleon gave his signature to the dreaded instrument; renouncing for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and of Italy. His anguish at the moment is described as intense beyond expression. But why such agony, if in the conscientious devotion of his energies to the disinterested work of elevating the people, with no care for personal glory, he had been overwhelmed, and his mission prematurely closed?

He grieved for France, but a heart of vast ambition was writhing under the deeper wounds to his pride, and the dark eclipse of his radiant star of destiny.

That he attempted suicide in his despair, is a charge that cannot be intelligently denied. To evade this unpleasant fact, a late historian omits the part of Caulaincourt's testimony which proves it. In regard to Napoleon's alarming illness at this time, Caulaincourt adds in his narrative: “He refused all assistance poor Constance strove to give him. Ivan* was called. When the emperor saw him, he said: ‘Ivan, the dose was not strong enough.’ *Then it was they acquired the sad certainty that he had taken poison.*”

April 20th, he summoned his officers about him, to give his sad farewell. He thus addressed them: “For you, gentlemen, I am no longer to be with you;—you have another government; and it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me.”

He then called before him the relics of the Old Guard. He surveyed them as they were drawn up in the courtyard of the castle, with tears. Dismounting, he advanced toward them, and said, with strong emotion: “All Europe has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen another dynasty. I might, with my soldiers, have maintained a civil war for years—but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate: I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Bring hither the

* The physician.

eagle. Beloved eagle! may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children—farewell, my brave companions—surround me once more—farewell!”

This adieu touched every heart, and amid the silent but profound grief of these brave men, submitting like himself to the irresistible force of events, Napoleon placed himself in his carriage, and drove rapidly from Fontainebleau.

Of all that lamented the fall of this extraordinary man, there was perhaps no one who shed bitterer tears than the neglected wife of his youth. Josephine had fled from Paris on the approach of the allies; but being assured of the friendly protection of Alexander, returned to Malmaison ere Napoleon quitted Fontainebleau. The czar visited her frequently, and endeavored to soothe her affliction. But the ruin of “her Achilles,” “her Cid” (as she now once more, in the day of misery, called Napoleon), had entered deep into her heart. She sickened and died before the allies left France.

Maria Louisa, meanwhile, and her son, were taken under the personal protection of the Emperor of Austria, and had begun their journey to Vienna some time ere Bonaparte reached Elba.

Four commissioners, one from each of the great allied powers, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, accompanied Bonaparte on his journey. He was attended by Bertrand, grand master of the palace, and some other attached friends and servants; and while fourteen carriages were conveying him and his immediate suite toward Elba, seven hundred infantry and about one hundred and fifty cavalry of the imperial guard, all picked men, and all volunteers, marched in the same direction, to take on them the military duties of the exiled court.

The journey of seven hundred miles to Frejus, the port of embarkation, was performed in seven days, amid demonstrations of affection from the people.

On the evening of the 28th, on board the British frigate the *Undaunted*, he was bound for Elba; and May 3d, at sunset, the island rose from the haze of the distant horizon upon his view. Distributing a purse to the crew, he landed under a salute from the battery, at Porto Ferrajo, the chief town of his sea-girdled land of exile. With a circumference of sixty miles, mountainous, rocky, and much of it barren, Elba lies solitary on the bosom of the Mediterranean, two hundred miles from France. Napoleon immediately explored every valley and ravine, and with his restless energies planned manifold improvements. He often reviewed the few hundred veteran soldiers who attended him to the island, and frequented his farm a few miles from Ferrajo. Thousands from Europe visited Elba, attracted thither by the presence of the illustrious captain.

Louis XVIII., the brother of the slain monarch, an aged gouty man, from his exile in England, went to the throne of France, by a decree of the Senate. The policy of Napoleon was formally continued in the conditions of his restoration; but soon the ancient order of things was apparent, and the cherished principle of the *divine right of kings*, was declared in all his acts. Whatever the privileges secured, they were his *sovereign* gift, and not the inalienable right of the people. He blotted out in the date of his royal edicts, the recognition of any legitimate authority from the dawn of the revolution to the abdication. The allies in their triumph released unconditionally the prisoners of war, giving to France one hundred and fifty thousand veteran troops, with the memory of former victories,

and answering to the story of disaster they heard on every hand, "These things would never have happened had we been here." The corpulent old king made a most unfortunate contrast to himself, with the manly, energetic, fascinating Napoleon. And during the summer of 1814, the murmurs of discontent rose round the Bourbon throne, and reached the mightier prince, even in exile.

The mother of the emperor, and his sister Pauline joined him, and cheered his captivity. Between him and Sir Neil Campbell, the English commissioner, from a pleasant intercourse at first, there arose a cold and formal distance—his government refusing to acknowledge the imperial title, while his office became essentially that of reporter to his cabinet at home. Napoleon hated both.

In February, 1815, Baron Chaboulon, once a member of Napoleon's Council of State, visited Elba, in disguise, to confer with him respecting affairs in the realm. After long conversations, the Baron assured him that France was ripe for revolution, and would receive him back with exultation. The 27th came, and with it the hasty preconcerted embarkation of the emperor, with his thousand followers, in the brig *Inconstant* and three small merchant vessels.

It is a significant circumstance, that the *Undaunted*, an English ship, bore him to Elba, and the *Inconstant* restored him to the transient smiles of fortune.

Upon the last day of February, the *Zephyr*, a French brig of war, was seen sailing directly for the *Inconstant*. The captain inquired after the emperor's health. Napoleon, taking the trumpet from the officer's hand, shouted back, "He is marvelously well." Other vessels passing in sight awakened momentary fears; but March 1st he landed at Cannes, where he first reached

the coast of France from the campaign in Egypt, and at which he embarked for Elba, ten months before.

"Wherever he passed he was greeted with acclamations. He went on triumphantly from point to point—his army augmenting at every step till he reached Grenoble, which threw open its gates; and reviewing seven thousand men, he pressed on toward Lyons, which held at that moment a powerful force under Marshal Macdonald, and Monsieur, the heir of the empire.

"Meantime, the Congress of Vienna that had been so long in session they had begun to fight over the division of the spoils of conquered nations, were astounded by the news that Napoleon had landed in France and was marching on Paris!

"The emperor resumed at Lyons the administration of his empire, having already by his eloquent proclamations electrified France. To the soldiers he said—'Take again the eagles you followed at Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, and Montmirail. Come range yourselves under the banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at every charging step. The eagle with the national colors, shall fly from steeple to steeple—on to the towers of Nôtre Dame! In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow-citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your noble deeds. You shall then say with pride—'I also was one of that great army which twice entered the walls of Vienna, took Rome, Berlin, Madrid and Moscow—and which delivered Paris from the stain of domestic treason and the occupation of strangers.'"

"And thus from village to village and city to city, the swelling tide rolled on toward Paris. On the night of the 19th the emperor once more slept at his palace of Fontainebleau. The next evening he made his

public entry into his capital, and amid the shouts of hundreds of thousands the conqueror of kingdoms entered the Tuilleries, and was borne in triumph on the shoulders of the Parisians to the magnificent *salon*, now crowded by the beauty and chivalry of Paris, and from which Louis XVIII. had but a few hours before fled. Acclamations wilder than had ever proclaimed his greatest victories, rang through Paris, and all night the cannon of Austerlitz and Marengo sent their reverberations over the illuminated city.

“Europe—astounded by the intelligence wherever it spread—was now marshaled for the last struggle against Napoleon. The great powers signed a final treaty, in which they proclaimed Bonaparte *an outlaw*, and pledged their faith to exterminate him from the face of the earth. Once more every nation on the continent rang with the clangor of warlike preparation, and before sixty days had passed, a million of armed men were marching to the scene of the final struggle.

“Before the close of May, Napoleon had upwards of three hundred thousand soldiers ready for battle, besides an imperial guard of nearly forty thousand chosen veterans; while the last scion of the Bourbon race had been driven from the soil, and the tri-color, which had waved in triumph over so many subject nations, was now unfurled again from the Rhine to the Pyrenees—and from the British Channel to the shores of the Mediterranean.”

The force and fascination of Napoleon's mind, and his thorough knowledge of all the avenues to the soldier's heart, were never more sublimely illustrated than in this bloodless march of seven hundred miles over a country from which he had been driven an exile, amid the acclamations of the army and the people.

The tidings of the astounding event went before the triumphal cavalcade.

Talleyrand was making his toilet, preparatory to a magnificent ball given by his niece the Princess of Courland, when she brought a note from Metternich. He bade her open and read it. Trembling, she exclaimed, “Heavens! Bonaparte has left Elba! What is to become of my ball this evening?” Talleyrand assured her coolly it should take place; but the consternation which followed the announcement in the royal saloon at Vienna, could not be concealed.

The Duchess of Angouleme, whose husband had been surrounded by General Gill, and capitulated, was at Bordeaux; a city with one hundred thousand inhabitants and an army of ten thousand men. She was the daughter of Louis XVI., and a brave and energetic woman. She appealed with tears to the troops in this hour of peril, but gained only a faint response, and was compelled to fly. Napoleon said of her caustically, “She is the only man of her race.”

The tri-color rose on tower and bulwark, till in a few weeks, it waved again over the hills and valleys of France.

Around Napoleon were the allied powers of Europe. In vain he endeavored to open a negotiation with them, presenting as reasons for his return and invasion, the detention of Maria Louisa and his son by Austria, the non-payment of his pension, and the voice of the nation, inviting him to take again the scepter. His foes were inflexible in their purpose, and could bring no less than a million of troops against a force which could not reach half that number.

An attempt to secure the restoration of the empress and her son to the Tuilleries failed, leaving the only

hope of a successful issue to the gathering storm, which would reunite the imperial family.

Murat, King of Naples, upon hearing of Napoleon's return, determined, in perfect harmony with the impetuous daring of his nature, to anticipate the emperor, and fall with fifty thousand Neapolitans upon the allies. Talleyrand had with bitter enmity affirmed that Murat was secretly hostile to the allies, while Wellington thought him true to their interest. This impulsive and fatal onset decided his position, and sealed his doom. He met the Austrians at Occtriobello, and saw his army cut in pieces around him. He sought death beneath the leaden hail, but survived to escape in a fishing vessel, and landed near Toulon. He was seized, tried, and shot. Thus died a man of lofty spirit—vain-glorious—impulsive—and fearless; a shining mark of gallant and splendid command in battle, whose presence at Waterloo Napoleon said might have changed the fortune of the world. Louis XVIII. had retired to Ghent, in Holland, an ancient, deserted city, to wait for the close of this new act in the drama of European and Napoleonic revolution and bloodshed.

A note, written meanwhile to Joseph, reveals a part of the plot in assuming the reins of authority, by which the bold enterprise was to be effected :

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

“PARIS, May 2, 1815.

“MY BROTHER—It is necessary to organize the Spaniards who are in France. A junta must be created composed of five members from the most active and enterprising. They will reside here, and correspond with the minister of foreign affairs. The existence of this junta must be kept secret. It must have agents

on the principal points of our frontier on the Pyrenees. The agents must be known to our civil and military officers, and their correspondence with the junta be post free. The business of the junta will be to edit in Paris a Spanish newspaper, to appear every two days, to be circulated by these agents through every channel, and in every part of Spain. The objects of the newspaper will be to enlighten the Spaniards, to make known to them our constitution, and to induce them to rebel and to desert. A further duty of the junta will be to raise guerillas, and to introduce them into Spain. The president of the junta will be accredited to the minister of foreign affairs. All the pecuniary assistance afforded to the Spaniards, at the rate of 120,000 francs a month, will be distributed by the junta.”

To conciliate the opposing parties, especially the extremes of republicanism and royalty, and muster his legions for conflict, was a work no mind but Napoleon's would have attempted. He enlarged the liberty of the press, and prepared “An act additional to the constitutions of the empire,” the latter of which was submitted to Joseph and other influential leaders of the discordant masses. The additional decrees provided in form for the arrangement of a free representative constitution; hereditary monarchy; an hereditary peerage; a house of representatives, chosen by the people, at least once within every five years; yearly taxes, levied only by the whole legislature; responsible ministers; irremovable judges; and in all criminal cases whatever, the trial by jury.

This amendment, which secured, it cannot be denied, the rights of the people to a degree greatly exceeding the best monarchies of Europe, was accepted by the electoral colleges, and Napoleon designated the 1st of

June for a grand assemblage on the field of Mars, to approve his resumption of sovereignty, and give imposing effect to the new order of things. The vast area of that renowned plain was thronged with the millions of soldiery and citizens. The emperor appeared on the elevated platform in robes of royalty, and stood by the altar at which the Archbishop of Rouen performed religious rites. Amid thunders of applause he received the oath of fidelity from the army, distributed the eagles, and then retired to contemplate in silence, as the roar of artillery died away, the doubtful struggle into which his faithful battalions must enter. The plan of the campaign was to cross the frontier, and fall upon the enemy unexpectedly, and beat back the overwhelming tide. Paris was fortified, and all the outposts strengthened. Upon the 12th day of June, with the dawning light, Napoleon left the Tuileries to join his army.

“It was a fearful crisis. With a fortitude and heroism, which commands the admiration of the world, did Napoleon meet it. He was, as it were, alone. Josephine was dead. Maria Louisa and his idolized son were prisoners in the saloons of the allies. Eugene was dethroned, and entangled in the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Murat was wandering a fugitive, in hourly peril of being shot.* Lannes, Bessieres, Duroc, were dead. Berthier, ashamed to meet his old master, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons. Marmot was a traitor at Ghent. Oudinot and Macdonald, honorable men, still regarded as sacred their oath of fidelity to the Bourbons. Ney, having through the dictates of his heart, violated his oath, disheartened by the sense of dishonor, had lost his power.” The emperor hoped to meet the forces of Wellington

* Afterward executed.

and Blucher before other divisions of the magnificent host surrounding him could unite their strength. Upon the 13th Napoleon was at Avesnes, one hundred and fifty miles from the capital, where were gathered all his available troops, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five thousand men. He reviewed them on the 14th, reminded them that it was the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, and said, “Are they and we no longer the same men? The madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people is beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches, battles, and dangers before us. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or to perish!” Such was his oration; and never was army more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its chief.

“Blucher’s army numbered at this time about one hundred thousand men, and extending along the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet, and Liege. They communicated on the right with the left of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Wellington, whose headquarters were at Brussels. This army was not composed, like Blucher’s or Napoleon’s, of troops of the same nation. The duke had under his command seventy-six thousand men. His first division occupied Enghein, Brain-le-Compte, and Nivelles, communicating with the Prussian right at Charleroi. The second division (Lord Hill’s) was cantoned at Halle, Oudenard, and Gramont—where was the most of the cavalry. The reserve (Sir Thomas Picton’s) were at Brussels and Ghent. The English and Prussian commanders had thus arranged their troops, with the view of being able to support each other, wherever the French might hazard their assault.

It could not be doubted that Napoleon's mark was Brussels; but by which of the three great routes of Namur, of Charleroi, or of Mons, he designed to force his passage, could not be ascertained beforehand. Fouché, indeed, doubly and trebly dyed in treason, had, when accepting office under Napoleon, continued to maintain his correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and promised to furnish the allies with the outline of the emperor's plan of the campaign ere it began. But the minister of police took care that this document should not arrive until the campaign was decided.

"On the morning of the 15th, the French drove in all the outposts on the west bank of the Sambre, and at length assaulted Charleroi, thus revealing the purpose of the emperor—to crush Blucher ere he could concentrate all his own strength, far less be supported by the advance of Wellington. Ziethen, however, held out, though with severe loss, at Charleroi so long, that the alarm spread along the whole Prussian line; and then fell back in good order on a position between Ligny and Amand; where Blucher now waited Napoleon's attack, at the head of the whole of his army, except the division of Bulow, which had not yet come up from Liege. The scheme of beating the Prussian divisions in detail had therefore failed; but the second part of the plan, namely, that of separating them wholly from Wellington, might still succeed. And with this view, while Blucher was concentrating his force about Ligny, the French held on the main road to Brussels from Charleroi, and, beating in some Nassau troops at Frasnes, followed them as far as *Quatre-Bras*; and finally took possession of that farmhouse, so called because it is there that the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, cross each other.

Blucher had prepared to meet Napoleon, through the

treachery of General Bourmont, who deserted on the eve of battle, and carried the intelligence of his advance and intended surprise. But for this desertion, the issue of the struggle might have been greatly changed.

Intelligence of the emperor's movements reached Wellington at six o'clock in the evening. The rumor did not prevent a brilliant ball which had been arranged by the Duchess of Richmond for the principal officers of the army.

The clouds were rolling away from Napoleon's star, while the thunder of his cannon broke upon the festive mirth of the gay assemblage. At dead of night the bugle sounded, and the drum's stirring beat was heard in the streets of Brussels.

Upon the 16th, the emperor marched toward Ligny, which the Prince of Orange had retaken with the Nivelles road, reopening the communication of Blucher with Brussels. Unexpectedly he encountered that general leading eighty thousand men, with a division of sixty thousand. The day wore away amid terrible battle-scenes, and night hung a curtain of darkness over the horrors of the calmer field when the roar of combat had ceased.

Napoleon was victorious, and had Ney, according to orders, come up to intercept the retreat of the Prussian troops, the rout might have been complete. The brave Ney upon reaching *Quatre-Bras* the evening of the 15th, heard nothing of the foe at this point, and anticipated its occupation in the morning without serious opposition. His weary soldiers lay down beneath the wings of a tempest upon the drenched ground, to snatch a brief repose. Meanwhile Wellington was at *Quatre-Bras*, and to the dismay of Marshal Ney, prepared with a formidable array of disciplined troops, to dispute his

further progress. A sanguinary encounter failed to open a passage for the heroic marshal. Wellington, hearing of Blucher's defeat, fell back to the more advantageous field of Waterloo, to join the Prussian army.

Napoleon, in his bulletins, announced two splendid victories at Quatre-Bras and Ligny, costing the allies twenty-five thousand men, and the French nearly twenty thousand. These results awoke the enthusiasm of the nation to its former ardor, and again invested Napoleon's name with the terror which lost its power when the *Undaunted* turned her prow toward Elba.

Leaving Grouchy on the track of the Prussian division of the allied army, the emperor hastened to Quatre-Bras to unite with Ney and advance upon Wellington, if possible to secure a battle before the arrival of Blucher who was within a few miles of the duke with seventy thousand troops. Toward night of the 17th, Napoleon came in sight of Waterloo. Expressing an intense desire for a few hours more of day, he went forth in the storm to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. He sent orders to Grouchy to continue his pursuit of the Prussians, and be prepared to aid him in any emergency which might arise.

Napoleon and Wellington had each about seventy thousand men. The English forces extended their lines more than a mile, and were nearly that distance from the town of Waterloo, on a gentle slope, separated from the broad plain by a beautiful declivity. In front were the most reliable troops, then those who had already severely suffered in the previous battle, and behind both were posted the horse. The waiting foe lay in a convex form, bending at each extreme toward the forest of Soignies. It was a wide and open field—a fit arena for the grand and terrible strife at hand, and

affording the most favorable ground for retreat, and renewed defense to the duke in case of defeat.

“Finally the day of Napoleon's last battle broke in clouds and wind, after a night of tempest. It was Sunday—a day which, since the time of the Saviour, Christian nations have devoted to mercy, adoration, and repose. But the Sabbath of the 18th of June, 1815, witnessed the struggle of one hundred and fifty thousand men grappling with each other in the terrible work of destruction, and whoever may have rejoiced in the result, the carnage of that day filled Europe with mourning. At eleven o'clock Napoleon's bugles gave the signal; Jerome advanced with a column of six thousand men, and the battle of Waterloo began. Under the cover of heavy batteries, whose balls flew on their errand of death over the heads of his troops, the King of Westphalia charged the right wing of Wellington, which rested on the Chateau of Hougomont. Slowly the engagement extended, from point to point, and division closed with division, till the tide of battle had swept over the plain—two miles from wing to wing—and one hundred and fifty thousand men had closed in the terrific struggle. The battle had now lasted from eleven till four, and ten thousand men had fallen every hour. Broken, bleeding, and exhausted battalions had charged, and closed, and recoiled, and so equal had been the conflict that victory seemed about to fold its wings over a mutual slaughter.”

Wellington's columns began to waver, and Napoleon felt the joy of anticipated triumph, when thirty thousand troops, under Bulow, deployed into the field. This advance guard of the Prussian army poured their tempest of death upon the columns of the French. Napoleon sent ten thousand men to beat back the fiery wave of destruction; charging impetuously, they

succeeded, and hope again brightened over the emperor, whose restless eye was often turned with intense anxiety toward the slopes across which Grouchy would wheel his columns into the plain. The marshal heard the awful cannonade, but still refused to deviate from his original orders, and couriers had failed to reach him from Waterloo. Still the emperor's ranks swept down upon the enemy with desolating effect. Wellington was also impatiently looking for help, and as he saw the falling lines, and the drops of bitter emotion gathered upon his brow, he exclaimed, despairingly, "Would to heaven that Blucher or night would come!" The French cuirassiers charged the right of the British, and were permitted to advance within ten yards when a deadly fire drove them back. Again and again they rallied, rode between the squares, and were cut down by the cross fire, till the splendid body of cavaliers was slain. Then the blaze of artillery gleamed the whole length of the French line, and the enemy were ordered to lie on the ground, to escape the iron hail that filled the air.

At this crisis, Blucher emerged from the woods, and uniting with Bulow, led sixty thousand troops to the standard of Wellington. Napoleon discovered in a moment the peril—the day must be won or lost by a desperate, decisive blow. The Old Guard, the glory of all his armies, had been kept in reserve.

Forming them into two columns, and putting them under the command of the dauntless Ney, he pointed to the terrific forest into which they must move like a falling bolt from the clouds. A throne, and the future of empires, hung on the issue of the hour. As the Imperial Guard marched forward in silence, Napoleon said, "Heroes of all my victories, I confide to you my empire." They answered with a single shout, "Vive

l'Empereur!" and without a note of martial music, they went with resolute step toward the glittering steel, and yawning mouths of war's wasting engines, over which stood the manliest forms of England and her allies. Ney had never been conquered, and the desertion of his sovereign, moved him to the onset with burning ardor. Napoleon from the elevation watched the meeting of the fearless band with the waiting legions.

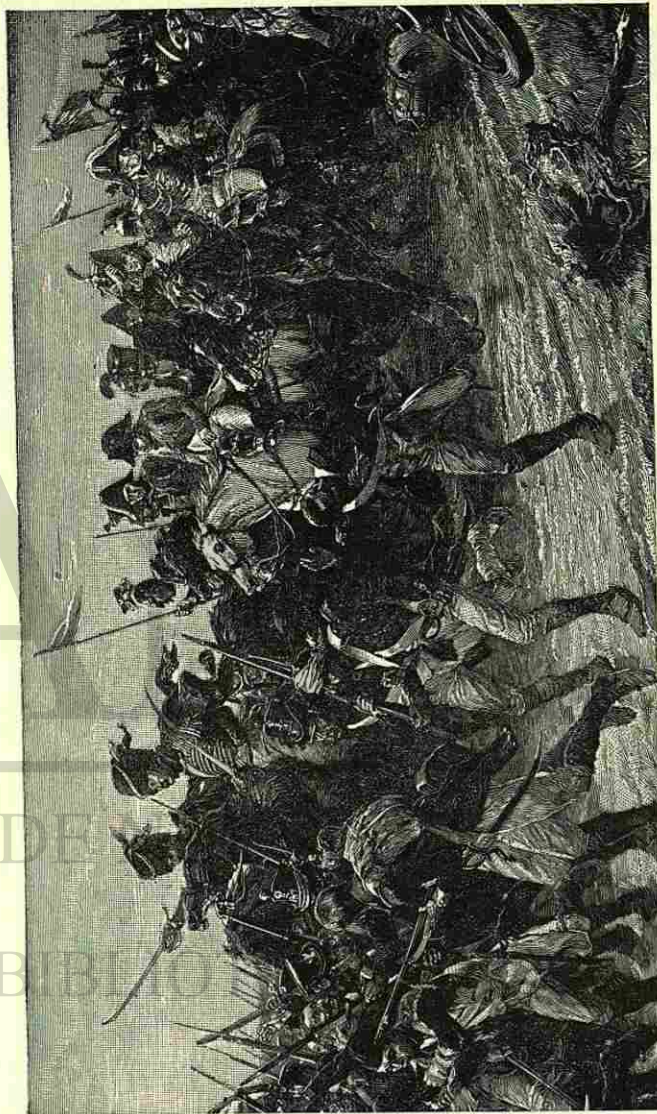
The plain was crossed, and the Old Guard made a charge to which no battle-plain had trembled before. In flame and smoke they disappeared, and neither they nor Napoleon knew where they were. The shock was felt along the columns of the Iron Duke, and made a momentary pause, only to pour a more consuming fire upon the devoted band. Napoleon saw through his glass the slaughter of that last defense of his throne, and with a paleness on his face, and anguish in his heart, threw himself into a square, resolved to perish with his dying heroes. Cambronne, the commander of the troops around the emperor, entreated him to save his life. He yielded, and, turning away from the exultant enemy, rode toward Paris. The remnant of the brave men, who gazed after Napoleon, was soon surrounded by the victors, and a flag of truce sent to spare the needless carnage. Cambronne replied in the memorable words of heroism, "*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*" The sound of his voice died away in the fresh volley of balls, and soon the Old Guard was no more. Night came down, and the good angels watched with grief over forty thousand bleeding bodies of the slain, while the silence of their vigil was broken by the groans of many hundreds wounded and writhing in a bed of gore. Wellington had lost one hundred officers and fif-

teen thousand men ; while of the seventy-five thousand Napoleon led to battle, no more than thirty thousand ever bore arms again. The Prussians pursued the flying fugitives, and butchery crimsoned every village and hamlet in their path. Napoleon hastened to Quatre-Bras, and contemplated still another rally, which was there proposed, then proceeded to Charleroi, riding all night, while the sound of pursuit came to his ear on the quiet air.

“On the 19th the capital had been greeted with the news of three great victories, at Charleroi, at Ligny, and at Quatre-Bras, and one hundred and thirty cannon fired in honor of the emperor’s successes ; his partisans proclaimed that the glory of France was secured, and dejection filled the hearts of the royalists. On the morning of the 21st it transpired that Napoleon had arrived the night before alone at the Elysée. The secret could no longer be kept. A great, a decisive field had been fought, and the French army was no more.

“On how sandy a foundation the exile of Elba had rebuilt the semblance of his ancient authority, a few hours of adversity were more than sufficient to show.”

He conversed freely with Caulaincourt upon the disasters of the day, bitterly condemned Bourmont, complained of Grouchy, and expressed his purpose of uniting the two Chambers in an imperial sitting. But they had anticipated his order, when the tidings of Waterloo reached them. The allies, like a locust-swarm, a million strong, were ready to fall upon Paris, and panic spread through the capital. Napoleon assembled the Council of State, and vividly portraying the crisis of the nation, urged the necessity of a temporary dictatorship to save the fortunes of France. Carnot, it seems, now approved the measure, and gave his voice for it. But it was affirmed that in the Cham-



THE RETREAT FROM WATERLOO.

bers the tide was setting against the emperor, and the sacrifice of their former idol was plainly the ruling sentiment. Lafayette was the advocate of this last resort, to avoid "the seas of blood" which must flow if the effort to regain the throne were continued. But Napoleon clung with desperate energy to the crumbling scepter in his hand. He planned a new campaign to sweep the allies from the soil—already drenched in the life-current, and fattened with the bodies of men. The Chambers continued for several days their stormy debate. Lucien who, with Joseph had repaired to the Elysée, advised the emperor to rally the relics of his Guard and dissolve the hostile assemblies as he had done at St. Cloud on the 19th of Brumaire. The transcendent genius of Napoleon, under the pressure of these opposing forces, and sustaining the agony of a crushed heart, was bewildered; and Lucien, in view of it always said, "The smoke of Mont St. Jean had turned his brain."

During these mental conflicts and excited debates, the Chambers had reached the vote upon the emperor's abdication, when, having seen the unavoidable and overwhelming necessity, he sent by the hand of the willing, treasonable Fouché, who secretly rejoiced in the overthrow of Napoleon, the subjoined proclamation "To the French people:"

"Frenchmen! In commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and all authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to have changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed

only at me! My political life is ended; and I proclaim my son, Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. Unite for the public safety, if you would remain an independent nation.—Done at the palace Elysée, June 22d, 1815.

“NAPOLEON.”

A fierce discussion followed the reading of this paper. Marshal Ney gave his voice for peace, even with a Bourbon throne. The Chambers finally appointed a deputation to wait upon Napoleon, accept the abdication, and expressing the gratitude of the nation for his great sacrifices and glorious deeds in its behalf. He thanked the delegation—warned them of their mistake—and pointed them to his dynasty as the only hope of France.

Thus closed the second and brief reign of the most gifted sovereign of any age—thus ended *the hundred days* of Napoleon.

CHAPTER X.

The second abdication.—The indecision and distress of Napoleon.—He resolves to take refuge in the United States.—He leaves Malmaison for Rochefort.—Letter from Bertrand to Joseph.—Negotiations with England for passports.—These are denied.—Napoleon throws himself upon the mercy of England.—The reception; and voyage to the English coast.—The decision respecting the emperor's fate.—He contemplates suicide.—The departure for St. Helena.—Arrival at the island.—Napoleon's residence.—His treatment in exile.—His habits.—Progress of disease.—His religious character.—His last hours.—General Bertrand's account of the emperor's death.—His burial.—The removal of his remains to France.

THE last desire of the emperor when he resigned his crown, was the immediate elevation of Napoleon II. to the prospective sovereignty of France. Labedoyer pleaded for it in the Senate. The soldiery caught the enthusiasm of this rallying shout. Fouché, who had been placed at the head of the provisional government, and preferred the Bourbons, became alarmed, and suggested the importance of the emperor's removal from Paris. June 25th, disguised in ordinary apparel, he retired to the lovely grounds and quiet rooms of Malmaison, “but was no longer greeted by the warm embrace of Josephine—the divorced wife had forgotten all her wrongs and her sorrows, in the hallowed precincts of the village church of Ruel. What may have been the feelings of the fallen emperor, as he walked through the deserted halls of Malmaison at midnight in the midst of the ruins of his empire, and so near the ashes of his divorced Josephine, we do not wish to know. As he had lingered at the Kremlin, Dresden, and Fontainebleau—the three stages of his ruin—so did he linger at Malmaison. The spell was still over

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him—fate had decreed that when the sapped castle at last fell, the ruin should be complete.”

Had he, as he contemplated, embarked without delay for the United States, he might have been the illustrious citizen of a republic he admired but did not attempt to copy for war-ravaged France, neither desired, while his dynasty could fill the throne. Napoleon's retreat became a guarded prison, surrounded with soldiers under the command of General Becker. Fouché was playing a double game of treachery: urging the emperor's departure from France in two frigates furnished for his service, and, at the same time, communicating with the allies respecting his movements. While the provisional government was afraid of his escape from Malmaison to lead again his battalions into the field, the allies were lining the coast with a naval force, to prevent his flight to a foreign shore, and secure the hated victim of their resistless power.

An asylum in the United States was finally the choice of the emperor. Application was made to Wellington for passports, but the duke replied that he had no authority whatever to give a safe-conduct to Napoleon Bonaparte.

Meanwhile the mind of the captive, which had been driven from one plan of desperate action to another, was soothed by the presence of the lovely Hortense, faithful to her mother's example, and the devoted Caulaincourt—with a throng of friends, both officers and citizens, whose sympathy was sincere, and whose lives they were ready to offer on the altar of their affection. June 29th, amid the beauty and joy of summer at Malmaison, he bade adieu to Hortense, glanced over the familiar scenes, hallowed by the memories of Josephine, we may not doubt with bitter thoughts of irreparable wrong, passed out of the open gate which

he should enter never again, and with General Becker, Count Bertrand, and Savary, in the carriage assigned him, hastened toward Rochefort. The procession of personal friends who resolved to share his exile, were to join the emperor by a different road. At night Napoleon rested in the castle of Rambouillet, thirty miles from Malmaison. With the early light of the next day, he pressed forward, and driving all the night following, halted at Tours on the first of July.

He reached Rochefort on the 3d, and took up his residence in the prefect's house, with the view of embarking immediately: but he forthwith was informed that a British line-of-battle ship, the *Bellerophon*, Captain Maitland, and some smaller vessels of war, were off the roads, and given to understand that the commanders of the squadron at his own disposal showed no disposition to attempt the passage out in face of these watchers. A Danish merchant ship was then hired, and the emperor occupied himself with various devices for concealing his person in the hold of this vessel. But the Danish captain convinced him ere long that the British searchers would not be likely to pass him undetected, and this plan, too, was abandoned. Some young French midshipmen then gallantly offered to act as a crew of a small flat coasting vessel, a *chaussee-marree*, and attempt the escape in this way under cover of night. But all experienced seamen concurred in representing the imminent hazard of exposing such a vessel to the Atlantic, as well as the numberless chances of its also being detected by the English cruisers. "Wherever wood can swim," said Napoleon, "there I am sure to find this flag of England."

July 9th, Napoleon landed on the Isle of Aix, off which the *Saale* and *Medusa* were anchored. The

allies had entered Paris, and were virtually in possession of the sovereignty, which Fouché formally held for the Bourbon king. The excitement which the emperor's presence on the island awakened, brought the order to the commander of the frigate, that "the act of disembarking Napoleon again upon the soil of France" would be declared high treason. The friends of the emperor believed that an appeal to the hospitality of England would be rewarded with a magnanimous treatment of his person. It was plainly the only alternative; and July 14th, Las Cases and Savary went the second time on board the *Bellerophon* under a flag of truce, to inquire whether Napoleon would be received in that vessel if he decided to go to England. They were assured by Captain Maitland that the ship was at his disposal for safe conveyance to Britain. He immediately despatched the following note to the prince regent, afterward George IV., written the preceding day:

"ROCHEFORT, July 13, 1815.

"ROYAL HIGHNESS—A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

"NAPOLEON."

General Bertrand at this date informed Joseph of the decisive step taken.

BERTRAND TO JOSEPH.

"ISLE OF AIX, July 14, 1815.

"PRINCE—The emperor communicated this morn-

ing with the British cruisers. The admiral's answer has not reached us, but the captain* is ordered by the government to receive the emperor if he should present himself with the persons composing his suite. The captain is not acquainted with the further intentions of his government; but he does not doubt that the emperor will be well treated; for, even if the government should wish to act otherwise, public opinion in England will, he thinks, force them to behave as they ought to do on such an occasion. M. de Las Cases has returned on board, † and to-morrow morning the emperor will repair thither. His majesty desires me to give you this information."

It is evident, therefore, that no pledge regarding the ultimate action of the English cabinet was given; but Napoleon threw himself entirely upon the honor and generosity of his foe, in the conscious dignity of his position, and reliance upon the popular feeling in the empire to whose shore he sailed. The letter was committed by Maitland to Gourgaud, who proceeded with it in the *Slaney*, but was not allowed to land; it was sent by other hands to the prince regent. July 15th the brig *Epervier* conveyed him out of the Aix roads. The wind was unfavorable, and the barge of the *Bellerophon* bore him to the ship. Tears fell, and shouts, rose long and loud while he moved away from French soil, French vessels, and French soldiers, neither of which his feet or hands should press again. The officers of the *Bellerophon* awaiting the appearing of Napoleon, with the mariners drawn up in order behind them. When he reached the quarter-deck, uncovering himself, he said calmly and firmly to

* Maitland of the *Bellerophon*.

† The *Bellerophon*.

Captain Maitland, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and laws." The commander answered with a bow, and conducted him to his cabin. The officers were then presented, and, as everywhere, the emperor became popular with all whom he met—the crew especially admiring the wonderful man of whose terrible presence on the field of battle they had only heard. He made himself familiar with every part of the ship, and complimented highly the quiet subordination and superior discipline of the English navy. On the 23d the *Bellerophon* passed Ushant, where a view of the coast of France arrested the mighty exile's moistened eye. He gazed silently and sadly upon the dim outline of his arena of greatness and glory; but his crowding thoughts and deep emotion no pen was permitted to record. The 25th the vessel which attracted toward it the interest of a hemisphere, dropped anchor in the harbor of Torbay, amid countless boats crowded with curious people, whose shouts greeted Napoleon as often as he appeared on deck to gratify the intense interest his name and fate awakened. All communication of the *Bellerophon* with the coast was forbidden, and, after a suspense of a few hours, orders came to proceed to Plymouth Sound. At noon of the following day, the ship's sails were furled before that ancient town. The respectful and kindly attentions to the emperor, which had marked the voyage, gave place to the stern formalities of guarding the captive, while his doom was in the hands of the Privy Council. The populace from a great distance poured into Plymouth, and the excitement became so strong, that "two frigates were appointed to lie as guards on the *Bellerophon*, and sentinels were doubled and trebled both by day and night." Upon the 30th, Sir Henry Banbury, under-

secretary of state, with Admiral Keith of the channel fleet, announced the final decision of the British government, whose main provisions were these: "1st, That *General Bonaparte* should not be landed in England, but removed forthwith to St. Helena, as being the situation in which, more than any other at their command, the government thought security against a second escape and the indulgence to himself of personal freedom and exercise, might be reconciled. 2dly, That, with the exceptions of Savary and L'Allemand, he might take with him any three officers he chose, as also his surgeon, and twelve domestics."

Napoleon betrayed no agitation when the surprising document was finished, but with perfect composure immediately protested against the unjust decree with his own unequalled eloquence: "I am the guest of England, and not her prisoner. I have come, of my own accord, to place myself under the protection of British law. In my case the government has violated the laws of its own country, the laws of nations, and the sacred duty of hospitality. I protest against their right to act thus, and appeal to British honor." The emperor complained of the inexcusable insult of refusing to give him his imperial title, recognizing him only as *General Bonaparte*. He recoiled from exile on a rocky island between the tropics, and again contemplated suicide. He said, "After all, am I quite sure of going to St. Helena? Is a man dependent upon others when he wishes that his dependence should cease? * * * It is only necessary to create a little mental excitement, and I shall soon have escaped." Las Cases remonstrated, and suggested the memories of the past upon which to live, and the unwritten record of his grand career to be prepared for the future. The dark and criminal thought was banished, and

submission to his *destiny* was the imperative necessity. There is some palliation for the extraordinary and unlawful course of England. Napoleon had escaped from Elba. His name was still a spell-word in France, and his influence over the masses immeasurably greater than that of any other living man. The British cabinet were afraid of his presence where the possibility of rescue should attend him. From the beginning, fighting for ancient, transmitted royalty, regarding Napoleon as a *new* man—with a system subversive of the established order of things—and having learned to fear him more than all the kings of Europe besides—the English ministry were determined to cage the imperial lion.

While this view modifies the treatment, it does not remove the indelible stain of needless cruelty in the banishment and confinement of the noblest foe Britain ever met and subdued.

Preparations were now hastened for the voyage to St. Helena. O'Meara, surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, accepted heartily the appointment of Napoleon's physician. The remainder of his suite were Count Montholon and his lady; Count Bertrand, lady, and three children; Baron Gourgaud, and Count Las Cases. The *Northumberland*, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, arrived August 7th, and received Napoleon with his circle of friends on board. The emperor bade adieu very cordially to Captain Maitland and his officers, thanking them for their magnanimous bearing toward him while in the *Bellerophon*. The testimony of Maitland respecting his prisoner is very beautiful. He writes, "It may appear surprising that a possibility should exist of a British officer being prejudiced in favor of one who had caused so many calamities to his country; but to such an extent did he possess the

power of pleasing, that there are few people who could have sat at the same table with him for nearly a month, as I did, without feeling a sensation of pity, perhaps allied to regret, that a man possessed of so many fascinating qualities, and who had held so high a station in life, should be reduced to the situation in which I saw him."

The *Northumberland* sailed August 9th, 1815, attended by a fleet of nine vessels. While they were tacking out of the channel, Napoleon looked toward the coast of France, with straining vision, to catch one more glimpse of its distant outline. The clouds lifting gave him the sight, and "France! France!" was the shout of the self-exiled companions of the captive-king. The emperor gazed silently, and then uncovering his head, he exclaimed, *Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell!*" The spectators were deeply moved. During the voyage Napoleon threw the fascination of his conversational powers over all, winning the love of those who had been taught to hate him.

October 15th, the cry of "Land!" from the mast-head, attracted toward the rising form of an island the mournful interest of the royal party; and the next day the *Northumberland* cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena. It lies six thousand miles from Europe, and one thousand two hundred miles from the coast of Africa. It is ten miles in length, and six broad, with precipitous cliffs, preventing access, except by three narrow defiles.

Much of it is barren rock, with pleasant valleys relieving this desolation amid the infinitude of waters. The 16th Napoleon disembarked, and walked in the shades of evening the streets of Jamestown.

No apartments suitable for the reception of the exile

were found in the lonely desert to which he was borne. Longwood, three miles from Jamestown, the country house of the lieutenant-governor, and situated in a wild ravine, was selected for the residence of Napoleon.

With the alterations which were designed, it was a scanty, solitary habitation, assigned to the greatest monarch of the world, and his faithful band of friends. The immediate residence to which he repaired was called *The Briers*—a small and secluded farmhouse, occupied by Mr. Balcombe, who made every effort to afford him a comfortable seclusion.

Napoleon's bitter complaints and appeals to the English government were in vain—nothing was done to cheer the solitude of the powerless sovereign.

December 10th, the emperor removed to Longwood. Guards and sentinels encircled his grounds, and no means of security were spared to make escape from the prison-isle impossible. In the spring of 1816, there was a change in the government of St. Helena, which increased the annoyances and trials of Napoleon. In reference to it Lockhart, in whose biography of the captive is the severest and most unqualified condemnation of his motives and deeds, writes the following:

“In April, 1816, Sir George Cockburn was superseded by Sir Hudson Lowe, who remained governor of St. Helena, and had the charge of Napoleon's person until his death. The conduct of this officer has been much and justly censured by various writers. Napoleon conceived and retained from the first a violent dislike toward him; and the governor, as soon as he became aware of this, did not fail fully to reciprocate it. It seemed that every circumstance, whether of business or of etiquette, which occurred at St. Helena, was certain to occasion some dispute between the two, the progress and termination of which seldom passed without

an aggravation of mutual hostilities. It was deemed necessary that the greatest vigilance should be exercised, which could not be done without giving offense to the haughty mind of Napoleon; and rather than submit to the restraints which were imposed, he often chose to seclude himself within the precincts of Longwood. It cannot be doubted but that the constant irritation in which he was kept toward the governor was a principal means of shortening his life.”

And yet in the late publication of the Letters and Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe, edited by William Forsyth, we have quite a different view of the matter. And it is no easy task to reach a just conclusion between these conflicting statements from official papers and private diaries. It is difficult to discern how much is coloring for mere effect, and which are the unadorned facts in the case. Sir Hudson Lowe's journal gives the regulations, bill of fare, and allowance of wines; all of which, if these statements are at all reliable, were ample, and should have been satisfactory. But upon comparing the notes of both friends and foes, including the sale of silver plate, which it was affirmed Napoleon resorted to, that he might not suffer hunger, we are compelled to believe that much was done and said by the exiles to awaken sympathy in their behalf, and hatred to England; while on the other hand, in perfect harmony with the feelings and conduct of the British ministry from the dawn of Napoleon's greatness, they did pursue, even in exile, with enmity and injustice the man whose single hand had shaken the throne of their splendid empire.

Napoleon was much of the time cheerful, but often desponding, indignant, and unhappy. Without religious trust, and surrounded by skeptical minds, of whom Montholon was acknowledged to be without

character for truthfulness, he certainly was no model of resignation—no martyr, calm in conscious rectitude and purity of purpose. The visions of individual and widespread suffering of Egypt, Spain, and Russia, and, more than all else, of *Josephine*, which swept over the horizon of thought, must have increased his disquietude, and irritable moods. It is true, he bore eloquent testimony to the transcendent excellence of the Scriptures, and the deity of Christ, but not a day in his life displayed the practical power of either upon his heart.

His manner of living was regular and abstemious; "he never took more than two meals a day, and concluded each with a cup of coffee. He generally breakfasted about ten o'clock, and dined at eight. He preferred plain food, and ate plentifully, with an apparent appetite. A very few glasses of claret, scarce amounting to an English pint, which he chiefly drank at dinner, completed his meal. He sometimes drank champagne, but his constitutional sobriety was such that a large glass of that wine would bring the color to his cheek; and it may be truly said that few men were ever less influenced by the appetites peculiar to man than Bonaparte. He was exceedingly particular as to the neatness and cleanliness of his person, and this habit he preserved till his death."

In converse with friends, when his kingly mind displayed on social, civil, scientific and moral themes, the amazing scope of its knowledge and its penetration—in walks, which gradually ceased as his antipathy toward the espionage under which he moved became more intense—in dictating protests against the cruelty of his foes, and memoirs with which to embalm and vindicate his fame—Napoleon passed more than five years of captivity; which drew to it the

interest of the world—an interest born of idolatrous admiration, intellectual homage, military enthusiasm, kindest sympathy, and deepest hate.

The neglect of exercise, and the mental struggles of the emperor began to develop constitutional disease, and weaken those physical energies which were no less marvelous than his versatile genius. In 1817 the decay of strength became visible, and with intervals of relief and comfortable convalescence, he steadily declined. O'Meara was his medical attendant till the summer of 1818, when Sir Hudson Lowe removed him on account of his sympathy with Napoleon. The lieutenant-general offered him the services of an English physician, which were promptly refused. The following year the British government consented to the appointment of another medical adviser by his friends in Europe; and Dr. Antomarchi, an atheist, accompanied by two Romish priests, at the suggestion of Napoleon, arrived at St. Helena. The interviews with these ecclesiastics were evidently without much spiritual benefit. Notwithstanding the effort of a late writer to invest the captive's whole character, especially when its finishing touches were received under the deepening shadows of his last hours, with Christian graces, we hear him discoursing of the Elysian fields, where he anticipated meeting with his marshals, with Hannibal, and Cæsar, and having a pleasant talk over their battles; unless, he continued, "it should create an alarm in the spirit-world to see so many warriors assembled together." This certainly was nothing better than trifling, and the whole tenor of his conversation on this momentous theme was wanting in any satisfactory recognition of his relations to God, and his mission among men. At the close of 1820 his symptoms grew worse; his stomach rejected food; his repose was dis-

turbed, and his frame became emaciated. While the succeeding spring was clothing the wild forests with verdure, and hanging flowers upon the cliffs of St. Helena, Napoleon was rapidly sinking in the embrace of his fatal malady. He made the disposition of his gifts to friends, and dictated his will, which contained "for a codicil, ten thousand francs to the wretch who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington."

The reason assigned for this astonishing act of a dying man, is, that "Cantallon had as much right to murder that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena."

But the close of the scenes of earth drew near. May 3d the last sacraments of the Catholic church were administered by Abbé Vignali. The night of the 4th was one of delirium. The tempest began to rise, while the most fearful conflict of the greatest conqueror of men was subsiding in the victory of his last enemy.

Amid the roar of elements, his mighty—ambitious—broken heart—shouted wildly, "Tête d'armée!" *Head of the army!* The morning broke upon the spent warrior; helpless in the stupor of death's approach, he lay till the tempestuous day was fading into evening, when the proud spirit passed away to the righteous tribunal of the King of kings.

A post-mortem examination revealed, what Napoleon had for some time previous to his death suspected, that like his father before him, he was the victim of a cancer in the stomach—aggravated by those influences which of themselves would have made inroads upon his fine constitution.

A letter from Bertrand addressed to Joseph, who had taken refuge in America, and was living in New Jersey, gives an interesting narrative of these events:

BERTRAND TO JOSEPH.

"LONDON, September 10, 1821.

"PRINCE—I write to you for the first time since the awful misfortune which has been added to the sorrows of your family. Uncertain whether a letter would reach you, as I was not quite sure of your address, I hoped that a letter from you or from Rome would acquaint me with it. I have decided on depositing this letter with Messrs. Baring, and I hope that you will receive it.

"Your highness is acquainted with the events of the first years of this cruel exile; many persons who have visited St. Helena have informed you of what was still more interesting to you—the manner of living and the unkind treatment which aggravated the influences of a deadly climate.

"In the last year of his life, the emperor, who for four years had taken no exercise, altered extremely in appearance: he became pale and feeble. From that time his health deteriorated rapidly and visibly. He had always been in the habit of taking baths; he now took them more frequently and stayed longer in them: they appeared to relieve him for the time.

"Latterly, Dr. Antomarchi forbade him their use, as he thought that they only increased his weakness.

"In the month of August he took walking exercise, but with difficulty; he was forced to stop every minute. In the first years he used to walk while dictating; he walked about his room, and thus did without the exercise which he feared to take out of doors lest he should expose himself to insult. But latterly his strength would not admit even of this. He remained sitting nearly all day, and discontinued almost all occupation. His health declined sensibly every month.

“Once in September, and again in the beginning of October, he rode out, as his physicians desired him to take exercise ; but he was so weak that he was obliged to return in his carriage. He ceased to digest ; his debility increased. Shivering fits came on, which extended even to the extremities ; hot towels applied to the feet gave him some relief. He suffered from these colds fits to the last hour of his life. As he could no longer either walk or ride, he took several drives in an open carriage at a foot pace, but without gaining strength. He never took off his dressing-gown. His stomach rejected food, and at the end of the year he was forced to give up meat ; he lived upon jellies and soups. For some time he ate scarcely anything, and drank only a little pure wine, hoping thus to support nature without fatiguing the digestion ; but the vomiting continued, and he returned to soups and jellies. The remedies and tonics which were tried produced little effect. His body grew weaker every day, but his mind retained its strength.

“He liked reading and conversation ; he did not dictate much, although he did so from time to time up to the last days of his life. He felt that his end was approaching, and he frequently recited the passage from ‘Zaire’ which finishes with this line :—

“‘A revoir Paris je ne dois plus pretendre.’

Nevertheless the hope of leaving this dreadful country often presented itself to his imagination ; some newspaper articles and false reports excited our expectations. We sometimes fancied that we were on the eve of starting for America ; we read travels, we made plans, we arrived at your house, we wandered over that immense country, where alone we might hope to enjoy

liberty. Vain hopes ! vain projects ; which only made us doubly feel our misfortunes.

“They could not have been borne with more serenity and courage, I might almost add gaiety. He often said to us in the evening, ‘Where shall we go ? to the Theater Français, or to the Opera ?’ And then he would read a tragedy by Corneille, Voltaire, or Racine ; an opera of Quinault’s or one of Molière’s comedies. His strong mind and powerful character were perhaps even more remarkable than on that larger theater where he eclipsed all that is brightest in ancient and in modern history. He often seemed to forget what he had been. I was never tired of admiring his philosophy and courage, the good sense and the fortitude which raised him above misfortune.

“At times, however, sad regrets and recollections of what he had done, contrasted with what he might have done, presented themselves. He talked of the past with perfect frankness ; persuaded that on the whole he had done what he was required to do, and not sharing the strange and contradictory opinions which we hear expressed every day on events which are not understood by the speakers. If the conversation took a melancholy turn, he soon changed it ; he liked to talk of Corsica, of his old uncle Lucien, of his youth, of you, and of all the rest of the family.

“Toward the middle of March fever came on. From that time he scarcely left his bed, except for about half an hour in the day ; he seldom had the strength to shave. He now for the first time became extremely thin. The fits of vomiting became more frequent. He then questioned the physicians on the conformation of the stomach, and about a fortnight before his death he had pretty nearly guessed that he was dying of cancer. He was read to almost every day, and dic-

tated a few days before his decease. He often talked naturally as to the probable mode of his death; but when he became aware that it was approaching he left off speaking on the subject. He thought much about you and your children. To his last moment he was kind and affectionate to us all; he did not appear to suffer so much as might have been expected from the cause of his death. When we questioned him, he said that he suffered a little, but that he could bear it. His memory declined during the last five or six days; his deep sighs, and his exclamations from time to time, made us think that he was in great pain. He looked at us with the penetrating glance which you know so well; we tried to dissimulate, but he was so used to read our faces that no doubt he frequently discovered our anxiety. He felt too clearly the gradual decline of his faculties not to be aware of his state.

"For the last two hours he neither spoke nor moved; the only sound was his difficult breathing, which gradually but regularly decreased; his pulse ceased; and so died, surrounded only by a few servants, the man who had dictated laws to the world, and whose life should have been preserved for the sake of the happiness and glory of our sorrowing country.

"Forgive, Prince, a hurried letter, which tells you so little, when you wish to know so much; but I should never end if I attempted to tell all.

"You are so far off, that I know not when I shall have the honor of seeing you again. I must not omit to say that the emperor was most anxious that his correspondence with the different sovereigns of Europe should be printed; he repeated this to us several times. In his will the emperor expressed a wish that his remains should be buried in France; however, in the last days of his life he ordered me, if there was any

difficulty about it, to lay him by the side of the fountain whose waters he had so long drank."

Napoleon's body was dressed as in life, "with white waistcoat, and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat." Thus laid out in a room hung with mourning, the military cloak worn at Marengo thrown over his feet, and a crucifix on his breast, the Abbé Vignali said prayers for the repose of his soul, while the spreading intelligence of his death brought many to the place of mourning. On the morning of the 8th, the corpse was removed to a coffin of tin, enclosed in lead, which was covered by another of mahogany, and drawn by four horses, was borne to the secluded spot the departed emperor had chosen.

Sir Hudson Lowe remarked amid these last offices, "He was England's greatest enemy and mine too; but I forgive him." The 27th witnessed the embarkation of the household friends of Napoleon for France.

July, 1830, brought a new revolution there—the Bourbons were driven from the throne, and Louis Phillipe crowned. The Chamber of Deputies presented a petition, asking for a demand upon the English government for the remains of Napoleon to repose, according to his desire, upon the banks of the Seine. But decisive action was delayed. In July, 1832, the only son of the emperor, named King of Rome, but called by the Austrian monarch the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years—terminating, in a direct line, the dynasty for which a wife had been immolated upon the altar of ambition.

In the spring of 1840, M. Guizot presented the claim for Napoleon's ashes to the British ministry. A few days later, the following note was sent by Lord Palmerston, in reply:

"The government of her Britannic Majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive anywhere, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

Accordingly the Prince de Joinville, with two warships, sailed for St. Helena. He arrived on the 8th of October, and upon the 15th, the anniversary day of Napoleon's landing there, the work of exhuming the remains commenced. After nine hours of labor, the coffin was lifted to the light of heaven. The coverings of the silent form were removed, and there, undecayed, lay the marble face, whose expression had awed the kings of Europe. A tempest rose and sounded the requiem of the funeral march of the second burial, as it had done the transit of his soul to the realm of spirits.

Amid the firing of salutes, and beneath flying banners, the coffin was conveyed to the ship. It sailed on the 18th of October for France—a quarter of a century after his exile began.

December 2d, the flotilla reached the harbor of Cherbourg, where the remains were received by the steamship *Normandy*, and conveyed to the mouth of the Seine. The progress of the imposing ceremonial was attended by all the display of popular enthusiasm peculiar to the nation, and which was so grateful to the living emperor, but now fell upon the rayless eye, and "dull, cold ear of death."

At Havre, the rich sarcophagus of ebony was placed on an imperial barge in the miniature chapel, covered

with emblems of mourning, and the funeral cortege of twelve steamers moved up the river Seine, toward Paris.

Along the banks, for a hundred miles, the populace stood in endless lines, and over them waved gorgeous flags—and above them rose the triumphal arches and pyramids covered with purple and spangled with golden stars. We cannot feel for a moment in the sober light of revelation, that the answer to a question proposed by a biographer of the departed warrior, is at all doubtful of solution: "Did Napoleon, from the spirit land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame?" He had to do with more serious employments, and a calmer, clearer review of his crimson path of renown, than the illusions of earth allowed.

In the afternoon of the 14th, the cortege arrived at Courbevoie four miles from the capital.

A statue of Josephine welcomed the ashes of him who had broken her heart, while Maria Louisa was quietly living at Parma, apparently careless of the stirring pageantry as the throngs were forgetful of her.

The remains were taken on shore to a Grecian temple constructed for the occasion, and thence placed upon a magnificent funeral car. Thronged with excited millions, the royal chariot passed on to the church of the Invalids, which was decorated with splendor exceeding that of any oriental palace. Upon the shoulders of thirty-two of the Old Guard, it was borne toward its resting place in the temple, when Louis Philippe and the dignitaries of state advanced to receive the sacred relics.

The coffin was deposited in the catafalque, the sword of Napoleon laid upon it by General Bertrand, mass was celebrated, and the crowd slowly left the illustrious

dead to the silence of that repose which mocks the strife, the ambition, and the glory of men.

Napoleon was *great*—intellectually towering above the princes and monarchs of many generations, as Mont Blanc overtops the Alps and the Apennines. He had no rival in the tactics of war—in the sanguinary tragedies, whose actors were kings, and whose arena was a hemisphere. His ardent imagination was under the guidance of reason, whose intuitions were clear as morning light, and as rapid in their comprehensive action. His sovereignty was more elevating to the masses, and far-reaching in its aims, than that of any of his lauded foes. But he was “*a moral dwarf*,” and even in his magnanimous deeds, always advanced *his fame*. He aspired after unquestioned preeminence among the thrones of Europe, but he had not the higher qualities of heart and the pure philanthropy which would have made it safe to hold the power that seemed at times within his grasp.

Rulers and people of future generations will muse with wondering over his brilliant career—the widespread suffering which attended it—the noble deeds, the gigantic crimes, and the retributive fall of

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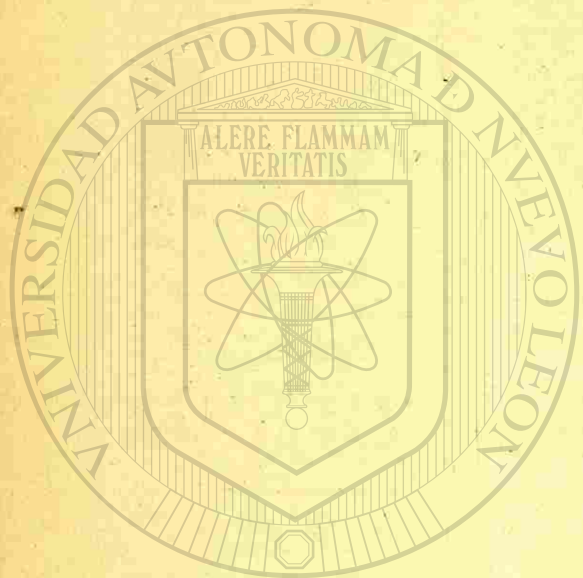
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