Death of Josephine.

may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and for my children."

Her last words were "*Island of Elba—Napoleon.*" It was the 29th of May, 1814. For four days her body remained laid out in state, surrounded with numerous tapers. "Every road," writes a French historian, "from Paris and its environs to Ruel was crowded with trains of mourners. Sad groups thronged all the avenues; and I could distinguish tears even in the splendid equipages which came rattling across the court-yard."

More than twenty thousand persons—monarchs, nobles, statesmen, and weeping peasants—thronged the chateau of Malmaison to take the last look of the remains of one who had been universally beloved. The funeral took place at noon of the 2d of June. The remains were deposited in the little church of Ruel. A beautiful mausoleum of white marble, representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, bears the simple inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

Eugene meets Louis XVIII.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SORROWS OF EXILE.

THERE probably never was a more tender, loving mother than Josephine. And it is not possible that any children could be more intensely devoted to a parent than were Eugene and Hortense to their mother. The grief of these bereaved children was heart-rending. Poor Hortense was led from the grave almost delirious with woe. Etiquette required that Eugene, passing through Paris, should pay his respects to Louis XVIII. The king had remarkable tact in paying compliments. Eugene announced himself simply as General Beauharnais. He thanked the king for the kind treatment extended by the allied monarchs to his mother and his sister. Hortense was also bound, by the laws of courtesy, to call upon the king in expression of gratitude. They were both received with so much cordiality as to expose the king to the accusation of having become a rank Bonapartist. On the other hand, Eugene and Hortense were

Hortense in Paris.

censured by the partisan press for accepting any favors from the Allies. After the interview of Louis XVIII. with Hortense, in which she thanked him for the Duchy of St. Leu, the king said to the Duke de Duras: "Never have I seen a woman uniting such grace to such distinguished manners; and I am a judge of women."

It is very difficult to ascertain with accuracy the movements of Hortense during the indescribable tumult of the next few succeeding months. The Duke of Rovigo says that Hortense reproached the Emperor Alexander for turning against Napoleon, for whom he formerly had manifested so much friendship. But the Emperor replied: "I was compelled to yield to the wishes of the Allies. As for myself personally, I wash my hands of every thing which has been done."

The death of Josephine and the departure of Eugene left Hortense, bereaved and dejected, almost alone in Paris with her two children. Their intelligence and vivacity had deeply interested Alexander and other royal guests, who had cordially paid their tribute of respect and sympathy to their mother. Napoleon had taken a deep interest in the education of

Interest of Napoleon in the princes.

the two princes, as he was aware of the frailty of life, and as the death of the King of Rome would bring them in the direct line to the inheritance of the crown.

The Emperor generally breakfasted alone when at home, at a small table in his cabinet. The two sons of Hortense were frequently admitted, that they might interest him with their infant prattle. The Emperor would tell them a story, and have them repeat it after him, that he might ascertain the accuracy of their memory. Any indication of intellectual superiority excited in his mind the most lively satisfaction. Mademoiselle Cochelet, who was the companion and reader of Queen Hortense, relates the following anecdote of Louis Napoleon:

"The two princes were in intelligence quite in advance of their years. This proceeded from the care which their mother gave herself to form their characters and to develop their faculties. They were, however, too young to understand all the strange scenes which were transpiring around them. As they had always beheld in the members of their own family, in their uncles and aunts, kings and queens, when the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia

Anecdote of Louis Napoleon.

were first introduced to them, the little Louis Napoleon asked if they were also their uncles, and if they were to be called so.

"'No,' was the reply; 'they are not your uncles. You will simply address them as sire.'

"'But are not all kings our uncles?' inquired the young prince.

"'Far from being your uncle,' was the reply, 'they have come, in their turn, as conquerors.'

"'Then they are the enemies,' said Louis Napoleon, 'of our uncle, the Emperor. Why, then, do they embrace us?'

"'Because the Emperor of Russia, whom you see, is a generous enemy. He wishes to be useful to you and to your mamma. But for him you would no longer have any thing; and the condition of your uncle, the Emperor, would be more unhappy.'

"'We ought, then, to love this Emperor, ought we?'

"'Yes, certainly,' was the reply; 'for you owe him your gratitude.'

"The next time the Emperor Alexander called upon Hortense, little Louis Napoleon, who was naturally very retiring and reticent, took a ring which his uncle Eugene had given him,

Removal of the remains of Napoleon Charles.

and, stealing timidly over to Alexander, slipped the ring into his hand, and, half frightened, ran away with all speed. Hortense called the child to her, and asked him what he had done. Blushing deeply, the warm-hearted boy said:

"'I have nothing but the ring. I wanted to give it to the Emperor, because he is good to my mamma.'

"Alexander cordially embraced the prince, and, putting the ring upon his watch-chain, promised that he would always wear it."

The remains of Napoleon Charles, who had died in Holland, had been deposited, by direction of Napoleon, in the vaults of St. Denis, the ancient burial-place of the kings of France. So great was the jealousy of the Bourbons of the name of Napoleon, and so unwilling were they to recognize in any way the right of the people to elect their own sovereign, that the government of Louis XVIII. ordered the body to be immediately removed. Hortense transferred the remains of her child to the church of St. Leu.

Notwithstanding this jealousy, Alexander and the King of Prussia could not ignore the imperial character of Napoleon, whose government they had recognized, and with whom

Titles of the princes.

they had exchanged ambassadors and formed treaties: neither could they deny that the King of Holland had won a crown recognized by all Europe. They and the other crowned heads, who paid their respects to Hortense, in accordance with the etiquette of courts, invariably addressed each of the princes as *Your Royal Highness*. Hortense had not accustomed them to this homage. She had always addressed the eldest as Napoleon, the youngest as Louis. It was her endeavor to impress them with the idea that they could be nothing more than their characters entitled them to be. But after this, when the Bourbon Government assumed that Napoleon was an usurper, and that popular suffrage could give no validity to the crown, then did Hortense, in imitation of Napoleon at St. Helena, firmly resist the insolence. Then did she teach her children that they were princes, that they were entitled to the throne of France by the highest of all earthly authority—the almost unanimous voice of the French people—and that the Bourbons, trampling popular rights beneath their feet, and ascending the throne through the power of foreign bayonets, were usurpers.

Madame Cochelet, the reader of Queen Hor-

HORTENSE AND HER CHILDREN.

Conversation with the princes.

tense, writes, in her interesting memoirs: "I have often seen her take her two boys on her knees, and talk with them in order to form their ideas. It was a curious conversation to listen to, in those days of the splendors of the empire, when those children were the heirs of so many crowns, which the Emperor was distributing to his brothers, his officers, his allies. Having questioned them on every thing they knew already, she passed in review whatever they should know besides, if they were to rely upon their own resources for a livelihood.

"Suppose you had no money," said Hortense to the eldest, "and were alone in the world, what would you do, Napoleon, to support yourself?"

"I would become a soldier," was the reply, "and would fight so well that I should soon be made an officer."

"And Louis," she inquired of the younger, "how would you provide for yourself?"

The little prince, who was then but about five years old, had listened very thoughtfully to all that was said. Knowing that the gun and the knapsack were altogether beyond his strength, he replied:

"I would sell violet bouquets, like the little

Louis Bonaparte demands the children.

boy at the gate of the Tuileries, from whom we purchase them every day."

The boy is father of the man. Such has been Louis Napoleon from that hour to this; the quiet student—hating war, loving peace—all-devoted to the arts of utility and of beauty. He has been the great pacificator of Europe. But for his unwearied efforts, the Continent would have been again and again in a blaze of war. As all present at this conversation smiled, in view of the unambitious projects of the prince, Hortense replied:

"This is one of my lessons. The misfortune of princes born on the throne is that they think every thing is their due; that they are formed of a different nature from other men, and therefore never feel under any obligations to them. They are ignorant of human miseries, or think themselves beyond their reach. Thus, when misfortunes come, they are surprised, terrified, and always remain sunk below their destinies."

The Allies retired, with their conquering armies. Hortense remained with her children in Paris. Louis Bonaparte, sick and dejected, took up his residence in Italy. He demanded the children. A mother's love clung to them with tenacity which could not be relaxed.

Hortense meets the Emperor.

There was an appeal to the courts. Hortense employed the most eminent counsel to plead her cause. Eleven months passed away from the time of the abdication; and upon the very day when the court rendered its decision, that the father should have the eldest child, and the mother the youngest, Napoleon landed at Cannes, and commenced his almost miraculous march to Paris. The sublime transactions of the "One Hundred Days" caused all other events, for a time, to be forgotten.

Hortense was at the Tuileries, one of the first to greet the Emperor as he was borne in triumph, upon the shoulders of the people, up the grand staircase. "Sire," said Hortense, "I had a presentiment that you would return, and I waited for you here." The Allies had robbed the Emperor of his son, and the child was a prisoner with his mother in the palaces of Vienna. Very cordially Napoleon received his two nephews, and kept them continually near him. With characteristic devotion to the principle of universal suffrage, Napoleon submitted the question of his re-election to the throne of the empire to the French people. More than a million of votes over all other parties responded in the affirmative.

Reinauguration of the Emperor.

On the first of June, 1815, the Emperor was reinaugurated on the field of Mars, and the eagles were restored to the banners. It was one of the most imposing pageants Paris had ever witnessed. Hundreds of thousands crowded that magnificent parade-ground. As the Emperor presented the eagles to the army, a roar as of reverberating thunder swept along the lines. By the side of the Emperor, upon the platform, sat his two young nephews. He presented them separately to the departments and the army as in the direct line of inheritance. This scene must have produced a profound impression upon the younger child, Louis Napoleon, who was so thoughtful, reflective, and pensive.

In the absence of Maria Louisa, who no longer had her liberty, Hortense presided at the Tuileries. Inheriting the spirit of her mother, she was unfailing in deeds of kindness to the many Royalists who were again ruined by the return of Napoleon. Her audience-chamber was ever crowded by those who, through her, sought to obtain access to the ear of the Emperor. Napoleon was overwhelmed by too many public cares to give much personal attention to private interests.

Anecdote of Louis Napoleon.

The evening before Napoleon left his cabinet for his last campaign, which resulted in the disaster at Waterloo, he was in his cabinet conversing with Marshal Soult. The door was gently opened, and little Louis Napoleon crept silently into the apartment. His features were swollen with an expression of the profoundest grief, which he seemed to be struggling in vain to repress. Tremblingly he approached the Emperor, and, throwing himself upon his knees, buried his face in his two hands in the Emperor's lap, and burst into a flood of tears.

"What is the matter, Louis?" said the Emperor, kindly; "why do you interrupt me, and why do you weep so?"

The young prince was so overcome with emotion that for some time he could not utter a syllable. At last, in words interrupted by sobs, he said,

"Sire, my governess has told me that you are going away to the war. Oh! do not go! do not go!"

The Emperor, much moved, passed his fingers through the clustering ringlets of the child, and said, tenderly,

"My child, this is not the first time that I have been to the war. Why are you so afflict-