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PRIVATE MEMOIRS
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

11
PRIVATE MEMOIRS

OF

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

DURING THE PERIODS OF

THE DIRECTORY, THE CONSULATE,

AND THE EMPIRE.

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE EMPEROR.

VOL. I.

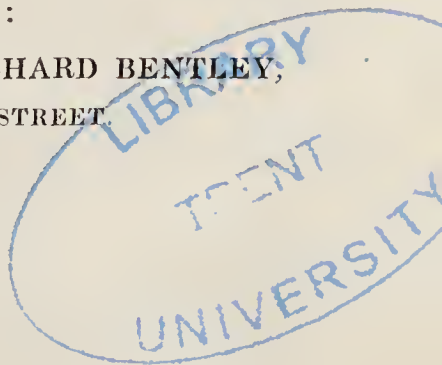
“ Eh bien, Bourrienne, vous serez aussi immortel, vous ! ” — “ Et pourquoi, Général ? ” — “ N’êtes-vous pas mon secrétaire ? ” — “ Dites-moi le nom de celui d’Alexandre ? ” — Vol. ii. p. 303.

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P R E F A C E.

MY long intimate connexion with Bonaparte, from boyhood, my particular relations with him when General, Consul, and Emperor, enabled me to see and appreciate all that was projected, and all that was done, during that considerable and momentous period of time. I not only had the opportunity of being present at the conception and the execution of the extraordinary deeds of one of the ablest men nature ever formed, but notwithstanding an almost unceasing application to business, I found means to employ the few moments of leisure which Bonaparte left at my disposal, in making notes, collecting documents, and in recording, for history, facts, respecting which the truth could otherwise with difficulty be ascertained; and more particularly in collecting

those ideas, often profound, brilliant, and striking, but always remarkable, to which Bonaparte gave expression in the overflowing frankness of confidential intimacy.

The knowledge that I possessed much important information has exposed me to many inquiries, and wherever I have resided since my retirement from public affairs, half of my time has been spent in replying to questions. The wish to be acquainted with the most minute details of the life of a man formed on an unexampled model, is very natural; and the observation on my replies by those who heard them, always was, "You should publish your memoirs."

I had, certainly, always in view the publication of my memoirs; but, at the same time, I was firmly resolved not to publish them until a period should arrive in which I might tell the truth, and the whole truth. While Napoleon was in the possession of power, I felt it right to resist the urgent applications made to me on this subject, by some persons of the highest distinction. Truth would then have sometimes appeared flattery, and sometimes, also, it might not have been without danger. Afterwards, when the progress of events removed Bonaparte to a far distant island, in the midst of the ocean, silence was imposed on

me by other considerations,—by considerations of propriety and feeling.

After the death of Bonaparte, at St. Helena, reasons of a different nature retarded the execution of my plan. The tranquillity of a secluded retreat was indispensable, for preparing and putting in order the abundant materials in my possession. I found it also necessary to read a great number of works, in order to rectify important errors, to which the want of authentic documents had induced the authors to give credit. This much desired retreat was found. I had the good fortune to be introduced, through a friend, to the Duchess de Brancas, and that lady invited me to pass some time on one of her estates in Hainault. Received with the most amiable hospitality, I have there enjoyed that tranquillity which could alone have rendered the publication of these volumes practicable.

INTRODUCTION.

THE desire of speculating on an illustrious name can alone have given birth to the multitude of publications under the title of historical memoirs, secret memoirs, and other rhapsodies, which have appeared respecting Napoleon. On looking into them it is difficult to determine whether the impudence of the writers, or the simplicity of certain readers, is most astonishing. Yet these rude and ill-digested compilations, filled with absurd anecdotes, fabricated speeches, fictitious crimes or virtues, and disfigured by numerous anachronisms, instead of being consigned to just contempt and speedy oblivion, have been pushed into notice by speculators, and have found zealous partizans and enthusiastic apologists.

The spirit of party has availed itself of every

thing in the writings published on Napoleon, capable of supporting, according to the events, its different opinions and pretensions. These writings are either invectives or hymns of glory, in which censure or admiration are lavished without measure ; they are full of errors, and are, in fact, a kind of mystifications, under the disguise of history.

Posterity certainly will not judge Napoleon as his contemporaries have judged him, in two different ways. In future ages the present vivid and natural recollection of his wonderful triumphs will be much weakened ; but, at the same time, the misfortunes which his sixty victories have inflicted on European families, will be forgotten. His wars and his conquests will be estimated solely by their results ; his policy, by the utility and duration of his institutions, and by their harmony with the age in which he lived. It will be asked, whether he could not have impressed on the field of history, a less difficult, but deeper path than that of his exploits, and whether he did not prefer the renown which belongs to a great military glory, to the less brilliant, but more durable reputation of having powerfully contributed to the happiness of mankind.

For a time, I entertained the idea of noticing, one by one, the numerous errors which have been

written respecting Napoleon; but I have renounced a task, which would have been too laborious to myself and very tedious to the reader. I shall, therefore, only correct those which come within the plan of my work, and which are connected with facts, to a more accurate knowledge of which than any other person can possess, I may lay claim. There are men who imagine that nothing done by Napoleon will ever be forgotten; but must not the slow but inevitable influence of time be expected to operate with respect to him? The effect of that influence is, that the most important event of an epoch soon sinks almost imperceptibly, and almost disregarded, into the immense mass of historical facts. Time, in its progress, diminishes the probability as well as the interest of such an event, as it gradually wears away the most durable monuments.

The greater Napoleon was in the age in which he lived, the more reasonable it is that he should not be estimated lightly. To write justly and usefully his life, information ought to be obtained from all persons who were well acquainted with him in the different stages of his career; we should pause too until the passions have passed in review before the judgment. All his deeds, be they, according to the opinion of mankind, good or bad, mean or great, were performed by him

with a view to posterity: that was his favourite idol. His irresistible passion for transmitting his name to future ages powerfully animated him, and gave energy to his physical faculties. That transmission was with him the immortality of his soul.

Posterity, for which Napoleon did every thing, has commenced for himself. He, doubtless, will one day have an historian worthy of retracing his actions. Far from aspiring to the immense honour of being his Tacitus, I do not even pretend to write a journal of his life, or to elevate myself to the rank of a biographer.

I shall state, respecting this extraordinary man, whose name alone was a power with which any other can with difficulty be compared, all that I know, have seen and heard, and of which I have preserved numerous notes. With confidence I call him an extraordinary man; for he who was indebted for every thing to himself—who won so many victories—subjugated so many states—obtained absolute power over a great and enlightened nation—scattered crowns among his family—made and unmade kings—who lived to be almost the oldest sovereign in Europe—and who was, without dispute, the most distinguished of his age—certainly was not an ordinary man. But I do not concur in the opinion of that writer who states

that all his reign was extraordinary, and, in support of his assertion, cites the battle of Trafalgar. Those who wish to eulogize should not be absurd.

We must not be guilty of self-delusion. Great men, however great they be, have their weaknesses, and are liable to errors and faults. Every one must pay the tribute due to humanity. What can exempt from it? The audience of the world requires, that he who aspires to act the part of a great man, shall never for a moment forget his character. But so many little things enter into the composition of man, that it is impossible he can be great from morning to night.

I attach only a relative importance to what I am about to lay before the public. I shall give authentic documents. If all persons who have approached Napoleon, at any time and in any place, would candidly record what they saw and heard without passion, the future historian would be rich in materials. It is my wish that he who may undertake the difficult task of writing the history of Napoleon, shall find in my notes information useful to the perfection of his work. There he will at least find truth. I have not the ambition to wish that what I state should be taken as absolute authority; but I hope that it will always be consulted.

I have never before published any thing re-

specting Napoleon. That malevolence which fastens itself upon men who have the misfortune to be somewhat separated from the crowd has, because there is always more profit in saying ill than good, attributed to me several works on Bonaparte; among others “*Les Mémoires Secrets d’un Homme qui ne l’a pas quitté, par M. B——,*” and “*Mémoires Secrets sur Napoleon Bonaparte, par M. de B——,*” and “*Le Précis Historique sur Napoleon.*” The initial of my name has served to propagate this error. The incredible ignorance which runs through these memoirs, the absurdities and inconceivable sillinesses with which they abound, do not permit a man of honour and common sense to allow such wretched rhapsodies to be imputed to him. I declared in 1815, and at later periods, in the French and foreign journals, that I had no hand in those publications, and I here formally repeat this declaration.

But it may be said to me, why should we place more confidence in you, than in those who have written before you?

My reply shall be plain. I enter the lists one of the last. I have read all that my predecessors have published. I am confident that all that I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I neither wish to obscure nor embellish his glory.

However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him, known him, frequently admired, and sometimes blamed him. I state what I saw, heard, wrote, and thought at the time, under each circumstance that occurred. I have not allowed myself to be carried away by the illusions of the imagination, nor to be influenced by friendship or hatred. I shall not insert a single reflection which did not occur to me at the very moment of the event which gave it birth. How many transactions and documents were there over which I could not but lament!—how many measures, contrary to my views, to my principles, and to my character!—while the best intentions were incapable of overcoming difficulties which a most powerful and decided will rendered almost insupportable.

I also wish the future historian to compare what I say with what others have related, or may relate. But it will be necessary for him to attend to dates, circumstances, difference of situation, change of temperament, and age—for age has much influence over man. We do not think and act at fifty, as at twenty-five. By exercising this caution, he will be able to discover the truth, and to establish an opinion for posterity.

The reader must not expect to find in these

memoirs an uninterrupted series of all the events which marked the great career of Napoleon; nor details of all those battles, with the recital of which so many eminent men have usefully and ably occupied themselves. I shall say little about whatever I did not see or hear, and which is not supported by official documents. Let every one do as much.

Perhaps I shall succeed in confirming truths which have been doubted, and in correcting errors which have been adopted. If I sometimes differ from the observations and statements of Napoleon at St. Helena, I am far from supposing that those who undertook to be the medium of communication between him and the public have misrepresented what he said. I am well convinced, that none of the writers of St. Helena can be taxed with the slightest deception;—disinterested zeal and nobleness of character are undoubted pledges of their veracity. It appears to me perfectly certain that Napoleon stated, dictated, or corrected all they have published. Their honour is unquestionable; no one can doubt it. That they wrote what he communicated, must therefore be believed; but it cannot with equal confidence be credited that what he communicated was nothing but the truth. He seems often to have related as a fact what really was only an idea,—an idea too brought

forth at St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination to Europe in the time of his prosperity. His favourite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten—"What will history say—what will posterity think?" This passion for leaving behind him a celebrated name is one which belongs to the constitution of the human mind; and with Napoleon its influence was excessive. In his first Italian campaign, he wrote thus to General Clarke:—"That ambition and the occupation of high offices, were not sufficient for his satisfaction and happiness, which he had early placed in the opinion of Europe, and the esteem of posterity." He often observed to me, that with him the opinion of posterity was the real immortality of the soul.

It may easily be conceived that Napoleon wished to give to the documents which he knew historians would consult, a favourable colour; and to direct, according to his own views, the judgment of posterity on his actions. But it is only by the impartial comparison of periods, positions, and age, that a well-founded decision will be given. About his fortieth year the physical constitution of Napoleon sustained considerable change; and it may be presumed that his moral qualities were affected by the change. It is particularly important not to lose sight of the premature decay of his

health, which, perhaps, did not permit him always to possess the vigour of memory, otherwise consistent enough with his age. The state of our organization often modifies our recollections, our feelings, our manner of viewing objects, and the impressions we receive. Time changes every thing. All this will be taken into consideration by judicious and thinking men; and for them only do I write.

What M. de Las Cases states Napoleon to have said in May, 1816, on the manner of writing his history, corroborates the opinion I have expressed. It proves that all the facts and observations he communicated or dictated to them were meant to serve as materials. We learn from the "Memorial" that M. de Las Cases wrote daily, and that the manuscript was read over by Napoleon, who often made corrections with his own hand. The idea of a journal pleased him greatly. He fancied it would be a work of which the world could afford no other example. But there are passages in which the order of events is deranged; in others, facts are misrepresented, and erroneous assertions are made,—I apprehend, not altogether involuntarily.

I have paid particular attention to all that has been published by the noble participators of the imperial captivity. Nothing, however, could in-

duce me to change a word in these memoirs, because nothing could take from me my conviction of the truth of what I personally heard and saw. It will be found that Napoleon, in his private conversations, often confirms what I state; but we sometimes differ, and the public must judge between us. However, I must here make one observation.

When Napoleon dictated or related to his friends in St. Helena the facts which they have reported, he was out of the world; he had played his part. Fortune, which, according to his notions, had conferred on him all his power and greatness, had recalled all her gifts before he sunk into the tomb. His ruling passion would induce him to think that it was due to his glory to clear up certain facts, which might prove an unfavourable escort, if they accompanied him to posterity. This was always his leading idea. But is there not some ground for suspecting the fidelity of him who writes or dictates his own history? Why might he not impose on a few persons in St. Helena, when he was able to impose on France and Europe, respecting many acts which emanated from him during the long duration of his power? The life of Napoleon would be very unfaithfully written were the author to adopt as true all his bulletins and proclamations, and all the declarations he

made in St. Helena. Such a history would frequently be in contradiction with facts; and such only is that which might be entitled, "The History of Napoleon, written by himself."

I have said thus much, because it is my wish that the principles which have guided me in the composition of these Memoirs, may be understood. I am aware that they will not please every reader; that is a success to which I cannot pretend. Some merit, however, may be allowed me, on account of the labour I have undergone. It has neither been of a slight nor an agreeable kind. I made it a rule to read everything that has been written respecting Napoleon, and I have had to decipher many of his autograph documents, though no longer so familiar with his scrawl as formerly. I say decipher, because a real cipher might often be much more readily understood than the hand-writing of Napoleon. My own notes, too, which were often very hastily made, in the hand I wrote in my youth, have sometimes much embarrassed me.

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M E M O I R S,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Authentic date of Bonaparte's birth—His family ruined by the Jesuits—His taste for military amusements—Sham siege at the College of Brienne—The porter's wife and Napoleon—My intimacy with Bonaparte at College—His love for the mathematics, and his dislike of Latin—He defends Paoli and blames his father—He is ridiculed by his comrades—Ignorance of the Monks—Distribution of prizes at Brienne—Madame de Montesson and the Duke of Orleans—Report of M. Keralio on Bonaparte—He leaves Bricenne.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August 1769; the old orthography of his name was Buonaparte, but he suppressed the *u* during his first campaign in Italy. His motives for so doing were merely to render the spelling conformable with the pronunciation, and to abridge his signature. He signed Buonaparte even after the famous 13th Vendémiaire.

It has been affirmed that he was born in 1768,

and that he represented himself to be a year younger than he really was. But this is untrue. When we were both at the Military College of Brienne, he always told me the 9th of August was his birthday, and as I was born on the 9th of July 1769, our proximity of age served to strengthen our union and friendship.

The false and absurd charge of Bonaparte having misrepresented his age, is decidedly refuted by a note in the register of M. Berton, sub-principal of the College of Brienne, in which it is stated that M. Napoleon de Buonaparte, Ecuyer, born in the city of Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th August 1769, left the Royal Military College of Brienne on the 17th Oct. 1784.

The stories about his low extraction are alike devoid of foundation. His family was poor, and he was educated at the public expence, an advantage of which many honourable families availed themselves. A memorial addressed by his father, Charles Buonaparte, to the war minister, states that his fortune had been reduced by the failure of some enterprize in which he had engaged, and by the injustice of the Jesuits, by whom he had been deprived of an inheritance. The object of this memorial was to solicit a sub-lieutenant's commission for Napoleon, who was then fourteen years of age, and to get Lucien entered a pupil of the Military College. When Napoleon was fifteen, he was sent to Paris until he should attain the requisite age for entering the army. Lucien was not received into the college

of Brienne, at least not until his brother had quitted the military school of Paris.

Bonaparte was undoubtedly a man of good family. I have seen an authentic account of his genealogy, which he sent for from Tuscany. A great deal has been said about the civil dissensions which forced his family to quit Italy and take refuge in Corsica. On this subject I have nothing to state.

Many and various accounts have been given of Bonaparte's youth. He has been described in terms of enthusiastic praise and exaggerated condemnation. It is ever thus with individuals who by talent or favourable circumstances are raised above their fellow creatures. Bonaparte himself laughed at all the stories which were got up for the purpose of embellishing or blackening his character in early life. An anonymous publication, entitled the "*History of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his Birth to his last Abdication,*" contains perhaps the greatest collection of false and ridiculous details about his boyhood. Among other things, it is stated that he fortified a garden against the attacks of his comrades, who, a few lines lower down, are described as treating him with *esteem and respect*. I remember the circumstances which gave rise to the fabrication inserted in the work just mentioned; they were as follows:—

During the winter of 1783-84, so memorable for heavy falls of snow, Napoleon was greatly at a loss for those retired walks and out-door recreations, in which he used to take much delight.

He had no alternative but to mingle with his comrades, and for exercise, to walk with them up and down a spacious hall. Napoleon, weary of this monotonous promenade, told his comrades that he thought they might amuse themselves much better with the snow, in the great courtyard, if they would get shovels and make horn-works, dig trenches, raise parapets, cavaliers, &c. "This being done," said he, "we may divide ourselves into platoons, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks." The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight, and did not cease until a quantity of gravel and small stones having got mixed with the snow of which we made our bullets, many of the combatants, besiegers as well as besieged, were seriously wounded. I well remember that I was a considerable sufferer from this sort of grape shot fire.

It is almost unnecessary to contradict the story about the ascent in the balloon. It is now very well known that the hero of that headlong adventure was not young Bonaparte, as has been alleged, but one of his comrades, Dupont de Chambon, who was somewhat mad. Of this his subsequent conduct afforded sufficient proofs.

Bonaparte's mind was directed to objects of a totally different kind. He turned his attention to political science. During some of his vacations he enjoyed the society of the Abbé Raynal,

who used to converse with him on government, legislation, commercial relations, &c.

On festival days, when the inhabitants of Brienne were admitted to our amusements, posts were established for the maintenance of order. Nobody was permitted to enter the interior of the building without a card signed by the Principal or Vice-Principal. The rank of officers or sub-officers was conferred according to merit; and Bonaparte one day had the command of a post, when the following little adventure occurred, which affords an instance of his decision of character.

The wife of the porter of the school, who was very well known, because she used to sell milk, fruit, &c, to the pupils, presented herself one Saint Louis day for admittance to the representation of the Death of Cæsar, *corrected*, in which I was to perform the part of Brutus. As the woman had no ticket, and insisted on being admitted without one, some disturbance arose. The serjeant of the post reported the matter to the officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who in an imperious tone of voice exclaimed: "Send away that woman, who comes here with her camp impudence." This was in 1782.

Bonaparte and I were nine years of age when our friendship commenced. It speedily became very intimate, for there was a certain sympathy of heart between us. I enjoyed this friendship and intimacy until 1784, when he was transferred from the Military College of Brienne to that of Paris. I was one among those of his youthful

comrades who could accommodate themselves to his stern character. His natural reserve, his disposition to meditate on the conquest of Corsica, and the impressions he had received in childhood respecting the misfortunes of his country and his family, led him to seek retirement, and rendered his general demeanour, though in appearance only, somewhat unpleasing. Our equality of age brought us together in the classes of the mathematics and polite literature. His ardent wish to acquire knowledge was remarkable from the very commencement of his studies. When he first came to the college, he spoke only the Corsican dialect, and the *Sieur Dupuis*, who was Vice-Principal before *Father Berton*, gave him instructions in the French language. In this he made such rapid progress, that in a short time he commenced the first rudiments of Latin. But to this study he evinced such a repugnance, that at the age of fifteen he was not out of the fourth class. There I left him very speedily; but I could never get before him in the mathematical class, in which he was undoubtedly the cleverest lad at the college. I used sometimes to help him with his Latin themes and versions, in return for the aid he afforded me in the solution of problems, at which he evinced a degree of readiness and facility which perfectly astonished me.

When at *Brienne*, Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark colour of his complexion (which, subsequently, the climate of France somewhat

changed), for his piercing and scrutinizing glance, and for the style of his conversation both with his masters and comrades. His conversation almost always bore the appearance of ill-humour, and he was certainly not very amiable. This I attribute to the misfortunes his family had sustained, and the impressions made on his mind by the conquest of his country.

The pupils were invited by turns to dine with Father Berton, the head of the school. One day, it being Bonaparte's turn to enjoy this indulgence, some of the professors, who were at table, designedly made some remarks disrespectful of Paoli, of whom they knew the young Corsican was an enthusiastic admirer. "Paoli," observed Bonaparte, "was a great man; he loved his country; and I will never forgive my father, who was his adjutant, for having concurred in the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortune, and have fallen with him."

Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play-hours, he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was also fond of Arrianus, but did not care much for Quintus Curtius. I often went off to play with my comrades; and left him by himself in the library.

The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the irritation he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name, Napoleon, and his country. He often said to me—"I will do these French all the mischief I can:" and when I tried to pacify him, he would say:—"But you do not ridicule me; you like me."

Father Patrauld, our mathematical professor, was much attached to Bonaparte. He was justly proud of him as a pupil. The other professors, in whose classes he was not distinguished, took little notice of him. He had no taste for the study of languages, polite literature, or the arts. As there were no indications of his ever becoming a scholar, the pedants of the establishment were inclined to think him stupid. His superior intelligence was, however, sufficiently perceptible, even through the reserve under which it was veiled. If the monks, to whom the superintendence of the establishment was confided, had understood the organization of his mind—if they had engaged more able mathematical professors—or if we had had any excitement to the study of chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c., I am convinced that Bonaparte would have pursued those sciences with all the genius and spirit of investigation which he displayed in a career, more brilliant it is true, but far less useful to mankind. Unfortunately, the monks did not perceive this, and were too poor to pay for good masters. However, after Bonaparte left the college, they

found it necessary to engage two professors from Paris, otherwise the college must have fallen to nothing. These two new professors, MM. Durfort and Despont, finished my education; and I regretted that they did not come sooner. The often repeated assertion of Bonaparte having received a *careful education* at Brienne, is, therefore, untrue. The monks were incapable of giving it him; and, for my own part, I must confess that the extended information of the present day is, to me, a painful contrast with the limited course of education I received at the Military College. It is only surprising that the establishment should have produced a single able man.

Though Bonaparte had no reason to be satisfied with the treatment he received from his comrades, yet he was above complaining of it; and when he had the supervision of any duty which they infringed, he would rather go to prison than denounce the criminals.

I was one day his accomplice in omitting to enforce a duty which we were appointed to supervise. He prevailed on me to accompany him to prison, where we remained three days. We suffered this sort of punishment several times, but with less severity.

In 1783, the Duke of Orleans and Madame de Montesson visited Brienne; and, for upwards of a month, the magnificent chateau of the Count de Brienne was a Versailles in miniature. The series of brilliant entertainments which were given to the august travellers, made them almost

forget the royal magnificence they had left behind them.

The Prince and Madame de Montesson expressed a wish to preside at the distribution of the prizes of our college. Bonaparte and I won the prizes in the class of mathematics, which, as I have already observed, was the branch of study to which he confined his attention, and in which he excelled. When I was called up for the seventh time, Madame de Montesson said to my mother, who had come from Sens, to be present at the distribution, " Pray, Madame, crown your son this time ; my hands are weary."

There was an inspector of the military schools, whose business it was to make an annual report on each pupil, whether educated at the public expense, or paid for by his family. I copied from the report of 1784, a note which was probably obtained surreptitiously from the War Office. I wanted to purchase the manuscript ; but Louis Bonaparte bought it. I did not make a copy of the note which related to myself, because I should naturally have felt diffident in making any use of it. It would, however, have served to shew how time and circumstances frequently reverse the distinctions which arise at school or college. Judging from the reports of the inspector of military schools, young Bonaparte was not, of all the pupils at Brienne in 1784, the one most calculated to excite prognostics of future greatness and glory.

The note to which I have just alluded, and

which was written by M. Keralio, then inspector of the military schools, describes Bonaparte as being remarkable for his application to the mathematics, passable in history and geography, but rather backward in Latin. The inspector concludes by saying, "He will make an excellent seaman, and deserves to be passed to the Military College of Paris."

Father Berton, however, opposed Bonaparte's removal to Paris, because he had not passed through the fourth Latin class, and the regulations required that he should be in the third. I was informed by the Vice Principal, that a report relative to Napoleon was sent from the College of Brienne to that of Paris, in which he was described as being *domineering, imperious, and obstinate*.

I knew Bonaparte well; and I think M. Keralio's report of him was exceedingly just, except, perhaps, that he might have said, he was *very well*, as to his progress in history and geography, and *very backward* in Latin; but certainly nothing indicated the probability of his being an *excellent seaman*. He himself had no thought of the navy.

In consequence of M. Keralio's report, Bonaparte was transferred to the Military College of Paris, along with MM. Montarby de Dampierre, de Castres, de Comminge, and de Laugier de Bellecourt, who were all, like him, educated at the public expence, and all, at least, as favourably reported.

What could have induced Sir Walter Scott to say that Bonaparte was the pride of the college,

that our mathematical master was exceedingly fond of him, and that the other professors in the different sciences had equal reason to be satisfied with him? What I have above stated, together with the report of M. Keralio, bear evidence of his backwardness in almost every branch of education, except mathematics. Neither was it, as Sir Walter affirms, his precocious progress in mathematics that occasioned him to be removed to Paris. He had attained the proper age, and the report of him was favourable, therefore he was very naturally included among the number of the five who were chosen in 1784.

In a biographical account of Bonaparte, I have read the following anecdote. When he was fourteen years of age, he happened to be at a party where some one pronounced a high eulogium on Vicomte de Turenne, and a lady in company observed that he was certainly a great man; but that she should like him better if he had not burnt the palatinate. "What signifies that," replied Bonaparte, "if it was necessary to the object he had in view?"

This is a mere fabrication. Bonaparte was fourteen in the year 1783. He was then at Brienne, where certainly he did not go into company, and, least of all, the company of ladies.

CHAPTER II.

Bonaparte enters the Military College of Paris—He urges me to embrace the military profession—His report on the state of the Military School of Paris—He obtains a commission—I set off for Vienna—Return to Paris, where I again meet Bonaparte—His singular plans for raising money—Louis XVI. with the red cap on his head—The 10th of August—My departure for Stuttgard—Bonaparte goes to Corsica—My name inscribed on the list of emigrants—Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon—Le Souper de Beaucaire—Napoleon's mission to Genoa—His arrest—His autographical justification—Duroc's first connection with Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE was fifteen years and two months old, when he went to the Military College of Paris. I accompanied him to Nogent sur Seine, whence the coach was to start. We parted with regret, and we did not meet again till the year 1792. During these eight years, we maintained an active correspondence: but so little did I anticipate the high destiny which, after his elevation, it was affirmed the wonderful qualities of his boyhood plainly denoted, that I did not preserve one of the letters he wrote to me at that period.

I remember, that in a letter which I received from him about a year after his arrival in Paris, he urged me to keep my promise of entering the army with him. Like him, I had passed through the studies necessary for the artillery service; and

in 1787, I went for three months to Metz, in order to join practice with theory. A strange ordinance, which I believe was issued in 1778 by M. de Segur, required that a man should possess four quarterings of nobility, before he could be qualified to serve his king and country as a military officer. My mother went to Paris, taking with her the letters patent of her husband, who died six weeks after my birth. She proved that in the year 1640, Louis XIII. had, by letters patent, restored the titles of Fauvelet de Villemont, who, in 1586, had kept several provinces of Burgundy subject to the king's authority, at the peril of his life, and the loss of his property; and that his family had occupied the first places in the magistracy since the fourteenth century. All was correct, but it was observed that the letters of nobility had not been registered by the parliament, and to repair this little omission, the sum of twelve thousand francs was demanded. This my mother refused to pay, and there the matter rested.

On his arrival at the military school of Paris, Bonaparte found the whole establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing, that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the Vice Principal of Brienne. He shewed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather, with

sentiments of vanity and self-sufficiency : so that instead of returning happy to the bosoms of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their parents, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes ; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon at the age of sixteen, and time shewed that he never deviated from these principles. Of this the establishment of the military school at Fontainebleau is a decided proof.

As Napoleon was an active observer of every thing passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly, he did not remain long at the military school of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, hurried the period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenantcy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787, and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to

M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French embassy, then at the court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honour of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German Universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic.

I had scarcely got there when the French revolution broke out. Alas! The reasonable ameliorations which the age demanded, and which right thinking men desired, were widely different from that total overthrow and destruction of the state, the condemnation of the best of kings, and the long series of crimes which sully the pages of French history.

I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tyszwicz, niece of Stanislus Augustus, the last King of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed, and was a great admirer of French literature. At her invitation I passed several evenings in company with the king, in a circle

small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the *Moniteur*; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. Princess Tyszwicz wished to print at Warsaw, at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue*, to which I gave the title of *L'Inconnu*.*

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March, 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the emperor, Leopold II., who died on the following day. In private companies, and at public places, I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the emperor were exposed, was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte, and our college intimacy was renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three, who have little money, and less occupation.

* This is the play known on the English stage under the title of "The Stranger."

Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the look out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—every thing failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the war-office, and I at the office of foreign affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, armed with weapons of every description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuileries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow this mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob

had put on his head, he could no longer repress his indignation. “*Che coglione!*” he loudly exclaimed; “Why have they let in all that rabble? Why don’t they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough.”

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed, with great good sense, the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgard, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation. At St. Helena, Bonaparte said: “On the attack of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne’s brother, who kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel.” This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an *entreprise d’encan national*, where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says that, after that time, he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as

will be shewn when I speak of his return from Egypt.*

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgard, I set off for that place on the 2nd of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795.

He told me that my departure accelerated his for Corsica. We separated, as may be supposed, with but faint hopes of ever meeting again.

By a decree of the 28th of March, 1793, all French agents abroad were ordered to return to France, within three months, under pain of being regarded as emigrants. What I had witnessed before my departure for Stuttgard, the excitation in which I had left the public mind, and the well-known consequences of events of this kind, made me fear that I should be compelled to be either an accomplice or a victim in the disastrous scenes which were passing at home. My disobedience of the law placed my name on the list of emigrants.

* Sir Walter appears to have collected his information for the life of Napoleon only from those libels and vulgar stories which gratified his calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligenee, which, added to its numerous errors, shews how much respect he must have entertained for his readers. It would appear, that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where every thing is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Maedonald having offered to introduce Sir Walter Scott to some generals, who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, "I thank you, but I shall collect my information from popular reports."

It has been said of me, in a biographical publication, that “it was as remarkable as it was fortunate for Bourrienne that, *on his return*, he got his name erased from the list of emigrants, on which it had been inscribed during his first journey to Germany. This circumstance has been interpreted in several different ways, which are not all equally favourable to M. de Bourrienne.”

I do not understand what favourable interpretations can be put upon a fact entirely false. General Bonaparte repeatedly applied for the erasure of my name, from the month of April, 1797, when I rejoined him at Leoben, to the period of the signature of the treaty of Campo-Formio; but without success. He desired his brother Louis, Berthier, Bernadotte, and others, when he sent them to the directory, to urge my erasure; but in vain. He complained of this inattention to his wishes, to Bottot, when he came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor. Bottot, who was secretary to Barras, was astonished that I was not erased, and he made fine promises of what he would do. On his return to France, he wrote to Bonaparte: “Bourrienne is erased.” But this was untrue. I was not erased until November, 1797, on the reiterated solicitations of General Bonaparte.

It was during my absence from France that Bonaparte, in the rank of *chef de bataillon*, performed his first campaign, and contributed so powerfully to the retaking of Toulon. Of this period of his life I have no personal knowledge,

and, therefore, I shall not speak of it as an eyewitness. I shall merely relate some facts which fill up the interval between 1793 and 1795, and which I have collected from papers which he himself delivered to me. Among these papers is a little production, entitled *Le Souper de Beaucaire*, the copies of which he bought up, at a dear rate, and destroyed, on his attaining the consulate. This little pamphlet contains principles very opposite to those he wished to see established in 1800, a period when extravagant ideas of liberty were no longer the fashion, and when Bonaparte entered upon a system totally the reverse of those republican principles professed in the *Souper de Beaucaire*.* It may be remarked, that in all that has come to us from St. Helena, not a word is said of this youthful production. Its character sufficiently explains this silence. In all Bonaparte's writings, posterity will probably trace the profound politician, rather than the enthusiastic revolutionist.

Some documents relative to Bonaparte's suspension and arrest by order of the representatives Albitte and Salicetti, serve to place in their true light circumstances which have hitherto been misrepresented. I shall enter into some details of this event, because I have seen it

* This is not, as Sir Walter Scott states, a dialogue between Marat and a Federalist, but a conversation between a military officer, a native of Nismes, a native of Marseilles, and a manufacturer from Montpellier. The latter, though he takes a share in the conversation, does not say much.

stated that this circumstance of Bonaparte's life has been perverted and misrepresented by every person who has hitherto written about him; and the writer who makes this remark, himself describes the affair incorrectly and vaguely. Others have attributed Bonaparte's misfortune to a military discussion on war, and his connection with Robespierre the younger.*

It has moreover been said, that Albitte and Salicetti explained to the Committee of Public Safety, the impossibility of their resuming the military operations, unaided by the talents of General Bonaparte. This is mere flattery. The facts are these:—

On the 13th of July 1794, (25th Messidor, year II.), the representatives of the people with the army of Italy, ordered that General Bonaparte should proceed to Genoa, there, conjointly with the French chargé d'affaires, to confer on certain subjects with the Genoese government. This mission, together with a list of secret instructions, directing him to examine the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country, shew the confidence which Bonaparte, who was then only twenty-five, inspired in men who were deeply interested in making a prudent choice of their agents.

* It will presently be seen that all this is erroneous, and that Sir Walter Scott commits another mistake when he says that Bonaparte's connection with Robespierre was attended with fatal consequences to him, and that his justification consisted in acknowledging that his friends were very different from what he had supposed them to be.

Bonaparte set off for Genoa, and fulfilled his mission. The 9th Thermidor arrived, and the Deputies, called Terrorists, were superseded by Albitte and Salicetti. In the disorder which then prevailed, they were either ignorant of the orders given to General Bonaparte, or persons envious of the rising glory of the young general of artillery inspired Albitte and Salicetti with suspicions prejudicial to him. Be this as it may, the two representatives drew up a resolution, ordering that General Bonaparte should be arrested, suspended from his rank, and arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety; and, extraordinary as it may appear, this resolution was founded on that very journey to Genoa which Bonaparte executed by the direction of the representatives of the people.

Bonaparte said at St. Helena, that he was a short time imprisoned by order of the representative Laporte; but the order for his arrest was signed by Albitte, Salicetti, and Laporte. Laporte was not probably the most influential of the three, for Bonaparte did not address his remonstrance to him. He was a fortnight under arrest.

Had the circumstance occurred three weeks earlier, and had Bonaparte been arraigned before the Committee of Public Safety, previous to the 9th Thermidor, there is every probability that his career would have been at an end; and we should have seen perish on the scaffold, at the age of twenty-five, the man who, during the twenty-five succeeding years, was destined to astonish the

world by his vast conceptions, his gigantic projects, his great military genius, his extraordinary good fortune, his faults, reverses, and final misfortunes.

It is worth while to remark, that, in the post-Thermidorian resolution just alluded to, no mention is made of Bonaparte's association with Robespierre, the younger. The severity with which he was treated is the more astonishing, since his mission to Genoa was the alleged cause of it. Was there any other charge against him, or had calumny triumphed over the services he had rendered to his country? I have frequently conversed with him on the subject of this adventure, and he invariably assured me, that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and that his defence, which I shall subjoin, contained the pure expression of his sentiments, and the exact truth.

In the following note, which he addressed to Albitte and Salicetti, he makes no mention of Laporte. The copy which I possess, is in the hand-writing of Junot, with corrections in the general's hand. It exhibits all the characteristics of Napoleon's writing: his short sentences, his abrupt rather than concise style, sometimes his elevated ideas, and always his plain good sense.

“ To the Representatives, Albitte and Salicetti.

“ You have suspended me from my rank, put me under arrest, and declared me to be suspected.

“ Thus I am disgraced before being judged, or judged before being heard.

“ In a revolutionized state there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

“ When the first are accused, general measures are adopted towards them for the sake of security.

“ The oppression of the second class is a shock to public liberty. The magistrate cannot condemn, until after the fullest evidence, and a succession of facts, those who leave nothing to arbitrary decision.

“ To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of all that he most highly values, confidence and esteem.

“ In what class am I placed ?

“ Since the commencement of the revolution, have I not always been attached to its principles ?

“ Have I not always been seen contending either with domestic enemies or foreign foes ?

“ I sacrificed my home, abandoned my property, and lost every thing for the Republic.

“ I have since served with some distinction at Toulon, and earned a part of the laurels of the army of Italy at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia, and Tanaro.

“ On the discovery of Robespierre’s conspiracy, my conduct was that of a man accustomed to look only to principles.

“ My claim to the title of patriot, therefore, cannot be disputed.

“ Why, then, am I declared suspected without

being heard, and arrested eight days after I heard the news of the tyrant's death?

“ I am declared suspected, and my papers are sealed.

“ The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should first have been sealed; then I should have been called on for my explanation; and, lastly, declared suspected, if there was reason for coming to such a decision.

“ It is wished that I should go to Paris with a decree which declares me suspected. It will naturally be presumed that the representatives did not draw up this decree without accurate information, and I shall be judged with the bias which a man of that class merits.

“ Though a patriot and an innocent and calumniated man, yet whatever measures may be adopted by the committee, I cannot complain.

“ If three men declare that I have committed a crime, I cannot complain of the jury who condemns me.

“ Salicetti, you know me; and I ask whether you have observed any thing in my conduct for the last five years which can afford ground of suspicion?

“ Albitte, you do not know me; but you have received proof of no fact against me; you have not heard me, and you know how artfully the tongue of calumny sometimes works.

“ Must I then be confounded with the enemies of my country; and ought the patriots inconsiderately to sacrifice a general who has not been

useless to the republic? Ought the representatives to reduce the government to the necessity of being unjust and impolitic?

“Hear me; destroy the oppression which overwhelms me, and restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

“An hour after, if my enemies wish for my life, let them take it. I have often given proofs how little I value it. Nothing but the thought that I may yet be useful to my country, makes me bear the burthen of existence with courage.”

It appears that this defence, which is remarkable for its energetic simplicity, produced an effect on Albitte and Salicetti. Inquiries more accurate, and probably more favourable to the general, were instituted; and on the 3d Fructidor (August 20th, 1794), the representatives of the people drew up a decree, stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct; and that, moreover, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.

Salicetti became the friend and confidant of young Bonaparte; but their intimacy did not continue after his elevation.

What is to be thought of the motives for Bo-

naparte's arrest and provisional liberation, when his innocence and the error that had been committed were acknowledged? The importance of the general's military talents, though no mention is made about the impossibility of dispensing with them, is a pretence for restoring him to that liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived.

It was not at Toulon, as has been stated, that Bonaparte took Duroc into the artillery, and made him his aide-de-camp. The acquaintance was formed, at a subsequent period, in Italy. His cold character, and unexcursive mind, suited Napoleon, whose confidence he enjoyed until his death, and who entrusted him with missions perhaps above his abilities. At St. Helena, Bonaparte often declared that he was much attached to Duroc. I believe this to be true; but I know that the attachment was not returned. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial. May it not happen that courtiers are sometimes ungrateful?

CHAPTER III.

Proposal to send Bonaparte to La Vendée—He is struck off the list of general officers—Salicetti—Joseph's marriage with Mademoiselle Clary—Bonaparte's wish to go to Turkey—Note explaining the plan of his proposed expedition—Madame Bourrienne's character of Bonaparte, and account of her husband's arrest—Constitution of the Year III.—The 15th Vendémiaire—Bonaparte appointed second in command of the army of the interior—Eulogium of Bonaparte by Barras, and its consequences—St. Helena manuscript.

GENERAL BONAPARTE returned to Paris, where I also arrived from Germany shortly after him. Our intimacy was resumed, and he gave me an account of all that had passed in the campaign of the south. He frequently alluded to the persecutions he had suffered, and he delivered to me the packet of papers, noticed in the last chapter, desiring me to communicate their contents to my friends. He was very anxious, he said, to do away with the supposition that he was capable of betraying his country, and, under the pretence of a mission to Genoa, becoming a spy on the interests of France. He loved to talk over his military achievements at Toulon and in Italy. He spoke of his first successes with that feeling of

pleasure and gratification which they were naturally calculated to excite in him.

The government wished to send him to La Vendée in the rank of brigadier-general of infantry. Bonaparte rejected this proposition, on two grounds. He thought the scene of action unworthy of his talents, and he regarded his projected removal from the artillery to the infantry as a sort of insult. This last was his most powerful objection, and was the only one he urged officially. In consequence of his refusal to accept the appointment offered him, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that he should be struck off the list of general officers.

Deeply mortified at this unexpected stroke, Bonaparte retired into private life, and found himself doomed to an inactivity very uncongenial with his ardent character. He lodged in the Rue de Mail, near the Place des Victoires, and we recommenced the sort of life we had led in 1792, before his departure for Corsica. It was not without a struggle that he determined to await patiently the removal of the prejudices which were cherished against him by men in power; and he hoped that, in the perpetual changes which were taking place, those men might be superseded by others more favourable to him. He frequently dined and spent the evening with me and my elder brother; and his pleasant conversation and manners made the hours pass away very agreeably. I called on him almost every morning, and I met at his lodgings several persons

who were distinguished at the time; among others, Salicetti, with whom he used to maintain very animated conversations, and who would often solicit a private interview with him. On one occasion, Salicetti paid him three thousand francs, in assignats, as the price of his carriage, which his straightened circumstances obliged him to dispose of. I could easily perceive that our young friend either was, or wished to be, initiated in some political intrigue; and I moreover suspected, that Salicetti had bound him by an oath not to disclose the plans that were hatching. He became pensive, melancholy, and anxious; and he always looked with impatience for Salicetti's daily visit.* Sometimes, withdrawing his mind from political affairs, he would envy the happiness of his brother Joseph, who had just then married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich and respectable merchant of Marseilles. He would often say, "That Joseph is a lucky rogue."

Meanwhile time passed away, and none of his projects succeeded—none of his applications were listened to. He was vexed by the injustice with which he was treated, and tormented by the desire of entering upon some active pursuit. He could not endure the thought of remaining buried in the crowd. He determined to quit France; and the favourite idea, which he never afterwards relinquished, that the east is a fine field for glory,

* Salicetti was implicated in the insurrection of the 20th May, 1795, 1st Prairial, year III., and was obliged to fly to Venice.

inspired him with the wish to proceed to Constantinople, and to enter the service of the Grand Signior. What romantic plans, what stupendous projects he conceived! He asked me whether I would go with him? I replied in the negative. I looked upon him as a half-crazy young fellow, who was driven to extravagant enterprizes and desperate resolutions by his restless activity of mind, joined to the irritating treatment he had experienced, and perhaps it may be added, his want of money. He did not blame me for my refusal to accompany him; and he told me that Junot, Marmont, and some other young officers whom he had known at Toulon, would be willing to follow his fortunes.

He drew up a note, which commenced with the words *Note for* It was addressed to no one, and was merely a plan. Some days after he wrote out another, which however did not differ very materially from the first, and which he addressed to Aubert and Coni. I made him a fair copy of it, and it was regularly forwarded. It was as follows:—

“ NOTE.

“ Aubert }
 “ Coni } 2,500 artillerymen.

“ At a moment when the Empress of Russia has strengthened her union with the Emperor of Austria, it is the interest of France to do every thing in her power to increase the military power of Turkey.

“ That power possesses a numerous and brave militia, but is very backward in the scientific part of the art of war.

“ The organization and the service of the artillery, which, in our modern tactics, so powerfully facilitate the gaining of battles, and on which, almost exclusively, depend the attack and defence of fortresses, are especially the points in which France excels, and in which the Turks are most deficient.

“ They have several times applied to us for artillery officers, and we have sent them some; but the officers thus sent, have not been sufficiently powerful, either in numbers or talent, to produce any important result.

“ General Bonaparte, who, from his youth, has served in the artillery, of which he was entrusted with the command, at the siege of Toulon, and in the two campaigns of Italy, offers his services to proceed to Turkey, with a mission from the French government.

“ He proposes to take along with him six or seven officers, of different kinds, and who may be, altogether, perfect masters of the military art.

“ He will have the satisfaction of being useful to his country in this new career, if he succeed in rendering the Turkish power more formidable, by completing the defence of their principal fortresses, and constructing new ones.”

This note shews the error of the often-repeated assertion, that he proposed entering the service of the Turks against Austria. He makes no men-

tion of any such thing; and the two countries were not at war.*

No answer was returned to this note. Turkey remained unaided, and Bonaparte unoccupied. I must confess, that for the failure of this project, at least, I was not sorry. I should have regretted to see a young man, of great promise, and one for whom I cherished a sincere friendship, devote himself to so uncertain a fate. If, however, a clerk of the War Office had but written on the note "*granted,*" that little word would probably have changed the face of Europe.

Bonaparte remained in Paris, forming schemes for the gratification of his ambition, and his desire of making a figure in the world; but obstacles opposed all he attempted.

Women are better judges of character than men. Madame de Bourrienne, knowing the intimacy which subsisted between my young friend and me, observed him very closely. She preserved some notes which she made upon Bonaparte, and the circumstances which struck her as most remarkable, during our early connection with him. My wife did not entertain so favourable an opinion of him as I did; the warm friendship I cherished for him, probably blinded

* The Scottish biographer makes Bonaparte say that it would be strange if a little Corsican should become king of Jerusalem. I never heard any thing drop from him which supports the probability of such a remark, and certainly there is nothing in his note to warrant the inference of his having made it.

me to his faults. I subjoin Madame de Bourrienne's notes, word for word.

“ On the day after our second return from Germany, which was in May 1795, we met Bonaparte in the Palais Royal, near a shop kept by a man named Girardin. Bonaparte embraced Bourrienne as a friend whom he loved, and was glad to see. We went that evening to the Théâtre Français. The performance consisted of a tragedy, and *Le Sourd, ou l'Auberge pleine*. During the latter piece the audience were convulsed with laughter. The part of Dasnières was represented by Batiste the younger, and it was never played better. The bursts of laughter were so loud and frequent, that the actor was several times obliged to stop in the midst of his part. Bonaparte alone (and it struck me as being very extraordinary) was silent, and coldly insensible to the humour which was so irresistibly diverting to every one else. I remarked at this period that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return, he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us, that being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this

officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The general was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment of the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the general, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very strong, Bonaparte called out to him: 'Take care, there is a bomb-shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness.

“ At this time we saw him almost every day. He frequently came to dine with us. As there was a scarcity of bread, and sometimes only two ounces per head daily were distributed in the section, it was customary to request one's guests to bring their own bread, as it could not be procured for money. Bonaparte, and his brother Louis (a mild, agreeable young man, who was the general's aide-de-camp) used to bring with them their ration bread, which was black, and mixed with bran. I was sorry to observe that all this bad bread fell to the share of the poor aide-de-camp, for we provided the general with a finer kind, which was made clandestinely by a pastry cook, from flour which we contrived to smuggle

from Sens, where my husband had some farms. Had we been denounced, the affair might have cost us our heads.

“ We spent six weeks in Paris, and we went frequently with Bonaparte to the theatres, and to the fine concerts given by Garat, in the Rue Saint Marc. These were the first brilliant entertainments that took place after the death of Robespierre. There was always something eccentric in Bonaparte's behaviour, for he often slipped away from us without saying a word; and when we were supposing he had left the theatre, we would suddenly discover him in the second or third tier, sitting alone in a box, and looking rather sulky.

“ Before our departure for Sens, where my husband's family reside, and which was fixed upon for the place of my first accouchement, we looked out for a more agreeable apartment than that we had in the Rue Grenier, Saint Lazare, which was but a ground floor. Bonaparte used to accompany us and assist us in our researches. At last we took the first floor of a handsome new house, No. 19, Rue de Marais. Bonaparte, who wished to stop in Paris, went to look at a house opposite to ours. He had thoughts of taking it, for himself, his uncle Fesch, now Cardinal Fesch, and a gentleman named Patrauld, formerly one of the masters of the Military School. One day he said, ‘ With that house over there, my friends in it, and a cabriolet, I shall be the happiest fellow in the world.’

“ We soon after left town for Sens. The house was not taken, for other and great affairs were preparing. During the interval between our departure and the fatal day of Vendémiaire, several letters passed between him and his school companion. These letters were of the most amiable and affectionate description. [They have been stolen.] On our return, in November of the same year, every thing was changed. The college friend was now a great personage. He had got the command of Paris in return for the business of Vendémiaire. Instead of a small house in the Rue de Marais, he occupied a splendid hotel in the Rue des Capucines; the modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand déjeûners, which were sometimes attended by ladies; and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend, the amiable Madame Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had begun to pay attention. He cared little for his friends, and ceased to address them in the style of familiar equality. I shall mention only one instance, that of M. Rey, whose father lost his life in the siege of Lyons, and who, being there himself was saved, as by a miracle. He was a gentle, amiable youth, and devoted to the royal cause. We used to see him daily. He waited on his college comrade, but being unable to bring himself to speak in the tone of distant respect, Bonaparte soon

turned his back upon him, and on seeing him again did not say a word to him. The only thing he did for him was to appoint him to the wretched place of an inspector of provisions, which Rey could not accept. Three years after he died of a pulmonary affection, regretted by all his friends.

“ After the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, M. de Bourrienne saw Bonaparte only at distant periods. In the month of February 1796, my husband was arrested at seven in the morning, by a party of men, armed with muskets, on the charge of being a returned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and his child, only six months old, being barely allowed time to dress himself. I followed him. They conveyed him to the guard-house of the section, and thence I know not whither. In every place he was treated in a most infamous manner: and, finally, in the evening, they placed him in the lock-up-house of the prefecture of police, which, I believe, is now called the central bureau. There he passed two nights and a day, among men of the lowest description, some of whom were even malefactors. His wife and his friends ran about every where, trying to find somebody to protect him, and, among the rest, Bonaparte was applied to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. Madame de Bourrienne, accompanied by one of her husband's friends, waited for the commandant of Paris until midnight, but he *did not come home*. Next morning she returned at an early hour, and found him. She stated what had happened to her husband,

whose head was then at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend. However, he determined to write to Merlin, the Minister of Justice. Madame de Bourrienne carried the letter according to its address. She met the minister as he was coming down stairs, on his way to the Directory. Being in grand costume, he wore a Henri IV. hat, surmounted with a multitude of plumes, a dress which formed a singular contrast with his person. He opened the letter; and whether it was that he cared as little for the General as the cause of M. de Bourrienne's arrest, he replied, that the business was no longer in his hands, and that it was now under the cognizance of the public administrators of the laws. The minister then stepped into his carriage, and the lady was conducted to several offices in his hotel. She passed through them with a broken heart, for she met with none but harsh men, who told her that the prisoner deserved death. From them she learned that on the following day he would be brought before the judge of the peace for his section, who would decide whether there was ground for putting him on his trial. In fact, this proceeding took place next day. He was conveyed to the house of the judge of the peace for the section of Bondy, Rue Grange-aux-Belles, whose name was Lemaire. His countenance was mild; and though his manner was cold, he had none of the harshness and ferocity common to the government agents of that time. His examination of the charge was long, and he

several times shook his head. The moment of decision had arrived, and every thing seemed to indicate that the determination would be to place the prisoner under accusation. At seven o'clock he made his wife be called; she hastened to him, and beheld a most heart-rending scene. He was suffering under a hæmorrhage, which had continued since two o'clock, and had interrupted the examination. The Judge of the Peace, who looked sad, sat with his head resting on his hand. She threw herself at his feet, and implored his clemency. The wife and the two daughters of the judge visited this scene of sorrow, and assisted Madame de Bourrienne in softening him. He was a worthy and feeling man, a good husband and parent. It was evident that he struggled between compassion and duty. He kept looking over the laws on the subject, and, after long researches, said to me, "To-morrow is Décadi, and no proceedings can take place on that day. Find, Madame, two responsible persons, who will answer for the appearance of your husband, and I will permit him to go home with you, accompanied by the two guardians." Next day two friends were found, one of whom was M. Des-maisons, counsellor of the court, who became bail for M. de Bourrienne. He continued under these guardians six months, until a law compelled the persons who were inscribed on the fatal list, to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. One of the guardians was a man of straw; the other was a knight of St. Louis. The former was

left in the anti-chamber; the latter made, every evening, one of our party at cards. The family of M. de Bourrienne have always felt the warmest gratitude to the judge of the peace and his family. That worthy man saved the life of M. de Bourrienne, who, when he returned from Egypt, and had it in his power to do him some service, hastened to his house; but the good judge was no more!"

The letters mentioned in the narrative were at this time stolen from me by the police officers.

Every one was now eager to pay court to a man who had risen from the crowd in consequence of the part he had acted at an extraordinary crisis, and who was spoken of as the future general of the army of Italy. It was expected that he would be gratified, as he really was, by the restoration of some letters which contained the expression of his former very modest wishes, called to recollection his unpleasant situation, his limited ambition, his pretended aversion from public employment, and finally exhibited his intimate relations with those who were, without hesitation, characterised as Emigrants, to be afterwards made the victims of confiscation and death.

The 13th of Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795) was approaching. The national convention had been painfully delivered of a new constitution, called from the epoch of its birth, "the Constitution of Year III." It was adopted on the 22nd of August, 1795. The provident legislators did not forget themselves. They stipulated that two-

thirds of their body should form part of the new legislature. The party opposed to the convention hoped, on the contrary, that, by a general election, a majority would be obtained for its opinion. That opinion was against the continuation of a power in the hands of men who had already so greatly abused it. The same opinion was also entertained by a great part of the most influential sections of Paris, both as to the possession of property and talent. These sections declared that, in accepting the new constitution, they rejected the decree of the 30th of August, which required the re-election of two-thirds. The convention, therefore, found itself menaced in what it held most dear—its power, and, accordingly, resorted to measures of defence. A declaration was put forth, stating that the convention, if attacked, would remove to Chalons-sur-Marne; and the commanders of the armed force were called upon to defend that body.

The 5th of October, the day on which the sections of Paris attacked the convention, is certainly one which ought to be marked in the wonderful destiny of Bonaparte. With the events of that day were linked, as cause and effect, many great political convulsions of Europe. The blood which flowed ripened the seeds of the youthful general's ambition. It must be admitted that the history of passed ages present few periods full of such extraordinary events as the years included between 1795 and 1815. The man whose name serves, in some measure, as a reca-

pitulation of all these great events, was entitled to believe himself immortal.

Living retired at Sens since the month of July, I only learned what had occasioned the insurrection of the sections from public report and the journals. I cannot, therefore, say what part Bonaparte may have taken in the intrigues which preceded that day. He was officially characterised only as secondary actor in the scene. The account of the affair which was published announces that Barras was, on that very day, commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, and Bonaparte second in command. Bonaparte drew up that account, and the whole of the manuscript was in his hand-writing, and it exhibits all the peculiarity of his style and orthography. He sent me a copy.

Those who have read the bulletin of the 13th Vendémiaire, could not fail to observe the care which Bonaparte took to cast the reproach of shedding the first blood on the men he calls rebels. He made a great point of representing his adversaries as the aggressors. It is certain that he long regretted that day. He often told me that he would give years of his life to blot it out from the page of his history. He was convinced that the people of Paris were dreadfully irritated against him, and he would have been glad if Barras had never made that speech in the convention, with the part of which, complimentary to himself, he was at the time so well pleased. Barras said—"It is to his able and prompt dispositions

that we are indebted for the defence of this assembly, around which he had posted the troops with the greatest skill." This is perfectly true, but it is not always agreeable that every truth should be told.

The result of this petty civil war brought Bonaparte forward; but the party he defeated at that period never pardoned him for the past, and that which he supported dreaded him in the future. Five years after he will be found reviving the principles which he combated on the 5th of October 1795. On being appointed, on the motion of Barras, Lieutenant-General of the Army of the Interior, he established his head quarters in the Rue Neuve des Capucines. The statement in the *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, that after the 13th Brumaire he remained unemployed at Paris, is, therefore, obviously erroneous.

To avoid returning to this *Manuscrit de Sainte Hélène*, which at the period of its appearance attracted more attention than it deserved, and which was very generally attributed to Bonaparte, I shall here say a few words respecting it. I shall briefly repeat what I said in a note when my opinion was asked, under high authority, by a minister of Louis XVIII.

No reader intimately acquainted with public affairs can be deceived by the pretended authenticity of this pamphlet. What does it contain? Facts perverted and heaped together without method, and related in an obscure, affected, and ridiculously sententious style. Besides what ap-

pears in it, but which is badly placed there, it is impossible not to remark the omission of what should necessarily be there, were Napoleon the author. Some truths are mixed up with an inconceivable mass of falsehoods. Some forms of expression used by Bonaparte are occasionally met with, but they are awkwardly introduced, and often with bad taste.

It has been reported that the pamphlet was written by M. Bertrand, formerly an officer of the army of the Vistula, and a relation of the Count de Simeon, peer of France.

CHAPTER IV.

On my return to Paris meet Bonaparte—His interview with Josephine—My return to Sens—Bonaparte's marriage and departure from Paris ten days after—Portrait and character of Josephine—Bonaparte's dislike of national property—Letter from General Colli and Bonaparte's reply—Bonaparte refuses to serve with Kellerman—Marmont's letters—Bonaparte's order to me to join the army—My departure from Sens for Italy—Insurrection of the Venetian States.

AFTER the 13th Vendémiaire, I visited Paris. During the short time I stopped there, I saw Bonaparte less frequently than formerly. I had, however, no reason to attribute this to any thing but the pressure of the public business with which he was now occupied. When I did meet him, it was most commonly at breakfast or dinner. One day he called my attention to a young lady who sat opposite to him, and asked what I thought of her. The way in which I answered his question appeared to give him much pleasure. I readily gathered from his conversation, that his union with this young widow would probably assist him in gaining the objects of his ambition. His constantly increasing influence with her had already brought him into contact with the most influential persons of that epoch. He remained in Paris

only ten days after his marriage, which took place on the 9th of March 1796. Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities. I am convinced that all who were acquainted with her must have felt bound to speak well of her; to few, indeed, did she ever give cause for complaint. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Hence her protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!

When fortune placed a crown on her head, she told me that the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted. It is certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. I often expressed to her my astonishment, that she should cherish such a belief, and she readily laughed at her own credulity; but, notwithstanding, never abandoned it. The event had given importance to the prophecy, but the foresight of the prophetess, said to be an old negress, was not the less a matter of doubt.

Not long before the 13th of Vendémiaire, that day which opened for Bonaparte his immense career, he addressed a letter to me at Sens, in

which, after some of his usual friendly expressions, he said—"Look out for a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase something of the sort, as soon as I can scrape together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property."

Bonaparte left Paris on the 21st of March, 1796, while I was still with my guardians. He no sooner joined the army than General Colli transmitted to him the following letter, which, with its answer, I think sufficiently interesting to deserve preservation.

"SIR,

"I suppose, General, that you are ignorant of the arrest of one of my officers, named Moulin, the bearer of a flag of truce, who has been detained for these some days past at Murseco, contrary to the laws of war, and notwithstanding an immediate demand for his liberation being made by General Count Vidal. His being a French emigrant cannot take from him the rights of a flag of truce, and I again claim him in that character. The courtesy and generosity which I have always experienced from the Generals of your nation, induces me to hope that I shall not make this application in vain; and it is with regret I mention that your chief of brigade, Barthelemy, who ordered the unjust arrest of my flag of truce, having yesterday by the chance of war fallen into my hands, that officer will be dealt with accord-

ing to the treatment which M. Moulin may receive.

“ I most sincerely wish that nothing may occur to change the noble and humane conduct which the two nations have hitherto been accustomed to observe towards each other.

(Signed)

“ COLLI.”

“ *Ceva, April 17th, 1796.*”

Bonaparte replied as follows :—

“ SIR,

“ An emigrant is a parricide whom no character can render sacred ; the feelings of honour, and the respect due to the French people were forgotten when M. Moulin was sent as a flag of truce. You know the laws of war ; and I therefore do not give credit to the reprisals with which you threaten the Chief of Brigade, Barthelemy. If, contrary to the laws of war, you authorise such an act of barbarism, all the prisoners taken from you shall be immediately made responsible for it with the most deplorable vengeance, for I entertain for the officers of your nation that esteem which is due to brave warriors.”

The Executive Directory, to whom these letters were transmitted, approved the arrest of M. Moulin ; but ordered that he should be securely guarded, and not brought to trial in consequence of the character with which he was invested.

About the middle of the year 1796, the Direc-

tory proposed to appoint General Kellerman, who commanded the Army of the Alps, second in command of the Army of Italy.

On the 24th of May, 1796, Bonaparte wrote to Carnot respecting this plan, which was far from being agreeable to him, he said—"Whether I shall be employed here or any where else is indifferent to me: to serve the country, and to merit from posterity a page in our history, is all my ambition. If you join Kellerman and me in command in Italy, you will undo everything. General Kellerman has more experience than I, and knows how to make war better than I do; but both together, we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe."

It is impossible for me to avoid occasionally placing myself in the fore-ground in the course of these Memoirs. I owe it, however, to myself to answer, though indirectly, to certain charges which on various occasions have been made against me. Some of the documents which I am about to insert belong, perhaps, less to the history of the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy, than to that of his secretary; but, I must confess, I wish to shew that I was not an intruder, nor yet pursuing as an obscure intriguer the path of fortune. I was influenced much more by friendship than by ambition when I took a part on the theatre where the rising glory of the future emperor already shed a lustre on all who were attached to his destiny. It will be seen by the following

letters with what confidence I was then honoured ; but these letters, written for friendship, and not for history, speak also of our military achievements ; and whatever brings to recollection the events of that heroic period, must still be interesting to many.

“ Head-quarters, at Milan, 20 Prairial year IV.
June 8, 1796.

“ The General-in-Chief has ordered me, my dear Bourrienne, to make known to you the pleasure he experienced on hearing of you, and his ardent desire that you should join us. Take your departure, then, my dear Bourrienne, and arrive quickly. You may be certain of obtaining the testimonies of affection, which are your due, from all who know you ; and we much regret that you are not with us, to have a share in our success.

“ The campaign which we have just concluded will be celebrated in the records of history. With less than 30,000 men, in a state of almost complete destitution, it is a fine thing to have, in the course of less than two months, beaten, eight different times, an army of from 65 to 70,000 men, obliged the king of Sardinia to make a humiliating peace, and driven the Austrians from Italy.

“ The last victory, of which you have doubtless had an account, the passage of the Mincio, has closed our labours.

“ There now remain for us the siegc of Mantua

and the castle of Milan; but these obstacles will not detain us long. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne; I repeat General Bonaparte's request that you should repair hither, and the testimony of his desire to see you. Receive, &c.

“ MARMONT,
“ *Chief of Brigade, and Aide de Camp to
the General in Chief.*”

I was obliged to remain at Sens, soliciting my erasure from the emigrant list, which I did not obtain, however, till 1797, and to put an end to a charge made against me of having fabricated a certificate of residence. Meanwhile I applied myself to study, and preferred repose to the agitation of camps. For these reasons I did not then accept this friendly invitation, notwithstanding that I was very desirous of seeing my young college friend in the midst of his astonishing triumphs.

Ten months after, I received another letter from Marmont, in the following terms:—

“ Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.
March 22, 1796.

“ The General-in-Chief, my dear Bourrienne, has ordered me to express to you his wish for your prompt arrival here. We have all long anxiously desired to see you, and look forward with great pleasure to the moment when we shall meet.

I join with the General, my dear Bourrienne,

in urging you to join the army without loss of time. You will increase a united family, happy to receive you in its bosom. I inclose an order written by the General, which will serve you as a passport. Post it, and arrive immediately. We are on the point of penetrating into Germany. The language is changing already, and in four days we shall hear no more Italian.

“ Prince Charles has been well beaten, and we are pursuing him. If this campaign be fortunate, we may sign a peace, which is so necessary for Europe, in Vienna. Adieu, my dear Bourrienne : reckon for something the zeal of one who is much attached to you.

“ MARMONT.”

“ Head-quarters, Gorizia, 2 Germinal, year V.

“ *Bonaparte, General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.*

“ The citizen Bourrienne is to come to me on receipt of the present order.

“ BONAPARTE.”

The odious manner in which I was then harassed, I know not why, on the part of the Government, respecting my certificate of residence, rendered my stay in France not very agreeable. I was even threatened with being put on my trial for having produced a certificate of residence which was alleged to be signed by nine false witnesses. This time, therefore, I resolved without hesitation to set out for the army. General Bonaparte's order, which I registered at the muni-

ciality of Sens, answered for a passport, which otherwise would probably have been refused me. I have always felt a strong sense of gratitude for his conduct towards me on this occasion.

Notwithstanding the haste I made to leave Sens, the necessary formalities and precautions detained me some days, and at the moment I was about to depart, I received the following letter.

“ Head Quarters, Judenburgh, 10 Germinal year V.
April 8, 1796.

“ The General-in-Chief again orders me, my dear Bourrienne, to urge you to come to him quickly. We are in the midst of success and triumphs. The German campaign begins even more brilliantly than did the Italian. You may judge, therefore, what a promise it holds out to us. Come, my dear Bourrienne, immediately—yield to our solicitations—share our pains and pleasures, and you will add to our enjoyments.

“ I have directed the courier to pass through Sens, that he may deliver this letter to you, and bring me back your answer.

“ MARMONT.”

To the above letter this order was subjoined—

“ The citizen Fauvelet de Bourrienne is ordered to leave Sens, and repair immediately by post to the Head Quarters of the Army of Italy.

“ BONAPARTE.”

I arrived in the Venetian territory, at the moment when the insurrection against the French was on the point of breaking out. Thousands of peasants were instigated to rise under the pretext of appeasing the troubles of Bergamo and Brescia. I passed through Verona on the 16th of April, the eve of the signature of the preliminaries of Leoben, and of the revolt of Verona. Easter Sunday was the day which the ministers of Jesus Christ selected for preaching "that it was lawful and even meritorious to kill Jacobins." "*Death to Frenchmen!—Death to Jacobins!*" were their rallying cries. At the time I had not the slightest idea of this state of things. After stopping two hours at Verona, I proceeded on my journey without being aware of the massacre which threatened that city. When about a league from the town, I was however stopped by a party of insurgents, on their way thither, consisting, as I estimated, of about two thousand men. They only desired me to cry "*El viva Santo Marco,*" an order with which I speedily complied and passed on. What would have become of me had I been in Verona on the Monday! On that day the bells were rung, while the French were butchered in the hospitals. Every one met in the streets was put to death. The priests headed the assassins, and more than four hundred Frenchmen were thus sacrificed. The forts held out against the Venetians, though they attacked them with fury; but repossession of the town was not obtained until after ten days. On the very day of the insurrec-

tion of Verona, some Frenchmen were assassinated between that city and Vicenza, through which I passed on the day before without danger; and scarcely had I passed through Padua, when I learned that others had been massacred there. Thus the assassinations travelled as rapidly as the post.

I shall say a few words respecting the revolt of the Venetian states, which, in consequence of the difference of political opinions, has been viewed in very contradictory lights.

The last days of Venice were approaching, and a storm had been brewing for more than a year. About the beginning of April the threatening symptoms of a general insurrection appeared. The quarrel commenced when the Austrians entered Peschiera, and some pretext was also afforded by the reception given to *Monsieur*, afterwards Louis XVIII. It was certain that Venice had made military preparations during the Siege of Mantua, in 1796. The interests of the aristocracy outweighed the political considerations in our favour. On the 7th of June 1796, General Bonaparte wrote thus to the Executive Directory:—

“ The Senate of Venice lately sent two judges of their Council here to ascertain definitively how things stand. I repeated my complaints. I spoke to them about the reception given to *Monsieur*. Should it be your plan to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have *expressly prepared*

this sort of rupture for you. If your intentions be *more decided*, I think this ground of quarrel ought to be kept up. Let me know what you mean to do, and wait till the favourable moment, which I shall seize according to circumstances; for we must not have to do with all the world at once."

The Directory answered that the moment was not favourable; that it was first necessary to take Mantua, and give Wurmser a sound beating. However, towards the end of the year 1796 the Directory began to give more credit to the sincerity of the professions of neutrality made on the part of Venice. It was resolved therefore to be content with obtaining money and supplies for the army, and to refrain from violating the neutrality. The Directory had not then in reserve, like Bonaparte, the idea of making the dismemberment of Venice serve as a compensation for such of the Austrian possessions as the French Republic might retain.

At the period to which these Memoirs are now brought (April, 1796), the expected favourable moment had arrived. The knell of Venice was rung; and Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory on the 30th of April: "I am convinced that the only course to be now taken, is to destroy this ferocious and sanguinary government." On the 3d of May, writing from Palma Nuova, he says: "I see nothing that can be done, but to

efface the Venetian name from the face of the globe.”

Twenty days after this determination to humble the Venetian aristocracy, he wrote to the Directory: “The party at Genoa, which is called the patriotic, has managed very ill. Its follies and inconsistencies have given the advantage to the aristocrats. Had the patriots remained quiet, but for a fortnight, the aristocracy would have been ruined, and would have died of itself.”

Two causes powerfully contributed to hasten the downfall of Venice, after an existence of twelve hundred years. The conquests of the French had propagated the principles of the revolution in Italy. The Archduke of Milan had been deposed; why should not the Doge of Venice also cease to rule? The spirit of the revolution was gradually diffused, and discontent rapidly spread along with it. The difference between the new doctrines and the gloomy institutions of Venice, was sufficiently striking to account for the desire to escape from the latter.

On the other hand, great measures were no longer to be expected from the senate of Venice, for the government was worn out. What ought to be done was certainly discussed, but no decision was adopted. The senate was constantly fluctuating between Austria and France; between a conquered and a conquering power. Accustomed to tremble before Austria, Venice

always paid more deference to that power than to France. This unfortunate government hoped to derive advantage from the entrance of the French army into Germany, and its position in the defiles of Carinthia;—that opportunity was to be taken to renew the Sicilian Vespers. The fanatical peasants, among whom money was distributed, everywhere took up arms. Bonaparte on his part had tolerated a revolutionary apostleship, a measure easily justified. He wished to reinforce his army by an Italian army, and thus guard against the vengeance and perfidy which had destroyed so many ultramontane armies in preceding wars.

Of all the Italians the people of Venice were the most hostile to us. Bonaparte wrote to M. Lallement, the Minister of the French Republic at Venice, “that all the reports drawn up by the Proveditores of Brescia, Bergamo, and Cremona, which attributed the insurrection to the French, were a series of impostures, the object of which was to justify the perfidy of the Senate of Venice in the eyes of Europe.”

Towards the end of March, 1797, the Government of Venice was in a desperate state. Ottolini, the Podesta of Bergamo, an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the State Inquisitors, then harassed the people of Bergamo and Brescia, who after the reduction of Mantua, wished to be separated from Venice. He drew up, to be sent to the senate, a long report respecting the plans of separation, founded on information given him by

a Roman advocate named Marcellin Serpini, who had come to Bergamo on business connected with the property of the Princess Albani, and who pretended to have gleaned the facts he communicated, in conversation with officers of the French army. The plan of the patriotic party was to unite the Venetian territories on the main land, with Lombardy, and to form of the whole one republic. The conduct of Ottolini exasperated the party inimical to Venice, and augmented the prevailing discontent. Having disguised his valet as a peasant, he sent him off to Venice with the report he had drawn up on Serpini's communications, and other information; but this report never reached the inquisitors. The valet was arrested, his despatches taken, and Ottolini fled from Bergamo. This gave a beginning to the general rising of the Venetian States. In fact, the force of circumstances alone brought on the insurrection of those territories against their old insular government. General La Hoz, who commanded the Lombard legion, was the active protector of the Revolution, which certainly had its origin more in the progress of the prevailing principles of liberty than in the crooked policy of the Senate of Venice. Bonaparte, indeed, in his despatches to the Directory, stated that the Senate had instigated the insurrection; but that was not quite correct, and he could not wholly believe his own assertion.

Pending the vacillation of the Venetian senate, Vienna was exciting the population of its states

on the continent, to rise against the French. The Venetian government had always exhibited an extreme aversion to the French revolution, which had been violently condemned at Venice. Hatred of the French had been constantly excited and encouraged, and religious fanaticism had inflamed many persons of consequence in the country. From the end of 1796 the Venetian senate secretly continued its armaments, and the whole conduct of that government announced intentions, which have been called perfidious, but the only object of which, however, was to defeat intentions still more perfidious. The senate was the irreconcilable enemy of the French republic. Excitement was carried to such a point that in many places the people complained that they were not permitted to arm against the French. The Austrian generals industriously circulated the most sinister reports respecting the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine, and the position of the French troops in the Tyrol. These impostures, printed in bulletins, were well calculated to instigate the Italians, and especially the Venetians, to rise in mass to exterminate the French, when the victorious army should penetrate into the hereditary states.

The pursuit of the Arch-duke Charles into the heart of Austria, encouraged the hopes which the Venetian senate had conceived, that it would be easy to annihilate the feeble remnant of the French army, as the troops were scattered

through the states of Venice on the main land. Wherever the senate had the ascendancy, insurrection was secretly fomented: wherever the influence of the patriots prevailed, ardent efforts were made to unite the Venetian terra firma to the Lombard republic.

Bonaparte skilfully took advantage of the disturbances and the massacres consequent on them, to adopt towards the senate the tone of an offended conqueror. He published a declaration that the Venetian government was the most treacherous imaginable. The weakness and cruel hypocrisy of the senate, facilitated the plan he had conceived of making a peace for France at the expence of the Venetian republic. On returning from Leoben, a conqueror and pacificator, he, without ceremony, took possession of Venice, changed the established government, and, master of all the Venetian territory, found himself, in the negotiations of Campo Formio, able to dispose of it as he pleased, as a compensation for the cessions which had been exacted from Austria. After the 19th of May he wrote to the Directory that one of the objects of his treaty with Venice was to avoid bringing upon us the odium of violating the preliminaries relative to the Venetian territory, and, at the same time, to afford pretexts and to facilitate their execution. At Campo Formio the fate of this republic was decided. It disappeared from the number of states without effort or noise. The silence of its fall astonished imaginations

warmed by historical recollections from the brilliant pages of its maritime glory. Its power, however, which had been silently undermined, existed no longer except in the illusion of those recollections. What resistance could it have opposed to the man destined to change the face of Europe?

CHAPTER V.

Signature of the preliminaries—Fall of Venice—My arrival and reception at Leoben—Bonaparte wishes to pursue his success—The Directory opposes him—He wishes to advance on Vienna—Movement of the army of the Sambre et Meuse—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Arrival at Milan—We take up our residence at Montebello—Napoleon's judgment respecting Dandolo and Melzi—Unopened correspondence answered.

I JOINED Bonaparte at Leoben on the 19th of April, the morning of the signature of the preliminaries of peace. These preliminaries resembled in no respect the definitive treaty of Campo Formio. The still incomplete fall of the state of Venice did not, at that time, present an available prey for partition. All was arranged afterwards. Woe to the small states that come in immediate contact with the two colossal empires waging war!

Here terminated my connection with Bonaparte as a comrade and equal, and those relations with him commenced, in which I saw him suddenly great, powerful, and surrounded with homage and glory. I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too

well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me, not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanour accordingly. I made with pleasure, and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship, and other little privileges. He said, in a loud voice, when I entered the saloon where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff—"I am glad to see you, at last;" but as soon as we were alone, he made me understand that he was pleased with my reserve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet. I spoke to him the same evening respecting the insurrection of the Venetian territories; of the dangers which menaced the French, and of those which I had escaped, &c. "Care thou* nothing about it," said he; "those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had its day, and is done." This republic was, however, still existing, wealthy and powerful. These words brought to my recollection what I had read in a work by one Gabriel Naude, who wrote during the reign of Louis XIII. for Cardinal de Bagin:—"Do you see Constantinople, which flatters itself with being the seat of a double empire; and Venice, which glories in her stability of a thousand years? *Their day will come.*"

In the first conversation which Bonaparte had with me, I thought I could perceive that he was

* He used to *tutoyer* me in this familiar manner until his return to Milan.

not very well satisfied with the preliminaries. He would have liked to advance with his army to Vienna. He did not conceal this from me. Before he offered peace to Prince Charles, he wrote to the Directory that he intended to pursue his success; but that for this purpose he reckoned on the co-operation of the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine. The Directory replied, that he must not reckon on a diversion in Germany, and that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were not to pass that river. A resolution so unexpected—a declaration so contrary to what he had constantly solicited, compelled him to terminate his triumphs, and renounce his favourite project of planting the standard of the republic on the ramparts of Vienna, or at least of levying contributions on the suburbs of that capital.

A law of the 23d of August, 1794, forbade the use of any other names than those in the register of births. I wished to conform to this law, which very foolishly interfered with old habits. My eldest brother was living, and I therefore designated myself Fauvelet the younger. This annoyed General Bonaparte. "Such change of name is absolute nonsense," said he. "I have known you for twenty years by the name of Bourrienne. Sign your name as you are called, and leave the matter to the advocates and their laws."

On the 20th of April, as Bonaparte was returning to Italy, he was obliged to stop in an island of the Tagliamento, while a torrent passed

by which had been occasioned by a violent storm. A courier appeared on the right bank of the river. He reached the island. Bonaparte read in the dispatches of the Directory that the armies of the Sambre-et-Meuse and the Rhine were in motion; that they were preparing to cross the Rhine, and had commenced hostilities on the very day of the signing of the preliminaries. This information arrived seven days after the Directory had written that "he must not reckon on the co-operation of the armies of Germany." It is impossible to describe the General's emotion on reading these dispatches. He had signed the preliminaries only because the government had represented the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine as impracticable at that moment, and shortly afterwards he was informed that the co-operation was about to take place. The agitation of his mind was so great, that he, for a moment, conceived the idea of passing to the left bank of the Tagliamento, and breaking all engagements, under some pretext or other. He persisted for some time in this resolution, which, however, Berthier and some other generals successfully opposed. He exclaimed, "What a difference would there have been in the preliminaries, if, indeed, there had been any!" His chagrin, I might almost say, his despair, increased, when, some days after his entry into the Venetian States, he received a letter from Moreau, dated the 23d of April, in which that general informed him, that having passed the Rhine on the 20th, with brilliant suc-

cess, and taken four thousand prisoners, it would not be long before he joined him. Who, in fact, can say what would have happened, but for the vacillating and distrustful policy of the Directory, which always encouraged low intrigues, and participated in the jealousy excited by the renown of the young conqueror? Because the Directory dreaded his ambition, they sacrificed the glory of our arms and the honour of the nation; for it cannot be doubted, that had the passage of the Rhine, so urgently demanded by Bonaparte, taken place some days sooner, he would have been able, without incurring any risk, to dictate, imperiously, the conditions of peace on the spot; or, if Austria were obstinate, to have gone on to Vienna, and signed it there. Still occupied with this idea, he wrote to the Directory, on the 8th of May,—“ Since I have received intelligence of the passage of the Rhine, by Hoche and Moreau, I much regret that it did not take place fifteen days sooner; or, at least, that Moreau did not say that he was in a situation to effect it.” (He had been informed to the contrary.) What, after this, becomes of the unjust reproach against Bonaparte, of having, through jealousy of Moreau, deprived France of the advantages which a prolonged campaign would have procured her? Bonaparte was too devoted to the glory of France to sacrifice it to jealousy of any individual's glory.

In traversing the Venetian States, to return to Milan, he often spoke to me of Venice. He always assured me, that he was originally entirely

unconnected with the insurrections which had agitated that country; that common sense would show, that his project being to advance upon the Danube, he had no interest in having his rear disturbed by revolts, and his communications interrupted or cut off. "Such an idea," said he, "would be absurd, and could never enter into the mind of a man, to whom even his enemies cannot deny a certain degree of tact." He acknowledged that he was not vexed that matters had turned out as they had done, because he had already taken advantage of these circumstances (in the preliminaries) and hoped to profit still more from them (in the definitive peace). "When I arrive at Milan," said he, "I will occupy myself with Venice." It is, therefore, quite evident to me, that, in reality, the General-in-Chief had nothing to do with the Venetian insurrections; that subsequently he was not displeased with them, and that, later still, he derived great advantage from them.

We arrived at Milan on the 5th of May, by way of Leybach, Trieste, Palma Nuova, Padua, Verona, and Mantua. Bonaparte soon took up his residence at Montebello, a very fine castle, three leagues from Milan, with a view over the rich and magnificent plains of Lombardy. At Montebello commenced the negotiations for the definitive peace which were terminated at Passeriano. The Marquis di Gallo, the Austrian plenipotentiary, resided half a league from Montebello.

During his residence at Montebello, the Gene-

ral-in-Chief made an excursion to the Lake of Como, and to the Lago Maggiore. He visited the Borromea islands in succession, and occupied himself, on his return, with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He sought for men and found none. "Good God," said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi."

He appreciated them properly. Dandolo is one of the men who, in these revolutionary times, have reflected the greatest honour on Italy. After being a member of the great council of the Cisalpine republic, he exercised the functions of provveditore general in Dalmatia. It is only necessary to mention the name of Dandolo to the Dalmatians to learn from the grateful inhabitants how just, noble, and vigorous his administration was.

The services of Melzi are known. He was chancellor and keeper of the seals of the Italian monarchy, and was created Duke of Lodi.

In those who have seen the world the truth of Napoleon's reproach excites little astonishment. In a country which, according to biographies and newspapers, abounds with extraordinary men, a woman of much talent* said, "What has most surprised me since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which

* Madame Roland.

exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister. Without this experience, I never could have believed my species to be so contemptible."

Who does not remember Oxenstiern's remark to his son, who trembled at going so young to the congress of Munster! "Go, my son. You will see by what sort of men the world is governed."

During the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not so anxious to reply immediately to all letters. He took a fancy to do, not exactly as Cardinal Dubois did, when he threw into the fire all the letters he had received, saying—"There! my correspondents are answered;" but something of the same kind. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. I declare that at the end of that time it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications. I will explain how this happened. Some were themselves answers; some were acknowledgments of letters received; others contained requests for favours already granted, but of which intelligence had not been received. Many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, and orders had been issued upon all these points before the letters were written. Some

generals demanded reinforcements, money, promotion, &c. By not opening their letters Bonaparte was spared the unpleasing office of refusing.

When the General-in-Chief compared the very small number of letters which it was necessary to answer with the large number which time alone had answered, he laughed heartily at his whimsical idea. Would not this mode of proceeding be preferable to that of causing letters to be opened by any one who may be employed, and replying to them by a circular to which it is only necessary to attach a date?

During the negotiations which followed the treaty of Leoben, the Directory ordered General Bonaparte to demand the liberty of MM. de la Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, detained at Olmutz since 1792, as prisoners of state. The General-in-Chief executed this commission with as much pleasure as zeal, but he often met with difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable.

It has been very incorrectly stated that these prisoners obtained their liberty by one of the articles of the preliminaries of Leoben. I wrote a great deal on this subject to the dictation of General Bonaparte, and I joined him only on the day after the signature of those preliminaries. It was not till the end of May of the year 1797, that the liberation of these captives was demanded, and they did not obtain their freedom till the end of August. There was no article in the

treaty, public or secret, which had reference to them.

Neither was it at his own suggestion that Bonaparte demanded the enlargement of the prisoners, but by order of the Directory. To explain why they did not go to France immediately after their liberation from Olmutz, it is necessary to recollect that the events of the 18th Fructidor occurred between the period when the first steps were taken to procure their liberty, and the date of their deliverance. It required all Bonaparte's ascendancy and vigour of character to enable him to succeed in his object at the end of three months. The documents, which will be referred to in the proper place, will shew how the prisoners were treated in the fortress of Olmutz; with what noble pride they received their liberty, and how they to the last preserved the feeling of independence and dignity which a long and rigid captivity had not been able to subdue.

CHAPTER VI.

Negotiations with Austria—Bonaparte's dissatisfaction—Letter written to Bonaparte by Sabatier de Castres—Letter of complaint from Bonaparte to the Executive Directory—Note respecting the affairs of Venice and the club of Clichy, written by Bonaparte and circulated in the army—Intercepted letter of the Emperor Francis.

WE had arrived at the month of July, and the negotiations were tediously protracted. It was impossible to attribute the embarrassment which was constantly occurring to any thing but the artful policy of Austria. Other affairs occupied Bonaparte. The news from Paris engrossed all his attention. He saw with extreme displeasure the manner in which the influential orators of the councils, and pamphlets written in the same spirit as they spoke, criticised him, his army, his victories, the affairs of Venice, and the national glory. He was quite indignant at the suspicions which it was sought to create respecting his conduct and ulterior views.

Before this period he received a letter from M. Sabatier de Castres, in which some intrigues

against him were revealed. After a rather long and very unimportant preamble, M. Sabatier said :—

“ For yourself alone, General, how is it that after having rescued France from opprobrium, and perhaps preserved her from dissolution, you have still enemies amongst Frenchmen? Glory, as you know, excites envy, as the magnet attracts iron; and envy, you likewise know, hatches intrigues, invents slanders, and excites persecutions. The nation erects statues for you, and the government lays snares.

“ I have discovered through a person of my acquaintance who arrived here lately from Basle, that Citizen Delacroix, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has, during these three months past, had a man placed near you who is instructed to observe you, and to insinuate himself into the confidence of the individuals who surround you, if he cannot succeed in obtaining yours; and that M. Barthelemi, by order of the same minister, sent Baron de Nertia to Milan some weeks back to play a similar part in Madame Bonaparte’s circle. I could not obtain any further information respecting the first of these spies, except that he is a man of much talent, knows several languages, and is not a soldier. But my acquaintance, from whom I obtain this intelligence, knows Nertia personally, and has visited him at Basle, and from himself he learnt what I have communicated to you; and further, that he has a pension of twenty thousand

livres tournois from the foreign department ; that he is married, and that his wife lives with one of the secretaries of Citizen Delacroix. I had already heard it stated that this Baron de Nertia, who sometimes represents himself to be an Italian and sometimes a Frenchman, is a very worthless fellow, the author of some badly written indecent romances. He, however, it is said, displays much talent in conversation. If he be really a clever man, he is only so much the more dangerous.

“ Being unable to overcome the interest which your talents and virtues inspire, or the admiration which is your due, I would wish for wings to fly to communicate these details to you. To write to you by post would render me suspected by the government which extends its hospitality to me. Who knows, besides, whether my letter would reach you. My situation no longer permitting me to travel, and yet being desirous to inform you of the espionage of which you and Madame Bonaparte are the objects, I have had the good fortune to prevail upon a worthy man (M. de Raville) to make a journey to Italy for the purpose of conveying this letter to you. He is an honest gentleman, who has turned merchant to support his wife and two daughters, who have emigrated. Such is his esteem for me, and veneration for you, that although he should not be reimbursed for his expenses, he would, he told me, consider himself amply recompensed by the pleasure of seeing a great man, and by the recol-

lection of a step, or rather of a long journey, which had for its object to serve you.

“As for myself, I earnestly desire to prove to you my profound esteem and strong attachment by services more important than that of this communication; and I venture to say, if fate ever place me near you, that I believe I shall be found not altogether incapable of contributing to the maintenance, and even to the augmentation, of the glory with which you have covered yourself. Having arrived at an age when the passions pass in review before the judgment—an observer, as it were, by instinct—possessed of ideas not merely ministerial, but political—attentive to some social relations hitherto overlooked—it would not be difficult for me to offer to the activity of your soul and genius fresh means of astonishing the universe, and of tracing in the field of history a path less troublesome, and more lasting, even than that of your exploits. And, positively, I am able to convince you that it is not only possible, but very easy, to give, irresistibly, a new direction to the social mind, as advantageous to nations as to sovereigns, and to stamp, in a single day, on France, and, by reaction, afterwards on almost all the monarchies of Europe, a form of government more tenacious than any hitherto existing; in fact, invariable, and even indestructible, if any thing human can so be. What will appear to you more extraordinary, and even inconceivable, although nothing is more real and true, is, that I have only to make known my

system to see it carried into effect; for (and this circumstance alone may lead you to divine what it is) all armies, from the private soldier to the general-in-chief, would assist in its execution—all would find themselves equally interested in it.

“ If these assertions appear ridiculous to you, you may at least suspend your judgment respecting their truth, if you condescend to reflect that before the invention of balloons, a man would have been laughed at, even in the Academy of Sciences, who should have affirmed that any person could sketch, breakfast, and dine in the air, and cross the channel otherwise than in a vessel.

“ I do not know whether you receive the journal entitled ‘ The Spectator of the North.’ It is the best written and most interesting periodical work I know of. In the last number there are two very long letters concerning you. It is certain that Dumouriez and Rivarol have written them between them. I thought you might feel some curiosity to see how such writers speak of you; I have, therefore, extracted the two letters, and M. de Raville will give them to you, in case you have not yet seen the number in which they appeared.

“ I have read in a journal that you had demanded your dismissal, and that you proposed to return to France as soon as the matters connected with the peace should be concluded. Many observations occur to me on this subject; but it would not become me to do any thing which

might savour of offering advice : that would be to imitate, in some respects, the savage chief who wished to point out to the sun the course that great luminary ought to pursue. I will content myself with requesting you to consider this long letter only as a slight mark of the extreme interest I feel for you.

“ I remain,
 “ With the greatest respect,
 “ Your very humble and obedient servant,
 “ L. SABATIER DE CASTRES.

“ Leipsig, May 19, 1797.

“ At M. Fleischer’s, Bookseller, Leipsig.”

Bonaparte could not endure to have his conduct predicated ; and enraged at seeing his campaigns depreciated, his glory and that of his army disparaged, and intrigues formed against him in the Club of Clichy, he wrote to the Directory the following letter :—

“ TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE
 DIRECTORY.

“ Citizens Directors,

“ I have just received a copy of the motion of Dumolard, (June 23, 1797), which contains the following passage :—

“ ‘ That many Ancients having since suggested doubts respecting the causes and the degree of these criminal violations (Venice) of the law of nations, impartial men cannot reproach the legislative body for having extended its belief to decla-

rations so precise, so solemn, and guaranteed with so much earnestness by the executive power.'

“ This motion was printed by order of the assembly. It is evident, then, that the passage is directed against me.

“ I was entitled, after having five times concluded peace, and given a death-blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the republic. At present I find myself ill treated, persecuted, and disparaged, by every shameful means which their policy brings to the aid of persecution.

“ I would have been indifferent to all except that species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the republic endeavour to overwhelm me.

“ After having deserved well of my country by my last act, I am not bound to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as atrocious. I have not expected that a manifesto, signed by emigrants, paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred, than the evidence of eighty thousand men—than mine!

“ What! we were assassinated by traitors—upwards of four hundred men perished; and the first magistrates of the republic make it a crime to have believed the statement for a moment.

“ Upwards of four hundred Frenchmen were dragged through the streets. They were assassinated before the eyes of the governor of the

fort. They were pierced with a thousand blows of stiletos, such as I sent you—and the representatives of the French people cause it to be printed, that if they believed this fact for an instant, they were excusable.

“ I know well there are societies where it is said, ‘ Is this blood, then, so pure !’

“ If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the republic reduce those who have aggrandized, and carried the French name to so high a pitch of glory.

“ Citizens Directors, I reiterate the demand I made for my dismissal; I wish to live in tranquillity if the poignards of Clichy will allow me to live.

“ You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them.”

About the same time he drew up the following note respecting the affairs of Venice, which was printed without the author's name, and circulated through the whole army:—

“ NOTE.

“ Bonaparte, pausing before the gates of Turin, Parma, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, offering peace when he was sure of obtaining nothing but fresh triumphs—Bonaparte, all whose operations exhibit respect for religion, morality, and old age; who,

instead of heaping, as he might have done, dishonour upon the Venetians, and humbling their republic to the earth, loaded her with acts of kindness, and took such great interest in her glory—is this the same Bonaparte who is accused of destroying the venerable government of Venice, and democratizing Genoa, and even of interfering in the affairs of the prudent and worthy people of the Swiss Cantons?”

“Bonaparte had passed the Tagliamento, and entered Germany, when insurrections broke out in the Venetian states; those insurrections were, therefore, opposed to Bonaparte’s project: surely, then, he could not favour them.

“When he was in the heart of Germany, the Venetians massacred more than four hundred French troops, drove their quarters out of Verona, assassinated the unfortunate Laugier, and presented the spectacle of a fanatical party in arms.

“He returned to Italy; and on his arrival, as the winds cease their agitation at the presence of Neptune, the whole of Italy, which was in commotion, which was in arms, was restored to order.

“However, the deputies from Bonaparte drew up different articles, conformable to the situation of the country, and, in order to prevent, not a revolution in the government, for the government was defunct, and had died a natural death, but a crisis, and to save the city from convulsion, anarchy, and pillage.

“Bonaparte spared a division of his army to save

Venice from pillage and massacre. All the battalions were in the streets of Venice, the disturbers were put down, and the pillage discontinued. Property and trade were preserved, when General Baraguey d'Hilliers entered Venice with his division.

“Bonaparte, as usual, spared blood, and was the protector of Venice. Whilst the French troops remained they conducted themselves peaceably, and only interfered to support the provisional government.

“Bonaparte could not say to the deputies of Venice, who came to ask his protection and assistance against the populace, who wished to plunder them, “I cannot meddle with your affairs.” He could not say this, for Venice, and all its territories, had really formed the theatre of war; and, being in the rear of the army of Italy, the republic of Venice was really under the jurisdiction of the commander of that army. The rights of war confer upon a general the powers of supreme police over the countries which are the seat of war. As the great Frederick said, ‘There are no neutrals where there is war.’ Ignorant advocates and babblers have asked, in the Club of Clichy, why we occupy the territory of Venice? These declaimers should learn war, and they would know, that the Adige, the Brenta, and the Tagliamento, where we have been fighting for two years, are within the Venetian States. But, gentlemen of Clichy, we are at no loss to perceive your meaning. You reproach the army of Italy for having surmount-

ed all difficulties,—for subduing all Italy—for having twice passed the Alps,—for having marched on Vienna, and obliged Austria to acknowledge the republic that you, men of Clichy, would destroy. You accuse Bonaparte, I see clearly, for having brought about peace. But I know you, and I speak in the name of eighty thousand soldiers. The time is gone by when base advocates and wretched declaimers could induce soldiers to revolt. If, however, you compel them, the soldiers of the army of Italy will soon appear at the Barrier of Clichy, with their general. But woe to you, if they do!

“Bonaparte having arrived at Palma-Nuova, issued a manifesto, on the 2d of May, 1797. Arrived at Mestre, where he posted his troops, the government sent three deputies to him, with a degree of the Great Council, founded on the following grounds, without Bonaparte having solicited it, and without his having thought of making any change in the government of that country:—

“The governor of Venice was an old man, ninety-nine years of age, confined by illness to his apartment. Every one felt the necessity of renovating this government of twelve hundred years existence, and to simplify its machinery, in order to preserve its independence, honour, and glory. It was necessary to deliberate, first, on the manner of renovating the government; secondly, on the means of atoning for the massacre of the French, the iniquity of which every one was sensible of.”

Bonaparte, after having received the deputation at Mestre, told them, that in order to obtain satisfaction for the assassination of his brethren in arms, he wished the Great Council to arrest the inquisitors. He afterwards granted them an armistice, and appointed Milan as the place of conference.

“ The deputies arrived at Milan on the A negotiation was commenced, to re-establish harmony between the governments. However, anarchy, with all its horrors, afflicted the city of Venice. Ten thousand slaves threatened to pillage the shops.

“ Bonaparte acquiesced in the proposition submitted by the deputies, who promised to verify the loss which had been sustained by pillage.”

Bonaparte also addressed a manifesto to the Doge, which has appeared in all the public papers.

The General-in-chief now openly manifested his resolution of acting the soldier, and marching on Paris; and this disposition, which was well known in the army, was soon communicated to Vienna. At this period, a letter from the Emperor Francis II. to his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was intercepted by Bonaparte. I instantly translated this letter, which proved to him that Francis II. was acquainted with his project. He likewise saw with pleasure the assurances which the emperor gave his brother of his love of peace, as well as the wavering of the imperial

resolves, and the incertitude respecting the fate of the Italian princes, which the emperor easily perceived to depend on Bonaparte. The Emperor's letter was as follows :

“ MY DEAR BROTHER :

“ I punctually received your kind letter, containing a description of your unhappy and delicate situation. You may be assured that I perceive it as clearly as you do yourself; and I pity you the more, because, in truth, I do not know what advice to give you. You are, like me, the victim of the former inactivity of the princes of Italy, who ought, at once, to have acted with all their united forces, while I still possessed Mantua. If Bonaparte's project be, as I learn, to establish republics in Italy, this is likely to end in spreading republicanism over the whole country. I have already commenced negotiations for peace, and the preliminaries are ratified. If the French observe them as strictly as I do, and will do, then your situation will be improved; but already the French are beginning to disregard them. The principal problem which remains to be solved, is, whether the French Directory approve of Bonaparte's proceedings, and whether the latter, as appears by some papers distributed through his army, is not disposed to revolt against his country, which also seems to be probable, from his severe conduct towards Switzerland, notwithstanding the assurances of the Directory, that he had been ordered to leave that country untouched. If this

should be the case, new and innumerable difficulties may arise. Under these circumstances, I can, at present, advise nothing; for, as to myself, it is only time and the circumstances of the moment which can point out how I am to act.

“As to what you mention respecting Spanocchi, all I can say is, that he is at your service. I can only recommend him to you as what he has always been reported to be, that is, an honest and able man, and such he has proved in all the transactions I have had with him. I cannot inform you how he has conducted himself since he has been amongst the French, because I have no longer any communication with the Milanese. The best way to know him certainly, would be to obtain information, if you can, of his conduct in these times.

“There is nothing new here. We are all well; but the heat is extraordinary. Always retain your friendship and love for me. Make my compliments to your wife, and believe me ever

“Your best friend and brother,

“FRANCIS.

“Hetzendorf, July 20, 1797.”

CHAPTER VII.

M. Dunan—His true name—He writes against the Army of Italy—
Indignation of Bonaparte — Note dictated by the General — A
second Note of Bonaparte.

BONAPARTE, who was much vexed at the manner in which the envious and the hostile spoke of his campaigns in Italy, was not displeased at the opportunity, which a most severe attack on his conduct and plans by one Dunan, afforded for a reply. The proper name of Dunan was Duverne de Presle; and he was afterwards suspected to be the man who, under the name of Thebau, was the accomplice of Brottier, La Ville Heurnois, and the Chevalier Despommelles, my maternal uncle. He was of the royalist party, and had assumed several names. Dunan, the one he at this time bore, belonged to a grocer of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, in whose house he resided. Duverne de Presle (for this, as has been said, was his right name) had been condemned to transportation on September 4, 1797; but he escaped the execution of the sentence.

In publishing this note, dictated by the general in chief, I feel confident that it is calculated to give gratification, not only to the soldiers who

have survived those glorious campaigns, but to all persons who may wish to compare Bonaparte in 1797, and Napoleon in 1817 :—

“ M. Dunan has then discovered, that the army of Italy has not done enough. It should have advanced out of the lists in which it fought in Italy. Indeed! It would seem that M. Dunan uses a map on a very small scale. He ought to leave (so M. Dunan speaks of Bonaparte) the castle of Milan besieged; Mantua under blockade—he ought to leave behind him the King of Naples, — the Pope,—that immense country, which he has just conquered,—and advance, like the leg of a pair of compasses, into Germany. Good Mr. Dunan; let us reason the point,—let us try to understand one another.

“ It was wrong, you say, to concentrate the whole army for the purpose of besieging Mantua! The question rests on a matter of fact, of which you have been erroneously informed. Not a single man was employed in the siege of Mantua more than was necessary for its blockade. It was besieged by the artillery taken in the fortresses belonging to Modena, in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The army of observation took the line best calculated to cover the blockade. Some strong columns were sent to Bologna, Ferrara, and Leghorn. Different powers were thus menaced, and obliged to make peace; and the English were driven from Leghorn, and, by a counter blow, from the Mediterranean.

“ Returning with that promptitude which characterizes the Army of Italy, the French troops arrived upon the Adige in time to receive Wurmser and his grand army. What could you wish them to have done better? Ought Germany to have been invaded? But then it would have been necessary to abandon Italy, and expose that fine country to an insurrection, to a successful sortie from Mantua, to hostile corps from the Frioul. Ought the Tyrol to have been merely traversed in order to return again? Doubtless!

“ The Tyrol, which, on your map, covers only three or four inches, is an extremely mountainous country, inhabited by a warlike people, and having forty leagues of impracticable defiles, through the midst of which passes the great chain of the Alps, which forms the true boundary of Germany and Italy.

“ Moreau was still beyond the Rhine, and Jourdan upon the Sieg. But I try in vain to make you understand me. You do not even understand yourself. This article, like the rest of your work, is an assemblage of false and ill-conceived ideas. That is not surprising; for you talk of a business of which you know nothing. The professor of philosophy, who harangued Hannibal, I forget where, pretended also to be a great warrior.

“ You believe, then, that if Cæsar, Turenne, Montécuculli, and Frederick the Great, were to revisit the earth, they would become your scholars! The perfection, or the system, of mo-

dern warfare, consists, as you pretend, in throwing one corps to the right, another to the left; leaving the enemy in the centre, and even in placing one's self behind a line of fortified places. Were these principles taught to our youth, the science of war could be thrown back four hundred years: and if any one should act upon them, and have to do with an active enemy, possessing the slightest knowledge of military stratagems, he would beat one of your corps and cut off the retreat of the other.

“The retreat of Moreau is not so much admired by connoisseurs exactly on its own account, but because of the defective plan of the campaign.

“Whether people allow to Bonaparte the possession of some courage, and the spirit which belongs to the age of thirty, or whether they call him a braggart, a player at hazard, or a school-boy, his glory will remain for the judgment of posterity: it consists in the esteem of his brothers in arms, and even of his enemies; in the grand results which he has obtained; and, finally, in the foresight which made him censure, from the first hour, the whole plan of the operations of the Rhine, as well as the expedition to Ireland.

“The army of Italy, in this campaign, has overthrown the Sardinian army, inured to arms by forty years of warfare, and the army of Beaulieu, which was so strong that the Court of Vienna had no doubt of its being able to recover the territory of Nice. The army of Wurmser arrived from the Rhine, with twenty thousand select troops; which

circumstance alone allowed Moreau to repass the Rhine, and Hoche to advance upon the Mein. If Wurmser was reinforced, he was not the stronger for it, and, after a march as daring as it was judicious, which alone would serve to make this brave army immortal, he found himself closely blockaded with his head-quarters in Mantua.

“ Alvinzi, reinforced by all the divisions of Poland, of Silesia, of Hungary, and also by a detachment from the Rhine, presented himself; but after several days of manœuvres, he was annihilated at Arcola. Our retreat from the Rhine allowed the enemy to send fresh reinforcements to the Tyrol. The spirit of fanaticism being excited in Hungary and Austria by the noblesse, the priests, and their partisans, those countries voluntarily poured forth their recruits, to double the force of our enemies, and thereby increased the laurels of the brave soldiers of the army of Italy, by the battles of Rivoli and La Favorite, and, some days after, by the taking of Mantua, Bergamo, and Treviso.”

A few days after, Bonaparte, still exasperated at the Parisian declamations on his conduct, dictated to me a second note, in the following terms:—

“ What is there so ridiculous or so improbable which the inhabitants of a great city may not be made to believe?—or rather, what interest can men of talent have to endeavour to obscure the national glory ?

“ It has been stated and restated, everywhere, that the army of Italy was ruined, and that Bonaparte himself would have increased the number of the prisoners of Olmitz, had he not luckily concluded peace.

“ Bonaparte entered Germany on three points at once, by the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola. In thus dividing his forces, he had no fear of being any where too weak, for the enemy's forces were disposed in a similar manner. He was, besides, obliged to make his attack in that way, in order to reserve to himself a retreat, and to make sure of being able to cover his magazines and depôts.

“ But when the enemy, routed in all quarters, had abandoned his magazines, twenty-four thousand prisoners and sixty pieces of cannon;—when Bonaparte was in possession of Trieste, Gorizia, Clagenfurth, and Brixen, he perceived that he might be attacked in his turn; that the enemy, who had fled far behind the mountains, to rally, might conceal his movements, and, falling upon the different divisions of the army of Italy, beat them in detail. The General-in-Chief, therefore, took good care not to march his divisions from the Tyrol to Inspruck, but ordered them to come to Carinthia. He also directed on Carinthia the division which had been in Carniola, in place of sending it to Istria, as a less skilful general might have done. Instead of doing that, he caused Clagenfurth to be fortified, and placed his depôts there.

“ By these means, instead of three communications, he had but one; instead of having to keep down the Tyrolese, a people naturally stubborn and restless, he abandoned them, and had no longer any thing to fear from them. Thus, instead of the army of Italy occupying a line of eighty leagues, he concentrated it upon a single point, which threatened at once Vienna, Hungary, and Bavaria.

“ General Kerpen, who had collected together at Inspruck his division, so often beaten, believing that General Joubert intended to march against him, no sooner learned that this general was proceeding to Carinthia by the Drawe, than he returned into the Tyrol.

“ General Quasdanowich, who had hastened to the defence of Hungary, being informed that the French army was concentrated in Carinthia, marched rapidly on Trieste.

“ Thus, while Bonaparte had collected his whole army on a single point, in the heart of the Austrian hereditary states, having the power to direct his movements wherever he pleased, Prince Charles had the main body of his army divided between Salzburgh and Vienna, and weakened by detachments to the Tyrol and Carniola. It was in these circumstances that the enemy asked an armistice.

“ Some days after, the preliminaries of peace were signed. Those preliminaries saved Vienna, and, perhaps, the existence of the house of Austria.

“ The revolt of the Venetians was powerless, and repressed before the army returned to Italy. Indeed, General Kilmaine possessed, for the preservation of Italy, numerous garrisons in all the fortified places and castles; two Polish legions, two Lombard legions, and the whole of General Victor’s division, which came from Rome. All the castles of Verona, Porto-Legnago, Peschiera, and Palma-Nuova, were in the power of the army of Italy, and in a state of defence. A part of the Venetian states was in revolt.

“ The enemy, it is said, might attack Italy by the Tyrol—as if Peschiera, Mantua, and all Italy, in which there were very considerable forces, could be attacked by detachments.

“ But the enemy might take Trieste. That would have required fresh detachments, and there was so little interest in preserving Trieste, that the general had never kept there more than one hundred cavalry, and had ordered General Friant, with whom he had left a regiment of hussars, and twelve hundred infantry, to retire in case of attack upon Gorizia and Palma-Nuova; and from reinforcing the garrison of the latter place, to join him in person at Clagenfurth.

“ It may be said, that Prince Charles always fell into the snares which were constantly laid for him by General Bonaparte; and that from the battle of the Tagliamento, to the time of General Landon’s appearance in the Tyrol, the whole of his movements were a series of errors, being all ill combined, or conformable to the snares laid by

his enemy. With an inferior army, the art of war consists in always having more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attached, or where he attacks. But this art is not to be learned from books, nor even by experience. It is a tact which properly constitutes the genius of war."

CHAPTER VIII.

Unfounded reports — Carnot — Capitulation of Mantua — General Clarke — The Directory yields to Bonaparte — Berthier — Arrival of Eugene Beauharnais at Milan — Count Delaunay d'Entraigues — His interview with Bonaparte — His examination — Seizure of his papers — Copy of one describing a conversation between him and Count de Montgaillard.

WHILE Bonaparte was thus expressing his opinion on his campaigns, and the injustice with which they had been criticized, it was generally believed that Carnot dictated to him from a closet in the Luxembourg all the plans of his operations, and that Berthier was his right hand, without whom, notwithstanding Carnot's plans, which were often mere romances, he would have been greatly embarrassed. This two-fold misrepresentation was very current for some time; and notwithstanding that it was contrary to the evidence of facts, it met with much credence, particularly abroad. There was, however, no foundation for the opinion. Let us render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's due. Bonaparte was a creator in the art of war, and no imitator. That no man was superior to him in that art, is incon-

testable. At the commencement of the glorious campaign in Italy, the Directory certainly sent out instructions to him; but he always followed his own plans, and continually wrote back that all would be lost if movements conceived at a distance from the place of action were to be blindly executed. He also offered to resign. At length the Directory perceived the impossibility of prescribing operations of war according to the view of persons in Paris; and when I became the secretary of the general-in-chief, I saw a despatch of the Directory, dated May, 1796, committing the whole plan of the campaign to his judgment; and assuredly there was not a single operation or movement which did not originate with him. Carnot was obliged to yield to his firmness. When the Directory, towards the end of 1796, felt disposed to treat for peace, General Clarke, appointed to conclude the armistice, was authorised, in case Mantua should not be taken before the negotiation was brought to a close, to propose leaving the blockade in *statu quo*. Had such a condition been adopted, it would doubtless have been stipulated that the Emperor of Austria should be allowed to provision the garrison and inhabitants of the city day by day. Bonaparte, convinced that an armistice without Mantua would by no means conduce to peace, earnestly opposed such a condition. He carried his point; Mantua capitulated, and the result is well known. Yet he was not blind to the hazards of war; while preparing, during the blockade, an assault on

Mantua, he wrote thus to the Directory—"A *coup de main* of this nature depends absolutely for success on a dog or a goose." It was all a question of surprise.

Bonaparte was exceedingly sensitive to the rumours which reached him respecting Carnot and Berthier. He one day said to me, "What gross stupidity is this! It is very well to say to a general, 'Depart for Italy, gain battles, and sign a peace at Vienna;' but the execution—that is not so easy. I never followed the plans which the Directory sent me. Too many circumstances occur on the spot to modify them. The movement of a single corps of the enemy's army may confound a whole plan arranged by the fire-side. Only fools can believe such stuff. As for Berthier, since you have been with me, you see what he is—he is a blockhead. Yet it is he who does all; it is he who gathers a great part of the glory of the army of Italy." I told him that this erroneous opinion could not last long; that each person would be allowed his merit, and that at least posterity would judge rightly. This observation seemed to please him.

Berthier was a man full of honour, courage, and probity, and exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Bonaparte's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not concede with affability, and refused with harshness. His abrupt, egoistic, and unpleasing manners, did not, however, create him many enemies, but, at the same time, did not

make him many friends. In consequence of our frequent intercourse, he had contracted the friendly practice of speaking to me in the second person singular; but he never wrote to me in that style. He was perfectly acquainted with the disposition of all the corps, and could name their commanders and their respective forces. In fact, he was an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in Bonaparte, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never could have presumed to oppose his plans, or give any advice. Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a peculiar nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him, and the frequency of his name in the bulletins and official despatches, have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory, respecting the generals employed in his army, said, "Berthier has talents, activity, courage, character—all in his favour." This was in 1796. He then made an eagle of him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have raised him so high, nor sank him so low. Berthier neither merited the one nor the other.

Bonaparte was a man of habit; he was much attached to all the people about him, and did not like new faces. Berthier loved him. He despatched his orders well, and that enabled him to pass off with his small portion of talent.

It was about this time that the young Beauharnais came to Milan. He was seventeen years old. He had lived in Paris with his mother since the departure of Bonaparte. On his arrival, he immediately entered the service, as aid-de-camp to the general-in-chief, who felt for him an affection, which was justified by his good qualities.

Count de Launay d'Entraigues, well known in the French révolution, held a diplomatic post at Venice, when that city was threatened by the French. Aware of his being considered the agent of all the machinations then existing against France, and especially against the army of Italy, he endeavoured to escape; but the town being surrounded, he was seized, together with all his papers. The apparently frank manners of the count pleased Bonaparte, who treated him with indulgence. His papers were restored, with the exception of three relating to political subjects. The count afterwards fled to Switzerland, and ungratefully represented himself as having been oppressed by Bonaparte. His false statements have induced many writers to make of him an heroic victim. He was assassinated in 1802, by his own servant.

I kept a copy of one of his most interesting papers. It has been much spoken of, and Fauche-Borel has, I believe, denied its authenticity and the truth of its contents. The manner in which it fell into the hands of the general-in-chief,—the importance attached to it by Entraigues, and the differences I have observed between the manu-

script I copied, and versions which I have since read, and the knowledge of its authenticity, having myself transcribed it from the hand-writing of the count, who, in my presence, vouched for the truth of the facts it details—all these circumstances induce me to insert it here, and compel me to doubt that it was, as Fauche-Borel asserted, a fabrication.

This manuscript is entitled—"MY CONVERSATION WITH COUNT DE MONTGAILLARD, ON THE 4TH OF DECEMBER 1799, FROM SIX IN THE AFTER-NOON TILL MIDNIGHT, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ABBE DUMONTEL."

[On my copy are written the words, "Extracts from this conversation, made by me, from the original." I omitted what I thought unimportant, and transcribed only the most interesting passages.]

"Montgaillard spoke of the revolutionary government; of what created it, and caused its duration. After speaking of the Committee of Public Safety, he adds:—

" 'I have only named these four persons of the committee, because they were the only ones concerned with assassination. The others directed their attention to different objects. Carnot, among the rest, was occupied with military affairs.'

" 'He exerted his talent to make Europe tremble; and while Robespierre exercised a tyranny unexampled in the records of the world, Carnot announced to Europe, that the genius of evil

reigned on the earth, and that heaven awarded victory to crime.

“ ‘Barrere is a sort of undefinable creature; a sort of coffee-house wit. He used to go every day, after leaving the committee, to visit a woman, with whom Champanetz lived. He would stay with her till midnight, and would frequently say:—‘To-morrow we shall get rid of fifteen, twenty, or thirty of them.’ When the woman expressed her horror of these murders, he exclaimed—‘*We must oil the wheels of the revolution;*’ and, laughing, departed.’

“Montgaillard then spoke of his escape, of his flight to England, of his return to France, of his second departure, and finally of his arrival at Bale in August, 1795. He then said:—

“I had previously had a communication with the Danish Minister. He asked me what I thought of the coalition? and when I replied only by general observations, he added, ‘*I will tell you frankly: I look upon these coalesced kings as thieves, who pick pockets on their way to the gallows.*’

“The Prince of Condé called me to Mülheim, and knowing the connections I had had in France, proposed that I should sound General Pichegru, whose head-quarters were at Altkirch, and where he then was, surrounded by four representatives of the Convention.

“I immediately went to Neufchatel, taking with me four or five hundred louis. I cast my eyes on Fouche-Borel, the King’s printer at Neuf-

chatel, and also yours and mine, as the instrument by which to make the first overture, and I selected, as his colleague, M. Courant, a native of Neufchatel.

“ I persuaded them to undertake the business ; I loaded them with instructions and passports. They were foreigners : so I furnished them with all the necessary documents to enable them to travel in France as foreign merchants, and purchasers of national property. I commended them to God, and went to Bale to wait for news from them.

“ On the 13th August, Fauche and Courant set out for the head-quarters at Altkirch.

“ They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, he conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice, while passing them, ‘ *I am going to Huningen.*’

“ Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud—‘ *I am going to dine at the château of Madame Salomon.*’ This château was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru’s mistress.

“ Fauche set off directly to the château, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the General that, being in the possession of

some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them, and dedicate them to him.

“ ‘Very good,’ said Pichegru; ‘but I should like to read them first; for J. J. Rousseau professed principles of liberty, in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected.’—‘But,’ said Fauche, ‘I have something else to speak to you about.’—‘What is it, and on whose behalf?’—‘On behalf of the Prince of Condé.’—‘Be silent, then, and follow me.’

“He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him—‘Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur the Prince de Condé wish to communicate to me?’ Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. ‘Compose yourself,’ said Pichegru; ‘my sentiments are the same as the Prince de Condé’s. What does he desire of me?’—Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied—‘The Prince wishes to join you. He is confident in you, and wishes to connect himself with you.’

“ ‘These are vague and unmeaning words,’ observed Pichegru. ‘All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my head-quarters, at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o’clock in the evening.’

“Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Bale, hastened to me, and joyfully informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. The Prince de

Condé, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the cordon-bleu, had, by a note in his own hand-writing, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru.

“ I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outset, everything that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride, which is the instinct of great minds; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the King, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that his Majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he, who had so valiantly defended it. I added, that he would have the cordon rouge—the Château de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians—a million of ready money—two hundred thousand livres per annum—and a hotel in Paris;—that the town of Arbois, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxation for twenty-five years;—that a pension of two hundred thousand livres would be granted to him, with half reversible to his wife, and fifty thousand livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers, made in the name of the king to General Pichegru. (Then followed the boons granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, &c.) I added, that the Prince de

Condé desired that he would proclaim the king in the camps, surrender the city of Huningen to him, and join him for the purpose of marching on Paris.

“Pichegru having read the letter with great attention, said to Fauche—‘This is all very well; but who is this M. de Montgaillard who talks of being thus authorised? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?’—‘Yes;’ replied Fauche.—‘But,’ said Pichegru, ‘I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Condé, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written in his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the Prince.’

“Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Courant with Pichegru. He arrived at Bale at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Mülheim, the Prince de Condé's head-quarters, and arrived there at half past twelve. The prince was in bed, but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.

“After having informed the prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru, to confirm the truth of what had been stated in his name. This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. The prince, as brave a man as can possibly be,

has inherited nothing from the great Condé but his undaunted courage. In other respects, he is the most insignificant of men; without resources of mind, or decision of character; surrounded by men of mediocrity, and even base; and though he knows them well, he suffers himself to be governed by them.

“ It required nine hours of hard exertion to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of nine lines. 1st. He did not wish it to be in his hand-writing.—2d. He objected to dating it—3d. He was unwilling to call him *General Pichegru*, lest he should recognise the republic by giving that title.—4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it.

“ At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard.

“ When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Bale, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru.

“ The general, after reading a letter of eight lines, and recognising the hand-writing and signature, immediately returned it to Fauche, saying—‘ I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter.’ He then inquired what was the prince’s wish. Fauche explained that he wished—1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the

king to his troops, and hoist the white flag.—2d. That he should deliver up Huningen to the prince. Pichegru objected to this:—‘I will never take part in such a plot,’ said he; ‘I have no wish to make the third volume of Lafayette and Dumouriez. I know my resources: they are as certain as they are vast. Their roots are not only in my army, but in Paris, in the Convention, in the departments, and in the armies of those generals, my colleagues, who think as I do. I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a republic. She must have a king, and that king must be Louis XVIII. But we must not commence the counter-revolution, until we are certain of effecting it. Surely and promptly is my motto. The prince’s plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. My army is composed both of good men and bad. We must distinguish between them, and by a bold stroke assure the former of the impossibility of drawing back, and that their only safety lies in success. For this purpose, I propose to pass the Rhine, at any place and any time that may be determined on, with whatever troops and ammunition may be thought necessary. In the advance I will place those officers on whom I can depend, and who are of my way of thinking. I will separate the bad, and place them in situations where they can do no harm, and their position shall be such as to prevent them from uniting. That done, as

soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the king, and hoist the white flag. Conde's corps and the emperor's army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the king's name by the Imperial troops. Having joined Conde's army, I immediately advance. All my means now develop themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight will be there. But it is necessary that you should know, that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand, if you would have him cry '*vive le roi!*' Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There, go and tell all this to the prince, shew my hand-writing, and bring me back his answer.'

“ During these conferences, Pichegru was surrounded by four representatives of the people, at the head of whom was Merlin de Thionville, the most insolent and the most ferocious of Inquisitors. These men, having the orders of the committee, pressed Pichegru to pass the Rhine, and go and besiege Manheim, where Merlin had an understanding with the inhabitants. Thus, if on one hand the committee by its orders made Pichegru wish to hasten the execution of his plan, on the other he had not a moment to lose, for to delay obeying the orders of the four representatives was to render himself suspected. Every consideration, therefore, called upon the prince

to decide, and decide promptly. Good sense required him also to do another thing; namely, to examine without passion what sort of man Pichegru was, to consider the nature of the sacrifice he made, and what were his propositions. Europe acknowledged his talents, and he had placed the prince in a condition to judge of his good faith. Besides, his conduct and his plan afforded fresh proofs of his sincerity. By passing the Rhine, and placing himself between the armies of Condé and Wurmser, he rendered desertion impossible; and if success did not attend his attempt, his own acts forced him to become emigrant. He left in the power of his fierce enemies his wife, his father, his children. Every thing bore testimony to his honesty; the talents he had shewn were a pledge for his genius, his genius for his resources; and the sacrifices he would have to make in case of failure, proved that he was confident of success.

“ What stupid conceit was it for any one to suppose himself better able to command Pichegru's army, than Pichegru himself—to pretend to be better acquainted with the frontier provinces than Pichegru, who commanded them, and had placed his friends in them, as commanders of the towns. This self-conceit, however, ruined the monarchy at this time, as well as at so many others. The Prince de Condé, after reading the plan, rejected it *in toto*. To render it successful, it was necessary to make the Austrians parties to it. This

Pichegru exacted, but the Prince of Condé would not hear a word of it, wishing to have confined to himself the glory of effecting the counter-revolution. He replied to Pichegru by a few observations, and concluded his answer by returning to his first plan,—that Pichegru should proclaim the King without passing the Rhine, and should give up Huningen—that then the army of Condé, by itself, and without the aid of the Austrians, would join him. In that case he could promise one hundred thousand crowns in louis, which he had at Balc, and fourteen millions of livres, which he had in good bills, payable at sight.

“No argument or entreaty had any effect on the Prince de Condé. The idea of communicating his plan to Wurmser, and sharing his glory with him, rendered him blind and deaf to every consideration. However, it was necessary to report to Pichegru the observations of the Prince de Condé, and Courant was commissioned to do so.”

This document appeared so interesting to me, that while Bonaparte was sleeping, I was employed in copying it. Notwithstanding posterior and reiterated denials of its truth, I believe it to be perfectly correct.

We were now in July, and the negotiations were carried on with a tardiness which shewed that something was kept in reserve on both sides. Bonaparte at this time was any thing but disposed to sign a peace, which he always hoped to be

able to make at Vienna, after a campaign in Germany, seconded by the armies of the Rhine, and the Sambre-et-Meuse. The minority of the Directory recommended peace on the basis of the preliminaries, but the majority wished for more honourable and advantageous terms; while Austria, relying on troubles breaking out in France, was in no haste to conclude a treaty. In these circumstances, Bonaparte drew up a letter to be sent to the Emperor of Austria, in which he set forth the moderation of France, but stated that in consequence of the many delays, nearly all hope of peace had vanished. He advised the Emperor not to rely on difficulties arising in France, and doubted, if war should continue, and the Emperor be successful in the next campaign, that he would obtain a more advantageous peace than was now at his option. This letter was never sent to the Emperor, but was communicated as the draft of a proposed despatch to the Directory. The Emperor Francis, however, wrote an autograph letter to the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, which will be noticed when I come to the period of its reception. It is certain that Bonaparte at this time wished for war. He was aware that the cabinet of Vienna was playing with him, and that the Austrian ministers expected some political convulsion in Paris, which they hoped would be favourable to the Bourbons. He therefore asked for reinforcements. His army consisted of thirty-five thousand nine hundred men, and he

desired it to be raised to sixty thousand infantry, and ten thousand cavalry, ready for the field.

General Dessaix, profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, came in the end of July to visit the scene of the army of Italy's triumphs. His conversations with Bonaparte respecting the army of the Rhine were far from giving him confidence in his military situation in Italy, or assurance of support from that army, in the event of hostilities commencing beyond the mountains. At this time that friendship between Bonaparte and Dessaix began, which continued until the untimely death of the latter.

All the world knows the part which the general-in-chief of the army of Italy took at the famous crisis of the 18th Fructidor; his proclamations, his addresses to the army, and his celebrated order of the day. Bonaparte went much into detail on this subject at St. Helena; and I shall now proceed to state what I knew at the time respecting this memorable event, which was in preparation in the month of June.

CHAPTER IX.

The Royalists of the Interior—Bonaparte's intention of marching on Paris with twenty-five thousand men—His animosity against the emigrants and the Clichy Club—His choice between the two parties of the Directory—Augereau's Order of the day against the word *Monsieur*—Bonaparte wishes to be made one of the five Directors—He supports the majority of the Directory—La Vallette, Augereau, and Bernadotte sent to Paris—Interesting Correspondence relative to the 18th Fructidor.

BONAPARTE had long observed the struggle which was going on between the partizans of royalty and the republic. He was told that royalism was everywhere on the increase. All the generals who returned from Paris to the army, complained of the spirit of reaction they had noticed. Bonaparte was constantly urged by his private correspondents to take one side or other, or to act for himself. He was irritated by the audacity of the enemies of the republic, and he saw plainly the majority of the councils had an evident ill-will towards him. The orators of the Club of Clichy missed no opportunity of wounding his self-love in speeches and pamphlets. They spared no insults, disparaged his success, and bitterly censured his conduct in Italy, particu-

larly with respect to Venice. Thus his services were recompensed by hatred or ingratitude. About this time he received a pamphlet, which referred to the judgments pronounced upon him by the German journals, and more particularly by the *Spectator of the North*, which he always made me translate.

He urged the Directory to arrest the emigrants, to destroy the influence of foreigners, to recal the armies, to suppress the journals sold to England, such as the *Quotidienne*, the *Mémorial*, and the *Thé*, which he accused of being more sanguinary than Marat ever was. In case of there being no means of putting a stop to assassinations and the influence of Louis XVIII. he offered to resign.

His resolution of passing the Alps with 25,000 men, and marching by Lyons on Paris, was known in the capital, and discussions arose respecting the consequences of this passage of another Rubicon. On the 17th of August, 1797, Carnot wrote to him—"People attribute to you a thousand absurd projects. They cannot believe that a man who has performed so many great exploits can be content to live as a private citizen." This observation applied to Bonaparte's reiterated request to be permitted to retire from the service on account of the state of his health, which, he said, disabled him from mounting his horse.

The general-in-chief was justly of opinion that the tardiness of the negotiations, and the diffi-

culties which incessantly arose, were founded on the expectation of an event which would change the government of France, and render the chances of peace more favourable to Austria. He still urgently recommended the arrest of the emigrants, the stopping of the presses of the royalist journals, which he said were sold to England and Austria, and the suppression of the Clichy Club. This club was held at the residence of Gerard Desoddières, in the rue de Clichy. Aubry was one of its warmest partizans, and he was the avowed enemy of the revolutionary cause, which Bonaparte advocated at this period. Aubry's conduct at this time, together with the part he had taken in provoking Bonaparte's dismissal in 1795, inspired the general with an implacable hatred of him.

Bonaparte despised the Directory, which he accused of weakness, indecision, pusillanimity, wasteful expenditure, and perseverance in a system degrading to the national glory. He knew that the Clichy party demanded his dismissal and arrest. He was given to understand that Dumolard was one of the most decided against him, and that, finally, the royalist party was on the point of triumphing.

Before deciding for one party or the other, Bonaparte first thought of himself. He did not think that he had yet achieved enough to venture on possessing himself of that power which certainly he might easily have obtained. He therefore contented himself with joining the party which

was, for the moment, supported by public opinion. I know he was determined to march upon Paris, with 25,000 men, had affairs taken a turn unfavourable to the republic, which he preferred to royalty. He cautiously formed his plan. To defend the Directory was, he conceived, to defend his own future fortune; that is to say, it was protecting a power which appeared to have no other object than to keep a place for him until his return.

The parties which rose up in Paris, produced a reaction in the army. The employment of the word *Monsieur* had occasioned quarrels, and even bloodshed. General Augereau, in whose division these contests had taken place, published an order of the day, setting forth that every individual in his division who should use the word *Monsieur*, either verbally or in writing, under any pretence whatever, should be deprived of his rank, and declared incapable of serving in the republican armies. This order was read at the head of each company.

Bonaparte viewed the establishment of peace as the close of his military career. Repose and inactivity were to him unbearable. He sought to take part in the civil affairs of the republic, and was desirous of becoming one of the five Directors, convinced that, if he attained that object, he would speedily stand single and alone. The fulfilment of this wish would have prevented the Egyptian expedition, and placed the imperial crown much sooner upon his head. Intrigues

were carried on in Paris in his name, with the view of securing to him a legal dispensation on the score of age. He hoped, though he was but eight-and-twenty, to supersede one of the two directors who were to go out of office. His brothers and their friends made great exertions for the success of the project, which, however, was not officially proposed, because it was too adverse to the prevailing notions of the day, and seemed too early a violation of the constitution of the year III., which, nevertheless, was violated in another way a few months after.

The members of the Directory were by no means anxious to have Bonaparte for their colleague. They dissembled, and so did he. Both parties were lavish of their mutual assurances of friendship, while they cordially hated each other. The Directory, however, appealed for the support of Bonaparte, which he granted; but his subsequent conduct clearly proves that the maintenance of the constitution of the year III. was a mere pretext. He indeed defended it for the meanwhile, because, by aiding the triumph of the opposite party, he could not hope to preserve the influence which he exercised over the Directory. I know well that, in case of the Clichy party gaining the ascendancy, he was determined to cross the Alps, and to assemble all the friends of the republic at Lyons, thence to march upon Paris.

In the Memorial of St. Helena, it is stated, in reference to the 18th Fructidor, "That the tri-

umph of the majority of the councils was his desire and hope, we are inclined to believe from the following fact, viz.—that at the crisis of the contest between the two factions, a secret resolution was drawn up by three of the members of the Directory, asking him for three millions to support the attack on the councils, and that Napoleon, under various pretences, did not send the money, though he might easily have done so.”

This is not very comprehensible. There was no *secret resolution* of the members who applied for the three millions. It was Bonaparte who offered the money, which, however, he did not send; it was he who despatched Augereau; and he who wished for the triumph of the directorial majority. His memory failed him sadly at St. Helena, as will be seen from some correspondence which I shall presently submit to the reader. It is very certain that he did offer the money to the Directory; that is to say, to three of its members. Bonaparte had so decidedly formed his resolution, that, on the 17th of July, wishing to make Augereau his confidant, he sent to Vicenza for him, by an extraordinary courier.

Bonaparte adds, that when Bottot, the confidential agent of Barras, came to Passeriano, after the 18th Fructidor, he declared to him that as soon as La Vallette should make him acquainted with the real state of things, the money should be transmitted. The inaccuracy of these statements will be seen in the correspondence relative to the event. In thus distorting the truth, Napoleon's

only object could have been to proclaim his inclination for the principles he adopted, and energetically supported from the year 1800; but which, previously to that period, he had, with no less energy, opposed.

He decidedly resolved to support the majority of the Directory, and to oppose the royalist faction: the latter, which was beginning to be important, would have been listened to, had it offered power to him. About the end of July, he sent his aide-de-camp, La Vallette, to Paris. La Vallette was a man of good sense and education, pleasing manners, pliant temper, and moderate opinions. He was decidedly devoted to Bonaparte. With his instructions, he received a private cypher to enable him to correspond with the general-in-chief.

Augereau went after La Vallette on the 27th of July. Bonaparte wrote to the Directory, that Augereau "had solicited leave to go to Paris on his own private business."

But the truth is, Augereau was sent expressly to second the revolution which was preparing against the Clichy party, and the minority of the directory.

Bonaparte made choice of Augereau because he knew his stanch republican principles, his boldness, and his deficiency of political talent. He thought him well calculated to aid a commotion, which his own presence with the army of Italy, prevented him from directing in person; and besides, Augereau was not an ambitious rival,

who might turn events to his own advantage. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he sent the addresses of the army of Italy by Augereau, because he was a decided supporter of the opinions of the day. That was the true reason for choosing him.

Bernadotte was subsequently despatched on the same errand. Bonaparte's pretence for sending him was, that he wished to transmit to the Directory four flags, which, out of the twenty-one taken at the battle of Rivoli, had been left, *by mistake*, at Peschiera. Bernadotte, however, did not take any great part in the affair. He was always prudent.

The crisis of the 18th Fructidor, which retarded for three years the extinction of the pentarchy, presents one of the most remarkable events of its short existence. It will be seen how the Directors extricated themselves from this difficulty. I subjoin the correspondence relating to this remarkable episode of our revolution, cancelling only such portions of it as are irrelevant to the subject. It exhibits several variations from the accounts given by Napoleon, at St. Helena, to his noble companions in misfortune.

On the 6th Messidor, year V. (24th of June, 1797), the Directory wrote the following confidential letter to Bonaparte :—

“ We observe, citizen general, with extreme satisfaction, your continued proofs of attachment to the cause of liberty, and the constitution of the

year III. You may rely on the most perfect reciprocity on our part. We accept with pleasure the offers you have made, to come to the aid of the republic. They are an additional pledge of your sincere love of your country. You cannot doubt that we will employ your services only for the tranquillity, happiness, and glory of France.”

This letter was in the hand-writing of La Reveillère Lepeaux, and was signed by Barras, Rewbell, and La Reveillère. Carnot and Barthelemy knew nothing of it.

On the 30th Messidor, Barras announced the change of ministry to Bonaparte.

On the 4th Thermidor, La Vallette wrote thus :

“ I saw Barras this morning.

“ He appears well satisfied with all that is going on. He did not conceal from me that the division is very decided between the members of the Directory. He will stand firm ; and if a decree of accusation be drawn up against us, we will mount our horses and crush them.

“ Carnot told me that you took a false view of what was passing in France. ‘ There is nothing to fear,’ said he. ‘ They are merely flies, buzzing about. Assure Bonaparte that he need be under no apprehension. The republic will not perish.’

“ Barras has repeatedly told me that, in the present crisis, money would powerfully assist. I mentioned your proposition, and he accepted it

with transport. He intends writing to you on the subject.”

The following is part of a letter written by Barras on the 5th Thermidor :—

“ All the enemies of the republic protest against the dismissal of the ministers, which is a proof that the measure was salutary and urgent. I, Rewbell, and La Reveillère are sincerely attached to the republic and the constitution, and will defend them to the end of our lives. Carnot, who has doubtless been misled by perfidious men, has separated from us. We shall at length determine the course of assignats, which for a year have perplexed the republic. On this subject, I have no reason to reproach myself. I did all in my power to prevent it ; but the Directory, which was then influenced by a ferocious man, the enemy of French liberty, nullified all my efforts, and all my representations. Hoche is here, and is about to prepare for his expedition to Ireland. We shall turn our attention to the interior. I expect that without any violent commotion we shall restore public spirit, and that the good citizens of the legislative body, those who love the Republic, and have shewn themselves determined to defend it, will rally.”

Next day, the 6th Thermidor, Barras made an urgent demand for money.

“No delay. Reflect that it is only with the help of money that I can fulfil your honourable and generous intentions.”

On the same day, La Vallette wrote as follows :—

“The proposition has been referred to the consideration of Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillère. All three agreed that without money it would be impossible to extricate themselves from existing difficulties. They hope that you will send them large sums. They thank you in anticipation, and they say you are a man who can do much. The councils have been forced to content themselves with the explanation of the Directory, relative to the proclamations of the army.

“Pichegru and Willot have decidedly raised the mask. It would appear there is a wish to oppose them to Bonaparte, in case he joins the Directory.

“Carnot is still tranquil. Lacroix has been the victim of the sort of compromise which it was necessary to make to get rid of the ministers.”

On the 10th Thermidor he says :—

“The minority of the Directory still trust to the possibility of an arrangement. The majority will perish, rather than descend one step lower. They see the abyss which is opening beneath them.

“ But such is the fatal destiny or the weakness of Carnot, that he is becoming one of the supporters of the monarchical party, as he was of the terrorists. He is inclined to temporise.”

Again, on the 16th Thermidor, he observes :—

“ All is going on as before. There is a grand plan of attack by the Council of Five Hundred, and vigorous preparations for defence on the part of the Directory.

“ Barras says to those who listen to him—‘ I am waiting for the decree of accusation to mount my horse and attack the conspirators of the councils, and their heads will soon roll in the kennel.

“ Most of the persons I meet when I call on Barras are members of the Council of Five Hundred. They condemn the choice you have made of Willot to command the south.

“ Augereau is expected this evening. Barras, when he told me this news, added : ‘ His presence will make more than one change colour, especially when he receives a new title, which will give greater weight to what he says and does.’

“ At Barras’s this evening, they were contriving a plan for driving away the emigrants, or throwing them into the river. This was discussed very seriously, in the presence of ten persons.

“ Many zealous patriots are of opinion that

the directors have committed serious faults. It is wished that they had drawn up a proclamation with an explanation of its grounds, and that they had not concealed the reason why ten or twelve thousand men are moving round the constitutional circle, for nobody is deceived on that subject. Barras is reproached for his indolence, his love of pleasure, and his indiscreet impetuosity; Rewbell for his prejudices, his obstinacy, and his mediocrity; Reveillère for his timidity, his dilatoriness, and his want of energy; finally, Barras, Rewbell, and Reveillère are all blamed for their insufficiency, their narrow views, and the fatal mania of acting like leaders of factions, instead of like statesmen. It is to be feared that Augereau will irritate them by his violence.

“ I forgot to tell you a remark made by General Lapoype. We were speaking of peace, and he said, pressing my hand: “ My dear fellow, I hope it may not take place, and that Bonaparte will complete his grand work, the republicanizing of Italy.”

Another letter of La Vallette, dated the 18th Thermidor, makes no mention of the crisis; but one from him, dated the 21st, commences thus:

“ Barras appeared to me somewhat uneasy at not having received money. It was observed that perhaps Bonaparte was not sufficiently authorised by the letter transmitted to him. ‘ But,’ said he, ‘ it could not have more than three sig-

natures,* nor could it be more positive.' I spoke to him of the reconciliation, upon which he replied, 'that no such thing has happened, and that it is impossible. The Directory will save the republic, at least Barras, Carnot, and Reveillère will.

"Irritation is increasing. There will be an epoch, which I know is wished for by those who visit Barras.

" 'The petitions,' said Carnot, 'made by the Army of Italy, are at variance with the constitution. They embarrass us greatly. It is difficult to justify such a violation. All opinions would have been conciliated, if the Directory would have had Merlin, Ramel, Charles Lacroix, and Truguet.† I had the promise of the members of the Five Hundred that they would put a stop to the clamours and enterprises of eight or ten troublesome fellows, who are the declared partisans of Louis XVIII. Nothing of the kind has been done. Public opinion has been braved, and the public mind has been irritated. For my part, though I think that moderation can alone save us, I have spoken some very harsh truths to the inspectors of the hall. If violent measures be resorted to, I will give in my resignation.'

* This was the directorial majority. Carnot and Barthelemy would not have signed.

† Merlin, as minister of justice; Ramel, minister of finance; Charles Lacroix, minister for foreign affairs; and Truguet, minister of the marine.

“ Augereau has plainly said—‘ I am sent to *kill the royalists.*’ ”

On the same day Barras wrote to Bonaparte :

“ That the republic would be saved by the majority of the public, of the armies, and all republicans.”

On the 22d Thermidor, Augereau wrote as follows :—

“ I have succeeded in obtaining the suppression of the Army of the Alps. I unfolded to Barras the system of the revolutionists, and I was immediately appointed commandant of the seventeenth military division. The dismissal of all the civil and military authorities is finally determined on. Reflect that the safety of the Republic is in our hands, and that our purity and courage, directed by purity of opinion and conduct, can alone rescue France from the awful abyss into which the agents of the throne and the altar would plunge her.”

Three days afterwards, he wrote thus :—

“ The councils have spoken of a change of residence. For my part I observe and act, and am continually hurrying from the Directory to Sotin, and from Sotin to the Directory. I encourage them, and do every thing to bring them to a determination. I know not what obliges them to temporize. We must not wait for the ensuing elections.”

A letter, written by La Vallette on the 26th Thermidor, contains the following :—

“ Carnot’s speech has had a good effect. However, the patriots do not believe him to be sincere. They accuse him of secret designs, and allege that his speech was concerted with the leaders of the faction. No reconciliation, therefore, has taken place, and irritation still exists.

“ I have seen Sièyes, who still continues ill. He is of opinion, that if a strong barrier be not raised up against the torrent of the royalists, the constitution will be destroyed, and with it France.”

On the 29th, La Vallette wrote to the following effect :—

“ I will tell you what Barras said to me, after dinner the day before yesterday.

“ ‘ I tore aside the veil at the Directory this morning. The negotiations of Italy were spoken of. Carnot alleged that Bonaparte’s situation, when he signed the preliminaries, was not such as to oblige him to subscribe to any conditions which he could not subsequently abide by. I defended Bonaparte, and I said to Carnot, ‘ You are a scoundrel! You have sold the Republic, and you would sacrifice all who defend it. Infamous villain!’ I then rose, and Carnot replied, with an embarrassed air, ‘ I despise your provocations; but one day or other I will reply to them.’ ”

“ A young man in Carnot’s service says it

would be very easy to make an end of him, should he attempt the least stir against the projected movement. I have just seen Barras, who desires me to inform you that every thing is arranged, and that the decisive step will be taken very shortly. If the Council of Five Hundred should change its residence, the Directory will remain.

“ I have just now heard from the secretary of Barras, that a person named Viscowitz, has given the Directory the six hundred thousand francs, to obtain more advantageous conditions for the villains. About half the sum has been paid, and the remainder will be speedily advanced. I cannot touch money without it being known ; I am watched by the inspectors of the Five Hundred.”

On the 29th Thermidor, Augereau complains of the uncertainty that prevails, and states his urgent want of money. He then adds :—

“ The Elector of Hesse writes confidentially to his nephew, Gen. Hesse, that the emperor will not conclude peace, because it does not appear to be agreeable to the Clichy party, which he supposes exercises the ascendancy over Paris, and the two councils.”

On the 30th Thermidor, Carnot, addressing the General-in-Chief upon the subject of the pretended dangers of the republic, the panic terrors, &c., says :—

“ Each faction has the nightmare; all are armed to fight with windmills. But people are beginning to see clearly. Fear has done the mischief, and fear will work the remedy. In the name of Heaven conclude peace, on the very basis of the preliminaries. That will still be excellent; and without peace, the Republic is still a problem. You have earned glory enough: be now the hero of humanity.” He concludes with these words:—“ Believe me, my dear general, the most faithful and inviolable of your friends.”

La Vallette writes on the 7th Fructidor:—

“ The movement which you so positively announced, on the part of Barras, is adjourned. The obstacles which retard it are—1st. Disagreement respecting the means of execution—2d. The fear of engaging in a contest, of which the success is not doubtful, but of which the consequences are alarming—3d. The embarrassment which would be caused by the Council of Ancients, who are determined to oppose no resistance, and by the Council of Five Hundred, who must be driven away, because they will not go quietly—4th. The apprehension of a Babœuf reaction—5th. The impossibility of preventing the elders from leaving Paris, and the necessity which the Directory feels of following them.

“ Augereau is much offended that you do not write to him. ‘ I do not understand Bonaparte,’ he says, ‘ for the last four months. He does him-

self great harm by his praises of Bernadotte and Serrurier. It was imprudent to send Bernadotte. He knows well that none but he and I can save the Republic, and that I alone can make him properly acquainted with what is going on. But he may do as he pleases ; I will not write to him again.'

" Yesterday evening, at Barras's, they were talking of superseding Scherer, who was reproached with immorality, drunkenness, and incapacity in business. I mentioned Bernadotte. ' He is not enough of a patriot,' it was answered ; ' he has been tried, in present circumstances.'

" I thought I ought to await your orders, relative to the money. Barras's secretary told me, that they had enough for their operations."

On the very day on which Augereau said he would not again write to Bonaparte, he wrote as follows :—

" Twelve thousand men of the army of the Sambre and Meuse will be marched near the constitutional circle, and quartered, to be in readiness for duty, in case of necessity, and cutting off any communications which may take place with Calvados, where the emigrants, who have fled from Paris since my arrival, have taken refuge.

" You will shortly learn the change of the War Minister. The Directory thinks that change important."

Augereau writes again, on the 11th Fructidor :

“ The spirit of the Directory continues unchanged, that is to say, the project is still in train; and that its execution will save the Republic, in spite of the obstacles which arise to delay both plans and planners.

“ Send me some money.”

Bonaparte thus replied to La Vallette's letter of the 7th Fructidor, in which mention is made of Augereau:—

“ Augereau is rather warm; but he is attached to the cause of the people, to the army, and, I believe, to me.

“ Tell Carnot that I place no faith in the reports which are circulated about him. Give him the assurance of my perfect concurrence in all the sentiments he has expressed. Tell him, *as an opinion of your own*, that on the first opportunity I shall withdraw from public life, and if that opportunity does not speedily occur, I shall offer my resignation. *Observe well what effect this may produce on him.*”

La Vallette writes, of the 14th Fructidor:—

“ The movement so often talked of is now about to take place. To-morrow night or the night after, the Directory will order the arrest of fifteen or twenty deputies. It is presumed that there will be no resistance.” He next speaks of the nomination of La Reveillère to the presidency of the Directory,—the speech of Marbot,—the paper written by Bailleul,—the rejection of the

resolution respecting the fugitives of the Lower Rhine, and the appointment of Cherin to the command of the guards of the Directory, and the rank of general of a division. “Carnot says,” continues he, “that the safety of the republic depends on peace, whatever may be its conditions.”

On the 18th Fructidor, Barras and La Vallette wrote to announce that the crisis was past, Barras adds, by way of postscript :—“Peace, peace! but an honourable and lasting peace! not the infamous proposition of Carnot, transmitted by the aid-de-camp La Vallette.”

Augereau thus expressed himself on the 18th Fructidor :—

“At length, General, my mission is accomplished, and the promises of the army of Italy are fulfilled. The fear of being anticipated has caused measures to be hurried.

“At midnight I despatched orders to all the troops to march towards the points specified. Before day all the bridges and principal places were planted with cannon. At day-break, the halls of the Councils were surrounded, the guards of the Councils were amicably mingled with our troops, and the members, of whom I send you a list, were arrested, and conveyed to the Temple. The greater number have escaped, and are being pursued. Carnot has disappeared.*

* It is worthy of remark, that in 1814, Louis XVIII. sent letters of nobility to those members of the two councils, who were, as it was termed, *fructidorized*.

“ Paris is tranquil, and every one is astounded at an event which promised to be awful, but which has passed over like a fête.

“ The stout patriots of the faubourgs proclaim the safety of the republic, and the black collars are put down. It now remains for the wise energy of the Directory and the patriots of the two Councils to do the rest. The place of sitting is changed, and the first operations promise well. This event is a great step towards peace ; which it is your task finally to secure to us.

“ Do not forget the bill of exchange for twenty-five thousand francs. It is urgent.”

On the 18th and 22d Fructidor, La Vallette wrote to announce the change, and the dismissal of General Clarke. He informed Bonaparte that Barras was very distrustful on the subject of the money.

A letter from Talleyrand to Bonaparte, dated the 22d Fructidor, after detailing the events of the 18th, thus concludes :—

“ You will read in the proclamations, that a conspiracy, entirely in the interests of royalty, had been long preparing against the constitution. Latterly, it was not disguised, but was visible to the most indifferent observer. The name of patriot had become an insult ;—all republican institutions were degraded ;—the most inveterate enemies of France were received in her bosom, and treated with respect. Hypocritical fanaticism

had suddenly transported us to the sixteenth century. Division was in the Directory. Men were sitting in the Legislative Body who had been elected according to the instructions of the pretender, and whose motions were all dictated by royalism. The Directory, being fully assured of these circumstances, ordered the conspirators to be seized. To confound at once the hopes and the calumnies of those who have so long desired and still meditate the ruin of the constitution, death will be the punishment of any one who would restore royalty or the constitution of '93."

Next day La Vallette wrote thus:—

"It is very important that you should have some one constantly here who is devoted to you. Here is a cabal against you: it is composed of violent men, who reproach you with having suffered the patriots of Piedmont to be sacrificed, and with not having received those of the south with suitable attention. Augereau takes an active part in all this. I ought not to conceal from you that Visconti uses the most unrestrained language respecting you.

"I have seen Barras: he made no mention of you."

On the preceding day Barras had written to Bonaparte as follows:—

"The infamous journalists will now have their turn. The resolution of the Five Hundred will

be adopted. To-morrow we shall have two colleagues : they are François de Neufchateau and Merlin. Conclude peace, but let it be honourable. Let the Rhine be the boundary : let Mantua belong to the Cisalpine Republic, and take Venice from the House of Austria. Such are the wishes of the present Directory, and these wishes are in accordance with the interests of the republic, as well as with the glory of the general and the immortal army he commands.”

In another letter, dated two days after, he says :
“ Your silence is very strange, my dear General. The outlaws set off yesterday. No one can behave better than Augereau. He enjoys the confidence of both parties, and he deserves it. The Bourbons depart to-morrow for Spain.”

On the same day Augereau writes—

“ My aide-de-camp, Verine, will acquaint you with the events of the 18th. He is also to deliver to you some despatches from the Directory, where much uneasiness is felt at not hearing from you. No less uneasiness is experienced on seeing in Paris one of your aides-de-camp,* whose conduct excites the dissatisfaction and distrust of the patriots, towards whom he has behaved very ill.

“ The news of General Clarke’s recall will have reached you by this time, and I suspect has

* La Vallette.

surprised you. Amongst the thousand and one motives which have determined the government to take this step, may be reckoned his correspondence with Carnot, which has been communicated to me, and in which he treated the generals of the army of Italy as brigands.

“ Moreau has sent the Directory a letter which throws a new light on Pichegru’s treason. Such baseness is hardly to be conceived.

“ The government perseveres in maintaining the salutary measures which it has adopted. I hope it will be in vain for the remnant of the factions to renew their plots. The patriots will continue united.

“ Fresh troops having been summoned to Paris, and my presence at their head being considered indispensable by the government, I shall not have the satisfaction of seeing you so soon as I hoped. This has determined me to send for my horses and carriages, which I left at Milan.”

Bernadotte wrote to Bonaparte on the 24th Fructidor, as follows :—

“ The arrested Deputies are removed to Rochefort, where they will be embarked for the island of Madagascar. Paris is tranquil. The people at first heard of the arrest of the Deputies with indifference. A feeling of curiosity soon drew them into the streets; enthusiasm followed, and cries of ‘ *Vive la République,*’ which had not been heard for a long time, now resounded in every street. The neighbouring departments have ex-

pressed their discontent. That of Allier has, it is said, protested; but it will cut a fine figure. Eight thousand men are marching to the environs of Paris. Part is already within the precincts, under the orders of General Lemoine. The government has it at present in its power to elevate public spirit; but every body feels that it is necessary the Directory should be surrounded by tried and energetic republicans.—Unfortunately, a host of men, without talent and resources, already suppose that what has taken place has been done only in order to advance their interests. Time is necessary, to set all to rights. The armies have regained consistency. The soldiers of the interior are esteemed, or, at least, feared. The emigrants fly, and the non-juring priests conceal themselves.

“ Nothing could have happened more fortunately to consolidate the republic. But if the crisis be not taken advantage of, we shall be compelled to make a fresh movement after the approaching elections. The legislative body has granted a great degree of power to the Directory. Some persons think that it would be better to adjourn for a definite period, leaving to the Directory the duty of maintaining the constitution in the interim: there is a difference of opinion on this point. Nevertheless, the Directory and the legislative body act in harmony. There, however, remains, without doubt, a party in the two councils, which dislikes the republic, and will do every thing possible to destroy it, as soon as the first

feeling of terror is past. The government knows that party, and will, probably, take measures to avoid the danger, and thereby secure the patriots against a new persecution.”

On the 25th Fructidor, La Vallette wrote as follows :—

“I have had a long conversation with the representative Lacuce. He stated this —‘The Council of Five Hundred will adjourn. It does not desire to be the senate of Tiberius. As to Bonaparte, let him not hope ever to enjoy here the reward of his labours. He is feared by the authorities, envied by military men, and misunderstood by a people, too worthless to appreciate him. Calumny has prepared its poison, and he will be its victim. I wish him well ; I wish him not to depart from the high destiny to which his great genius and fortune decidedly invite him.’”*

Bonaparte wrote, as follows, to the Directory, on the 26th Fructidor :—

* Many persons have attributed the superior view which Bonaparte took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, to his correspondence with La Vallette. I do not wish to detract from the merit of M. La Vallette. No person can, in this respect, entertain a higher opinion of him than myself. But this *ante Fructidorian* correspondence just set forth, proves that Bonaparte, although out of France, had a correct view of an event which he encouraged by his proclamations, and caused to be supported by his favourite generals. Faithful accounts, conversations reported with spirit and accuracy, careful scrutinies of facts—are not advice. Bonaparte did not like advice.

“ Herewith you will receive a proclamation to the army, relative to the events of the 18th. I have despatched the 48th demi-brigade, commanded by General Bon, to Lyons, together with fifty cavalry; also General Lannes, with the 20th light infantry and the 8th regiment of the line, to Marseilles. I have issued the enclosed proclamation in the southern departments. I am about to prepare a proclamation for the inhabitants of Lyons, as soon as I obtain some information of what may have passed there.

“ If I find there is the least disturbance, I will march there with the utmost rapidity. Believe that there are here a hundred thousand men, who are alone sufficient to make the measures you have taken to place liberty on a solid basis be respected. What avails it that we gain victories, if we are not respected in our country? One may say of Paris what Cassius said of Rome:— ‘Of what use to call her Queen on the banks of the Seine, when she is the slave of Pitt’s gold?’ ”

On the 30th Fructidor, Augereau wrote to Bonaparte in the following terms:—

“ Public opinion, which acquires fresh power daily, promises, through the prudence of Frenchmen, a happy future, and banishes the fear of retrograding, although royalism has not lost all hope. I have not heard from you for a long time. You made me hope that I should have heard in a few days, and that the first courier

would bring me an order for money. I look anxiously for both these things, for I am obliged to have recourse to many persons, and to make great efforts to pay my way. Be satisfied, Citizen General, that, at all hazards, I will surmount every obstacle opposed to the object in view, namely, to consolidate the republic, and cause it to be respected in the interior by constitutional means. Let me hear from you: keep your promises, and I undertake to do all that is necessary.”

After the 18th Fructidor, Augereau wished to have his reward for his share in the victory, and for the service which he had rendered. He wished to be a Director. He got, however, only the length of being a candidate; honour enough for one who had merely been an instrument on that day.

On the 30th Fructidor, Talleyrand wrote a second letter to Bonaparte, as follows:—

“ We intend to publish some papers, from which it will appear evident that the courts of Vienna and London had a perfect understanding with the faction which has just been overthrown here. It will be seen how much the stratagems of these courts and the movements in the interior correspond. The members of Clichy and the emperor’s cabinet seek the common and manifest object of re-establishing a king in France, and making a disgraceful peace,

by which Italy would be restored to her ancient masters.”

This correspondence, the autographs of which I have preserved, appears to me of great interest, as it contains most important and novel facts relative to the 18th Fructidor : I have, therefore, considered it my duty to publish the whole of it.

CHAPTER X.

Bonaparte's joy at the result of the 18th Fructidor—His letters to Augereau and François de Neufchateau—His correspondence with the Directory, and proposed resignation—Explanations of the Directory—Bottot—Indication of the Egyptian Expedition—Release of MM. de la Fayette, de Latour Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, from Olmutz.—General Clarke—Letter from Madame Bacciocchi to Bonaparte—Autograph letter of the Emperor Francis to Bonaparte—Arrival of Count Cobentzel—Autograph Note of Bonaparte on the conditions of peace.

BONAPARTE was intoxicated with joy when he learnt of the happy issue of the 18th Fructidor. Its result was the dissolution of the Legislative Body and the fall of the *Clichian* party, which for some months had disturbed his tranquillity. The Clichians had objected to Joseph Bonaparte's right to sit as Deputy from Liamone, in the Council of Five Hundred. His brother's victory removed the difficulty; but the General-in-Chief soon perceived that the ascendant party abused its power, and again compromised the safety of the republic, by recommencing the revolutionary government. The Directors were alarmed at his discontent and offended by his censure. They conceived the singular idea of opposing to Bona-

parte, Augereau, of whose blind zeal they had received many proofs. The Directory appointed Augereau commander of the army of Germany. Augereau, whose extreme vanity was notorious, believed himself in a situation to compete with Bonaparte. What he built his arrogance on was, that, with a numerous troop, he had arrested some unarmed representatives, and torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of the commandant of the Guard of the Councils. The Directory and he filled the head-quarters at Passeriano with spies and intriguers.

Bonaparte, who was informed of every thing that was going on, laughed at the Directory, and tendered his resignation, in order that he might be supplicated to continue in command.

The following post-Thermidorian letters will prove that the General's judgment on this point was correct.

On the 2d Vendémiaire, year VI. (23d of September, 1796) he wrote to Augereau, after having announced the arrival of his aide-de-camp, as follows:—

“ The whole army applauds the wisdom and vigour which you have displayed upon this important occasion, and participates in the success of the country with the enthusiasm and energy which characterise our soldiers. It is only to be hoped, however, that the government will not be playing at see-saw, and thus throw itself into the opposite party. Wisdom and moderate views alone can establish the happiness of the country

on a sure foundation. As for myself, this is the most ardent wish of my heart."

Bonaparte wrote, on the same day, to François de Neufchateau, as follows:—

"The fate of Europe henceforth depends on the union, the wisdom, and the power of the government. There is a part of the nation which it is necessary to conquer by good government. We have conquered Europe—we have carried the glory of the French name higher than it ever was before. It is for you, first magistrates of the republic, to extinguish all factions, and to be as much respected at home as you are abroad. A decree of the Executive Directory overthrows thrones: take care, then, at least, that timid writers or ambitious fanatics, concealed under masks of every description, do not replunge us into the revolutionary torrent."

The sentiments regarding peace which animated the majority of the Directory before the 18th Fructidor, acquired additional strength from the success of that day. The Directory wrote to Bonaparte the 2d Vendémiaire, year VI. (23 September, 1797) as follows:—

"It is no longer necessary to keep terms with Austria. Her perfidy, her connection with the internal conspirators, are manifest. The truce was merely a pretext for her to gain the time necessary to repair her losses, and await the internal movements which the 18th Fructidor has

prevented. In the whole Austrian army, from the general down to the private, the report was circulated, that when that period arrived, the three Directors who were designated as Triumvirs would be assassinated, and royalty proclaimed. Every soldier flattered himself with the idea of soon visiting Paris with the emigrants. Condé, the chief of the latter, was already in France in secret, and, by the assistance of his friends, had nearly arrived at Lyons."

On the 4th Vendémiaire, Bonaparte wrote a second letter to the Directory, which passed on the road that written by the Directory to him on the 2d. Bonaparte's letter was in the following terms:—

"The day before yesterday an officer arrived at the army from Paris. He asserted that he left Paris on the 25th, when anxiety prevailed there as to the feelings with which I viewed the events of the 18th. He was the bearer of a sort of circular from General Augereau to all the generals of division; and he brought a letter of credit from the Minister of War to the Commissary-General, authorising him to draw as much money as he might require for his journey.

"It is evident from these circumstances, that the government is acting towards me in somewhat the same way in which Pichegru was dealt with after Vendémiaire (year IV.)

"I beg of you to receive my resignation, and appoint another to my place. No power on earth

shall make me continue in the service after this shocking mark of ingratitude on the part of the government, which I was very far from expecting. My health, which is considerably impaired, imperiously demands repose and tranquillity.

“ The state of my mind, likewise, requires me to mingle again in the mass of citizens. Great power has for a long time been confided to my hands. I have employed it on all occasions for the advantage of my country ; *so much the worse for those who put no faith in virtue, and may have suspected mine.* My recompence is in my own conscience, and in the opinion of posterity.

“ Now that the country is tranquil and free from the dangers which have menaced it, I can without inconvenience quit the post in which I have been placed.

“ Be sure that if there were a moment of danger I would be found in the foremost rank of the defenders of liberty and the constitution of the year III.”

The Directory replied without delay on the 12th Vendémiaire, and endeavoured to repel Bonaparte's reproaches of mistrust and ingratitude. In that letter the Directory said :—

“ As to the grounds of your uneasiness at the story of a young man—a story perhaps made for him—can any thing he may have said have greater weight with you than the constant and direct communications from the government ?

“As to General Augereau’s letter, as the royalist representatives had written to the generals of the army of Italy, and as this was known at Paris, the general, perhaps, thought it his duty to apply the antidote to the poison. This is not capable of any sinister interpretation against you. It is the same with the letter of the minister of war. Doubtless, it referred only to funds for the expenses of his journey. Be aware, lest the Royalist conspirators, at the moment when, perhaps, they poisoned Hoche, may not have endeavoured to fill your mind with disgust and suspicion, which might deprive your country of the exertion of your genius.”

The Directory, judging from the account which Bottot gave of his mission, that he had not succeeded in entirely removing the suspicions of Bonaparte, wrote the following letter on the 30th Vendémiaire.

“The Directory has been troubled about the impression made on you by the letter, of which an aide-de-camp of the Paymaster-General was the bearer. The composition of this letter has very much astonished the government, which never appointed nor recognized such an agent: it is at least an error of office. But it should not alter the opinion you ought otherwise to entertain of the manner in which the Directory thinks of and esteems you. It appears that the 18th Fructidor was misrepresented in the letters which were sent to the Army of Italy. You did well to inter-

cept them, and it may be right to transmit the most remarkable to the minister of police.*

“ In your observations on the too strong tendency of opinion towards military government, the Directory recognizes an equally enlightened and ardent friend of the republic.

“ Nothing is wiser than the maxim—*cedant arma togæ*, for the maintenance of republics. To shew so much anxiety on so important a point is not one of the least glorious features in the life of a general placed at the head of a triumphant army.”

Bottot, on his part, wrote on the 5th Brumaire to Bonaparte, to satisfy him, and to describe the interest with which he had been received on his return from Italy. He said he had found the Directory full of admiration of the general, and affectionately attached to him. The following is an extract from his letter :

“ Perhaps the government commits many faults; perhaps it does not always take so correct a view of affairs as you do ; but with what *republican docility* did it not receive your observation !”

Soon after the events of the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte addressed to the sailors of Admiral Bruyes's squadron, a proclamation, the language of which proved that he entertained the idea of his favourite project, the expedition to Egypt. In

* What an ignoble task to propose to the conqueror of Italy.

that proclamation, he also gave expression to the hostile feeling with which he regarded the English. His sentiments towards England, and the efforts he made against the power of that country, would leave posterity in doubt, were not the fact incontestably proved, of his having voluntarily and spontaneously sought an asylum, among a people whom he had disdainfully styled a nation of shopkeepers, who hate us, whom he thoroughly hated, and against whose commerce, manufactures, institutions, and even existence, he had constantly waged war.

In consequence of the complaints transmitted to the Court of Vienna relative to the bad treatment of General de la Fayette and his two fellow-captives detained as prisoners in Olmutz, the Marquis de Chasteler was directed by the Emperor of Austria to make a report on the state of their prison and the manner in which they were treated. He was, besides, charged with a particular proposition, on which each of the prisoners was to make a declaration before obtaining his liberty.

The Marquis drew up a report, under the title of "Minutes of an Examination respecting the Treatment of MM. de la Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, prisoners in the fortress of Olmütz; likewise of Madame de la Fayette and her daughters, whom his majesty the Emperor had permitted to visit their husband and father, and of their servants."

The Marquis de Chasteler, after conferring

with each of the prisoners in private, brought them together on the 26th of July, 1797, and, in presence of Captain Mac-Eligot, drew up his account of the investigation.

With respect to lodging, the report stated that the prisoners, with Madame Lafayette and her daughters, were confined in apartments behind the barracks. The apartments were on the ground floor. The principal inconvenience attending these apartments, was, that a common-sewer passed under them, which, added to the vicinity of the water-closets, occasioned an unpleasant smell in changes of weather.

M. de la Fayette occupied a vaulted chamber, twenty-four feet long, fifty broad, and twelve high, containing a stove, a bed, a table, chairs, and a chest of drawers. MM. de Latour-Maubourg, and Bureau de Puzy, had each a chamber similarly furnished. Madame de Lafayette and her daughters were lodged in a single room. The two young ladies had only one bed between them; but they had made repeated applications, especially when one of them was indisposed, for separate beds. As to food, the Marquis stated that in the morning the prisoners were served with coffee or chocolate; at dinner, soup, a bouilli, a ragout of greens, some roasted meat, salad, desert, and a bottle of red Hungary wine: for supper, a salad, some roasted meat, and a pint of wine. The food was sufficient as to quantity, but often of inferior quality.

The servant of M. de Maubourg was allowed

to attend his master three hours a day. M. de Bureau de Puzy's had been prevented from attending him for six weeks. Ever since M. de la Fayette's attempt to escape, he and his family had been waited on by soldiers, and were allowed no communication with their servants. In case of sickness, the surgeon belonging to the fortress attended the prisoners.

The Marquis de la Fayette's declaration was in the following terms :

“ The commission with which M. de Chasteler is charged, appears to me to resolve itself into three considerations :

“ 1. His Majesty wishes to ascertain our situation at Olmutz. I do not mean to prefer any complaint to him. Many details may be found in the letters of my wife, transmitted to and returned by the Austrian government ; and if his imperial majesty deems it not sufficient to look over again the instructions conveyed in his name, I will voluntarily give to M. de Chasteler whatever information he may require.

“ 2. His Majesty the Emperor and King wishes to be assured that, immediately on my liberation, I will depart for America. This is an intention I have often manifested : but as, under the present circumstances, my reply would seem to recognize the right of imposing this condition upon me, I do not conceive I ought to satisfy such a demand.

“ 3. His Majesty the Emperor and King has done me the honour to signify, that the principles

I profess being incompatible with the security of the Austrian government, he does not wish I should continue in his dominions, without his special permission. There are some duties from which I cannot withdraw myself. Some of these I owe to the United States, and, above all, to France; and I cannot, in any degree, surrender the right which my country possesses over my person.

“With these sole reservations, I can assure M. de Chasteler that my fixed determination is not to set my foot in any territory subject to his Majesty the King of Bohemia and Hungary.

(Signed) “LAFAYETTE.”

M. de Latour-Maubourg, in his reply, stated, that, without recognizing in the Austrian government any right over his person—without submitting to what was arrogated over Frenchmen, disarmed, and strangers to the provinces which recognized the dominion of Austria, he considered it his duty to declare that he had received no bad treatment, in word or deed, from the persons charged with his custody. He must, however, say that, with the exception of the present captain (Mac-Eligot) charged with the state prisoners, the greater part of the officers who preceded him, behaved with a degree of grossness and indifference, of which the natural effect was, that the prisoners were left destitute of every thing.

Being unacquainted with the code of the Austrian State prisons, M. Latour Maubourg could

not say whether the treatment he had received was in conformity to such a code or not. But what had transpired respecting the horrible system of the Bastile, all he had read during his captivity in Prussia of the atrocities said to be committed in the French prisons, during the barbarous reign of Marat and Robespierre, and his treatment in Prussia itself, though very severe, still had not prepared him for suffering, under the dominion of a prince whose humanity and virtues he had heard celebrated, a usage so harsh that he could not have believed its existence possible, had he not derived the conviction from a long and woeful experience. He now renewed the resolution he had often formed for himself, never to set a foot in the dominions of his Imperial Majesty. Nevertheless, as circumstances might prevent him from furthering his intention of going to the United States, and to remove every pretext for again incarcerating him on account of his performing the duty of a good citizen, he made this engagement under the exception of the case, not very probable, that his country, which he was about to quit, and which would always be dear to him, or the country which he was to adopt, should impose upon him the duty of infringing it.

M. Bureau de Puzy replied in much the same way, in substance and spirit, as the other two prisoners. He closed his declaration, by saying that he would, with joy, engage never to enter, or to ask permission to enter, the Austrian dominions ; but that he must except, from any such

engagement, the case of military service on the supposition of a war between Austria and any country which might give him an asylum.

The Directory had sent General Clarke to treat for peace, as second Plenipotentiary. Bonaparte has often told me, he had no doubt that General Clarke was charged with a secret mission to act as a spy upon him, and even to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing without danger. That he had a suspicion of this kind is certain; but I must own that I was never by any means able to discover its grounds; for in all my intercourse since with Clarke, he never put a single question to me, nor did I ever hear a word drop from his mouth which savoured of such a character. If the fact be that he was a spy, he certainly played his part well. In all the parts of his correspondence which were intercepted, there never was found the least confirmation of this suspicion. Be this as it may, Bonaparte could not endure him; he did not make him acquainted with what was going on, and his influence rendered this mission a mere nullity. The General-in-Chief concentrated all the business of the negotiation in his own closet; and, as to what was going on, Clarke continued a mere cipher until the 18th Fructidor, when he was recalled. Bonaparte made but little count of Clarke's talents. It is but justice, however, to say that he bore him no grudge for the conduct of which he suspected he was guilty in Italy. *Because I have the power to punish him, said he, I pardon him.*

He even had the generosity to make interest for a second rate official situation for him. These amiable traits were not uncommon with Bonaparte.

Bonaparte had to encounter so many disagreeable contrarieties, both in the negotiators for peace, and the events at Paris, that he often displayed a good deal of irritation and disgust. This state of mind was increased by the recollection of the vexation his sister's marriage had caused him, and which was unfortunately revived by a letter he received from her at this juncture. His excitement was such that he threw it down with an expression of anger. It has been erroneously reported, in several publications, that Bacciocchi espoused *Marie-Anne-Eliza Bonaparte* on the 5th of May, 1797. The brother of the bride was *at the time* negotiating the preliminaries of peace with Austria.

In fact, the preliminaries were signed in the month of April, and it was for the definitive peace we were negotiating in May. But the reader will find, by the subjoined letter, that Christine applied to her brother to stand godfather to her third child. Three children in three months would be rather quick work in the family way.

“Ajaccio, 14th Thermidor, year V. August 1, 1797.

“GENERAL,

“Suffer me to write to you, and call you by the name of brother.

“My first child was born at a time when you

were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you.

“ My second child was still-born. Obligated to quit Paris by your order, I miscarried in Germany.

“ In a month’s time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favourable time, and other circumstances, incline me to hope my next will be a boy; and I promise you I will make a soldier of him: but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister’s request.

“ Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciochi, or to whomsoever you think fit? Myself will be godmother. I shall expect with impatience your assent.

“ Because we are poor, let not that cause you to despise us; for, after all, you are our brother—mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you more than we do the favours of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.

“ Your affectionate sister,

“ CHRISTINE BONAPARTE.”*

“ P.S. Do not fail to remember me to your spouse, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me, at Paris, I was very like

* Madame Bacciochi went by the name of Marianne at St. Cyr, of Christine while on her travels, and of Eliza under the consulate.

her. If you recollect my features, you can judge.

“ C. B.”

General Bonaparte had been near a month at Passeriano, when he received the following autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria :—

*“ To General Bonaparte, General-in-Chief
of the Army of Italy.*

“ General Bonaparte—When I thought I had given my plenipotentiaries full powers to terminate the important negotiation with which they were charged, I learn, with as much pain as surprise, that, in consequence of swerving continually from the stipulations of the preliminaries, the restoration of tranquillity, with the tidings of which I desire to gladden the hearts of my subjects, and which the half of Europe devoutly prays for, becomes, day after day, more uncertain.

“ Faithful to the performance of my engagements, I am ready to execute what was agreed to at Leoben, and require from you but the reciprocal performance of so sacred a duty. This is what has already been declared in my name, and what I do not now hesitate myself to declare. If the execution of some of the preliminary articles be now impossible, in consequence of the events which have since occurred, and in which I had no part, it may be necessary to substitute others in their stead, equally adapted to the interests,

and equally conformable to the dignity, of the two nations. To such alone will I put my hand. A frank and sincere explanation, dictated by the same feelings which govern me, is the only way to lead to so salutary a result. In order to accelerate this result as far as in me lies, and to put an end at once to the state of uncertainty we remain in, and which is already too great, I have determined to despatch to the place of the present negotiations, Count de Cobentzel, a man who possesses my most unlimited confidence, and who is instructed as to my intentions, and furnished with my most ample powers. I have authorised him to receive and accept every proposition tending to the reconciliation of the two parties which may be in conformity with the principles of equity and reciprocal fitness, and to conclude accordingly.

“ After this fresh assurance of the spirit of conciliation which animates me, I doubt not you will perceive that peace lies in your own hands, and that on your determination will depend the happiness or misery of millions of men. If I mistake as to the means I think best adapted to terminate the calamities which for a long time have desolated Europe, I shall, at least, have the consolation of reflecting that I have done all that depended on me. With the consequences which may result, I can never be reproached.

“ I have been particularly determined to the course I now take by the opinion I entertain of your upright character, and by the personal

esteem I have conceived towards you, of which I am very happy, General Bonaparte, to give you here an assurance.

(Signed) “FRANCIS.”

“Vienna, 20th September, 1797.”

In fact, it was only on the arrival of the Count de Cobentzel that the negotiations were seriously set on foot. Bonaparte had all along clearly perceived that Gallo and Meerweldt were not furnished with adequate powers. He saw, also, clearly enough, that if the month of September were to be trifled away in unsatisfactory negotiations, as the month which preceded it had, it would be difficult, in October, to strike a blow at the house of Austria on the side of Carinthia. The Austrian cabinet perceived with satisfaction the approach of the bad weather, and insisted more strongly on its ultimatum, which was the Adige, with Venice.

Before the 18th Fructidor, the Emperor of Austria hoped that the movement which was preparing at Paris would operate badly for France, and favourably to the European cause. The Austrian plenipotentiaries, in consequence, elevated the tone of their pretensions, and sent notes, and an ultimatum, which gave the proceedings more an air of mockery than of serious negotiation, and which excited, alternately, anger and contempt. Bonaparte's ideas, which I have, under his hand, were as follow :—

“ 1. The Emperor to have Italy as far as the Adda.

“ 2. The king of Sardinia, as far as the Adda.

“ 3. The Genoese Republic to have the boundary of Tortona, as far as the Po, (Tortona to be demolished,) as also the imperial fiefs. (Coni to be ceded to France, or to be demolished.)

“ The Grand Duke of Tuscany to be restored.

“ The Duke of Parma to be restored.”*

* The reader can easily compare these ideas of Bonaparte's with the treaty he afterwards concluded.

CHAPTER XI.

Influence of the 18th Fructidor on the Negotiations—Bonaparte's suspicion of Bottot—His complaints respecting the non-erasure of Bourrienne—Bourrienne's conversation with the Marquis of Gallo--Bottot writes from Paris to Bonaparte on the part of the Directory—Agents of the Directory employed to watch Bonaparte—Influence of the weather on the conclusion of peace—Remarkable observation of Bonaparte—Conclusion of the treaty—The Directory dissatisfied with the terms of the peace—Bonaparte's predilection for representative government—Opinion on Bonaparte.

AFTER the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte was more powerful, Austria less haughty and confident. Venice was the only point of real difficulty. Austria wanted the line of the Adige, with Venice, in exchange for Mentz, and the boundary of the Rhine, until that river enters Holland. The Directory wished to have the latter boundary, and to add Mantua to the Italian republic, without giving up all the line of the Adige and Venice. The difficulties were felt to be so irreconcilable, that within about a month of the conclusion of peace, the Directory wrote to General Bonaparte, that a resumption of hostilities was preferable to the state of uncertainty which was agitating and ruining France. The Directory, therefore, de-

clared that both the armies of the Rhine should take the field. It appears from the Fructidorian correspondence, which has been already given, that the majority of the Directory then looked upon a peace, such as Bonaparte afterwards made, as *infamous*. But Bonaparte, from the moment the Venetian insurrection broke out, perceived that Venice might be usefully disposed of in the pacification. Bonaparte, who was convinced that, in order to bring matters to an issue, Venice and the territory beyond the Adige must fall beneath the Austrian yoke, wrote to the Directory, that he could not commence operations, advantageously, before the end of March, 1798; but that if the objections to giving Venice to the Emperor of Austria were persisted in, hostilities would certainly be resumed in the month of October, for the emperor would not renounce Venice. In that case it would be necessary to be ready on the Rhine, for an advance into Germany, as the Army of Italy, if it could make head against the Archduke Charles, was not sufficiently strong for any operations on a grand scale. At this period the conclusion of peace was certainly very doubtful; it was even seriously considered in what form the rupture should be notified.

Towards the end of September, Bottot, Barras's secretary, arrived at Passeriano. He was despatched by the Directory. Bonaparte immediately suspected he was a new spy, come on a secret mission, to watch him. He was therefore received and treated with coolness; but Bona-

parte never had, as Sir Walter Scott asserts, the idea of ordering him to be shot. That writer is also in error, when he says, that Bottot was sent to Passeriano to reproach Bonaparte for failing to fulfil his promise of sending money to the Directory.

Bonaparte soon gave Bottot an opportunity of judging of the kind of spirit which prevailed at head-quarters. He began again to propose his resignation, which he had already several times called upon the Directory to accept. He accused the government, at table, in Bottot's presence, of horrible ingratitude. He recounted all his subjects of complaint, in loud and impassioned language, without any restraint, and before twenty or thirty persons.

Indignant at finding that his reiterated demands for the erasure of my name from the list of emigrants had been slighted, and that, in spite of his representations, conveyed to Paris by General Bernadotte, Louis Bonaparte, and others, I was still included in that fatal list, he apostrophized M. Bottot, at dinner one day, before forty individuals, among whom were the diplomatists, Gallo, Cobentzel, and Meerweldt. The conversation turned upon the Directory: "Yes, truly," cried Bonaparte, in a loud voice, "I have good reason to complain; and, to pass from great to little things, look, I pray you, at Bourrienne's case. He possesses my most unbounded confidence. He alone is entrusted under my orders with all the details of the negotiation. This you well

know ; and yet your Directory will not strike him off the list. In a word, it is not only an inconceivable, but an extremely stupid piece of business ; for he has all my secrets ; he knows my ultimatum, and could by a single word realize a handsome fortune, and laugh at your infatuation. Ask M. de Gallo if this be not true.”

Bottot wished to offer some excuse ; but the general murmur reduced him to silence.

The Marquis de Gallo had conversed with me but three days before, in the park of Passeriano, on the subject of my position with regard to France—of the determination expressed by the Directory not to erase my name—and of the risk I thereby ran. “ We have no desire,” continued he, “ to renew the war : we wish sincerely for peace ; but it must be an honourable one. The republic of Venice presents a large territory for partition, which would be sufficient for both parties. The cessions at present proposed are not, however, satisfactory. We want to know Bonaparte’s ultimatum ; and I am authorised to offer an estate in Bohemia, tilled and mansioned, with a revenue of ninety thousand florins.”

I quickly interrupted M. de Gallo, and assured him that both my conscience and my duty obliged me to reject his proposal, and so put at once an end to the conversation.

I took care to let the General-in-Chief know this story, and he was not surprised at my reply. His conviction, however, was strong, from all that M. de Gallo had said, and more particularly from

the offer he had made, that Austria was resolved to avoid war, and anxious for peace.

After I had retired to rest, M. Bottot came to my bed-room, and asked me, with a feigned surprise, whether it were true that my name was still on the list of emigrants? On my replying in the affirmative, he requested me to draw up a note on the subject. This I declined doing; but I told him that twenty notes of the kind he required already existed: that I would take no further steps; and that I should henceforth await the decision in a state of perfect inaction.

General Bonaparte thought it quite inexplicable that the Directors should express dissatisfaction at the view he took of the events of the 18th Fructidor, as, without his aid, they would doubtless have been overcome. He wrote a despatch, in which he repeated that his health and his spirits were affected—that he had need of some years' repose—that he could no longer endure the fatigue of riding; but that the prosperity and liberty of his country would always command his warmest interests. In all this there was not a single word of truth. The Directory thought as much, and declined to accept his resignation in the most flattering terms. This was just what Bonaparte wanted.

Bottot proposed to him, on the part of the Directory, to revolutionize Italy. The general demanded whether the *whole* of Italy would be included in the plan. The revolutionary commission had, however, been entrusted to Bottot in

so indefinite a way, that he could only hesitate and give a vague reply. Bonaparte wished for more precise orders. In the interval, peace was concluded, and the idea of that perilous and extravagant undertaking was no longer agitated.

Bottot, soon after his return to Paris, wrote a letter to General Bonaparte, in which he complained that the last moments he had passed at Passeriano had deeply afflicted his heart. He said that cruel suspicions had followed him even to the gates of the Directory. These cruel suspicions had, however, been dissipated by the sentiments of admiration and affection which he had found the Directory entertained for the person of Bonaparte.

These assurances, which were precisely what Bonaparte had expected, did not avail to lessen the contempt he entertained for the heads of the government, nor to change his conviction of their envy and mistrust of himself. To their alleged affection he made no return. Bottot assured the hero of Italy of the docility of the Directory, and touched upon the reproaches Bonaparte had thrown out against them, and upon his demands which had not been granted. He said—

“The three armies, of the North, of the Rhine, and of the Sambre and Meuse, are to form only one, the Army of Germany.—Augereau? But you yourself sent him. The fault committed by the Directory is owing to yourself! Bernadotte?—he is gone to join you. Cacault?—he is recalled. Twelve thousand men for your army?—

they are on their march. The treaty with Sardinia?—it is ratified. Bourrienne?—he is erased. The revolution of Italy?—it is adjourned. Advise the Directory, then: I repeat it, they have need of information, and it is to you they look for it.”

The assertion regarding me was false. For six months, Bonaparte demanded my erasure, without being able to obtain it. I was not struck off the list until the 11th of November, 1797.

Just before the close of the negotiation, Bonaparte, disgusted at the opposition and difficulties with which he was surrounded, reiterated again and again the offer of his resignation, and his wish to have a successor appointed. What augmented his uneasiness was, an idea he entertained that the Directory had penetrated his secret, and attributed his powerful concurrence on the 18th Fructidor to the true cause—his personal views of ambition. In spite of the hypocritical assurances of gratitude made to him in writing, and though the Directors knew that his services were indispensable, spies were employed to watch his movements, and endeavoured by means of the persons about him to discover his views. Some of the General's friends wrote to him from Paris, and for my part I never ceased repeating to him that the peace, the power of making which he had in his own hands, would render him far more popular than the renewal of hostilities, undertaken with all the chances of success and reverse. The sign-

ing of the peace, according to his own ideas, and in opposition to those of the Directory, the way in which he just halted at Rastadt, and avoided returning to the Congress, and, finally, his resolution to expatriate himself with an army in order to attempt new enterprises, sprung more than is generally believed from the ruling idea that he was distrusted, and that his ruin was meditated. He often recalled to mind what Lavalette had written to him, about his conversation with Lacuée; and all he saw and heard confirmed the impression he had received on this subject.

The early appearance of bad weather precipitated his determination. On the 13th October, at daybreak, on opening my window, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The previous night had been superb, and the autumn till then promised to be fine and late. I proceeded, as I always did, at seven o'clock in the morning, to the general's chamber. I woke him, and told him what I had seen. He feigned at first to disbelieve me, then leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and, convinced of the sudden change, he calmly said, "What! before the middle of October! What a country is this! Well, we must make peace!" While he hastily put on his clothes I read the Journals to him, as was my daily custom. He paid but little attention to them. Shutting himself up with me in his closet, he reviewed with the greatest care all the returns from the different corps of his army. "Here are," says he, "nearly eighty thousand effective

men. I feed, I pay them: but I can bring but sixty thousand into the field on the day of battle. I shall gain it, but afterwards my force will be reduced twenty thousand men — by killed, wounded, and prisoners. Then how oppose the Austrian forces that will march to the protection of Vienna? It would be a month before the armies of the Rhine could support me, if they should be able; and in a fortnight all the roads and passages will be covered deep with snow. It is settled—I will make peace. Venice shall pay for the expense of the war, and the boundary of the Rhine: let the Directory and the lawyers say what they like.”

He wrote to the Directory in the following words: “The summits of the hills are covered with snow; I cannot, on account of the stipulations agreed to for the recommencement of hostilities, begin before five-and-twenty days, and by that time we shall be overwhelmed with snow.”

Fourteen years after, another early winter, in a severer climate, was destined to have a fatal influence on his fortunes. Had he but then exercised equal foresight!

It is well known that, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, the two belligerent powers made peace at the expense of the Republic of Venice, which had nothing to do with the quarrel in the first instance, and which only interfered at a late period, probably against her own inclination, and impelled by the force of inevitable circumstances.

But what has been the result of this great political spoliation? A portion of the Venetian territory was adjudged to the Cisalpine republic: it is now in the possession of Austria. Another considerable portion, and the capital itself, fell to the lot of Austria in compensation for the Belgic provinces and Lombardy. Austria has now retaken Lombardy, and the additions then made to it, and Belgium is in the possession of the House of Orange. France obtained Corfu and some of the Ionian Isles: these now belong to England. Romulus never thought he was founding Rome for Goths and priests. Alexander did not foresee that his Egyptian city would belong to the Turks; nor did Constantine strip Rome for the benefit of Mahomet II. Why then fight for a few paltry villages?

Thus have we been gloriously conquering for Austria and England. An antient state is overturned without noise, and its provinces, after being divided among different bordering states, are now all under the dominion of Austria. We do not possess a foot of ground in all the fine countries we conquered, and which served as compensations for the immense acquisitions of the House of Hapsburgh, in Italy. Thus that house was aggrandized by a war which was to itself most disastrous. But Austria has often found other means of extending her dominion than military triumphs, as is recorded in the celebrated distich of Mathias Corvinus:

Bella gerunt alii, tu felix Austria nube :
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.*

The Directory was far from being satisfied with the treaty of Campo-Formio, and with difficulty resisted the temptation they felt not to ratify it. A fortnight before the signature, the Directors wrote to General Bonaparte that they would not consent to give to the emperor Venice, Frioul, Padua, and the terra firma with the boundary of the Adige. "That," said they, "would not be to make peace, but to adjourn the war. We shall be regarded as the beaten party, independently of the disgrace of abandoning Venice, which Bonaparte himself thought so worthy of freedom. France ought not, and never will wish to see Italy delivered up to Austria. The Directory would prefer the chances of a war to changing a single word of its ultimatum, which is already too favourable to Austria." But all this was said in vain. Bonaparte made no scruple of disregarding his instructions. It has been said that the Emperor of Austria made an offer of a very considerable sum of money, and even of a principality, to obtain favourable terms. I was never able to find the slightest ground for this report, which refers to a time when the smallest circumstance could not escape my notice. The character of Bonaparte stood too high for him to sacrifice his

* Glad Austria wins by Hymen's silken chain,
What other states by doubtful battle gain,
And while fierce Mars enriches meaner lands,
Receives possessions from fair Venus' hands.

glory as a conqueror and peace-maker for even the greatest private advantage. This was so thoroughly known, and he was so profoundly esteemed by the Austrian plenipotentiaries, that I will venture to say none of them would have been capable of making the slightest overture to him of so debasing a proposition. Besides, it would have induced him to put an end to all intercourse with the plenipotentiaries. Perhaps what I have just stated of M. de Gallo will throw some light upon this odious accusation. But let us dismiss this story with the rest, and among them that of the porcelain tray, which was said to have been smashed and thrown at the head of M. de Cobentzel. I certainly know nothing of any such scene: our manners at Passeriano were not quite so bad!

The presents customary on such occasions were given, but the Emperor of Austria took that opportunity to present to General Bonaparte six magnificent white horses.

Bonaparte returned to Milan by Gratz, Laybach, Trieste, Mestre, Verona, and Mantua.

At this period Bonaparte was still swayed by the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but representative governments. Often has he said to me, "I should like the era of representative governments to be dated from my time." His conduct in Italy, and his proclamations ought to give, and, in fact, do give, a weight to this account of his opinion. But there is no doubt that this

idea was more connected with lofty views of ambition, than a sincere desire for the benefit of the human race; for, at a later period, he adopted this phrase:—*I should like to be the head of the most ancient of the dynasties of Europe.* What a difference between Bonaparte, the author of the *Souper de Beaucaire*, the subduer of royalism at Toulon, the author of the remonstrance to Albitte and Salicetti, the fortunate conqueror of the 13th Vendémiaire, the instigator and supporter of the revolution of Fructidor, and the founder of the republics of Italy, the fruits of his immortal victories, and Bonaparte, first consul in 1800; consul for life in 1802; and, above all, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, in 1804, and King of Italy, in 1805!

After having, in the countries he conquered, tried to force a premature ripeness of the age, when to do so was imprudent and untimely, he, some years after, wished to make opinion retrograde when that was impossible. Abjuring liberty for glory, he thought it necessary to prefer his own celebrity to the good of mankind. Perhaps his simulated love for representative government was put forward as a means of more easily subduing nations, by holding out to expectation what was flattering to popular feeling, without any intention of realizing the promise. Already anticipating his great wars in Germany, anticipations which constantly engaged his thoughts, we find him writing from Cairo to the Directory, “that he should think it the happiest

day of his life, when he should hear of the formation of the first republic in Germany.”

But by precipitating nations towards an epoch, at which they could only arrive in succession, he gave to the partizans of things as they existed in past times, motives and means for compelling the people of every country to retrograde. The man, who at the period of which I am speaking, would have no more kings, and proscribed them in all his proclamations, wished afterwards to be the senior of all sovereigns, the eldest head of the European dynasties; and this dream, like that of extemporaneous representative governments, caused torrents of blood to flow. What folly to wish to jump, all at once, and without transition, to a future which does not belong to us, or to wish to return to a period which no longer exists! What evils have resulted from the adoption of these two principles!

CHAPTER XII.

Effect of the 18th Fructidor on the peace—The standard of the Army of Italy—Honours rendered to the memory of General Hoche, and of Virgil at Mantua—Remarkable letter—In passing through Switzerland Bonaparte visits the field of Morat—Arrival at Rastadt—Letter from the Directory, calling Bonaparte to Paris—Intrigues against Josephine—Grand ceremony on the reception of Bonaparte by the Directory—Speeches—The theatres—Modesty of Bonaparte—An assassination—Bonaparte's opinion of the Parisians—His election to the National Institute—Letter to Camus—Projects—Reflections.

THE day of the 18th Fructidor, had, without any doubt, powerfully contributed to the conclusion of peace at Campo-Formio. On the one hand, the Directory, hitherto but little pacifically inclined, after having struck what is called a *coup d'état*, at length saw the necessity of obtaining absolution from the discontented, by giving peace to France. On the other hand, the cabinet of Vienna, observing the complete failure of all the royalist plots in the interior, thought it high time to conclude with the French Republic, a treaty, which, notwithstanding all the defeats Austria had sustained, still left her a preponderating influence over Italy.

Besides, the campaign of Italy, so fertile in glorious achievements of arms, had not been productive of glory alone. Something of greater importance followed these conquests. Public affairs had assumed a somewhat unusual aspect, and a grand moral influence, the effect of victories and of peace, had begun to extend all over France. Republicanism was no longer so sanguinary and fierce as it had been some years before. Bonaparte, negotiating with princes and their ministers on a footing of equality, but still with all that superiority to which victory and his genius entitled him, gradually taught foreign courts to be familiar with republican France, and the Republic to cease regarding all states governed by kings, as of necessity enemies.

In these circumstances, the General-in-Chief's departure, and his expected visit to Paris, excited general attention. The feeble Directory was prepared to submit to the presence of the conqueror of Italy, in the capital.

It was for the purpose of acting as head of the French legation, at the congress of Rastadt, that Bonaparte quitted Milan on the 17th November. But before his departure he sent to the Directory one of those monuments, the inscriptions of which may generally be considered as fabulous, but which, in this case, were nothing but the truth. This monument was the "flag of the Army of Italy," and to General Joubert was assigned the honourable duty of presenting it to the members of the executive government.

On one side of the flag were the words, "To the Army of Italy, the grateful country." The other contained an enumeration of the battles fought, and places taken, and presented, in the following inscriptions, a simple, but striking abridgment of the history of the Italian campaign: — "150,000 prisoners; 170 standards; 550 pieces of battering cannon; 600 pieces of field artillery; five bridge equipages; nine 64 gun-ships; twelve 32 gun-frigates; 12 corvettes; 18 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 Léoben; 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, Bergami, Mantua, Crema, part of the Veronese, Chiavena, Bormio, the Valtelina, the Genoese, the Imperial Fiefs, the people of the departments of Corçyra, of the Ægean Sea, and of Ithaca.

"Sent to Paris all the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, of Guercino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Corregio, of Albano, of Carracci, of Raphael, and of Leonardo da Vinci."

Thus were recapitulated on a flag, destined to decorate the Hall of the Public Sitzings of the Directory, the military deeds of the campaign in

Italy, its political results, and the conquest of the monuments of art.

Most of the Italian cities looked upon their conqueror as a liberator—such was the magic of the word *liberty*, which resounded from the Alps to the Apennines. In his way to Mantua the General took up his residence in the palace of the ancient dukes. Bonaparte promised the authorities of Mantua that their department should be one of the most extensive; impressed on them the necessity of promptly organizing a local militia, and of putting in execution the plans of Bari, the mathematician, for the navigation of the Mincio from Mantua to Peschiera.

He stopped two days at Mantua, and the morrow of his arrival was devoted to the celebration of a military funeral solemnity, in honour of General Hoche, who had just died. His next object was to hasten the execution of the monument which was erecting to the memory of Virgil. Thus, in one day, he paid honour to France and Italy, to modern and to ancient glory, to the laurels of war and to the laurels of poetry.

A person who saw Bonaparte, on this occasion, for the first time, thus described him in a letter he wrote to Paris:—"With lively interest and extreme attention I have observed this 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 portraits—little, thin, pale, with an air of fatigue, but not of ill-health,

as has been reported of him. He appears to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, and that he was more occupied with what he was thinking than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with which may be remarked an air of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that bold mind, it is impossible not to believe that some daring designs are engendering *which will have their influence on the destinies of Europe.*”

From the last phrase, in particular, of this letter, one might suspect that it was written after Bonaparte had made his name feared throughout Europe; but it really appeared in a journal in the month of December, 1797, a little before his arrival in Paris.

There exists a sort of analogy between celebrated men and celebrated places: it was not, therefore, an uninteresting spectacle to see Bonaparte surveying the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy, daring like himself, fell, with his powerful army, under the effects of Helvetian valour. Bonaparte slept during the night at Moudon, where, as in every place through which he passed, the greatest honours were paid him. In the morning, his carriage being broken, we continued our journey on foot, accompanied only by some officers, and an escort of dragoons of the country. Bonaparte stopped near the Bones-Chapel, and desired to be shewn the spot where the battle of Morat was

fought. A plain in front of the chapel was pointed out to him as the spot. An officer who had served in France was present, and explained to him how the Swiss, descending from the neighbouring mountains, were enabled, under cover of a wood, to turn the Burgundian army, and put it to the rout. "What was the force of that army?" asked Bonaparte.—"Sixty thousand men."—"Sixty thousand men!" he exclaimed: "they might have completely covered these mountains!"—"The French fight better now," said Lannes, who was one of the officers of his suite.—"At that time," observed Bonaparte, interrupting him, "the Burgundians were not Frenchmen."

Bonaparte's journey through Switzerland was not without utility; and his presence served to calm more than one inquietude. He proceeded on his journey to Rastadt by Aix in Savoy, Berne, and Bâle. On arriving at Berne, during night, we passed through a double file of well lighted equipages, filled with beautiful women, all of whom raised the cry of "Long live Bonaparte!—long live the Pacificator!" To have a proper idea of this genuine enthusiasm, it is necessary to have seen it.

The elevated situation in society to which his great victories and the peace had contributed to raise him, rendered insupportable the style of the second person singular, and the familiar manner in which his old school-fellows of Brienne would sometimes address him. I thought this very na-

tural. M. de Cominges, one of those who went with him to the military school, at Paris, and who had emigrated, was at Bâle.

Having learned our arrival, he presented himself without ceremony, with great indecorum, and with a complete disregard of the respect due towards a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. General Bonaparte, offended at this behaviour, refused to see him again, and expressed himself to me with much warmth, on the occasion of this visit. All my efforts to remove his displeasure were unavailing: this impression always continued, and he never did for M. de Cominges what his means, and the old ties of boyhood, might well have warranted.

On arriving at Rastadt, Bonaparte found a letter from the Directory, calling him to Paris. He eagerly obeyed this invitation, which drew him from a place where he could act only an insignificant part, and which he had determined to leave soon, never again to return. Some time after his arrival at Paris, he required, on the ground that his presence was necessary for the execution of different orders, and the general dispatch of business, that authority should be given to a part of his household, which he had left at Rastadt, to return.

How could it ever be said that the Directory "kept General Bonaparte away from the great interests which were under discussion at Rastadt?" Quite the contrary! The Directors would have been delighted to see him return there, as they

would then have been relieved from his presence at Paris ; but nothing was so disagreeable to Bonaparte, as long, and seemingly interminable, negotiations. Such tedious work did not suit his character, and he had been sufficiently disgusted with similar proceedings at Campo-Formio.

On our arrival at Rastadt, I soon found that General Bonaparte was determined to stay there only a short time. I therefore expressed to him my decided desire to continue in Germany. I was then ignorant that my erasure from the emigrant list had been ordered on the 11th of November, as the decree did not reach the commissary of the Executive Directory, at Auxerre, until the 17th November, the day of our departure from Milan.

The silly pretexts of difficulties by which my erasure, notwithstanding the reiterated solicitations of the victorious general, was so long delayed, made me apprehensive of a renewal, under a weak and jealous pentarchy, of the horrible scenes of 1796. Bonaparte said to me, in a tone of indignation, "Come, pass the Rhine: they will not dare to seize you while near me. I answer for your safety." On reaching Paris, I found that my erasure had taken place. It was at this period only that General Bonaparte's applications in my favour were tardily crowned with success. Sotin, the minister of General Police, notified the fact to Bonaparte ; but his letter gave a reason for my erasure, very different from that stated in the decree. The minister said that the

government did not wish to leave among the names of traitors to their country, the name of a citizen who approached the person of the conqueror of Italy; while the decree stated, as the motive for removing my name from the list, that I never had emigrated.

At St. Helena, it seems, Bonaparte said, that he did not return from Italy with more than three hundred thousand francs; but I assert that he had at that time in his possession something more than three millions. How could he, with three hundred thousand francs, have been able to provide for the extensive repairs, the embellishment, and the furnishing of his house, in Rue Chantreine? How could he have supported the establishment he did, with only fifteen thousand francs of income, and the emoluments of his rank? The excursion which he made along the coast, of which I have yet to speak, did of itself cost near twelve thousand francs in gold, which he transferred to me to defray the expense of the journey, and I am not sure that this sum was ever repaid him. Besides, what did it signify for any object he might have in disguising his fortune, whether he brought three millions, or three hundred thousand francs with him from Italy? No one will accuse him of squandering. He was a rigid economist. He was always irritated at the discovery of fraud, and pursued those guilty of it with all the vigour of his character. He wished to be independent, and he well knew that no one could be so without fortune. He has often said to me—"I am no Capu-

chin, not I." But after having been allowed only three hundred thousand francs on his arrival from the rich Italy, where fortune never abandoned him, it has been printed that he had twenty millions (some have even doubled the amount) on his return from Egypt, which is a very poor country, where money is scarce, and where reverses followed close upon his victories. All these reports are false. What he brought from Italy has just been stated, and it will be seen when we come to Egypt, what treasure he carried away from the country of the Pharaohs.

Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining complete dominion over his mind, strenuously endeavoured to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband. They tried to excite his jealousy, and took advantage of her stay at Milan after our departure, which had been authorised by Bonaparte himself. My intimacy with both the husband and the wife, fortunately afforded me an opportunity of averting or lessening a good deal of mischief. If Josephine still lived, she would allow me this merit. I never took part against her but once, and that unwillingly. It was on the subject of the marriage of her daughter Hortense. Josephine had never as yet spoken to me on the subject. Bonaparte wished to give his daughter-in-law to Duroc, and her brothers were eager to promote the marriage, because they wished to separate Josephine from Hortense, for whom Bonaparte felt the tenderest affection. Josephine, on the other hand, wished Hortense to

marry Louis Bonaparte. Her motives may easily be divined to be to gain support in a family, where she experienced nothing but enmity, and she carried her point.

On his arrival from Rastadt, the most magnificent preparations were made at the Luxembourg for the reception of Bonaparte. The grand court of the palace was elegantly ornamented; and at its further end, close to the palace, a large amphitheatre was erected, for the accommodation of official persons. Curiosity, as on all like occasions, attracted multitudes, and the court was filled. Opposite to the principal vestibule stood the altar of the country, surrounded by the statues of Liberty, Equality, and Peace. When Bonaparte entered, every head was uncovered. The windows were full of young and beautiful females. But, notwithstanding this great preparation, an icy coldness characterized the ceremony. Every one seemed to be present only for the purpose of beholding a sight, and curiosity was the prevailing expression rather than joy or gratitude. It is but right to say, however, that an unfortunate event contributed to the general indifference. The right wing of the palace was not occupied, but great preparations had been making there; and an officer had been directed to prevent any one from ascending. One of the clerks of the Directory, however, contrived to get upon the scaffolding, but had scarcely placed his foot on the first plank, when it tilted up, and the imprudent man fell the whole height into the

court. This accident created a general stupor. Ladies fainted, and the windows were nearly deserted.

However, the Directors displayed all the republican splendour of which they were so prodigal on similar occasions. Speeches were far from being scarce. Talleyrand, who was then minister for foreign affairs, on introducing Bonaparte to the Directory, made a long oration, in the course of which he hinted that the personal greatness of the General ought not to excite uneasiness, even in a rising republic, and introduced the following passage: "When I reflect on all that he has done to render that greatness pardonable in him, on the antique taste for simplicity which distinguishes him, on his love for the abstract sciences, on his favourite authors, on that sublime Ossian, which seems to detach him from the earth; when I think on what is generally known, his profound contempt for splendour, luxury, and state, the despicable objects of ambition to common souls; when I consider all this, far from apprehending any thing from his ambition, I believe that we shall one day be obliged to solicit him to tear himself from the pleasures of studious retirement. All France will be free; but perhaps he never shall: such is his destiny."

Talleyrand was listened to with impatience; so anxious was every one to hear Bonaparte. The Conqueror of Italy then rose, and pronounced with a modest air, but in a firm voice, the following discourse:—

“ Citizen Directors:—The French people, to gain their freedom, had to contend with kings. To obtain a constitution founded on reason the prejudices of eighteen centuries were to be overcome. The constitution of the year III. and you have triumphed over all those obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalism, have successively governed Europe for twenty ages; but from the peace which you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have effected the organization of the Great Nation, the territory of which is only circumscribed because nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most lovely portions of Europe, heretofore so celebrated for the sciences, the arts, and the great men cradled in them, behold with glad expectation, the genius of liberty rising from the tombs of their ancestors. Such are the pedestals on which destiny is about to place two powerful nations.

“ I have the honour to lay before you the treaty signed at Campo-Formio, and ratified by his majesty the Emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be established on the best organic laws, the whole of Europe will then become free.”

Barras, at that time President of the Directory, replied to the General with so much prolixity as to weary every one. The only remarkable observations in his long discourse, were contained in the first sentences.

“ Citizen-general,” said he, “ Nature, sparing

of her prodigies, gives great men to the world only at long intervals ; but she must have been anxious to mark the Aurora of liberty by one of those phenomena ; and the sublime revolution of the French people, new in the history of nations, was therefore destined to present a new genius in the history of celebrated men. You, citizen-general, as first of all, stand forth without a parallel—and with the same arm with which you prostrated the enemies of the republic, you have removed the rivals which antiquity might have opposed to you.”

As soon as Barras finished speaking, he threw himself into the arms of the general, who was not much pleased at such affected displays, and gave him what was then called the fraternal embrace. The other members of the Directory, following the example of the president, surrounded Bonaparte, and pressed him in their arms ; each acted, to the best of his ability, his part in the sentimental comedy.

Chénier composed for this occasion a hymn, which Mehul set to music. A few days after, an opera was produced, bearing the title of “ The Fall of Carthage,” which was meant as an allusion to the anticipated exploits of the conqueror of Italy, recently appointed to the command of the army of England. The poets were all employed in praising him ; and Lebrun, with but little of the Pindaric fire in his soul, composed the following distich, which certainly is not worth much :—

“ Héros, cher à la paix, aux arts, à la victoire—
Il conquit en deux ans mille siècles de gloire.”

The two councils were not disposed to be behind the Directory in the manifestation of joy. A few days after they gave a banquet to the general in the Gallery of the Louvre, which had recently been enriched by the master-pieces of painting conquered in Italy.

At this time Bonaparte displayed great modesty in all his transactions in Paris. The Administrators of the Department of the Seine having sent a deputation to him to inquire what hour and day he would allow them to wait on him, he carried himself his answer to the Department, accompanied by General Berthier. It was also remarked, that the Judge of the Peace of the Arrondissement where the general lived, having called on him on the 6th December, the evening of his arrival, he returned the visit next morning. These attentions, puerile as they may appear, were not without their effect on the minds of the Parisians.

In consequence of General Bonaparte's victories, the peace he had effected, and the brilliant reception of which he had been the object, the business of Vendémiaire was in some measure forgotten. Every one was eager to get a sight of the young hero, whose career had commenced with so much éclat. He lived very retiredly, yet went often to the theatre. He desired me, one day, to go

and request the representation of two of the best pieces of the time, in which Elléviou, Mesdames St. Aubin, Phillis, and other distinguished actors, performed. His message was, that he only wished these two pieces on the same night, if that were possible. The manager told me that nothing that the conqueror of Italy wished for, was *impossible*, for he had long ago erased that word from the dictionary. Bonaparte laughed heartily at the manager's answer. When we went to the theatre, he seated himself, as usual, in the back of the box, behind Madame Bonaparte, making me sit by her side. The pit and boxes, however, soon found out that he was in the house, and loudly called for him. Several times an earnest desire to see him was manifested, but all in vain, for he never shewed himself.

Some days after, being at the Théâtre des Arts, at the second representation of "Horatius Cocles," although he was sitting at the back of a box in the second tier, the audience discovered that he was in the house. Immediately acclamations arose from all quarters; but he kept himself concealed as much as possible, and said to a person in the next box, "Had I known that the boxes were so exposed, I should not have come."

During Bonaparte's stay at Paris, a woman sent a messenger to warn him that his life would be attempted, and that poison was to be employed for that purpose. Bonaparte had the

bearer of this information arrested, who went, accompanied by the judge of the peace, to the woman's house, where she was found extended on the floor, and bathed in her blood. The men, whose plot she had overheard, having discovered that she had revealed their secret, murdered her. The poor woman was dreadfully mangled: her throat was cut; and, not satisfied with that, the assassins had also hacked her body with sharp instruments.

On the night of the 10th of Nivose, the Rue Chantérene, in which Bonaparte had a small house, (No. 6,) received, in pursuance of a decree of the department, the name of Rue de la Victoire. The cries of "Vive Bonaparte!" and the incense prodigally offered up to him, did not, however, seduce him from his retired habits. Lately the conqueror and ruler of Italy, and now under men for whom he had no respect, and who dreaded him as a formidable rival, he said to me, one day—"The people of Paris do not remember any thing. Were I to remain here long, doing nothing, I should be lost. In this great Babylon, one reputation displaces another. Let me be seen but three times at the theatre, and I shall no longer excite attention; so I shall go there but seldom." When he went, he occupied a box confined with curtains. The manager of the opera wished to get up a representation in honour of him; but he declined the offer. When I observed that it must be agreeable to him to

see his fellow-citizens so eagerly running after him, he replied, “ Bah! the people would crowd as fast to see me if I were going to the scaffold.”

On the 28th December, Bonaparte was named a member of the Institute, in the Class of the Sciences and Arts. He shewed a deep sense of this honour, and wrote the following letter to Camus, the President of the Class :—

“ CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

“ The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute, confers a high honour on me. I feel well assured that, before I can be their equal, I must long be their scholar. If there were any way more expressive than another of making known my esteem for you, I should be glad to employ it. True conquests—the only ones which leave no regret behind them—are those which are made over ignorance. The most honourable, as well as the most useful, occupation for nations is the contributing to the extension of human knowledge. The true power of the French republic might henceforth be made to consist in not allowing a single new idea to exist without making it part of its property.

“ BONAPARTE.”

The general now renewed, though unsuccessfully, the attempt he had made before the 18th Fructidor, to obtain a dispensation of the age

necessary for becoming a Director. Perceiving that the time was not yet favourable for such a purpose, he said to me, on the 29th January, 1798—“ Bourricne, I do not wish to remain here ; there is nothing to do. They are unwilling to listen to any thing. I see that if I linger here, I shall soon lose myself. Every thing wears out here ; my glory has already disappeared. This little Europe does not supply enough of it for me. I must seek it in the East ; all great celebrity comes from that quarter. However, I wish first to make a tour along the coast, to ascertain by my own observation what may be attempted. I will take you, Lannes, and Sulkowsky, with me. If the success of a descent on England appears doubtful, as I suspect it will, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I go to Egypt.”

This and other conversations give a just idea of his character. He always considered war and conquest as the most noble and inexhaustible source of that glory, which was the constant object of his desire. He revolted at the idea of languishing in idleness at Paris, while fresh laurels were growing for him in distant climes. His imagination inscribed, in anticipation, his name on those gigantic monuments, which alone, perhaps, of all the creations of man, have the character of eternity. Already proclaimed the most illustrious of living generals, he sought to efface the rival names of antiquity by his own.

If Cæsar fought fifty battles, he longed to fight a hundred : if Alexander left Macedon to penetrate to the Temple of Ammon, he wished to leave Paris to travel to the Cataracts of the Nile. While he was thus to run a race with fame, events would, in his opinion, so proceed in France, as to render his return necessary and opportune. His place would be ready for him, and he should not come to claim it as a forgotten or unknown man.

CHAPTER XIII.

Bonaparte's departure from Paris—His return—The Egyptian Expedition projected—M. de Talleyrand—General Desaix—Expedition against Malta—Money taken at Berne—Bonaparte's ideas respecting the East—Monge—Non-influence of the Directory—Marriages of Marmont and La Vallette—Bonaparte's plan of colonizing Egypt—His Camp Library—Orthographical Blunders—Stock of Wines—Bonaparte's arrival at Toulon—Madame Bonaparte's Fall from a balcony—Execution of an old man—Simon.

BONAPARTE left Paris for the North, on the 10th February, 1798,—but he received no order, though I have seen it everywhere so stated, to go there—“for the purpose of preparing the operations connected with the intended invasion of England.” He occupied himself with no such business, for which a few days certainly would not have been sufficient. His journey to the coast was nothing but a rapid excursion, and its sole object was to enable him to form an opinion on the main point of the question. Neither did he remain absent several weeks, for the journey occupied only one. There were four of us in his carriage,—himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Moustache was our courier. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading, in the *Moniteur* of the 10th February, an article giving greater im-

portance to his little excursion than it deserved. The following is the statement of the *Moniteur*: “General Bonaparte has departed for Dunkirk, with some naval and engineer officers. They have gone to visit the coasts, and prepare the preliminary operations for the descent. It may be stated, that he will not return to Rastadt, and that the close of the session of the Congress is approaching.”

Now for the facts.—Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. He collected, in the different ports, all the necessary information, with that intelligence and tact for which he was so eminently distinguished. He questioned the sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, and listened attentively to the answers he received.*

We returned to Paris by Antwerp, Brussels, Lille, and Saint Quentin. The object of our journey was accomplished when we reached the first of those towns. “Well, general,” said I, “what think you of our journey? Are you satisfied? For my part, I confess I entertain no great hopes from any thing I have seen and

* Where did the Scottish historian learn that active preparations were made for the invasion? The business never went beyond official correspondence, inquiries, and conversations. There never were, although the contrary has often been stated, any serious arrangements made, either by Bonaparte or the Directory, for the invasion of England. Sir Walter Scott has perhaps exaggerated the danger, to justify the alarm which at that time really prevailed in England.

heard." Bonaparte immediately answered—"It is too great a chance. I will not hazard it. I would not thus sport with the fate of dear France." On hearing this, I already fancied myself in Cairo. On his return to Paris, Bonaparte lost no time in setting on foot the military and scientific preparations for the projected expedition to the banks of the Nile, respecting which such incorrect statements have appeared. It had long occupied his thoughts, as the following facts will prove.

In the month of August 1797, he wrote—"That the time was not far distant when we should see that, to destroy the power of England effectually, it would be necessary to attack Egypt." In the same month he wrote to Talleyrand, who had just succeeded Charles de Lacroix, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, "that it would be necessary to attack Egypt, which did not belong to the Grand Seigneur." Talleyrand replied, "that his ideas respecting Egypt were certainly grand, and that their utility could not fail to be fully appreciated." He concluded by saying, he would write to him *at length* on the subject.

History will speak as favourably of M. de Talleyrand, as his contemporaries have spoken ill of him. When a statesman, throughout a great, long, and difficult career, makes and preserves a number of faithful friends, and provokes but few enemies, it may justly be inferred that his character is honourable, and talent profound, and that his political conduct has been wise and moderate.

It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without admiring him. All who have that advantage, no doubt, judge him as I do.

In the month of November, of the same year, Bonaparte sent Poussielgue, under the pretence of inspecting the ports of the Levant, to give the finishing stroke to the meditated expedition against Malta.

General Desaix, whom Bonaparte had made the confidant of all his plans, at their interview in Italy, after the preliminaries of Leoben, wrote to him from Affenbourg, on his return to Germany, that he regarded the fleet of Corfu with great interest. "If ever," said he, "it should be engaged in the grand enterprises of which I have heard you speak, do not, I beseech you, forget me." Bonaparte was far from forgetting him.

The Directory, at first, disapproved of the expedition against Malta, which Bonaparte had proposed long before the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed. The expedition was decided to be impossible; for Malta had observed strict neutrality, and had, on several occasions, even saved our ships and seamen. Thus we had no pretext for going to war with her. It was said, too, that the legislative body would certainly not look with a favourable eye on such a measure. This opinion, which, however, did not last long, vexed Bonaparte. It was one of the disappointments which made him give rather a rough welcome to Bottot, Barras's agent, at the commencement of October 1797. In the course of an animated con-

versation, he said to Bottot, shrugging his shoulders, "Mon Dieu! Malta is to be sold!" Some time after, he himself was told, that "great importance was attached to the acquisition of Malta, and that he must not suffer it to escape." At the latter end of September 1797, Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, wrote to him that the Directory authorised him to give the necessary orders to Admiral Brueys, for taking Malta. He sent Bonaparte some letters for the island, because Bonaparte had said it was necessary to prepare the public mind for the event.

Bonaparte exerted himself night and day in the execution of his projects. I never saw him so active. He made himself acquainted with the abilities of the respective generals, and the force of all the army corps. Orders and instructions succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. If he wanted an order of the Directory, he ran to the Luxembourg to get it signed by one of the Directors. Merlin de Douai was generally the person who did him this service, for he was the most constant at his post. Lagarde, the Secretary-General, did not countersign any document relative to this expedition, Bonaparte not wishing him to be informed of the business. He transmitted to Toulon the money taken at Berne, which the Directory had placed at his disposal. It amounted to something above three millions of francs. In those times of disorder and negligence, the finances were very badly managed. The revenues were anticipated and squandered

away, so that the Treasury never possessed so large a sum as that just mentioned.

It was determined that Bonaparte should undertake an expedition of an unusual character to the East. I must confess that two things cheered me in this very painful interval : my friendship and admiration for the talents of the conqueror of Italy, and the pleasing hope of traversing those ancient regions, the historical and religious accounts of which had engaged the attention of my youth.

It was at Passeriano that, seeing the approaching termination of his labours in Europe, he first began to turn serious attention to the East. He delighted to converse about the celebrated events of that part of the world and the many famous empires it once possessed. He used to say, " Europe is a mole-hill. There have never been great empires and great revolutions except in the East." He considered that part of the world as the cradle of all religions, of all metaphysical extravagances. This subject was no less interesting than inexhaustible—and he daily introduced it when conversing with the generals with whom he was intimate,—with Monge, and with me.

Monge entirely concurred in the general-in-chief's opinions on this point; and his scientific ardour was increased by Bonaparte's enthusiasm. In short, all were unanimously of one opinion. The Directory had no share in renewing the project of this memorable expedition, the result of

which did not correspond with the grand views in which it had been conceived. Neither had the Directory any positive control over Bonaparte's departure or return. It was merely the passive instrument of the general's wishes, which it converted into decrees, as the law required. He was no more ordered to undertake the conquest of Egypt than he was instructed as to the plan of its execution. Bonaparte organized the army of the East, raised money, and collected ships; and it was he who conceived the happy idea of joining to the expedition men distinguished in science and art, and whose labours have made known, in its present and past state, a country, the very name of which is never pronounced without exciting grand recollections.

Bonaparte's orders flew like lightning from Toulon to Civita Vecchia. With admirable precision, he appointed some forces to assemble before Malta, and others before Alexandria. He dictated all these orders to me in his cabinet.

In the position in which France stood with respect to Europe, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, the Directory, far from pressing or even facilitating this expedition, ought to have opposed it. A victory on the Adige would have been far better for France than one on the Nile. From all I saw, I am of opinion, that the wish to get rid of an ambitious young man, whose popularity excited envy, triumphed over the evident danger of removing, for an indefinite period, an excellent army, and the more probable loss of the French

fleet. As to Bonaparte, he was well assured that nothing remained for him but to choose between that hazardous enterprise and his certain ruin. Egypt was, he thought, the right place to maintain his reputation, and to add fresh glory to his name.

On the 12th of April 1798, he was appointed General-in-Chief of the Army of the East.

It was about this time that Marmont was married to Mademoiselle Perregaux; and Bonaparte's Aide-de-Camp, La Vallette, to Mademoiselle Beauharnois.*

Shortly before our departure, I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt? He replied—"A few months, or six years; all depends on circumstances. I will colonize the country. I will bring them artists and artisans, of every description; women, actors, &c. We are but nine and twenty now; and we shall then be five and thirty. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India. Give out that you are going to Brest. Say so even to your family." I obeyed, to prove my discretion and real attachment to him.

Bonaparte wished to form a camp library of duodecimo volumes, and he gave me a list of the

* Sir Walter Scott informs us, that Josephine, when she became Empress, brought about the marriage between her niece and La Vallette. This is another fictitious incident of his historical romance.

books which I was to purchase. This list is in his own writing, and is as follows :—

CAMP LIBRARY.

1st. Arts and Science. 2d. Geography and Travels. 3d. History. 4th. Poetry. 5th. Romance. 6th. Politics and Morals.

ARTS AND SCIENCE.—Fontenelle's Worlds, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2 vols. Courses of the Normal School, 6 vols. The Artillery Assistant, 1 vol. Treatise on Fortifications, 3 vols. Treatise on Fire Works, 1 vol.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages, 3 vols. La Harpe's Travels, 24 vols.

HISTORY.—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2 vols. Condé, 4 vols. Villars, 4 vols. Luxembourg, 2 vols. Duguesclin, 2 vols. Saxe, 3 vols. Memoirs of the Marshals of France, 20 vols. President Hainault, 4 vols. Chronology, 2 vols. Marlborough, 4 vols. Prince Eugene, 6 vols. Philosophical History of India, 12 vols. Germany, 2 vols. Charles XII., 1 vol. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6 vols. Peter the Great, 1 vol. Polybius, 6 vols. Justin, 2 vols. Arrian, 3 vols. Tacitus, 2 vols. Titus Livy. Thucydides, 2 vols. Vertot, 4 vols. Donina, 8 vols. Frederick II., 8 vols.

POETRY.—Ossian, 1 vol. Tasso, 6 vols. Ariosto, 6 vols. Homer, 6 vols. Virgil, 4 vols. The Henriade, 1 vol. Telemachus, 2 vols. Les Jardins, 1 vol. The Chefs-d'Œuvre of the French Theatre, 20 vols. Select Poetry, 20 vols. La Fontaine's Poems.

ROMANCE.—Voltaire, 4 vols. Héloïse, 4 vols. Werter, 1 vol. Marmontel, 4 vols. English Novels, 40 vols. Le Sage, 10 vols. Prevost, 10 vols.

POLITICS.—The Bible. The New Testament. The Koran.—The Vedam. Mythology. Montesquieu : the Esprit des Lois.

It will be observed, that he classed the books of the religious creeds of nations under the head of politics.

The autograph copy of the above list contains some of those orthographical blunders which

Bonaparte so frequently committed. Whether these blunders are attributable to the limited course of instruction he received at Brienne, to his hasty writing, the rapid flow of his ideas, or the little importance he attached to that indispensable condition of polite education, I know not. Knowing so well, as he did, the authors and generals whose names appear in the above list, it is curious that he should have written *Duecling* for Duguesclin, and *Ocean* for Ossian. The latter mistake would have puzzled me not a little, had I not known his predilection for the Caledonian bard.

Before his departure, Bonaparte laid in a considerable stock of Burgundy. It was supplied by a man named James, of Dijon. I may observe, that on this occasion we had an opportunity of ascertaining that good Burgundy, well racked off, and in casks hermetically sealed, does not lose its quality on a sea voyage. Several cases of this Burgundy twice crossed the desert of the isthmus of Suez, on camels' backs. We brought some of it back with us to Frejus, and it was as good as when we departed. James went with us to Egypt.

During the remainder of our stay in Paris, nothing occurred worthy of mention, with the exception of a conversation between Bonaparte and me some days before our departure for Toulon. He went with me to the Luxembourg to get signatures to the official papers connected with his expedition. He was very silent. As we passed

through the Rue de Sainte Anne, I asked him, with no other object than merely to break a long pause, whether he was still determined to quit France? He replied, "Yes; I have tried every thing. They do not want me (probably alluding to the office of Director). I ought to overthrow them, and make myself king; but it will not do yet. The nobles will never consent to it. I have tried my ground. The time is not yet come. I should be alone. But I will dazzle them again." I replied, "Well, we will go to Egypt;" and changed the conversation.

The squabble with Bernadotte at Vienna delayed our departure for a fortnight, and might have had the most disastrous influence on the fate of the squadron, as Nelson would most assuredly have waited between Malta and Sicily, if he had arrived there before us.*

It is untrue that he ever entertained the idea of abandoning the expedition, in consequence of Bernadotte's affair. The following letter to Brueys, dated the 28th of April, 1798, proves the contrary:—

“Some disturbances which have arisen at

* Sir Walter Scott, without any authority, states, that, at the moment of his departure, Bonaparte seemed disposed to abandon the command of an expedition so doubtful and hazardous, and that for this purpose he endeavoured to take advantage of what occurred at Vienna. This must be ranked in the class of inventions, together with Barras' mysterious visit to communicate the change of destination, and also the ostracism and honourable exile which the Directory wished to impose on Bonaparte.

Vienna, render my presence in Paris necessary for a few days. This will not change any of the arrangements for the expedition. I have sent orders by this courier for the troops at Marseilles to embark and proceed to Toulon. On the evening of the 30th, I will send you a courier with orders for you to embark, and proceed with the squadron and convoy to Genoa, where I will join you.

“The delay which this fresh event has occasioned will, I imagine, have enabled you to complete every preparation.”

We left Paris on the 3d of May, 1798. Ten days before General Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, a prisoner escaped from the Temple, who was destined to contribute most materially to his reverses. An escape, so unimportant in itself, afterwards caused the failure of the most gigantic projects, and daring conceptions. This escape was pregnant with future events; a false order of the Minister of Police prevented the revolution of the East.

We were at Toulon on the 8th. Bonaparte knew by the movements of the English that not a moment was to be lost; but adverse winds detained us ten days, which he occupied in attending to the most minute details connected with the fleet.

Bonaparte, whose attention was constantly occupied with his army, made a speech to the soldiers, which I wrote to his dictation, and which

appeared in the public papers at the time. This address was followed by cries of "The immortal republic for ever!" and the singing of national hymns.

Those who knew Madame Bonaparte are aware that few women were more amiable and fascinating. Bonaparte was passionately fond of her, and to enjoy the pleasure of her society as long as possible, he brought her with him to Toulon. Nothing could be more affecting than their parting. On leaving Toulon, Josephine went to the waters of Plombières. I recollect that during her stay at Plombières she incurred great danger from a serious accident. Whilst she was one day sitting in the balcony of her hotel, with her suite, the balcony suddenly gave way, and all the persons in it fell into the street. Madame Bonaparte was much hurt, but no serious consequences ensued.

Bonaparte had scarcely arrived at Toulon, when he heard that the law for the death of emigrants was enforced with frightful rigour; and that but recently an old man, upwards of eighty, had been shot. Indignant at this barbarity, he dictated to me, in a tone of anger, the following letter:—

" Head Quarters, Toulon, 27th Floréal, year VI.
May 16, 1798.

*Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, to the
Military Commissioners of the Ninth Division,
established by the law of the 19th Fructidor.*

" I have learnt, citizens, with deep regret, that

an old man between seventy and eighty years of age, and some unfortunate women, in a state of pregnancy, or surrounded with children of tender age, have been shot on the charge of emigration.

“ Have the soldiers of liberty become executioners? Can the mercy which they have exercised even in the fury of battle, be extinct in their hearts ?

“ The law of the 19th Fructidor was a measure of public safety. Its object was to reach conspirators, not women and aged men.

“ I, therefore, exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your tribunals women or old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies.

“ The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.

(Signed) “ BONAPARTE.”

This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man who came under the description of persons to whom Bonaparte referred. The tone of this note shews what an idea he already entertained of his power. He took upon him, doubtless from the noblest motives, to interpret and interdict the execution of a law, atrocious, it is true, but which even in those times of weakness, disorder, and anarchy, was still a law. In this instance, at least, the power of his name was nobly employed.

This letter gave great satisfaction to the army destined for the expedition.

A man named Simon, who had followed his master in emigration, and dreaded the application of the law, heard that I wanted a servant. He came to me and acknowledged his situation. He suited me, and I hired him. He then told me he feared he should be arrested whilst going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, and who had just given a striking proof of his aversion to these acts of barbarity, said to me in a tone of kindness, "Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain with you." The words "Bonaparte, General-in-Chief of the Army of the East," were inscribed in large gold letters on the green morocco. Whether it was the portfolio or his connection with us that prevented Simon from being arrested, I know not; but he passed on without interruption. I reprimanded him for having smiled derisively at the ill humour of the persons appointed to arrest him. He served me faithfully, and was even sometimes useful to Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure of the squadron—Arrival at Malta—Dolomieu—General Baraguay d’Hilliers—Attack on the Western part of the Island—Caffarelli’s remark—Deliverance of the Turkish prisoners—Nelson’s pursuit of the French fleet—A maxim of Bonaparte—Conversations on board—How Bonaparte passed his time—Propositions discussed—Morning Music—Proclamation—Admiral Brueys—The English fleet avoided—Dangerous landing—Bonaparte and his fortune—Alexandria taken—Kleber wounded—Bonaparte’s entrance into Alexandria.

THE squadron sailed on the 19th of May. The *Orient*, which, owing to her heavy lading, drew too much water, touched the ground; but she was got off without much difficulty.

We arrived off Malta on the 10th of June. We had lost two days in waiting for some convoys which joined us at Malta.

The intrigues throughout Europe had not succeeded in causing the ports of that island to be opened to us immediately on our arrival. Bonaparte expressed much displeasure against the persons sent from Europe to arrange measures for that purpose. One of them, however, M. Dolomieu, had cause to repent his mission, which occasioned him to be badly treated by the Sici-

lians. M. Poussielgue had done all he could in the way of seduction, but he had not completely succeeded. There was some misunderstanding, and, in consequence, some shots were interchanged. Bonaparte was very much pleased with General Baraguay d'Hilliers' services in Italy. He could not but praise his military and political conduct at Venice, when, scarcely a year before, he had taken possession of that city by his orders. General Baraguay d'Hilliers joined us with his division, which had embarked in the convoy that sailed from Genoa. The General-in-Chief ordered him to land and attack the western part of the island. He executed this order with equal prudence and ability, and highly to the satisfaction of the General-in-Chief. As every person in the secret knew that all this was a mere form, these hostile demonstrations produced no unpleasant consequences. We wished to save the honour of the knights—that was all; for no one who has seen Malta can imagine that an island surrounded with such formidable and perfect fortifications, would have surrendered in two days to a fleet which was pursued by an enemy. The impregnable fortress of Malta is so secure against a *coup de main*, that General Caffarelli, after examining its fortifications, said to the General-in-Chief, in my presence, “ Upon my word, General, it is lucky there is some one in the town to open the gates for us.”

By comparing the observation of General Caffarelli with what has been previously stated respecting the project of the expedition to

Egypt and Malta, an idea may be formed of the value of Bonaparte's assertion at St. Helena:—"The capture of Malta was not owing to private intrigues, but to the sagacity of the commander-in-chief. I took Malta when I was in Mantua!" It is not the less true, however, that I wrote, by his dictation, a mass of instructions for private intrigues. Napoleon also said to another noble companion of his exile at St. Helena, "Malta certainly possessed vast physical means of resistance; but no moral means. The knights did nothing dishonourable: nobody is obliged to do impossibilities." No; but they were sold: the capture of Malta was assured before we left Toulon.

The General-in-Chief proceeded to that part of the port where the Turks made prisoners by the knights were kept. The disgusting galleys were emptied of their occupants. The same principles which, a few days after, formed the basis of Bonaparte's proclamation to the Egyptians, guided him in this act of reason and humanity.

He walked several times in the gardens of the Grand-Master. They were in beautiful order, and filled with magnificent orange trees. We regaled ourselves with their fruit, which the great heat rendered the more delicious.

On the 19th of June, after having settled the government and defence of the island, the General left Malta, which he little dreamed he had taken for the English, who have very badly requited the obligation. Many of the knights

followed Bonaparte, and took civil and military appointments.

During the night of the 22d of June, the English squadron was almost close upon us. It passed at about six leagues from the French fleet. Nelson, who learnt the capture of Malta at Messina, on the day we left the island, sailed direct for Alexandria, without proceeding into the north. He considered that city to be the place of our destination. By taking the shortest course, with every sail set, and unembarrassed by any convoy, he arrived before Alexandria on the 28th of June, three days before the French fleet, which, nevertheless, had sailed before him from the shores of Malta. The French squadron took the direction of Candia, which we perceived on the 25th of June, and afterwards stood to the south, favoured by the etesian winds, which regularly prevail at that season. The French fleet did not reach Alexandria till the 30th of June.

Bonaparte having, one day, visited a school, said, on departing, to the scholars, some of whom he had been putting questions to—"My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune." In these remarkable words he gave expression to the maxim which formed in a great measure the rule of his conduct; for, perhaps, no man ever understood better the value of time. It might, indeed, be said that his leisure was labour. Of this I often had proof, and particularly during our voyage. If the activity of his mind did not find sufficient employment in

actual things, he supplied the want either by giving free scope to his imagination, or in listening to the conversation of the learned men attached to the expedition; for Bonaparte knew how to listen, and he was, perhaps, the only man, who never for a single moment yielded to lassitude.

On board the *Orient* he took pleasure in conversing frequently with Monge and Berthollet. The subjects on which they usually talked were chemistry, mathematics, and religion. General Caffarelli, whose conversation, supplied by knowledge, was at once energetic, witty, and lively, was one of those with whom he most willingly discoursed. Whatever friendship he might entertain for Berthollet, it was easy to perceive that he preferred Monge, and that he was led to that preference because Monge, endowed with an ardent imagination, without exactly possessing religious principles, had a kind of predisposition for religious ideas which harmonized with the notions of Bonaparte. On this subject, Berthollet sometimes rallied his inseparable friend Monge. Besides, Berthollet was, with his cold imagination, constantly devoted to analysis and abstractions, inclined towards materialism, an opinion with which the General was always much dissatisfied.

Bonaparte sometimes conversed with Admiral Brueys. His object was always to gain information respecting the different manœuvres, and nothing astonished the admiral more than the

sagacity of his questions. I recollect that one day, Bonaparte having asked Brueys in what manner the hammocks were disposed of when clearing for action, he declared, after he had received an answer, that if the case should occur, he would order every one to throw his baggage overboard.

He passed a great part of his time in his cabin, lying on a bed, which, swinging on a kind of castors, alleviated the severity of the sea-sickness, from which he frequently suffered much when the ship rolled.

I was almost always with him in his cabin, where I read to him some of the favourite works, which he had selected for his field library. He also frequently conversed, for hours together, with the captains of the vessels which we hailed. He never failed to ask them whence they came? what was their destination? what ships they had met? what course they had sailed? His curiosity being thus satisfied, he allowed them to continue their voyage, after making them promise to say nothing of having seen the French squadron.

Whilst we were at sea he seldom rose before ten o'clock in the morning. The Orient had the appearance of a populous town, from which women had been excluded; and this floating city was inhabited by two thousand individuals, amongst whom were a great number of distinguished men. Bonaparte every day invited several persons to dine with him, besides Brueys, Berthier, the colonels, and his ordinary household, who were always

present at the table of the General-in-Chief. When the weather was fine, he went up to the quarter-deck, which, from its extent, formed a good promenade. I recollect, that when walking the quarter-deck with him, whilst we were in the sea of Sicily, I thought I could see the summits of the Alps, beautifully lighted by the rays of the setting sun. Bonaparte laughed much, and joked me about it. He called Admiral Brueys, who took his telescope, and soon confirmed my conjecture. The Alps! At the mention of that word, by the admiral, I think I can see Bonaparte still. He stood for a long time motionless; then suddenly bursting from his trance, he exclaimed, "No! I cannot behold the land of Italy without emotion! There is the east; and there I go; a perilous enterprize invites me. Those mountains command the plains where I so often had the good fortune to lead the French to victory. With them we will conquer again."

One of Bonaparte's greatest pleasures during the voyage was, after dinner, to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He had an object in view by this. These discussions afforded him an opportunity of studying the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, in order that he might afterwards confide to each the functions for which he possessed the greatest aptitude. It will not appear singular to those who have been intimate with Bonaparte, that in these intellectual contests, he gave the preference to those who had sup-

ported an absurd proposition with ability over those who had maintained the cause of reason; and it was not superiority of mind which determined his judgment, for he really preferred the man who argued well in favour of an absurdity, to the man who argued equally well in support of a reasonable proposition. He always gave out the subjects which were to be discussed; and they most frequently turned upon questions of religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day he asked, whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world; then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our globe, either by water or fire; at another time, the truth or fallacy of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. I remember the circumstance which gave rise to the last proposition, was an allusion to Joseph, of whom he happened to speak, as he did of almost every thing connected with the country to which we were bound, and which that able minister had governed.

No country came under Bonaparte's observation without recalling historical recollections to his mind. On passing the island of Candia, his imagination was excited, and he spoke with enthusiasm of ancient Crete and the Colossus, whose fabulous renown has survived all human glories. He spoke much of the fall of the empire of the East, which bore so little resemblance to what history has preserved of those fine countries, so often moistened with the blood of man. The

ingenious fables of mythology likewise occurred to his mind, and imparted to his language something of a poetical, and, I may say, of an inspired character. The sight of the kingdom of Minos led him to reason on the laws best calculated for the government of nations; and the birth-place of Jupiter suggested to him the necessity of a religion for the mass of mankind. This animated conversation lasted until the favourable north winds, which drove the clouds into the valley of the Nile, caused us to lose sight of the island of Candia.

The musicians on board the *Orient* sometimes played *matinades*; but only between decks, for Bonaparte was not yet sufficiently fond of music to wish to have it in his cabin. It may be said, that his taste for this art increased in the due ratio of his power; and so it was with his taste for hunting, of which he gave no indication until after his elevation to the empire; as though he had wished to prove that he possessed within himself not only the genius of sovereignty for commanding men, but also the instinct for those aristocratical pleasures, the enjoyment of which is considered by mankind to be amongst the attributes of kings.

It is scarcely possible that some accidents should not occur during a long voyage, in a crowded vessel—that some persons should not fall overboard. Accidents of this kind frequently happened on board the *Orient*. On those occasions nothing was more remarkable than the great

humanity of the man who has since been so prodigal of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed rivers of it even in Egypt, whither we were bound. When a man fell into the sea, the General-in-Chief was in a state of agitation till he was saved. He instantly made the ship be laid-to, and exhibited the greatest uneasiness until the unfortunate individual was recovered. He ordered me to reward those who ventured their lives in this service. Amongst these, was a sailor who had incurred punishment for some fault. He not only exempted him from the punishment, but also gave him some money. I recollect that one dark night, we heard the noise occasioned by a man falling into the sea. Bonaparte instantly caused the ship to be laid-to, until the supposed victim was rescued from certain death. The men hastened from all sides, and at length they picked up—what?—the quarter of a bullock, which had fallen from the hook to which it was hung. What was Bonaparte's conduct? He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exerted themselves on this occasion even more generously than usual, saying—

“ It might have been a sailor, and these brave fellows have shewn as much activity and courage as if it had.”

After the lapse of thirty years, all these things are as fresh in my recollection as if they were passing at the present moment. In this manner Bonaparte employed his time on board the *Orient*,

during the voyage, and it was also at this time that he dictated to me the following proclamation:—

“ Head-Quarters, on board the *Orient*,
the 4th Messidor, year VI.

“ *Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute,
General-in-Chief.*

“ SOLDIERS,

“ You are about to undertake a conquest, the effects of which on civilization and commerce are incalculable. The blow you are about to give to England will be the best aimed, and the most sensibly felt she can receive, until the time arrive when you can give her her death-blow.

“ We must make some fatiguing marches; we must fight some battles; we shall succeed in all we undertake. The destinies are with us. The Mameluke Beys who favour exclusively English commerce, whose extortions oppress our merchants, and who tyrannize over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will no longer exist.

“ The people amongst whom we are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this:—‘There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet.’ Do not contradict this. Behave to them as you have behaved to the Jews—to the Italians. Pay respect to their muftis, and their imans, as you did to the rabbis and the bishops. Extend to the ceremonies prescribed by the Alcoran, and to the mosques, the

same toleration which you showed to the synagogues, to the religion of Moses, and of Jesus Christ.

“The Roman Legions protected all religions. You will find here customs different from those of Europe. You must accommodate yourselves to them.

“The people amongst whom we are to mix, differ from us in the treatment of women; but in all countries he who violates is a monster.

“Pillage enriches only a small number of men; it dishonours us; it destroys our resources; it converts into enemies the people whom it is our interest to have for friends.

“The first town we shall come to was built by Alexander. At every step we shall meet with grand recollections, worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

“BONAPARTE.”

A reflection occurs to me here relative to this proclamation, and some other documents, which I may hereafter introduce into my narrative. Some persons have taken objection to passages which seem contrary to the doctrines of Christianity. These people must be under the influence of the evil genius of interpretation. What was the object? To enter Egypt. But what would have been more absurd than to present ourselves with the cross in one hand, and the sword of persecution in the other, and uttering menaces against Islamism? Policy, common

sense, required that we should treat with great respect the religion of the inhabitants. Not to have respected it, would have been an unpardonable fault. Conquerors have sometimes committed this error; but the time of religious revolutions is passed. Bonaparte's proclamations produced an excellent effect.

During the voyage, and particularly between Malta and Alexandria, I often conversed with the brave and unfortunate Admiral Brueys. The intelligence we heard from time to time augmented his uneasiness. I had the good fortune to obtain the confidence of this worthy man. He complained bitterly of the imperfect manner in which the fleet had been prepared for sea; of the encumbered state of the ships of the line, and frigates, and especially of the Orient; of the great number of transports; of the bad outfit of all the ships, and the weakness of their crews. He assured me that it required no little courage to undertake the command of a fleet so badly equipped; and he often declared, that in the event of our falling in with the enemy, he could not answer for the consequences. The encumbered state of the vessels, the immense quantity of civil and military baggage, which each person had brought, and would wish to save, would render proper manœuvres impracticable. In case of an attack, added Brueys, even by an inferior squadron, the confusion and disorder amongst so great a number of persons, would produce an inevitable catastrophe. Finally, if the English had appeared with ten vessels only,

the Admiral could not have guaranteed a fortunate result. He considered victory to be a thing that was impossible, and even with a victory, what would have become of the expedition? "God send," he said, with a sigh, "that we may pass the English without meeting them!" He appeared to foresee what did afterwards happen to him, not in the open sea, but in a situation which he considered much more favourable to his defence.

On the morning of the 1st of July, the expedition arrived off the coast of Africa, and the column of Septimus Severus pointed out to us the city of Alexandria. Our situation and frame of mind hardly permitted us to reflect that in the distant point we beheld the city of the Ptolemies and Cæsars, with its double port, its pharos, and the gigantic monuments of its ancient grandeur. Our imaginations did not rise to this pitch.

Admiral Brueys had sent on before the frigate *Juno*, to fetch M. Magallon, the French consul. It was near four o'clock when he arrived, and the sea was very rough. He informed the General-in-Chief that Nelson had been off Alexandria on the 28th—that he immediately dispatched a brig to obtain intelligence from the English agent. On the return of the brig, Nelson instantly stood away with his squadron towards the north-east. But for a delay which our convoy from Civita Vecchia occasioned, we should have been on this coast at the same time as Nelson.

It appeared that Nelson supposed us to be al-

ready at Alexandria when he arrived there. He had reason to suppose so, seeing that we left Malta on the 19th of June, whilst he did not sail from Messina till the 21st. Not finding us where he expected, and being persuaded we ought to have arrived there, had Alexandria been the place of our destination, he sailed for Alexandretta, in Syria, whither he imagined we had gone to effect a landing. This error saved the expedition a second time.

Bonaparte, on hearing the details which the French consul communicated, resolved to disembark immediately. Admiral Brueys represented the difficulties and dangers of a disembarkation—the violence of the surge—the distance from the coast*—a coast, too, lined with reefs of rocks—the approaching night, and our perfect ignorance of the points suitable for landing. The admiral, therefore, urged the necessity of waiting till next morning; that is to say, to delay the landing twelve hours. He observed that Nelson could not return from Syria for several days. Bonaparte listened to these representations with impatience and ill-humour. He replied peremptorily, “Admiral, we have no time to lose. Fortune gives me but three days; if I do not profit by them, we are lost.” He relied much on fortune: this chimerical idea constantly influenced his resolutions.

* It was near three leagues, and we did not anchor in the roads of Aboukir, as Sir Walter Scott supposes.

Bonaparte having the command of the naval as well as the military force, the admiral was obliged to yield to his wishes.

I attest these facts, which passed in my presence, and no part of which could escape my observation. It is quite false that it was owing to the appearance of a sail which, it is pretended, was descried, but of which, for my part, I saw nothing, that Bonaparte exclaimed, " Fortune, have you abandoned me!—I ask only five days!" No such thing occurred.

Admiral Brueys took me aside, to communicate his apprehensions, which were principally on account of the General-in-chief, on whom he conceived the responsibility rested. On my refusal to revive his objections, on the ground that I was too well acquainted with Bonaparte's firmness, and that, besides, I concurred in his opinion, Brueys, with sorrow, gave the signal for a general landing. The getting of the troops into the boats was effected with much difficulty and danger.

It was one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July when we landed on the soil of Egypt, at Manabon, three leagues to the west of Alexandria. We had to regret the loss of some lives; but we had every reason to expect that our losses would have been greater.

At three o'clock the same morning, the General-in-chief marched on Alexandria with the divisions of Kleber, Bon, and Morand. The Be-

douin Arabs, who kept hovering about our right flank and our rear, picked up the stragglers.

Having arrived within gun-shot of Alexandria, we scaled the ramparts, and French valour soon triumphed over all obstacles.

The first blood I saw shed in war was General Kleber's. He was struck in the head by a ball, not in storming the walls, but whilst commanding the attack. He came to Pompey's Pillar, where many members of the staff were assembled, and where the General-in-Chief was watching the attack. I then spoke to Kleber for the first time, and from that day our friendship commenced. I had the good fortune to contribute somewhat towards the assistance of which he stood in need, and which, as we were situated, could not be procured very easily.

It has been endeavoured to represent the capture of Alexandria, which surrendered after a few hours, as a brilliant exploit. The General-in-Chief himself wrote that the city had been taken after a few discharges of cannon; the walls badly fortified, were soon scaled. Alexandria was not delivered up to pillage, as has been asserted, and often repeated. This would have been a most impolitic mode of commencing the conquest of Egypt, which had no strong places, which required to be intimidated by a great example.

Bonaparte, with some others, entered the city by a narrow street, which scarcely allowed two

persons to walk abreast; I was with him. We were stopped by some musket shots fired from a low window by a man and a woman. They repeated their fire several times. The guides who preceded their general kept up a heavy fire on the window. The man and woman fell dead, and we passed on in safety, for the place had surrendered.

Bonaparte employed the six days during which he remained in Alexandria, in establishing order in the city and province, with that activity and superior talent which I could never sufficiently admire, and in directing the march of the army across the province of Bohahireh. He sent Desaix with four thousand five hundred infantry, and sixty cavalry to Beda, on the road to Damanhour. This general was the first to experience privations and sufferings, which the whole army had soon to endure. His great mind, his attachment to Bonaparte, seemed for a moment about to yield to the obstacles which presented themselves. On the 15th of July he wrote from Bohahireh as follows:—"I beseech you do not let us stop longer in this position. My men are discouraged and murmur. Make us advance or fall back, without delay. The villages consist merely of huts, absolutely without resources."

In these immense plains, scorched by the direct rays of a burning sun, water every where so common becomes an object of contest. The wells and springs, those secret treasures of the desert,

are carefully concealed from the traveller; and frequently after the most oppressive marches, nothing can be found to allay the urgent cravings of thirst but a little brackish water of the most disgusting description.

CHAPTER XV.

Ancient and Modern Egypt—Bonaparte's proclamation—The Mirage—Skirmishes with the Arabs—Mistake of General Desaix's division—Wretchedness of a rich Sheik—Combat beneath the General's window—The flotilla on the Nile—Its distress and danger—The battle of Chebreisse—Defeat of the Mamelukes—Bonaparte's reception of me—Letter to Louis Bonaparte—Success of the French army—Proclamations of the General-in-Chief—Letter to the Pasha—Triumphal entrance into Cairo—Dispatch to Kleber—Tragical death of the aide-de-camp Julien—Bonaparte's revenge—Civil and military organization of Cairo—Bonaparte's letter to his brother Joseph—Plan of colonization.

WHAT a difference between the city of Alexandria described in history, and the wretched modern Alexandria! Where nine hundred thousand inhabitants were heretofore concentrated, now scarcely six thousand can be numbered. We found this city, formerly so magnificent, without fortifications, and almost without monuments. We met with only some columns gathered from among the ruins of the ancient city, and employed with bad taste in modern buildings. The quay of the old port is composed solely of fragments of granite and marble columns. We found only two ancient monuments standing and entire, namely, Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle; but there is scarcely a trace of the times of the Cæsars, and none of Alexander's tomb. Before

landing on the Egyptian territory, Bonaparte wrote a letter on the 12th Messidor to the Pasha of Egypt, in which he stated that he had been sent by the Directory of the Republic to chastise the Beys for the aggressions they had committed upon French commerce. He concluded by telling the Pasha that he had not come to do any act contrary to the Koran, and by inviting him to join in invoking maledictions on the impious race of the Beys.

On arriving at Alexandria, the General-in-Chief issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt, which, besides adverting to the insults and extortions experienced by French merchants from the Beys, contained the following passages.

“ People of Egypt,—You will be told that I come to destroy your religion—do not believe it. Be assured that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect more than the Mamelukes, God, his prophet, and the Alcoran. Tell them that all men are equal in the eye of God: wisdom, talents, and virtue make the only difference.

“ Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Scorbajis, tell the people that we are the friends of the true Mussulmans. Have not we destroyed the Pope, who says that war ought to be made upon Mussulmans? Have we not destroyed the Knights of Malta, because those bigots believed that God required them to raise their swords against the Mussulmans?”

On the 7th of July, the General left Alexandria for Damanhour. In the vast plains of Bohahireh, the mirage every moment presented to the eye vast sheets of water, while, as we advanced, we found nothing but barren ground, full of deep cracks. Villages, which, at a distance, appear to be surrounded with water, are, on a nearer approach, discovered to be situated on heights, mostly artificial, by which they are raised above the inundations of the Nile. This illusion continually recurs; and it is the more treacherous, inasmuch as it presents to the eye the perfect representation of water, at the time when the want of that article is most felt. This mirage is so considerable in the plain of Pelusium, that shortly after sunrise no object is recognizable. The same phenomenon has been observed in other countries. Quintus Curtius says, that in the deserts of Sogdiana, a fog, rising from the earth, obscures the light, and the surrounding country seems like a vast sea. The cause of this singular illusion is now fully explained; and from the observations of the learned Monge it appears, that the mirage will be found in almost every country situated between the tropics, where the local circumstances are similar.

The Arabs harassed the army without intermission. The few wells met with in the desert were either filled up, or the water was rendered unfit for use. The intolerable thirst with which the troops were tormented, even on this first march, was but ill allayed by dirty and unwholesome

water. The army crossed the desert with the rapidity of lightning, scarcely tasting a drop of water. The sufferings of the troops were frequently expressed by discouraging murmurs.

On this first night a mistake occurred, which might have proved fatal. We were advancing in the dark, under feeble escort, almost sleeping on our horses, when suddenly we were assailed by two successive discharges of musketry. We rallied, and reconnoitred, and to our great satisfaction, discovered that the only mischief was a slight wound, received by one of our guides. Our assailants were the division of General Desaix, who, forming the advanced guard of the army, mistook us for a party of the enemy, and fired upon us. It was speedily ascertained that the little advanced guard of the head-quarters had not heard the *qui vive* of Desaix's advanced posts.

On reaching Damanhour, our head-quarters were established at the residence of a Sheik. The house had been new whitened, and looked well enough outside; but the interior was inconceivably wretched. Every domestic utensil was broken, and the only seats were a few dirty, tattered mats. Bonaparte knew that the Sheik was rich; and having somewhat won his confidence, he asked him, through the medium of the interpreter, why, being in easy circumstances, he thus deprived himself of all comfort. "Some years ago," replied the Sheik, "I repaired and furnished my house. When this became known at Cairo, a demand was made upon me for money, because, it was said, my expenses proved me to be rich. I re-

fused to pay the money, and, in consequence, I was ill-treated, and, at length, forced to pay it. From that time I have allowed myself only the bare necessaries of life, and I shall buy no furniture for my house." The old man was lame, in consequence of the treatment he had suffered. Woe to him, who in this country is suspected of having a competency—a hundred spies are always ready to denounce him. The appearance of poverty is the only security against the rapine of power, and the cupidity of barbarism.

A little troop of Arabs, on horseback, assailed our head-quarters. Bonaparte, who was at the window of the Sheik's house, indignant at this insolence, turned to one of his aides-de-camp, who happened to be on duty, and said, "Croisier, take a few guides, and drive those fellows away!" In an instant, Croisier was in the plain, with fifteen guides. A little skirmish ensued, and we looked on from the window. In the movement and in the attack of Croisier and his party, there was a sort of hesitation which the General-in-Chief could not comprehend. "Forward, I say! Charge!" he exclaimed from the window, as if he could have been heard. Our horsemen seemed to fall back as the Arabs returned to the attack; and after a little contest, maintained with tolerable spirit, the Arabs retired without loss, and without being molested in their retreat. Bonaparte could no longer repress his rage; and when Croisier returned, he experienced such a harsh reception, that the poor fellow withdrew, deeply mortified and distressed. Bonaparte desired me

to follow him, and say something to console him : but all was in vain. “ I cannot survive this,” he said. “ I will sacrifice my life on the first occasion that offers itself. I will not live dishonoured.” The word *coward* had escaped the General’s lips. Poor Croisier died at Saint Jean d’Acre, as will hereafter be seen.

On the 10th of July our head-quarters were established at Rahmahanieh, where they remained during the 11th and 12th. At this place commences the canal, which was cut by Alexander, to convey water to his new city, and to facilitate commercial intercourse between Europe and the East.

The flotilla, commanded by the brave chief of division, Perrée, had just arrived from Rosetta. Perrée was on board the Shebeck called the *Cerf*. Bonaparte had great confidence in him. He had commanded, under the General’s orders, the naval forces of the Adriatic in 1797.

Bonaparte placed on board the *Cerf* and the other vessels of the flotilla, those individuals who, not being military, could not be serviceable in engagements, and whose horses served to mount a few of the troops.

On the night of the 13th of July, the General-in-Chief directed his march towards the south, along the left bank of the Nile. The flotilla sailed up the river, parallel with the left wing of the army. But the force of the wind, which at this season blows regularly from the Mediterranean into the valley of the Nile, carried the flotilla far in advance of the army, and frustrated

the plan of their mutually defending and supporting each other. The flotilla, thus unprotected, fell in with seven Turkish gun-boats coming from Cairo, and was exposed simultaneously to their fire, and that of the Mamelukes, Fellahs, and Arabs, who lined both banks of the river. They had small guns mounted on camels.

Perrée cast anchor, and an engagement commenced at nine o'clock on the 14th of July, and continued till half-past twelve.

At the same time, the General-in-Chief met and attacked a corps of about four thousand Mamelukes. His object, as he afterwards said, was to turn the corps by the left of the village of Chebreisse, and to drive it upon the Nile.

About eleven in the morning, Perrée told me that the Turks were doing us more harm than we were doing them ; that our ammunition would soon be exhausted ; that the army was far inland, and that if it did not make a movement to the left, there would be no hope for us.

Several vessels had already been boarded and taken by the Turks, who massacred the crews before our eyes, and with barbarous ferocity shewed us the heads of the slaughtered men. Perrée, at considerable risk, dispatched several persons to inform the General-in-Chief of the desperate situation of the flotilla. The cannonade which Bonaparte had heard since the morning, and the explosion of a Turkish gun-boat, which was blown up by the artillery of the Shebeck, led him to fear that our situation was really perilous. He, therefore, made a movement to the left, in

the direction of the Nile and Chebreisse, beat the Mamelukes, and forced them to retire on Cairo. At sight of the French troops, the commander of the Turkish flotilla weighed anchor, and sailed up the Nile. The two banks of the river were evacuated, and the flotilla escaped the destruction which a short time before had appeared inevitable. Some writers have alleged that the Turkish flotilla was destroyed in this engagement. The truth is, the Turks did us considerable injury, while on their part they suffered but little. We had twenty men killed and several wounded. Upwards of fifteen hundred guns were fired during the action.

General Berthier, in his narrative of the Egyptian expedition, enumerates the individuals who, though not in the military service, assisted Perrée in this unequal and dangerous engagement. He mentions Monge, Berthollet, Andréossy, Junot, the paymaster, and Bourrienne, secretary to the General-in-Chief. It has also been stated that Sucey, the Commissary-general, was seriously wounded while bravely defending a gun-boat laden with provisions; but this is incorrect.

We had no communication with the army until the 23d of July. On the 22d we came in sight of the pyramids, and were informed that we were only about ten leagues from Gizeh, where they are situated. The cannonade which we heard, and which augmented in proportion as the north wind diminished, announced a serious engage-

ment; and that same day we saw the banks of the Nile strewed with heaps of bodies, which the waves were every moment washing into the sea. This horrible spectacle, the silence of the surrounding villages, which had hitherto been armed against us, and the cessation of the firing from the banks of the river, led us to infer with tolerable certainty, that a battle fatal to the Mamelukes had been fought. The misery we suffered on our passage from Rahmahanieh to Gizeh, is indescribable. We lived for eleven days on melons and water, besides being momentarily exposed to the musketry of the Arabs and the Fellahs. We luckily escaped with but a few killed and wounded. The swell of the Nile was only beginning. The shallowness of the river, near Cairo, obliged us to leave the shebeck and get on board a dejerm. We reached Gizeh at three in the afternoon of the 23d of July.

When I saluted the General-in-Chief, whom I had not seen for twelve days, he thus addressed me:—"So, you are here, are you? Do you know that you have all of you been the cause of my not following up the battle of Chebreisse? It was to save you, Monge, Berthollet, and the others on board the flotilla, that I hurried the movement of my left upon the Nile, before my right had turned Chebreisse. But for that, not a single Mameluke would have escaped."

"I thank you for my own part," replied I; "but in conscience could you have abandoned

us, after taking away our horses, and making us go on board the shebeek, whether we would or not?" He laughed, and then told me how sorry he was for the wound of Sucy, and the death of many useful men, whose places could not possibly be filled up.

He made me write a letter to his brother Louis, informing him that he had gained a complete victory over the Mamelukes at Embabeh, opposite Boulac, and that the enemy's loss was two thousand men killed and wounded, forty pieces of cannon, and a great number of horses.

The occupation of Cairo was the immediate consequence of the victory of Embabeh. Bonaparte established his head-quarters in the house of Elfey Bey, in the great square of Ezbekyeh.

The march of the French army to Cairo was attended by an uninterrupted succession of combats and victories. We had won the battles of Rahmahanieh, Chebriesse, and the Pyramids. The Mamelukes were defeated, and their chief, Murad Bey, was obliged to fly into Upper Egypt. Bonaparte found no obstacle to oppose his entrance into the capital of Egypt, after a campaign of only twenty days.

No conqueror, perhaps, ever enjoyed a victory so much as Bonaparte, and yet no one was ever less inclined to abuse his triumphs.

After the battle of the Pyramids, he despatched the following letter and proclamation from his head-quarters at Gizeh:—

“ Head-quarters, at Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI.
of the French Republic.

“ *The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, to the Sheiks
and Notables of Cairo.*

“ You will see by the annexed proclamation, the sentiments which animate me.

“ Yesterday, the Mamelukes were for the most part killed or wounded, and I am in pursuit of the few who escaped.

“ Send here the boats which are on your bank of the river, and send also a deputation to acquaint me with your submission. Provide bread, meat, straw, and barley for my troops. Be under no alarm, and rest assured that no one is more anxious to contribute to your happiness than I.

(Signed) “ BONAPARTE.”

“ Head-quarters, Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI.
of the French Republic.

“ *The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, to the People of
Cairo.*

“ People of Cairo—I am satisfied with your conduct. You did well not to take part against me. I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, to protect commerce and the natives of the country. Let all who are alarmed, banish their fears ; let those who have fled, return to their homes ; and let prayers take place as usual. Fear nothing for your families, your houses, or your property ; and least of all, for the religion of the prophet,

which I respect. As it is urgent that persons should be appointed to perform the duties of the police, so as to maintain the tranquillity of the city, a Divan consisting of seven persons will meet at the Mosque of the Worm. There will always be two with the commandant of the fortress, and four to maintain the public peace, and to superintend the police.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

Next day, before he marched off to make his triumphal entry into Cairo, at the head of his army, the General-in-Chief wrote to the Pasha as follows:—

"Head-quarters, Gizeh, 4th Thermidor, year VI.
of the French Republic.

"*The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, to the Pasha of Cairo.*

"The intention of the French Republic in occupying Egypt was to extirpate the Mamelukes, who were at once rebels to the Porte, and the declared enemies of the French Government.

"Now that France is mistress of Egypt by the signal victory her army has gained, her intention is to secure to the Pasha of the Grand Signior his revenues and his existence.

"I beg you to assure the Porte that she shall sustain no sort of loss, and that I will secure to her the continuance of the tribute which has hitherto been paid to her.

(Signed) "BONAPARTE."

We entered Cairo on the 24th of July, and four days after Bonaparte despatched his aid-de-camp, Julien, with despatches to General Kleber, who was detained at Alexandria by his wound. In these despatches, which were dated from headquarters at Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI. Bonaparte said—

“ We have found in Cairo, Citizen General, a very good mint. We must have all the ingots which we left at Alexandria, as we want to give them in exchange for some specie with which the merchants here have supplied us. I therefore beg you will assemble all the merchants with whom the said ingots were left, and get them back again. I will give in return corn and rice, of which we have an immense quantity.

“ We are as ill off for money, as we are well off for provisions. This obliges us to part with as little gold and silver as we can, but to make our payments in provisions.”

The unfortunate Julien, a promising young officer, ran ashore with his dejern on the Lybian bank of the Nile, and was murdered, together with fifteen soldiers who formed his escort. When, about a month after, it was discovered where he had perished, the General-in Chief published the following decree :—

“ It having been ascertained that the inhabitants of the village of Alkam have assassinated

the Aide-de-Camp Julien, and fifteen French soldiers who accompanied him, it is ordered that the village shall be burnt; and that Gen. Lannes shall set off with five hundred men and an aviso, to execute this order. If he succeed in arresting the Sheiks, he is to bring them as hostages to Cairo. He is to consign Alkam to pillage, and not to leave a house standing; and he is to make known by a proclamation, circulated in the neighbouring villages, that Alkam is burnt as a punishment for the murder of Frenchmen who were navigating the Nile."

Alkam was accordingly destroyed. The only remaining trace of the unfortunate Julien and his companions, was a waistcoat button, found in a deserted hut, in the neighbourhood of Alkam. All the inhabitants of the village had fled in anticipation of the vengeance with which they were visited. The button had belonged to one of the men who formed Julien's escort. It was marked with the number of the corps.

The General-in-Chief immediately directed his attention to the civil and military organization of the country. Only those who saw him in the vigour of his youth can form an idea of his extraordinary intelligence and activity. Nothing escaped his observation. Egypt had long been the object of his study; and in a few weeks he was as well acquainted with the country, as if he had lived in it ten years. He issued orders for observing the strictest discipline, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The mosques, the civil and religious institutions, the harems, the women, the customs of the country,—all were scrupulously respected. A few days after they entered Cairo, the French were freely admitted into the shops, and were seen sociably smoking their pipes with the inhabitants, assisting them in their occupations, and playing with their children.

The day after his arrival in Cairo, Bonaparte addressed to his brother Joseph, the following letter, which was intercepted and printed. Its authenticity has been doubted; but I saw Napoleon write it, and he read it to me before he sent it off.

“ Cairo, 7th Thermidor.

“ You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and victories of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of the army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world, in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot procure money, even to pay the troops. I shall probably be in France in two months.

“ Engage a country house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I should like to pass the winter.

“ BONAPARTE.”

This announcement of his departure to his brother, is corroborated by a note which he

despatched some days after, enumerating the supplies and individuals which he wished to have sent to Egypt. His note proves, more convincingly than any arguments, that Bonaparte earnestly wished to preserve his conquest, and to make it a French colony. It must be borne in mind, that the note here alluded to, as well as the letter above quoted, were written long before the destruction of the fleet.

Bonaparte's autograph note, after enumerating the troops and warlike stores he wished to be sent, concluded with the following list :—

“ 1st. A company of actors ; 2nd. A company of dancers ; 3d. Some dealers in toys, at least three or four ; 4th. A hundred French women ; 5th. The wives of all the men employed in the corps ; 6th. Twenty surgeons, thirty apothecaries, and ten physicians ; 7th. Some founders ; 8th. Some distillers, and dealers in liquor ; 9th. Fifty gardeners, with their families, and the seeds of every kind of vegetable ; 10th. Each party to bring with them two hundred thousand quarts of brandy ; 11th. Thirty thousand ells of blue and carlet cloth ; 12th. A supply of soap and oil.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Establishment of a Divan in each Egyptian Province—Desaix in Upper Egypt—Ibrahim Bey beaten by Bonaparte at Saheleyeh—Sulkowski wounded—Disaster at Aboukir—Dissatisfaction and murmurs of the army—Dejection of the General-in-chief—His plan respecting Egypt—Meditated descent upon England—Bonaparte's censure of the Directory—Intercepted correspondence—Justification of Admiral Brueys—Bonaparte's letter to the Directory.

FROM the details I have already given respecting Bonaparte's plans for colonizing Egypt, it will be seen that his energy of mind urged him to adopt anticipatory measures, for the accomplishment of objects which were never realized. During the short interval in which he sheathed his sword, he planned provisional governments for the towns and provinces occupied by the French troops, and he adroitly contrived to serve the interests of his army, without appearing to violate those of the country. After he had been four days at Cairo, during which time he employed himself in examining everything, and consulting every individual from whom he could obtain useful information, he published the following order :

“ Head-quarters, Cairo, 9th Thermidor, year VI.

“ *Bonaparte, member of the National Institute, and General-in-Chief, orders,*

“ Art. 1.—There shall be in each province of Egypt, a divan, composed of seven individuals, whose duty will be to superintend the interests of the province; to communicate to me any complaints that may be made; to prevent warfare among the different villages; to apprehend and punish criminals (for which purpose they may demand assistance from the French commandant); and to take every opportunity of enlightening the people.

“ Art. 2.—There shall be in each province an Aga of the Janisaries, maintaining constant communication with the French commandant. He shall have with him a company of sixty armed natives, whom he may take wherever he pleases, for the maintenance of good order, subordination, and tranquillity.

“ Art. 3.—There shall be in each province an Intendant, whose business will be to levy the miri, the feddam, and the other contributions which formerly belonged to the Mamelukes, but which now belong to the French Republic. The Intendant shall have as many agents as may be necessary.

“ Art. 4.—The said Intendant shall have a French agent to correspond with the Finance Department, and to execute all the orders he may receive.

(Signed) “ BONAPARTE.”

While Bonaparte was thus actively taking measures for the organization of the country, General Desaix had marched into Upper Egypt in pursuit of Murad Bey. We learned that Ibrahim, who, next to Murad, was the most influential of the Beys, had proceeded towards Syria, by the way of Balbeys and Saheleyh. The General-in-Chief immediately determined to march, in person, against that formidable enemy, and he left Cairo about fifteen days after he had entered it. It is unnecessary to describe the well known engagement in which Bonaparte drove Ibrahim back upon El Arysh; besides, I do not enter minutely into the details of battles, my chief object being to record events which I personally witnessed.

At the battle of Saheleyeh, Bonaparte thought he had lost one of his aides-de-camp, Sulkowski, to whom he was much attached, and one who had been with us during the whole of the campaign of Italy. On the field of battle, one object of regret cannot long engross the mind; yet, on his return to Cairo, Bonaparte frequently spoke to me of Sulkowski in terms of unfeigned sorrow.

“I cannot,” said he, one day, “sufficiently admire the noble spirit and determined courage of poor Sulkowski.” He often said that Sulkowski would have been a valuable aid to whoever might undertake the resuscitation of Poland. Fortunately that brave officer was not killed on that occasion, though seriously wounded. He was, however, killed shortly after.

The destruction of the French squadron, in the

roads of Aboukir, occurred during the absence of the General-in-Chief. This event happened on the 1st of August. The details are generally known; but there is one circumstance to which I cannot refrain from alluding, and which excited deep interest at the time. This was the heroic courage of the son of Casabianca, the captain of the *Orient*. Casabianca was among the wounded, and when the vessel was blown up, his son, a lad of ten years of age, preferred perishing along with him, rather than saving himself, when one of the seamen had secured him the means of escape. I told the aide-de-camp, sent by General Kleber, who had the command of Alexandria, that the General-in-Chief was near Saheleyeh. He proceeded thither immediately, and Bonaparte hastened back to Cairo, a distance of about thirty-three leagues.

In spite of any assertions that may have been made to the contrary, the fact is, that as soon as the French troops set foot in Egypt, they were filled with dissatisfaction, and ardently longed to return home. The illusion of the expedition had disappeared, and only its reality remained. What bitter murmuring have I not heard from Murat, Lannes, Berthier, Bessieres, and others! Their complaints were, indeed, often so unmeasured as almost to amount to sedition. This greatly vexed Bonaparte, and drew from him severe reproaches and violent language.* When the news arrived

* Napoleon related at St. Helena, that in a fit of irritation he rushed among a group of dissatisfied generals, and said to one of

of the loss of the fleet, discontent increased. All who had acquired fortunes under Napoleon, now began to fear that they would never enjoy them. All turned their thoughts to Paris, and its amusements; and were utterly disheartened at the idea of being separated from their homes and their friends for a period, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee.

The catastrophe of Aboukir came like a thunderbolt upon the General-in-Chief. In spite of all his energy and fortitude, he was deeply distressed by the disasters which now assailed him. To the painful feelings excited by the complaints and dejection of his companions in arms, was now added the irreparable misfortune of the burning of our fleet. He measured the fatal consequences of this event at a single glance. We were now cut off from all communication with France, and all hope of returning thither, except by a degrading capitulation with an implacable and hated enemy. Bonaparte had lost all chance of preserving his conquest, and to him this was indeed a bitter reflection. And at what a time did this disaster befall him? At the very moment when he was about to apply for the aid of the mother country. Was it possible that these perplexing circumstances could fail in making a deep and melancholy impression on the mind of Bonaparte?

them, who was remarkable for his stature:—"You have held seditious language; but take care I do not perform my duty. Though you are five feet ten inches high, that shall not save you from being shot."

In asserting the contrary, his would-be panegyrist is deceived if they suppose they are paying him a compliment.

From what General Bonaparte had communicated to me previous to the 1st of August, his object was, having once secured the possession of Egypt, to return to Toulon with the fleet; then to send troops and provisions of every kind to Egypt; and next to combine with the fleet all the forces that could be supplied, not only by France, but by her allies, for the purpose of attacking England. It is certain that before his departure for Egypt he had laid before the Directory a note relative to his plans. He always regarded a descent upon England as possible, though in its result fatal, as long as we should be inferior in naval strength; but he hoped by various manœuvres to secure a superiority on one point.

His intention was to have returned to France. Availing himself of the departure of the English fleet for the Mediterranean, the alarm excited by his Egyptian expedition, the panic that would be inspired by his sudden appearance at Boulogne, and his preparations against England, he hoped to oblige that power to withdraw her naval force from the Mediterranean, and to prevent her sending out troops to Egypt. This project was often in his head. He would have thought it sublime to date an order of the day from the Ruins of Memphis, and three months later one from London. The loss of the fleet converted all these bold conceptions into mere romantic visions.

When alone with me he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him that the disaster was doubtless great, but that it would have been infinitely more irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had waited for us four and twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. "Any one of these events," said I, "which were not only possible but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us then wait patiently to see what the Directory will do for us."—"The Directory!" exclaimed he, angrily, "the Directory is composed of a set of scoundrels. They envy and hate me, and will gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is: not a man is willing to stay."

The pleasing illusions which were cherished at the outset of the expedition, vanished long before our arrival in Cairo. Egypt was no longer the Empire of the Ptolemies, covered with populous and wealthy cities; it now presented one unvaried scene of devastation and misery. Instead of being aided by the inhabitants, whom we had ruined, for the sake of delivering them from the yoke of the Beys, we found all against us: Mamelukes, Arabs, and Fellahs. No Frenchman was secure of his life who happened to stray half-a-mile from any inhabited place, or the corps to which he belonged. The hostility which prevailed against us, and the discontent of the army, was clearly developed in the numerous letters which

were written to France] at the time, and intercepted.

I can confidently affirm, and my duties afforded me every opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that there was not a man in the army who did not deplore his absence from France, and long to quit a country which had been described as a terrestrial Paradise, by men who had never seen anything beyond their native city.

The gloomy reflections which at first assailed Bonaparte, were speedily banished; and he soon recovered the fortitude and presence of mind which had been for a moment shaken by the overwhelming news from Aboukir. He, however, sometimes repeated, in a tone which it would be difficult to describe, “ Unfortunate Brueys, what have you done !”

I have remarked that, in some chance observations which escaped Napoleon at St. Helena, he endeavoured to throw all the blame of the affair on Admiral Brueys. Persons who are determined to make Bonaparte an exception to human nature, have unjustly reproached the admiral for the loss of the fleet. I will enter into a few details relative to the affair of Aboukir, for it is gratifying to render justice to the memory of a man like Admiral Brueys.

Brueys, it is said, would not go to Corfu, in spite of the positive and reiterated orders he received. Bonaparte's letter to the Directory, and his words at St. Helena, have been tortured to shew that Brueys expiated by his death the great

fault of which he had been guilty. Much has been said about the report of Captain Barré; but the reply of the admiral ought also to be taken into account. Brueys, for good reasons, did not think that vessels the size of those of the squadron could enter the ports of Alexandria. But it is said the orders to repair to Corfu were reiterated; though, when, and by whom, is not mentioned. From the order of the 3d of July, to the time of his unfortunate death, Brueys did not receive a line from Bonaparte, who on his part did not receive all the admiral's despatches until the 26th July, when he was at Cairo, and consequently too late to enable his answer to come to hand before the 1st of August. Brueys is also reproached with having persisted in awaiting the course of events at Aboukir. Can it be supposed that the admiral would have remained on the coast of Egypt against the express orders of the General-in-chief, who was his superior in command?

The friendship and confidence with which Admiral Brueys honoured me, his glorious death, and the fury with which he has been accused, impose upon me the obligation of defending him. In every publication I have read relative to the event, what is termed his great fault has been the subject of animadversion.

Who is the accuser? Bonaparte.—What is the act of accusation? The letter of the General-in-chief to the Directory, of the 10th of August, 1798. In his preceding letters he constantly praised the admiral's talent and judgment.

It will be seen that in the letter of the 10th of August, which was written fifty days after his entrance into Egypt, Bonaparte, anticipating what he afterwards said in his conversations at St. Helena, distorted facts, altered dates, affirmed what was at least doubtful, and accused the innocent, in the hope of averting reproach from himself.

Bonaparte had risked a badly equipped squadron against the English fleet. He had the good fortune to land in Egypt, but the squadron was destroyed. It will be remembered what Admiral Bruyes said to me on the passage; but says Bonaparte, "If my orders had been attended to, the fleet would not have been lost."

Napoleon's anxious desire of being transmitted faultless to posterity, had heretofore been satisfied, and he was tormented by the idea of the impression which the event at Aboukir would produce on the public mind. But he might have justified himself without accusing any one. The loss of the fleet was evidently the result of the circumstances in which we were placed, and the misery to which we were exposed during the first month of the invasion, when our naval force was supplied with provisions day by day, and almost bit by bit.

Instead of the promised land which we had been taught to expect, we had to cope with every kind of privation, added to the most vexatious hostility on the part of the people.

The whole truth never appeared in Bonaparte's

despatches, when it was in any way unfavourable to himself. He knew how to disguise, to alter, or to conceal it when necessary. He not unfrequently altered the despatches of others, when they ran counter to his views, or were calculated to diminish the good opinion he wished the world should entertain of him. I drew up for him the following draught of a letter to be presented to the Directory.

“Admiral Brueys could not enter with his squadron into the old port of Alexandria, which is impracticable for vessels of the size of his. Imperious circumstances obliged him to wait in the road of Aboukir for a favourable moment to proceed to Corfu. His moorings, however, were not effectual. The left of his line was forced, in spite of the two mortars placed on the bank, and each of his ships was exposed to the fire of several of the enemy's. The fleet has been destroyed. I send you an exact account of our loss in men and ships. This great disaster, which could only have been caused by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, will prove the necessity of immediately forwarding to us the reinforcements and other things required for the army.”

This sketch of a letter contained neither justification nor blame. After having read it, Bonaparte smiled, and returned it to me, saying, “This is too vague, too soft: it is not pointed

enough. We must enter into more details, and mention those who have distinguished themselves. Besides, you would make it appear that Brueys is blameless. This will not do. You do not know the men we have to deal with. I will tell you what to write."

He then dictated to me a despatch, the first part of which consisted of a long detail of his military operations against the Beys. From that subject he broke off in the following manner:—

"I left at Salehyeh General Reynier's division and some officers of engineers, to construct a fortress; and on the 26th Thermidor I set out to return to Cairo. I was not two leagues from Salehyeh, when General Kleber's aide-de-camp arrived with the account of the attack which our squadron had suffered on the 14th Thermidor. Owing to the difficulty of communication, the aide-de-camp had been eleven days on the journey.

"On the 18th Messidor, I set out from Alexandria. I wrote to Admiral Brueys, desiring him to enter the port of that city within four-and-twenty hours, and if his squadron could not get in, to land the artillery and every thing belonging to the army, and then proceed to Corfu.

"The admiral did not think he could land the artillery, &c., in the situation in which he was, being anchored among some rocks before the port of Alexandria, and several vessels having already lost their anchors. He therefore anchored in the

roads of Aboukir. I sent some officers of engineers and artillery, who assured the admiral that he could receive no assistance from land; and it was agreed, that, if the English should appear within the two or three days that he was obliged to remain at Aboukir, he must make up his mind to cut his cables, and that it was desirable to stay as short a time as possible at Aboukir.

“ I departed from Alexandria in the firm belief that, within three days, the squadron would enter the port of Alexandria, or sail for Corfu. From the 18th Messidor to the 6th Thermidor, I had no tidings either from Rosetta or Alexandria. A cloud of Arabs, thronging from all points of the desert, were continually within a short distance of the camp. On the 9th Thermidor, the report of our victories, together with various arrangements that were made, opened our communications. I received several letters from the admiral, which, to my surprise, announced that he was still at Aboukir. I wrote immediately to desire that he would not delay another hour, either entering Alexandria or proceeding to Corfu.

“ The admiral informed me, by a letter of the 2d Thermidor, that several English vessels had come to reconnoitre him, and that he was preparing to receive the enemy at Aboukir. This strange resolution filled me with alarm, and I feared the business was past all remedy; for the admiral's letter of the 2d Thermidor did not arrive until the 12th. I dispatched Citizen Julien

to Aboukir, with orders not to leave the place until he saw the squadron under sail; but as he set out on the 12th, he could not possibly have arrived in time.

“ On the 8th Thermidor, the admiral wrote to inform me that the English had withdrawn, which he attributed to the scarcity of provisions. I received the letter on the 12th.

“ On the 11th he wrote to me that he had just heard of the victory of the Pyramids, and the taking of Cairo, and that he had found a passage for entering the port of Alexandria.

“ On the evening of the 14th, the enemy attacked him. As soon as he perceived the English squadron, he dispatched an officer to acquaint me with his arrangements. The officer perished on the road.

“ I am of opinion that Admiral Brueys did not wish to proceed to Corfu until he ascertained that he could not enter the port of Alexandria, and that the army, of which he had heard nothing for a considerable time, was beyond the necessity of retreating. If on this fatal occasion he committed errors, he has expiated them by a glorious death.

“ Fate, apparently, wishes to prove, that if she grants us the preponderance of power on land, she has given the empire of the seas to our rivals. But however great are our reverses, we must not say that Fortune has forsaken us. Far from it: she has assisted us in this operation beyond what she ever did before. When I ar-

rived before Alexandria, and learnt that the English had passed there in superior force some days previously, I immediately landed, though at the risk of being wrecked in the storm that prevailed. I recollect that at the moment when we were making preparations for landing, we descried, at some distance to windward, a ship of war (*La Justice*,) returning from Malta.—‘ Fortune !’ I exclaimed, ‘ wilt thou forsake me ? Grant me but five days !’ I marched all night, and at day-break attacked Alexandria with three thousand men, harassed with fatigue, without cannon, and almost without cartridges. In five days I was master of Rosetta and Damanhour ; that is to say, completely established in Egypt.

“ In these five days, the squadron ought to have been secure against any attack on the part of the English, whatever might have been their numbers ; but, on the contrary, it continued exposed to danger during the remainder of Messidor. It received from Rosetta, at the beginning of Thermidor, a supply of rice for two months. The English shewed themselves in superior numbers for the space of six days.

“ On the 11th Messidor, Admiral Brueys received information of the entire possession of Egypt, and our entrance into Cairo ; and it was not until Fortune saw that all her favours were unavailing, that she abandoned the fleet to its fate.”

In the above letter, a great deal is said about

Fortune and Fate. All this is very fine ; but the best thing Fortune could have done for the General at that time, would have been to send him provisions.

The facts above stated, together with those related in my note, will, I trust, vindicate the memory of Admiral Brueys. A perusal of the official documents connected with the event, must convince every reflecting person that the General-in-Chief did not really entertain any idea of dispatching the squadron to Corfu before he was in possession of Cairo, and that he did not write to Brueys, on the 6th of July, the letter which he mentions. He was too provident to deprive himself immediately of so great a resource in case of a reverse of fortune. He acted like a man who could foresee events. He was not to blame for the loss of the fleet ; but neither was Admiral Brueys. Before Bonaparte departed for Salehiyeh, he frequently spoke to me of the possibility of his embarking again with the fleet.

CHAPTER XVII.

El Coraim—His execution—Misunderstanding and explanation between Bonaparte and Kleber—The Egyptian Institute—Festival of the birth of Mahomet—Bonaparte's prudent respect for the Mahometan religion—His Turkish dress—Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre—Thoughts of a campaign in Germany—Want of news from France—Anniversary of the 1st Vendémiaire—Bonaparte and Madame Fourés—The Egyptian Fortune Teller—M. Berthollet and the Sheik El-Bekry—The air Marlbrook—Insurrection in Cairo—Death of General Dupuy—Death of Sulkowsky—The insurrection quelled—Nocturnal executions—Destruction of a tribe of Arabs—Convoy of sick and wounded—Massacre of the French—Projected expedition to Syria—Letter to Tippoo Saib.

I HAVE already mentioned the name of Coraim : I will now relate a few particulars of his history, which may afford an idea of the character of most of the Egyptian chiefs, such as we found them on our arrival in the country.

General Kleber sent on board the *Orient* the Sherif of Alexandria, Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim, who was arrested by order of Bonaparte on the charge of treason.

The following order was issued against him :—

“ The General-in-Chief having proofs of the treason of Sidy Mohammed el Coraim, whom he had loaded with favours, orders:—That Sidy Mohammed el Coraim shall pay a contribution of three hundred thousand francs; in default of which, five days after the publication of the present order, he shall forfeit his head.”

Coraim came from Aboukir to Cairo to defend himself against the accusation. On his arrival at Cairo, I desired Venture, our interpreter, to urge him to save his life by the payment of the fine; and to assure him that the General was determined to make an example. He was a fine handsome man, and his situation excited my interest. “ You are rich,” said I to him, through the medium of Venture, “ therefore make the sacrifice.” He smiled contemptuously, and replied: “ If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I should be giving away my piastres uselessly; and if I am not to die, why should I give them at all?” He was executed at Cairo, on the 6th of September, 1798, at noon, and his head was paraded through the streets of the city with the following placard:—“ Coraim, Sherif of Alexandria, condemned to death for having violated the oaths of fidelity he had taken to the French Republic, and for having maintained correspondence with the Mamelukes, to whom he was a spy. Thus shall be punished all traitors and perjurers!”

Coraim had taken his precautions so well, that nothing was found after his death. But this

example facilitated the collection of the forced contributions, and intimidated some other rich chiefs, who were not such staunch fatalists as he.

The satirical way in which Kleber spoke of the Egyptian expedition, and the unreserved frankness of his correspondence, had produced a degree of coolness between him and the General-in-Chief, who expressed his displeasure in language not more moderate than that which was attributed to Kleber. The latter being informed of this, wrote the following letter to the General-in-Chief on the 22d of August, 1798.

“ You would be unjust, Citizen-general, to regard as a mark of weakness or discouragement the vehemence with which I have described my wants to you. It matters little to me where I live, or where I die, provided I live for the glory of France, and die as I have lived. Under any circumstances, therefore, you may rely on me as well as upon those whom you order to obey me. I have already told you that. The event of the 14th* has excited in the minds of the soldiers nothing but indignation and the desire of revenge. I am, in truth, much displeased with the navy, which I have seen under the most unfavourable point of view. The enormous quantity of baggage landed at Alexandria, and the style in which the naval officers have been seen in the streets of that city, prove that few of them have sustained serious

* The loss of the fleet (1st of August, 1798).

loss. Besides, the English have disinterestedly restored every thing to the prisoners, and have not suffered them to be deprived of an iota. It was not so with our military officers. No one has pleaded their cause; and being too proud to plead it themselves under such circumstances, they arrived here almost without clothing, and many of them, rather than surrender, preferred throwing themselves into the sea."

To this letter Bonaparte replied:—

"Rely on the value I attach to your esteem and friendship; I fear a little misunderstanding has arisen between us. You would be unjust to doubt how much it vexes me. In Egypt, when clouds appear they pass away in six hours; on my part, should any arise, they shall be banished in three. The regard I cherish for you is at least equal to that which you have sometimes evinced for me."

This lukewarm reciprocal assurance of esteem did not diminish the dislike they mutually entertained of each other.

The loss of the fleet convinced General Bonaparte of the necessity of speedily and effectively organizing Egypt, where every thing denoted that we should stay for a considerable time, except in the event of a forced evacuation, which the General was far from foreseeing or fearing. The distance of Ibrahim Bey and Murad Bey now left him a little at rest. War, fortifications, taxation,

government, the organization of the Divans, trade, art, and science, all occupied his attention. Orders and instructions were immediately dispatched, if not to repair the defeat, at least to avert the first danger that might ensue from it. On the 21st of August, Bonaparte established at Cairo an Institute of the Arts and Sciences, of which he subsequently appointed me a member in the room of M. de Sacy, who was obliged to return to France, in consequence of the wound he received on board the flotilla in the Nile.

In founding this Institute, Bonaparte wished to afford an example of his ideas of civilization. The minutes of the sittings of that learned body, which have been printed, bear evidence of its utility, and of Napoleon's extended views. The objects of the Institute were the advancement and propagation of information in Egypt, and the study and publication of all facts relating to the natural history, trade, and antiquities of that ancient country.

On the 18th Bonaparte was present at the ceremony of opening the dyke of the canal of Cairo, which receives the water of the Nile when it reaches the height fixed by the Mequyas.

Two days after came the anniversary festival of the birth of Mahomet. At this Napoleon was also present, in company with the Sheik El-Bekri, who at his request gave him two young Mamelukes, Ibrahim and Roustan.

It has been alleged, that Bonaparte, when in Egypt, took part in the religious ceremonies and

worship of the Mussulmans; but it can not be said that he *celebrated* the festivals of the overflowing of the Nile, and the anniversary of the Prophet. The Turks invited him to these, merely as a spectator; and the presence of their new master was gratifying to the people. But he never committed the folly of ordering any solemnity. He neither learned nor repeated any prayer of the Koran, as many persons have asserted; neither did he advocate fatalism, polygamy, or any other doctrine of the Koran. Bonaparte employed himself better than in discussing with the Imans the theology of the children of Ismæel. The ceremonies, at which policy induced him to be present, were to him, and to all who accompanied him, mere matter of curiosity. He never set foot in a mosque; and only on one occasion, which I shall hereafter mention, dressed himself in the Mahometan costume. He attended the festivals to which the green turbans invited him.* His religious tolerance was the natural consequence of his philosophic spirit,

* From this Sir Walter Scott infers that he did not scruple to join the Mussulmans in the external ceremonies of their religion. He embellishes his romance with the ridiculous farce of the sepulchral chamber of the grand pyramid, and the speeches which were addressed to the General as well as to the Muftis and Imans; and he adds that Bonaparte was on the point of embracing Islamism. All that Sir Walter says on this subject is the height of absurdity, and does not even deserve to be seriously refuted. Bonaparte never entered a mosque except from motives of curiosity, and he never for one moment afforded any ground for supposing that he *believed in the mission of Mahomet*.

Doubtless Bonaparte did, as he was bound to do, shew respect for the religion of the country ; and he found it necessary to act more like a Mussulman than a Catholic. A wise conqueror supports his triumphs by protecting, and even elevating the religion of the conquered people. Bonaparte's principle was, as he himself has often told me, to look upon religions as the work of men, but to respect them everywhere as a powerful engine of government. However, I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion, had the conquest of the East been the price of that change. All that he said about Mahomet, Islamism, and the Koran, to the great men of the country, he laughed at himself. He enjoyed the gratification of having all his fine sayings on the subject of religion translated into Arabic poetry, and repeated from mouth to mouth. This of course tended to conciliate the people.

The letter of the General-in-Chief, in which he consigned the command to Kleber, contained the following passage :—

“ The Christians will always be our friends : but we must prevent them from being too insolent, lest the Turks should conceive against us the same fanatical hatred they cherish towards the Christians, in which case they would be irreconcilable.”

On the 13th of March, 1799, he wrote to Menou :—

“ I thank you for the honours you have rendered to *our* prophet.”

I confess that Bonaparte frequently conversed with the chiefs of the Mussulman religion, on the subject of his conversion ; but only for the sake of amusement. The priests of the Koran, who would probably have been delighted to convert us, offered us the most ample concessions. But these conversations were merely started by way of entertainment, and never could have warranted a supposition of their leading to any serious result. If Bonaparte spoke as a Mussulman, it was merely in his character of a military and political chief, in a Mussulman country. To do so was essential to his success, to the safety of his army, and, consequently, to his glory. In every country he would have drawn up proclamations, and delivered addresses, on the same principle. In India, he would have been for Ali ; at Thibet, for the Dalai-Lama ; and in China, for Confucius.

The General-in-Chief had a Turkish dress made, which he once put on, merely in joke. One day, he desired me to go to breakfast without waiting for him, and that he would follow me. In about a quarter of an hour, he made his appearance, in his new costume. As soon as he was recognised, he was received with a loud burst of laughter. He sat down, very coolly ; but he found himself so encumbered and ill at ease in his turban and oriental robe, that he speedily threw them off, and was never after tempted to assume the disguise.

About the end of August, Bonaparte wished to open negotiations with the Pasha of Acre, surnamed *the Butcher*. He offered Djezzar his friendship, sought his in return, and gave him the most consolatory assurances of the safety of his dominions. He promised to support him against the Grand Seignior, at the very moment when he was assuring the Egyptians that he would support the Grand Seignior against the Beys. But Djezzar, confiding in his own strength, and in the protection of the English, who had anticipated Bonaparte, was deaf to every overture, and would not even receive Beauvoisin, who was sent to him on the 22d of August. A second envoy was beheaded at Acre. The occupations of Bonaparte, and the necessity of obtaining a more solid footing in Egypt, retarded, for the moment, the invasion of that Pashalic, which provoked vengeance by its barbarities, besides being a dangerous neighbour.

As the end of August approached, the General-in-Chief made preparations for celebrating the festival of the Republic. His peculiar turn of mind was evinced, even in the orders which he dictated to me on that occasion. The desire of living in futurity ruled all his thoughts. He wished to connect the ceremony with the names of those ancient monuments, which still survive, almost in perfection, while the names of those, by whom they were produced, are unknown, forgotten, or doubtful. It was determined that the ceremony of the festival should be celebrated

round Pompey's pillar ; upon which were to be inscribed the names of the brave men killed in the taking of Alexandria. The tri-coloured flag was to wave on the ancient column, and the ruins of the city of the hundred palaces, were to witness the festival of that republic, which, eighteen months later, was itself doomed to possess only an historical existence.

From the time he received the accounts of the disaster of Aboukir, until the revolt of Cairo, on October 22d, Bonaparte sometimes found the time hang heavily on his hands. Though he devoted attention to everything, yet there was not sufficient occupation for his singularly active mind. When the heat was not too great, he rode on horseback ; and on his return, if he found no despatches to read (which often happened), no orders to send off, or no letters to answer, he was immediately absorbed in reverie, and would sometimes converse very strangely. One day, after a long pause, he said to me :—

“ Do you know what I am thinking of ? ”—
 “ Upon my word, that would be very difficult ; you think of such extraordinary things. ”—“ I don't know, ” continued he, “ that I shall ever see France again ; but if I do, my only ambition is to make a glorious campaign in Germany—in the plains of Bavaria ; there to gain a great battle, and to avenge France for the defeat of Hochstadt. After that I would retire into the country, and live quietly. ”

He then entered upon a long dissertation on the

preference he would give to Germany as the theatre of war ; the fine character of the people, and the prosperity and wealth of the country, and its power of supporting an army. His conversations were sometimes very long ; but always replete with interest.

In these intervals of leisure, Bonaparte was accustomed to retire to bed early. I used to read to him every evening. When I read poetry, he would fall asleep ; but when he asked for the " Life of Cromwell," I counted on sitting up pretty late. In the course of the day, he used to read, and make notes. He often expressed regret at not receiving news from France ; for correspondence was rendered impracticable by the numerous English and Turkish cruizers. Many letters were intercepted, and scandalously published. Not even family secrets, and communications of the most confidential nature were respected.

The festival of the first Vendémiaire, year VII. (22nd of September, 1798), was celebrated by the French on every point which they occupied in Egypt, and was, as may be supposed, more brilliant in Cairo than elsewhere. In that city, upwards of one hundred and fifty Frenchmen and Turks partook of a magnificent entertainment. The standard of Mahomet, and the flag of the Republic, waved in friendly union ; the crescent, and the cap of liberty, were side by side ; and the Koran was the pendant to the Rights of Man.

The Turks were tolerably insensible to all

this ; but one thing, which made a profound and salutary impression on them was, the number of our troops, their manœuvres, the evolutions of our artillery, and the admirable order and discipline of all our corps.

About the middle of September, in this year, Bonaparte ordered to be brought to the house of Elfy Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. However, their ungraceful obesity displeased him, and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Fourés, the wife of a lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman, in Egypt, who was calculated to please the eye of a European. Bonaparte engaged, for her, a house adjoining the palace of Elfy Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

This connection soon became the general subject of gossip at head-quarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Fourés, the General-in-Chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have had a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realized.

A celebrated soothsayer was recommended to Bonaparte by the inhabitants of Cairo, who confidently vouched for the accuracy with which he could foretell future events. He was sent for, and when he arrived, I, Venture, and a Sheik, were with the General. The prophet wished first to exercise his skill upon Bonaparte; who, however, proposed that I should have my fortune told first, to which I acceded without hesitation. To afford an idea of his prophetic skill, I must mention, that since my arrival in Cairo, I had been in a very weak state. The passage of the Nile, and the bad food we had had for twelve days, had greatly reduced me, so that I was miserably pale and thin.

After examining my hands, feeling my pulse, my forehead, and the nape of my neck, the fortune-teller shrugged his shoulders, and, in a melancholy tone, told Venture that he did not think it right to inform me of my fate. I gave him to understand that he might say what he pleased, as it was a matter of indifference to me. After considerable hesitation on his part, and pressing on mine, he announced to me, that *the earth of Egypt would receive me in two months.*

I thanked him, and he was dismissed. When we were alone, the General said to me, "Well, what did you think of that?" I observed, that the fortune-teller did not run any great risk in foretelling my death, which was a very probable circumstance, in the state in which I was; "but," added I, "if I get the wines which I have

ordered from France, you will soon see me get round again.”

The art of imposing on mankind has, at all times, been an important part of the art of governing; and it was not that portion of the science of government which Bonaparte was the least acquainted with. He neglected no opportunity of shewing off to the Egyptians the superiority of France, in arts and sciences; but it happened, oftener than once, that the natural instinct of the Egyptians thwarted his endeavours in this way. Some days after the visit of the pretended fortune-teller, he wished, if I may so express myself, to oppose conjuror to conjuror. For this purpose, he invited the principal Sheiks to be present at some chemical experiments, performed by M. Berthollet. The General expected to be much amused at their astonishment; but the miracles of the transformation of liquids, electrical commotions and galvanism, did not elicit from them any symptom of surprise. They witnessed the operations of our able chemist with the most imperturbable indifference. When they were ended, the Sheik El Bekry desired the interpreter to tell M. Berthollet that it was all very fine; “but,” said he, “ask him whether he can make me be in Morocco and here at one and the same moment?” M. Berthollet replied in the negative, with a shrug of his shoulders. “Oh! then,” said the Sheik, “he is not half a conjuror.”

Our music produced no greater effect upon them. They listened with insensibility to all

the airs that were played to them, with the exception of Marlbrook. When that was played, they became animated, and were all in motion, as if ready to dance.

An order which had been issued on our arrival in Cairo for watching the criers of the mosques, had for some weeks been neglected. At certain hours of the night these criers address prayers to the Prophet. As it was merely a repetition of the same ceremony over and over again, in a short time, no notice was taken of it. The Turks perceiving this negligence, substituted for their prayers and hymns cries of revolt, and by this sort of verbal telegraph, insurrectionary excitement was transmitted to the northern and southern extremities of Egypt. By this means, and by the aid of secret emissaries, who eluded our feeble police, and circulated real or forged firmans of the Grand Seignior, disavowing the concord between France and the Porte, and provoking war, the plan of a revolution was organized throughout the country.

The signal for the execution of this plan was given from the minarets on the night of the 20th October, and on the morning of the 21st it was announced at head-quarters that the city of Cairo was in open insurrection. The General-in-Chief was not, as has been stated, in the Isle of Raoudah: he did not hear the firing of the alarm guns. He rose when the news arrived; it was then five o'clock. He was informed that all the shops were closed, and that the French were attacked. A

moment after he learned the death of General Dupuy, commandant of the garrison, who was killed by a lance in the street. Bonaparte immediately mounted his horse, and accompanied by only thirty guides, he advanced on all the threatened points, restored confidence, and with great presence of mind, adopted measures of defence.

He left me at head-quarters with only one sentinel; but he had been accurately informed of the situation of the insurgents; and such was my confidence in his activity and foresight, that I felt no apprehension, and awaited his return with perfect composure. This composure was not disturbed even when I saw a party of insurgents attack the house of M. Estève, our paymaster-general, which was situated on the opposite side of Ezbekyeh Place. M. Estève was, fortunately, able to resist the attack until troops from Boulaq came up to his assistance. After visiting all the posts, and adopting every precautionary measure, Bonaparte returned to head-quarters. Finding me still alone with the sentinel, he asked me, smiling, "whether I had not been frightened?"—"Not at all, General, I assure you," replied I.

General Dupuy was killed at the head of his troops, whom he was leading against the insurgents. I had dined with him on the preceding day. On my way to his quarters, I saw an immense crowd assembled in the square of the Bazaar. A man who had stolen some dates was receiving the punishment of the bastinado. I

was on horseback, attended by a servant. The Aga, whom I met every day at head-quarters, saw me. He opened a passage for me through the crowd, and I got near the unfortunate criminal. His cries and entreaties and those of some of the spectators, prevailed on me to intercede in his behalf. I urged the Aga to consider the punishment already inflicted as sufficient for the offence. This was readily acceded to. The criminal was unbound and carried home. His feet were bleeding.

The insurrection was general from Sienna to Lake Marocotis.

It was about half-past eight in the morning when Bonaparte returned to head-quarters, and while at breakfast he was informed that some Bedouin Arabs on horseback were trying to force their entrance into Cairo. He ordered his aide-camp, Sulkowsky, to mount his horse, to take with him fifteen guides, and proceed to the point where the assailants were most numerous. This was the Bab-en-Nassr, or the gate of victory. Croisier observed to the General-in-Chief, that Sulkowsky had scarcely recovered from the wounds at Salehyeh, and he offered to take his place. He had his motives for this. Bonaparte consented; but Sulkowsky had already set out. Within an hour after, one of the fifteen guides returned, covered with blood, to announce that Sulkowsky and the remainder of his party had been cut to pieces. This was speedy work, for we were still at table when the sad news arrived.

Sulkowsky, as I have already observed, was a native of Poland, and a brave and intelligent young officer. He was beloved by all who knew him, and his loss was deeply deplored by the General. On the 2d of September, Sulkowsky had read to the Egyptian Institute, of which he was a member, an excellent report, descriptive of the road from Cairo to Salehyeh.

Mortars were planted on Mount Moquatom, which commands Cairo. The populace, expelled from all the principal streets by the troops, assembled in the Square of the Great Mosque, and in the little streets running into it, which they barricadoed. The firing of the artillery on the heights was kept up with vigour for two days.

About twelve of the principal chiefs of Cairo were arrested and confined in an apartment at head-quarters. They awaited with the calmest resignation the death which they knew they merited; but Bonaparte merely detained them as hostages. The Aga in the service of Bonaparte was astonished that sentence of death was not pronounced upon them; and he said, shrugging his shoulders, and with a gesture apparently intended to provoke severity, "You see they expect it."

On the third day the insurrection was at an end, and tranquillity restored. Numerous prisoners were conducted to the citadel. In obedience to an order which I wrote every evening, twelve were put to death nightly. The bodies were then put into sacks and thrown into the Nile. There

were many women included in these nocturnal executions. I am not aware that the number of victims amounted to thirty per day, as Bonaparte assured General Reynier in a letter which he wrote to him six days after the restoration of tranquillity. "Every night," said he, "we cut off thirty heads. This, I hope, will be an effectual example." I am of opinion, that in this instance he exaggerated the extent of his just revenge.

Some time after the revolt of Cairo, the necessity of insuring our own safety urged the commission of a horrible act of cruelty. A tribe of Arabs in the neighbourhood of Cairo had surprised and massacred a party of French. The General-in-Chief ordered his aide-de-camp, Croisier, to proceed to the spot, surround the tribe, destroy their huts, kill all the men, and conduct the rest of the population to Cairo. The order was to decapitate the victims, to bring their heads in sacks to Cairo to be exhibited to the people. Eugène Beauharnois accompanied Croisier, who joyfully set out on this horrible expedition in the hope of obliterating all recollection of the affair of Damanhour.

Next day the party returned. Many of the poor Arab women had been delivered on the road, and the children had perished of hunger, heat, and fatigue. About four o'clock, a troop of asses arrived in Ezbekyeh Place, laden with sacks. The sacks were opened and the heads rolled out before the assembled populace. I

cannot describe the horror I experienced ; but at the same time I must acknowledge that this butchery ensured for a considerable time the tranquillity and even the existence of the little caravans which were obliged to travel in all directions for the service of the army.

Shortly before the loss of the fleet, the General-in-Chief had formed the design of visiting Suez, to examine the traces of the ancient canal, which united the Nile to the Gulph of Arabia, and also to cross the latter. The revolt of Cairo caused this project to be adjourned until the month of December.

Before his departure for Suez, Bonaparte granted the Commissary, Sucey, leave to return to France. He had received a wound in the right hand, when on board the *Cerf*, shebeck. I was conversing with him on deck, when he received this wound. At first it had no appearance of being serious ; but, some time after, he could not use his hand. General Bonaparte dispatched a vessel with sick and wounded, who were supposed to be incurable, to the number of about eighty. All envied their fate, and were anxious to depart with them, but the privilege was conceded to very few. However, those who were disappointed had no cause for regret. We never know what we wish for. Captain Marengo, who landed at Augusta, supposing it to be a friendly land, was required to observe quarantine for twenty-two days, and information was given of the arrival of the vessel to the court, which was at Palermo.

On the 25th of January, 1799, all on board the French vessel were massacred, with the exception of twenty-one, who were saved by a Neapolitan frigate, and conducted to Messina, where they were detained.

Before he conceived the resolution of attacking the Turkish advanced guard in the valleys of Syria, Bonaparte had formed a plan of invading British India from Persia. He had ascertained, through the medium of agents, that the Shah of Persia would, for a sum of money paid in advance, consent to the establishment of military magazines on certain points of his territory. Bonaparte frequently told me that if, after the subjugation of Egypt, he could have left fifteen thousand men in that country, and have had thirty thousand disposable troops, he would have marched on the Euphrates. He was frequently speaking about the deserts which were to be crossed to reach Persia. How many times have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down in the same position, to trace to me his projected march. This reminded him of the triumphs of his favourite hero, Alexander; but, at the same time, he felt that these projects were incompatible with our resources, the weakness of the government, and the dissatisfaction which the army already evinced. Privation and misery are inseparable from all these remote operations.

This favourite idea still occupied his mind a

fortnight before his departure for Syria was determined on, and on the 25th of January, 1799, he wrote to Tippoo Saib, as follows :

“ You are of course already informed of my arrival on the banks of the Red Sea, with a numerous and invincible army. Eager to deliver you from the iron yoke of England, I hasten to request that you will send me, by the way of Marcate or Mokha, an account of the political situation in which you are. I also wish that you could send to Suez or Grand Cairo, some able man, in your confidence, with whom I may confer.”*

* It has often been stated that Tippoo Saib wrote to General Bonaparte. He could not reply to a letter written on the 25th of January, owing to the great difficulty of communication, the considerable distance, and the short interval which elapsed between the 25th of January and the fall of the Mysore, which happened on the 20th of April following.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bonaparte's departure for Suez.—Crossing the Desert—Passage of the Red Sea—The Fountain of Moses—The Cenobites of Mount Sinai—Discovery of an ancient canal—Danger in re-crossing the Red Sea—Napoleon's return to Cairo—Money borrowed at Genoa—New designs upon Syria—Dissatisfaction of the Ottoman Porte—MM. de Livron and Hamelin—Plan for invading Asia—Gigantic schemes—General Berthier's permission to return to France—His romantic love and the adored portrait—He gives up his permission to return home—Louis Bonaparte leaves Egypt—The first Cashmere shawl in France—Intercepted correspondence—Departure for Syria—Fountains of Messoudin—Bonaparte jealous—Discontent of the troops—El-Arish taken—Aspect of Syria—Ramleh—Jerusalem.

ON the 24th of December we set out for Suez, where we arrived on the 26th. On the 25th we encamped in the desert, some leagues before Ad-Jeroth. The heat had been very great during the day; but about eleven at night the cold became so severe, as to be just in an inverse ratio to the temperature of the day. This desert, which is the route of the caravans from Suez to Tor, and the countries situated on the north of Arabia, is strewed with the bones of the men and animals who, for ages past, have perished in crossing it.

As there was no wood to be got, we collected a quantity of these bones for fuel. Monge, himself, was induced to sacrifice some of the curious skulls of animals, which he had picked up on the way, and deposited in the berline of the General-in-Chief. But no sooner had we kindled our fires, than an intolerable effluvium obliged us to raise our camp, and advance farther on, for we could procure no water to extinguish the fires.

On the 27th, Bonaparte employed himself in inspecting the town and port of Suez, and giving orders for some naval and military works. He feared, what indeed really occurred, after his departure from Egypt—the arrival of some corps from the East Indies, which he had intended to invade. These corps contributed to the loss of his conquest.

On the morning of the 28th we crossed the Red Sea, dryshod,* to go to the Wells of Moses, which are nearly a myriametre from the eastern coast, and a little south-east of Suez. The gulf of Arabia terminates at about five thousand metres north of that city. Near the port the Red Sea is not above fifteen hundred metres wide, and is always fordable at low water. The caravans, from Tor and Mount Sinai, always pass at that part, either in going to or returning from Egypt. This abridges their journey nearly a myriametre. At high tide the water is five or six feet deep at

* From time immemorial this ford has been called by the people of the country *El Mahadyeh*, the passage.

Suez, and when the wind blows fresh, it often rises to nine or ten feet.

We spent a few hours, seated by the largest of the springs, called the Wells of Moses, situated on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Arabia. We made coffee with the water from these springs, which, however, gave it such a brackish taste, that it was scarcely drinkable.

I shall say nothing of the Cenobites of Mount Sinai, as I had not the honour of seeing them. Neither did I see the register containing the names of Ali, Salah-Eddin, Ibrahim or Abraham, on which Bonaparte is said to have inscribed his name. I perceived, at a distance, some high hills, which were said to be Mount Sinai. I conversed, through the medium of an interpreter, with some Arabian chiefs of Tor, and its neighbourhood. They had been informed of our excursion to the Wells, and that they might there thank the French general for the protection granted to their caravans, and their trade with Egypt. On the 19th of December, before his departure from Suez, Bonaparte signed a sort of safe-guard, or exemption from duties, for the convent of Mount Sinai. This had been granted out of respect to Moses and the Jewish nation, and also because the convent of Mount Sinai is a seat of learning and civilization amidst the barbarism of the deserts.

Though the water of the eight little springs, which form the Wells of Moses, is not so salt as that of many wells dug in other parts of the

deserts, it is, nevertheless, exceedingly brackish, and does not allay thirst so well as fresh water. The water of these fountains is continually flowing, and has not a very disagreeable smell.

On our return to Suez, we went a little to the left to visit the ruins of a large reservoir, constructed, it is said, during the war between the Venetians and the Portuguese, which broke out after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Descending to the sea-coast, General Bonaparte was the first to discover a canal, three or four hundred metres in length. It was lined with good masonry, and might have been repaired at little expence. These canals serve to convey water to the vessels stationed on the eastern bank of the Arabian Gulf.

Bonaparte returned to Suez that same night. It was very dark when we reached the sea shore. The tide was coming up, and the water was pretty high. We deviated a little from the way we had taken in the morning; we crossed a little too low down: we were thrown into disorder, but we did not lose ourselves in the marshes as has been stated.

I have read somewhere, though I did not see the fact, nor did I hear it mentioned at the time, that the tide which was coming up would have been the grave of the General-in-Chief, had not one of the guides saved him by carrying him on his shoulders. If any such danger had existed,

all who had not a similar means of escape must have perished.

This is a mere fabrication. General Caffarelli was the only person who was really in danger, for his wooden-leg prevented him sitting firmly on his horse in the water ; but some persons came to his assistance, and supported him.

Next morning the General-in-Chief was walking with me on the western side of the Gulph, when we saw a man on horseback, advancing towards us. We stopped, and the horseman approached. He proved to be one of our guides, named Semin, who, on our return from the fountains had lingered a little behind the rest, and hearing us calling upon each other as we were fording the sea in the dark, he concluded that some accident had happened, and would not venture forward alone. He therefore ascended the eastern bank, doubled the Gulph, and was on his way back to Suez, when he met the General. When he had left us, Bonaparte said to me, "That fellow is no fool."

On his return to Cairo the General-in-Chief wished to discover the site of the canal, which, in ancient times, formed a junction between the Red Sea and the Nile, by Belbeys. M. Lepère, who was a Member of the Egyptian Institute, and is now Inspector General of Bridges and Causeways, executed on the spot a beautiful plan, which may confidently be consulted by those who wish to form an accurate idea of that ancient communication, and the level of the two seas.

On his arrival at Cairo, Bonaparte again devoted all his thoughts to the affairs of the army, which he had not attended to during his short absence. The revenues of Egypt were far from being sufficient to meet the expences of the army. To defray his own private expences, Bonaparte raised several considerable loans in Genoa, through the medium of M. James. The connection of James with the Bonaparte family takes its date from this period.

Since the month of August, the attention of General Bonaparte had been constantly fixed on Syria. The period of the possible landing of an enemy in Egypt had now passed away, and could not return until the month of July, in the following year. Bonaparte was fully persuaded that that landing would take place, and he was not deceived. The Ottoman Porte had, indeed, been persuaded that the conquest of Egypt was not in her interest. She preferred enduring a rebel whom she hoped one day to subdue, to supporting a power which, under the specious pretext of reducing her insurgent Beys to obedience, deprived her of one of her finest provinces, and threatened the rest of the empire.

On his return to Cairo the General-in-Chief had no longer any doubt as to the course which the Porte intended to adopt. The numerous class of persons who believed that the Ottoman Porte had consented to our occupation of Egypt, were suddenly undeceived. It was then asked how we could, without that consent, have attempted such an enterprise? Nothing, it was

said, could justify the temerity of such an expedition, if it should produce a rupture between France, the Ottoman empire, and its allies. However, for the remainder of the year Bonaparte dreaded nothing except an expedition from Gazah and El-Arish, of which the troops of Djezzar had already taken possession. This occupation was justly regarded as a decided act of hostility; war was thus declared. "We must adopt anticipatory measures," thought Napoleon; "we must destroy this advanced guard of the Ottoman empire, overthrow the ramparts of Jaffa and Acre, ravage the country, destroy all her resources so as to render the passage of an army impracticable." Thus was planned the expedition against Syria.

At the time fixed for his departure, Bonaparte learned that MM. Livron and Hamelin had arrived in the port of Alexandria. We had received no official news from Europe since the end of June, 1798. The General delayed his departure for Asia for some days, in the hope of receiving letters. There appeared to be something vague in the declarations of Hamelin, who had not come directly from France. He had left Trieste on the 24th of October 1797, and had touched at Ancona and other ports. On the very day of his departure, Bonaparte declared that if in the course of the month he should positively learn that France was at war with the powers of Europe, he would return. I mention this fact beforehand, to explain the departure which gave rise to so many absurd conjectures and incorrect assertions.

Bonaparte saw, with his usual quickness,

the dangers which threatened him from the isthmus of Suez, and he made preparations for averting them; but these measures, which were perfectly natural in the circumstances in which we stood, served to veil one of those gigantic schemes in which his imagination loved to indulge. Had this scheme been put into execution, the fate of France would have depended on new and incalculable combinations. It was on the shore of Saint Jean d'Acre that he first mentioned to me that vast and incredible enterprise, of which he had probably conceived the idea when he wrote to Kleber, some time after the fatal night of the 1st of August:—"If the English continue to inundate the Mediterranean, they will, perhaps, oblige us to do greater things than we otherwise would."

General Berthier, after repeated entreaties, had obtained permission to return to France. The *Courageuse* frigate, which was to convey him home, was preparing at Alexandria; he had received his instructions, and was to leave Cairo on the 29th of January, ten days before Bonaparte's departure for Syria. Bonaparte was sorry to part with him; but he could not endure to see an old friend, and one who had served him well in all his campaigns, dying before his eyes, the victim of nostalgia and romantic love. Besides, Berthier had been, for some time past, any thing but active in the discharge of his duties. His passion, which amounted almost to madness, impaired the feeble faculties with which nature had endowed him. Some writers have ranked him in

the class of sentimental lovers : be this as it may, the homage which Berthier rendered to the portrait of the object of his adoration, more frequently excited our merriment than our sensibility.

One day I went with an order from Bonaparte to the chief of his staff, whom I found on his knees before the portrait of Madame Visconti, which was hanging opposite the door. I touched him, to let him know I was there. He looked round, but did not think proper to interrupt his devotions.

The moment was approaching when the two friends were to part, perhaps, for ever. Bonaparte was sincerely distressed at this separation, and the chief of his staff was informed of the fact. At a moment when it was supposed Berthier was on his way to Alexandria, he presented himself to the General-in-Chief. "You are, then, decidedly going to Asia?" said he.—"You know," replied the General, "that all is ready, and I shall set out in a few days."—"Well, I will not leave you. I voluntarily renounce all idea of returning to France. I could not endure to forsake you at a moment when you are going to encounter new dangers. Here are my instructions and my passport." Bonaparte, highly pleased with this resolution, embraced Berthier ; and the coolness which had been excited by his request to return home was succeeded by a sincere reconciliation.

Louis Bonaparte, who was suffering from the effects of the voyage, was still at Alexandria. The General-in-Chief, yielding to the pacific views of his younger brother, who was also begin-

ning to evince some symptoms of nostalgia, consented to his return home. He could not, however, depart until the 11th of March 1799.

On his return to France, Louis passed through Sens, where he dined with Madame de Bourrienne, to whom he presented a beautiful shawl, which General Berthier had given me. This, I believe, was the first Cashmere that had ever been seen in France. Louis was much surprised when Madame de Bourrienne shewed him the Egyptian correspondence, which had been seized by the English, and printed in London. He found in the collection some letters addressed to himself, and there were others, he said, which were likely to disturb the peace of more than one family, on the return of the army.

On the 11th of February, 1799, we began our march for Syria, with about twelve thousand men. It has been erroneously published, that the army amounted to only six thousand : nearly that number was lost in the course of the campaign. However, at the very moment we were on our way to Syria, with twelve thousand men, scarcely as many being left in Egypt, the Directory published that, "according to the information which had been received," we had sixty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry ; that the army had doubled its numbers, by battles ; and that since our arrival in Egypt, we had lost only three hundred men. Is history to be written from such documents ?

We arrived, about four o'clock in the afternoon, at Messoodiah, or, "the Fortunate Spot." Here

we witnessed a kind of phenomenon, which was not a little agreeable to us. Messoodiah is a place situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, surrounded with little downs of very fine sand, which the copious rains of winter readily penetrate. The rain remains in the sand, so that on making with the finger holes of four or five inches in depth, at the bottom of these little hills, the water immediately flows out. This water was, indeed, rather thick, but its flavour was agreeable; and it would have become clear, if we could have spared time to allow it to rest, and disengage itself from the particles of foreign matter which it contained.

It was a curious spectacle to behold us all lying on the sand, digging wells in miniature, and displaying a laughable selfishness in our endeavours to obtain the most abundant source. This was a very important discovery to us. We found these sand wells at the extremity of the desert, and it contributed, in no small degree, to revive the courage of our soldiers; besides, when men are, as was the case with us, subject to privations of every kind, the least benefit which accrues inspires the hope of a new advantage. We were approaching the confines of Syria, and we enjoyed, by anticipation, the pleasure we were about to experience, on treading a soil which, by its variety of verdure and vegetation, would remind us of our much loved native land. At Messoodiah we likewise possessed the advantage of bathing in the sea, which was not more than fifty paces from our unforeseen wells.

Whilst near the wells of Messoodiah, on our way to El-Arish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during their conversation. The General's countenance, which was always pale, had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features—a wildness in his look, and he several times struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot for about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and as soon as we met, he exclaimed in an abrupt and angry tone, “ So! I find I cannot depend on you.—These women!—Josephine!—If you had loved me, you would before now have told me all I have heard from Junot—he is a real friend—Josephine!—and I six hundred leagues from her—you ought to have told me—Josephine!—That she should have thus deceived me!—Woe to them!—I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies!—As to her divorce!—yes, divorce! a public and open divorce!—I must write!—I know all!—It is your fault—you ought to have told me!” These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that,

if Josephine had committed any faults, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him; that even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ear, and if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected for that purpose the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blameable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself;—that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him. Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word “divorce” still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when any thing seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged of him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated, and that gossip such as that which had been repeated to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt

of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. "My glory!" cried he, "I know not what I would not give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue; so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, a divorce must separate us for ever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph: he will get the divorce declared."

Although his agitation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of these moments of comparative calm to combat this idea of divorce, which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false.—"The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly." These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil, listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it, except that about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet disclosures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived afterwards that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a

Marshal of France, like many of his comrades whom Bonaparte had loved less. It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed by Bonaparte of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favour. He died insane, on the 27th of July, 1813.

Our little army continued its march on El-Arish, where we arrived on the 17th of February. The fatigues experienced in the desert, and the scarcity of water, excited violent murmurs amongst the soldiers during their march across the isthmus. When any person on horseback passed them they studiously expressed their discontent. The advantage possessed by the horseman provoked their sarcasms. I never heard the verses which they are said to have repeated, but they indulged in the most violent language against the republic, the men of science, and those whom they regarded as the authors of the expedition. Nevertheless, these brave fellows, from whom it was not astonishing that the greatest privations should extort complaints, often compensated by their pleasantries for the bitterness of their reproaches.

Many times, during the crossing of the isthmus, I have seen soldiers, parched with thirst, unable to wait till the hour for the distribution of water, pierce the leathern bottles which contained it, and this conduct, so injurious to all, occasioned numerous quarrels.

El-Arish surrendered on the 17th of February. It has been erroneously stated that the garrison of this insignificant place, which was set at liberty

on condition of not again serving against us, was afterwards found amongst the besieged at Jaffa. It has also been stated, that it was because the men, composing the El-Arish garrison, did not proceed to Bagdad, according to the capitulation, that we shot them at Jaffa. We shall presently see the falsehood of these assertions.

On the 28th of February we obtained the first glimpse of the green and fertile plains of Syria, which, in many respects, reminded us of the climate and soil of Europe. We now had rain, and sometimes rather too much. The feelings which the sight of the valleys and mountains called forth, made us, in some degree, forget the hardships and vexations of an expedition of which few persons could foresee the object or end. There are situations in life when the slightest agreeable sensation alleviates all our ills.

On the 1st of March we slept at Ramleh, in a small convent occupied by two monks, who paid us the greatest attention. They gave us the church for an hospital. These good fathers did not fail to tell us that it was through this place the family of Jesus Christ passed into Egypt, and shewed us the wells at which they quenched their thirst. The pure and cool water of these wells delighted us.

Ramleh, the ancient Arimathia, is situated at the base of a chain of mountains, the eastern extremity of which is washed by the Persian Gulf, and the western by the Mediterranean. The recollections of our education, by which the great

events that have occurred in these regions had been impressed on our minds, made every remarkable place to which we came, produce a mysterious effect on our imagination. We were not more than about six leagues from Jerusalem. I asked the General-in-Chief, whether he did not intend to direct his march by the way of that city, so celebrated in many respects. He replied, "Oh, no! Jerusalem is not in my line of operations. I do not wish to be annoyed by mountaineers in difficult roads. And, besides, on the other side of the mountain, I should be assailed by swarms of cavalry. I am not ambitious of the fate of Cassius."

We, therefore, did not interfere with Jerusalem, which was not disturbed by the war. All we did was to send a written declaration to the persons in power at Jerusalem, assuring them that we had no design against that country, and only wished them to remain at peace. To this communication no answer was returned, and nothing more passed on the subject.*

We found, at Ramleh, between two and three hundred Christians in a pitiable state of servitude, misery, and dejection. On conversing with them, I could not help admiring how much the hope of

* Sir Walter Scott says, speaking of Bonaparte, that he believes that little officer of artillery dreamed of being king of Jerusalem. What I have just stated proves that he never thought of such a thing. Of what value is the gratuitous supposition of that writer? The "little officer of artillery" had a far more splendid dream in his head.

future rewards may console under present ills. But I learnt from many of them, that they did not live in harmony together. The feelings of hatred and jealousy are not less common amongst these people, than amongst the better instructed inhabitants of rich and populous cities. The same passions exhibit themselves wherever men are congregated.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival at Jaffa—The Siege—Beauharnais and Croisier—Four thousand prisoners—Scarcity of provisions—Councils of war—Dreadful necessity—The massacre—The plague—Lannes and the Mountaineers—Barbarity of Djezzar—Arrival at St. Jean d’Acre, and abortive attacks—Death of Caffarelli—Sir Sidney Smith—Duroc wounded—Rash bathings—Monuments in Egypt—Loss of the *Italie*—Bonaparte’s presentiment.

ON arriving before Jaffa, where there were already some troops, the first person I met was Adjutant-General Gresieux, with whom I was well acquainted. I wished him good day, and offered him my hand. “Good God! what are you about?” said he to me, opposing my approach by a very abrupt gesture; “you may have the plague. People do not touch here.” I mentioned the circumstance to Bonaparte, who said, “If he be afraid of the plague, he will die of it.” We learnt shortly after, at St. Jean d’Acre, that he was attacked by that malady, and soon sank under it. He had been appointed commandant of the provinces of Gazah and Ramleh on the 13th of March.

On the 4th of March we commenced the siege of Jaffa. That paltry place, which, to round a sentence, was pompously styled the antient Joppa, held out only to the 6th of March, when it was taken by storm, and given up to pillage. The massacre was horrible. General Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease the fury of the soldiers as much as possible, to observe what was passing, and to report to him. They learnt that a considerable part of the garrison had retired into some vast buildings, a sort of caravanseras, which formed a large enclosed court. Beauharnais and Croisier, who were distinguished by wearing the aide-de-camp scarf on the arm, proceeded to that place. The Arnauts and Albanians, of whom these refugees were almost entirely composed, cried, from the windows, that they were willing to surrender upon an assurance that they would be exempted from the massacre to which the town was doomed; if not, they threatened to fire on the aides-de-camp, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The two officers thought that they ought to accede to the proposition, notwithstanding the decree of death which had been pronounced against the whole garrison, in consequence of the town being taken by storm. They brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about two thousand five hundred men, the other of about fifteen hundred.

I was walking with General Bonaparte, in front of his tent, when he saw this multitude of men

approaching, and before he even saw his aides-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow: "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them?—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why, in the Devil's name, have they served me thus?" After their arrival, and the explanations which the General-in-Chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugene and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct. But the deed was done. Four thousand men were there. It was necessary to decide upon their fate. The two aides-de-camp observed, that they had found themselves alone in the midst of numerous enemies, and that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. "Yes, doubtless," replied the General-in-Chief, with great warmth, "as to women, children, and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?" These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre fury was depicted in their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.

On the first day of their arrival, a council of war was held in the tent of the General-in-Chief, to determine what course should be pursued with

respect to them. The council deliberated a long time without coming to any decision.

On the evening of the following day, the daily reports of the generals of division came in. They spoke of nothing but the insufficiency of the rations, the complaints of the soldiers—of their murmurs and discontent at seeing their bread given to enemies, who had been withdrawn from their vengeance, inasmuch as a decree of death, in conformity with the laws of war, had been passed on Jaffa. All these reports were alarming, and especially that of General Bon, in which no reserve was made. He spoke of nothing less than the fear of a revolt, which would be justified by the serious nature of the case.

The council assembled again. All the generals of division were summoned to attend, and for several hours together they discussed, under separate questions, what measures might be adopted, with the most sincere desire to discover and execute one which would save the lives of these unfortunate prisoners.

Should they be sent into Egypt? Could it be done?

To do so, it would be necessary to send with them a numerous escort, which would too much weaken our little army in the enemy's country. How, besides, could they and the escort be supported till they reached Cairo, having no provisions to give them on setting out, and their route being through a hostile territory, which we had exhausted, which presented no fresh resources,

and through which we, perhaps, might have to return.

Should they be embarked?

Where were the ships?—Where could they be found? All our optical instruments, directed over the sea, could not descry a single friendly sail. Bonaparte, I affirm, would have regarded such an event as a real favour of fortune. It was, and I am glad to have to say it, this sole idea, this sole hope, which made him brave, for three days, the murmurs of his army. But in vain was help looked for seaward. It did not come.

Should the prisoners be set at liberty?

They would then instantly proceed to St. Jean d'Acre to reinforce the Pacha, or else, throwing themselves into the mountains of Naplouse, would greatly annoy our rear and right flank, and deal out death to us, as a recompense for the life we had given them. There could be no doubt of this. What is a Christian dog to a Turk? It would even have been a religious and meritorious act in the eyes of the prophet.

Could they be incorporated, disarmed, with our soldiers in the ranks?

Here again the question of food presented itself in all its force. Next came to be considered the danger of having such comrades, while marching through an enemy's country. What might happen in the event of a battle before St. Jean d'Acre? Could we even tell what might occur during the march?—and, finally, what must be done with them when under the

ramparts of that town, if we should be able to take them there? The same embarrassments with respect to the questions of provisions and security would then recur with increased force.

The third day arrived without its being possible, anxiously as it was desired, to come to any conclusion favourable to the preservation of these unfortunate men. The murmurs in the camp grew louder—the evil went on increasing—remedy appeared impossible—danger was real and imminent.

The order for shooting the prisoners was given and executed on the 10th of March. We did not, as has been stated, separate the Egyptians from the other prisoners. There were no Egyptians.

Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of the reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced, they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

I confine myself to these details of this act of dreadful necessity, of which I was an eye witness. Others who, like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary

result. This atrocious scene still makes me shudder, when I think of it, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to this day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions, all the conferences, all the deliberations. It may be supposed that I had not a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed.

War, unfortunately, presents too many occasions on which a law, immutable in all ages, and common to all nations, requires that private interests should be sacrificed to a great general interest, and that even humanity should be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether this terrible situation was that in which Bonaparte was placed. For my own part, I have a perfect conviction that he could not do otherwise than yield to the dire necessity of the case. It was the advice of the Council, whose opinion was unanimous in favour of the execution, that governed him. In-

deed I ought, in truth, to say, that he yielded only in the last extremity, and was one of those, perhaps, who beheld the massacre with the deepest regret.

After the siege of Jaffa, the plague began to exhibit itself with a little more virulence. We lost between seven and eight hundred men by the contagion during the campaign of Syria.*

During our march on St. Jean d'Acre, commenced on the 14th of March, the army neither obtained the brilliant triumphs nor encountered the numerous obstacles spoken of in certain works. Nothing of importance occurred but a rash skirmish of General Lannes, who, in spite of contrary orders from Bonaparte, obstinately pursued a troop of mountaineers into the passes of Naplouse. On returning, he found the mountaineers placed in ambush in great numbers amongst rocks, the windings of which they were well acquainted with, whence they fired close upon our troops, whose situation rendered them unable to defend themselves. During the time of this foolish and useless enterprise, especially while the firing was brisk, Bonaparte exhibited much impatience, and it must be confessed his

* Sir Walter Scott says, that Heaven sent this pestilence amongst us, to avenge the massacre of Jaffa. This is double silliness. In the first place, it would have been far better for Heaven to have prevented the massacre ; in the next place, Kleber's division caught the seeds of that dreadful malady at Damietta. It was developed and propagated on our march ; and in fact was carried into Syria with us.

anger was but natural. The Naplosians halted at the openings of the mountain defiles. Bonaparte reproached Lannes bitterly for having uselessly exposed himself, and "sacrificed, without any object, a number of brave men." Lannes excused himself by saying that the mountaineers had defied him, and he wished to chastise the rabble. "We are not in a condition to play the swaggerer," replied Napoleon.

On the 18th of March we arrived before St. Jean d'Acre. On our arrival, we learnt that Djazzar had cut off the head of our envoy, Mailly-de-Chateau-Renaud, and thrown his body into the sea in a sack. This cruel Pasha was guilty of a great number of similar executions. The waves frequently drove dead bodies towards the coast, and we came upon them whilst bathing.

The details of the siege of Acre are well known. Although surrounded by a wall, flanked with strong towers, and having, besides, a broad and deep ditch defended by works, this little fortress did not appear likely to hold out against French valour and the skill of our corps of engineers and artillery: but the ease and rapidity with which Jaffa had been taken, occasioned us to overlook in some degree the comparative strength of the two places, and the difference of their respective situations. At Jaffa we had sufficient artillery: at St. Jean d'Acre we had not. At Jaffa we had to deal only with a garrison left to itself: at St. Jean d'Acre we were opposed by a garrison strength-

ened by reinforcements of men and supplies of provisions, supported by the English fleet, and assisted by European science.

Sir Sidney Smith was, without contradiction, the man who did us the greatest injury. Much has been said respecting his communications with the General-in-Chief. The reproaches which the latter cast upon him for endeavouring to seduce the soldiers and officers of the army by tempting offers, were the more singular, even if they were well founded, inasmuch as these means are frequently employed by leaders in war. As to the embarking of French prisoners on board a vessel in which the plague existed, the improbability of the circumstance alone, but especially the notorious facts of the case, repel this odious accusation. I observed the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith closely at the time, and I remarked in him a chivalric spirit, which sometimes hurried him into trifling eccentricities; but I affirm that his behaviour towards the French was that of a gallant enemy. I have seen many letters, in which the writers informed him that they “were very sensible of the good treatment which the French experienced when they fell into his hands.” Let any one examine Sir Sidney’s conduct before the capitulation of El Arish, and after its rupture, and then they can judge of his character.

All our manœuvres, our works and attacks, were made with that levity and carelessness which over confidence inspires. Kleber, whilst

walking with me one day in the lines of our camp, frequently expressed his surprise and discontent. "The trenches," said he, "do not come up to my knees." Besieging artillery was, of necessity, required: we commenced with field artillery. This encouraged the besieged, who perceived the weakness of our resources. The besieging artillery, consisting only of three twenty-four pounders six and eighteen pounders, was not brought up until the end of April, and before that period three assaults had taken place with very serious loss. On the 4th of May our powder began to fail us. This cruel event obliged us to slacken our fire. We also wanted shot; and an order of the day fixed a price to be given for all balls, according to their calibre, which might be picked up after being fired from the fortress or the two ships of the line, the Tiger and Theseus, which were stationed on each side of the harbour. These two vessels embarrassed the communication between the camp and the trenches; but though they made much noise, they did little harm. A ball from one of them killed an officer on the evening the siege was raised.

The enemy had within the walls some excellent riflemen, chiefly Albanians. They placed stones, one over the other, on the walls, put their fire-arms through the interstices, and thus, completely sheltered, fired with destructive precision.

On the 9th of April, General Caffarelli, so well known for his courage and talents, was passing through the trench, his hand resting as he stooped

on his hip, to preserve the equilibrium which his wooden leg impaired; his elbow only was raised above the trench. He was warned that the enemy's shot, fired close upon us, did not miss the smallest object. He paid no attention to any observations of this kind, and in a few instants his elbow joint was fractured. Amputation of the arm was judged indispensable. The general survived the operation eighteen days. Bonaparte went regularly twice a day to his tent. By his order, added to my friendship for Caffarelli, I scarcely ever quitted him. Shortly before he expired, he said to me, "My Dear Bourrienne, be so good as to read to me Voltaire's preface to the *Esprit des Lois*." When I returned to the tent of the General-in-Chief, he asked, "How is Caffarelli?" I replied, "He is near his end; but he asked me to read him Voltaire's preface to the *Esprit des Lois*. He is just fallen asleep." Bonaparte said, "What! To wish to hear that preface! How singular!" He went to see Caffarelli, but he was still asleep. I returned to him that evening, and received his last breath. He departed with the utmost composure. His death was equally regretted by the soldiers and the men of science who accompanied us. It was a just regret, fully due to this distinguished man, in whom very extensive information was united with great courage and an amiable disposition.

On the 10th of May, when an assault took place, Bonaparte proceeded at an early hour to the trenches. Croisier, who was mentioned on

our arrival at Damanhour, and, on the capture of Jaffa, had in vain courted death since the commencement of the siege. Life had become insupportable to him since the unfortunate affair at Jaffa. He as usual accompanied his general to the trenches. Believing that the termination of the siege, which was supposed to be near, would postpone indefinitely the death which he sought, he mounted a battery. In this situation his tall figure uselessly provoked all the enemy's shots. "Croisier, come down, I command you; you have no business there," cried Bonaparte, in a loud and imperative tone. Croisier remained without making any reply. A moment after a ball passed through his right leg. Amputation was not considered indispensable. On the day of our departure he was placed on a litter, which was borne by sixteen men, alternately, eight at a time. I received his last farewell between Gazah and El Arish, where he died, of tetanus. His modest tomb will not be often disturbed.

The siege of St. Jean d'Acre lasted sixteen days. During that time, eight assaults and twelve sorties took place. In the assault of the 8th of May, more than two hundred men penetrated into the town. Victory was already shouted; but the breach having been taken in reserve by the Turks, it was not approached without some degree of hesitation, and the two hundred men who had entered, were not supported. The streets were barricadoed. The cries, the howlings of the women, who ran through the streets, throwing,

according to the custom of the country, dust in the air, excited the male inhabitants to a desperate resistance, which rendered unavailing this short occupation of the town, by a handful of men, who, finding themselves left without assistance, retreated towards the breach. Many who could not reach it, perished in the town. During this assault, Duroc, who was in the trench, was wounded in the right thigh by the bursting of an howitzer, fired against the fortifications. Fortunately, this accident only carried away the flesh from the bone, which remained untouched. He had a tent in common with several other aides-de-camp; but, for his better accommodation, I gave him mine, and I scarcely ever quitted him. Entering his tent one day about noon, I found him in a profound sleep. The excessive heat had compelled him to throw off all covering, and part of his wound was exposed. I perceived a scorpion, which had crawled up the leg of the camp bed, and approached very near to the wound. I had the good fortune to strike it to the ground. The sudden motion of my hand awoke Duroc.

We often bathed in the sea. Sometimes the English, perhaps after taking a double allowance of grog, would fire at our heads, which appeared above water. I am not aware that any accident was occasioned by their cannonade; but as we were out of reach of their guns, we paid scarcely any attention to the firing. It was even a subject of amusement to us.

Had our attack on St. Jean d'Acre been less

precipitate, and had the siege been undertaken according to the rules of war, the place would not have held out three days: one assault, like that of the 8th of May, would have been sufficient. If, in the situation in which we were on the day when we first came in sight of the ramparts of Acre, we had made a less inconsiderate estimate of the strength of the place; if we had likewise taken into consideration the active co-operation of the English and the Ottoman Porte; our absolute want of artillery, of sufficient calibre; our scarcity of gunpowder, and the difficulty of procuring food, we certainly would not have undertaken the siege: and that would have been by far the wisest course.

Towards the end of the siege the General-in-Chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in the northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called Mahhady. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic, Mahhady, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing, was, to attack our rear, by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket-shots.

I was astonished that we received no news from Upper Egypt. "Dessaix is there," said Bonaparte to me. "I am under no apprehension." Only a few days afterwards we received intelligence from that general, who was constantly

beating and pursuing the indefatigable Mourad and his adherents. His despatches apprised Bonaparte that a very fine and large djerme (a boat of the Nile), which had been named the *Italy*, had run aground at the village of Benouth, on the west bank of the Nile, after an obstinate engagement. This djerme had on board a great part of the musicians of the 61st demi-brigade, a number of troops, some wounded soldiers, and a quantity of provisions. Morandi, the commander, by maintaining a desperate fire, killed a great number of Fellahs and Arabs; but, seeing no hope of success or escape, and being unwilling to surrender to the barbarians, he set fire to the powder magazine, and blew up the djerme. He perished in the waves. All who escaped the flames, were massacred by the Arabs of Yambo, the most ferocious tribe of the natives. The private letters, which accompanied this despatch, contained horrible pictures of the cruelties committed by these barbarians. They tied the prisoners to trees, and compelled the unfortunate musicians to play on their instruments, while their wretched comrades expired amidst the most dreadful torments. Next, the unfortunate musicians themselves, every individual, to the last man, perished in the same manner. This sad intelligence, with the name of the djerme, made a deep impression on Bonaparte, who said to me, in a prophetic tone, "My dear friend, France has lost Italy. It is all over. My forebodings never deceive me." I

observed to him, that there could, in reality, be no connection between Italy and a bark destroyed, at the distance of eight hundred leagues from the city of which it bore the name. But nothing could remove his first impression. The reality of his presentiment, he firmly believed, would soon be confirmed.

CHAPTER XX.

The siege of Acre raised—Attention to names in Bulletins—Gigantic project—The Druses—Mount Carmel—The wounded and infected—Order to march on foot—Loss of our cannon—A Naplousian fires at Bonaparte—Return to Jaffa—Bonaparte visits the plague hospital—A potion given—Bonaparte's statement at St. Helena.

THE siege of Saint Jean d'Acre was raised on the 20th of May. It cost us a loss of nearly three thousand men, in killed, and deaths by the plague, or wounds. A great number were wounded mortally. In those veracious documents, the bulletins, the French loss was made five hundred killed, and one thousand wounded, and the enemy's more than fifteen thousand.

Our bulletins may form curious materials for history; but their value certainly will not depend on the credit due to their details. Bonaparte attached the greatest importance to those documents, generally drawing them up himself, or correcting them, when written by another hand, if the composition did not please him.

It must be confessed, that at that time nothing so much flattered self-love as being mentioned in

a bulletin. Bonaparte was well aware of this; he knew that to insert a name in a bulletin, was conferring a great honour, and that its exclusion was a severe disappointment. General Berthier, to whom I had expressed a strong desire to examine the works of the siege, took me over them; but notwithstanding his promise of secrecy, he mentioned the circumstance to the General-in-Chief, who had desired me not to approach the works. "What did you go there for?" said Bonaparte to me, with some severity; "that is not your place." I replied, that Berthier told me that no assault would take place that day; and, he believed, there would be no sortie, as the garrison had made one the preceding evening. "What matters that? There might have been another. Those who have nothing to do in such places are always the first victims. Let every man mind his own business. Wounded or killed, I would not even have noticed you in the bulletin. You would have been laughed at, and that justly."

Bonaparte, not having at this time experienced reverses, having continually proceeded from triumph to triumph, confidently anticipated the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. In his letters to the generals in Egypt, he fixed the 25th April for the accomplishment of that event. He reckoned that the grand assault against the tower could not be made before that day; it took place, however, twenty-four hours sooner. "The slightest circumstances produce the greatest events," said

Napoleon, according to the memorial of St. Helena; "had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." And again, "The fate of the East lay in that small town." This idea is not one which he first began to entertain at St. Helena; he often repeated the very same words at St. Jean d'Acre. On the shore of Ptolemais gigantic projects agitated him, as, doubtless, regret for not having carried them into execution tormented him at St. Helena.

Almost every evening Bonaparte and myself used to walk together, at a little distance from the sea-shore. The day after the unfortunate assault of the 8th of May, Bonaparte, afflicted at seeing the blood of so many brave men uselessly shed, said to me—"Bourrienne, I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced not to attempt a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the Pasha's treasures, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will stir up, and arm the people of Syria, who are disgusted at the ferocity of Djezzar, and who, as you know, pray for his destruction at every assault. I shall then march upon Damascus and Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will flock round my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude, and of the tyrannical governments of the Pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiery. I shall overturn the Turkish Empire, and found, in the

East, a new and grand empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity. Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the House of Austria." After I had made some observations, which these grand projects naturally suggested, he replied, "What! do you not see that the Druses only wait for the fall of Acre, to rise in rebellion? Have not the keys of Damascus already been offered me? I only stay till these walls fall, because, until then, I can derive no advantage from this large town. By the operation, which I meditate, I cut off all kind of succour from the Beys, and secure the conquest of Egypt. I will have Dessaix nominated Commander-in-chief; but if I do not succeed in the last assault I am about to attempt, I set off directly. Time presses. I shall not be at Cairo before the middle of June. The winds will then be favourable for ships bound to Egypt from the north. Constantinople will send troops to Alexandria and Rosetta. I must be there. As for the army, which will arrive afterwards by land, I do not fear it this year. I will cause every thing to be destroyed, all the way to the entrance of the desert. I will render the passage of an army impossible for two years. Troops cannot exist amidst ruins."

As soon as I returned to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory; and I may venture to say, that every word I put down is correct. It is but right to add, that during the siege our camp was

constantly filled with the inhabitants, who invoked Heaven to favour our arms, and prayed fervently at every assault for our success, many of them on their knees, with their faces to the city. It is also true that the people of Damascus had offered the keys to Bonaparte. Thus every thing contributed to make him confident in his favourite plan.

The Druses, on whom Bonaparte reckoned so much, and who are commonly regarded as half Christians, adorers of the cross, and descendants of the Crusaders, are neither one nor the other. This error has been again advanced in a recent work, where they are called a Christian population. My own opinions entirely agree with those of a judicious writer, whose accounts respecting the East never deceive, while M. Savary's are mere romances. We learned, at Cairo, that he got up his travels seated very comfortably in his chamber, from information the most extraordinary and absurd; and that when he says, "I saw such and such a thing—I spoke to this or that Sheik"—he saw nothing, and spoke to nobody.

The Druses, who inhabit that part of Syria, situated between the river Rab and the valley of Beyac, as far as Sour, are a sect of Mussulmans, formed at the commencement of the eleventh century. They consider it useless to fast, pray, circumcise, to perform pilgrimages, or to observe festivals; that prohibitions from tasting pork or wine are absurd, and that marriages between brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters, are not

unlawful, though few of the kind occur among them. In the first part of the seventeenth century, the Emir of the Druses, Fakr-el-Din, commonly called Fakardin, went to Florence, to the court of the Medici, to solicit assistance against the Turks, which, after some time, was promised. Pains were then taken to discover who were the Druses, and what was their religion—a religion so equivocal, that no one knew whether it was Christian or Mussulman. The Crusades were then recurred to, and it was imagined that a people, seeking refuge in the mountains, and hostile to the Turks, must be a race of Crusaders. Fakr-el-Din confirmed a prejudice which favoured his purpose, and had, besides, the address to claim a relationship with the House of Lorraine. The learned in etymologies, dazzled by the resemblance of names, would have it that Druses and Dreux are exactly one and the same thing, and on this foundation built the story of a supposed French colony, established in Lebanon, under a Count de Dreux. This fable, however, cannot be sustained, as Benjamin of Toledo mentions the Druses before the time of the Crusades. Besides, the Druses speak pure Arabic, without the mixture of any European language. The true derivation of the word is from the founder of the sect, Mohammed-ben-Ismael, surnamed Eldorzi.

The troops left St. Jean d'Acre on the 20th of May, taking advantage of the night to avoid a sortie from the besieged, and to conceal the retreat of the army, which had to march three leagues

along the shore, exposed to the fire of the English vessels, lying in the roads of Mount Carmel. The removal of the wounded and sick commenced on the 18th and 19th of May.

Bonaparte then made a proclamation, which, from one end to the other, offends against truth. It has been published in many works. The season of the year for hostile landing is there very dexterously placed in the foreground ; all the rest is a deceitful exaggeration. It must be observed, that the proclamations which Bonaparte regarded as calculated to dazzle an ever too credulous public, were amplifications often ridiculous and incomprehensible, upon the spot, and which only excited the laughter of men of common sense. In all Bonaparte's correspondence there is an endeavour to disguise his reverses, and impose on the public, and even on his own generals. For example, he wrote to General Dugna, commandant of Cairo, on the 15th February, " I will bring you plenty of prisoners and flags!" One would almost be inclined to say, that he had resolved during his stay in the East, thus to pay a tribute to the country of fables.

We proceeded along the Mediterranean, and passed Mount Carmel. Some of the wounded were carried on litters, the remainder on horses, mules, and camels. At a short distance from Mount Carmel, we were informed that three soldiers, ill of the plague, who were left in a convent which served for a hospital, and aban-

done too confidentially to the generosity of the Turks, had been barbarously put to death.

A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sand-hills, quite disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness, and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off the litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected, or those only suspected of infection, deserted and left to themselves. The march was illumined by torches, lighted for the purpose of setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets, which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction, seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying, who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, "I am not infected—I am only wounded;" and to convince those who they addressed, they re-opened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them.

“ It is all over with him,” was the observation applied to the unfortunate beings in succession, while every one pressed onward. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea ; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves ; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true situation.

We reached Tentoura on the 20th of May, when a most oppressive heat prevailed, and produced general dejection. We had nothing to sleep on, but the parched and burning sand ; on our left lay a hostile sea ; our losses in wounded and sick were already considerable, since leaving Acre ; and there was nothing consolatory in the future. The truly afflicting condition, in which the remains of an army, called *triumphant*, were plunged, produced, as might well be expected, a corresponding impression on the mind of the General-in-Chief. Scarcely had he arrived at Tentoura, when he ordered his tent to be pitched. He then called me, and with a mind occupied by the calamities of our situation, dictated an order that every one should march on foot ; and that all the horses, mules, and camels, should be given up to the wounded, the sick, and infected, who had been removed, and who still shewed signs of life. “ Carry that to Berthier,” said he ; and the order was instantly despatched. Scarcely had I returned to the tent, when Vigogne, the General-in-Chief’s equerry, entered, and, raising his hand to

his cap, said, "General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?" In the state of excitation in which Bonaparte was, this question irritated him so violently, that, raising his whip, he gave the equerry a severe blow on the head, saying, in a terrible voice, "Every one must go on foot, you rascal—I the first. Do you not know the order? Be off!"

Every one in parting with his horse was now anxious to avoid giving it to any unfortunate individual supposed to be suffering from plague. Much pains were taken to ascertain the nature of the disease of the sick; and no difficulty was made in accommodating the wounded or amputated. For my part, I had an excellent horse, a mule, and two camels, all which I gave up with the greatest pleasure; but I confess that I directed my servant to do all he could to prevent an infected person from getting my horse. It was returned to me in a very short time. The same thing happened to many others. The reason may be easily conjectured.

The remains of our heavy artillery were lost in the moving sands of Tentoura, from the want of horses, the small number that remained being employed in more indispensable services. The soldiers seemed to forget their own sufferings, plunged in grief at the loss of those bronze guns, often the instrument of their triumphs, and which had made Europe tremble.

We halted at Cæsarea on the 22d May, and we marched all the following night. Towards day-

break, a man, concealed in a bush, upon the left of the road, (the sea was two paces from us on the right) fired a musket almost close to the head of the General-in-Chief, who was sleeping on his horse. I was beside him. The wood being searched, the Naplousian was taken without difficulty, and ordered to be shot on the spot. Four guides pushed him towards the sea, by thrusting their carbines against his back; when close to the water's edge, they drew the triggers, but all the four muskets hung fire: a circumstance which was accounted for by the great humidity of the night. The Syrian threw himself into the water, and swimming with great agility and rapidity, gained a ridge of rocks so far off, that not a shot from the whole troop, which fired as it passed, reached him. Bonaparte, who continued his march, desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, and to tell him not to forget the Naplousian. The poor fellow was, I believe, shot at last.

We returned to Jaffa the 24th of May, and stopped there during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. This town had lately been the scene of a horrible transaction, dictated by necessity, and it was again destined to witness the exercise of the same dire law. Here I have a severe duty to perform—I will perform it. I will state what I know, what I saw.

I have seen the following passage in a certain work:—“Bonaparte, having arrived at Jaffa, ordered three removals of the infected; one by

sea, to Damietta, and also by land : the second to Gazah ; and the third, to El-Arish !” So many words, so many errors !

Some tents were pitched on an eminence near the gardens east of Jaffa. Orders were given directly to undermine the fortifications and blow them up ; and on the 27th May, upon the signal being given, the town was in a moment laid bare. An hour afterwards, the General-in-Chief left his tent and repaired to the town, accompanied by Berthier, some physicians and surgeons, and his usual staff. I was also one of the party. A long and sad deliberation took place on the question which now arose relative to the men who were incurably ill of the plague, or who were at the point of death. After a discussion of the most serious and conscientious kind, it was decided to accelerate a few moments, by a potion, a death which was inevitable, and which would otherwise be painful and cruel.

Bonaparte took a rapid view of the destroyed ramparts of the town, and returned to the hospital ; where there were men whose limbs had been amputated, many wounded, many afflicted with ophthalmia, whose lamentations were distressing, and some infected with the plague. The beds of the last description of patients were to the right on entering the first hall. I walked by the General’s side, and I assert that I never saw him touch any one of the infected. And why should he have done so ? They were in the last stage of the disease. Not

one of them spoke a word to him, and Bonaparte well knew that he possessed no protection against the plague. Is Fortune to be again brought forward here? She had, in truth, little favoured him during the few last months he had trusted to her favours. I ask, why should he have exposed himself to certain death, and have left his army in the midst of a desert created by our ravages, in a desolate town, without succour, and without the hope of ever receiving any? Would he have acted right in doing so?—he who was evidently so necessary, so indispensable, to his army;—he, on whom depended at that moment the lives of all who had survived the last disaster, and who had proved their attachment to him by their sufferings, their privations, and their unshaken courage, and who had done all that he could have required of men, and whose only trust was in him.

Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps he repeated these words:—“The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at Saint Jean d’Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there.—In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let all those who have strength enough, rise, and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses.” There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital; and all accounts stating a greater number, are exagger-

rated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients, announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were, would evidently have been doing nothing else than inoculating the rest of the army with the plague. I have, it is true, learned, since my return to Europe, that some persons touched the infected with impunity; nay, that others went so far as to inoculate themselves with the plague, in order to learn how to cure those whom it might attack. It certainly was a special protection from Heaven to be preserved from it; but to cover in some degree the absurdity of such a story, it is added that they knew how to *élude* the danger, and that any one else who braved it, without using precautions, met with death for their temerity. This is, in fact, the whole point of the question. Either those privileged persons took indispensable precautions, and in that case their boasted heroism is a mere juggler's trick, or they touched the infected without using precautions, and inoculated themselves with the plague, thus voluntarily encountering death, and then the story is really a good one.

The infected were confided, it has been stated, to the head apothecary of the army, Roger, who, dying in Egypt three years after, carried the secret with him to the grave. But on a moment's reflection, it will be evident that the leaving of Roger alone in Jaffa, would have been to devote to certain death, and that a prompt and cruel one, a man who was extremely useful to the

army, and who was at the time in perfect health. It must be remembered that no guard could be left with him, and that the Turks were close at our heels. Bonaparte truly said, while walking through the rooms of the hospital, that the Turks would be at Jaffa in an hour. With this conviction, would he have left the head apothecary in that town?

People can never have enough, it would seem, of conquests, glory, and brilliant deeds; but, unfortunately, their share of misery must be taken along with them. The sounding boasts of glory and of triumph are preferred to the simple words of peace and happiness; let it not be forgotten that to those proud pretensions peace and happiness must often be sacrificed. Before fixing the stigma of cruelty on a military chief, who is precipitated by reverses and disastrous circumstances into fatal extremities, we ought first to place ourselves in his identical position, and then ask, with the hand on the heart, whether we could have acted otherwise? If we could not, it becomes us then to pity him, who was forced to do that, which will always be revolting; but at the same time, we ought to acquit him. Victory, it must be frankly avowed, is never acquired, and can never be acquired, but by such deeds of horror, or others of a like nature.

The official report of what passed at Jaffa was drawn up by Berthier, under the eye of Bonaparte. It has been published; but it may be remarked, that not a word about the infected, not

a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague-patients with impunity, is there mentioned. In no official report is any thing said about the matter. Why this silence? Bonaparte was not the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. If the infected were removed, why not mention it? Why be silent on so important an event? But it would have been necessary to confess, that the being obliged to have recourse to so painful a measure, was the unavoidable consequence of this unfortunate expedition. Very disagreeable details must have been entered into; and it was thought more advisable to be silent on the subject.

I am not unaware that there are several versions of this transaction, which might at once have been frankly avowed, shewing at the same time that indispensable and cruel necessity impelled to it. For my part, I have just related what I believed to have been true at that time, and what I believe true at the present. I cannot say that I saw the potion administered. I should state an untruth if I did. I cannot name any person concerned in the matter, without hazarding a misrepresentation. But I well know that the decision was come to after that deliberation, which was due to so important a measure, that the order was given, and that the infected are dead. What! shall that which formed the subject of the whole conversation of the head-quarters, on the day after leaving Jaffa, and was spoken of without

any question of its reality; which was regarded by us as a dreadful but unavoidable misfortune; which was never mentioned in the army but as a fact, of which there was no doubt, and only the details of which were inquired after—I appeal to every honourable man who was present for the truth of what I state—shall that, I say, be now stigmatised as a malignant calumny fabricated to injure the reputation of a hero, who, were this the only reproach that might be addressed to him, would go down with little blemish on his character, to posterity?

But what did Napoleon himself say on the subject, at St. Helena? According to his own statement, “he ordered a consultation as to what was best to be done.” The report which was made stated that there were seven or eight men (the question is not about the number) so dangerously ill that they could not live beyond twenty-four hours, and would besides infect the rest of the army with the plague. It was thought it would be an act of charity to anticipate their death a few hours. Then comes the fable of the five hundred men of the rear guard, who, it is pretended, saw them die. “I make no doubt that the story of the poisoning was the invention of Den——. He was a babbler, who understood a story badly, and repeated it worse.—I do not think it would have been a crime to have given opium to the infected. On the contrary, it would have been obedience to the dictates of reason. Where is the man who would not, in such a situation, have

preferred a prompt death, to being exposed to the lingering tortures inflicted by barbarians? If my child, and I believe I love him as much as any father does his, had been in such a state, my advice would have been the same; if I had been among the infected myself, I should have demanded to be so treated."

Such was his reasoning at St. Helena, and such was the view which he and every one else took of the case twenty years ago, at Jaffa.

Our little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th of June, after a painful and harassing march of twenty-five days. The heat, during the passage of the desert, between El-Arish and Belbeys, exceeded thirty-three degrees. On placing the bulb of the thermometer in the sand the mercury rose to forty-five degrees. The deceitful mirage was even more vexatious than in the plains of Bohahireh. In spite of our experience, an excessive thirst, added to a perfect illusion, made us goad on our wearied horses towards lakes which vanished at our approach, and left behind nothing but salt and arid sand. In two days my cloak was completely covered with salt, left on it after the evaporation of the moisture, which held it in solution. Our horses, who ran eagerly to the brackish springs of the desert, perished in numbers, after travelling about a quarter of a league from the spots where they drank the deleterious fluid.

The ill success of the campaign of Syria gave rise to unmeasured complaints, and to reflections

naturally caused by our situation. "Why," it was asked, "go to meet an army, which was not then in existence? Why, if that army must come some time or other to attack Egypt, spare it the difficulties and inconveniences of crossing the desert; and why go and besiege that army in its own entrenchments, instead of waiting for it in the plains of Egypt? Was it not known that the sea, which must act so important a part in such an expedition, was the ally of our enemies?" This reasoning would have been unanswerable, had the real object of the expedition only been, what the proclamations and the official documents announced it to be; namely, to annihilate or to weaken the power of the butcher of Syria. But under that pretence was concealed one of those gigantic projects, which the ardent imagination of Bonaparte, and his indefatigable passion for action, was continually generating.

Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt, by one of those lying bulletins, which only imposed on fools. "I will bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and flags. I have razed the palace of Djeddar and the ramparts of Acre, —not a stone remains upon another. All the inhabitants have left the city by sea. Djeddar is severely wounded."

I confess that I experienced a painful sensation, in writing, by his dictation, these official words, every one of which was an imposition. Excited by all I had just witnessed, it was difficult for me to refrain from making some observation; but his

constant reply was, " My dear fellow, you are a simpleton : you do not understand this business." And he observed, when signing the bulletin, that he would fill the world with admiration, and inspire historians and poets.

Our return to Cairo has been attributed to the insurrections, which broke out during the unfortunate expedition into Syria. Nothing is more incorrect. The term insurrection cannot be properly applied to the foolish enterprises of the Angel El-Mohady, in the Bohahireh, or to the less important disturbances in the Sharkyeh. The reverses experienced before St. Jean d'Acre, the fear, or rather the prudent anticipation of a hostile landing, were sufficient motives, and the only ones, for our return to Egypt. What more could we do in Syria, but lose men and time, neither of which the General had to spare ?

CHAPTER XXI.

Bonaparte's talent for expressing his ideas—His Notes on Egypt.

OF all the historical works handed down to us by antiquity, those rare and precious books are the most entitled to our regard, which have been produced in the leisure hours of superior men, who were gifted not only with the genius to conceive and to execute great designs, but also with the art of suitably describing them. In the first rank of such works are to be placed Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and Cæsar's Commentaries. Bonaparte, whose name may, without flattery, be here introduced, after those two great men, excelled in the art of giving expression to his thought. This opinion, held by all those who were for any length of time near him, and attended to the development of his grand ideas, will be adopted, I am persuaded, by every one, who has read the examples of this faculty which I have already given, and who shall read the chapter I am now commencing. I may be permitted to say this, as the work I am about to

insert is Bonaparte's, and not mine. I have merely ventured to add a note or two to his comprehensive and elevated views.

It was during the time which elapsed, between our return to Cairo and our departure for the Pyramids, that Bonaparte wrote his "Notes on Egypt." I have preserved the modest title of "Notes," because it was that which Bonaparte himself gave to his observations. He did not dictate these notes to me, but wrote them himself, and with a great deal of care. I have only part of the autograph manuscript in my possession, and I know not what has become of the rest; but the copy which I made in Cairo, from the original, is corrected in many places by the General's own hand, and I can assure the reader that there is not a word inserted which is not his.

"NOTES.

"I. Egypt is properly only the valley of the Nile, from Assuan to the sea.*

"II. There are no habitable and cultivated spots, except where the inundation reaches, and where it deposits a slime, which the Nile washes down from the Abyssinian mountains. The analysis of this slime yields carbon.

"III. The desert only produces some bushes,

* Abd-El-Rachid-el-Bakery, an Arabian geographer, who wrote a work in the year 815 of the Hegira, and 1442 of the common era, reckons the length of Egypt, from El-Arysh to Assuan, and its breadth from Eylah to Bargah.

which serve towards the subsistence of camels. No man can live in the desert.

“ IV. Nothing so much resembles the sea as the desert, and a coast as the boundary of the valley of the Nile. The inhabitants of the villages, situated there, are exposed to frequent incursions of the Arabs.

“ V. The Mamelukes held possession of the villages as fiefs. Well armed and well mounted, they repelled the Arabs, of whom they were the terror. Yet they were by far too few to guard that immense line.

“ VI. This is the reason why each frontier, each road, is protected by Arab tribes, of the province, armed and mounted, who are obliged to repel the aggressions of foreign Arabs. On this account they have villages, lands, and privileges.

“ VII. Thus when the government is powerful, the domiciliated Arabs fear it, and remain at peace; and Egypt is then almost entirely free from any danger of foreign incursion.

“ VIII. But when the government is weak, the Arabs revolt. Then they quit their lands, to rove about the desert, and unite with foreign Arabs, to pillage the country, into the adjoining provinces of which they make incursions.

“ IX. The foreign Arabs do not live in the desert, because the desert cannot support them. They live in Arabia, in Africa, and Asia. They learn that there is anarchy; they quit their country,—traverse the desert, for twelve or fifteen days,—establish themselves at some point on its fron-

tiers,—and thence proceed to ravage the interior of Egypt.*

“ X. The desert is sandy. Wells are rare, and their waters are scanty, and generally dirty, brackish, or sulphurous. There are, however, few routes in which wells are not to be met with, once in thirty hours.

“ XI. Camels are employed to carry the water that is wanted in leathern bottles. One camel can carry water sufficient to serve a hundred Frenchmen for a whole day.

“ XII. We have said that Egypt is merely the valley of the Nile; the soil of the valley was originally the same as that which surrounds it; but the overflowings of the Nile, and the slime which they deposit, have rendered the valley through which that river flows one of the most fertile and habitable portions of the globe.

“ XIII. The Nile rises in Messidor, and the inundation begins in Fructidor. All the country is then overflowed, and communications are difficult. The villages are situated at an elevation of sixteen or eighteen feet. A small road forms, sometimes, a communication; but often there is merely a narrow path for this purpose.

* The Arabs in general, but particularly those of the desert, scarcely know the name of the Prophet and the Koran. They say that the religion of the Prophet was not made for them, “for how,” say they, “can we make ablutions who have no water? How bestow alms when we are not rich? Why keep the fast of the Rhamadan when we fast all the year? And why go to Mecca, since God is every where?”

“ XIV. The Nile rises, more or less, in proportion to the degree of rain which falls in Abyssinia ; but the inundation also depends on the irrigating canals.

“ XV. The Nile has, at present, only two branches, those of Rosetta and Damietta. If those two branches could be blocked up, so as to allow as little water as possible to flow into the sea, the inundation would be greater and more extensive, and the habitable country would be enlarged.

“ XVI. If the canals were well cleared, taken care of, and more numerous, it would be possible to retain the water in the grounds during the greater part of the year, and thereby to augment, to a certain degree, the valley and habitable country. In this manner have the Oasis of Sharkyeh and part of the desert beyond Pelusium been irrigated ; and all Bohahireh, Mangoutt, and the provinces of Alexandria, peopled and cultivated.

“ XVII. By a well-arranged system, the result of a good government, Egypt might be increased to the extent of eight or nine hundred leagues square.*

* I ascertained from a calculation made in Egypt with the greatest care, that this country, which at present has only about a thousand leagues square of cultivated land, had formerly more than two thousand. The population which now is not above two millions, in ancient times exceeded eight millions. The sand has invaded the fertile soil. The action of the sand may not inaptly be compared to a cancer. It eats up all before it. The neglect of the irrigating canals, has augmented the evil. As to the population, it must have fallen off with the diminution of cultivation ; but the

“XVIII. If it be probable that the Nile once flowed into the Waterless River, which extends from Fayoum to the middle of the Natron Lake, and terminates at the sea, beyond the Arab's Tour, it would then appear that Mœris had stopped up this branch of the Nile, and given rise to that celebrated lake, of which even Herodotus did not know the construction.

XIX. The government has more influence upon public prosperity than in any other country. For anarchy and tyranny have elsewhere no influence upon the course of the seasons and the rain. All land in Egypt might be equally fertile; but a dyke uncut, a canal not cleared, may render a

extreme wretchedness which prevails, is a still more powerful cause of depopulation. The appearance alone of the children of Cairo, cannot leave a doubt as to the continual decrease of the population. It is really pitiable to behold their looks of misery. Never elsewhere did I meet with so afflicting a spectacle as these little creatures presented. They have the appearance of being constantly struggling against death. The eyes are sunken, the complexion is yellow, the countenance bloated, the belly puffed out, and the extremities wasted. How often have I sighed to see these little unfortunates heaped one on another, squatting naked under walls or gateways; their eyes, mouths, noses, and ears, covered with millions of flies feeding on them, and which, in their state of exhaustion, they do not even attempt to drive away. The mortality of children at Cairo is inconceivable. I fear that it is the same throughout the rest of Egypt. This mortality would infallibly sweep off the entire population, but for the extreme fecundity of the women, which in some degree establishes the equilibrium between life and death. Struck with the deplorable condition of these children, I obtained tables of the mortality during ten days of the season most favourable to health. The following is the result:—Men 31: women 35; children 161—total 227.

whole province a desert; for seed-time and all the productions of the earth are governed, in Egypt, by the period and the quantity of the inundations.

“ XX. The government of Egypt having fallen into very negligent hands, during the last fifty years, the country is annually deteriorating in many parts.* The desert has gained on the valley, and has even formed little hills of sand on the banks of the Nile.† Twenty years more of a government, such as that of Ibrahim and Mourad Bey, and Egypt would lose a third of her cultivable land. It would, perhaps, be very easy to prove that fifty years of a government, such as that of France, England, Germany, or Italy, would treble the amount of cultivation and population. Men would not be wanting for the soil, for they abound on all the coasts of Africa and Arabia.

“ XXI. The Nile, from Asouan until within three leagues north of Cairo, flows in a single branch. At this point, which is called the Cow’s Belly, it divides into the branches of Rosetta and Damietta.‡

“ XXII. The waters of the Damietta branch

* This was written in 1799. Since that time affairs appear to have had a tendency towards amelioration.

† I remarked that the violence of the south-west and west winds, carry across the Rosetta branch a vast quantity of sand, which annually spreads over the rich and beautiful province of Menoaffyeh.

‡ The greatest width of the valley of the Nile, from the entrance of the river into Egypt to Cairo, is not four leagues, and its smallest width is at least one league.

have a marked tendency to flow into that of Rosetta. It ought to be a principle of our administration in Egypt, to aid this tendency, which is advantageous to Alexandria, and favourable to all the direct communications with Europe.

“ XXIII. Were the dyke of Fara, or Nysh, cut, the province of Bohahyrah would gain two hundred villages, and that, with the canal which comes from Fayoum, would approximate the inundation and the cultivation to the walls of Alexandria. This operation, however, would do the greatest injury to the provinces of Sharkyeh, Damietta, and Massourah; its execution ought, therefore, to be delayed till a favourable moment. But it must be done some day.

“ XXIV. The canal which conveys the waters of the Nile from Ramahanyeh to Alexandria, ought to be deepened, so as to render it navigable throughout the year. Vessels of a hundred tons, might, during six months of the year, go from Alexandria to Cairo and Asouan, without passing any boghaz.

“ XXV. A work, which will one day be undertaken, will be to build dykes across the Damietta and Rosetta branches, at the Cow's Belly. By the aid of dams, all the waters of the Nile might thus be made to flow successively to the east and west, and thereby the inundation would be doubled.

“ XXVI. During the inundation of the Nile, the waters reach to within seven leagues of Suez. The remains of the canal are to be seen in perfect

preservation; and there is no doubt that vessels may yet convey goods from Suez to Alexandria.

“XXVII. We have stated that Egypt is, properly speaking, the valley of the Nile. However, a great portion of the desarts which surround it form also part of Egypt, and in these desarts there are oases, as there are islands in the sea. On the western side, the desarts, which form part of Egypt, extend ten or twelve days’ march from the waters of the Nile. The principal points are the three Syrahs oases and the Natron lakes. The first oasis is three days’ journey from Syouth. There is no water to be met with on the route. In this oasis there are palm trees, some wells of brackish water, and some ground capable of cultivation. Malignant fevers prevail here almost constantly.*

“XXVIII. To go from Cairo to Tedigat, which is the first cultivated ground, requires thirty days through the desart. Five of these days are passed without finding water.

“XXIX. The Natron lakes are situated at twelve hours’ journey in the desert of Tarranneli. Excellent water is found there; also several lakes, and four convents of Cophts. The convents are fortresses. We have furnished them with Greek garrisons, and several pieces of cannon.

“XXX. On the eastern side, the desarts which

* The great oasis of Jupiter Ammon is on the west bank of the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It is by mistake Bonaparte is made to say that this oasis is situated on the right bank of that branch.

belong to Egypt extend to within a day's journey of El-Arish, and to beyond Tor and Mount Sinai. Quattyeh is a kind of oasis. It contains five or six hundred palm trees, water for six thousand men and a thousand horses, and is five leagues distant from Salehyeh. Water is met with twice on the road in small quantities. We have established a fort of palms on this important oasis.

“XXXI. From Quattyeh to El-Arysh the distance is twenty leagues. El-Arish is an oasis. There was a very fine village here, which we demolished, and five or six thousand palm trees, which we cut down. The quantity of water, and the quantity of materials, together with the importance of the situation, have induced us to establish a fortress here, which is already in a respectable state of defence. From El-Arish to Gaza is a distance of sixteen leagues; water is met with several times. From Gaza, the road proceeds to the village of Kan-you-Nessé.*

“XXXII. Tor and Mount Sinai are ten days' journey from Cairo. The Arabs of Tor cultivate fruits, and make charcoal. They bring corn from Cairo. In this oasis the water is every where good, and abundant.

“XXXIII. The whole population of Fellahs, or Arabs, who inhabit the oases, both of the eastern and western deserts, not comprised in the fourteen provinces, does not amount to thirty thousand.

* A Syrian Village.

“ XXXIV. The valley of the Nile is divided into Upper Egypt, Middle Egypt, and Lower Egypt. Upper Egypt contains the provinces of Girgeh, Manfelout, and Mynieh. Middle Egypt comprises Fayoum, Beni-youcef, and Cairo. Lower Egypt includes Bohahyreh, Alexandria, Rosetta, Garbiyyeh, Minoufiyyeh, Manssourah, Damietta, Kalyoubieh, and Sharkyyeh.

“ XXXV. The coast extends from Cape Durazzo to within a day’s journey of El Arish. The first post where we had an establishment is Marabout, situated two leagues west of Alexandria. The ports of Alexandria are defended by a great number of batteries and forts, which secure them against any attack by sea or land. Fort Cretin is a model in fortification. Aboukir, situated five leagues to the east of Alexandria, has a good road. Lake Maadyeh, where the branch of the Nile called the Canopic formerly flowed, extends to within one league of Alexandria, and two of Rosetta; and, on the south, to within a league of Birket. There is a boghaz in the mouth of the Rosetta branch, which it is not easy to pass. From Rosetta to Bourlos, the distance is five leagues. The lake of Bourlos is navigated by a hundred dejerms, and communicates with Mehel-el-Kebir by a canal. The mouth of the lake makes a very good port, having from ten to twelve feet depth of water. The mouth of the Damietta branch is defended by fort Lesbé. Lake Menzahleh, which extends to the ancient Pelusium, that is to say, a distance of twenty-five leagues,

commences within half a league of Damietta. It has two mouths, namely, Dybeh and Farege. There is a great number of boats on this lake. The canal of Moez enters this lake a league below San.* Tineh, or the ancient Pelusium, is four leagues distant from Quattyeh. We have already stated the distance of Quattyeh from El Arish. The banks are every where low and bad. Hills of sand extend for a league at least, and often for two or three leagues.

“XXXVI. The population of Egypt is two millions five hundred thousand. The Arabs, who are domiciliated, and under the protection of Government, in the different provinces form a total of twelve thousand cavalry, and forty thousand infantry. There are about eighty thousand Cophts, fifty thousand Damascan Christians, and six thousand Jews.

“XXXVII. The Porte had abandoned the government of Egypt to twenty-four Beys, each of whom maintained a military establishment, more or less numerous. These establishments were formed by Georgian and Circassian slaves, whom they purchased at an expense of from three thou-

* Here General Andreossy found an antique cameo of Augustus, which was presented to Bonaparte. At St. Helena, however, Bonaparte stated that he had found the cameo, and that a striking resemblance between the head of Augustus and his had been discovered by Denon. Napoleon alleges that he gave the cameo to Andreossy, but upon Denon's discovery got it back again, and afterwards sent it to Josephine. The official report of General Andreossy made at the time, proves, however, that he was the real finder.

sand to four thousand five hundred francs, and trained to military service. There might be, opposed to our army, eight thousand Mamelukes, all well mounted, well exercised, well armed, and very brave, belonging to the reigning Beys. We may estimate the descendants of other Mamelukes, established in the villages, or living in Cairo, at double this number.

“ XXXVIII. The Pasha possessed no authority whatever. He was changed every year, like the Kadi-askier, who is sent by the Porte. There were besides, in Egypt, seven corps of auxiliaries, which have been so thinned by war, that now there exist but about a thousand of them, old and infirm, without masters, except a few who are attached to the French army.

“ XXXIX. The Sherifs are the descendants of the tribe of the successors of Mahomet, or rather the descendants of the first conquerors of the country. They wear green turbans.

“ The Ulemas belong to the law and the church, but bear no resemblance to our judges or churchmen.

“ The head of the Ulemas of Cairo is called the Grand Sheik. He is regarded by the people with a veneration equal to that which was formerly paid to cardinals in Europe. These Ulemas say prayers in the mosques, and by this practice acquire a little revenue, and a great deal of consideration.

“ The great mosque of Cairo, called El-Azhar,

is a large and handsome building, and has attached to it a great number of Ulemas, of whom twenty-four are principal."

(Here Bonaparte's notes cease to be numbered.)

"There are a great many coffee-houses in Cairo, where the people spend most of the day in smoking.

"Beggars and travellers take up their quarters in the mosques at night, and during the heat of the day.

"There are a vast number of public baths, to which the women resort to bathe, and repeat the gossip of the city.

"The mosques are endowed like our churches.

"The villages of Egypt are fiefs belonging to any person on whom the prince may bestow them. In consequence, there is a kind of tax the peasant is obliged to pay the superior.

"The peasants are, however, the actual proprietors of the soil, for their possession is respected; and, in the midst of all the revolutions and commotions, their privileges are not infringed.

"Thus there are but two classes of people in Egypt, the occupiers of the soil, or peasants, and the feudal lords or superiors.

"Two-thirds of the villages were appropriated to the Mamelukes, to defray the expenses of the Government. The miri, properly so called, and which is but a moderate impost, was collected in the name of the Porte.

“ The revenues of the republic are of five kinds: —1. Custom duties. 2. Various farmed taxes. 3. Miri, the tax of kaschefs and other imposts. 4. The rent, or signorial tax, on two-thirds of Egypt, the republic standing in the place of the former superiors. 5. Custom-duties of Suez, Guosseyr, Boulacq, Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta, amounting to between four and five millions.

“ The miri, the taxes of kaschefs, and the signorial rents, amount to fifteen millions.

“ The forced contributions amount to two millions. These extortions were one of the chief sources of revenue to the Mamelukes.

“ Egypt, then, taken altogether, might furnish twenty-four millions to the republic. In time of peace she might yield even thirty; and, twenty-five years hence, fifty millions might be raised. In this estimate I do not include what may be expected from opening a trade with India. But during war, the suspension of every kind of commerce renders the country poor, and every thing suffers from it.

“ From our arrival in Messidor to Messidor last, that is, during twelve months, there have been raised in Egypt—500,000 francs in contributions from Alexandria; 150,000 from Rosetta; 150,000 from Damietta; 500,000 from the Cophts of Cairo; 500,000 from the Damascans; 1,000,000 from the Turkish dealers in coffee; 500,000 from different merchants; 500,000 from the Mamelukes' wives; 300,000 from the mint; and

8,500,000 in taxes on lands and professions, or custom-house duties.

“ These make altogether the sum of 12,100,000 francs.

“ There were, besides, very considerable sums due from the villages, the collection of which has been prevented by the military operations of the army.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Sidney Smith—Bonaparte's letter to Marmont—Marmont's letter to me—Murat and Murad-Bey at the Natron Lakes—Bonaparte's departure for the Pyramids—False stories contradicted—The truth concealed—Bonaparte's wish to see Upper Egypt—Interchange of communication with the English—Sudden determination to return home—Outfit of two frigates—Bonaparte's dissimulation—His pretended journey to the Delta—Generous behaviour of Lanusse—Bonaparte's artifice—His bad treatment of General Kleber.

THE offence Sidney Smith had given by preventing the taking of St. Jean d'Acre and the conquest of Syria, and by returning good offices for very bad ones, had engendered in Bonaparte's mind some prejudices which nothing could efface. He believed that, by aspersing his adversary, he disguised his own failures. On the 2d of June, 1799, he wrote to Marmont in the following terms:—

“ Smith is a young fool, who wants to make his fortune, and is continually thrusting himself forward. The best way to punish him is to treat him with silence. He should be dealt with as a captain of a fire-ship. He is, besides, a man capable of any folly, and to whom no able or

reasonable project can be attributed. Thus, for example, he would be capable of forming a plan of descent with eight hundred men. He boasts of having entered Alexandria in disguise. I know not whether the fact be true ; but it is possible he may have taken advantage of a flag of truce to enter the city in the disguise of a sailor."

The rear-admiral was a far better man than the picture his enemy has drawn of him. Bravery, a vivid imagination, a generous heart, are surely none of the characteristics of folly.

On our return to Cairo, I found many letters lying for me : among the rest was one from Marmont, dated from Alexandria. It ran thus :—

"I send you, my dear friend, a letter addressed to you, and which was inclosed in one from my wife. I trust it may contain good news for you, and that you may have the happiness of hearing your wife and children are well.

"I have had letters from my poor Hortense. She is uneasy, and impatiently expects me. God send, my friend, that I may soon be able, consistently with my duty, to visit her. If within two months our exertions in the field should terminate, and General Bonaparte still retains the friendship he had for me, I may indulge the hope of seeing her. It is not a light and frivolous passion, nor a superficial sentiment, makes me thus eager to return to France, but a prudential calculation, which makes me dread evils appa-

rently irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of my family, the satisfaction of my own mind, these, my dear Bourrienne, are the only things worth wishing for. These I still possess, but still I risk their loss; and surely I may expect that General Bonaparte, under whose auspices my marriage took place, would wish to render it happy.

“ Adieu, my dear friend. Remember me a thousand times to Duroc and all my comrades, and believe me yours,

“ A. MARMONT.”

Bonaparte had hardly set foot in Cairo, when he was informed that the brave and indefatigable Murad-Bey was descending by the Fayoum, in order to form a junction with reinforcements which had been for some time past collected in the Bohahyreh. In all probability this movement of Murad-Bey was the result of news he had received respecting plans formed at Constantinople, and the landing which took place a short time after in the roads of Aboukir. Murad had selected the Natron Lakes for his place of rendezvous. To these lakes Murat was dispatched. The Bey no sooner got notice of Murat's presence, than he determined to retreat, and to proceed by the desert to Gyzeh and the Great Pyramids. I certainly never heard, until I returned to France, that he had ascended to the summit of the great Pyramid for the purpose of passing his time in contemplating Cairo!

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that Murat might have taken Murad-Bey, had the latter remained four-and-twenty hours longer in the Natron Lakes. Now, the fact is, that, as soon as the Bey heard of Murat's arrival, he was off. The Arabian spies were far more serviceable to our enemies than to us: we had not, indeed, a single friend in Egypt.

Murad-Bey, on being informed by the Arabs, who acted as couriers for him, that General Dessaix was dispatching a column from the south of Egypt against him, that the General-in-Chief was also about to follow his footsteps along the frontier of Gyzeh, and that the Natron Lakes and the Bohahyreh were occupied by forces superior to his own, retired into Fayoum. This movement was only known to some Arabs.

Bonaparte attached great importance to the destruction of Murad, whom he looked upon as the bravest, the most active, and most dangerous of his enemies in Egypt. As all accounts concurred in stating that Murad, supported by the Arabs, was hovering about the skirts of the desert of the province of Gyzeh, Bonaparte proceeded to the Pyramids, there to direct different corps against that able and dangerous partizan. He, indeed, reckoned him so redoubtable, that he wrote to Murat, saying, he wished fortune might reserve for him the honour of putting the seal on the conquest of Egypt by the destruction of this opponent.

On the 14th of July, Bonaparte left Cairo for

the Pyramids. He intended spending three or four days in examining the ruins of the ancient Necropolis of Memphis; but he was suddenly obliged to alter his plan. This journey to the Pyramids, occasioned by the course of war, has given an opportunity for the invention of a little piece of romance. Some ingenious people have related that Bonaparte gave audiences to the Mufti and Ulemas, and that, on entering one of the great pyramids, he cried out, "Glory to Allah!—God only is God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Now, the fact is, that Bonaparte never even entered the Great Pyramid. He never had any thought of entering it. I certainly should have accompanied him had he done so; for I never quitted his side a single moment in the desert. He caused some persons to enter into one of the great pyramids, while he remained outside, and received from them, on their return, an account of what they had seen. In other words, they informed him there was nothing to be seen!

On the evening of the 15th of July, while we were taking a walk, we perceived, on the road leading from Alexandria, an Arab riding up to us in all haste. He brought to the General-in-Chief a despatch from General Marmont, who was entrusted with the command of Alexandria, and who had conducted himself so well, especially during the dreadful ravages of the plague, that he had gained the unqualified approbation of Bonaparte. The Turks had landed on the 11th

of July at Aboukir, under the escort and protection of English ships of war. The news of the landing of from fifteen to sixteen thousand men did not surprise Bonaparte, who had for some time expected it. It was not so, however, with the generals most in his favour, whose apprehensions, for reasons which may be conjectured, he had endeavoured to calm. He had even written to Marmont, who, being in the most exposed situation, had the more reason to be vigilant, in these terms :—

“The army which was to have appeared before Alexandria, and which left Constantinople on the 1st of the Rhamadan, has been destroyed under the walls of Acre. If, however, that mad Englishman (Smith) has embarked the remains of that army, in order to convey them to Aboukir, I do not believe they can be more than two thousand men.”

He wrote in the following strain to General Dugua, who had the command of Cairo :—

“The English commander, who has summoned Damietta, is a madman. The combined army they speak of has been destroyed before Acre, where it arrived a fortnight before we left that place.”

As soon as he arrived at Cairo, in a letter he dispatched to Dessaix, he said—

“The time has now arrived when disembark-

ments have become practicable. I shall lose no time in getting ready. The probabilities, however, are that none will take place this year.”

What other language could he hold, when he had proclaimed, immediately after the raising of the siege of Acre, that he had *destroyed* those fifteen thousand men, who two months after landed at Aboudair?

It was doubtless to confirm this idea, which he endcavoured to impress on every body, that, before his brief excursion to the Pyramids, he gave it out that his intention was to visit Upper Egypt. He had a strong desire to inscribe his name upon the marbles of Syenna, beside the names of the ancient conquerors of that country, which has always submitted to whoever attacked it. He seemed to relish this project much, and before his departure for the Lybian Desert, was unceasingly employed himself in making arrangements for this long and interesting journey. Day after day he expressed the regret he would experience were he to leave Egypt without seeing these magnificent ruins. For my part, I was enchanted with the idea: but a something, I know not what, impressed me with the belief that I should never behold Thebes of the Hundred Palaces.

No sooner had Bonaparte perused the contents of Marmont's letter, than he retired into his tent and dictated to me, until three o'clock in the morning, his orders for the departure of the troops, and for the routes he wished to be pur-

sued during his absence, by the troops who should remain in the interior. At this moment, I observed in him the development of that vigorous character of mind which was excited by obstacles until it overcame them, that celerity of thought which foresaw every thing. He was all action, and never for a moment hesitated. On the 16th of July, at four in the morning, he was on horseback, and the army in full march. I cannot help doing justice to the presence of mind, promptitude of decision, and rapidity of execution which at this period of his life, never deserted him on great occasions.

We reached Ooardan, to the north of Gyzeli, on the evening of the 16th: on the 19th we arrived at Rahahmanieh, and on the 23d at Alexandria, where every preparation was made for that memorable battle, which, though it did not repair the immense losses and fatal consequences of the naval conflict of the same name, will always recal to the memory of Frenchmen one of the most brilliant achievements of their arms.

After the battle, which took place on the 25th July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English Admiral's ship. Our intercourse was full of politeness; such as might be expected in the communications of the people of two civilized nations. The English Admiral gave the flag of truce some presents, in exchange for some we sent, and likewise a copy of the French Gazette of Francfort, dated 10th June, 1799. For ten months we had received no news from France.

Bonaparte glanced over this journal with an eagerness which may easily be conceived.

“Heavens!” said he to me, “my presentiment is verified: the fools have lost Italy. All the fruits of our victories are gone! I must leave Egypt!”

He sent for Berthier, to whom he communicated the news, adding, that things were going on very badly in France—that he wished to return home—that he (Berthier) should go along with him, and that, for the present, only he, Gantheaume, and I, were in the secret. He recommended him to be prudent, not to betray any symptoms of joy, nor to purchase or sell any thing.

He concluded by assuring him that he depended on him. “I can answer,” said he, “for myself and for Bourrienne.” Berthier promised to be secret, and he kept his word. He had had enough of Egypt, and he so ardently longed to return to France, that there was little reason to fear he would disappoint himself by any indiscretion.

Gantheaume arrived, and Bonaparte gave him orders to fit out the two frigates, the *Muiron* and the *Carrère*, and the two small vessels, the *Revanche* and the *Fortune*, with a two months' supply of provisions for from four to five hundred men. He enjoined his secrecy, as to the object of these preparations, and desired him to act with such circumspection that the English cruizers might have no knowledge of what was going on. He after-

wards arranged with Gantheaume the course he wished to take. Nothing escaped his attention.

Bonaparte concealed his operations with much care ; but still some vague rumours crept abroad. General Dugua, the Commandant of Cairo, whom he had just left, for the purpose of embarking, wrote to him on the 18th August to the following effect :—

“ I have this moment heard, that it is reported at the Institute, you are about to return for France, taking with you Monge, Berthollet, Berthier, Lannes, and Murat. This news has spread like lightning through the city, and I should not be at all surprised if it produce an unfavourable effect, which, however, I hope you will obviate.”

Bonaparte embarked five days after the receipt of Dugua's letter ; and, as may be supposed, without replying to it.

On the 18th of August, he wrote to the Divan of Cairo as follows :—

“ I set out to-morrow for Menouf, from whence I intend to make various excursions in the Delta, in order that I may myself witness the acts of oppression which are committed there, and to acquire some knowledge of the people.”

He told the army but half of the truth :

“ The news from Europe,” said he, “ has determined me to proceed to France. I leave

the command of the army to General Kleber. The army shall hear from me forthwith. At present, I can say no more. It costs me much pain to quit troops to whom I am so strongly attached. But my absence will be but temporary, and the general I leave in command has the confidence of the government, as well as mine."

I have now shewn the true cause of General Bonaparte's departure for Europe. This circumstance, in itself perfectly natural, has been the subject of the most ridiculous conjectures, to those who always wish to attribute extraordinary causes to simple events. There is no truth whatever in the assertion of his having planned his departure before the battle of Aboukir. Such an idea never crossed his mind. He had no thought whatever of his departure for France, when he made the journey to the Pyramids, nor even when he received the news of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish force.

At the end of December 1798, Bonaparte thus wrote to the Directory:—"We are without any news from France. No courier has arrived since the month of June."

Some writers have stated that we received news by the way of Tunis, Algiers, or Morocco: but there is no contradicting a positive fact. At that period, I had been with Bonaparte more than two years; and during that time, not a single dispatch, on any occasion arrived, of the contents of

which I was ignorant. How then should the news alluded to have escaped me?

Almost all those who endeavour to avert from Bonaparte the reproach of desertion, quote a letter from the Directory, dated the 26th of May 1799. This letter may certainly have been written, but it never reached its destination. Why then should it be put upon record?

The circumstance I have stated above determined the resolution of Bonaparte, and made him look upon Egypt as an exhausted field of glory, which it was high time he had quitted, to play another part in France. On his departure from Europe, Bonaparte felt that his reputation was tottering. He wished to do something to raise up his glory, and to fix upon him the attention of the world. This object he had in great part accomplished; for, in spite of serious disasters, the French flag waved over the Cataracts of the Nile and the ruins of Memphis, and the battles of the Pyramids and Aboukir were calculated in no small degree to dazzle the imagination. Finding that the glory of his arms no longer supported the feeble power of the Directory, he was anxious to see whether he could not share it, or appropriate it to himself.

A great deal has been said about letters and secret communications from the Directory, but Bonaparte needed no such thing. He could do what he pleased: there was no power to check him; such had been the nature of his arrangements on leaving France. He followed only the

dictates of his own will, and probably had not the fleet been destroyed, he would have departed from Egypt much sooner. To will and to do were with him the one and the same thing. The latitude he enjoyed was the result of his verbal agreement with the Directory, whose instructions and plans he did not wish should impede his operations.

Bonaparte left Alexandria on the 5th of August, and on the 10th arrived at Cairo. He at first circulated the report of a journey to Upper Egypt. This seemed so much the more reasonable, as he had really entertained that design before he went to the Pyramids, and the fact was known to the army and the inhabitants of Cairo. All on a sudden he wrote to the Divan of Cairo the letter already alluded to, in which he announced his intention of visiting Menouf, and journeying through the Delta.

Up to this period, our secret had been studiously kept. However, General Lanusse, the commandant at Menouf, where we arrived on the 20th of August, suspected it. "You are going to France," said he to me. My negative reply confirmed his suspicion. This almost induced me to believe the General-in-Chief had been the first to make the disclosure. General Lanusse, though he envied our good fortune, made no complaints. He expressed his sincere wishes for our prosperous voyage, but never opened his mouth on the subject to any one.

On the 21st of August we reached the wells of

Birkett. The Arabs had rendered the water unfit for use, but the General-in-Chief was resolved to quench his thirst, and for this purpose squeezed the juice of several lemons into a glass of the water; but he could not swallow it without holding his nostrils, and exhibiting strong feelings of disgust.

On the 22d of August we reached Alexandria, where the General informed all those who had accompanied him from Cairo, that France was their destination. At this announcement, joy was pictured in every countenance.

General Kleber, to whose command Bonaparte had resigned the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, to confer with the General-in-Chief on affairs of extreme importance. Bonaparte, in making an appointment which he never intended to keep, hoped to escape the unwelcome freedom of Kleber's reproaches. He afterwards wrote to him all he had to say; and the cause he assigned for not keeping his appointment was, that his fear of being observed by the English cruisers, had forced him to depart three days earlier than he intended. But when he wrote, Bonaparte well knew that he would be at sea before Kleber could receive his letter. Kleber, in his letter to the Directory, complained bitterly of this deception. The singular fate that befel that letter, will by and by be seen.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Our departure from Egypt—Nocturnal embarkation—M. Parseval Grand Maison—Our course—Adverse winds—Fear of the English—Favourable weather—Vingt-et-un—Chess—We land at Ajaccio—Bonaparte's pretended relations—Family domains—Want of money—Battle of Novi—Death of Joubert—Visionary scheme—Purchase of a boat—Departure from Corsica—The English squadron—Our escape—The roads of Frejus—Our landing in France—The plague or the Austrians—Joy of the people—The sanitary laws—Bonaparte falsely accused.

WE were now to return to our country—again to cross the sea, to us so pregnant with danger—Cæsar and his fortune were once more to embark. But Cæsar was not now advancing to the east to add Egypt to the conquests of the Republic. He was revolving in his mind vast schemes, unawed by the idea of venturing every thing to change in his own favour the government for which he had fought. The hope of conquering the most celebrated country of the east no longer excited the imagination, as on our departure from France. Our last visionary dream had vanished before the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and we were leaving on

the burning sands of Egypt most of our companions in arms. An inconceivable destiny seemed to pursue us, and we were obliged to obey its decrees.

On the 23d of August* we embarked on board two frigates, the *Muiron* and *Carrère*. Our number was between four and five hundred. Such was our squadron, and such the formidable army with which Bonaparte had resolved, as he wrote to the Divan of Cairo, "to annihilate all his enemies." This boasting might impose on those who did not see the real state of things; but what were we to think of it? What Bonaparte himself thought the day after.

The night was dark when we embarked in the frigates which lay at a considerable distance from the port of Alexandria; but by the faint light of the stars we perceived a corvette, which appeared to be observing our silent nocturnal embarkation.

Next morning, just as we were on the point of setting sail, we saw coming from the port of Alexandria a boat, on board of which was M. Parseval Grandmaison. This excellent man, who was beloved by all of us, was not included among the persons whose return to France had been determined by the General-in-Chief. In his anxiety to get off, Bonaparte would not hear of taking him on board. It will readily be conceived

* It was neither in June nor July, as stated by the Duke de Rovigo.

how urgent were the entreaties of Parseval; but he would have sued in vain, had not Gantheaume, Monge, Berthollet and I interceded for him. With some difficulty we overcame Bonaparte's resistance, and our colleague of the Egyptian Institute got on board after the wind had filled our sails.

It has been erroneously said that Admiral Gantheaume had full controul of the frigates, as if any one could command when Bonaparte was present. On the contrary, Bonaparte declared to the Admiral, in my hearing, that he would not take the ordinary course, and get into the open sea. "Keep close along the coast of the Mediterranean," said he, "on the African side, until you get south of Sardinia. I have here a handful of brave fellows, and a few pieces of artillery; if the English should appear, I will run ashore, and with my party make my way by land to Oran, Tunis, or some other port, whence we may find an opportunity of getting home." This was his irrevocable determination.

For twenty-one days adverse winds, blowing from west or north-west, drove us continually on the coast of Syria, or in the direction of Alexandria. At one time it was proposed that we should again put into the port; but Bonaparte declared he would rather brave every danger than do so. During the day we tacked to a certain distance northward, and in the evening we stood towards Africa, until we came within sight of the coast. Finally, after twenty-one days of impa-

tience and disappointment, a favourable east wind soon carried us past that point of Africa on which Cârthage formerly stood, and we soon doubled Sardinia. We kept very near the western coast of that island, where Bonaparte had determined to land in case of our falling in with the English squadron. From thence his plan was to reach Corsica, and there to await a favourable opportunity of returning to France.

Every thing had contributed to render our voyage dull and monotonous; and, besides, we were not entirely without uneasiness as to the steps which might be taken by the Directory, for it was certain that the publication of the intercepted correspondence must have occasioned many unpleasant disclosures. Bonaparte used often to walk on deck to superintend the execution of his orders. The smallest sail that appeared in view excited his alarm. The fear of falling into the hands of the English never forsook him. That was what he dreaded most of all, and yet, at a subsequent period, he trusted to the generosity of his enemies.

However, in spite of our well-founded alarm, there were some moments in which we sought to amuse ourselves, or, to use a common expression, to kill time. Cards afforded us a source of recreation, and even this frivolous amusement served to develop the character of Bonaparte. In general he was not fond of cards; but if he did play, Vingt-et-un was his favourite game, because it is more rapid than many others, and because, in

short, it afforded him an opportunity of cheating. For example, he would ask for a card; if it proved a bad one he would say nothing, but lay it down on the table and wait till the dealer had drawn his. If the dealer produced a good card, then Bonaparte would throw aside his hand, without shewing it, and give up his stake. If, on the contrary, the dealer's card made him exceed twenty-one, Bonaparte also threw his cards aside without shewing them, and asked for the payment of his stake. He was much diverted by these little tricks, especially when they were played off undetected; and I confess that even then we were courtiers enough to humour him, and wink at his cheating. I must, however, mention that he never appropriated to himself the fruit of these little dishonesties; for at the end of the game he gave up all his winnings, and they were equally divided. Gain, as may readily be supposed, was not his object; but he always expected that fortune would grant him an ace or a ten at the right moment, with the same confidence with which he looked for fine weather on the day of a battle. If he were disappointed, he wished nobody to know it.

Bonaparte also played at chess, but very seldom, because he was only a third-rate player, and he did not like to be beaten at that game, which, I know not why, is said to bear a resemblance to the grand game of war. At this latter game, Bonaparte certainly feared no adversary. This reminds me that when we were leaving Passeriano, he announced his intention of passing through Mantua. He was told that the commandant of that town,

I believe General Beauvoir, was a great chess player, and he expressed a wish to play a game with him. General Beauvoir asked him to point out any particular pawn which he thought would check-mate him, adding that if the pawn were taken, he, Bonaparte, should be declared the winner. Bonaparte pointed out the last pawn on the left of his adversary. A mark was put upon it, and it turned out that he actually was check-mated with that very pawn. Bonaparte was not very well pleased at this. He liked to play with me, because, though rather a better player than himself, I was not always able to beat him. As soon as a game was decided in his favour, he declined playing any longer, preferring to rest on his laurels.

The favourable wind which had constantly prevailed after the first twenty days of our voyage, still continued while we kept along the coast of Sardinia; but after we had passed that island, the wind again blew violently from the west, and on the first of October we were forced to enter the Gulf of Ajaccio. We sailed again next day; but we found it impossible to work our way out of the Gulf. We were, therefore, obliged to put into the port, and land at Ajaccio. Adverse winds obliged us to remain there until the seventh of October. It may readily be imagined how much this delay annoyed Bonaparte. He sometimes expressed his impatience, as if he could enforce the obedience of the elements, as well as of men. He was losing time, and time was every thing to him.

There was one circumstance which seemed to annoy him as much as any of his more serious vexations. "What will become of me," said he, "if the English, who are cruising hereabout, should learn that I have landed in Corsica? I shall be forced to stay here. That I could never endure. I have a torrent of relations pouring upon me." His great reputation had certainly prodigiously augmented his family. He was overwhelmed with visits, congratulations, and requests. The whole town was in a commotion. Every one of its inhabitants wished to claim him as their cousin; and from the prodigious number of his pretended god-sons and god-daughters, it might have been supposed that he had held one-fourth of the children of Ajaccio at the baptismal font.

Bonaparte frequently walked with us in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio; and when in the height of his power, he did not count his crowns with greater pleasure than he evinced in pointing out to us the little domains of his ancestors.

While we were at Ajaccio, M. Fesch paid Bonaparte French money in exchange for a number of Turkish sequins, amounting in value to seventeen thousand francs. This sum was all that the General brought with him from Egypt. I mention this fact, because he was unjustly calumniated in letters written after his departure, and which were intercepted and published by the English. I ought also to add, that as he would never for his own private use resort to the money chest of the army, the contents of which were indeed never

half sufficient to defray the necessary expences, he several times borrowed from Genoa, and drew upon funds which he had left in Paris. I can bear witness that in Egypt I never saw him touch any money beyond his pay; and that he left the country poorer than he had entered it, is a fact that cannot be denied. In his notes on Egypt, it appears that in one year twelve millions six hundred thousand were received. In that sum were included at least two millions of contributions, which were levied at the expence of many decapitations. Bonaparte was fourteen months in Egypt, and he is said to have brought away with him twenty millions. Calumny may be very gratifying to certain persons, but they should at least give it a colouring of probability. The fact is, that Bonaparte had scarcely enough to maintain himself at Ajaccio, and to defray our posting expences to Paris.

On our arrival at Ajaccio we learned the death of Joubert, and the loss of the battle of Novi, which was fought on the 15th of August. Bonaparte was tormented by anxiety; he was in a state of utter uncertainty as to the future. From the time we left Alexandria till our arrival in Corsica, he had frequently talked of what he should do during the quarantine, which he supposed he should be required to observe on reaching Toulon, the port at which he had determined to land.

Even then he cherished some illusions respecting the state of affairs; and he often said to me, "But for that confounded quarantine, I would

hasten ashore, and place myself at the head of the Army of Italy. All is not over; and I am sure that there is not a general who would refuse me the command. The news of a victory gained by me, would reach Paris as soon as the battle of Aboukir; that, indeed, would be excellent."

In Corsica, his language was very different. When he was informed of our reverses, and saw the full extent of the evil, he was for a moment overwhelmed. His grand projects then gave way to the consideration of matters of minor import, and he thought about his detention in the Lazaretto of Toulon. He spoke of the Directory, of intrigues, and of what would be said of him. He reminded me of the conversation between Lacuée and La Valette.* He accounted his enemies those who envied him, and those who could not be reconciled to his glory, and the influence of his name. He sometimes betrayed fears of another kind. Though willing to submit to the urgency of the law, yet the Directory, he thought, would not abridge the period of his stay at the Lazaretto. Amidst all these anxieties, Bonaparte was still himself, though he was not the same as usual.

Providing against every chance of danger, he had purchased, at Ajaccio, a boat which was intended to be towed by the *Muiron*, and it was manned by twelve of the best sailors the island could furnish. His resolution was, in case of inevitable danger, to jump into this boat and get

* See the letter, p. 143.

ashore. This precaution had well nigh proved useful.*

After leaving the Gulf of Ajaccio, the voyage was prosperous and undisturbed for one day: but, on the second day, just at sun-set, an English squadron of fourteen sail hove in sight. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognized our two frigates as Venetian built; but, luckily for us, night came on, for we were not far apart. We saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to intercept us on the south-east. Under these circumstances, Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune; for it is very evident that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the East and going to France, they would have shut us out from land by running between us and it, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the darkness that we were indebted for escaping with no worse consequence than a fright.†

* Sir Walter Scott, at his commencement of his Life of Napoleon, says that Bonaparte did not see his native city, after 1793. Probably to avoid contradicting himself, the Scottish historian observes that Bonaparte was *near* Ajaccio on his return from Egypt. He spent eight days there.

† Where did Sir Walter Scott learn that we were neither seen nor recognized? We were not recognized, but certainly seen.

During the remainder of the night, the utmost agitation prevailed on board the *Muiron*. Gantheaume, especially, was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness: he was quite beside himself, for a disaster appeared inevitable. He proposed to return to Corsica. "No, no!" replied Bonaparte, imperiously. "No! spread all sail! every man at his post! To the north-west! To the north-west!" This order saved us; and I am enabled to affirm, that in the midst of almost general alarm, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders. The rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger. The remembrance of that night will never be effaced from my mind. The hours lingered on; and none of us could guess upon what new dangers the morrow's sun would shine.

However, Bonaparte's resolution was taken: his orders were given, his arrangements made. During the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long boat; he had already fixed on the persons who were to share his fate, and had already named to me the papers which he thought it most important to save. Happily, our terrors were vain and our arrangements useless. By the first rays of the sun, we discovered the English fleet sailing to north-east, and we immediately stood for the wished-for coast of France.

The 8th of October, at eight in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not

having recognized the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was, at first, some hesitation whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our bold entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, speedily banished all doubt of our being friends. We were in the port, and approaching the landing-place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was on board one of the frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats. In vain we begged them to keep at a distance: we were carried ashore, and when we told the crowd both of men and women who were pressing about us the risk they ran, they all explained, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians!*

What were our feelings when we again set foot on the soil of France, I will not attempt to describe. Our escape from the dangers that threatened us seemed almost miraculous. We had lost twenty days at the beginning of our voyage, and at its close we had been almost touched by an English squadron. Under these circumstances, how rapturously we inhaled the balmy air of Provence. Such was our joy, that we were scarcely sensible to the disheartening news which arrived from all quarters. At the first moment of our arrival, by a spontaneous impulse, we all repeated, with tears in our eyes,

the beautiful lines which Voltaire has put into the mouth of the exile of Sicily.

Bonaparte has been reproached with having violated the sanitary laws; but after what I have already stated respecting his intentions, I presume there can remain no doubt of the falsehood of this accusation. All the blame must rest with the inhabitants of Frejus, who, on this occasion, found the law of necessity more imperious than the sanitary laws. Yet when it is considered that four or five hundred persons, and a quantity of effects were landed from Alexandria, where the plague had been raging during the summer, it is almost a miracle that France and Europe escaped the scourge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Effect produced by Bonaparte's return—His justification—Letter to my wife—Bonaparte's intended dinner at Sens—Louis Bonaparte and Josephine—Fortune and genius—Bonaparte's eagerness for news—He changes his intended route—Melancholy situation of the provinces—Necessity of a change—Bonaparte's ambitious views—Influence of popular applause—What Bonaparte was, and what he might have been—Arrival in Paris—His reception of Josephine—Their reconciliation—Bonaparte's visit to the Directory—His contemptuous treatment of Sieyes.

THE effect produced in France and throughout Europe by the mere intelligence of Bonaparte's return, is well known. I shall not yet speak of the vast train of consequences which that event entailed. I must, however, notice some accusations which were brought against him from the time of our landing to the 9th of November. He was reproached for having left Egypt, and it was alleged that his departure was the result of long premeditation. But I, who was constantly with him, am enabled positively to affirm, that his return to France was merely the effect of a sudden resolution. Of this the following fact is in itself sufficient evidence.

While we were at Cairo, a few days before we heard of the landing of the Anglo-Turkish fleet, and at the moment when we were on the point of setting off to encamp at the Pyramids, Bonaparte dispatched a courier to France. I took advantage of this opportunity to write to my wife. I almost bade her an eternal adieu. My letter breathed expressions of grief, such as I had not before evinced. I said, among other things, that we knew not when or how it would be possible for us to return to France. If Bonaparte had then entertained any thought of a speedy return, I must have known it; and in that case I would not certainly have distressed my family by a desponding letter, when I had not had an opportunity of writing for seven months before.

Two days after the receipt of my letter, my wife was awoke very early in the morning, to be informed of our arrival in France. The courier who brought this intelligence was the bearer of a second letter from me, which I had written on board ship, and dated from Frejus. In this letter I mentioned that Bonaparte would pass through Sens, and dine with my mother.

In fulfilment of my directions, Mad. de Bourrienne set off for Paris at five in the morning. Having passed the first post, she met a berline containing four travellers, among whom she recognized Louis Bonaparte, going to meet the General on the Lyons road. On seeing Mad. de Bourrienne, Louis desired the postillion to stop. He drew up to her carriage, and asked her whether she had

heard from me? She told him what she knew, and assured him that we should pass through Sens, where the General wished to dine with my mother, who had made every preparation for receiving him. Louis then continued his journey. About nine o'clock, my wife met another berline, in which were Mad. Bonaparte and her daughter. As they were asleep, and both carriages were driving at a very rapid rate, Mad. de Bourrienne did not stop. Josephine followed the route taken by Louis. Both missed the General, who changed his mind at Lyons, and proceeded by the way of the Bourbonnais. He arrived fifteen hours after my wife; and those who had taken the Burgundy road proceeded to Lyons uselessly.

The mention of my letter from Cairo has led me, in some measure, to anticipate the progress of events. But to return to General Bonaparte, who now, after a forty-eight days' voyage, on a sea, beset with enemies, had reached his native land in safety. We often talk of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life. Without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset Bonaparte, and from which, in his different enterprises, he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertained this belief. But having myself long studied the "man of destiny," I have remarked, that that which he called his fortune, was, in fact, his genius; that his good luck resulted

from his keen insight into things ; from the calculations he made, rapid as lightning ; from the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions ; and from the conviction which he himself cherished, that boldness is often wisdom. If, for example, during the voyage from Alexandria to Frejus, Bonaparte had not imperiously insisted on deviating from the course usually taken ; if, at the outset, he had consented to put back to the port of Alexandria ; or, towards the end of the voyage, to return to Ajaccio, after he had left it, would he have triumphed over the dangers that threatened him ? Probably not. And was all this the mere effect of chance ? Certainly not.

No sooner had he arrived at Frejus, than Bonaparte, in his anxiety for news, eagerly questioned every person he met. He now ascertained the full extent of our reverses in Italy, which he had already learned, in a less detailed way, at Ajaccio. The idea he had conceived, before his landing in Corsica, now entirely vanished from his mind. "The evil is too great," said he ; "there is no remedy." This must have been a painful sacrifice ; for I shall never forget the boundless delight with which, on the voyage, he pictured to himself the effect that would be produced in Paris by the intelligence of a victory, gained in Italy, at the same moment when the news of the battle of Aboukir should arrive. He delighted in every thing that was calculated to strike the imagination.

Determined to repair, in all haste, to Paris, he

left Frejus, on the afternoon of the day of our landing. He himself had despatched the courier to Sens, to inform my mother of his intended visit to her ; and it was not until he got to Lyons, that he determined to take the road of the Bourbonnais. His reason for doing so will presently be seen. All along the road, at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received, as at Frejus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy. Only those who witnessed his triumphant journey, can form any notion of it ; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws ; despotism was systematically established ; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of the citizens had declared themselves against a pentarchy, devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction and intrigue. Disorder was general ; but, in the provinces, abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found more easy to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

A change so earnestly wished for, could not fail to be realized, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed

to be relieved from the situation in which they then stood. There were two dangers to cope with:—anarchy and the Bourbons. Every one felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the government in a single hand; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which France, after having so dearly purchased, was now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity; but, as yet, no such man had appeared. A soldier of fortune presented himself, covered with glory; he had planted the standard of France on the Capitol and on the Pyramids. The whole world acknowledged his superior talent; his character, his courage, and his victories, had raised him to the very highest rank. His great works, his gallant actions, his speeches, and his proclamations, ever since he had risen to eminence, left no doubt of his wish to secure happiness and freedom to France, his adopted country. At that critical moment, the necessity of a temporary dictatorship, which sometimes secures the safety of a state, banished all reflections on the consequences of such a power, and nobody seemed to think glory incompatible with personal liberty. All eyes were, therefore, directed on the General, whose past conduct guaranteed his capability of defending the Republic abroad, and liberty at home; on the General, whom his flatterers, and, indeed,

some of his sincere friends, styled, "the *hero of liberal ideas*," the title to which he aspired.

Under every point of view, therefore, he was naturally chosen as the chief of a generous nation, confiding to him her destiny, in preference to a troop of mean and fanatical hypocrites, who, under the names of republicanism and liberty, had reduced France to the most abject slavery.

And could it ever have been believed, that after being raised to the first magistracy, Bonaparte would have employed his power only to trample upon the principles which he had so often proclaimed, and to which he owed his elevation? Could it have been foreseen, that he would supersede, by the most absolute forms of despotism, that constitutional liberty, for which France yearned, and the tranquil enjoyment of which she had long sought to secure, even by fatal means? Yet, true it is, that when his ambition was gratified—when he had sacrificed all to obtain his object—he restored and defended those very principles which he had opposed so energetically on the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Brumaire. In spite of that eagle glance, which often enabled him to scan, rapidly and accurately, the most complicated things, he did not perceive, in the ascending progress of his power, that if unfortunate chance should ever place him on the declivity, he would not be supported by national feeling, nor aided by the patriotism which he had disavowed and deceived. Could he venture to

hope, that in the course of the immense enterprises which filled up his life, fate would never frown upon him for a single moment? Did he not see, that when a man is in himself *all*, all must fall with him; and that when the destiny of a nation depends on the winning or the losing of a battle, it depends on nothing?

Among the projects which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind, may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French government; but it would be a mistake to suppose, that, on his return from Egypt, he had formed any fixed plan. There was something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building those imaginary edifices, called castles in the air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes; and it may truly be said, that the whole French nation smoothed, for Bonaparte, the road which led to power. Certainly, the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than two hundred leagues, must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the republic.

This spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt, delighted him to a degree,

which I cannot express ; and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him.

Among people of all classes and all opinions, an 18th Brumaire was desired and expected. Many royalists even believed that a change would prove favourable to the king. So ready are we to persuade ourselves of the reality of what we wish.

In times of disorder, when all powers are confounded, and nothing can establish a counterpoise, the cleverest, the strongest, and the boldest, may easily oppress the rest. Bonaparte's military superiority over his contemporaries, the ascendancy of his good fortune and glory, and the influence of his name, assisted him at this time, as throughout two-thirds of his career.

If, when master of the power which was offered to him, he had followed the principles he previously professed, and for which he had heretofore fought and conquered ; if he had defended, with all the influence of his glory, that liberty, which the nation claimed, and which the age demanded ;—if he had rendered France as happy and as free, as he rendered her glorious, posterity could not have refused him the very first place among those great men, at whose side he will be ranged. But not having done for the welfare of mankind what he undertook for his own glory, posterity will judge of him by what he has achieved. He

will have full credit for his victories, but not for his conquests, which produced no result, and not one of which he preserved. His claim to the title of one of the greatest captains that ever lived, will be undisputed; but he left France less than when she was intrusted to him, and less than she had been left by Louis XIV. His brilliant campaigns in Italy gave Venice to Austria, and the Ionian Isles to England. His Egyptian expedition gave Malta to the English, destroyed our navy, and cost us twenty-two thousand men. The civil code is the only one of Bonaparte's legislative acts which can be sanctioned by philosophy and reason. All his other laws were null, and rested only on his existence. Did he, either in his character of consul or emperor, contribute to the happiness of France? Posterity will answer in the negative. Indeed, if we weigh, in one scale, all our victories and all our glory, and in the other, Europe in Paris, and the disgraceful treaty of 1815, with its accessaries and consequences, it will be seen on what side the balance will turn.

The causes which rendered a change necessary, and the motives which made it desirable, are obvious. However, intrigue crept into the proceedings of the 18th Brumaire; and if, as it cannot be denied, that day saw the extinction of anarchy and disorder, it also witnessed the extinction of liberty.

As soon as it was suspected that Bonaparte would accept the power offered him, an outcry was raised

about a conspiracy against the republic, and measures were sought for preserving it. But necessity, and, indeed, it must be confessed, the general feeling of the people, consigned the execution of those measures to him who was to subvert the republic. On his return to Paris, Bonaparte spoke and acted like a man who felt his own power; he cared neither for flattery, dinners, nor balls—his mind took a higher flight.

We arrived in Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire (the 16th of October). As yet he knew nothing of what was going on; for he had seen neither his wife nor his brothers, who were looking for him on the Burgundy road. The news of our landing at Frejus, had reached Paris by a telegraphic despatch. Madame Bonaparte, who was dining with M. Gohier, when that despatch was communicated to him, as President of the Directory, immediately set off to meet her husband, well knowing how important it was that her first interview with him should not be anticipated by his brothers.

The imprudent communications of Junot, at the Fountains of Messoudiah, will be remembered; but, after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. We reached the capital before Josephine returned. The

recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions, which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France and Europe with the details of a charge of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugène, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause.

On the day after his arrival, Bonaparte visited the Directors. The interview was cold. On the 24th of October, he said to me, "I dined yesterday at Gohier's; Sieyes was present, and I pretended not to see him. I observed how much he was enraged at this mark of disrespect."—"But

are you sure he is against you?" inquired I.—
"I know nothing yet; but he is a systemizing
man, and I don't like him." Even at that time
Bonaparte had thoughts of getting himself elected
a member of the Directory, in the room of
Sieyes.

CHAPTER XXV.

Moreau and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's opinion of Bernadotte—False report—The crown of Sweden and the constitution of the year III.—Intrigues of Bonaparte's brothers—Angry conversation between Bonaparte and Bernadotte—Bonaparte's version—Josephine's version—An unexpected visit—The Manege Club—Salicetti and Joseph Bonaparte—Bonaparte invites himself to breakfast with Bernadotte—Country excursion—Bernadotte dines with Bonaparte—The plot and conspiracy—Conduct of Lucien—Dinner given to Bonaparte by the Council of Five Hundred—Bonaparte's wish to be chosen a member of the Directory—His reconciliation with Sieyes—Offer made by the Directory to Bonaparte—He is falsely accused by Barras.

To throw a clear light on the course of the great events which will presently be developed, it is necessary to state briefly what intrigues had been hatched, what ambitious hopes had risen up, while we were in Egypt, and finally, all those things which we were so eager to learn on our return home. When in Egypt, Bonaparte was entirely deprived of any means of knowing what was going on in France; and in our rapid journey from Frejus to Paris, we had no opportunity of collecting much information. Yet it was very important that we should know the real state of

affairs, and the sentiments of those whom Bonaparte had counted among his rivals in glory, and whom he might now meet among his rivals in ambition. Moreau's military reputation stood very high, and Bernadotte's firmness appeared inflexible. Generally speaking, Bonaparte might have reckoned among his devoted partizans the companions of his glory in Italy, and also those whom he subsequently surnamed "his Egyptians." But brave men had distinguished themselves in the Army of the Rhine; and if they did not withhold their admiration from the conqueror of Italy, they felt, at least, more personally interested in the admiration which they lavished on him who had repaired the disaster of Scherer. Besides, it must be borne in mind that republican spirit prevailed, almost without exception, in the army, and that the Directory appeared to be a government invented expressly to afford patronage to intriguers. All this planted difficulties in our way, and rendered it indispensably necessary that we should know our ground. We had, it is true, been greeted by the fullest measure of popular enthusiasm on our arrival; but this was not enough. We wanted suffrages of a more solid kind.

During the campaign of Egypt, Bernadotte, who was a zealous republican, had been war minister, but he had resigned the portfolio to Dubois de Crancé, three weeks before Bonaparte's return to France. Some partizans of the old minister were endeavouring to get him recalled,

and it was very important to Bonaparte's interests that he should prevent the success of this design. I recollect that on the second day of our arrival, Bonaparte said to me, " I have learned many things ; but we shall see what will happen. Bernadotte is a singular man. When he was war minister, Augereau, Salicetti, and some others, informed him that the constitution was in danger, and that it was necessary to get rid of Sieyes, Barras, and Fouché, who were at the head of a plot. What did Bernadotte do? Nothing. He asked for proofs. None could be produced. He asked for powers. Who could grant them? Nobody. He should have taken them; but he would not venture on that. He wavered. He said he could not enter into the schemes which were proposed to him. He only promised to be silent on condition that they were renounced. Bernadotte is not a help; he is an obstacle. I have heard from good authority that a great number of influential persons wished to invest him with extensive power for the public good; but he was obstinate, and would listen to nothing."

After a brief interval of silence, during which Bonaparte rubbed his forehead with his right hand, he thus resumed:—" I believe I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. I know he would prefer military to political power. The promise of the command of an army would gain him over. But Bernadotte has Moorish

blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He has been to my brothers. He does not like me, and I am almost certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious, he will venture any thing. And, yet, you recollect in what a lukewarm way he acted on the 18th Fructidor, when I sent him to second Augereau. This devil of a fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested, and clever. But, after all, we have but just arrived, and know not what may happen."

Bernadotte, it was reported, had advised that Bonaparte should be brought to a court martial, on the two-fold charge of having abandoned his army and violated the sanitary laws. This report came to the ears of Bonaparte; but he refused to believe it, and he was right. Bernadotte thought himself bound to the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Hence, the opposition he manifested to the measures of the 18th Brumaire. But he cherished no personal animosity against Bonaparte as long as he was ignorant of his ambitious designs. The extraordinary and complicated nature of subsequent events, have rendered his possession of the crown of Sweden no way incompatible with his fidelity to the constitution of the year III.

On our first arrival in Paris, though I was almost constantly with the General, yet, as our routine of occupation was not yet settled, I was enabled, now and then, to snatch an hour or two from business. This leisure time I spent in the

society of my family and a few friends, and also in collecting information as to what had happened during our absence, for which purpose I consulted old newspapers and pamphlets. I was not surprised to learn that Bonaparte's brothers, that is to say, Joseph and Lucien, had been engaged in many intrigues. I was told that Sieyes had, for a moment, thought of calling the Duke of Brunswick to the head of the government; that Barras would not have been very averse to favouring the return of the Bourbons; and that Moulins, Roger Ducos, and Gohier, alone believed, or affected to believe, in the possibility of preserving the existing form of government. From what I heard at the time, I have good reasons for believing that Joseph and Lucien made all sorts of endeavours to inveigle Bernadotte into their brother's party, and in the hope of accomplishing that object, they had assisted in getting him appointed war minister. However, I cannot vouch for the truth of this. I was also told that Bernadotte had at first submitted to the influence of Bonaparte's two brothers; but that their urgent interference in their client's behalf, induced him to shake them off, to proceed freely in the exercise of his duties, and to open the eyes of the Directory on what the Republic might have to apprehend from the enterprising character of Bonaparte. It is certain that what I have to relate respecting the conduct of Bernadotte to Bonaparte is calculated to give credit to these assertions.

All the generals who were in Paris, with the

exception of Bernadotte, had visited Bonaparte, during the first three days which succeeded his arrival. Bernadotte's absence was the more remarkable, because he had served under Bonaparte in Italy. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed, and then only on the reiterated entreaties of Joseph and Madame Joseph Bonaparte (his sister-in-law), that he determined to go and see his old General-in-Chief. I was not present at their interview, being at that moment occupied in the little cabinet of the Rue Chanteraine. But I soon discovered that their conversation had been warm; for, as soon as it was ended, Bonaparte entered the cabinet exceedingly agitated, and said to me, "Bourrienne, how do you think Bernadotte has behaved? You travelled with me from Frejus;—you witnessed the enthusiasm which my return excited;—you yourself told me that you saw in that enthusiasm the desire of the French people to be relieved from the disastrous position in which our reverses have placed them. Well! would you believe it? Bernadotte boasts, with ridiculous exaggeration, of the brilliant and victorious situation of France! He talked about the defeat of the Russians, the occupation of Genoa, the innumerable armies that are rising up every where. In short, I know not what nonsense he has got in his head."—"What can all this mean?" said I, "Did he speak about Egypt?" "Oh! yes. Now you remind me. He actually reproached me for not having brought the army back with me.—'But,' observed I, 'have you not

just told me that you are absolutely overrun with troops ; that all your frontiers are secure, and that immense levies are going on ; and that you will have two hundred thousand infantry ?—If this be true, what do you want with a few thousand men, who may ensure the preservation of Egypt ?’ He could make no answer to this. But he is quite elated by the honour of having been war minister ; and he told me boldly that he looked upon the army of Egypt as lost. Nay, more. He made insinuations. He spoke of enemies abroad and enemies at home ; and as he uttered these last words, he looked significantly at me. I, too, gave him a glance ! But stay a little. The pear will soon be ripe ! You know Josephine’s grace and address. She was present. The scrutinizing glance of Bernadotte did not escape her, and she adroitly turned the conversation. Bernadotte saw from my countenance that I had had enough of it, and he took his leave. But, don’t let me interrupt you further. I am going back to speak to Josephine.”

I must confess that this strange story made me very impatient to find myself alone with Madame Bonaparte, for I wished to hear her account of the scene. An opportunity occurred that very evening. I repeated to her what I had heard from the General, and all that she told me tended to confirm its accuracy. She added that Bernadotte seemed to take the utmost pains to exhibit to the General a flattering picture of the prosperity of France ; and she reported to me, as follows,

that part of the conversation which was peculiarly calculated to irritate Bonaparte:—" ' I do not despair of the safety of the republic, which, I am certain, will triumph over her enemies, both abroad and at home.' As Bernadotte uttered these last words," continued Josephine, " his glance made me shudder. One word more, and Bonaparte could have commanded himself no longer. It is true," added she, " that it was in some degree his own fault, for it was he who turned the conversation on politics; and Bernadotte, in describing the flourishing condition of France, was only replying to the General, who had drawn a very opposite picture of the state of things. You know, my dear Bourrienne, that Bonaparte is not always very prudent. I fear he has said too much to Bernadotte about the necessity of changes in the government." Josephine had not yet recovered from the agitation into which this violent scene had thrown her. After I took leave of her I made notes of what she had told me.

A few days after, when Bonaparte, Josephine, Hortense, Eugene, and I, were together in the drawing-room, Bernadotte unexpectedly entered. His appearance, after what had passed, was calculated to surprise us. He was accompanied by a person whom he requested permission to introduce to Bonaparte. I have forgotten his name, but he was, I think, secretary-general while Bernadotte was in office. Bonaparte betrayed no appearance of astonishment. He received Bernadotte with perfect ease, and they soon entered

into conversation. Bonaparte, who seemed to acquire confidence from the presence of those who were about him, said a great deal about the agitation which prevailed among the republicans, and expressed himself in very decided terms against the Manège Club. I seconded him by observing that M. Moreau de Worms, of my department, who was a member of that club, had himself complained to me of the violence that prevailed in it. “But, General,” said Bernadotte, “your brothers were its most active originators. Yet,” added he, in a tone of firmness, “if you accuse me of having favoured that club, I repel the charge. It cannot be otherwise than false. When I came into office I found every thing in the greatest disorder. I had no leisure to think about any club to which my duties did not call me. You know well that your friend Salicetti, and that your brother, who is in your confidence, are both leading men in the Manège Club. To the instructions of *I know not whom*, is to be attributed the violence of which you complain.” At these words, and especially the tone in which Bernadotte uttered *I know not whom*, Bonaparte could no longer restrain himself. “Well, General,” exclaimed he, furiously, “I tell you plainly, I would rather live wild in the woods, than in a state of society which affords no security.”—Bernadotte then said, with great dignity of manner,—“Heavens! General, what security would you have?” From the warmth evinced by Bonaparte, I saw plainly that the conver-

sation would soon be converted into a dispute, and in a whisper I requested Madame Bonaparte to change the conversation, which she immediately did, by addressing a question to some one present. Bernadotte, observing Madame Bonaparte's design, checked his warmth. The subject of conversation was changed, and it became general. Bernadotte soon took up his hat and departed.

One morning, when I entered Bonaparte's chamber—it was, I believe, three or four days after the second visit of Bernadotte—he said,

“ Well, Bourrienne, I wager you will not guess with whom I am going to breakfast this morning?”—“ Really, General, I — ” “ With Bernadotte; and the best of the joke is, that I have invited myself.....You would have seen how it was all brought about if you had been with us at the Theatre Français, yesterday evening. You know we are going to visit Joseph to-day, at Mortfontaine. Well, as we were coming out of the theatre, last night, finding myself side by side with Bernadotte, and not knowing what to talk about, I asked him whether he was to be of our party to-day? He replied in the affirmative; and as we were passing his house in the Rue Cisalpine, I told him, without any ceremony, that I should be happy to come and take a cup of coffee with him this morning. He seemed pleased. What do you think of that, Bourrienne?”—“ Why, General, I hope you may have reason, on my part, to be pleased with him.”—“ Never

fear, never fear. I know what I am about. This will compromise him with Gohier. Remember, you must always meet your enemies with a good face, otherwise they think they are feared, and that gives them confidence."

Bonaparte stepped into the carriage with Josephine, who was always ready when she had to go out with him, for he did not like to wait. They proceeded first to Bernadotte's to breakfast, and from thence to Mortfontaine. . On his return, Bonaparte told me very little about what had passed during the day, and I could see that he was not in the best of humours. I afterwards learned that Bonaparte had conversed a good deal with Bernadotte, and that he had made every effort to render himself agreeable, which he very well knew how to do, when he chose; but that in spite of all his conversational talent, and supported as he was by the presence of his three brothers, and Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, he could not withstand the republican firmness of Bernadotte. However, the number of his partisans daily augmented; for all had not the uncompromising spirit of Bernadotte; and it will soon be seen, that Moreau himself undertook the guard of the Directors who were made prisoners on the 18th Brumaire.

Bernadotte's shrewd penetration made him one of the first to see clearly into Bonaparte's designs. He was well convinced of his determination to overthrow the Constitution, and possess himself of power. He saw the Directory divided into

two parties ; the one, duped by the promises and assurances of Bonaparte, and the other conniving with him for the accomplishment of his plans. In these circumstances, Bernadotte offered his services to all persons connected with the Government, who, like himself, were averse to the change which he saw such good reason to apprehend. But Bonaparte was not the man to be outdone in cunning or activity ; and every moment swelled the ranks of his adherents.

On the 16th Brumaire I dined in the Rue de la Victoire. Bernadotte was present, and I believe General Jourdan also. While the grand conspiracy was hastening to its accomplishment Madame Bonaparte and I had contrived a little plot of a more innocent kind. We let no one into our secret, and our 16th Brumaire was crowned with complete success. We had agreed to be on the alert, to prevent any fresh exchange of angry words. All succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. The conversation was rather dull during dinner ; but it was not dullness that we were afraid of. It turned on the subject of war, and in that vast field Bonaparte's superiority over his interlocutors was undeniable.

When we retired to the drawing-room, a great number of evening visitors poured in, and the conversation then became animated, and even gay. Bonaparte was in high spirits. He said to some one, smiling, and pointing to Bernadotte—

“ You are not aware that the General yonder is a Chouan.”—“ A Chouan,” repeated Berna-

dotte, also in a tone of pleasantry, “ Ah! General, you contradict yourself. Only the other day you taxed me with favouring the violence of the friends of the Republic, and now you accuse me of protecting the Chouans. You should, at least, be consistent.” A few moments after, availing himself of the confusion occasioned by the throng of visitors, Bernadotte slipped off.

As a mark of respect to Bonaparte, the Council of Five Hundred appointed Lucien its President. The event proved how important this nomination was to Napoleon. Up to the 19th Brumaire, and especially on that day, Lucien evinced a degree of activity, intelligence, courage, and presence of mind, which are rarely found united in one individual. I have no hesitation in stating, that, to Lucien’s nomination and exertions, must be attributed the success of the 19th Brumaire.

The General had laid down a plan of conduct, from which he never deviated during the twenty-three days which intervened between his arrival in Paris and the 18th Brumaire. He refused almost all private invitations, in order to avoid indiscreet questions, unacceptable offers, and answers which might compromise him.

It was not without some degree of hesitation that he yielded to a project started by Lucien, who, by all sorts of manœuvring, had succeeded in prevailing on a great number of his colleagues to be present at a grand subscription dinner to be given to Bonaparte by the Council of Five Hundred.

The disorder which unavoidably prevailed in a party amounting to upwards of two hundred and fifty persons, animated by a diversity of opinions and sentiments; the anxiety and distrust arising in the minds of those who were not in the grand plot, rendered this meeting one of the most disagreeable I ever witnessed. It was all restraint and dulness. Bonaparte's countenance sufficiently betrayed his dissatisfaction: besides, the success of his schemes demanded his presence elsewhere. Almost as soon as he had finished his dinner, he rose, saying to Berthier and me, "I am tired: let us be gone." He went round to the different tables, addressing to the company compliments and trifling remarks, and departed, leaving at table the persons by whom he had been invited.

This short political crisis was marked by nothing more grand, dignified, or noble than the previous revolutionary commotions. All these plots were so contemptible, and were accompanied by so much trickery, falsehood, and treachery, that, for the honour of human nature, it is desirable to cover them with a veil.

General Bonaparte's thoughts were first occupied with the idea he had conceived even when in Italy, namely, to be chosen a Director. Nobody dared yet accuse him of being a deserter from the army of the east. The only difficulty was to obtain a dispensation on the score of age. And was this not to be obtained? No sooner was he installed in his humble abode, in the Rue

de la Victoire, than he was assured that, on the retirement of Rewbell, the majority of suffrages would have devolved on him, had he been in France, and had not the fundamental law required the age of forty ; but that not even his warmest partizans were disposed to violate the yet infant constitution of the year III.

Bonaparte soon perceived that no efforts would succeed in overcoming this difficulty, and he easily resolved to possess himself wholly of an office of which he would nominally have had only a fifth part, had he been a member of the Directory.

As soon as his intentions became manifest, he found himself surrounded by all those who recognized in him the man they had long looked for. These persons, who were able and influential in their own circles, endeavoured to convert into friendship the animosity which existed between Sieyes and Bonaparte. This angry feeling had been increased by a remark made by Sieyes, and reported to Bonaparte. He had said, after the dinner at which Bonaparte treated him so disrespectfully, " Do you see how that little insolent fellow behaves to the member of a government which would do well to order him to be shot ? "

But all was changed when able mediators pointed out to Bonaparte the advantage of uniting with Sieyes for the purpose of overthrowing a constitution which he did not like. He was assured how vain it would be to think of superseding him, and that it would be better to

flatter him with the hope of helping to subvert the constitution and raising up a new one. One day, some one said to Bonaparte, in my hearing, "Seek for support among the party who call the friends of the Republic Jacobins, and be assured that Sieyes is at the head of that party."

On the 25th Vendémiaire (17th of October,) the Directory summoned General Bonaparte to a private sitting. "They offered me the choice of any army I would command," said he to me next morning. "I would not refuse; but I asked to be allowed a little time for the recovery of my health; and, to avoid any other embarrassing offers, I withdrew. I shall go to no more of their sittings." [He attended only one after this.] "I am determined to join Sieyes's party. It includes a greater diversity of opinions than that of the profligate Barras. He proclaims every where that he is the author of my fortune. He will never be content to play an inferior part, and I will never bend to such a man. He cherishes the mad ambition of being the support of the Republic. What would he do with me? Sieyes, on the contrary, has no political ambition."

No sooner did Sieyes begin to grow friendly with Bonaparte, than the latter learned from him that Barras had said—"The little corporal has made his fortune in Italy, and does not want to go back again." Bonaparte repaired to the Directory for the sole purpose of contradicting this allegation. He complained to the Directors of its false-

hood, boldly affirmed that the fortune he was supposed to possess had no existence, and that even if he had made his fortune, it was not, at all events, at the expense of the Republic. "You know," said he to me, "that the mines of Hydria have furnished the greater part of what I possess."—"Is it possible," said I, "that Barras could have said so, when you know so well of all the peculations of which he has been guilty since your return?"

Bonaparte had confided the secret of his plans to very few persons—to those only whose assistance he wanted. The rest mechanically followed their leaders and the impulse which was given to them: they passively awaited the realization of the promises they had received, and on the faith of which they had pledged themselves.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Cambaceres and Le Brun—Gohier deceived—My nocturnal visit to Barras—The command of the army given to Bonaparte—The morning of the 18th Brumaire—Meeting of the generals at Bonaparte's house—Bernadotte's firmness—Josephine's interest for Madame Gohier—Disappointment of the Directors—Review in the gardens of the Tuileries—Bonaparte's harangue—Proclamation of the Ancients—Dialogue circulated in Paris—Proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris—Moreau, jailor of the Luxembourg—My conversation with La Vallette—Bonaparte at Saint Cloud.

THE parts in the great drama which was shortly to be enacted, were well distributed. During the three days preceding the 18th Brumaire every one was at his post. Lucien, with equal activity and intelligence, forwarded the conspiracy in the two Councils; Sieyes had the management of the Directory; Real, under the instructions of Fouché, negotiated with the Departments, and dexterously managed, without comprising Fouché, to ruin those from whom that minister had received his power. There was no time to lose; and Fouché said to me, on the 14th Brumaire—"Tell your General to be speedy: if he delays, he is lost."

On the 17th, Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely told Bonaparte that the overtures made to Cambaceres and Lebrun had not been received in a very decided way. "I will have no tergiversation," replied Bonaparte, with warmth. "Let them not flatter themselves that I stand in need of them. They must decide to-day; to-morrow will be too late. I feel myself strong enough now to stand alone."

Cambaceres and Lebrun were almost utter strangers to the intrigues which preceded the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte had cast his eyes on the Minister of Justice to be one of his colleagues, when he should be at liberty to name them, because his previous conduct had pledged him as a partisan of the Revolution. To him Bonaparte added Lebrun, to counterbalance the first choice. Lebrun was distinguished for honourable conduct and moderate principles. By selecting these two men, Bonaparte hoped to please every one: besides, neither of them were able to contend against his fixed determination and ambitious views.

What low intrigues marked the 17th Brumaire! On that day I dined with Bonaparte; and after dinner he said, "I have promised to dine to-morrow with Gohier; but, as you may readily suppose, I do not intend going. However, I am very sorry for his obstinacy. By way of restoring his confidence, Josephine is going to invite him to breakfast with us to-morrow. It will be impossible for him to suspect anything. I saw Barras

this morning, and left him much disturbed. He asked me to return and visit him to-night. I promised to do so, but I shall not go. To-morrow all will be over. There is but little time; he expects me at eleven o'clock to-night. You shall therefore take my carriage, go there, send in my name, and then enter yourself. Tell him that a severe head-ache confines me to my bed, but that I will be with him without fail to-morrow. Bid him not be alarmed, for all will soon be right again. Elude his questions as much as possible; do not stay long, and come to me on your return."

At precisely eleven o'clock, I reached the residence of Barras, in General Bonaparte's carriage. Solitude and silence prevailed in all the apartments through which I passed to Barras' cabinet. Bonaparte was announced, and when Barras saw me enter instead of him, he manifested the greatest astonishment, and appeared much cast down. It was easy to perceive that he looked on himself as a lost man. I executed my commission, and stayed only a short time. I rose to take my leave, and he said, while shewing me out—"I see that Bonaparte is deceiving me: he will not come again. He has settled every thing; yet to me he owes all." I repeated that he would certainly come to-morrow, but he shook his head, in a way which plainly denoted that he did not believe me. When I gave Bonaparte an account of my visit, he appeared much pleased. He told me that Joseph was going to call that evening on Bernadotte, and to ask him to come to-morrow.

I replied, that, from all I knew, he would be of no use to him. "I believe so, too," said he; "but he can no longer injure me, and that is enough. Well, good night; be here at seven in the morning." It was then one o'clock.

I was with him a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and on my arrival I found a great number of generals and officers assembled. I entered Bonaparte's chamber, and found him already up—a thing rather unusual with him. At this moment he was as calm as on the approach of a battle. In a few moments Joseph and Bernadotte arrived. Joseph had not found him at home on the preceding evening, and had called for him that morning. I was surprised to see Bernadotte in plain clothes, and I stepped up to him and said, in a low voice, "General, every one here, except you and I, are in uniform." "Why should I be in uniform?" said he. As he uttered these words, Bonaparte, struck with the same surprise as myself, stopped short while speaking to several persons round him, and turning quickly towards Bernadotte, said:—"How is this? you are not in uniform!" "I never am on a morning when I am not on duty;" replied Bernadotte. "You will be on duty presently." "I have not heard a word of it: I should have received my orders sooner."

Bonaparte then led Bernadotte into an adjoining room. Their conversation was not long, for there was not time to spare.

On the other hand, by the influence of the principal conspirators, the removal of the legislative body to St. Cloud was determined on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, and the command of the army was given to Bonaparte.

All this time Barras was, no doubt, waiting for Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte was expecting Gohier to breakfast. At Bonaparte's were assembled all the generals who were devoted to him. I never saw so great a number before in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all, except Bernadotte, in full uniform; and there were, besides, half-a-dozen persons there, initiated in the secrets of the day. The little hotel of the conqueror of Italy was much too small for such an assemblage, and several persons were standing in the court-yard. Bonaparte was acquainted with the decree of the Council of Ancients, and only waited for its being brought to him, before he should mount his horse. That decree was adopted in the Council of Ancients, by what may be called a false majority, for the members of the Council were summoned at different hours, and it was so contrived, that sixty or eighty of them, whom Lucien and his friends had not been able to gain over, should not receive their notices in time.

As soon as the message from the Council of Ancients arrived, Bonaparte requested all the officers at his house to follow him. At that announcement, a few, who were in ignorance of what was going on, did not follow—at least, I saw

two groups separately leave the hotel. Bernadotte said to me, "I shall stay with you." I perceived there was a good deal of suspicion about him. Bonaparte, before going down the stairs, which lead from the small round dining-room into the court-yard, returned quickly to bid Bernadotte follow him. He would not, and Bonaparte then said to me, while hurrying off, "Gohier is not come—so much the worse for him," and leaped on his horse. Scarcely was he off, when Bernadotte left me. Josephine and I being now left alone, she acquainted me with her anxiety. I assured her that everything had been so well prepared, that success was certain. She felt much interested about Gohier, on account of her friendship for his wife. She asked me whether I was well acquainted with Gohier?—"You know, Madame," replied I, "that we have been only twenty days in Paris, and that during that time, I have scarcely gone anywhere. I have seen M. Gohier several times, when he came to visit the General, and have talked to him about the situation of our affairs in Switzerland, Holland, France, and other political matters, but I never exchanged a word with him as to what is now going on. This is the whole extent of my acquaintance with him."

"I am sorry for it," resumed Josephine, "because I should have asked you to write to him, and beg him to make no stir, but imitate Sieyes and Roger, who will voluntarily retire, and not to join Barras, who is probably, at this very

moment, forced to do so. Bonaparte has told me, that if Gohier voluntarily resigns, he will do every thing for him." I believe Josephine communicated directly with the President of the Directory, through a friend of Madame Gohier's.

Gohier and Moulins, no longer depending on Sieyes and Roger Ducos, waited for their colleague, Barras, in the hall of the Directory, to adopt some measure on the decree for removing the Councils to Saint Cloud. But they were disappointed, for Barras, whose eyes had been opened by my visit on the preceding night, did not join them. He had been invisible to his colleagues from the moment that Bruix and M. de Talleyrand had informed him of the reality of what he already suspected, and insisted on his retirement.

On the 18th Brumaire, a great number of military, amounting to about 10,000 men, were assembled in the gardens of the Tuileries, and were reviewed by Bonaparte, accompanied by Generals Bournonville, Moreau, and Macdonald. Bonaparte read the decree of the Council of Ancients, by which the legislative body was removed to St. Cloud, and by which he himself was entrusted with the execution of that decree, and appointed to the command of all the military force in Paris.

He then delivered the following address to the troops :—

“ SOLDIERS,

“ The extraordinary decree of the Council of

Ancients, which is conformable to articles 102 and 103 of the Constitution, has appointed me to the command of the city and the army.

“I accept that appointment with the view of seconding the measures which the Council is about to adopt, and which are entirely favourable to the people.

“The republic has been badly governed for two years past. You hoped that my return would put an end to the evil. You have celebrated that return in a way which imposes on me duties which I am ready to perform. You will also perform your duty, and second your general with the energy, firmness, and confidence you have always manifested.

“Liberty, victory, and peace will restore the French republic to the rank it has occupied in Europe, and which it could have lost only by folly and treason.”

Whilst Bonaparte was thus haranguing the soldiers, the Council of Ancients published an address to the French people, in which it was declared, that the seat of the legislative body was changed in order to put down the factions, whose object was to control the national representation.

A dialogue on the affairs of the day was posted up at the doors of the Councils, and distributed in great numbers, in the reading rooms. I quote a part of it, for it is curious to know, at the present time, what words were then put into the mouth of Bonaparte.

The Member of the Five Hundred.—“ Between ourselves, my friend, I am afraid of the interference of Bonaparte in this affair. His reputation, his influence, the just confidence which the soldiers place in his talents, and, above all, his talent itself, may give him a most formidable ascendancy over the destinies of the republic. Shall the fate of liberty depend on him? If he prove a Cæsar! a Cromwell!”

The Member of the Ancients. — “ A Cæsar! a Cromwell! Bad, worn out characters, unworthy of a man of sense, even if they were not unworthy of an honest man. It would be a sacrilegious thought, said Bonaparte himself, at one time, to make any attempt against a representative government in the present age of knowledge and liberty. He would be a mere fool, he said, at another time, who would wantonly stake the republic against European royalty, after having contended for it with so much glory and peril.”

On the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte caused the following proclamation to be printed, and posted about Paris. He was so certain of what the Council of Ancients would do, that he had dictated it to me before the decree, mentioned in it, was passed:—

“ CITIZENS,

“ The Council of Ancients, the depositary of the national wisdom, has just issued the annexed

decree, which is authorised by Art. 102 and 103 of the Constitution.

“ I am directed to take measures for the protection of the national representation. Its removal is necessary and urgent. The legislative body is competent to extricate the representative body from the danger, into which the disorganization of all departments of the government is hurrying us.

“ On this important occasion, the union and the confidence of all true patriots is necessary. Rally round the Council. That is the only means of establishing the republic on the basis of civil liberty, internal happiness, victory and peace.”

While all this was passing abroad, I was at the General's house in the Rue de la Victoire ; which I never left during the whole day. Madame Bonaparte and I were not without anxiety in Bonaparte's absence. I learned from Josephine, that Joseph's wife had received a visit from Adjutant General Rapatel, who had been sent by Bonaparte and Moreau to bring her husband to the Tuileries. Joseph was from home at the time, and so the message was useless. This circumstance however awakened hopes, which we had scarcely dared to entertain. Moreau was then in accordance with Bonaparte, for Rapatel was sent in the name of both generals. This alliance, so long despaired of, appeared to augur favourably. It was one of Bonaparte's happy strokes. Mo-

reau, who was a slave to military discipline, regarded his successful rival only as a chief nominated by the Council of Ancients. He received his orders and obeyed them. Bonaparte appointed him Commander of the Guard of the Luxembourg where the Directors were under confinement. He accepted the command, and no circumstance could have contributed more effectually to the accomplishment of Bonaparte's views, and to the triumph of his ambition.

At length Bonaparte, whom we had impatiently expected, returned. Almost every thing had gone well with him, for he had had only to do with soldiers. In the evening he said to me, "I am sure that the Committee of Inspectors of the Hall are at this very moment engaged in settling what is to be done at St. Cloud to-morrow. It is better to let them decide the matter, for by that means their vanity is flattered. I will obey orders, which I have myself concerted." What Bonaparte was speaking of, had been arranged nearly two days previously. The Committee of Inspectors was under the influence of the principal conspirators.

In the evening of this anxious day, which was destined to be succeeded by a stormy morrow, Bonaparte, pleased with having gained over Moreau, spoke to me of Bernadotte's visit in the morning. "I saw," said he, "that you were as much astonished as I at Bernadotte's behaviour. A general out of uniform! He might as well have come in slippers. Do you know what

passed when I took him aside? I told him all; I thought that the best way. I assured him that his Directory was hated, and his Constitution worn out; that it was necessary to turn them all off, and give another impulse to the government. Go and put on your uniform," said I; "I cannot wait for you long. You will find me at the Tuileries, with the rest of our comrades. Do not depend on Moreau, Bournonville, or the generals of your party. When you know them better, you will find that they promise much, but perform little. Do not trust to them." Bernadotte then said, that he would not take part in what he called a rebellion. "A rebellion! Bourrienne, only think of that. A set of imbeciles, who from morning to night do nothing but debate in their little clubs! But all was in vain. I could not move Bernadotte. He is a bar of iron. I asked him to give me his word that he would do nothing against me—what do you think was his answer?" "Something unpleasant, no doubt." "Unpleasant! that is too mild a word. He said, 'I will remain quiet as a citizen; but if the Directory order me to act, I will march against all disturbers.' But I can laugh at all that now. My measures are taken, and he will have no command. However, I set him at ease as to what would take place. I flattered him with a picture of private life, the pleasures of the country, and the charms of Malmaison; and I left him with his head full of pastoral dreams. In a word, I am

very well satisfied with my day's work. Good night, Bourrienne; we shall see what will turn up to-morrow."

On the 19th I went to St. Cloud with my friend, La Vallette. As we passed the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked me what was doing, and what my opinion was as to the coming events? Without entering into any detail, I replied, "My friend, either we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or there will be an end of us." Who could tell which of the two things would happen? Success legalised a bold enterprise, which the slightest accident might have changed into a crime.

The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemer cier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the Hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had the President to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the General on his right. Berthier was at his left.

All the speeches which have been subsequently

passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte on this occasion, differ from each other, as well they may, for he delivered none, unless his confused answers to the President, which were alike devoid of dignity and sense, are to be called a speech. He talked of his "brothers in arms," and the "frankness of a soldier." The questions of the President followed each other rapidly: they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive any thing more confused or worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He talked without end of "volcanos, secret agitations, victories, a violated constitution!" He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter, and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of every thing until the Council of Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came "Cæsar—Cromwell—tyrant!" and he several times repeated, "I have nothing more to say to you!" though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words "liberty—equality!" though it was evident he had not come to St. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner did he utter these words, than a member of the Ancients, named, I think, Linglet, interrupting him, exclaimed, "You forget the Constitution!" His countenance immediately lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but "The 18th

Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—Hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all!—I will resign my power, when the danger which threatens the republic shall have passed away!”

Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little confidence, and accused the two Directors, Barras and Moulins, “of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas.”

At these words, the falsehood of which was odious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for, to hear the disclosures. “No, no!” exclaimed others; “no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced: it is right that France should know all!”

Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him: “You must no longer conceal any thing.”

Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving an explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The Council of Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for “scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of everything.”

Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconse-

quential. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were quite overcome by astonishment: at another, to the military in the court-yard, who could not hear him. Then, by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of "the thunderbolts of war!" and added, that he was "attended by the God of war and the God of fortune."

The President, with great calmness, told him that he saw nothing, absolutely nothing, upon which the council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he had said. "Explain yourself; reveal the plot in which you say you were urged to join."

Bonaparte repeated again the same things. But only those who were present can form any idea of his manner. There was not the slightest connection in what he stammered out. Bonaparte was no orator. It may well be supposed that he was more accustomed to the din of war than to the discussions of the tribunes. He was more at home before a battery than before a president's chair.

Perceiving the bad effect which this unconnected babbling produced on the assembly, as well as the embarrassment of Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, "Withdraw, General; you know not what you are saying." I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave; and, all at once, after having stammered out a few more words, he turned round, ex-

claiming, " Let those who love me follow me ! " The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry curtains which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the courtyard. It is hard to say what would have happened, if, on seeing the General retire, the President had said, " Grenadiers, let no one pass ! " Probably, instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he might have ended his career on the Place de la Révolution !

CHAPTER XXVII.

The two Councils—Barras's letter—Bonaparte at the Council of Five Hundred—False reports—Tumultuous sitting—Lucien's speech—He resigns the presidency of the Council of Five Hundred—He is carried out by grenadiers—He harangues the troops—A dramatic scene—Murat and his soldiers drive out the Five Hundred—Council of Thirty—Consular commission—Decree—Return to Paris—Conversation with Bonaparte and Josephine respecting Gohier and Bernadotte—Intercepted letter of the directors Gohier and Moulins to the Ancients.

THE scene, which occurred at the sitting of the Council of the Ancients, was very different from that which passed outside. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the court-yard, and mounted his horse, when cries of *Vive Bonaparte!* resounded on all sides. But this was only a sunbeam between two storms. He had yet to brave the Council of Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the Council of Ancients. Everything tended to create a dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had already played deeply. The game was desperate, and every thing was to be ventured. In a few hours all would be determined.

Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the Council of Five Hundred agitation was at its height. The most serious alarm marked its deliberations. It had been determined to announce to the Directory the installation of the Councils, and to inquire of the Council of Ancients their reasons for resolving on an extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Sieyes and Roger Ducos had joined Bonaparte's party. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, and in the custody of General Moreau; and at the very moment when the Council of Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the Council of Ancients transmitted to them the following letter, received from Barras. This letter, which was addressed to the Council of Ancients, was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was President of the Council of Five Hundred.

“ CITIZEN PRESIDENT,

“ Having entered into public affairs, solely from my love of liberty, I consented to share the first magistracy of the state, only that I might be able to defend it in danger; to protect against their enemies the patriots, compromised in its cause; and ensure to the defenders of their country that attention to their interests, which no one was more calculated to feel than a citizen, long the witness of their heroic virtues, and always sensible to their wants.

“ The glory which accompanies the return of

the illustrious warrior to whom I had the honour of opening the path of glory, the striking marks of confidence given him by the legislative body, and the decree of the National Convention, convince me that, to whatever post he may henceforth be called, the dangers of liberty will be averted, and the interests of the army ensured.

“I cheerfully return to the rank of a private citizen: happy, after so many storms, to resign, unimpaired, and even more glorious than ever, the destiny of the Republic, which has been, in part, committed to my care.

“ BARRAS.”

This letter occasioned a great sensation in the Council of Five Hundred. A second reading was called for, and a question was started, whether the retirement was legal, or was the result of intrigue, and of the influence of Bonaparte's agents;—whether to believe Barras, who declared the dangers of liberty averted, or the decree for the removal of the legislative corps, which was passed and executed under the pretext of the existence of imminent peril? At that moment, Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall.

I did not accompany him to the Council of Five Hundred. He had directed me to send off an express to ease the apprehensions of Josephine, and to assure her that every thing would go well. It was some time before I joined him

again. However, without speaking as positively as if I had myself been an eye-witness of the scene, I do not hesitate to declare, that all that has been said about assaults and poignards, is pure invention. I am bound to rely on what was told me, on the very night, by persons well worthy of credit, and who were witnesses of all that passed.

As to what passed at the sitting, the accounts, given both at the time and since, have varied according to opinions. Some have alleged that unanimous cries of indignation were excited by the appearance of the military. From all parts of the hall resounded, “The sanctuary of the laws is violated. Down with the Tyrant!—down with Cromwell!—down with the Dictator!” Bonaparte stammered out a few words, as he had done before the Council of Ancients, but his voice was immediately drowned by cries of “Vive la République!” “Vive la Constitution!” “Outlaw the Dictator!” The grenadiers are then said to have rushed forward, exclaiming—“Let us save our General!” at which, indignation reached its height, and cries, even more violent than ever, were raised;—that Bonaparte falling insensible into the arms of the grenadiers, said, “They want to assassinate me!” All that regards the exclamations and threats, I believe to be correct; but I rank with the story of the poignards, the assertion of the Members of the Five Hundred being provided with fire-arms, and the grenadiers rushing into the hall; because

Bonaparte never mentioned a word of anything of the sort to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say anything on the subject to his wife, who had been extremely agitated, by the different reports which reached her.

After Bonaparte left the Council of Five Hundred, the deliberations were continued with great violence. The excitement caused by the appearance of Bonaparte, was nothing like subsided when propositions of the most furious nature were made. The president, Lucien, did all in his power to restore tranquillity. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said: "The scene which has just taken place in the Council proves what are the sentiments of all;—sentiments which I declare are also mine. It was, however, natural to believe that the General had no other object than to render an account of the situation of affairs, and of something interesting to the public. But I think none of you can suppose him capable of projects hostile to liberty."

Each sentence of Lucien's address was interrupted by cries of—"Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the republic!"

Lucien made fresh efforts to be heard, and wished to be allowed to address the assembly as a Member of the Council, and for that purpose resigned the presidentship to Chasal. He begged that the General might be introduced again, and heard with calmness. But this proposition was furiously opposed. Exclamations of

“Outlaw Bonaparte! outlaw him!” rang through the assembly, and were the only reply given to the president. Lucien, who had re-assumed the president’s chair, left it a second time, that he might not be constrained to put the question of outlawry demanded against his brother. Braving the displeasure of the assembly, he mounted the tribune, resigned the presidentship, renounced his seat as a deputy, and threw aside his robes.

Just as Lucien left the Council, I entered. Bonaparte, who was well informed of all that was passing, had sent in soldiers to the assistance of his brother; they carried him off from the midst of the council, and Bonaparte thought it a matter of no little importance to have with him the president of an assembly, which he treated as rebellious. Lucien was reinstalled in office; but he was now to discharge his duties, not in the president’s chair, but on horseback, and at the head of a party of troops ready to undertake anything. Roused by the danger to which both his brother and himself were exposed, he delivered on horseback the following words, which can never be too often remembered, as shewing what a man then dared to say, who never was anything, except from the reflection of his brother’s glory:—

“CITIZENS, SOLDIERS,

“The President of the Council of Five Hundred declares to you, that the majority of that council is at this moment held in terror by a few

representatives of the people, who are armed with stilettos, and who surround the tribune, threatening their colleagues with death, and maintaining most atrocious discussions.

“ I declare to you that these brigands, who are doubtless in the pay of England, have risen in rebellion against the Council of Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the General, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word ‘outlaw’ was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of persons most beloved by their country.

“ I declare to you, that these madmen have outlawed themselves, by their attempts upon the liberty of the Council. In the name of that people, which for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of their representatives ; so that, delivered from stilettos by bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the republic.

“ General, and you, soldiers, and you, citizens, you will not acknowledge, as legislators of France, any but those who rally round me. As for those who remain in the Orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but the representatives of the poignard. Let that be their title, and let it follow them everywhere ; and whenever they dare shew themselves to the people, let every finger point at them, and every tongue designate them by the well-merited title of representatives of the poignard !

“ Vive la République !”

Notwithstanding the cries of “ *Vive Bonaparte!*” which followed this harangue, the troops still hesitated. It was evident that they were not fully prepared to turn their swords against the national representation. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, “ I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever attempt any thing against the liberty of Frenchmen.” This dramatic action was perfectly successful; hesitation vanished; and, at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, and drove out the representatives. Every one yielded to the reasoning of bayonets, and thus terminated the employment of the armed force on this memorable day.

At ten o'clock at night the palace of St. Cloud, where so many tumultuous scenes had occurred, was perfectly tranquil. All the Deputies were still there, pacing the hall, the corridors, and the courts. Most of them had an air of consternation; others affected to have foreseen the event, and to appear satisfied with it; but all were to return to Paris, which they could not do until a new order revoked the order for the removal of the councils to St. Cloud.

At eleven o'clock, Bonaparte, who had eaten nothing all day, but who was almost insensible to physical wants in moments of great agitation, said to me: “ We must go and write, Bourrienne; I intend this very night to address a proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris. To-morrow morning I shall be all the conversation of the capital.”

He then dictated to me the following proclamation, which proves, no less than some of his reports from Egypt, how much Bonaparte excelled in the art of twisting the truth to his own advantage :—

“ 19 Brumaire, 11 o'clock, P. M.

“ On my return to France I found division reigning amongst all the authorities. They agreed only on this single point, that the constitution was half destroyed, and was unable to protect liberty !

“ All parties came to me, confided to me their designs, imparted their secrets, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

“ The Council of Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation has been accustomed to regard as the defenders of liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation, exempt from all influence, and all fear. The Ancients therefore resolved upon the removal of the legislative bodies to St. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound in duty to my fellow-citizens, to the soldiers perishing in our armies, and to the national glory, acquired at the cost of so much blood, to accept the command.

“ The Councils assembled at St. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed their safety from without ; but assassins created terror within. Many

members of the Council of Five Hundred, armed with stiletos and pistols, spread menaces of death around them.

“The plans which ought to have been developed were withheld. The majority of the Council was rendered inefficient; the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting any salutary proposition was quite evident.

“I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the Council of Ancients. I beseeched them to carry their noble designs into execution. I directed their attention to the evils of the nation, which were their motives for conceiving those designs. They concurred in giving me new proofs of their uniform good will.

“I presented myself before the Council of Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered, just as the Ancients had received and applauded me. My object was to restore to the majority the expression of its will, and to secure to it its power.

“The stiletos which had menaced the Deputies, were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me, and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers of the legislative body, whom I had left at the door of the hall, ran forward, and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave grenadiers (Thome)* had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off. .

* Thome merely had a small part of his coat torn by a Deputy, who took him by the collar. This constituted the whole of the assassinations of the 19th Brumaire.

“ At the same moment, cries of ‘ Outlaw him!’ were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of assassins against the power destined to repress them.

“ They crowded round the president, uttering threats. With arms in their hands they commanded him to declare ‘ the outlawry.’ I was informed of this. I ordered him to be rescued from their fury, and six grenadiers of the legislative body brought him out. Immediately afterwards, some grenadiers of the legislative body charged into the hall, and cleared it.

“ The factious, intimidated, dispersed and fled. The majority, freed from their assaults, returned freely and peaceably into the hall, listened to the propositions made for the public safety, deliberated, and drew up the salutary resolution which will become the new and provisional law of the republic.

“ Frenchmen, you doubtless recognize in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the republic. Preservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factious, who domineered in the Councils, and who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible.”

The day had been passed in destroying a government—it was necessary to devote the night to framing a new one. Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Sieyes, were at St. Cloud. The Council of Ancients assembled, and Lucien set himself about

finding some members of the Five Hundred on whom he could reckon. He succeeded in getting together only thirty, who, with their president, represented the numerous assembly of which they formed part. This ghost of representation was important, for Bonaparte, notwithstanding his violation of all law on the preceding day, wished to make it appear that he was acting legally. The Council of Ancients had, however, already decided that a provisional executive commission should be appointed, composed of three members, and was about to name the members of the commission,—a measure which should have originated with the Five Hundred,—when Lucien came to acquaint Bonaparte that his Chamber, *introuvable*, was assembled.

This Chamber, which called itself the Council of Five Hundred, though that Council had now no more existence than the Council of Trent, hastily passed a decree, the first article of which was as follows :—

“The Directory exists no longer; and the individuals hereafter named, are no longer members of the national representation, on account of the excesses and illegal acts which they have constantly committed, and more particularly the greatest part of them, in the sitting of this morning.”

Then follow the names of sixty-one members.

By other articles of the same decree, the Coun-

cil instituted a provisional commission, similar to that which the Ancients had proposed to appoint, resolved that the said Commission should consist of three members, who should assume the title of Consuls; and nominated as Consuls Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and Bonaparte. The other provisions of the nocturnal decree of St. Cloud had for their object merely the carrying into effect of those already described. This nocturnal sitting was very calm, and indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for no opposition could be feared from the members of the Five Hundred, who were prepared to concur with Lucien. All knew beforehand what they would have to do. Every thing was concluded by three o'clock in the morning; and the Palace of St. Cloud, which had been so agitated since the previous evening, resumed in the morning its wonted stilness, and presented the appearance of a vast solitude.

The number of persons who called upon me, the brief notes which I had to write to many friends, and the conversations in which I was compelled to take part, prevented me from dining before one o'clock in the morning. It was not till then that Bonaparte, having gone to take the oath as Consul before the Five Hundred, afforded me an opportunity of taking some refreshment with Admiral Bruix and some other officers.

At three o'clock in the morning I accompanied Bonaparte, in his carriage, to Paris. He was extremely fatigued after so many trials and tribulations. A new future was opened before him.

He was completely absorbed in thought, and did not utter a single word during the journey. But when he arrived at his house, in Rue de la Victoire, he had no sooner entered his chamber, and wished good morning to Josephine, who was in bed, and in a state of the greatest anxiety on account of his absence, than he said, before me, "Bourrienne, I said many ridiculous things."—"Not so very bad, General."—"I like better to speak to soldiers than to lawyers. These fellows intimidated me. I have not been used to public assemblies: but that will come in time."

We then began, all three, to converse. Madame Bonaparte became calm, and Bonaparte resumed his wonted confidence. The events of the day naturally formed the subject of our conversation. Josephine, who was much attached to the Gohier family, mentioned the name of that director in a tone of kindness. "What would you have, my dear?" said Bonaparte to her. "It is not my fault. He is a respectable man, but a simpleton. He does not understand me!—I ought, perhaps, to have him banished. He wrote against me to the Council of Five Hundred; but I have his letter, and they know nothing about it. Poor man! he expected me to dinner yesterday. And this man thinks himself a statesman!—Speak no more of him."

During our discourse, the name of Bernadotte was also mentioned. "Have you seen him, Bourrienne?" said Bonaparte to me—"No, General."—"Neither have I. I have not heard him

spoken of. Would you imagine it? I had intelligence to-day of many intrigues in which he is concerned. Would you believe it? he wished nothing less than to be appointed my colleague in command. He talked of mounting his horse, and marching with the troops that might be placed under his command. He wished, he said, to maintain the constitution: nay more; I am assured that he had the audacity to add that, if it were necessary to outlaw me, the government might come to him, and he would find soldiers to carry the decree into execution.”—“All this, General, should give you an idea how inflexible his principles are.”—“Yes, I am well aware of it; there is something in that: he is honest. But for his obstinacy, my brothers would have brought him over. They are related to him. His wife, who is Joseph’s sister-in-law, has ascendancy over him. As for me, have I not, I ask you, made sufficient advances to him? You have witnessed them. Moreau, who has a higher military reputation than he, came over to me at once. However, I repent of having cajoled Bernadotte. I am thinking of separating him from all his coteries without any one being able to find fault with the proceeding. I cannot revenge myself in any other manner. Joseph loves him. I should have every body against me. These family considerations are follies! Good night, Bourrienne.—By the way, we will sleep in the Luxembourg to-morrow.”

I then left the General, whom, henceforth, I

must call the First Consul, after having remained with him constantly during nearly twenty-four hours, with the exception of the time when he was at the Council of Five Hundred. I retired to my lodging, in the Rue Martel, at five o'clock in the morning.

It is certain that if Gohier had come to breakfast on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, according to Madame Bonaparte's invitation, he would have been one of the members of the government. But Gohier acted the part of the stern republican. He placed himself, according to the common phrase of the time, a-horseback on the Constitution of the year III. ; and as his steed made a sad stumble, he fell with it. Gohier had, in fact, in conjunction with Moulins, written the following letter to the Council of Ancients :—

“ CITIZENS REPRESENTATIVES,

“ A great aggression has been committed, which, doubtless, is only the prelude to still greater offences. The Directorial Palace has been taken possession of by an armed force. The magistrates of the people, to whom you have confided the executive power, are at this moment guarded from the public view, even by those whom they alone have a right to command.

“ Their crime consists in having maintained the unshaken resolution of fulfilling the duties which your confidence imposed on them—in having indignantly rejected the proposition to

abandon the reins of government, which it was attempted to wrest from their hands—in having refused to give in their resignation.

“ It is now, Representatives of the French people, necessary to proclaim the Republic in danger! It is necessary to defend it. Whatever may be the fate which the enemies of the public reserve for us, we swear fidelity to the constitution of the year III., and to the integrity of the national representation.

“ May our oaths not prove to be the last cries of expiring liberty.

“ The two Directors, prisoners in their Palace,

“ MOULINS.

“ GOHIER, Pres.”

It was a singular circumstance which prevented Gohier and Moullins from defending their beloved constitution. It was from their respect for the constitution that they allowed it to perish, because they would have been obliged to violate the article which did not allow less than three directors to deliberate.—Thus a king of Castile was burnt to death, because there did not happen to be in his apartment men of such rank as etiquette would permit to touch the person of the monarch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bonaparte's alleged eloquence—General approbation of the 18th Brumaire—Distress of the Treasury—M. Collot's generosity—Bonaparte's ingratitude—Gohier set at liberty—Constitution of the year VIII.—The senate, tribunate, and council of state—Notes required on the character of candidates—Bonaparte's love of integrity and talent—Influence of habit over him—His hatred of the tribunate—Provisional concessions—The first consular ministry—Mediocrity of La Place—Proscription Lists—Cambacres's report—M. Moreau de Worms—Character of Sieyes—Bonaparte at the Luxembourg—Distribution of the day and visits—Le Brun's opposition—Bonaparte's singing—His loyal tricks—Resumption of the titles Madame and Monseigneur—The men of the revolution and the partizans of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's fears—Confidential notes on candidates for office and the assemblies.

NOTHING is more difficult than to ensure the triumph of truth, when it is opposed by generally accredited errors. This difficulty I now experience. Every thing I have stated, respecting the days of the 18th and 19th Brumaire, is the exact truth. But how is this tardy truth to be reconciled with so many erroneous descriptions? How can the latter be driven from the position which they already occupy in history? What singular mania are some writers possessed with! No

sooner have they chosen their hero, than they strip him of all the weaknesses of humanity: they endow him, during his power, and after his death, with every virtue, talent, and good quality: like those kind fairies who, according to our worthy ancestors, assisted at the births of princes, and bestowed every perfection upon them. Why insist that a great general was also a great orator? Because he was first in the field of battle, did it follow that he must be first in the tribune? Writers have asserted, and still do assert, that Bonaparte displayed a Ciceronian eloquence before an imposing assembly, which had his fate at its disposal. His fanatical admirers will have it that he appeared in the midst of the deputies, who wished to outlaw him, quite as much at his ease as he did at the head of the legions which he had so often led to victory; and, although his education had been very limited, in every thing that regarded the art of speaking, they pretend that this art was communicated to him, as if by enchantment, at a time when he was a prey to the most poignant anxiety. M. Gourgaud, speaking of the sitting of the Council of Ancients, on the 19th Brumaire, says:—"There were moments when he spoke like a god; others, when he expressed himself like the most ordinary mortal." Half of this is true; but I was present, and I can affirm that I did not hear the god.

How is it possible that I could now be deceived with respect to the events of which I am speaking? They are not of a description that

would long remain buried, without recurring to the memory. What I now relate, I related next morning to many persons. I wrote my relation then, and it is not likely that the paper has altered the statements then inscribed upon it. Since that period, I have often told the same story to all unprejudiced men who wished to be informed of the particulars of the affair of St. Cloud. I certainly am sorry to find myself opposed to every body; but I cannot make up my mind to play the part of a flatterer to a great man, by attributing to him eloquence which he did not possess. The position which he will occupy in history will be sufficiently great, without its being necessary to have recourse to the artifices of adulation. Besides, it must have been observed, and will be observed again, that if I adhere to the plain truth, in cases with respect to which Bonaparte has received unmerited praise, I perform the same duty, and with more satisfaction, when it is necessary to refute the calumnies of which he has been the object. Bonaparte was not guilty of an act of cruelty at Jaffa; but he stammered, and talked nonsense, before the Council of Five Hundred.* What, after all, do his words signify? his actions are known. The eloquence of bayonets was sure to help him more than the finest speech. He was not, next morning, less the chief of the Republic, and afterwards Emperor of the French, for all his bad oratory.

* Napoleon never acquired the habit of speaking well in public except to soldiers.

Doubtless the legality of the acts of the 18th Brumaire may be disputed ; but who will venture to say that the immediate result of that day ought not to be regarded as a great blessing to France? Whoever denies this, can have no idea of the wretched state of every branch of the administration at that deplorable epoch. Many a fine phrase has been written about the “oppressed representation,” the “violated constitution,” “military tyranny,” “the usurpation of power,” and the “upstart soldier;” still it cannot be denied that France hailed, almost with unanimous voice, Bonaparte’s accession to the consulship as a blessing of Providence. I do not speak now of the ulterior consequences of that event ; I speak only of the fact itself, and its first results, such as the repeal of the law of hostages, and the compulsory loan of a hundred millions. A few persons blamed the 18th Brumaire ; but no one regretted the Directory, with the exception, perhaps, of the five Directors themselves. But we will say no more of the Directorial Government. What an administration ! In what a state were the finances of France ! Would it be believed ? on the second day of the Consulate, Bonaparte wished to send a courier to General Championnet, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy, the Treasury had not twelve hundred francs disposable, to give to the courier !

It may be supposed, that, in the first moments of a new government, money would be wanted. M. Collot, who had served under Bonaparte in Italy, and whose conduct and administration de-

served nothing but praise, was one of the first who came to the Consul's assistance. In this instance, M. Collot was as zealous as disinterested. He gave the Consul five hundred thousand francs, in gold, for which service he was badly rewarded. Bonaparte afterwards behaved to M. Collot, as though he were anxious to punish him for being rich. This sum, which at the time made so fine an appearance in the consular treasury, was not repaid for a very long time after, and then without interest. This was not, indeed, the only instance in which M. Collot had cause to complain of Bonaparte, who was never inclined to acknowledge his important services, nor even to render justice to his conduct.

On the morning of the 20th Brumaire, Bonaparte sent his brother Louis to inform the Director Gohier that he was free. This haste in relieving Gohier was not without a reason, for Bonaparte was anxious to instal himself in the Luxembourg, and we went there that same evening.

Every thing was to be created. Bonaparte had with him almost the whole of the army, and on the soldiers he could rely. But the military force was no longer sufficient for him. Wishing to possess a great civil power, established by legal forms, he immediately set about the composition of a senate, and tribunal; a council of state, and a new legislative body; and, finally, a new constitution.*

* The constitution of the year VIII. was presented on the 13th of December 1799 (22 Frimaire, year VIII.), and accepted by the

As Bonaparte had not time to make himself acquainted with the persons by whom he was about to be surrounded, he required from the most distinguished men of the period, well acquainted with France and the revolution, notes respecting the individuals worthy and capable of entering the senate, the tribunal, and the council of state. From the manner in which all these notes were drawn up, it was evident that the writers of them studied to make their recommendation correspond with what they conceived to be Bonaparte's views, and that they imagined he participated in the opinions which were at that time popular. Accordingly they stated, as grounds for preferring particular candidates, their patriotism, their republicanism, and their having had seats in preceding assemblies.

Of all qualities, that which most influenced the choice of the first Consul was inflexible integrity ; and it is but just to say, that in this particular he was rarely deceived. He sought earnestly for talent ; and although he did not like the men of the revolution, he was convinced that he could not do without them. He had conceived an extreme

people on the 7th of February, 1800 (18th Pluviose, year VIII). It established a consular government, composed of Bonaparte, first consul, appointed for ten years ; Cambaceres, second consul, also for ten years ; and Lebrun, third consul, appointed for five years. It established a conservative senate, a legislative body of three hundred members, and a tribunate composed of one hundred members. The establishment of the council of state took place on the 24th December, 1799. The installation of the new legislative body and the tribunate, was fixed for the 1st of January, 1800.

aversion for mediocrity, and generally rejected a man of that character when recommended to him; but if he had known such a man long, he yielded to the influence of habit, dreading nothing so much as change, or, as he was accustomed to say himself, new faces.

Bonaparte then proceeded to organise a complaisant senate, a mute legislative body, and a tribunate which was to have the semblance of being independent, by the aid of some fine speeches, and high sounding phrases. He easily appointed the senators, but it was different with the tribunate. He hesitated long before he fixed upon the candidates for that body, which inspired him with an anticipatory fear. However, on arriving at power he dared not oppose himself to the exigencies of the moment, and he consented for a time to delude the ambitious dupes who kept up a buz of fine sentiments of liberty around him. He saw that circumstances were not yet favourable for refusing a share in the constitution to this third portion of power, destined apparently to advocate the interests of the people before the legislative body. But, in yielding to necessity, the mere idea of the tribunate filled him with the utmost uneasiness; and, in a word, Bonaparte could not endure the public discussions on law-projects.

Bonaparte composed the first consular ministry as follows:—Berthier was minister of war; Gaudin, formerly employed in the administration of the post-office, was appointed minister of finance;

Cambaceres remained minister of justice ; Forfait was minister of marine ; La Place of the interior ; Fouché of police ; and Reinhard of foreign affairs.

Reinhard and La Place were soon replaced, the former by the able M. Talleyrand, the latter by Lucien.* It may be said, that Lucien merely passed through the ministry on his way to his lucrative embassy to Spain. As to La Place, Bonaparte always entertained a high opinion of his talents. His appointment to the ministry of the interior was a compliment paid to science ; but it was not long before the First Consul repented of his choice. La Place, so happily calculated for science, displayed the most inconceivable mediocrity in administration. He was incompetent to the most trifling matters : as if his mind, formed to embrace the system of the world, and to interpret the laws of Newton and Kepler, could not descend to the level of subjects of detail, or apply itself to the duties of the department with which he was entrusted for a short, but yet, with regard to him, too long a time.

On the 26th Brumaire (17th November 1799), the Consuls issued a decree, in which they stated,

* When I quitted the service of the First Consul, Talleyrand was still at the head of the foreign department. I have frequently been present at this great statesman's conferences with Napoleon, and I can declare that I never saw him flatter his dreams of ambition ; but, on the contrary, he always endeavoured to make him sensible of his true interests.

that conformably with Article III. of the law of the 19th of the same month, which specially charged them with the re-establishment of public tranquillity, they decreed, that thirty-eight individuals, who were named, should quit the continental territory of the Republic, and, for that purpose, should proceed to Rochefort, to be afterwards conducted to, and detained in, the department of French Guiana. They likewise decreed, that twenty-three other individuals, who were named, should proceed to the commune of Rochelle, in the department of the Lower Charente, in order to be afterwards fixed and detained in such part of that department as should be pointed out by the minister of general police. I was fortunate enough to keep M. Moreau de Worms, deputy from the Yonne, out of the list of exiles. This proscription produced a mischievous effect. It bore a character of wanton severity, quite inconsistent with the assurances of mildness and moderation given at St. Cloud, on the 19th Brumaire. Cambaceres afterwards made a report in which he represented that it was unnecessary for the maintenance of tranquillity, to subject the proscribed to banishment, considering it sufficient to place them under the supervision of the high police. Upon receiving the report, the consuls issued a decree, in which they directed all the individuals included in the proscription, to retire respectively into the different communes which should be fixed upon by the minister of justice, and to remain there until further orders.

At the period of the issuing of these decrees, Sieyes was still one of the consuls, conjointly with Bonaparte and Roger Ducos; and although Bonaparte had, from the first moment, possessed the whole power of the government, a sort of apparent equality was, nevertheless, observed amongst them. It was not until the 25th of December, that Bonaparte assumed the title of First Consul, Cambaceres and Lebrun being then joined in the office with him. He had fixed his eyes on them previously to the 18th Brumaire, and he had no cause to reproach them with giving him much embarrassment in his rapid progress towards the imperial throne.

I have stated that I was so fortunate as to rescue M. Moreau de Worms from the list of proscription. Some days after Sieyes entered Bonaparte's cabinet, and said to him, "Well, this M. Moreau de Worms, whom M. Bourrienne induced you to save from banishment, is acting very finely! I told you how it would be. I have received from Sens, his native place, a letter, which informs me, that Moreau is in that town, where he has assembled the people in the market-place, and indulged in the most violent declamations against the 18th Brumaire."—"Can you rely upon your agent?" asked Bonaparte. "Perfectly. I can answer for the truth of his communication." Bonaparte showed me the bulletin of Sieyes' agent, and reproached me bitterly. "What would you say, General," I observed, "if I should present this same M. Moreau de Worms,

who is declaiming at Sens against the 18th Brumaire, to you, within an hour?"—"I defy you to do it."—"I have made myself responsible for him, and I know what I am about. He is violent in his politics; but he is a man of honour, incapable of failing in his word."—"Well, we shall see. Go and find him." I was very sure of doing what I had promised, for within an hour before I had seen M. Moreau de Worms. He had been concealed since the 19th Brumaire, and had not quitted Paris. Nothing was easier than to find him, and in three quarters of an hour he was at the Luxembourg. I presented him to Bonaparte, who conversed with him a long time, concerning the 18th Brumaire. When M. Moreau departed, Bonaparte said to me, "You are right. That fool, Sieyes, is as credulous as a Cassandra. This proves that one should not be too ready to believe the reports of the wretches whom we are obliged to employ in the police." Afterwards he added, "Bourrienne, M. Moreau is pretty well; I am satisfied with him; I will do something for him." It was not long before M. Moreau experienced the effect of the Consul's good opinion. Some days after, whilst framing the council of Prizes, he, at my simple suggestion, appointed M. Moreau one of the members, with a salary of 10,000 francs. On what extraordinary circumstances the fortunes of men frequently depend! As to Sieyes, in the intercourse, not very frequent, certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which

he then enjoyed.* He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of agents, whom he sent into all parts of France. When it happened, on other occasions, that I proved to him, by evidence, as sufficient as that in the case of M. Moreau, the falseness of the reports he had received, he replied, with a confidence truly ridiculous, "I can rely on my men." Sieyes had written in his countenance, "Give me money." I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Sieyes, to the First Consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling; "when money is in question, Sieyes is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient."†

Bonaparte occupied, at the little Luxembourg,

* M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained a similar opinion of Sieyes. One day, when he was conversing with the second consul concerning Sieyes, Cambaceres said to him, "Sieyes, however, is a very profound man." "Profound?" said Talleyrand. "Yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."

† Every body knows, in fact, that Sieyes refused to resign his consular dignities, unless he received in exchange a beautiful farm, situated in the park of Versailles, and worth about 15,000 livres a year. The good Abbé consoled himself for no longer forming a third of the republican sovereignty, by making himself at home in the ancient domain of the kings of France.

the apartments on the ground-floor, which lie to the right on entering from the Rue de Vaugirard. His cabinet was close to a private staircase, which conducted to the first floor, where Josephine dwelt. My apartment was on the second floor.

After breakfast, which was served at ten o'clock, Bonaparte would converse for a few moments with his usual guests, that is to say, his aides-de-camp, the persons he invited, and myself, who never left him. He was also visited very often by Defermont, Regnault (of the town of Saint Jean d'Angely), Boulay (de la Meurthe), Monge, and Berlier, who were, with his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, those whom he most delighted to see; he conversed familiarly with them. Cambaceres generally came at mid-day, and stayed some time with him, often a whole hour. Lebrun visited but seldom. Notwithstanding his elevation, his virtue remained unaltered; and Bonaparte considered him too moderate, because he always opposed his ambitious views, and his plans to usurp power. When Bonaparte left the breakfast-table, it was seldom that he did not add, after bidding Josephine and his daughter Hortense good day, "Come, Bourrienne, come, let us to work."

After the morning audiences, I stayed with Bonaparte all the day, either reading to him, or writing to his dictation. Three or four times in the week he would go to the council. In his way to the hall of deliberation he was obliged to

cross the court-yard of the little Luxembourg, and ascend the grand staircase. This always vexed him, and the more so as the weather was very bad at the time. This annoyance continued till the 25th of December, and it was with much satisfaction that he then saw himself quit of it. After leaving the council he used to enter his cabinet singing, and God knows how wretchedly he sung! He examined whatever work he had ordered to be done, signed documents, stretched himself in his arm-chair, and read the letters of the preceding day, and the publications of the morning. When there was no council he remained in his cabinet, conversed with me, always sang, and cut, according to custom, the arm of his chair, giving himself sometimes quite the air of a great boy. Then, all at once starting up, he would describe a plan for the erection of a monument, or dictate some of those extraordinary productions which astonished and dismayed the world. He often became again the same man, who, under the walls of Saint Jean d'Acre, had dreamed of an empire worthy his ambition.

At five o'clock dinner was served up. When that was over, the First Consul went up stairs to Josephine's apartments, where he commonly received the visits of the ministers. He was always pleased to see among the number the minister for foreign affairs, especially since the portfolio of that department had been entrusted to the hands of M. de Talleyrand. At midnight, and often

sooner, he gave the signal for retiring, by saying in a hasty manner: “ *Allons nous coucher.*”

It was at the Luxembourg, in the saloons, of which the adorable Josephine so well performed the honours, that the word *Madame* came again into use. This first return towards the old French politeness was startling to some susceptible republicans; but things were soon carried farther at the Tuileries by the introduction of “ *Votre Altesse,*” on occasions of state ceremony, and “ *Monseigneur,*” in the family circle.

If on the one hand Bonaparte did not like the men of the Revolution, he dreaded on the other still more the partisans of the Bourbons. On the mere mention of the name of those princes, he experienced a kind of inward alarm; and he often spoke of the necessity of raising a wall of brass between France and them. To this feeling, no doubt, must be attributed certain nominations; and the spirit of some recommendations contained in the notes with which he was supplied on the characters of candidates, and which for ready reference were arranged alphabetically. Some of the notes just mentioned are in the handwriting of Regnault de Saint Jean d’Angely, and some in Lucien Bonaparte’s. Among them is the following, under the title of General Observations:—

“ In choosing among the men who were members of the constituent assembly, it is necessary to be on guard against the Orleans’ party, which is

not altogether a chimera, and may prove, one day or other, dangerous.

“ There is no doubt that the partisans of that family are intriguing secretly ; and among many other proofs of this fact, the following is a striking one. The journal called the *Aristarque*, which undisguisedly supports royalism, is conducted by a man of the name of Voïdel, one of the hottest patriots of the revolution. He was for several months President of the Committee of Inquiry, which caused the Marquis de Ferras to be arrested and hanged, and gave so much uneasiness to the court. There was no one, in the Constituent Assembly, more hateful to the court than Voïdel, as much on account of his violence, as for his connection with the Duke of Orleans, whose advocate and counsel he was.

“ When the Duke of Orleans was arrested, Voïdel, braving the fury of the revolutionary tribunals, had the courage to defend him, and placarded all the walls of Paris with an apology for the duke and his two sons. This man, writing now in favour of royalism, can have no other object than to advance a member of the Orleans family to the throne.”

At the commencement of the First Consul's administration, though he always consulted the notes he had collected, he yet received with attention the recommendations of persons with whom he was well acquainted ; but it was not safe for them to

recommend a rogue or a fool. The men whom he most disliked were those whom he called *babblers*, who are continually prating of everything and on everything. He often said, "I want more head and less tongue."

On taking the government into his own hands, Bonaparte knew so little of the revolution and of the men engaged in civil employments, that it was indispensably necessary for him to collect information from every quarter respecting men and things. But when the conflicting passions of the moment became more calm, and the spirit of party more prudent, and when order had been, by his severe investigations, introduced where hitherto unbridled confusion had reigned, he became gradually more scrupulous in granting places, whether arising from newly created offices, or from those changes which the different departments often experienced. He then said to me, "Bourrienne, I give up your department to you. Name whom you please for the appointments; but, remember, you must be responsible to me."

What a list would that be which should contain the names of all the prefects, sub-prefects, receivers-general, and other civil officers, to whom I gave places! I have kept no memorandums of their names: and, indeed, what advantage would there have been in doing so? It was impossible for me to have a personal knowledge of all the fortunate candidates; but I relied on recommendations in which I had confidence.

I have had little to complain of in those I obliged; though it is true that, since my separation from Bonaparte, I have seen many of them generously take the opposite side of the street in which I was walking, and, by that delicate attention, save me the trouble of raising my hat.

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