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PRIVATE MEMOIRS
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOL. II.

6. 13

PRIVATE MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE,

DURING THE PERIODS OF

THE DIRECTORY, THE CONSULATE,

AND THE EMPIRE.

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,

PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE EMPEROR.

VOL. II.

31897

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“ 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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WHEN a new government rises on the ruins of one that has been overthrown, its best chance of conciliating the favour of the nation, if that nation be at war, is to hold out the prospect of peace; for peace is always dear to a people. Bonaparte was well aware of this; and if, in his heart, he wished for war, he knew how important it was to seem to desire peace. Thus, immediately after his installation, at the Luxembourg, he notified to all the foreign powers his accession to the consulate, and, for the same purpose, ad-

dressed letters to all the diplomatic agents of the French government abroad.

The day after he got rid of his two first colleagues, Sieyès and Roger Ducos, he prepared to open negotiations with the cabinet of London. At that time we were at war with almost all Europe. We had lost Italy. The Emperor of Germany was ruled by his ministers, who, in their turn, were governed by England, and France had no army in the interior. It was no easy matter to manage equally the organization of the consular government and the no less important affairs abroad; and it was very important to the interests of the First Consul to intimate to foreign powers, while, at the same time, he assured himself against the return of the Bourbons, that the system which he proposed to adopt was a system of order and regeneration, unlike either the demagogic violence of the Convention or the imbecile artifice of the Directory. In fulfilment of this object, Bonaparte directed M. de Talleyrand, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, to make the first friendly overtures to the English cabinet. A correspondence ensued, which was published at the time, and which shewed at once the condescending policy of Bonaparte, and the arrogant policy of England.

The exchange of notes which took place was attended by no immediate result. However, the First Consul had partly attained his object: if the British government would not enter into negotiations for peace, there was, at least, reason to presume that subsequent overtures of the con-

sular government might be listened to. The correspondence had, at all events, afforded Bonaparte the opportunity of declaring his principles, and, above all, it had enabled him to ascertain that the return of the Bourbons to France would not be a *sine qua non* condition for the restoration of peace between the two powers.

Since M. de Talleyrand had been Minister for Foreign Affairs, the business of that department had proceeded with great activity. It was an important advantage to Bonaparte to find a nobleman of the old regime among the republicans. The choice of M. de Talleyrand was, in some sort, an act of courtesy to the foreign courts. It was a delicate attention to the diplomacy of Europe to introduce to its members, for the purpose of treating with them, a man whose rank was at least equal to their own, and who was universally distinguished for a polished elegance of manner combined with solid good qualities and real talents.

It was not only with England that Bonaparte and his minister endeavoured to open negotiations; the consular cabinet also offered peace to the House of Austria: but not at the same time. The object of this offer was to sow discord between the two powers. Speaking to me, one day, of his earnest wish to obtain peace, Bonaparte said, "You see, Bourrienne, I have two great enemies to cope with. I will conclude peace with the one I find most easy to deal with. That will enable me immediately to assail the other. I frankly confess

that I should like best to be at peace with England. Nothing would then be more easy than to crush Austria. She has no money, except what she gets through England.

For a long time all negotiations proved abortive. None of the European powers would acknowledge the new government, of which Bonaparte was the head ; and the peace of Amiens was brought about only by the battle of Marengo.

Though the affairs of the new government afforded abundant occupation to Bonaparte, he yet found leisure to direct attention to the East—to that land of despotism, whence, judging from his subsequent conduct, it might be presumed, he derived his first principles of government. On becoming the head of the state, he wished to turn Egypt, which he had conquered as a general, to the advantage of his policy as consul. If Bonaparte triumphed over a feeling of dislike in consigning the command of the army to Kleber, it was because he knew Kleber to be more capable than any other of executing the plans he had formed ; and Bonaparte was not the man to sacrifice the interests of policy to personal resentment.

With respect to all whom he had left in Egypt, Bonaparte stood in a very singular situation. On becoming chief of the government, he was not only the depository of all communications made to the Directory ; but letters sent to one address were delivered to another, and the First Consul received the complaints made against the

general who had so abruptly quitted Egypt. In almost all the letters that were delivered to us, he was the object of serious accusation. According to some, he had not avowed his departure until the very day of his embarkation; and he had deceived every body by means of false and dissembling proclamations. Others canvassed his conduct while in Egypt: the army which had triumphed under his command he had abandoned when reduced to two-thirds of its original force, and a prey to all the horrors of sickness and want. It must be confessed that these complaints and accusations were but too well founded, and one can never cease wondering at the chain of fortunate circumstances which so rapidly raised Bonaparte to the consular seat. In the natural order of things, and in fulfilment of the design which he himself had formed, he should have embarked at Toulon, where the sanitary laws would, no doubt, have been observed; instead of which, the fear of the English, and the uncertainty of the pilots, caused him to go to Frejus, where the sanitary laws were violated by the very persons most interested in respecting them. Let us suppose that Bonaparte had been forced to perform quarantine at Toulon. What would have ensued? The charges against him would have fallen into the hands of the Directory, and he would probably have been suspended, and put upon his trial. Of this, little doubt can be entertained, after a perusal of the following letter from Kleber, which Bonaparte presented to me, after having read it himself:—

“ *Letter from General Kleber to the Executive Directory of France.*

“ Head-quarters at Cairo, 4th Vendémiaire, year VIII.
(September 26, 1799.)

“ CITIZENS DIRECTORS,

“ The General-in-Chief, Bonaparte, set off for France on the morning of the 6th Fructidor, without having informed any one of his intention. He had appointed to meet me at Rosetta on the 7th, but on my arrival there I found only his despatches. In my uncertainty as to whether the General has had the good fortune to reach France, I think it my duty to send you a copy of the letter by which he consigned to me the command of the army, and also the copy of a letter which he addressed to the Grand Vizier at Constantinople, though he perfectly well knew that that Pasha had already arrived at Damascus.

“ My first object has been to obtain correct information of the present condition of the army.

“ You, Citizens Directors, know what was the amount of our force on its arrival in Egypt. It is now reduced one-half, and we are in possession of all the principal points of the triangle of the Cataracts to El-Arish, from El-Arish to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to the Cataracts.

“ Our opponents are not, as formerly, confined to a few hordes of miserable Mamelukes; we have now to resist the combined efforts of three great powers, the Porte, England, and Russia.

“ The want of arms, ammunition, cast-iron, and lead, presents a picture as alarming as the great and sudden diminution of our troops. Our foun-

deries have failed; the powder manufactory at Ruonda has not, and probably never will be, attended with the result that was hoped for; finally, the repair of fire-arms proceeds tardily, and the support of all these establishments requires funds and means which we do not possess.

“The troops are in want of clothing, a circumstance which is the more distressing, since it is ascertained to be one of the most active causes of dysentery and ophthalmia, the prevailing diseases in this country. Dysentery has this year had a fatal effect on constitutions already debilitated, by privation and fatigue. Notwithstanding the considerable diminution of the army, it appears from the reports of the medical officers, that we have now a far greater number of sick than at the same period last year.

“General Bonaparte had, indeed, before his departure, given orders for clothing the troops; but, as in many other instances, the business ended with the order, and want of money must doubtless have forced him to postpone the execution of that useful measure.

“On the want of money, I must make a few observations. General Bonaparte exhausted all extraordinary resources during the first few months of our arrival. He then levied as many war contributions as the country could supply. To have recourse to those means now, when the country is surrounded by enemies, would be to prepare an insurrection on the first favourable opportunity. However, Bonaparte has not left a sou in the

army chest, nor any object equivalent. He has, on the contrary, left an arrear of nearly twelve millions, which is more than a year's revenue in present circumstances. The mere arrears of pay for the army amount to four millions.

“The inundation renders impracticable, at the present moment, the recovery of what is due from last year, and which would scarcely suffice to defray the expenses of a month. The collections cannot be resumed until the month of Frimaire, and then it is pretty certain that the business cannot be attended to, for we shall be obliged to fight.

“The insufficiency of the inundations this year has occasioned a failure in the produce of several provinces; and they, consequently, have a fair claim to indulgence.

“All that I here state, Citizens Directors, I am prepared to prove, by minutes, and certified estimates, drawn up in the different departments of the service.

“Though Egypt is tranquil in appearance, yet it is far from being subjugated. The people are dissatisfied; and, do what we will, they look upon us as having come to rob them. They live in the hope of a favourable change.

“The Mamelukes are dispersed, but not destroyed. Murad Bey is still in Upper Egypt, with a sufficient force to occupy incessantly a portion of our army. If we were to leave him a moment's respite, his force would rapidly increase, and he would, doubtless, come and harass

us in the capital, whence, in spite of our utmost vigilance, he has continued, up to this day, to obtain supplies of money and arms.

“ Ibrahim is at Gaza, with about two thousand Mamelukes; and I am informed, that thirty thousand men of the army of the Grand Vizier and Djezzar Pasha are already arrived there.

“ The Grand Vizier set out for Damascus about twenty days ago. He is at present encamped near Acre.

“ Such, Citizens Directors, are the circumstances under which General Bonaparte has transferred to me the enormous charge of the Army of the East. He saw the fatal crisis approaching, and your orders did not, doubtless, enable him to surmount it. That that crisis exists, his letters, his instructions, and the negotiation he opened, bear evidence: it is notoriously public, and our enemies seem to be as fully aware of it, as the French who are in Egypt.

“ ‘ If,’ says General Bonaparte, in his instructions to me, ‘ in spite of every precaution, the plague should rage this year in Egypt, and you should lose more than fifteen hundred men,—a considerable loss, since it would exceed that which the events of the war might daily occasion,—you must not, in that case, venture to maintain the ensuing campaign; and you will be authorized to conclude peace with the Ottoman Porte, even though the evacuation of Egypt should be the first condition.’

“ I call your attention, Citizens Directors,

to this passage of my instructions, because it is characteristic, in more than one respect; and, above all, because it shews the critical situation in which I stand.

“ What are fifteen hundred men, more or less, in the vast extent of country which I have to defend, and being, as we are, daily engaged with the enemy ?

“ The General adds, that Alexandria and El-Arish are the two keys of Egypt.

“ El-Arish is a wretched fort, situated at four days' march in the desert. Owing to the great difficulty of supplying it with provisions, it cannot be garrisoned with more than two hundred and fifty men. Six hundred Mamelukes may, if they chuse, cut off its communication with Qatieh; and as, on the departure of Bonaparte, that garrison was only supplied with provisions a fortnight in advance, the lapse of that time is all that is necessary to oblige it to surrender, without a gun being fired.

“ The Arabs alone are enabled to conduct regular convoys in the burning deserts; but they have been so often deceived, that, far from offering to serve us, they fly from us, and conceal themselves; and the arrival of the Grand Vizier, who flatters their fanaticism, and bribes them with his gifts, is another cause why they have abandoned us.

“ Alexandria is not a fortress; it is a vast entrenched camp. It was, indeed, well enough defended by our numerous siege artillery; but since we lost that artillery, in the disastrous cam-

paign of Syria, and since General Bonaparte withdrew all the naval guns, to complete the arming of the two frigates with which he set off, Alexandria can offer but a feeble resistance.

“General Bonaparte has flattered himself, with respect to the effect produced by his success at the gates of Aboukir. He, indeed, destroyed all the Turkish force which had landed. But what is such a loss to a great nation, bereft of the finest portion of her possessions, and who is prompted by religion, honour, and interest, to revenge herself, and to reconquer what has been taken from her? Thus, the victory of Aboukir has not, for a single moment, retarded either the preparations or the march of the Grand Vizier.

“In this state of things, what can I, what should I do? I am of opinion, Citizens Directors, that I ought to continue the negotiations which were opened by Bonaparte. If they should have no other result than that of enabling me to gain time, I shall have reason to be satisfied. You will receive, with this, the letter which I have written to the Grand Vizier, and sent along with the duplicate of Bonaparte's. If that minister should reply to these overtures, I will propose the restitution of Egypt, on the following conditions:—

“The Grand Seignior shall appoint a Pasha in the country, as formerly, and to him shall be abandoned the Miri, which the Porte has always levied as by right.

“ Trade shall be reciprocally opened between Egypt and Syria.

“ The French shall remain in the country, keep possession of the fortresses, and levy all other duties, as well as those of the customs, until peace be concluded between France and England.

“ If these preliminary and summary conditions be accepted, I think I shall have done more for my country than by gaining the most brilliant victory. But I doubt whether these proposals will be listened to. Even if the pride of the Turks should yield, I shall have to contend with the influence of the English. At all events, I shall act according to circumstances. I am fully aware of the importance of the possession of Egypt. Before I left Europe, I said that that country was the fulcrum by which France might move the commercial system of the four quarters of the globe. But for that a powerful lever is necessary. That lever is naval power. Ours then existed. But, since that time, all is changed, and peace with the Porte appears to me the only honourable means of extricating ourselves from an enterprise, which cannot now fulfil the object for which it was undertaken. I shall not enter into a detail of the diplomatic combinations which the present situation of Europe may offer.

“ In the perplexing situation in which I am placed, and remote as I am from the centre of action, my chief object must be to watch over the

safety and honour of the army under my command. I shall be happy if I succeed in fulfilling your wishes. Were I nearer to you, my highest glory would be to obey your orders.

“ I send you, Citizens Directors, a precise estimate of the supplies wanted for the artillery, and a summary account of the debt contracted and left by Bonaparte.*

(Signed)

“ KLEBER.”

“ P.S. Just as I was despatching this letter, I have heard that fourteen or fifteen Turkish sail have anchored before Damietta, there to await the fleet of the Capitan Pasha, which is anchored at Jaffa, and from which, it is said, fifteen or twenty thousand troops are to be landed. Fifteen thousand are still assembled at Gaza, and the Grand Vizier is on his way from Damascus. A few days ago, he sent back to us a soldier of the twenty-fifth demi-brigade, who was made prisoner at El-Arish. After having shewn him all the camp, they desired him to tell his companions what he had seen, and to make his General tremble at the news. This denotes either the Grand Vizier's confidence in his strength, or a willingness to negotiate. For my part, I cannot possibly assemble more than five thousand men, fit for service; but in spite of that, I will try my fortune,

* It is curious to compare this *authentic* correspondence with the *official* correspondence.

if I do not succeed in gaining time by negotiations. Djezzar has withdrawn his troops from Gaza, and orderèd them back to Acre.

(Signed)

“KLEBER.”

The other letters from Egypt were not less accusatory than Kleber's; and it cannot be doubted, that charges of so precise a nature, brought by the General who had now become Commander-in-Chief, against his predecessor, would have had great weight, especially, backed as they were by similar complaints from other quarters. A trial would have been inevitable; and then, no 18th Brumaire, no consulate, no empire, no conquest of Europe—but also, it must be added, no St. Helena. None of these events would have ensued, had not the English squadron, when it appeared off Corsica, obliged the *Muiron* to scud about at hazard, and to touch at the first land she could reach.

The Egyptian expedition filled too important a place in the life of Bonaparte, for him to neglect frequently reviving in the public mind the recollection of his conquests in the East. It was not to be forgotten that the head of the republic was the first of her generals. While Moreau received the command of the armies of the Rhine, while Massena, as a reward for the victory of Zurich, was made Commander-in-Chief of Italy, and while Brune was at the head of the army of Batavia, Bonaparte consoled himself for his tempo-

rary inactivity by a retrospective glance on his past triumphs. He was unwilling that Fame should for a moment cease to blazen his name. Accordingly, as soon as he was established at the head of the government, he caused accounts of his Egyptian expedition to be, from time to time, published in the *Moniteur*. He frequently expressed his satisfaction that the accusatory correspondence, and, above all, Kleber's letter, had fallen into his own hands. Such was Bonaparte's perfect self-command, that immediately after perusing that letter, he dictated to me the following proclamation, addressed to the Army of the East:—

“ Soldiers,

“ The Consuls of the French Republic frequently direct their attention to the Army of the East.

“ France acknowledges all the influence of your conquests on the restoration of her trade and the civilization of the world.

“ The eyes of all Europe are upon you, and in thought I am often with you.

“ In whatever situation the chances of war may place you, prove yourselves still the soldiers of Rivoli and Aboukir:—you will be invincible.

“ Place in Kleber the boundless confidence which you reposed in me. He deserves it.

“ Soldiers, think of the day when you will return victorious to the sacred territory of

France. That will be a glorious day for the whole nation."

Nothing can more forcibly shew the character of Bonaparte, than the above allusion to Kleber, after he had seen the way in which Kleber spoke of him to the Directory. Could it ever have been imagined that the correspondence of the army, to whom he addressed this proclamation, teemed with accusations against him? Though the majority of these accusations were strictly just, yet it is but fair to state that the letters from Egypt contained some calumnies. In answer to the well-founded portion of the charges, Bonaparte said little; but he seemed to feel deeply the falsehoods that were stated against him, one of which was that he had carried away millions from Egypt. I cannot conceive what could have given rise to this false and impudent assertion. So far from having touched the army chest, Bonaparte had not even received all his own pay. Before he constituted himself the government, the government was his debtor.

Though we knew well all that was to be expected from the Egyptian expedition, yet those who lauded that affair were regarded with a favourable eye by Bonaparte. The correspondence which had fallen into his hands was to him of the highest importance in enabling him to ascertain the opinions which particular individuals entertained of him. It was the source of favours and

disgraces which those who were not in the secret could not account for. It serves to explain why many men of mediocrity were elevated to the highest dignities and honours, while other men of real merit fell into disgrace, or were utterly neglected.

CHAPTER II.

Great and common men—Portrait of Bonaparte—The varied expression of his countenance—His convulsive shrug—Presentiment of his corpulency—Partiality for bathing—His temperance—His alleged capability of dispensing with sleep—Good and bad news—Shaving, and reading the journals—Morning business—Breakfast—Coffee and snuff—Bonaparte's idea of his own situation—His ill opinion of mankind—His dislike of a tête-à-tête—His hatred of the revolutionists—His fits of ill-humour—Ringing of bells—Gardens of Malmaison—Ladies in white—Anecdotes—Bonaparte's tokens of kindness and droll compliments—His opinion of medicine—His memory—His poetic insensibility—His want of gallantry—Cards and conversation—The dress-coat and black cravat—Bonaparte's payments—His religious ideas—His obstinacy.

IN perusing the history of the distinguished characters of past ages, how often do we regret that the historian should have portrayed the hero rather than the man! We wish to know even the most trivial habits of those whom great talents and vast reputation have elevated above their fellow-creatures. Is this the effect of mere curiosity, or rather is it not an involuntary feeling of vanity which prompts us to console ourselves for the superiority of great men by reflecting on their faults, their weaknesses, their absurdities; in

short, all the points of resemblance between them and common men? For the satisfaction of those who are curious in details of this sort, I will here endeavour to paint Bonaparte, as I saw him, in person and in mind, to describe what were his tastes and habits, and even his whims and caprices.

The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments, or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his

hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it.

When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

He used often to say to me: "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise; but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time that I was about him he was haunted by this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of

the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.*

Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch; but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself, and say, "Ah, Bourrienne! let me lie a little longer." When there

* At St. Helena, he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. Is it not possible that his immoderate use of baths of very high temperature, may have contributed to produce the premature corpulency which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him.

was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious;—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

As soon as he rose, his valet de chambre shaved him, and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved, I read to him the newspapers, beginning always with the *Moniteur*. He paid little attention to any but the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; "I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for, whenever he heard any thing interesting, he turned quickly round towards me.

When Bonaparte had finished his toilette, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, we went down stairs to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions which had been analysed by me on the preceding evening. On

reception and parade days, he was particularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him, that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance, I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers himself, but not often.

At ten o'clock, the maître d'hôtel entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The General's table is served."* We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He eat, almost every morning, some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo*.

Bonaparte drank little wine; always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.†

I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise

* This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg.

† M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, has established a gastronomic principle, that, "he who does not eat coffee after each meal, is assuredly not a man of taste."

to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he sat up late at night, he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box;* and if he bore any resemblance to Frederick the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat pockets with snuff; for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatness to a fastidious degree.

Bonaparte had two ruling passions, glory and war. He was never more gay than in the camp, and never more morose than in the inactivity of peace. Plans for the construction of public monuments also pleased his imagination, and filled up the void caused by the want of active occupation. He was aware that monuments form part of the history of nations, of whose civilization they bear evidence, for ages after those who created them have disappeared from the earth, and that they likewise often bear false witness to remote posterity of the reality of merely fabulous conquests. Bonaparte was, however, mistaken as to the mode of accomplishing the object he had

* He had a great collection of snuff-boxes. This was one of his fancies.

in view. His ciphers, his trophies, and subsequently his eagles, splendidly adorned the monuments of his reign. But why did he wish to stamp false initials on things with which neither he nor his reign had any connexion, as, for example, the old Louvre? Did he imagine that the letter "N," which every where obtruded itself on the eye, had in it a charm to controvert the records of history, or alter the course of time?* Be this as it may, Bonaparte well knew that the fine arts entail lasting glory on great actions, and consecrate the memory of princes who protect and encourage them. He oftener than once said to me:—"A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the further off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages." This was one of his favourite ideas. "My power," he would say, at other times, "depends on my glory, and my glory on my victories. My power would fall were I not to support it by new glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me." This was then, and probably always con-

* When Louis XVIII. returned to the Tuileries in 1814, he found that Bonaparte was an excellent tenant, and that he had left every thing in very good condition. Some one having called his attention to the profusion of N's which were conspicuous in every part of the palace, the monarch appropriately quoted the following lines of La Fontaine:

Il veut volontiers écrit sur son chapeau,
 Je suis Guillot, berger de ce troupeau."

tinued his predominant idea, and that which prompted him continually to scatter the seeds of war through Europe. He thought that if he remained stationary he would fall, and he was tormented with the desire of advancing further forward. Not to do something great and decided was, in his opinion; to do nothing. "A newly born government," said he to me, "must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls." It was vain to look for rest from a man who was restlessness itself.

His sentiments towards France now differed widely from what I had known them to be in his youth. He long indignantly cherished the recollection of the conquest of Corsica, which he was once content to regard as his country. But that recollection was effaced, and it might be said that he now ardently loved France. His imagination was fired by the very thought of seeing her great, happy, and powerful; and as the first nation in the world, dictating laws to the rest. He fancied his name inseparably connected with France, and resounding in the ears of posterity. In all his actions he lost sight of the present moment, and thought only of futurity; so, in all places where he led the way to glory, the opinion of France was ever present in his thoughts. As Alexander at Arbela prided himself less in having conquered Darius, than in having gained the suffrage of the Athenians, so Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea of what would be said in France.

Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. I mention this as a fact of which I have often been a witness, and I leave to his brothers in arms to decide whether his calculations were always correct. He had it in his power to do much, for he risked every thing and spared nothing. His inordinate ambition goaded him on to the attainment of power; and power when possessed served only to augment his ambition. Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the truth that trifles often decide the greatest events: therefore he watched rather than provoked opportunity, and when the right moment approached, he suddenly took advantage of it. It is curious that amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg Saint Germain was to him always a threatening phantom.*

He did not esteem mankind, whom indeed he despised more and more in proportion as he became acquainted with them. In him this unfavourable opinion of human nature was justified by many glaring examples of baseness, and he used

* I have been informed on good authority, that after I quitted France, orders were given for intercepting even notes of invitation to dinners, &c. The object of this measure was to prevent the assembling of parties of any kind, to render them less numerous, and to ascertain the names of the guests and visitors.

frequently to repeat, "There are two levers for moving men: interest and fear." What respect indeed could Bonaparte entertain for the applicants to the treasury of the opera? Into this treasury the gaming houses paid a considerable sum, part of which went to cover the expenses of that magnificent theatre. The rest was distributed in gratuities, which were paid on orders signed by Duroc. Individuals of very different characters were often seen entering the little door in the Rue Rameau. The lady, who was for a while the favourite of the General-in-Chief in Egypt, and whose husband was maliciously sent back by the English, was a frequent visitor to the Treasury. On one occasion would be seen assembled there, a distinguished scholar and an actor, a celebrated orator and a musician; on another, the treasurer would have payments to make to a priest, a courtesan, and a cardinal.

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship, nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers. Perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute; and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear.* For my part, I know very well that I have

* Duroc must not be judged of from what Bonaparte said, under the idea that he was complimenting him. Duroc's manners, it is

no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women; it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words. His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one, he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows, against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to those violent ebullitions of rage, until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort, I have frequently observed, that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently, in a *tête-à-tête* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena that he admitted a third person on such occasions, only that the blow might resound the further. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to have performed the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tête-à-tête*; and when he expected

true, were reserved and somewhat cold; but there were few better or kinder men.

any one, he would say to me, beforehand, "Bourrienne, you may remain;" and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to retire, he would say, in a half-whisper, "Stay where you are." Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip what I heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon, were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures, under a government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.

Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike of the sanguinary men of the revolution, and especially the regicides. He felt, as a painful burthen, the obligation of dissembling towards them. He spoke to me, in terms of horror, of those whom he called the assassins of Louis XVI., and he was annoyed at the necessity of employing them, and treating them with apparent respect. How many times has he not said to Cambaceres, pinching him by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My dear fellow, your case is clear; if ever the Bourbons come back, you will be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the livid countenance of Cambaceres, and was usually the only reply of the second consul, who, however, on one occasion, said, in my hearing, "Come, come, have done with this joking."

One thing which gave Bonaparte great pleasure, when in the country, was to see a tall, slender woman, dressed in white, walking beneath an alley of shady trees. He detested coloured dresses, and especially dark ones. To fat women he had an invincible antipathy, and he could not endure the sight of a pregnant woman; it therefore rarely happened that a female in that situation was invited to his parties. He possessed every requisite for being what is called in society an agreeable man, except the will to be so. His manner was imposing rather than pleasing, and those who did not know him well, experienced in his presence an involuntary feeling of awe. In the drawing-room, where Josephine did the honours with so much grace and affability, all was gaiety and ease, and no one felt the presence of a superior; but, on Bonaparte's entrance, all was changed, and every eye was directed towards him, to read his humour in his countenance, whether he intended to be silent or talkative, dull or cheerful.

He often talked a great deal, and sometimes a little too much; but no one could tell a story in a more agreeable and interesting way. His conversation rarely turned on gay or humorous subjects, and never on trivial matters. He was so fond of argument, that in the warmth of discussion it was easy to draw from him secrets which he was most anxious to conceal. Sometimes, in a small circle, he would amuse himself by relating stories of presentiments and apparitions. For this he always chose the twilight of evening, and

he would prepare his hearers for what was coming by some solemn remark. On one occasion of this kind, he said, in a very grave tone of voice; "When death strikes a person whom we love, and who is distant from us, a foreboding almost always denotes the event, and the dying person appears to us at the moment of his dissolution." He then immediately related the following anecdote:—"A gentleman of the court of Louis XIV. was in the gallery of Versailles at the time that the king was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingen, gained by Villars. Suddenly, the gentleman saw, at the further end of the gallery, the ghost of his son, who served under Villars. He exclaimed, 'My son is no more;' and, next moment, the king named him among the dead."

When travelling, Bonaparte was particularly talkative. In the warmth of his conversation, which was always characterized by original and interesting ideas, he sometimes dropped hints of his future views, or, at least, he said things which were calculated to disclose what he wished to conceal. I took the liberty of mentioning to him this indiscretion, and, far from being offended, he acknowledged his mistake, adding, that he was not aware he had gone so far. He frankly avowed this want of caution when at St. Helena.

When in good humour, his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head or a slight pinch of the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his

intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical. He would, at the same time, seat himself before the writing-table, and swing back in his chair so far, that I have often been fearful of his falling.

He would then vent his ill-humour on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his pen-knife, which he seemed to keep for no other purpose. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations, which I could never account for. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley, leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations! he would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound. He was almost angry with me, because I did not experience the impressions he did. So power-

ful was the effect produced upon him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter, as he said, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne! I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings.

Nowhere, except on the field of battle, did I ever see Bonaparte more happy than in the gardens of Malmaison.* At the commencement of the consulate, we used to go there every Saturday evening, and stay the whole of Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Bonaparte used to spend a considerable part of his time in walking and superintending the improvements which he had ordered. At first, he used to make excursions about the neighbourhood; but the reports of the police disturbed his natural confidence, and gave him reason to fear the attempts of concealed royalist partizans.

During the first four or five days that Bonaparte spent at Malmaison, he amused himself, after

* As Bonaparte was one day walking in these gardens with Madame de Clermont Tonnerre, now Madame de Talaru, in whose agreeable conversation he took much delight, he suddenly addressed her thus: "Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre, what do you think of me?" This abrupt and unexpected question rendered the answer delicate and difficult: "Why, General," said the lady, after a moment's hesitation, "I think you are like a skilful architect, who never allows his structure to be seen until it is quite finished. You are building behind a scaffolding which you will throw down when your work is completed."—"Just so, Madame, you are right, quite right," said Bonaparte, hastily. "I never look forward less than two years."

breakfast, with calculating the revenue of that domain. According to his estimates, it amounted to eight thousand francs. "That is not bad!" said he; "but, to live here, would require an income of thirty thousand livres." I could not help smiling, to see him seriously engaged in such a calculation.

Bonaparte had no faith in medicine, or the efficacy of medical remedies. He spoke of medicine as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs.

He had little memory for proper names; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I recollect that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journies.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre: yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of *Cinna*, he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire: it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy." At St. Helena, he said that he would have made

Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille, he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said any thing agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!"—to another, "What an ugly head-dress you have got?" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest.....Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!"* He shewed no mercy to any who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilette, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first he looked to elegance above all things: at a later period he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the consulate.

* Bonaparte, after he became Emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries: "Ah! that's droll enough: your hair is red!" "Perhaps it is, Sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevereuse, whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blond, was shortly after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of Maid of Honour to the Queen of Spain.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room, either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to every body, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as, for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacépède, and with Lemercier, the author of *Agamemnon*.

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one, he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat, nor heard this reply.

The First Consul paid his own private bills very punctually; but he was always tardy in settling the accounts of the contractors who bargained with ministers for supplies for the public service. He put off these payments by all sorts

of excuses and shufflings. Hence arose immense arrears in the expenditure, and the necessity of appointing a committee of liquidation. In his opinion, the terms *contractor* and *rogue* were synonymous. All that he avoided paying them, he regarded as a just restitution to himself; and all the sums which were struck off from their accounts, he regarded as so much deducted from a theft. The less a minister paid out of his budget, the more Bonaparte was pleased with him; and this ruinous system of economy can alone explain the credit which Decrès so long enjoyed at the expense of the French navy.

On the subject of religion, Bonaparte's ideas were very vague. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." He was very fond of talking of religion. In Italy, in Egypt, and on board the *Orient* and the *Mérouse*, I have known him to take part in very animated conversations on this subject. He readily yielded up all that was proved against religion as the work of men and time; but he would not hear of materialism. I recollect that, one fine night, when he was on deck with some persons who were arguing in favour of materialism, Bonaparte raised his hand to heaven, and, pointing to the stars, said, "You may talk as long as you please, gentlemen, but who made all that?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of man was to him the immortality of the

soul. He was perfectly tolerant towards every variety of religious faith.*

- Among Bonaparte's singular habits was that of seating himself on any table which happened to be of a suitable height for him. He would often sit on mine, resting his left arm on my right shoulder, and swinging his left leg, which did not reach the ground; and while he dictated to me, he would jolt the table so that I could scarcely write.

Bonaparte had a great dislike to reconsider any decision, even when it was acknowledged to be unjust. In little, as well as in great things, he evinced his repugnance to retrograde. An instance of this occurred in the affair of General Latour-Foissac. The First Consul felt how much he had wronged that General; but he wished some time to elapse before he repaired his error. His heart and his conduct were at variance: but his feelings were overcome by what he conceived to be political necessity. Bonaparte was never known to say "I have done wrong:" his usual observation was, "I begin to think there is something wrong."

In spite of this sort of feeling, which was more worthy of an ill-humoured philosopher than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither

* Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power: but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in positive and temporal things, but not in points of belief.

malignant nor vindictive. I cannot certainly defend him against all the reproaches which he incurred through the imperious law of war and cruel necessity; but I may say that he has often been unjustly accused. None but those who are blinded by fury will call him a Nero or a Caligula. I think I have avowed his faults with sufficient candour to entitle me to credit when I speak in his commendation; and I declare that out of the field of battle Bonaparte had a kind and feeling heart. He was very fond of children, a trait which seldom distinguishes a bad man. In the relations of private life, to call him amiable would not be using too strong a word, and he was very indulgent to the weakness of human nature. The contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to root it out. I shall, I fear, have contradictors, but I address myself to those who look for truth. To judge impartially we must take into account the influence which time and circumstance exercise on men; and distinguish between the different characters of the collegian, the general, the consul, and the emperor.

CHAPTER III.

Bonaparte's laws—Suppression of the Festival of the 21st of January—Official visits—The Temple—Louis XVI. and Sir Sidney Smith—Peculation during the Directory—Loan raised—Modest budget—The Consul and the Member of the Institute—The figure of the Republic—Duroc's missions—The King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander—General Latour-Foissac—Arbitrary decree—Company of players for Egypt—Singular ideas respecting literary property—The preparatory consulate—The journals—Sabres and muskets of honour—The First Consul and his comrade—The bust of Brutus—Statues in the gallery of the Tuileries—Sections of the Council of State—Costumes of public functionaries—Masquerades—The Opera balls—Recal of the exiles.

It is not my purpose to say much about the laws, decrees, and senatus-consulta, which the First Consul either passed or caused to be passed, after his accession to power. What were they all, with the exception of the civil code? The legislative reveries of the different men who have from time to time ruled France, form an immense labyrinth, in which chicanery may bewilder reason and common sense; and they would long since have been buried in oblivion, but that they have occasionally served to authorize injustice. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the happy effect produced

in Paris, and throughout the whole of France, by some of the first decisions of the Consuls. Perhaps, none but those who witnessed the state of society during the reign of terror can fully appreciate the satisfaction which the first steps towards the restoration of social order, produced in the breasts of all honest men. The Directory, more base, and not less perverse than the Convention, had retained the horrible 21st of January among the festivals of the Republic. One of Bonaparte's first ideas, on attaining the possession of power, was to abolish this; but such was the ascendancy of the abettors of the fearful event that he could not venture on a straightforward course. He and his two colleagues, who were Sieyes and Roger Ducos, signed, on the 5th Nivose, a decree, setting forth that in future the only festivals to be celebrated by the Republic were the 1st Vendémiaire and the 14th July, intending by this means to consecrate provisionally the recollection of the foundation of the Republic and of liberty.

All was calculation with Bonaparte. To produce effect was his highest gratification. Thus he let slip no opportunity of saying or doing things which were calculated to dazzle the multitude. While at the Luxembourg, he went sometimes, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, and sometimes by a minister, to pay certain official visits. I did not accompany him on these occasions; but almost always, either on his return, after dinner, or in the evening, he related to me what he had done and said. He congratulated himself on

having paid a visit to Daubenton, at the Jardin des Plantes, and talked with great self-complacency of the distinguished way in which he had treated the contemporary of Buffon.

On the 24th Brumaire he visited the prisons. He liked to make these visits unexpectedly, and to take the governors of the different public establishments by surprise: so that having no time to make their preparations he might see things as they really were. I was in his closet when he returned, for I had a great deal of business to go through in his absence. As he entered, he exclaimed, "What animals these directors are! To what a state have they brought our public establishments! But, stay a little! I will put all in order. The prisons are in a shocking unwholesome state, and the prisoners miserably fed. I questioned them, and I questioned the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. They, of course, always speak well of their own work. When I was in the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI! He was an excellent man, but too amiable, too gentle. He knew not how to deal with mankind. And Sir Sidney Smith! I made them shew me his apartment. If the fools had not let him escape, I should have taken St. Jean d'Acre! There are too many painful recollections connected with that prison. I will certainly have it pulled down some day or other. Know you what I did at the Temple? I ordered the jailers' books to be brought me, and finding that some hostages

were in confinement, I liberated them. ‘An unjust law,’ said I, ‘has deprived you of liberty; my first duty is to restore it you.’ Was not this well done, Bourrienne?” As I was, no less than Bonaparte himself, an enemy to the revolutionary laws, I congratulated him sincerely; and he was very sensible to my approbation, for I was not accustomed to greet him with “well; very well,” on all occasions. It is true, knowing his character as I did, I avoided saying any thing that was calculated to offend him; but when I said nothing, he knew very well how to construe my silence. Had I flattered him, I should have continued longer in favour.

Bonaparte always spoke angrily of the Directors he had turned off. Their incapacity disgusted and astonished him. “What simpletons! what a government!” he would frequently exclaim, when he looked into the measures of the Directory. “Bourrienne,” said he, “can you imagine anything more pitiable than their system of finance? Can it for a moment be doubted that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent peculations? What venality! what disorder! what wastefulness! every thing put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed seventy-five millions in advance? And, then, think of all the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations! But is there no means of making them refund? We shall see.”

In these first moments of poverty, it was found necessary to raise a loan, and twelve millions were advanced by the different bankers of Paris, who, I believe, were paid by bills of the Receivers-General, the discount of which then amounted to about thirty-three per cent. The salaries of the first offices were not very considerable, and did not amount to anything like the exorbitant stipends of the empire. The following table shews the modest budget of the Consular Governments for the Year VIII. :—

	Francs.
Legislative Body	2,400,000
Tribunat	1,312,000
Archives	75,000
The three Consuls, including 70,000 fr. of secret service money	1,800,000
Council of State	675,000
Secretaries to the Councils and to the Counsellors of State	112,500
The Six Ministers	360,000
The Minister for Foreign Affairs	90,000
TOTAL	6,854,500

Bonaparte's salary was fixed at five hundred thousand francs. What a contrast to the three hundred millions in gold, which were reported to have been concealed in 1811 in the cellars of the Tuileries.

In mentioning Bonaparte's nomination to the Institute, and his affectation of putting at the head of his proclamation his title of member of that learned body, before that of General-in-Chief,

I omitted to state what value he really attached to that title. The truth is, that when young and ambitious he was pleased with the proffered title, which he thought would raise him in public estimation. How often have we laughed together, when he weighed the value of his scientific titles! Bonaparte, to be sure, knew something of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, I need not add, possessed extraordinary military talent; but he was, nevertheless, a useless member of the Institute.

On his return from Egypt he began to grow weary of a title which gave him so many colleagues. "Do you not think," said he one day to me, "that there is something mean and humiliating in the words,—*I have the honour to be, my dear Colleague?*" Generally speaking, all phrases which indicated equality displeased him. It will be recollected how gratified he was that I did not address him in the second person singular, on our meeting at Leoben, and also what befel to M. de Cominges at Bâle, because he did not observe the same precaution.

The figure of the Republic seated, and holding a spear in her hand, which, at the commencement of the Consulate, was stamped on official letters, was speedily abolished. Happily would it have been, if Liberty herself had not suffered the same treatment as her emblem! The title of First Consul made him despise that of Member of the Institute. He no longer entertained the least predilection for that learned body, and, subse-

quently, he regarded it with much suspicion. It was a *body*, an *authorised assembly*; these were reasons sufficient for him to take umbrage at it, and he never concealed his dislike of all bodies possessing the privilege of meeting and deliberating.

While we were at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte despatched Duroc on a special mission to the King of Prussia. This happened, I think, at the very beginning of the year 1800. He selected Duroc because he was a man of good education and agreeable manners, and one who could express himself with elegance and reserve, qualities not often met with at that period. Duroc had been with us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board the *Muiron*, and the Consul easily guessed that the King of Prussia would be delighted to hear from an eye-witness the events of Bonaparte's campaigns, especially the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and the scenes which took place during the months of March and May at Jaffa. Besides, the First Consul considered it indispensable that such circumstantial details should be given in a way to leave no doubt of their correctness. His intentions were fully realized, for Duroc told me, on his return, that nearly the whole of the conversation he had with the King turned upon St. Jean d'Acre and Jaffa. He staid nearly two whole hours with his majesty, who, the day after, gave him an invitation to dinner. When this intelligence arrived at the Luxembourg, I could perceive that the chief of the Republic was exceedingly flattered that one of his aides-de-camp

should have sat at table with a king, who, some years after, was doomed to wait for him in his antichamber at Tilsit.

Duroc never spoke on politics to the King of Prussia, which was very fortunate, for considering his age, and the exclusively military life he had led, he could scarcely have been expected to avoid blunders. Some time after, that is to say, after the death of Paul I., he was sent to congratulate Alexander on his accession to the throne. Bonaparte's design in thus making choice of Duroc, was to introduce to the courts of Europe, by confidential missions, a young man to whom he was much attached, and also to bring him forward in France. Duroc went on his third mission to Berlin, after the war broke out with Austria. He often wrote to me, and his letters convinced me how much he had improved himself within a short time.

Another circumstance which happened at the commencement of the consulate, affords an example of Bonaparte's inflexibility, when he had once formed a determination. In the spring of 1799, when we were in Egypt, the Directory gave to General Latour Foissac, a highly distinguished officer, the command of Mantua, the taking of which had so powerfully contributed to the glory of the conqueror of Italy. Shortly after Latour's appointment to this important post, the Austrians besieged Mantua. It was well known that the garrison was supplied with provisions and ammunition for a long resistance; yet, in the month of

July, it surrendered to the Austrians. The act of capitulation contained a curious article, viz. :— “ General Latour Foissac and his staff shall be conducted, as prisoners, to Austria; the garrison shall be allowed to return to France.” This distinction between the general and the troops intrusted to his command, and, at the same time, the prompt surrender of Mantua, were circumstances which, it must be confessed, were calculated to excite suspicions of Latour Foissac. The consequence was, when Bernadotte was made war minister, he ordered an inquiry into the general's conduct, by a court-martial. Latour Foissac had no sooner returned to France, than he published a justificatory memorial, in which he showed the impossibility of his having made a longer defence, when he was in want of many objects of the first necessity.

Such was the state of the affair on Bonaparte's elevation to the consular power. The loss of Mantua, the possession of which had cost him so many sacrifices, roused his indignation to so high a pitch, that whenever the subject was mentioned, he could find no words to express his rage. He stopped the investigation of the court-martial, and issued a violent decree against Latour Foissac, even before his culpability had been proved. This proceeding occasioned much discussion, and was very dissatisfactory to many general officers, who, by this arbitrary decision, found themselves in danger of forfeiting the privilege of being tried by their natural judges, whenever they

happened to displease the First Consul. For my own part, I must say, that this decree against Latour Foissac was one which I saw issued with considerable regret. I was alarmed for the consequences. After the lapse of a few days, I ventured to point out to him the undue severity of the step he had taken; I reminded him of all that had been said in Latour Foissac's favour, and tried to convince him how much more just it would be to allow the trial to come to a conclusion. "In a country," said I, "like France, where the point of honour stands above every thing, it is impossible Foissac can escape condemnation, if he be culpable."—"Perhaps you are right, Bourrienne," rejoined he; "but the blow is struck; the decree is issued. I have given the same explanation to every one; but I cannot so suddenly retrace my steps. To retrograde is to be lost. I cannot acknowledge myself in the wrong. By and by we shall see what can be done. Time will bring lenity and pardon. At present it would be premature." Such, word for word, was Bonaparte's reply. If with this be compared what he said on the subject at St. Helena, it will be found that his ideas continued nearly unchanged; the only difference is, that instead of the impetuosity of 1800, he expressed himself with the calmness which time and adversity naturally produce.*

* "It was," says the *Memorial of St. Helena*, "an illegal and tyrannical act, but still it was a necessary evil. It was the fault of the law. He was a hundred, nay, a thousand fold guilty, and yet it was doubtful whether he would be condemned. We therefore

Bonaparte, as I have before observed, loved contrasts; and I remember that at the very time he was acting so violently against Latour Foissac, he condescended to busy himself about a company of players, which he wished to send to Egypt, or rather which he pretended to wish to send there, because the announcement of such a project conveyed an impression of the prosperous condition of our oriental colony. The consuls gravely appointed the minister of the interior to execute this business, and the minister, in his turn, delegated his powers to Florence, the actor. In their instructions to the minister, the consuls observed that it would be advisable to include some female dancers in the company; a suggestion which corresponds with Bonaparte's note, in which were specified all that he considered necessary for the Egyptian expedition.

The First Consul entertained singular notions respecting literary property. On his hearing that a piece, entitled *Misanthropie et Repentir*, had been brought out at the Odeon, he said to me, "Bourrienne, you have been robbed."—"I, General, how?"—"You have been robbed, I tell you, and they are now acting your piece." I have already mentioned, that during my stay at Warsaw, I amused myself with translating a celebrated play of Kotzebue. While we were in

assailed him with the shafts of honour and public opinion. Yet, I repeat it was a tyrannical act, and one of those violent measures which are at times necessary in great nations and in extraordinary circumstances."

Italy, I lent Bonaparte my translation to read, and he expressed himself much pleased with it. He greatly admired the piece, and often went to see it acted at the Odeon. On his return, he invariably gave me fresh reasons for my claiming what he was pleased to call my property. I represented to him, that the translation of a foreign work belonged to any one who chose to execute it. He would not, however, give up his point, and I was obliged to assure him that my occupations in his service left me no time to engage in a literary law-suit. He then exacted a promise from me to translate Goëthe's "Werther." I told him it was already done, though indifferently, and that I could not possibly devote to the subject the time it merited. I read over to him one of the letters I had translated into French, and which he seemed to approve.

That interval of the consular government, during which Bonaparte remained at the Luxembourg, may be called the preparatory consulate. Then were sown the seeds of the great events which he meditated, and of those institutions with which he wished to mark his possession of power. He was then, if I may use the expression, two individuals in one: the republican general, who was obliged to appear the advocate of liberty and the principles of the revolution; and the votary of ambition, secretly plotting the downfall of that liberty and those principles.

I often wondered at the consummate address with which he contrived to deceive those who

were likely to see through his designs. This hypocrisy, which some perhaps may call profound policy, was indispensable to the accomplishment of his projects ; and sometimes, as if to keep himself in practice, he would do it in matters of secondary importance. For example, his opinion of the insatiable avarice of Sieyes is well known ; yet, when he proposed, in his message to the Council of Ancients, to give this colleague, under the title of national recompense, the price of his obedient secession, it was, in the words of the message, a recompense worthily bestowed on his *disinterested virtues*.

While at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte shewed, by a consular act, his hatred of the liberty of the press, above all liberties, for he loved none.

The 27th Nivose, the Consuls, or rather the First Consul, published a decree, the real object of which was evidently contrary to its implied object.

This decree stated, that—"The Consuls of the Republic, considering that some of the journals printed at Paris are instruments *in the hands of the enemies of the Republic*, over the safety of which the government is specially entrusted by the people of France to watch, decree:—

“That the Minister of Police shall, during the continuation of the war, allow only the following journals to be printed and published; viz., Le Moniteur-Universel; Le Journal des Débats et Décrets; Le Journal de Paris; Le Bien-Informé; Le Publiciste: L’Ami des Lois; La Clef des Cabi-

nets ; Le Citoyen François ; La Gazette de France ; Le Journal des Hommes Libres ; Le Journal du Soir, by the brothers Chaigneau ; Le Journal des Défenseurs de la Patrie ; La Décade Philosophique, and those papers which are exclusively devoted to science, art, literature, commerce, and advertisements."

Surely this decree may well be considered as preparatory ; and the fragment I have quoted may serve as a standard for measuring the greater part of those acts, by which Bonaparte sought to gain, for the consolidation of his power, what he seemed to be seeking solely for the interest of the friends of the Republic. The limitation to the period of the continuance of the war, had also a certain provisional air which afforded hope for the future. But everything provisional is, in its nature, very elastic ; and Bonaparte knew how to draw it out *ad infinitum*. The decree moreover, enacted, that if any of the "uncondemned journals should insert articles *against the sovereignty of the people*, they would be immediately suppressed. In truth, great indulgence was shewn on this point, even after the Emperor's coronation.

"The presentation of sabres and muskets of honour, also originated at the Luxembourg ; and this practice was, without doubt, a preparatory step to the foundation of the Legion of Honour. A grenadier serjeant, named Leon Aune, who had been included in the first distribution, easily obtained permission to write to the First Consul to thank him. Bonaparte, wishing to answer him in

his own name, dictated to me the following letter for Aune :—

“ I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You needed not to have told me of your exploits, for you are the bravest grenadier in the whole army, since the death of Benezete. You received one of the hundred sabres I distributed to the army, and all agreed you most deserved it.

“ I wish very much to see you. The war Minister sends you an order to come to Paris.”

This wheedling wonderfully favoured Bonaparte's designs. His letter to Aune could not fail to be circulated through the army. A serjeant called *my brave comrade*, by the First Consul—the first General of France! Who but a thorough republican, the staunch friend of equality, would have done this? This was enough to wind up the enthusiasm of the army. At the same time, it must be confessed, that Bonaparte began to find the Luxembourg too little for him, and preparations were set on foot at the Tuileries.

Still this great step towards the re-establishment of the monarchy was to be cautiously prepared. It was important to do away with the idea that none but a king could occupy the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy. Brutus was the destroyer of tyrants! This was the very thing; and David was commissioned

to place it in a gallery of the Tuileries. Could there be a greater proof of the Consul's horror of tyranny?

To sleep at the Tuileries, in the bed-chamber of the kings of France, was all that Bonaparte wanted; the rest would follow, in due course. He was willing to be satisfied with establishing a principle, the consequences of which were to be afterwards deduced. Hence the affectation of never inserting, in official acts, the name of the Tuileries, but designating that place as the palace of the government. The first preparations were modest, for it did not become a good republican to be fond of pomp. Accordingly, Lecomte, who was at that time architect of the Tuileries, merely received orders to *clean* the palace, an expression which might bear more than one meaning, after the meetings which had been held there. For this purpose, the sum of five hundred thousand francs was sufficient. Bonaparte's drift was to conceal, as far as possible, the importance he attached to the change of his consular domicile. But little expense was requisite for fitting up apartments for the First Consul. Simple ornaments, such as marbles and statues, were to decorate the palace of the government.

Nothing escaped Bonaparte's consideration. Thus, it was not merely at hazard, that he selected the statues of great men to adorn the gallery of the Tuileries. Among the Greeks, he made choice of Demosthenes and Alexander, thus rendering homage, at once, to the genius of

eloquence and the genius of victory. The statue of Hannibal was intended to recal the memory of Rome's most formidable enemy; and Rome herself was represented in the consular palace, by the statues of Scipio, Cicero and Cato, Brutus and Cæsar—the victim and the immolator being placed side by side. Among the great men of modern times, he gave the first place to Gustavus Adolphus, and the next to Turenne and the great Condé—to Turenne, in honour of his military talent; and to Condé, to prove that there was nothing fearful in the recollection of a Bourbon. The remembrance of the glorious days of the French navy was revived by the statue of Duguai Trouine. Marlborough and Prince Eugene had also their places in the gallery, as if to attest the disasters which marked the close of the great reign; and Marshal Saxe, to shew that Louis the Fifteenth's reign was not without its glory. The statues of Frederic and Washington were emblematic of false philosophy on a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. Finally, the names of Dugommier, Dampierre and Joubert, were intended to bear evidence of the high esteem which Bonaparte cherished for his old comrades; those illustrious victims to a cause which had already ceased to be his.

The reader has already been informed of the attempts made by Bonaparte to induce England and Austria to negotiate with the Consular Government, which the King of Prussia was the first of the sovereigns of Europe to recognise. These

attempts having proved unavailing, it became necessary to carry on the war with renewed vigour; and also to explain why the peace, which had been promised at the beginning of the consulate, was still nothing but a promise. In fulfilment of these two objects, Bonaparte addressed an energetic proclamation to the armies, which was remarkable for not being followed by the usual sacred words, "Vive la République!"

At the same time Bonaparte completed the formation of the Council of State, and divided it into five sections:—1st. The Interior; 2d. Finance; 3d. Marine; 4th. The War Department; 5th. Legislation. He fixed the salaries of the councillors of state at twenty-five thousand francs, and that of the presidents of sections at thirty thousand. He settled the costume of the consuls, the ministers, and the different bodies of the state. This led to the re-introduction of velvet, which had been banished with the old régime, and the encouragement of the manufactures of Lyons was the reason alleged for employing this un-republican article in the different dresses, as those of the consuls and ministers. It was Bonaparte's constant aim to efface the Republic, even in the utmost trifles, and to prepare matters so well that the customs and habits of monarchy being restored, there should only then remain a word to be changed.

I never remember to have seen Bonaparte in the consular dress, which he detested, and which he wore only because duty required him

so to do at public ceremonies. The only dress he was fond of, and in which he felt at ease, was that in which he subjugated the ancient Eridanus and the Nile, namely, the uniform of the Guides, to which corps Bonaparte was always sincerely attached.

The masquerade of official dresses was not the only one which Bonaparte summoned to the aid of his policy. At the period of the year VIII., which corresponded with the carnival of 1800, masques began to be resumed at Paris. Disguises were all the fashion, and Bonaparte favoured the revival of old amusements; first, because they were old, and next, because they were the means of diverting the attention of the people: for as he had established the principle that on the field of battle it is necessary to divide the enemy in order to beat him, he conceived it no less advisable to divert the people, in order to enslave them. Bonaparte did not say *panem et circenses*, for I believe his knowledge of Latin did not extend even to that well known phrase of Juvenal, but he put the maxim in practice. He accordingly authorised the revival of balls at the Opera, which they who lived during that period of the consulate know was an important event in Paris. Some gladly viewed it as a little conquest in favour of the old regime, and others, who for that very reason disapproved it, were too shallow to understand the influence of little over great things. The women and the young men did not bestow a thought on the subject, but yielded wil-

lingly to the attractions of pleasure. Bonaparte, who was delighted at having provided a diversion for the gossiping of the Parisian saloons, said to me one day, "While they are chatting about all this, they do not babble upon politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves, as long as they do not thrust their noses into the councils of the government; besides, Bourrienne," added he, "I have other reasons for encouraging this, I see other advantages in it. Trade is languishing; Fouché tells me that there are great complaints. This will set a little money in circulation; besides, I am on my guard about the jacobins. Every thing is not bad, because it is not new. I prefer the Opera balls to the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I was never so enthusiastically applauded as at the last parade."

A consular decision of a different and more important nature had, shortly before, namely, at the commencement of Nivose, brought happiness to many families. Bonaparte, as every one knows, had prepared the events of the 18th Fructidor, that he might have some plausible reasons for overthrowing the Directory. The Directory being overthrown, he was now anxious at least in part to undo what he had done on the 18th Fructidor. He therefore ordered a report on the persons exiled to be presented to him by the Minister of the Police. In consequence of this report, he authorised forty of them to return to France, placing them under the observation of the Minister, and assigning them their place of residence.

However, they did not long remain under these restrictions, and many of them were soon called to fill high places in the government: It was indeed natural that Bonaparte still wishing, at least in appearance, to found his government on those principles of moderate republicanism which had caused their exile, should invite them to second his views.

Barrere wrote a justificatory letter to the First Consul, who, however, took no notice of it, for he could not go so far as to favour Barrere. Thus did Bonaparte receive into the councils of the consulate the men who had been exiled by the Directory, just as he afterwards appointed the emigrants and those exiles of the revolution, to high offices under the empire. The time and the men alone differed; the intention in both cases was the same.

CHAPTER IV.

Bonaparte and Paul I.—Lord Whitworth—Baron de Sprengporten's arrival at Paris—Paul's admiration of Bonaparte—Their close connection and correspondence—The royal challenge—General Mack—The road to Malmaison—Attempts at assassination—Death of Washington—National mourning—Ambitious calculation—M. de Fontanes, the skilful orator—Fête at the temple of Mars.

THE first relations between Bonaparte and Paul I. commenced a short time after the accession to the consulate. Affairs then began to look a little less unfavourable: already vague reports from Switzerland and the Banks of the Rhine indicated a coldness existing between the Russians and the Austrians; and, at the same time, symptoms of a misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg began to be perceptible. The First Consul having, in the mean time, discovered the chivalrous and somewhat eccentric character of Paul I., thought the moment a propitious one to attempt breaking the bonds which united Russia and England. He was not the man to allow so fine an opportunity to pass, and he took advantage of it with his

ordinary sagacity. The English had some time before refused to comprehend in a cartel for the exchange of prisoners seven thousand Russians taken in Holland. Bonaparte ordered them all to be armed, and clothed in new uniforms appropriate to the corps to which they had belonged, and sent them back to Russia, without ransom, without exchange, or any condition whatever. This judicious munificence was not thrown away. Paul shewed himself deeply sensible of it, and, closely allied as he had lately been with England, he now, all at once, declared himself her enemy. This triumph of policy delighted the First Consul.

Thenceforth the Consul and the Czar became the best friends possible. They strove to outdo each other in professions of friendship; and it may be believed that Bonaparte did not fail to turn this contest of politeness to his own advantage. He so well worked upon the mind of Paul, that he succeeded in obtaining a direct influence over the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

Lord Whitworth, at that time the English ambassador in Russia, was ordered to quit the capital without delay, and to retire to Riga, which then became the focus of the intrigues of the north, which ended in the death of Paul. The English' ships were seized in all the ports, and, at the pressing instance of the Czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover. Bonaparte lost no time, and, profiting by the friendship manifested towards him by the inheritor of Catherine's power, he determined to make that friendship subser-

vient to the execution of the vast plan which he had long conceived : he meant to undertake an expedition by land against the English colonies in the East Indies.

The arrival of the Baron de Sprengporten at Paris caused great satisfaction among the partizans of the consular government, that is to say, almost every one in Paris. M. de Sprengporten was a native of Swedish Finland. He had been appointed, by Catherine, Chamberlain and Lieutenant-General of her forces, and he was not less in favour with Paul, who treated him in the most distinguished manner. He came on an extraordinary mission, being ostensibly clothed with the title of Plenipotentiary, and, at the same time, appointed Confidential Minister to the Consul. Bonaparte was extremely satisfied with the ambassador whom Paul had selected, and with the manner, in which he described the Emperor's gratitude for the generous conduct of the First Consul. M. de Sprengporten did not conceal the extent of Paul's dissatisfaction with his allies. The bad issue, he said, of the war with France, had already disposed the Emperor to connect himself with that power, when the return of his troops at once determined him.

We could easily perceive that Paul placed great confidence in M. de Sprengporten. As he had satisfactorily discharged the mission with which he had been charged, Paul expressed pleasure at his conduct in several friendly and flattering letters, which Sprengporten always

allowed us to read. No one could be fonder of France than he was, and he ardently desired that his first negotiations might lead to a long alliance between the Russian and French governments. The autograph and very frequent correspondence between Bonaparte and Paul passed through his hands. I read all Paul's letters, which were remarkable for the frankness with which his affection for Bonaparte was expressed. His admiration of the First Consul was so great, that no courtier could have written in a more flattering manner.

This admiration was not feigned on the part of the Emperor of Russia: it was equally sincere and ardent, and of this he soon gave proofs. The violent hatred he had conceived towards the English government, induced him to defy to single combat every king who would not declare against England, and shut his ports against English ships. He inserted a challenge to the King of Denmark in the St. Petersburg Court Gazette; but not choosing to apply officially to the senate of Hamburgh to order its insertion in the Correspondent, conducted by M. Storer, he sent the article, through Count Pahlen, to M. Schramm, a Hamburgh merchant. The Count told M. Schramm that the Emperor would be much pleased to see the article of the St. Petersburg Court Gazette copied into the Correspondent; and that, if it should be inserted, he wished to have a dozen copies of the paper printed on vellum, and sent to him by an extraordinary

courier. It was Paul's intention to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but this piece of folly, after the manner of Charles XII., led to no further results.

Bonaparte never felt greater satisfaction in the whole course of his life, than he experienced from Paul's enthusiasm for him. The friendship of a sovereign seemed to him a step, by which he was to become a sovereign himself. On the other hand, the affairs of La Vendée began to assume a better aspect, and he hoped soon to effect that pacification in the interior, which he so ardently desired.

It was during the First Consul's residence at the Luxembourg that the first report on the Civil Code was made to the Legislative Body. It was then, also, that the regulations for the management of the Bank of France were adopted, and that establishment, so necessary to France, was founded.

There was at this time in Paris a man who has acquired an unfortunate celebrity, the most unlucky of modern generals—in a word, General Mack. I should not notice that person here, were it not for the prophetic judgment which Bonaparte then pronounced on him. Mack had been obliged to deliver himself up to Championnet, some time before our embarkation at Frejus. He was received as a prisoner of war, and the town of Dijon had been appointed his place of residence, and there he remained until after the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte, now Consul,

permitted him to come to Paris, and to reside there on his parole. He applied for leave to go to Vienna, pledging himself to return again a prisoner to France, if the Emperor Francis would not consent to exchange him for Generals Perignon and Grouchy, then prisoners in Austria. His request was not granted, but his proposition was forwarded to Vienna. The court of Vienna refused to accede to it, not placing perhaps so much importance on the deliverance of Mack, as he had flattered himself it would.*

Bonaparte speaking to me of him one day, said, "Mack is a man of the lowest mediocrity I ever saw in my life; he is full of self-sufficiency and conceit, and believes himself equal to anything. He has no talent. I should like to see him opposed some day to one of our good generals; we should then see fine work. He is a boaster, and that is all. He is really one of the most silly men existing; and, besides all that, he is unlucky." Was not this opinion of Bona-

* Mack escaped from Paris in the month of April 1800. He afterwards contrived to excuse the faults which had been imputed to him, and insinuated himself into the graces of the Emperor of Austria. By means of boasting, intriguing, and plotting, he at last succeeded in obtaining employment. He constantly railed against France, and spoke of nothing but his desire to revenge his captivity at Paris. His deeds, however, did not correspond with his threats. Every one knows how he revenged himself at Ulm, in the commencement of the campaign of 1805. He would infallibly have paid the forfeit of his head for surrendering that town, had not Bonaparte, then the Emperor Napoleon, stipulated for his life in one of the articles of the treaty of Presburgh.

parte, formed on the past, fully verified by the future?

It was at Malmaison that Bonaparte thus spoke of General Mack. That place was then far from resembling what it afterwards became, and the road to it was neither pleasant nor sure. There was not a house on the road, and in the evening, during the season when we were there, it was not frequented all the way from Saint-Germain. Those numerous vehicles, which the demands of luxury and an increasing population have created, did not then, as now, pass along the roads in the environs of Paris. Every where the road was sad, solitary, and dangerous; and I learned with certainty that many schemes were laid for carrying off the First Consul during one of his evening journeys. They were unsuccessful, and orders were given to enclose the quarries, which were too near to the road. On Saturday evening Bonaparte left the Luxembourg; and afterwards the Tuileries, to go to Malmaison, and I cannot better express the joy he then appeared to experience, than by comparing it to the delight of schoolboys on getting a holiday.

Before removing the Luxembourg to the Tuileries, Bonaparte determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians by a splendid ceremony. He had appointed it to take place on the decade, Pluviose 20, that is to say, ten days before his final departure from the old directorial palace. These kinds of fêtes did not resemble what they afterwards became; their attraction consisted in

the splendour of military dress : and Bonaparte was always sure that whenever he mounted his horse, surrounded by a brilliant staff, from which he was to be distinguished by the simplicity of his costume, his path would be crowded, and himself greeted with acclamations by the people of Paris. The object of this fête was at first only to present to the Hôtel des Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, seventy-two flags taken from the Turks in the battle of Aboukir, and brought from Egypt to Paris ; but intelligence of Washington's death, who expired on the 14th of December, 1799, having reached Bonaparte, he eagerly took advantage of that event to produce more effect, and mixed the mourning cypress with the laurels he had collected in Egypt. He made the most of this piece of news, and dictated to me the following note, addressed to the Consular guard and the army :—

“ Washington is dead ! that great man, who fought against tyranny, and consolidated his country's freedom. His memory will be always dear to Frenchmen, and to all freemen in both worlds ; but especially to the French soldiers, who, like him, and the American soldiers, have contended for liberty and equality. The First Consul therefore orders, that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the flags and standards of the Republic.”

Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington, that noble founder of national freedom in the new world ; but it afforded

him an opportunity to mask his ambitious projects under the appearance of a love of liberty. In thus rendering honour to the memory of Washington, everybody would suppose that Bonaparte intended to imitate his example, and their two names would pass in conjunction from mouth to mouth. A clever orator might be employed, who, while pronouncing an eulogium on the dead, would contrive to bestow some praise on the living; and when the people were applauding his love of liberty, he would find himself one step nearer the throne, on which his eyes were constantly fixed. When the proper time arrived, he would not fail to seize the crown; and would still cry, if necessary, "*Vive la Liberté!*" while placing it on his imperial head!

The skilful orator was found. M. de Fontanes was commissioned to pronounce the funeral eulogium on Washington, and the flowers of eloquence which he scattered about did not all fall on the hero of America.

Lannes was entrusted by Bonaparte with the presentation of the flags; and on the 20th Pluiose, he proceeded, accompanied by strong detachments of the cavalry, then in Paris, to the council hall of the Invalides, where he was met by the minister of war, who received the colours. All the ministers, the councillors of state, and generals, were summoned to the presentation. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes added his well managed eloquence to the plain military oratory

of the two generals. In the interior of this military temple, a statue of Mars, sleeping, had been placed, and from the pillars and roof were suspended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the campaign of Italy, which would still have decorated that edifice, had not the demon of conquest possessed Bonaparte. Two invalids, each a hundred years old, stood beside the minister of war, and the bust of the emancipator of America was placed under the trophy composed of the flags of Aboukir. In a word, recourse was had to every sort of charlatanism usual on such occasions. In the evening, there was a numerous assembly at the Luxembourg, and Bonaparte took much credit to himself for the effect produced on this remarkable day. He had only to wait ten days for his removal to the Tuileries, and precisely on that day the national mourning for Washington was to cease, for which a general mourning for freedom might well have been substituted.

I have said very little about Murat in the course of these memoirs, except mentioning the brilliant part he performed in several battles. Having now arrived at the period of his marriage with one of the First Consul's sisters, I take the opportunity of returning to the interesting events which preceded that alliance.

His fine and well proportioned form, his great physical strength, the somewhat refined elegance of his manners, the fire of his eye, and his fierce courage in battle, gave to Murat rather the character of one of those preux chevaliers, so well

described by Ariosto and Tasso, than of a republican soldier. The nobleness of his look soon made the lowness of his birth be forgotten. He was affable, polished, gallant, and in the field of battle, twenty men, headed by Murat, were worth a whole regiment. Once only he shewed himself under the influence of fear,* and the reader shall see in what circumstance it was that he ceased to be himself.

When Bonaparte, in his first Italian campaign, had forced Wurmser to retreat into Mantua, with twenty-eight thousand men, he directed Miollis, with only four thousand men, to oppose any sortie that might be attempted by the Austrian general. In one of these sorties, Murat, who was at the head of a very weak detachment, was ordered to charge Wurmser. He was afraid, neglected to execute the order, and in a moment of confusion, said that he was wounded. Murat immediately fell into disgrace with the General-in-Chief, whose aide-de-camp he was.

Murat had been previously sent to Paris, to present to the Directory the first colours taken by the French Army of Italy, in the actions at Dego and Mondovi, and it was on this occasion that he got acquainted with Madame Tallien, and his Gene-

* Marshal Lannes, so brave and brilliant in war, and so well able to appreciate courage, one day sharply rebuked a colonel, for having punished a young officer just arrived from Fontainebleau, because he gave evidence of fear in his first engagement. "Know, Colonel," said he, "none but a poltroon (the term was even more strong) will boast that he never was afraid."

ral's lady. But he already knew the beautiful Caroline Bonaparte, whom he had seen at Rome, in the residence of her brother Joseph, who was then discharging the functions of ambassador of the Republic. It appears that Caroline was not even then indifferent to him, and that he was the successful rival of the Princess of Santa Cruce's son, who eagerly sought the honour of her hand. Madame Tallien and Madame Bonaparte, received with great kindness the first aide-de-camp, and as they possessed much influence with the Directory, they solicited, and easily obtained for him, the rank of brigadier-general. It was somewhat remarkable at that time, for Murat, notwithstanding his newly acquired rank, to remain Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, the regulations not allowing a General-in-Chief an aide-de-camp of higher rank than chief of brigade, which was equal to that of colonel: This insignificant act was therefore rather a hasty anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved to princes and kings.

It was after having discharged this commission, that Murat, on his return to Italy, fell into disfavour with the General-in-Chief. He indeed looked upon him with a sort of hostile feeling, and placed him in Reille's division, and afterwards Baraguay d'Hilliers's; consequently when we went to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not of the party. But as the ladies, with whom he was a great favourite, were not devoid of influence with the minister of war, Murat was, by their interest, attached to the

engineer corps, in the expedition to Egypt. On board the *Orient*, he remained in the most complete disgrace. Bonaparte did not address a word to him during the passage; and in Egypt the General-in-Chief always treated him with coldness, and often sent him from the head-quarters on disagreeable services. However, the General-in-Chief having opposed him to Mourad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, in every perilous encounter, that he effaced the transitory stain, which a momentary hesitation under the walls of Mantua, had left on his character. Finally, Murat so powerfully contributed to the success of the day at Aboukir, that Bonaparte, glád to be able to carry another laurel, plucked in Egypt, to France, forgot the fault which had made so unfavourable an impression, and was inclined to efface from his memory other things that he had heard to the disadvantage of Murat; for I have good reasons for believing, though Bonaparte never told me so, that Murat's name, as well as that of Charles, escaped from the lips of Junot, when he made his indiscreet communication to Bonaparte at the walls of Mes-soudiah. The charge of grenadiers, commanded by Murat, on the 19th Brumaire, in the hall of the Five Hundred, dissipated all the remaining traces of dislike; and in those moments when Bonaparte's political views subdued every other sentiment of his mind, the rival of the Prince de Santa Croce received the command of the consular guard.

It may reasonably be supposed that Madame Bonaparte, in endeavouring to win the friendship of Murat, by aiding his promotion, had in view to gain one partizan more to oppose to the family and brothers of Bonaparte; and of this kind of support she had much need. Their jealous hatred was displayed on every occasion; and the amiable Josephine, whose only fault was being too much of the woman, was continually tormented by sad presentiments. Carried away by the easiness of her character, she did not perceive that the coquetry which enlisted for her so many defenders, also supplied her implacable enemies with weapons to use against her.

In this state of things, Josephine, who was well convinced that she had attached Murat to herself, by the bonds of friendship and gratitude, and ardently desiring to see him united to Bonaparte by a family connection, favoured with all her influence his marriage with Caroline. She was not ignorant that a close intimacy had sprung up, at Milan, between Caroline and Murat, and she was the first to propose a marriage. Murat hesitated, and went to consult M. Collot, who was a good adviser in all things, and whose intimacy with Bonaparte had initiated him into all the secrets of the family. M. Collot advised Murat to lose no time, but go to the First Consul, and formally demand the hand of his sister. Murat followed his advice. Did he do well? It was to this step that he owed the throne of Naples. If he had abstained, he would not have been shot

at the Pizzo. *Sed ipsi Dei fata rumpere non possunt!*

However that may be, the First Consul received, more in the manner of a sovereign than a brother in arms, the proposal of Murat. He heard him with unmoved gravity, said that he would consider the matter, but gave no positive answer.

This affair was, as may be supposed, the subject of conversation, in the evening, in the saloon of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her powers of persuasion to obtain the First Consul's consent, and her efforts were seconded by Hortense, Eugène, and myself. "Murat," said he, among other things, "Murat is an inn-keeper's son. In the elevated rank where glory and fortune have placed me, I never can mix his blood with mine! Besides, there is no hurry: I shall see by and by." We forcibly described to him the reciprocal affection of the two young people, and did not fail to bring to his observation Murat's devoted attachment to his person, his splendid courage and noble conduct in Egypt. "Yes," said he, with warmth, "I agree with you; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We did not allow so favourable a moment to pass by. We redoubled our intreaties, and at last he consented. When we were together in his cabinet, in the evening, "Well, Bourrienne," said he to me, "you ought to be satisfied, and so am I, too, every thing considered. Murat is suited to my sister, and then no one can say that I am

proud, or seek grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have raised a cry of counter-revolution. Besides, I am very glad that my wife is interested in this marriage, and you may easily suppose the cause. Since it is determined on, I will hasten it forward; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, I will take Murat with me. •I must strike a decisive blow there: Adieu.”

When I entered the First Consul's chamber at seven o'clock the next day, he appeared even more satisfied than on the preceding evening; with the resolution he had taken. I easily perceived that, in spite of all his cunning, he had failed to discover the real motive which had induced Josephine to take so lively an interest respecting Murat's marriage with Caroline. Still Bonaparte's satisfaction plainly shewed that his wife's eagerness for the marriage had removed all doubt in his mind of the falsity of the calumnious reports which had prevailed respecting her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage of Murat and Caroline was celebrated at the Luxembourg, but with great modesty. The First Consul did not yet think that his family affairs were affairs of state. But previous to the celebration, a little comedy was enacted, in which I was obliged to take a part, and I will relate how.

At the time of the marriage of Murat, Bonaparte had not much money, and therefore only gave his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs.

Still thinking it necessary, however, to make her a marriage present, and not possessing the means to purchase a suitable one, he took a diamond necklace, which belonged to his wife, and gave it to the bride. Josephine was not at all pleased at this robbery, and taxed her wits to discover some means of replacing her necklace.

Josephine was aware that the celebrated jeweller, Foncier, possessed a magnificent collection of fine pearls, which had belonged, as he said, to the Queen, Marie Antoinette. Having ordered them to be brought to her, to examine them, she thought there was sufficient to make a very fine ornament. But to make the purchase, two hundred and fifty thousand francs were required, and how to get them, was the difficulty. Madame Bonaparte had recourse to Berthier, who was then minister of war. Berthier, after biting his nails, according to his usual habit, set about the liquidation of the debts due for the hospital service in Italy, with as much speed as possible; and as, in those days, the contractors whose claims were admitted overflowed with gratitude towards their patrons, through whom they obtained payment, the pearls soon passed from Foncier's shop to the casket of Madame Bonaparte.

The pearls being thus obtained, there was still another difficulty, which Madame Bonaparte did not at first think of. How was she to wear a necklace purchased without her husband's knowledge? Indeed it was the more difficult for her to do so, as the First Consul knew very well that

his wife had no money, and being, if I may be allowed the expression, something of the busybody, he knew, or believed he knew, all Josephine's jewels. The pearls were therefore condemned to remain more than a fortnight in Madame Bonaparte's casket, without her daring to use them. What a punishment for a woman! At length her vanity overcame her prudence, and being unable to conceal the jewels any longer, she one day said to me, "Bourrienne, there is to be a large company here to-morrow, and I absolutely must wear my pearls. But you know he will grumble if he notices them. I beg, Bourrienne, that you will keep near me. If he ask where I got my pearls, I will tell him, without hesitation, that I have had them a long time."

Every thing happened as Josephine feared and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the pearls, did not fail to say to Madame, "What is it you have got there? How fine you are to-day! Where did you get these pearls? I think I never saw them before."—"Oh! *mon Dieu!* you have seen them a dozen times! It is the necklace which the Cisalpine Republic gave me, and which I now wear in my hair."—"But I think ——" "Stay: ask Bourrienne, he will tell you."—"Well, Bourrienne, what do you say to it? Do you recollect the necklace?"—"Yes, General, I recollect very well seeing it before." This was not untrue, for Madame Bonaparte had previously shewn me the pearls. Besides, she had received a pearl neck-

lace from the Cisalpine Republic ; but of incomparably less value than that purchased from Foncier. Josephine performed her part with charming dexterity, and I did not act amiss the character of accomplice assigned me in this little comedy. Bonaparte had no suspicions. When I saw the easy confidence with which Madame Bonaparte got through this scene, I could not help recollecting Suzanne's reflection on the readiness with which well-bred ladies can tell falsehoods without seeming to do so.

CHAPTER V.

Police on police—False information—Dexterity of Fouché—Police agents deceived—Money ill applied—Inutility of political police—Bonaparte's opinion—General considerations—My appointment to the Prefecture of Police.

BEFORE taking up his quarters in the Tuileries, the First Consul organized his secret police, which was intended, at the same time, to be the counter of Fouché's police. Duroc and De Moncey were at first the directors of this police; afterwards, Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte called this business a vile system of espionage. My remarks on the inutility of the measure were made in vain. Bonaparte had the weakness at once to fear Fouché and to think him necessary. Fouché, whose talents at this trade are too well known to need my approbation, soon discovered this secret institution, and the names of all the subaltern agents employed by the great agents. It is difficult to form an idea of the nonsense, absurdity, and falsehoods contained in the bulletins drawn up by the noble and

ignoble agents of this police. I do not mean to enter into details on this nauseating subject; and I shall only trespass on the reader's patience by relating, though it be in anticipation, one fact which concerns myself, and which will prove that spies and their wretched reports cannot be too much distrusted.

During the second year of the Consulate, we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a very large sum at his disposal for the secret police of the capital. He gave three thousand francs of it to a wretched manufacturer of bulletins; the remainder was expended on the police of his stable and his table. In reading one of these daily bulletins, I saw the following lines: "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. He entered a hotel of the Faubourg Saint Germain, Rue de Varenne, and there, in the course of a very animated discussion, he gave it to be understood that the First Consul wished to make himself King." Now I never had opened my mouth, either respecting what Bonaparte had said to me before we went to Egypt, or respecting his other frequent conversations with me of the same nature, during this period of his Consulship.

I may here observe too, that I never quitted, nor ever could quit, Malmaison for a moment. At any time, by night or day, I was subject to be called for by the First Consul, and, as very often was the case, it so happened that on the night in question he had dictated to me notes and instructions until three o'clock in the morning.

Junot came every day to Malmaison, at eleven o'clock in the morning. I called him one day into my cabinet, when I happened to be alone. "Have you not read your bulletin?" said I. — "Yes, I have." — "Nay, that is impossible." — "Why?" — "Because if you had you would have suppressed an absurd story which relates to me." — "Ah!" he replied, "I am sorry on your account, but I can depend on my agent, and I will not alter a word of his report." I then told him all that had taken place on that night, but he was obstinate, and went away unconvinced. Every morning I placed all the papers which the First Consul had to read, on his table, and among the first was Junot's report. The First Consul entered and read it; on coming to the passage concerning me, he began to smile. "Have you read this bulletin?" — "Yes, General." — "What an ass that Junot is!" — "It is a long time since I have known that." — "How he allows himself to be entrapped! Is he still here?" — "I believe so. I have just seen him, and made some observations to him, all in good part, but he would hear nothing." — "Tell him to come here." When Junot appeared, Bonaparte began, — "Imbecile that you are, how could you send me such reports as these? Do you not read them? How shall I be sure that you will not compromise other persons equally unjustly? I want positive facts, not inventions. It is some time since your agent displeased me; dismiss him directly." Junot wanted

to justify himself, but Bonaparte cut him short—
“ Enough!—begone!”

I related what had passed to Fouché, who told me that, wishing to amuse himself at Junot's expense, whose police agents only picked up what they heard related in coffee-houses, gaming-houses, and the exchange, he had given currency to this absurd story, which Junot had credited and reported, as he did many other foolish tales. Fouché often caught the police of the palace in the snares he laid for them, and thus increased his own credit.

This circumstance, and others of the same nature, induced the First Consul to attach less importance than at first he had to his secret police, which seldom reported anything but false and silly stories. That wretched police! During the time I was with him it embittered his life, and often exasperated him against his wife, his relations, and friends. The police possessed no foresight or faculty of prevention. Every silly thing that transpired was reported either from malice or stupidity. What was heard was misunderstood, or distorted in the recital; so that the only result of the plan was mischief and confusion.

The police, as a political engine, is a dangerous thing. It fomented and encourages more false conspiracies than it discovers or defeats real ones. Napoleon has related “that M. de la Rochefoucauld formed at Paris a conspiracy in favour of the King, then at Mittau, the first

act of which was to be the death of the chief of the government. The plot being discovered, a trusty person belonging to the police was ordered to join it, and become one of the most active agents. He brought letters of recommendation from an old gentleman in Lorraine; who had held a distinguished rank in the army of Condé." After this, what more can be wanted? A hundred examples could not better shew the vileness of such a system. Napoleon, when fallen, himself thus disclosed the scandalous means employed by his government.

Napoleon on one occasion in the Isle of Elba said to an officer who was conversing with him about France, " You believe, then, that the police agents foresee everything, and know everything. They invent more than they discover. Mine, I believe, was better than that they have got now, and yet it was often only by mere chance, the imprudence of the parties implicated, or the treachery of some of them, that something was discovered after a week or fortnight's exertions." Napoleon in directing this officer to transmit letters to him under the cover of a commercial correspondence, to quiet his apprehensions that the correspondence might be discovered, said, " Do you think, then, that all letters are opened at the post-office? They would never be able to do so. I have often endeavoured to discover what the correspondence was that passed under mercantile forms, but I never succeeded. The post-office, like the police, catches only fools."

Since I am on the subject of political police, that leprosy of modern society, perhaps I may be allowed to overstep the order of time, and advert to its state even in the present day.

The minister of police, to give his prince a favourable idea of his activity, contrives great conspiracies, which he is pretty sure to discover in time, because he is their originator. The inferior agents, to find favour in the eyes of the minister, contrive small plots. It would be difficult to mention a conspiracy which has been discovered, except when the police agents took part in it, or were its promoters. It is difficult to conceive how those agents can feed a little intrigue, the result at first perhaps of some petty ill-humour and discontent, which, thanks to their skill, soon becomes a great affair. How many conspiracies have escaped the boasted activity and vigilance of the police, when none of its agents were parties. I may instance Babeuf's conspiracy, the attempt at the camp of Grenelle, the 18th Brumaire, the infernal machine, Mallet, the 20th of March, the affair of Grenoble, and many others.

The political police, the result of the troubles of the revolution, has survived them. The civil police, for the security of property, health, and order, is only made a secondary object, and has been, therefore, neglected. There are times in which it is thought of more consequence to discover, whether a citizen goes to mass or confession, than to defeat the designs of a band of robbers. Such a state of things is unfortunate for

a country ; and the money expended on a system of superintendence over persons alleged to be suspected, in domestic inquisitions, in the corruption of the friends, relations, and servants of the man marked out for destruction, might be much better employed. The police of opinions, created, as I have said, by the revolutionary troubles, is suspicious, restless, officious, inquisitorial, vexatious, and tyrannical. Indifferent to crimes, and real offences, it is totally absorbed in the inquisition of thoughts. Who has not heard it said, in company, to some one speaking warmly—" Be moderate, M. — is supposed to belong to the police." This police enthralled Bonaparte himself in its snares, and held him a long time under the influence of its power.

What renders a political police so dangerous, is the practice of obtaining information through spies. Informers are the most pernicious of men; they are the natural enemies of society. If a man would, from public motives, bring an accusation against another, let him not do it secretly to the government, which very likely may be prejudiced, but openly before a magistrate, who acts according to rules, only formidable to calumniators. The Emperor Constantius used to say, —" I cannot have any suspicion of a man who has no accuser, though he does not want enemies."

The most fatal periods in the history of a nation, are those in which informers may be found holding elevated rank in society. It is not I who am

to blame for making this observation, but those are who embark in such an odious business. In these times, when religious and political offences are so various, and of so changeable a nature, the employment of informers is infamous. There is scarcely a person, in such periods, who may not have an opinion somehow differing from the ruling one, which may in a day be superseded by another. Where is the man so cautious and calculating as not to be at the mercy, some time or other, of a concealed enemy, a bribed domestic, or a son, whose affections are estranged by political or religious scruples? for religion has latterly been a great instrument of the police. Every one is liable to be ruined by the misinterpretation of a word. How can a man parry a blow struck in the dark by a secret and treacherous hand?

Can it then be true, that all nations, after arriving at a certain degree of civilization, are destined to suffer under similar political scourges? Do we not learn, from the pages of the immortal historian of the last age of Rome, that the same evils and the same complaints then existed? (*Vide Taciti Agric.*) Juvenal, too, says:—

————— Pos. hunc magni delator amici,
Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
Quod superest: quem Massa timet: quem muncre palpat
Carus; et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino.

At the court of Constantine the police agents were called the “eyes of the Prince.” Such

agents should be employed with extreme caution and reserve, and only for affairs of the greatest importance, a knowledge of which might be necessary for the well-being of the state, and ignorance of which would compromise its safety. But away with all these hateful investigations of the domestic privacy of the citizen, the object of which is to discover not only what he does and what he says, but even what he thinks, in order that the despicable caprice of a powerful man may be gratified, or an innocent man ruined in the opinion of the sovereign. Nothing can stop a spy. As for feelings of affection, they only enable him the better to extract a secret. Truth is readily sacrificed, for the spy must earn his wages. Hunger is a powerful stimulant, and when he cannot discover he will invent.

I have taken the liberty thus to speak of a scourge of society, of which I have been a victim. What I here state may be relied on. I shall not speak of the week during which I had to discharge the functions of prefect of police, namely, from the 13th to the 20th of March, 1815. It may well be supposed, that though I had not held in abhorrence the infamous system which I have described, the important nature of the circumstances, and the short period of my administration, must have prevented me from making complete use of the means placed at my disposal. The dictates of discretion, which I consider myself bound to obey, forbid me giving proofs of what I advance. What it was necessary to do, I

accomplished without employing violent or vexatious means; and I can take on myself to assert, that no one has cause to complain of me. Were I to publish the list of the persons I had orders to arrest, those of them who are yet living would be astonished, that the only knowledge they had of my being the prefect of police was from the *Moniteur*. I obtained by mild measures, by persuasion, and reasoning, what I could never have got by violence. I am not divulging any secrets of office, but I believe I am rendering a service to the public in pointing out what I have often observed, while an unwilling confidant, in the shameful manœuvres of that political institution.*

The word *ideologue* was often in Bonaparte's mouth; and in using it he endeavoured to throw ridicule on those men whom he fancied to have a tendency towards the doctrine of indefinite perfectibility. He esteemed them for their morality, yet he looked on them as dreamers, seeking for the type of a universal constitution, and considering the character of man in the abstract only. The *ideologues*, according to him, looked for power in institutions; and that he called metaphysics. He had no idea of power, except in direct force.

* Since this passage was written, a change in the administration took place in 1827. The secret funds of the police are less considerable, and therefore corruption will be more restrained and less easily practised. The tribunals, who are entitled to our highest respect and gratitude, are becoming more strict towards accusers, and more indulgent to their victims. May the time come when such odious means will be rejected, and the sacred laws of morality be no longer violated, even to arrive at an advantageous result.

All benevolent men, who speculate on the amelioration of human society, were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He said that their hearts were better than their heads, and far from wandering with them in abstractions, he always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest. The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded, by those who are not led away by interest or power, as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion, when any thing was urged in its favour, that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs.

CHAPTER VI.

Successful management of parties—Precautions—Removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries—Hackney coaches and the white horses—Royal custom and an inscription—The Review—Bonaparte's homage to the standards—Talleyrand in Bonaparte's cabinet—Bonaparte's aversion to the Cap of Liberty even in painting—The state bed—Our Cabinet.

OF the three consuls to whom the 18th Brumaire gave birth, Bonaparte soon declared himself the eldest, and hastened to assume all the rights of primogeniture. He soon arrogated to himself the whole power. The project he had formed, when he favoured the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was now about to be realized. It was, then, an indispensable part of his plan, that the Directory should violate the constitution, in order to justify a subsequent subversion of the Directory. The expressions which escaped him, from time to time, plainly shewed that his ambition was not yet satisfied, and that the consulship was only a state of probation, preliminary to the complete establishment of monarchy. The Luxem-

bourg was then discovered to be too small for the chief of the government, and it was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still great prudence was necessary to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him! He therefore employed great precaution in dealing with the irritable republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. But this mode of treatment was not sufficient: for such was Bonaparte's situation, between the jacobins and the royalists, that he could not strike a blow at one party, without strengthening the other. He however contrived to resolve this difficult problem, and weakened both parties by alternately frightening each. "You see, royalists," he seemed to say, "if you do not attach yourselves to my government, the jacobins will again rise, and bring back the reign of terror and its scaffold." To the men of the revolution he, on the other hand, said, "See, the counter-revolution appears, threatening reprisals and vengeance. It is ready to overwhelm you; my buckler can alone protect you from its attacks." Thus both parties were induced, from their mutual fear of each other, to attach themselves to Bonaparte; and while they fancied they were only placing themselves under the protection of the chief of the government, they were making themselves dependant on an ambitious man, who, gradually bending them to his will, guided them as he chose, in his political career. He advanced with a firm step; but he

never neglected any artifice to conceal, as long as possible, his designs.

I saw Bonaparte put in motion all his concealed springs; and I could not help admiring his wonderful address. But what most astonished me was, the controul he possessed over himself, in repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions, which might prejudice his projects. Thus, for instance, he never spoke of the Tuileries, but under the name of the palace of the government, and he determined not to inhabit, at first, the ancient palace of the kings of France alone. He contented himself with selecting the royal apartments, and proposed that the third consul should also reside in the Tuileries, and, in consequence, he occupied the pavilion of Flora. This skilful arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the designation of "Palace of the Government," given to the Tuileries, and was calculated to deceive, for a time, the most clear-sighted.

The moment for leaving the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte still used many crafty precautions. The day for the translation of the seat of government was fixed for the 30th Pluiose, the previous day having been selected for publishing the account of the votes taken for the acceptance of the new constitution. He had, besides, caused the insertion of the eulogy on Washington, pronounced by M. de Fontanes, the decade preceding, in the *Moniteur*, to be delayed for ten days. He thought that the day when he

was about to take so large a step towards monarchy, would be well chosen for entertaining the people of Paris with grand ideas of his notions of liberty, and for coupling his own name with that of the founder of the free government of the United States.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the 30th Pluviose, I entered, as usual, the chamber of the First Consul. He was in a profound sleep, and this was one of the days on which I had been desired to allow him to sleep a little longer than usual. I have often observed that General Bonaparte appeared much less moved when on the point of executing any great design than during the time of projecting it; so accustomed was he to think that what he had resolved on in his mind, was already done.

When I returned to Bonaparte, he said to me, with a marked air of satisfaction, "Well, Bourrienne, to-day, at last, we shall take up our abode in the Tuileries. You are better off than I: you are not obliged to make a spectacle of yourself, but may go your own road there. I must, however, go in procession: that disgusts me; but it is necessary to speak to the eyes. That has a good effect on the people. The Directory was too simple, and therefore never enjoyed any consideration. In the army, simplicity is in its proper place; but in a great city, in a palace, the chief of the government must attract attention in every possible way, yet still with prudence. Josephine is going to look over Lebrun's apartments; go with her, if

you like; but go to the cabinet as soon as you see me alight from my horse."

I did not go to the review, but proceeded to the Tuileries, to arrange in the cabinet the papers which it was my duty to take care of, and to prepare every thing for the First Consul's arrival. It was not until the evening that I learned, from the conversations in the saloon, where there was a numerous party, what had taken place in the course of the day.

At one o'clock precisely Bonaparte left the Luxembourg. The procession was, doubtless, far from approaching the magnificent parade of the empire: but as much pomp was introduced as the state of things in France permitted. The only real splendour of that period consisted in fine troops. Three thousand picked men, among whom was the superb regiment of the Guides, had been ordered out for the occasion: all marched in the greatest order, with music at the head of each corps. The generals and their staffs were on horseback, the ministers in carriages, which were somewhat remarkable, as they were almost the only private carriages then in Paris; for hackney-coaches had been hired to carry the council of state, and no trouble had been taken to alter them, except by pasting a piece of paper over the number, of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The Consul's carriage was drawn by six white horses. With the sight of those horses was associated the recollection of days of glory and of peace, for they had been presented

to the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy by the Emperor of Germany, after the treaty of Campo Formio. Bonaparte also wore the magnificent sabre given him by the Emperor Francis. With Cambacères on his left, and Lebrun in the front of the carriage, the First Consul traversed a part of Paris, taking the road of Thionville, and the Quay Voltaire to the Pont Royal. Everywhere he was greeted by acclamations of joy, which at that time were voluntary, and needed not to be commanded by the police.

From the wicket of the Carousel to the gate of the Tuileries, the troops of the consular guard were formed in two lines, through which the procession passed,—a royal custom, which made a singular contrast with an inscription in front of which Bonaparte passed on entering the court-yard. Two guard houses had been built, one on the right and another on the left of the centre gate. On the one to the right, were written these words—

“THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792.—ROYALTY IN FRANCE IS ABOLISHED; AND SHALL NEVER AGAIN BE ESTABLISHED!” It was already established.

In the mean time, the troops had been drawn up in line in the court-yard. As soon as the Consul's carriage stopped, Bonaparte immediately alighted, and mounted, or to speak more properly, leaped on his horse, and reviewed the troops, while the other Consuls proceeded to the state apartments of the Tuileries, where they waited for the council of state and the ministers. A great

many ladies, elegantly dressed in Greek costume, which was then the fashion, were seated with Madame Bonaparte, at the windows of the Third Consul's apartments, in the Pavilion of Flora. It is impossible to give an idea of the immense crowds which flowed in from all quarters. The windows looking to the Carousel, were let for very large sums; and everywhere arose, as if from one voice, shouts of "Long live the First Consul!" Who could help being intoxicated by so much enthusiasm!

The First Consul prolonged the review for some time, passed down all the ranks, and addressed the commanders of corps in terms of approbation and praise. He then took his station at the gate of the Tuileries, with Murat on his right, and Lannes on his left, and behind him a numerous staff of young warriors, whose complexions had been darkened by the sun of Egypt and Italy, and who had been engaged in more battles than they numbered years. When the colours of the 96th, 43d, and 30th demi-brigades, or rather their flagstaves, surmounted by some shreds, riddled by balls, and blackened by powder, passed before him, he raised his hat and inclined his head, in token of respect. Every homage thus paid by a great captain to standards which had been mutilated on the field of battle, was saluted by a thousand acclamations. When the troops had finished defiling before him, the First Consul, with a firm step, ascended the stairs of the Tuileries.

The General's part being finished for the day, that of the chief of the state began, and indeed, it might already be said that the First Consul was the whole consulate. At the risk of interrupting my narrative of what occurred on our arrival at the Tuileries by a digression, which may be thought out of place, I will relate a fact, which had no little weight in hastening Bonaparte's determining to assume a superiority over his colleagues. It may be remembered, that when Roger Ducos and Sieyès bore the title of Consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equal, if not in fact, at least in right. But when Cambacérès and Lebrün took their places, Talleyrand, who had, at the same time, been appointed to succeed M. Reinhart, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, obtained a private audience of the First Consul, in his cabinet, to which I was admitted. The observations of Talleyrand made on this occasion, were highly agreeable to Bonaparte, and they made too deep an impression on my mind to allow me to forget them.

“ Citizen Consul,” said he to him, “ you have confided to me the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must declare to you that, from this moment, I will not transact business with any but yourself. This determination does not proceed from any vain pride on my part, but is induced by a desire to serve France. In order that France may be well governed; in order that there may be a unity of action in the government, you must be

the First Coñsul, and the First Consul must have the controul over all that relates directly to politics ; that is to say, over the ministry of the interior, and the ministry of police, for internal affairs, and over my department, for foreign affairs ; and, lastly, over the two great means of execution, the military and naval forces. It will, therefore, be most convenient that the ministers of those five departments should transact business with you. The administration of justice, and the right ordering of the finances, are objects certainly connected with state politics by numerous links, which, however, are not of so intimate a nature as those of the other departments. If you will allow me, General, I should advise, that the controul over the administration of justice be given to the First Consul, who is well versed in jurisprudence ; and to the Third Consul, who is equally well acquainted with finance, the controul over that department.* That will occupy and amuse them, and you, General, having at your disposal all the vital parts of the government, will be able to reach the end you aim at, the regeneration of France."

Bonaparte did not hear these remarkable words with indifference. They were too much in accordance with his own secret wishes to be listened to without pleasure ; and he said to me, as soon as Talleyrand had taken leave, " Do you know, Bourrienne, I think Talleyrand gives good advice. He is a man of great understanding."—

* Here may be recognized the first germ of the arch-chancellorship and arch-treasuryship of the empire.

“Such is the opinion,” I replied; “of all who know him.”—“He is perfectly right.” Afterwards he added, smiling, “Talleyrand is evidently a shrewd man. He has penetrated my designs. What he advises, you know I am anxious to do. But, again, I say, he is right; one gets on quicker by oneself. Lebrun is a worthy man, but he has no policy in his head; he is a book maker. Cambacérès carries with him too many traditions of the revolution. My government must be an entirely new one.”

Talleyrand’s advice had been so punctually followed, that even on the occasion of the installation of the consular government, while Bonaparte was receiving all the great civil and military officers of the state, in the hall of presentation, Cambacérès and Lebrun stood by, more like spectators of the scene, than two colleagues of the First Consul. The Minister of the Interior presented the civil authorities of Paris; the Minister of War the staff of the 17th military division; the Minister of Marine, several naval officers; and the staff of the Consular Guard was presented by Murat. As our consular republicans were not exactly Spartans, the ceremony of the presentations was followed by grand dinner parties. The First Consul entertained, at his table, the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state. Murat treated the heads of the army; and the members of the council of state, being again seated, their hackney

coaches with covered numbers, drove off to dine with Lucien.

Before taking possession of the Tuileries, we had frequently gone there to see that the repairs, or rather the plastering, which Bonaparte had directed to be done, was executed. On our first visit, seeing a number of red caps of liberty painted on the walls, he said to M. Lecomte, at that time the architect of the Tuileries, "Brush all these things out; I do not like to see such rubbish."

The First Consul gave directions himself for what little alterations he wanted in his own apartment. A state bed—not that of Louis XVI.—was placed in the chamber next his cabinet, on the south side, towards the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. I may as well mention here, that he very seldom occupied that bed, for Bonaparte was very simple in his manner of living in private, and was not fond of state, except as a means of imposing on mankind. At the Luxembourg, at Malmaison, and during the first period that he occupied the Tuileries, Bonaparte, if I may speak in the language of common life, always slept with his wife. He went every evening down to Josephine, by a small staircase, leading from a wardrobe attached to his cabinet, and which had formerly been the chapel of Marie de Medici. I never went to Bonaparte's bed-chamber but by this staircase; and when he came to our cabinet, it was always by the wardrobe which

I have mentioned. The door opened opposite the only window of our room, and it commanded a view of the garden.

As for our cabinet, where so many great, and also small events, were prepared, and where I passed so many hours of my life, I can, even now, give the most minute description of it, to those who like such details.

There were two tables. The best, which was the First Consul's, stood in the middle of the room, and his arm-chair was turned with its back to the fire-place, having the window on the right. To the right of this again, was a little closet, where Duroc sat, through which we could communicate with the porter of the office, and the grand apartments of the court. When the First Consul was seated at his table, in his chair, the arms of which he frequently mutilated with his penknife, he had a large bookcase opposite to him. A little to the right, on one side of the bookcase, was another door, opening into the cabinet, which led directly to the state bed-chamber, which I have mentioned. Thence we passed into the grand Presentation Saloon, on the ceiling of which, Lebrun had painted a likeness of Louis XV. A tri-coloured cockade, placed in front of the great king, still bore witness of the imbecile turpitude of the convention. Lastly came the Hall of the Guards, in front of the grand staircase of the Pavilion of Flora.

My business-table, which was extremely plain, stood near the window, and, in summer, I had a

view of the thick foliage of the chesnut trees ; but in order to see the promenaders in the garden, I was obliged to raise myself from my seat. My back was turned to the General's side, so that it required only a slight movement of the head to speak to each other. Duroc was seldom in his little cabinet, and that was the place where I gave some audiences. The Consular Cabinet, which afterwards became the Imperial, has left many impressions on my mind ; and I hope the reader, in going through these volumes, will not think that they have been of a slight description.

CHAPTER VII.

The Tuileries—Royalty in perspective—Remarkable observation—Presentations—Assumption of the prerogative of mercy—M. Defeu—M. de Frotte—Georges Cadoudal's audience of Bonaparte—Rapp's precaution and Bonaparte's confidence—The dignity of France—Napper Tandy and Blackwell delivered up by the Senate of Hamburg—Contribution in the Egyptian style—Valueless bill—Fifteen thousand francs in the drawer of a *sécretaire*—Josephine's debts—Evening walks with Bonaparte.

WE were now, at last, in the Tuileries! The morning after that ardently wished-for day on which we took possession of the palace of the kings of France, I observed to Bonaparte, on entering his chamber, "Well, General, you have got here without much difficulty, and with the applause of the people! Do you remember what you said to me in the Rue St. Anne nearly two years ago?"—"Ay, true enough, I recollect. You see what it is to have the mind set on a thing. Only two years have gone by! Don't you think we have not worked badly since that time? Upon the whole I am very well content. Yesterday passed off well. Do you imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sin-

cere? No, certainly not: but the joy of the people was real. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds: on the 17th Brumaire at eleven francs, on the 20th at sixteen, and to-day at twenty-one! In such a state of things, I may let the Jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly neither!"

As soon as he was dressed, we went to look through the Gallery of Diana, and examine the statues which had been placed there by his orders. We ended our morning's work by taking complete possession of his new residence. I recollect his saying to me, among other things, "To be at the Tuileries, Bourrienne, is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, have not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, conventionalists! But, hold! there is your brother's house! Was it not from those windows I saw the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off? But, be calm, let them not come here again!"

The ambassadors and other foreign ministers then at Paris, were presented to the First Consul at a solemn audience. On this occasion, all the ancient ceremonials belonging to the French court were raked up, and in place of chamberlains and a grand master of ceremonies, a Counsellor of State, M. Benezech, who was once Minister for Foreign Affairs, officiated.

When the ambassadors had all arrived, M. Benezech conducted them into the cabinet, in which

were the three Consuls, the Ministers, and the Council of State. The ambassadors presented their credentials to the First Consul, who handed them to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. These presentations were followed by others; for example, the Tribunal of Cassation, over which the old advocate, Target, who refused the defence of Louis XVI., then presided. All this passed in view of the three Consuls: but the circumstance which distinguished the First Consul from his colleagues was, that the official personages, on leaving the audience chamber, were conducted to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, in imitation of the old practice of waiting on the queen, after presentation to the king.

Thus old customs of royalty crept, by degrees, into the former abodes of royalty. Amongst the rights attached to the crown, and which the constitution of the year VIII. did not give to the First Consul, was one which he much desired to possess, and which, by the most happy of all usurpations, he arrogated to himself. This was the right of granting pardon. Bonaparte felt a real pleasure in saving men under the sentence of the law; and whenever the imperious necessity of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, permitted it, he rejoiced in the exercise of mercy. It would seem as if he were thankful to the persons to whom he rendered such service, merely because he had given them occasion to be thankful to him. Such was the First Consul: I do not speak of the Emperor.

Bonaparte, the First Consul, was accessible to the solicitations of friendship in favour of persons placed under proscription. The following circumstance, which interested me much, affords an incontestible proof of what I state.

Whilst we were still at the Luxembourg, M. Defeu, a French emigrant, was taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hand, by the troops of the Republic. He was carried to Grenoble, and thrown into the military prison of that town. In the course of January, General Ferino, then governor of Grenoble, received orders to put the young emigrant on his trial. The laws against emigrants taken in arms were terrible, and the judges dared not be indulgent. To be tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening, was the usual course of those implacable proceedings. One of my cousins, the daughter of M. Poitrincourt, came from Sens to Paris to inform me of the dreadful situation of M. Defeu. She told me that he was related to the most respectable families of the town of Sens, and that every body felt the greatest interest in his fate.

I had escaped for a few moments to keep the appointment made with Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On my return, I perceived the First Consul surprised at finding himself alone in the cabinet, which I was not in the habit of quitting without his knowledge. "Where have you been?" said he.—"I have been to see one of my relations, who solicits a favour of you."—"What

is it?" I then informed him of the unfortunate situation of M. Defeü. His first answer was dreadful:—"No pity! no pity for emigrants! Whoever fights against his country, is a child who stabs his mother!" This first burst of anger being over, I returned to the charge. I urged the youth of M. Defeü, and the good effect which his clemency would produce. "Well," said he, "write, 'The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeü to be suspended.'" He signed this laconic order, which I instantly despatched to General Ferino. I acquainted my cousin with what had passed, and remained tranquil as to the result of the affair.

Scarcely had I entered the chamber of the First Consul next morning, when he said to me, "Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing about your M. Defeü. Are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Ah, bah! But I do not like to do things by halves. Write to Ferino that I wish M. Defeü to be instantly set at liberty. Perhaps I am serving one who will prove ungrateful. Well, so much the worse for him. As to these matters, Bourrienne, always ask them from me. When I refuse, it is because I cannot help it."

I despatched at my own expence an extraordinary courier, who arrived in time to save M. Defeü's life. His mother, whose only son he was, and M. Blanchet, his uncle, came expressly from Sens to Paris to express their gratitude to me. I saw tears of joy fall from the eyes of a

mother who had appeared to be destined to shed bitter drops, and I said to her as I felt, "that I was amply recompensed by the success which had attended my efforts."*

Emboldened by this success, and by the benevolent language of the First Consul, I ventured to request the pardon of M. de Frotte, who was strongly recommended to me by most honourable persons. Count Louis de Frotte had at first opposed all negociation for the pacification of La Vendée. At length, by a series of unfortunate combats, he was, towards the end of January, reduced to the necessity of making himself the advances which he had rejected when made by others. At this period he addressed a letter to General Guidal, in which he offered pacificatory proposals. A protection to enable him to repair to Alençon was transmitted to him. Unfortunately for M. de Frotte, he did not confine himself to writing to General Guidal, for whilst the safe conduct which he had asked was on the way to him, he wrote to his lieutenants, advising them not to submit, or consent to be disarmed. This letter was intercepted. It gave all the appearance of a fraudulent stratagem to his proposal to treat for peace. Besides, this opinion appeared to be confirmed by a manifesto of M. de Frotte, anterior, it is true, to the offers of pacification, but in which he announced to all his

* M. Defeu thus snatched from death, is now the father of three children, and living in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

partizans the approaching end of Bonaparte's "criminal enterprise."

I had more trouble than in M. Defeu's case, to induce the First Consul to exercise his clemency. However, I pressed him so much, I laboured so well to convince him of the happy effect of such indulgence, that at length I obtained an order to suspend the judgment. What a lesson I then experienced of the evils which may result from the loss of time. Not supposing that matters were so far advanced as they were, I did not immediately send off the courier with the order for the suspension of the judgment. Besides, the minister of police had marked his victim, and he never lost time when evil was to be done. Having, therefore, I know not for what motive, resolved on the destruction of M. de Frotte, he sent an order to hasten his trial.

Count Louis de Frotte was brought to trial on the 28th Pluviose, condemned the same day, and executed the next morning, the day before we entered the Tuileries. The cruel precipitation of the minister rendered the result of my solicitations abortive. I had reason to think that after the day on which the First Consul granted me the order for delay, he had received some new secret accusation against M. de Frotte; for when he heard of his death, he appeared to me very indifferent about the tardy arrival of the order for suspending judgment. He merely said to me, with unusual insensibility, "You should take

your measures better. You see it is not my fault."

Though Bonaparte put no faith in the virtue of men, he had confidence in their honour. I had proof of this in a matter which deserves to be recorded in history. When during the first period of our abode at the Tuileries, he had summoned the principal chiefs of La Vendée to endeavour to bring about the pacification of that unhappy country, he received Georges Cadoudal in a private audience. The disposition in which I beheld him the evening before the day appointed for this audience, inspired me with the most flattering hopes. Rapp introduced Georges into the grand saloon looking into the garden. Rapp left him alone with the First Consul, but on returning to the cabinet where I was, he did not close either of the two doors of the state bedchamber, which separated the cabinet from the saloon. We saw the First Consul and Georges walk from the window to the bottom of the saloon—then return—then go back again. This lasted for a long time. The conversation appeared very animated, and we heard several things, but without any connection. There was occasionally a good deal of ill-humour displayed in their tone and gestures. The interview ended in nothing. The First Consul perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehensions for his personal safety, gave him assurances of security in the most noble manner, saying, "You take a wrong view of things, and

are wrong in not coming to some understanding; but if you persist in wishing to return to your country, you shall depart as freely as you came to Paris." When Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, he said to Rapp, "Tell me, Rapp, why you left these doors open, and stopped with Bourrienne?" Rapp replied, "If you had closed the doors, I would have opened them again. Do you think I would have left you alone with a man like that? There would have been danger in it."—"No, Rapp," said Bonaparte, "you cannot think so." When we were alone, the First Consul appeared pleased with Rapp's attachment, but very vexed at Georges' refusal. He said, "He does not take a correct view of things; but the extravagance of his principles has its source in noble sentiments, which must give him great influence over his countrymen. It is necessary, however, to bring this business soon to an end."

Of all the actions of Louis XIV. that which Bonaparte most admired was his having made the Doge of Venice send ambassadors to Paris to apologise to him. The slightest insult offered in a foreign country to the rights and dignity of France, put Napoleon beside himself. This anxiety to have the French government respected, exhibited itself in an affair which made much noise at the period, but which was amicably arranged by the soothing influence of gold.

Two Irishmen, Napper Tandy and Blackwell, who had been educated in France, and whose

names and rank as officers appeared in the French army list, had retired to Hamburgh. The British government claimed them as traitors to their country, and they were given up; but, as the French government held them to be subjects of France, the transaction gave rise to bitter complaints against the senate of Hamburgh.

Blackwell had been one of the leaders of the United Irishmen. He had procured his naturalization in France, and had attained the rank of Chef d'Escadron. Being sent on a secret mission to Norway, the ship in which he was embarked was wrecked on the coast of that kingdom. He then repaired to Hamburgh, where the senate placed him under arrest, on the demand of Mr. Crawford, the English minister. After being detained in prison a whole year, he was conveyed to England, to be tried. The French government interfered, and preserved, if not his liberty, at least his life.

Napper Tandy was also an Irishman. To escape the search made after him, on account of the sentiments of independence which had induced him to engage in the contest for the liberty of his country, he got on board a French brig, intending to land at Hamburgh and pass into Sweden. Being excepted from the amnesty by the Irish parliament, he was claimed by the British government, and the senators of Hamburgh forgot honour and humanity, in their alarm at the danger which at that moment menaced their little republic, both from England and France. The senate

delivered up Napper Tandy; he was carried to Ireland, and condemned to death, but owed the suspension of his execution to the interference of France. He remained two years in prison, when M. Otto, who negotiated with Lord Hawkesbury the preliminaries of peace, obtained the enlargement of Napper Tandy, who was sent back to France.

The First Consul spoke at first of signal vengeance; but the senate of Hamburgh sent him a memorial, justificatory of its conduct, and backed the apology with a sum of four millions and a half, which mollified him considerably.* This was in some sort a recollection of Egypt—one of those little contributions with which the general had familiarized the pashas; with this difference, that on the present occasion not a single sou went into the national treasury. The sum was paid to the First Consul, through the hands of M. Chappeau Rouge.

I kept the four millions and a half in Dutch

* Bonaparte had replied to the defence of the Senate before the arrival of the golden negotiators. This answer was dated, 9th Nivose, Year VIII., and was as follows:—

“ We have received your letter: it does not justify you.

“ Courage and virtue preserve states: baseness and vices ruin them.

“ You have violated hospitality; this would not have happened amongst the most barbarous hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens must reproach you for ever.

“ The two unfortunate men whom you have delivered up will be rendered illustrious by their deaths; but their blood will do more injury to their persecutors than could have been effected by an army.”

bonds, in a *sécretaire*, for a week. Bonaparte then determined to distribute them; after paying Josephine's debts, and the whole of the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated to me a list of persons to whom he wished to make presents. My name did not escape his lips, and consequently I had not the trouble to transcribe it; but, some time after, he said to me, with the most engaging kindness, "Bourrienne, I have given you none of the money which came from Hamburgh, but I will make you amends for it." He took from his drawer a large, and broad sheet of printed paper, with blanks filled up in his own hand-writing, and said to me, "Here is a bill for three hundred thousand Italian liri, on the Cisalpine Republic, for the price of cannon furnished. It is endorsed Haller and Collot—I give it you." To make this understood, I ought to state that cannon had been sold to the Cisalpine Republic, for the value of which the Administrator General of the Italian Finances drew on the Republic, and the bills were paid over to M. Collot, a provision contractor, and other persons. M. Collot had given one of these bills for three hundred thousand livres to Bonaparte, in quittance of a debt; but the latter had allowed the bill to run out without troubling himself about it. The Cisalpine Republic kept the cannons and the money, and the First Consul kept his bill. When I had examined it I said, "General, it has been due for a long time; why have you not got it paid? The endorsers are no longer liable." "France is bound to discharge debts of this kind,"

said he; "send the paper to De Fermont; he will discount it for three per cent. You will not have in ready money more than about nine thousand francs of rentes, because the Italian livre is not equal to the franc." I thanked him, and sent the bill to M. de Fermont. He replied that the claim was bad, and that the bill would not be liquidated, because it did not come within the classifications made by the laws passed in the months, the names of which terminated in *aire*, *ose*, *al*, and *or*.

I shewed M. de Fermont's answer to the First Consul, who said, "Ah, bah! He understands nothing about it—he is wrong: write." He then dictated a letter, which promised very favourably for the discounting of the bill; but the answer was a fresh refusal. I said, "General, M. de Fermont does not attend to you any more than to myself." Bonaparte took the letter, read it, and said, in the tone of a man who knew beforehand what he was about to be informed of, "Well, what the devil would you have me do, since the laws are opposed to it? Persevere; follow the usual modes of liquidation, and something will come of it!" What finally happened was, that by a regular decree this bill was cancelled, torn, and deposited in the archives. These three hundred thousand livres formed part of the money which Bonaparte brought from Italy. If the bill was useless to me, it was also useless to him. This scrap of paper merely proves that he brought more than twenty-five thousand francs from Italy.

I never had from the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy, nor from the General-in-Chief of the Army of Egypt, nor from the First Consul for ten years, nor from the Consul for life, any fixed salary. I took from his drawer what was necessary for my expenses as well as his own. He never asked me for any account. After the transaction of the bill on the insolvent Cisalpine Republic, he said to me, at the beginning of the winter of 1800, "Bourrienne, the weather is becoming very bad; I will go but seldom to Malmaison. Whilst I am at Council get my papers and little articles from Malmaison; here is the key of my *secrétaire*, take out every thing that is there." I got into the carriage at two o'clock, and returned at six. When he had dined, I placed upon the table of his cabinet the various articles which I had found in his *secrétaire*, including fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, which were in the corner of a little drawer. When he looked at them, he said, "Here is money—what is the meaning of this?" I replied: "I know nothing about it, except that it was in your *secrétaire*."—"Oh, yes; I had forgotten it. It was for my trifling expenses. Here, take it." I remembered well that one summer morning he had given me his key, to bring him two notes of a thousand francs for some incidental expense, but I had no idea that he had not drawn further on his little treasure.

I have stated the appropriation of the four millions and a half, the result of the extortion in-

flicted on the senate of Hamburgh, in the affair of Napper Tandy and Blackwell. The whole, however, was not disposed of in presents. A considerable portion was reserved for paying Josephine's debts, and this business appears to me to deserve some observation.

The estate of Malmaison had cost a hundred and sixty thousand francs. Josephine had purchased it of M. Lecouteux, while we were in Egypt. Many embellishments, and some new buildings had been made there; and a park had been added, which had now become beautiful. All this could not be done for nothing, and besides, it was very necessary that what was due for the original purchase should be entirely discharged; and this considerable item was not the only debt of Josephine. The creditors murmured, which had a bad effect in Paris; and I confess I was so well convinced that the First Consul would be extremely displeased, that I constantly delayed the moment of speaking to him on the subject. It was therefore with extreme satisfaction I learnt that M. de Talleyrand had anticipated me. No person was more capable than himself of gilding the pill, as one may say, for Bonaparte. Endowed with as much independence of character as of mind, he did him the service, at the risk of offending him, to tell him that a great number of creditors expressed their discontent in bitter complaints respecting the debts contracted by Madame Bonaparte during his expedition to the East. Bonaparte felt that his

situation required him promptly to remove the cause of such complaints. It was one night, about half-past eleven o'clock, that M. Talleyrand introduced this delicate subject. As soon as he was gone I entered the little cabinet; Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, Talleyrand has been speaking to me about the debts of my wife. I have the money from Hamburgh—ask her the exact amount of her debts: let her confess all. I wish to finish, and not begin again. But do not pay without showing me the bills of those rascals; they are a gang of robbers."

Hitherto the apprehension of an unpleasant scene, the very idea of which made Josephine tremble, had always prevented me from broaching this subject to the First Consul; but well pleased that Talleyrand had first touched upon it, I resolved to do all in my power to put an end to the disagreeable affair.

The next morning I saw Josephine. She was at first delighted with her husband's intentions; but this feeling did not last long. When I asked her for an exact account of what she owed, she entreated me not to press it, but content myself with what she should confess. I said to her,—
"Madame, I cannot deceive you respecting the disposition of the First Consul. He believes that you owe a considerable sum, and is willing to discharge it. You will, I doubt not, have to endure some bitter reproaches, and a violent scene; but the scene will be just the same for the whole, as for a part. If you conceal a large proportion

of your debts, at the end of some time murmurs will recommence, they will reach the ears of the First Consul, and his anger will display itself still more strikingly. Trust to me—state all; the results will be the same; you will hear but once the disagreeable things he will say to you: by reservations you will renew them incessantly.” Josephine said—“ I can never tell all; it is impossible. Do me the service to keep secret what I shall say to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs, but I wish to confess only to six: I will contract no more debts, and will pay the rest little by little out of my savings.” —“ Here, Madame, my first observations recur. As I do not believe he estimates your debts at so high a sum as six hundred thousand francs, I can warrant that you will not experience more displeasure for acknowledging to twelve hundred thousand than to six; and, by going so far, you will get rid of them for ever.” —“ I can never do it, Bourrienne; I know him. I can never support his violence.” After a quarter of an hour’s further discussion on the subject, I was obliged to yield to her earnest solicitations, and promise to mention only the six hundred thousand francs to the First Consul.

The anger and ill-humour of the First Consul may be imagined. He strongly suspected that his wife was dissembling in some respect; but he said, “ Well, take six hundred thousand francs, but liquidate the debts for that sum, and let me hear nothing more on the subject. I authorise

you to threaten these tradesmen with paying nothing, if they do not reduce their enormous charges." They ought to be taught not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte gave me all her bills. The extent to which the articles had been overcharged, owing to the fear of not being paid for a long period, and of deductions being made from the amount, was inconceivable. It appeared to me also, that there must be some exaggeration in the number of the articles supplied. I observed in the milliner's bill thirty-eight new hats, of great price, in one month. There was likewise a charge of one thousand eight hundred francs for heron plumes, and eight hundred francs for perfumes. I asked Josephine whether she wore two hats in one day? She objected to this charge for the hats, which she merely called a mistake. The impositions which the saddler attempted, both in the extravagance of his prices, and in charging for articles which he had not furnished, were astonishing. I need say nothing of the other tradesmen, it was the same system of plunder throughout.

I availed myself fully of the First Consul's permission, and spared neither reproaches nor menaces. I am ashamed to say that the greater part of the tradesmen were contented with the half of what they demanded. One of them received thirty-five thousand francs for a claim of eighty thousand; and he had the impudence to tell me that he made a good profit, nevertheless. Finally, I was fortunate enough, after the most

vehement disputes, to settle every thing for six hundred thousand francs. Madame Bonaparte, however, soon fell again into the same excesses, but fortunately money became more plentiful. This inconceivable mania of extravagance was almost the sole cause of all her unhappiness. Her thoughtless profusion occasioned permanent disorder in her household, until the period of Bonaparte's second marriage, when, I am informed, she became regular in her expenditure. I could not say so of her when she was empress, in 1804.

The good Josephine had not less ambition in little things, than her husband had in great. She felt pleasure in acquiring, and not in possessing. Who would suppose it? She grew tired of the beauty of the park of Malmaison, and was always asking me to take her out on the high road, either on the side of Nanterre, or on that of Marly, in the midst of the dust occasioned by the passing of carriages. The noise of the high road appeared to her preferable to the calm silence of the beautiful alleys of the park, and in this respect Hortense had the same taste as her mother. This whimsical fancy astonished Bonaparte, and he was sometimes vexed at it. My intercourse with Josephine was delightful, for I never saw a woman who constantly entered society with such an equable disposition, or with so much of the spirit of kindness, which is the first principle of amiableness. She was so obligingly attentive as to cause a very pretty apartment to be prepared at Malmaison for me and my family. She pressed

me earnestly, and with all her known grace, to accept it; but almost as much a captive at Paris as a prisoner of state, I wished to have to myself in the country the moments of liberty I was permitted to enjoy. Yet what was this liberty? I had bought a little house at Ruel, which I had kept during two years and a half. If I had seen my friends there, it must have been at midnight, or at five o'clock in the morning; and the First Consul would often send for me in the night when couriers arrived. It was for this sort of liberty I refused Josephine's kind offer. Bonaparte came once to see me in my retreat at Ruel, but Josephine and Hortense came often. It was a favourite walk with these ladies.

At Paris I was less frequently absent from Bonaparte, than at Malmaison. We sometimes in the evening walked together in the garden of the Tuileries, after the gates were closed. In these evening walks he always wore a grey cloak, and a round hat. I was directed to answer, "The First Consul" to the sentinel's challenge of "Who goes there?" These promenades, which were of much benefit to Bonaparte and me also, as a relaxation from our labours, resembled those which we had at Malmaison. As to our promenades in the city, they were often very amusing.

At the period of our first inhabiting the Tuileries, when I saw Bonaparte enter the cabinet at eight o'clock in the evening in his grey coat, I knew he would say, "Bourrienne, come and take a turn." Sometimes, then, instead of going out

by the garden arcade, we would take the little gate which leads from the court to the apartments of the Duke d'Angoulême. He would take my arm, and we would go to buy articles of trifling value in the shops of the Rue St. Honoré; but we did not extend our excursions further than Rue de l'Arbre Sec. Whilst I made the shopkeeper exhibit before us the articles which I appeared anxious to buy, he played his part in asking questions. Nothing was more amusing than to see him endeavouring to imitate the careless and jocular tone of the young men of fashion. How awkward was he in the attempt to put on dandy airs, when pulling up the corners of his cravat he would say, "Well, Madame, is there anything new to-day? Citizen, what say they of Bonaparte? Your shop appears to be well supplied. You surely have a great deal of custom. What do people say of that buffoon, Bonaparte?" He was made quite happy one day, when we were obliged to retire hastily from a shop to avoid the attacks which Bonaparte had drawn upon us by the irreverent tone in which he spoke of the First Consul.

CHAPTER VIII.

War and monuments—Influence of the 'recollections of Egypt—First improvements in Paris—Malmaison too little—Saint Cloud taken—The Pont des Arts—Business prescribed for me by Bonaparte—Pecuniary remuneration—The First Consul's visit to the *Pitaneé*—His examination of the pupils—Consular pensions—Tragical death of Miackzinski—Introduction of vaccination—Recal of the Members of the Constituent Assembly—The Canary volunteers—Tronchet and Target—Liberation of the Austrian prisoners—Longchamps and the spiritual concerts.

THE destruction of men, and the construction of monuments, were two things perfectly in unison in the mind of Bonaparte. It may be said that his passion for monuments almost equalled his passion for war; but as in all things he disliked what was little and mean, so he liked vast constructions and great battles. The sight of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt had not a little contributed to augment his natural taste for great structures. It was not so much the monuments themselves that he admired, but the historical recollections they perpetuate, the

By great names they consecrate, the important events they attest. What should he have cared for the column which we beheld on our arrival in Alexandria, had it not been Pompey's pillar? It is for artists to admire or censure its proportions and ornaments, for men of learning to explain its inscriptions; but the name of Pompey renders it an object of interest to all.

When endeavouring to sketch the character of Bonaparte, I ought to have noticed his taste for monuments; for without this characteristic trait something essential is wanting to the completion of the portrait. This taste, or, as it may more properly be called, this passion for monuments, exercised no small influence on his thoughts and projects of glory; yet it did not deter him from directing attention to public improvements of a less ostentatious kind. He wished for great monuments to perpetuate the recollection of his glory; but at the same time, he knew how to appreciate all that was truly useful. He could very rarely be reproached for rejecting any plan without examination; and this examination was a speedy affair, for his natural tact enabled him immediately to see things in their proper light.

Though most of the monuments and embellishments of Paris are executed from the plans of men of talent, yet some owe their origin to circumstances merely accidental. Of this I can mention an example.

I was standing at the window of Bonaparte's cabinet, which looked into the garden of the

Tuileries. He had gone out, and I took advantage of his absence to rise from my chair, for I was tired of sitting. He had scarcely been gone a minute, when he unexpectedly returned, to ask me for a paper. "What are you doing there, Bourrienne? I'll wager any thing you are admiring the ladies walking on the terrace."—"Why, I must confess I do sometimes amuse myself in that way," replied I; "but I assure you, General, I was now thinking of something else. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine; which always annoys me with its dirty quay, and the floodings which almost every winter prevent communication with the Faubourg St. Germain, and I was thinking I would speak to you on the subject." He approached the window, and, looking out, said "You are right, it is very ugly; and very offensive to see dirty linen washed before our windows. Here, write immediately, 'The quay of the *Ecole de Natation* is to be finished during next summer.' Send that order to the Minister of the Interior." The quay was finished the year following.

As an instance of the enormous difference which frequently appears between the original estimates of architects and their subsequent accounts, I may mention what occurred relative to the palace of St. Cloud. But I must first say a word about the manner in which Bonaparte originally refused, and afterwards took possession of the queen's pleasure-house. Malmaison was a suitable country residence for Bonaparte, as long as he remained

content with his town apartments in the little Luxembourg; but that consular *bagatelle* was too confined, in comparison with the spacious apartments in the Tuileries. The inhabitants of St. Cloud, acting upon instructions to that effect, addressed a petition to the legislative body, praying that their deserted castle might be made the summer residence of the First Consul. The petition was referred to the government; but Bonaparte, who was not yet Consul for life, proudly declared, that so long as he was at the head of affairs, and, indeed, for a year afterwards, he would accept no national recompense. Some time after, we went to visit the palace of the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte liked it exceedingly, but all was in a state of complete dilapidation. It bore evident marks of the revolution. The First Consul did not wish, as yet, to burthen the budget of the state with his personal expences, and he was alarmed at the enormous sum required to render St. Cloud habitable. Flattery had not yet arrived at the degree of proficiency which it subsequently attained; but even then his flatterers boldly assured him he might take possession of St. Cloud for twenty-five thousand francs. I told the First Consul, that, considering the ruinous state of the place, I could venture to say, that the expense would amount to more than twelve hundred thousand francs. Bonaparte determined to have a regular estimate of the expense, and it amounted to nearly three millions. He thought it a great sum; but, as he

had resolved to make St. Cloud his residence, he gave orders for commencing the repairs, the expense of which, independently of the furniture, amounted to six millions. . So much for the three millions of the architect, and the twenty-five thousand francs of the flatterers. .

When the First Consul contemplated the building of the Pont des Arts, we had a long conversation on the subject. I observed that it would be much better to build the bridge of stone. "The first object of monuments of this kind," said I, "is public utility. They require solidity of appearance, and their principal merit is duration. I cannot conceive, General, why in a country where there is abundance of fine stone of every quality, the use of iron should be preferred."—"Write," said Bonaparte, "to Fontaine and Percier, the architects, and ask what they think of it."—I wrote, and they stated in their answer that "bridges were intended for public utility, and the embellishment of cities. The projected bridge between the Louvre and the Quatre-Nations, would unquestionably fulfil the first of these objects, as was proved by the great number of persons who daily crossed the Seine, at that point, in boats; that the site fixed upon between the Pont-Neuf and the Tuileries, appeared to be the best that could be chosen for the purpose; and that on the score of ornament, Paris would gain little by the construction of an iron bridge, which would be very narrow, and which, from its light form, would not correspond with the gran-

deur of the two bridges between which it would be placed.”

When we had received the answer of MM. Percier and Fontaine, we again had a conversation on the subject of the bridge. I told the First Consul that I perfectly concurred in the opinion of MM. Fontaine and Percier; however, he would have his own way, and thus was authorized the construction of the toy which formed a communication between the Louvre and the Institute. But no sooner was the Pont des Arts finished, than Bonaparte pronounced it to be mean, and out of unison with the other bridges above and below it. One day, when visiting the Louvre, he stopped at one of the windows looking towards the Pont des Arts, and said: “There is no solidity, no grandeur about that bridge. In England, where stone is scarce, it is very natural that Iron should be used, for arches of large dimensions. But the case is different in France, where the requisite material is abundant.”

The infernal machine, of the 3d Nivose, of which I shall presently speak more at length, was the signal for vast changes in the quarter of the Tuileries. That horrible attempt was at least so far attended by happy results, that it contributed to the embellishment of Paris. It was thought more advisable for the government to buy and pull down the houses which had been injured by the machine, than to let them be put under repair. As an example of Bonaparte’s grand schemes in building, I may mention that being one day at the Louvre,

he pointed towards Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and said to me: "That is where I will build an imperial street. It shall run from here to the barrier of the throne. It shall have arcades and plantations. The imperial street shall be the finest in the world."

The palace of the King of Rome, which was to face the Pont de Jena, and the Champ de Mars, would have been in some measure out of Paris, with which, however, it was to be connected by a line of palaces. These were to extend along the quay, and were destined as splendid residences for the ambassadors of foreign sovereigns, at least as long as there should be any sovereigns in Europe except Napoleon. The Temple of Glory too, which was to occupy the site of the church of La Madelaine, was never finished. If the plan of this monument proved the necessity which Bonaparte felt, of constantly holding out stimulants to his soldiers, its relinquishment was at least a proof of his wisdom. He who had re-established religious worship in France, and had restored to its destination the Church of the Invalids, which was for a time metamorphosed into the Temple of Mars, foresaw that a Temple of Glory would give birth to a sort of paganism, incompatible with the ideas of the age.

The recollection of the magnificent Necropolis of Cairo, frequently recurred to Bonaparte's mind. He had admired that city of the dead, which he had partly contributed to people; and

his design was to make, at the four cardinal points of Paris, four vast cemeteries, on the plan of that which had fixed his attention at Cairo.

Bonaparte determined that all the new streets of Paris should be forty feet wide, and be provided with foot pavements: in short, he thought nothing too grand for the embellishment of the capital of a country, which he wished to make the first in the world. Next to war, he regarded the embellishment of Paris as the source of his glory; and he never considered a victory fully achieved until he had raised a monument to transmit its memory to posterity. He wanted glory, uninterrupted glory for France, as well as for himself. How often, when talking over his schemes, has he not said: "Bourrienne, it is for France I am doing all this! All I wish, all I desire, the end of all my labours is, that my name should be indissolubly connected with that of France!"

Paris is not the only city, nor is France the only kingdom, which bears traces of Napoleon's passion for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in Italy, he executed great improvements. At Turin, a splendid bridge was built over the Po, in lieu of an old bridge, which was falling in ruins.

How many things were undertaken and executed in Napoleon's short and eventful reign! To obviate the difficulty of communication between Metz and Mentz, a magnificent road was

made, as if by magic, across impracticable marshes, and vast forests: mountains were cut and ravines filled up. He would not allow nature, more than man, to resist him. One day when he was proceeding to Belgium, by the way of Givet, he was detained for a short time at Little Givet, on the right bank of the Meuse, in consequence of an accident which happened to the ferry boat. He was within a gun-shot of the fortress of Charlemont, on the left bank, and in the vexation which this delay occasioned, he dictated the following decree:—"A bridge shall be built over the Meuse, to join Little Givet to Great Givet. It shall be terminated during the ensuing campaign." It was completed within the prescribed time.

In the great work of bridges and highways, Bonaparte's chief object was to remove the obstacles and barriers which nature had raised up as the limits of old France, so as to form a junction with the Provinces which he successively annexed to the empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as a garden-walk, superseded the dangerous risings and fallings of the wood of Bramant; thus was the passage of Mount Cenis a pleasant promenade at almost every season of the year; thus did the Simplon bow his head, and Bonaparte might have said, "There are now no Alps," with more reason than Louis XVI. said, "There are now no Pyrennees."

Such was the implicit confidence which Bonaparte reposed in me, that I was often alarmed at

the responsibility it obliged me to incur.* Official

* Of this confidence, the following instructions for me, which he dictated to Duroc, afford sufficient proof:—

“ 1st. Citizen Bourrienne shall open all the letters addressed to the First Consul, and present them to him three times a day, or oftener in case of urgent business. The letters shall be deposited in the cabinet when they are opened. Bourrienne is to analyse all those which are of secondary interest, and write the First Consul's decision on each letter. The hours for presenting the letters shall be, first, when the Consul rises; second, a quarter of an hour before dinner; and, third, at eleven at night.

“ 2d. He is to have the superintendence of the Topographical office, and of an office of Translation, in which there shall be a German and an English clerk. Every day he shall present to the First Consul, at the hours abovementioned, the German and English journals, together with a translation. With respect to the Italian journals, it will only be necessary to mark what the First Consul is to read.

“ 3d. He shall keep a register of appointments to offices under Government; a second, for appointments to official posts; a third, for appointments to places abroad; and a fourth, for the situations of receivers and great financial posts, where he is to inscribe the names of all the individuals whom the First Consul may refer to him. These registers must be written by his own hand, and must be kept entirely private.

“ 4th. Secret correspondence, and the different reports of inspection, are to be addressed directly to Bourrienne, and transmitted by him to the hand of the First Consul, by whom they will be returned without the intervention of any third party.

“ 5th. There shall be a register for all that relates to secret extraordinary expenditure. Bourrienne shall write the whole with his own hand, in order that the business may be kept from the knowledge of any one.

“ 6th. He shall despatch all the business which may be referred to him, either from Citizen Duroc, or from the cabinet of the First Consul, taking care to arrange every thing so as to secure secrecy.

“ BONAPARTE, First Consul.”

“ Paris, 13th Germinal, Year VIII.”

business was not the only labour that devolved upon me. I had to write to the dictation of the First Consul, during a great part of the day, or to decipher his writing, which was always the most laborious part of my duty. I was so closely employed, that I scarcely ever went out; and when, by chance, I dined in town, I could not arrive until the very moment of dinner; and I was obliged to run away immediately after it. Once a month, at most, I went without Bonaparte to the *Comédie Française*; but I was obliged to return at nine o'clock, that being the hour at which we resumed business. Corvisart, with whom I was intimately acquainted, constantly expressed his apprehensions about my health; but my zeal carried me through every difficulty, and during our stay at the Tuileries, I cannot express how happy I was in enjoying the unre-served confidence of the man, on whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed. So perfect was this confidence, that Bonaparte, neither as general, consul, or emperor, ever gave me any fixed salary. In money matters we were still *comrades*: I took from his funds what was necessary to maintain my expenses, and of this Bonaparte never once asked me for any account.

He often mentioned his wish to regenerate public education, which he thought was ill-managed. The central schools did not please him; but he could not withhold his admiration from the polytechnic school, the finest establishment of education that was ever found-

ed, but which he afterwards destroyed, by giving it a military organization. In only one college of Paris the old system of study was preserved: this was the Louis-le-Grand, which had received the name of Pritanée. The First Consul directed the Minister of the Interior to draw up a report on that establishment; and he himself went to pay an unexpected visit to the Pritanée, accompanied by M. Lebrun and Duroc. He remained there upwards of an hour, and in the evening, he spoke to me with much interest on the subject of his visit. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, "that I have been performing the duties of professor?"—"You, General!"—"Yes! and I did not acquit myself badly. I examined the pupils in the mathematical class; and I recollected enough of my Bezout, to make some demonstrations before them. I went everywhere, into the bed-rooms, and the dining-room. I tasted the soup, which is better than we used to have at Brienne. I must devote serious attention to public education, and the management of the colleges. The pupils must have a uniform. I observed some well, and others ill-dressed. That will not do. At college, above all places, there should be equality. But I was much pleased with the pupils of the Pritanée. I wish to know the names of those I examined, and I have desired Duroc to report them to me. I will give them rewards; that stimulates young people. I will provide for some of them."

On this subject, Bonaparte did not confine him-

self to an empty scheme. After consulting with the head master of the Pritanée, he granted pensions of two hundred francs to seven or eight of the most distinguished pupils of the establishment, and he placed three of them in the department of foreign affairs, under the title of diplomatic pupils.*

What I have just said, respecting the First Consul's visit to the Pritanée, reminds me of a very extraordinary circumstance, which arose out of it. Among the pupils at the Pritanée, there was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the Republic. Young Miackzinski was then sixteen or seventeen years of age. He soon quitted the college, entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of a corps reviewed by Bonaparte in the *Plaine des Sablons*. He was pointed out to the First Consul, who said to him:—"I knew your father. Follow his example, and in six months you shall be an officer." Six months elapsed, and Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul, reminding him of his promise. No answer was returned, and Miackzinski then wrote a second letter, as follows:—

"You desired me to prove myself worthy of my father; I have done so. You promised that I should be an officer in six months: seven have elapsed since that promise was made. When you receive this letter, I shall be no more. I

* This institution of diplomatic pupils was originally suggested by M. de Talleyrand.

cannot live under a government, the head of which breaks his word.”

Poor Miackzinski kept his word but too faithfully. After writing the above letter to the First Consul, he retired to his chamber, and blew out his brains with a pistol. A few days after this tragical event, Miackzinski's commission was transmitted to his corps; for Bonaparte had not forgotten him. A delay in the War Office had caused the death of this promising young man. Bonaparte was much affected at the circumstance, and he said to me:—“These Poles have such refined notions of honour.....Poor Sulkowski, I am sure, would have done the same.”

At the commencement of the consulate, it was gratifying to see how actively Bonaparte was seconded in the execution of his plans for the social regeneration of France: all seemed animated with new life, and every one strove to do good, as if it were a matter of competition. Every circumstance concurred to favour the good intentions of the First Consul. Vaccination, which, perhaps, has saved as many lives as war has sacrificed, was introduced into France by M. de Liancourt; and Bonaparte, immediately appreciating the value of such a discovery, gave it his decided approbation. At the same time, a Council of Prizes was established, and the old members of the Constituent Assembly were invited to return to France. It was for their sake, and that of the royalists, that the First Consul recalled

them, but it was to please the Jacobins, whom he was endeavouring to conciliate, that their return was subject to restrictions. At first, the invitation to return to France extended only to those who could prove that they had voted in favour of the abolition of nobility. The lists of emigrants were closed, and committees were appointed to investigate their claims to the privilege of returning.

From the commencement of the month of Germinal, the re-organization of the Army of Italy had proceeded with renewed activity. The presence, in Paris, of the fine corps of the Consular Guard, added to the desire of shewing themselves off in gay uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of many respectable young men of the capital. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the First Consul created a corps of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, which was to remain at Dijon. He saw the advantage of connecting a great number of families with his cause, and imbuing them with the spirit of the army. This volunteer corps wore a yellow uniform, which, in some of the saloons of Paris, where it was still the custom to ridicule every thing, obtained for them the nickname of canaries. Bonaparte, who did not always relish a joke, took this in very ill part, and often expressed to me his vexation at it. However, he was gratified to observe in the composition of this corps a first specimen of privileged soldiers, an idea which he acted upon when he created

the orderly gendarmes in the campaign of Jena, and when he organized the guards of honour after the disasters of Moscow.

In every action of his life, Bonaparte had some particular object in view. I recollect his saying to me one day, "Bourrienne, I cannot yet venture to do any thing against the regicides; but I will let them see what I think of them. To-morrow I shall have some business with Abrial respecting the organization of the Court of Cassation. Target, who is the president of that court, would not defend Louis XVI. Well, whom do you think I mean to appoint in his place?.....Tronchet, who did defend the king. They may say what they please; I care not." Tronchet was appointed.

Nearly about the same time, the First Consul, being informed of the escape of General Mack, said to me, "Mack may go where he pleases; I am not afraid of him. But I will tell you what I have been thinking. There are some other Austrian officers who were prisoners with Mack: among the number is a Count Dietrichstein, who belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will liberate them all. At the moment of opening a campaign, this will have a good effect. They will see that I fear nothing; and who knows but this may procure me some admirers in Austria." The order for liberating the Austrian prisoners was immediately despatched. Thus Bonaparte's acts of generosity, as well as his acts of severity,

and his choice of individuals, were all the result of deep calculation.

This unvarying attention to the affairs of the government was manifest in all he did. I have already mentioned the almost simultaneous suppression of the horrible commemoration of the month of January and the permission for the revival of the Opera balls. A measure something similar to this was the authorization of the festivals of Longchamps, which had been forgotten since the revolution. He, at the same time, gave permission for spiritual concerts at the Opera. Thus, while in public acts he maintained the observance of the republican calendar, he was gradually reviving the old calendar by seasons of festivity. Shrove-Tuesday was marked by a ball, and Passion-week by promenades and concerts.

CHAPTER IX.

The Memorial of St. Helena—Louis XVIIIth's first letter to Bonaparte—Josephine, Hortense, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Madame Bonaparte and the fortune-teller—Louis XVIIIth's second letter—Bonaparte's answer—Conversation respecting the recall of Louis XVIII.—Peace and War—A battle fought with pins—Genoa and Mèlas—Realization of Bonaparte's military plans—Ironical letter to Berthier—Departure from Paris—Instructions to Lucien and Cambacères—Joseph Bonaparte appointed Councillor of State—Travelling conversation—Alexander and Cæsar judged by Bonaparte.

It sometimes happens that an event which passes away unnoticed at the time of its occurrence, acquires importance from events which subsequently ensue. This reflection naturally occurs to my mind now that I am about to notice the correspondence which passed between Louis XVIII. and the First Consul. This is certainly not one of the least interesting passages in the life of Bonaparte.

But I must first beg leave to make another observation on the Memorial of St. Helena. That publication relates what Bonaparte said respecting the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and

himself; and I find it necessary to quote a few lines on the subject, in order to shew how far the statements contained in the Memorial differ from the autograph letters in my possession.

At St. Helena, Napoleon said that he never thought of the princes of the House of Bourbon. This is true to a certain point. He did not think of the princes of the House of Bourbon with the view of restoring them to their throne: but it has been shewn, in several parts of these Memoirs, that he thought of them very often, and that, on more than one occasion, their very names alarmed him.* The substance of the two letters given in the Memorial of St. Helena is correct. The ideas are nearly the same as those of the original letters. But it is not surprising that, after the lapse of so long an interval, Napoleon's me-

* The Memorial states, that "A letter was delivered to the First Consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé de Montesquieu, the secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris." This letter, which was very cautiously written, said:—

"You are long delaying the restoration of my throne. It is to be feared you are suffering favourable moments to escape. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Hasten then to name the offices which you would choose for your friends." 4.

The answer Napoleon said, was as follows:—

"I have received your Royal Highness's letter. I have always taken a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France: you could only return here by trampling over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall always be happy to do any thing that can alleviate your fate, and help to banish the recollection of your misfortunes."

mory should somewhat have failed him. However, it will not, I presume, be deemed unimportant if I present to the reader literal copies of this correspondence, together with the explanation of some curious circumstances connected with it.

The following is Louis XVIII.'s Letter:—

“ February 20th, 1800.

“ SIR,

“ Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men like you never inspire alarm. You have accepted an eminent station, and I thank you for having done so. You know better than any one how much strength and power are requisite to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own violence, and you will fulfil the first wish of my heart. Restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state for me to discharge by important appointments, the debt of my family and myself.

“ LOUIS.”

The First Consul was much agitated on the reception of this letter. Though he every day declared his determination to have nothing to do with the princes, yet he hesitated whether or no he should reply to this overture. The numerous affairs which then occupied his mind favoured this hesitation. Josephine and Hortense conjured him to hold out hope to the king, as, by so doing,

he would in no way pledge himself, and would gain time to ascertain whether he could not ultimately play a far greater part than that of Monck. Their entreaties became so urgent, that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Faubourg St. Germain has turned their heads! They make the Faubourg the guardian angel of the royalists; but I care not: I will have nothing to do with them."

Madame Bonaparte said she was anxious he should adopt the step she proposed, in order to banish from his mind all thought of making himself king. This idea always gave rise to a painful foreboding which she could never overcome.*

In the First Consul's numerous conversations with me, he discussed with admirable sagacity Louis XVIII.'s proposition and its consequences. "The partizans of the Bourbons," said he, "are deceived if they suppose I am the man to play Monck's part." Here the matter rested, and the king's letter remained on the table. In the interim, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without any date. It was as follows:—

* A strong impression of the fate that awaited her, had been made on her mind during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt. She, like many other ladies of Paris, went at that time to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, a Madame Villeneuve, who lived in the Rue de Lancry. This woman had revealed her destiny as follows:— "You are," said she, "the wife of a great general, who will become still greater. He will cross the seas which separate him from you, and you will occupy the first station in France; but it will be only for a short time."

“ You must have long since been convinced, General, that you possess my esteem. • If you doubt my gratitude, fix your reward and mark out the fortune of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman, merciful by character, and also by the dictates of reason.

“ No, the conqueror of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, the conqueror of Italy and Egypt, cannot prefer vain celebrity to real glory. But you are losing precious time. We may ensure the glory of France. I say *we*, because I require the aid of Bonaparte, and he can do nothing without me.

“ General, Europe observes you. Glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people.

(Signed)

“ LOUIS.”

This dignified letter the First Consul suffered to remain unanswered for several weeks : at length he proposed to dictate an answer to me. I observed, that as the king's letters were autographs, it would be more proper that he should write himself. He then wrote with his own hand the following :—

“ SIR,

“ I have received your letter, and I thank you for the compliments you address to me.

“ You must not seek to return to France. To do so, you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies.

“ Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France, and history will render you justice.

“ I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family. I shall learn with pleasure, and shall willingly contribute to ensure the tranquillity of your retirement.

“ BONAPARTE.”

He shewed me this letter, saying, “ What do you think of it? is it not good?” He was never offended when I pointed out to him an error of grammar or style, and I therefore replied: “ As to the substance, if such be your resolution, I have nothing to say against it; but,” added I, “ I must make one observation on the style. You cannot say that *you shall learn with pleasure to ensure, &c.*” On reading the passage over again, he thought he had pledged himself too far, in saying that he *would willingly contribute, &c.* He therefore scored out the last sentence, and interlined:—*I shall contribute with pleasure to the happiness and tranquillity of your retirement.*

The answer thus scored and interlined could not be sent off, and it lay on the table, with Bonaparte's signature affixed to it.

Some time after he wrote another answer, the three first paragraphs of which were exactly like that first quoted; but for the last paragraph he substituted the following:—*I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and I shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with all that*

can contribute to the tranquillity of your retirement. By this means he did not pledge himself in any way, not even in words, for he himself made no offer of contributing to the tranquillity of the retirement. Every day which augmented his power, and consolidated his position, diminished, he thought, the chances of the Bourbons; and seven months were suffered to intervene between the date of the King's first letter and the answer of the First Consul, which was written on the 2d Vendémiaire, Year IX. (14th of September, 1800), just when the Congress of Luneville was on the point of opening.

Some days after the receipt of Louis XVIIIth's letter, we were walking in the gardens of Malmaison; he was in good humour, for every thing was going on to his mind—"Has my wife been saying anything more to you about the Bourbons?" said he.—"No, General."—"But, when you converse with her you concur a little in her opinions. Tell me why you wish the Bourbons back? You have no interest in their return, nothing to expect from them. Your family rank is not high enough to enable you to obtain any great post. You would be nothing under them. Through the patronage of M. de Chambonas you got the appointment of secretary of legation at Stuttgart; but, had it not been for the change, you would have remained all your life in that or some inferior post. Did you ever know men to rise by their own merit under kings? Every thing depends on birth, connection, fortune; and

intrigue. Judge things more accurately; reflect more maturely on the future.”—“General,” replied I, “I am quite of your opinion on one point. I never received gift, place, or favour from the Bourbons; and I have not the vanity to believe that I should ever have attained any important appointment. . . But you must not forget that my nomination as secretary of legation at Stuttgard preceded the overthrow of the throne only by a few days; and I cannot infer, from what took place under circumstances unfortunately too certain, what might have happened in the reverse case. Besides, I am not actuated by personal feelings; I consider not my own interests, but those of France. I wish you to hold the reins of government as long as you live; but you have no children, and it is tolerably certain that you will have none by Josephine. What will become of us when you are gone? You talk of the future; but what will be the future fate of France? I have often heard you say that your brothers are not.....”—“You are right,” said he, abruptly interrupting me. “If I do not live thirty years to complete my work, you will have a long series of civil wars after my death. My brothers would not govern France; you know what they are. A violent conflict will therefore arise among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think himself entitled to succeed me.”—“Well, General, why not take means to obviate the mischief you foresee?”—“Do you imagine I do not think of it? But look at the

difficulties that stand in my way. How are so many acquired rights and material results to be secured against the efforts of a family restored to power, and returning with eighty thousand emigrants and the influence of fanaticism? What would become of those who voted for the death of the king—the men who acted a conspicuous part in the revolution—the national domains, and a multitude of things that have been done during twelve years? Can you see how far re-action would extend?”—“General, need I remind you that Louis, in his letter, guarantees the contrary of all you apprehend? I know what will be your answer; but are you not able to impose whatever conditions you may think fit? Grant what is asked of you only at that price. Take three or four years: in that time you may ensure the happiness of France by institutions conformable to her wants. Custom and habit would give them a power which it would not be easy to destroy; and even supposing such a design were entertained, it could not be accomplished. I have heard you say it is wished you should act the part of Monck; but you well know the difference between a general opposing the usurper of a crown, and one whom victory and peace have raised above the ruins of a subverted throne, and who restores it voluntarily to those who have long occupied it. You are well aware that what you call ideology will not again be revived; and”—“I know what you are going to say; but it all amounts to nothing. Depend on it, the

Bourbons will think they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. The most sacred pledges, the most positive promises will be violated. None but fools will trust them. My resolution is formed; therefore let us say no more on the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to do what I think right."

Every one knows the adage, *Si vis pacem para bellum*. Had Bonaparte been a Latin scholar, he would probably have reversed it, and said, *Si vis bellum para pacem*.

While seeking to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, the First Consul was preparing to strike a great blow in Italy. As long as Genoa held out, and Massena continued there, Bonaparte did not despair of meeting the Austrians in those fields which, not four years before, had been the scenes of his success. He resolved to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon. Where there was previously nothing, he created every thing. At that period of his life, the fertility of his imagination and the vigour of his genius must have commanded the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. I was astonished at the details into which he entered. While every moment was engrossed by the most important occupations, he sent four hundred thousand francs to the Hospital of Mount St. Bernard. When he saw that his army of reserve was forming, and every thing was going on to his mind, he said to me, "I hope to fall on the rear of Melas before

he is aware I am in Italy.....that is to say, provided Genoa holds out. But Massena is defending it."

On the 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he desired me to unroll Chaudard's great map of Italy. He lay down upon it, and desired me to do so likewise. He then stuck into it pins, the heads of which were tipped with wax, some red and some black. I silently observed him, and awaited with no little curiosity the result of this plan of campaign. When he had stationed the enemy's corps, and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, "Where do you think I shall beat Melas?"—"How the devil should I know?"—"Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his head-quarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrender. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and reserves. Crossing the Alps here, (pointing to the Great Mount St. Bernard,) I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia," (placing a red pin at San Juliano). Finding that I looked upon this manœuvre of pins as mere pastime, he addressed to me some of his usual compliments, such as fool, ninny, &c., and then proceeded to demonstrate his plans more clearly on the map. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, we rose; I folded up the map, and thought no more of the matter.

Four months after this, when I was at San Juliano with Bonaparte's portfolio and despatches which I had saved from the rout which had taken place during the day, and when, that very evening, I was writing, at Torre-di-Galifolo, the bulletin of the battle, to Napoleon's dictation, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military plans. He himself smiled at the accuracy of his own foresight.

The First Consul was not satisfied with General Berthier as war-minister, and he superseded him by Carnot, who had given great proofs of firmness and integrity; but who, nevertheless, was no favourite of Bonaparte, on account of his decided republican principles. Carnot's appointment took place on the 2d of April, 1800; and to console Berthier, who, he knew was more at home in the camp than in the office, he dictated to me the following letter for him—

“ Paris, April 2, 1800.

“ CITIZEN GENERAL,

“ The military talents, of which you have given so many proofs, and the confidence of the government, call you to the command of an army. During the winter you have *re-organized* the war department, and you have provided as far as circumstances would permit, for the wants of our armies. During the spring and summer it must be your task to lead our troops to victory, which is the effectual means of obtaining peace, and consolidating the Republic.”

Bonaparte laughed heartily while he dictated this epistle, especially when he uttered the word which I have marked in italics. Berthier set out for Dijon, where he commenced the formation of the army of reserve.

The consular constitution did not empower the First Consul to command an army out of the territory of France. Bonaparte therefore wished to keep secret his long projected plan of placing himself at the head of the Army of Italy, which he then for the first time called the grand army. I observed that by his choice of Berthier, nobody could be deceived; because it must be evident that he would have made another selection, had he not intended to command in person. He laughed at my observation.

Our departure from Paris was fixed for the 6th of May, or, according to the republican calendar, the 16th Floréal. Bonaparte had made all his arrangements, and issued all his orders; but still he did not wish it to be known that he was going to take the command of the army. On the eve of our departure, being in conference with the two other consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare, to-morrow morning, a circular to the prefects, and you, Fouché, will publish it in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon, to inspect the army of reserve. You may add that I shall, perhaps, go as far as Geneva; but you must affirm positively that I shall not be absent longer than a fortnight. You, Cambacères, will preside to-morrow at the council of

state. In my absence, you are the head of the government. State that my absence will be but of short duration, but specify nothing. Express my satisfaction of the council of state: it has already rendered great services, and I shall be happy to see it continue in the course it has hitherto pursued. Oh! I had nearly forgotten—you will at the same time announce that I have appointed Joseph a councillor of state. Should anything happen, I shall be back again like a thunderbolt. I recommend to you all the great interests of France, and I trust that I shall shortly be talked of in Vienna and in London.”

We set out at two in the morning, taking the Burgundy road, which we had already so often travelled under very different circumstances.

On the journey Bonaparte conversed about the warriors of antiquity, especially Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, and Hannibal. I asked him which he preferred, Alexander or Cæsar? “I place Alexander in the first rank,” said he, “yet I admire Cæsar’s fine campaign in Africa. But the ground of my preference for the King of Macedonia is the plan, and above all, the execution of his campaign in Asia. Only those who are utterly ignorant of war can blame Alexander for having spent seven months at the siege of Tyre. For my part, I would have staid there seven years, had it been necessary. This is a great subject of dispute; but I look upon the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the journey to the Oasis of Ammon,² as the decided proof of the genius

of that great captain. His object was to give the King of Persia (of whose force he had only beaten a feeble advance guard at the Granicus and Issus) time to re-assemble his troops, so that he might overthrow, at a blow, the colossus which he had as yet only shaken. By pursuing Darius into his states, Alexander would have separated himself from his reinforcements, and would have met only scattered parties of troops who would have drawn him into deserts where his army would have been sacrificed. By persevering in the taking of Tyre, he secured his communications with Greece, the country he loved as dearly as I love France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the rich province of Egypt, he forced Darius to come to defend or deliver it, and, in so doing, to march half-way to meet him. By representing himself as the son of Jupiter, he worked upon the ardent feelings of the Orientals in a way that powerfully seconded his designs. Though he died at thirty-three, what a name he has left behind him!"

Though an utter stranger to the noble profession of arms, yet I could admire Bonaparte's clever military plans, and his shrewd remarks on the great captains of ancient and modern times. I could not refrain from saying, "General, you often reproach me for being no flatterer, but now I tell you plainly I admire you."

CHAPTER X.

Bonaparte's confidence in the army—*Ma belle France*—The convent of Bernardins—Passage of Mount St. Bernard—Arrival at the convent—Refreshments distributed to the soldiers—Mount Albaredo—Artillery dismounted—The Fort of Bard—Fortunate temerity—Bonaparte and Melas—The spy—Bonaparte's opinion of M. Necker—Capitulation of Genoa—Intercepted despatch—Lannes at Montebello—Boudet succeeded by Dessaix—Coolness of the First Consul to M. Collot—Conversation and recollections—The battle of Marengo—General Kellerman—Supper sent from the Convent *del Bosco*—Particulars respecting the death of Dessaix—The Prince of Lichtenstein—Return to Milan—Savary and Rapp.

THE army which the First Consul was preparing to attack was numerous, well disciplined, and victorious. His, with the exception of a very small number of troops, was composed of conscripts; but these conscripts were commanded by officers whose ardour was unparalleled. Bonaparte's fortune was now to depend on the winning or losing of a battle. A battle lost would have dispelled all the dreams of his imagination, and with them would have vanished all his schemes for the future welfare of France. He

saw the danger, but was not intimidated by it; and trusting to his accustomed good fortune, and to the courage and fidelity of his troops, he said, "I have, it is true, many conscripts in my army, but they are Frenchmen. Four years ago, did I not with a feeble army drive before me hordes of Sardinians and Austrians, and scour the face of Italy? We shall do so again. The sun which now shines on us is the same that shone at Arcola and Lodi. I rely on Massena. I hope he will hold out in Genoa. But should famine oblige him to surrender, I will retake Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. With what pleasure shall I then return to my dear France! *Ma belle France!*"

At this moment, when a possible, nay, a probable chance, might for ever have blasted his ambitious hopes, he for the first time spoke of France as his. Considering the circumstances in which we then stood, this use of the possessive pronoun *my*, describes more forcibly than anything that can be said the flashes of alienation which crossed Bonaparte's brain when he was wrapt up in his chimerical ideas of glory and fortune.

In this favourable disposition of mind, the First Consul arrived at Martigny on the 20th of May. Martigny is a convent of Bernardines, situated in a valley where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate. The army was in full march to the Great St. Bernard. In this gloomy solitude did Bonaparte wait three days, expecting the fort of Bard, situated beyond the mountain and the road

to Yvrée, to surrender. The town was carried on the 21st of May, and on the third day he learned that the fort still held out, and that there were no indications of its surrender. He launched into complaints against the commander of the siege and said, "I am weary of staying here; those fools will never take Bard; I must go myself and see what can be done. How vexatious to be tormented by so contemptible an affair!" He immediately gave orders for our departure.

The grand idea of the invasion of Italy by crossing Mount St. Bernard, emanated exclusively from the First Consul. This miraculous achievement justly excited the admiration of the world. The incredible difficulties it presented did not daunt the courage of Bonaparte's troops. His generals, accustomed as they had been to brave fatigue and danger, regarded without concern the gigantic enterprize of the modern Hannibal.

A convent or hospital which had been established on the mountain for the purpose of affording assistance to solitary travellers, sufficiently bespeaks the dangers of these stormy regions. But St. Bernard was now to be crossed, not by solitary travellers, but by an army. Cavalry, baggage, cassoons, and artillery were now to wend their way along those narrow paths where the goat-herd cautiously picks his footsteps. On the one hand, masses of snow, suspended above our heads, every moment threatened to break in avalanches, and sweep us away in their descent. On the

other, a false step was death. We all passed, men and horses, one by one, along the paths. * The artillery was dismounted, and the guns, put into excavated trunks of trees, were drawn by ropes.

I have already mentioned that the First Consul had transmitted funds to the Hospital of the Great St. Bernard. The good fathers had procured from the two valleys a considerable supply of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were laid out in front of the hospital, and each soldier, as he defiled, took a glass of wine and a piece of bread and cheese, and then resigned his place to the next. The fathers served, and renewed the portions with admirable order and activity.

The First Consul ascended St. Bernard with that calm self-possession, and that air of indifference, for which he was always remarkable when he felt the necessity of setting an example and exposing himself to danger. He asked his guide many questions about the two valleys, inquired what were the resources of the inhabitants, and whether accidents were as frequent as they were said to be. The guide informed him that the experience of ages enabled the inhabitants to foresee good or bad weather, that they were seldom deceived.

Bonaparte, who wore his grey great-coat, and had his whip in his hand, appeared somewhat disappointed at not seeing any one come from the valley of Aosta to inform him of the taking of the fort of Bard. I never left him for a moment during the ascent. We encountered no personal

danger, and escaped with no other inconvenience than excessive fatigue.

On his arrival at the convent, the First Consul visited the chapel and the three little libraries. He stayed to read a few pages of an old book, of which I have forgotten the title.

At a little distance from the convent are two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high. The fathers mentioned to us the death of several travellers, who, in spite of their advice, had ascended to the summits of those icy peaks, without the precaution of having iron guards for their feet and hands.

We partook of a frugal repast at the convent. The little garden was still covered with snow, and I said to one of the fathers, "You can have but few vegetables here."—"We get our vegetables from the valleys," he replied; "but in the month of August, in warm seasons, we have a few lettuces of our own growing."

When we reached the summit of the mountain we seated ourselves on the snow and slid along. Those who went first smoothed the way for those who came behind them. This rapid descent greatly amused us, and we were only stopped by the mud which succeeded the snow, at the distance of five or six hundred toises down the declivity.

We crossed, or rather climbed up, Mount Albaredo, to avoid passing under the Fort of Bard, which closes the valley of Aosta. As it was impossible to get the artillery up this mountain, it was resolved to convey it through the town

of Bard, which was not fortified. For this operation we made choice of night, and the wheels of the cannon and cassoons, and even the horses' feet, being wrapped in straw, the whole passed quietly through the little town. They were, indeed, under the fire of the fort; however, it did not so completely command the street but that the houses would have protected us against any very fatal consequences. A great part of the army had passed before the surrender of the fort, which so completely commands the narrow valley leading to Aosta, that it is difficult to comprehend the negligence of the Austrians; by very simple precautions, they might have rendered the passage of Saint Bernard unavailing.

On the 23d we came within sight of the Fort of Bard, which commands the road bounded by the Doria Baltea on the right, and Mount Albaredo on the left. The Doria Baltea is a little torrent, which separates the town of Bard from the fort. Bonaparte, whose retinue was not very numerous, crossed the torrent. On arriving within gun-shot of the fort, he ordered us to quicken our pace, to gain a little path on the left, leading to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and turning the town and fort of Bard. We ascended this path on foot, with some difficulty. On reaching the summit of the mountain, which commands the fort, Bonaparte levelled his telescope on the grass, and stationing himself behind some bushes, which served at once to shelter and conceal him, he attentively reconnoitred the fort. After address-

ing several questions to the persons who had come to give him information, he mentioned, in a tone of dissatisfaction, the faults that had been committed, and ordered the erection of a new battery to attack a point which he marked out, and from whence, he said, the firing of a few guns would oblige the fort to surrender. Having given these orders, he descended the mountain, and went to sleep that night at Yvrée. On the 2d of June we learnt that the fort had surrendered the day before.

The passage of Mount Saint Bernard must occupy a great place in the annals of successful temerity. The boldness of the First Consul seemed, as it were, to have fascinated the enemy, and his enterprize was so unexpected that not a single Austrian corps defended the approaches of the fort of Bard. The country was entirely exposed, and we only encountered here and there a few feeble parties, who were incapable of checking our march upon Milan. Bonaparte's advance astonished and confounded the enemy, who thought of nothing but marching back the way he came, and renouncing the invasion of France. The bold genius which actuated Bonaparte did not inspire General Melas, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces. If Melas had had the firmness which ought to belong to the leader of an army—if he had compared the respective positions of the two parties—if he had considered that there was no longer time to regain his line of operations, and recover his communication with

the hereditary states—that he was master of all the strong places in Italy—that he had nothing to fear from Massena;—if, then, following Bonaparte's example, he had marched upon Lyons, what would have become of the First Consul? Melas would have found few obstacles, and almost every where undefended towns, while the French army would have been exhausted, without having an enemy to fight. This is, doubtless, what Bonaparte would have done, had he been Melas; but, fortunately for us, Melas was not a Bonaparte.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, the day on which the First Consul heard that the fort of Bard was taken. But little resistance was opposed to our entrance into the capital of Lombardy, and the term 'engagements' can scarcely be applied to a few affairs of advance posts, in which success could not be for a moment doubtful. The fort of Milan was immediately blockaded. Murat was sent to Placenza, of which he took possession without difficulty, and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He was far from imagining that by that exploit he conquered for himself a future duchy.

The First Consul passed six days at Milan. On the day after our arrival there, a spy, who had served us very well in the first campaign in Italy, was announced. The First Consul recollected him, and ordered him to be shewn into his cabinet. "What, are you here?" he exclaimed; "so, you are not shot yet!"—"General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I determined to

serve the Austrians, because you were far from Europe. I always follow my fortune; but the truth is, I am tired of the trade. I wish to have done with it, and to get enough to enable me to retire. I have been sent to your lines by General Melas, and I can render you an important service. I will give an exact account of the force and the position of all the enemies' corps, and the names of their commanders. I can tell you the situation in which Alessandria now is. You know me: I will not deceive you; but, I must carry back some report to my general. You need not care for giving me some true particulars, which I can communicate to him."—"Oh! as to that," resumed the First Consul, "the enemy is welcome to know my forces and my position, provided I know his, and he be ignorant of my plans. You shall be satisfied; but do not deceive me: I will give you a thousand Louis if you serve me well." I then wrote down, from the dictation of the spy, the names of the corps, their amount, their position, and the names of the generals commanding them. The First Consul stuck pins in the map to mark his plans on places, respecting which he received information from the spy. We also learned that Alessandria was without provisions, that Melas was far from expecting a siege, that many of his troops were sick, and that he wanted medicines. Berthier was ordered to draw up for the spy a nearly accurate statement of our position. The information given by this man proved so accurate and useful, that on his return

from Marengo, Bonaparte ordered me to pay him the thousand Louis. The spy afterwards informed him, that Melas was delighted with the way in which he had served him in this affair, and had rewarded him handsomely. He assured us that he had bidden farewell to his odious profession. The First Consul regarded this little event as one of the favours of fortune.

In passing through Geneva the First Consul had an interview with M. Necker.* I know not how it happened, but at the time he did not speak to me of this interview. However, I was curious to know what he thought of a man who had acquired so much celebrity in France. One evening, when we were talking of one thing and another, I managed to turn the conversation on that subject. "M. Necker," said he, "appears to me very far below his reputation. He did not fulfil the idea I had formed of him. I tried all I could to get him to talk; but he said nothing remarkable. He is an ideologist. A banker. It is impossible that such a man can have any but narrow views; and, besides, all celebrated people lose on a close view."—"Not always, General," observed I.—"Ah!" said he, smiling, "that is not bad,

* Madame de Staël briefly mentions this interview in her *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*:—"M. Necker," she says, "had an interview with Bonaparte, when he was on his way to Italy by the passage of Mount Saint Bernard, a few days before the battle of Marengo. During this conversation, which lasted two hours, the First Consul made a very favourable impression on my father, by the confident way he spoke of his future projects."

Bourrienne. You are improving. I see I shall make something of you in time."

The day was approaching when all was to be lost or won. The First Consul made all his arrangements, and sent off the different corps to occupy the points he had marked out. I have already mentioned that Murat's task was the occupation of Placenza. As soon as he was in possession of that town, he intercepted a courier of General Melas. The despatch, which was addressed to the Aulic Council of Vienna, was delivered to us on the night of the 8th of June. It announced the capitulation of Genoa, which took place on the 4th, after the long and memorable defence, which reflected so much honour on Massena. Melas in his despatch spoke of what he called our pretended army of reserve, with inconceivable contempt, and alluded to the presence of Bonaparte in Italy as a mere fabrication. He declared he was still in Paris. It was past three in the morning when Murat's courier arrived. I immediately translated the despatch, which was in German. About four o'clock I entered the chamber of the First Consul, whom I was obliged to shake by the arm in order to wake him. He had desired me, as I have already mentioned, never to respect his repose on the arrival of bad news; but on the receipt of good news to let him sleep. I read to him the despatch, and so much was he confounded by this unexpected event that his first exclamation was: "Bah, you do not understand German." He immediately rose, and

by eight o'clock in the morning orders were dispatched for repairing the possible consequences of this disaster, and countermanding the march of the troops on the Scrivia. He himself proceeded the same day to Stradella.

I have seen it mentioned in some accounts that the First Consul in person gained the battle of Montebello. This is a mistake. He did not leave Milan until the 9th of June, and that very day Lannes was engaged with the enemy. The conflict was so terrible that Lannes, a few days after, describing it in my presence to M. Collot, used these remarkable words, which I well remember:—"Bones were cracking in my division like a shower of hail falling on a sky-light."

By a singular chance Dessaix, who contributed to the victory and stopped the rout of Marengo, arrived from Egypt at Toulon, on the very day on which we departed from Paris. He was enabled to leave Egypt in consequence of the capitulation of El-Arish, which happened on the 4th of January 1800. He wrote to me a letter dated 16th Floreal, year VIII. (6th of May 1800), announcing his arrival. This letter I did not receive until we reached Martigny. I shewed it to the First Consul. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "Dessaix in Paris!" and he immediately dispatched an order for him to repair to the head-quarters of the Army of Italy, wherever they might be. Dessaix arrived at Stradella on the morning of the 11th of June. The First Consul received him with the warmest cordiality, as a man for whom he had

a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected of him. Bonaparte was jealous of some generals, the rivalry of whose ambition he feared: but on this subject Dessaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent and information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for her own sake, and that every wish for the possession of political power was foreign from his mind. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. At this interview at Stradella, Dessaix was closeted with the First Consul for upwards of three hours. On the day after his arrival, an order of the day communicated to the army that Dessaix was appointed to the command of Boudet's division.*

I expressed to Bonaparte my surprise at his long interview with Dessaix.—“Yes,” replied he, “he has been a long time with me; but you know what a favourite he is. As soon as I return to Paris I will make him war minister. I would make him a prince, if I could. He is quite an antique character.” Dessaix died two days after he had completed his thirty-third year.

About this time M. Collot came to Italy, and saw Bonaparte at Milan. The latter received him coldly, though he had not yet gained the battle of Marengo. M. Collot had been on the most

* Boudet was on terms of great intimacy with Bonaparte, who no doubt was much affected at his death. However, the only remark he made on receiving the intelligence, was, “Who the devil shall I get to supply Boudet's place?”

intimate footing with Bonaparte, and had rendered him many acts of service. These circumstances sufficiently accounted for Bonaparte's coolness; for he would never acknowledge himself under obligations to any one, and he did not like those who were initiated into certain family secrets, which he had resolved to conceal.

The day after this cool interview, I had a long conversation with M. Collot, while Bonaparte was gone to review some corps stationed at Milan. M. Collot perfectly understood the cause of the unkind treatment he had experienced, and of which he gave me the following explanation.

Some days before the consulate, that is to say, two or three days after our return from Egypt, Bonaparte, during his jealous fit, spoke to M. Collot about his wife, her levities, and their publicity. "Henceforth," said Bonaparte, "I will have nothing to do with her."—"What, would you part from her?"—"Does not her conduct justify me in so doing?"—"I do not know; but is this the time to think of such a thing, when the eyes of all France are fixed upon you? These domestic squabbles will degrade you in the eyes of the people, who expect you to be wholly devoted to their interests; and you will be laughed at, like one of Molière's husbands. If you are displeased with your wife's conduct, you can call her to account when you have nothing better to do. Begin, by raising up the state. After that you may find a thousand reasons for your resentment, when now you would not find one. You

know the French people well enough, to see how important it is that you should not commence with this absurdity."

By these and other similar remarks, M. Collot thought he had produced some impression, when Bonaparte suddenly exclaimed, "No, my determination is formed; she shall never again enter my house. I care not what people say. They will gossip about the affair for two days, and on the third it will be forgotten. She shall go to Malmaison, and I will live here. The public know enough, not to be mistaken as to the reasons of her removal."

M. Collot vainly endeavoured to calm his irritation. Bonaparte vented a torrent of reproaches upon Josephine. "All this violence," observed M. Collot, "proves that you still love her. Do but see her; she will explain the business to your satisfaction, and you will forgive her."—"I forgive her! Never! Collot, you know me. If I were not sure of my own resolution, *I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire.*" Here anger almost choked his utterance, and he made a motion with his hand, as if tearing his breast.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, M. Collot withdrew; but before he went away, Bonaparte engaged him to breakfast on the following morning.

At ten o'clock M. Collot was there, and as he was passing through the court-yard, he was informed that Madame Bonaparte, who, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Lyons, without

meeting the General, had returned during the night. On M. Collot's entrance, Bonaparte appeared considerably embarrassed. He led him into a little closet, not wishing to bring him into the room where I was writing, "Well," said Bonaparte to M. Collot, "she is here."—"I rejoice to hear it. You have done well for yourself, as well as for us."—"But do not imagine I have forgiven her. As long as I live I shall suspect. The fact is, that on her arrival, I desired her to be gone; but that fool Joseph was there. What could I do, Collot? I saw her descend the staircase, followed by Eugène and Hortense. They were all weeping; and I have not a heart to resist tears. Eugène was with me in Egypt. I have been accustomed to look upon him as my adopted son. He is a fine, brave lad. Hortense is just about to be introduced to society, and she is admired by all who know her. I confess, Collot, I was deeply moved; I could not endure the distress of the two poor children. 'Should they,' thought I, 'suffer for their mother's faults?' I called back Eugène and Hortense, and her mother followed them. What could I say, what could I do? I should not be a man, without some weakness."—"Be assured they will reward you for this."—"They ought, Collot, they ought; for it has cost me a hard struggle." After this dialogue, Bonaparte and M. Collot entered the breakfast-parlour, where I was then sitting. Eugène breakfasted with us, but neither Josephine nor Hortense. I have already related how I acted the

part of mediator in this affair. Next day nothing was wanting to complete the reconciliation between the conqueror of Egypt and the charming woman who conquered Bonaparte.

On the 13th the First Consul slept at Torre di Galifolo. During the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether there was a bridge across the Bormida. A report arrived very late that there was none. This information set Bonaparte's mind at rest, and he went to bed, very well satisfied; but, early next morning, when a firing was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched in the plain, where an engagement had taken place, he flew into a furious passion, called the staff-officer a coward, and said he had not advanced far enough. He even spoke of bringing the matter to an investigation. From motives of delicacy, I refrain from mentioning the name of the officer here alluded to.

Bonaparte mounted his horse, and proceeded immediately to the scene of action. I did not see him again until six in the evening. In obedience to his instructions, I repaired to San Juliano, which is not above two leagues from the place where the engagement commenced. In the course of the afternoon I saw a great many wounded passing through the village, and shortly afterwards a multitude of fugitives. At San Juliano nothing was talked of but the retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone firmly opposed. I was then advised to leave San Juliano, where I had just received a courier for the General-in-Chief. On

the morning of the 14th, General Dessaix was sent upon Novi, to observe the Genoa road. I returned with this division to San Juliano. I was struck with that numerical weakness of the corps, which was marching to aid an army, already much reduced and dispersed. The battle was looked upon as lost, and so, indeed, it was. The First Consul having asked Dessaix what he thought of it, that brave général bluntly replied, "The battle is completely lost; but it is only two o'clock, we have time to gain another to-day." I heard this from Bonaparte himself. Who could have imagined that Dessaix's little corps, together with the few heavy cavalry, commanded by General Kellermann, would, about five o'clock, have changed the fortune of the day? It cannot be denied, that it was the instantaneous inspiration of Kellermann, that converted a defeat into a victory, and decided the battle of Marengo.

That memorable battle, whose results were incalculable, has been described in various ways. Bonaparte had an account of it commenced no less than three times; and I must confess that none of the narratives are more correct than that contained in the *Memoirs* of the Duke de Rovigo. The Emperor Napoleon became dissatisfied with what had been said by the First Consul Bonaparte. For my part, not having had the honour to bear a sword, I cannot say that I saw any particular movement executed in this or that way; but I may mention here what I heard said on the evening of the battle of Marengo, respecting the probable chances

of that event. As to the part which the First Consul took in it, the reader, perhaps, is sufficiently acquainted with his character, to account for it. He did not choose that a result so decisive should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations of his genius; and if I had not known his insatiable thirst of glory, I should have been surprised at the sort of half satisfaction evinced at the cause of the success, amidst the joy manifested for the success itself. It must be confessed, that in this he was very unlike Jourdan, Hoche, Kleber, and Moreau, who were ever ready to acknowledge the services of those who had fought under their orders.

Within two hours of the time when the division, commanded by Dessaix, left San Juliano, I was joyfully surprised by the triumphant return of the army, whose fate, since the morning, had caused me so much anxiety. Never did fortune, within so short a time, shew herself under two such various faces. At two o'clock, all denoted the desolation of a defeat, with all its fatal consequences; at five, victory was again faithful to the flag of Arcola. Italy was reconquered by a single blow; and the crown of France appeared in the perspective.

At seven in the evening, when I returned with the First Consul to head-quarters, he expressed to me his sincere regret for the loss of Dessaix, and then he added, "Little Kellermann made a lucky charge. It was made just at the right moment. We are much indebted to him. You

see what trifling circumstances decide these affairs."

These few words shew that Bonaparte sufficiently appreciated the services of Kellermann. However, when that officer approached the table, at which were seated the First Consul and a number of his generals, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a very good charge." By way of counterbalancing this cool compliment, he turned towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, and said, "Bessières, the guard has covered itself with glory." Yet the fact is, that the guard took no part in the charge of Kellermann, who could assemble only five hundred heavy cavalry; and with this handful of brave men, he cut in two the Austrian column, which had overwhelmed Desaix' division, and had made six thousand prisoners. The guard was not engaged at Marengo until nightfall.

Next day it was reported that Kellermann, in his first feeling of dissatisfaction at the dry congratulation he had received, said to the First Consul, "I have placed the crown on your head." I did not hear this, and I cannot vouch for the truth of its having been said. I could only have ascertained that fact through Bonaparte, and, of course, I could not, with propriety, remind him of a thing which must have been very offensive to him. However, whether true or not, the observation was circulated about, both verbally and in writing, and Bonaparte knew it. Hence the small degree of favour shewn to Kellermann,

who was not made a general of division on the field of battle, as a reward for his charge at Marengo.

M. Delafores, the post-master-general, sometimes transacted business with the First Consul. The nature of this business may easily be guessed at. On the occasion of one of their interviews, the First Consul saw a letter from Kellermann to Lasalle, which contained the following passage: "Would you believe, my friend, that Bonaparte has not made me a general of division, though I have just placed the crown on his head." The letter was sealed up, and sent to its address; but Bonaparte never forgot its contents.

Whether Kellermann did or did not give the crown of France to the First Consul, it is very certain that, on the evening of the battle of Marengo, he gave him a supper, of which his famishing staff and the rest of us partook. This was no inconsiderable service in the destitute condition in which we were. We thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in profiting by the precaution of Kellermann, who had procured provisions from one of those pious retreats which are always well supplied, and which soldiers are very glad to fall in with when campaigning. It was the Convent del Bosco which, on this occasion, was put under contribution; and in return for the abundance of good provisions and wine with which they supplied the commander of the heavy artillery, the holy fathers were allowed a guard to protect them against pillage and the other disastrous concomitants of war.

After supper, the First Consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. When we were alone, I said to him, "General, here is a fine victory. You recollect what you said the other day about the pleasure with which you would return to France after striking a grand blow in Italy; surely, you must be satisfied now?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Dessaix!..... Ah, what a triumph would this have been if I could have embraced him to-night on the field of battle!" As he uttered these words, I saw that Bonaparte was on the point of shedding tears, so sincere and profound was his grief for the death of Dessaix. He certainly never loved, esteemed, or regretted any man so much.

The death of Dessaix has been variously related, and I need not now state that the words attributed to him in the bulletin were imaginary. Neither did he die in the arms of his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, as I wrote from the dictation of the First Consul. The following facts are more correct, or at all events, more probable. The death of Dessaix was not perceived at the moment it took place. He fell without saying a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre-Desnouettes. A battalion-sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barrois, seeing him extended on the ground, asked permission to pick up his cap. It was found to be perforated behind; and this circumstance leaves it doubtful whether Dessaix was killed by some unlucky inadvertency while advancing at the head of his

troops, or by the enemy when turning towards his men to encourage them. However, the event was so instantaneous, the disorder so complete, and the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising there should be no positive account of the circumstances which attended his death.

Early next morning, the Prince of Lichtenstein came from General Melas with negotiations to the First Consul. The propositions of the general did not suit Bonaparte, and he declared to the prince that the army shut up in Alessandria should evacuate freely, and with the honours of war; but on those conditions, which are well known, and by which Italy was to be fully restored to the French domination. That day were repaired the faults of Scherer, whose inertness and imbecility had paralyzed every thing, and who had fled, defeated, from the Adriatic to Mount Cenis. The Prince of Lichtenstein begged to return to render an account of his mission to General Melas. He came back in the evening, and made many observations on the hard nature of the conditions. "Sir," replied the First Consul, in a tone of marked impatience, "carry my final determination to your general, and return quickly. It is irrevocable! Know that I am as well acquainted with your position as you are yourselves. I did not begin to learn the art of war yesterday. You are blocked up in Alessandria: you have many sick and wounded: you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy the

whole of your rear. Your finest troops are among the killed and wounded. I might insist on harder conditions: my position would warrant me in so doing; but I moderate my demands in consideration of the grey hairs of your general, whom I respect.”

This reply was delivered with considerable dignity and energy. I shewed the prince out, and he said to me, “These conditions are very hard, especially that of giving up Genoa, which surrendered to us only a fortnight ago, after so long a siege.” It is a curious fact, that the Emperor of Austria received intelligence of the capitulation and restitution of Genoa at the same time.

When the First Consul returned to Milan, he made Savary and Rapp his aides-de-camp. They had previously served in the same rank under Dessaix. The First Consul was at first not much disposed to take them, alleging that he had aides-de-camp enough. But his respect for the choice of Dessaix, added to a little solicitation on my part, soon removed every obstacle. These two officers served him to the last hour of his political career with unfailing zeal and fidelity.

CHAPTER XI.

Suspension of hostilities—Letter to the consuls—Second occupation of Milan—Bonaparte and Massena—My conversation with M. Collot—Recollections of the 18th and 19th Brumaire.

WHAT little time and little things sometimes suffice to change the destiny of nations! We left Milan on the 13th of June, Marengo on the 14th, and on the 15th Italy was ours. A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies was the immediate result of a single battle; and by virtue of a convention, concluded between Berthier and Melas, we resumed possession of all the fortified places of any importance, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as this convention was signed, Bonaparte dictated to me, at Torre di Gallifolo, the following letter to his colleagues:—

“ The day after the battle of Marengo, *Citizens Consuls*, General Melas transmitted a message to our advance posts, requesting permission to send

General Skal to me. During the day, the convention, of which I send you a copy, was drawn up, and at night it was signed by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with the conduct of their army.

“ BONAPARTE.”

The only thing worthy of remark in this letter, would be the concluding sentence, in which the First Consul still affected to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, were it not that the words, “ Citizens Consuls,” were evidently foisted in with a particular design. The battle was gained; and even in a trifling matter like this, it was necessary that the two other consuls should feel that they were not so much the colleagues as the inferiors of the First Consul.

We returned to Milan, and our second occupation of that city was marked by continued acclamations, wherever the First Consul shewed himself. At Milan, the First Consul now saw Massena for the first time since our departure for Egypt. Bonaparte lavished upon him the highest praises, but not higher than he deserved, for his admirable defence of Genoa. He marked him out as his successor in the command of the Army of Italy. Moreau was on the Rhine, and therefore none but the conqueror of Zurich could properly have succeeded the First Consul in that command. The first blow was struck; but there might still occur an emergency, requiring the presence of a skilful, experienced general, well acquainted with

the country. And, besides, we could not be perfectly at ease, until it was ascertained what conditions would be adhered to by the cabinet of Vienna, which was then entirely under the influence of the cabinet of London.

On the eve of our departure from Milan, I had, with M. Collot, a conversation, which may conveniently be related here. In again bringing before the reader the events of the 18th Brumaire, I may observe, that M. Collot saw those events in a nearer and different point of view than that in which I observed them. I made notes of the conversation which I am now about to describe. Did I not mention this fact, M. Collot might naturally be surprised at the supposed fidelity of my memory.

On the day of our conversation, M. Collot had been on an excursion with Joseph Bonaparte to the Borrromea Islands, and I recollect his telling me, that when he called for the new counsellor of state, he found him in very bad company. Be this as it may, the following are some facts I collected from the mouth of M. Collot, and which have not hitherto been related in the course of these memoirs.

On his return to Paris from Egypt, Bonaparte repaired to the Directory so precipitately, that the Directors had not made up their minds as to the way in which they would receive him. He was announced by an usher. The Directors, hesitating about what they should do, allowed him to remain a few minutes in the waiting-room.

He became impatient, and went out for the purpose of getting into his carriage, to drive home again.* The Directors being informed of this, sent after him. He returned, and in his way met one of the five sovereigns, who was going in pursuit of him. On being introduced to their presence, he addressed them with the confidence of a man who had come to demand an account of their conduct, rather than to justify his own.

In the evening, M. Collot, who went a great deal into company, saw several persons who were of opinion that the Directory should have punished the insolence of the General; that they should have tried him by a court martial, and have shot him as a deserter, and a violator of the sanitary laws of the country. But all this clamour was vain. Bonaparte had formed too accurate an estimate of the weakness of the government, to fear the adoption of any authoritative measure. Could he be mistaken as to the sentiments of France, when the acclamations, of which he was the object, were mingled with well merited reproaches on the Directory?

On the day after Bonaparte's visit to the Directory, all the influential men eagerly thronged to congratulate him on his return. He could easily perceive that their wishes directed him to the helm of government. On this occasion,

* I did not accompany Bonaparte in this first visit to the Directory, and I was rather astonished that he did not relate to me what passed, as he was then in the habit of doing whenever he went any where without me.

one thing which struck the General as very remarkable, was the absence of M. Collot. He directed Renault de Saint Jean d'Angély to write a letter to him, as if it were his own voluntary act. In this letter, Bonaparte instructed Renault to say to M. Collot, "You would have been glad to be in my pocket yesterday. You would, for the space of an hour, have received compliments that must have gratified you. You would have heard it affirmed, that you were a good, feeling, and benevolent man, and that you were the object of interest and esteem. All this was said by Bonaparte to Arnaud and me. Go then, and see him; he will receive you with pleasure."

Next day M. Collot called on Bonaparte. He found him in his drawing-room, standing with his back to the fire-place, surrounded by all the retinue who had been, on the preceding day, to pay their court to him, and sound his projects. Bonaparte listened, and spoke little, confining himself merely to such remarks as were calculated to keep up the conversation, and give it the direction he wished. It lasted three hours, and concluded with these remarkable words:—"My situation is very peculiar. Many persons come to offer me power, as if it were at their disposal. If it were, they would have already seized it; *but that is no easy matter, particularly now.*"—"These last words," said M. Collot, "were pronounced in something like a tone of defiance, and yet with an air of simplicity which prevented them from giving offence. The circle withdrew, and Bona-

parte detained M. Collot. It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise that he took so little pains to conciliate the deputies, generals, and magistrates who then ruled France. The fact was, he conceived that under a rotten government nobody can possess any real power, or be of any real utility; and he would not accept the services of any party, to avoid being afterwards importuned by their demands. By accepting the support of any particular party, he feared he should appear, in the eyes of France, as the head of a faction, while he then sincerely aspired to be regarded as the peaceful restorer of the state, which was sinking beneath a weight of disgrace.

When we set out on the Egyptian expedition, M. Collot accompanied us; but he stopped at Malta on account of some little differences between him and the General-in-Chief. If, on Bonaparte's return to Paris, M. Collot had called upon him, he feared he should be set down as one of the mean worshippers of fortune's favourite; and for that reason he waited for a letter of invitation; he explained himself in the same way to Bonaparte. "You had no such fear," said the General, "you had too well proved to me that you were neither hunting after money nor favours. Say, rather, that you were deterred by a feeling of embarrassment, or rather by pride; it was that which separated us at Malta. But for that, you would have gone with me to Egypt. You remember the letter you wrote on leaving me?"—"Yes, General."—"There was something rather pointed in

it."—"If I had thought so, I would have thrown down my pen. It was the sincere effusion of my feelings."—"Oh! but it was rather sharp, I assure you. However, let us forget the past."

Bonaparte certainly did forget the past, as long as M. Collot could be of use to him; and he only recollected it when he found he could dispense with him. M. Collot saw the General every day, and the following is a proof of the confidence Bonaparte reposed in him:—On the 16th Brumaire, he said to him, "Collot, hire a house at Saint Cloud, and get it ready as soon as possible for a supper party of five-and-twenty or thirty persons." M. Collot immediately sent a confidential person to Saint Cloud; the house was hired, and got ready; and on the morning of the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte said to Collot, "We shall sup there to-morrow."

M. Collot was acquainted with all the plots and intrigues that were hatched in Paris, as well by Bonaparte and his adherents, as by the men who acted in opposition to them. It has already been seen that, at the period to which my conversation with M. Collot refers, Bonaparte had formed the resolute determination of overthrowing the Directory; but, at the same time, he wished it to fall quietly. I knew this well; but being always confined to the cabinet of Bonaparte, if I understood better than any one his secret projects, I was not so intimately acquainted with what was going on elsewhere. It is, therefore; with no small degree of satisfaction that I

find in my Milan notes, many interesting particulars. I there find it stated, that MM. de Talleyrand and Fouché were the first to testify by the reports which they circulated in Paris, that they were ready to enter into Bonaparte's plan, and that they could gain over Sieyes without much difficulty. I also find that attempts were made to negotiate with Moreau; and, though his language indicated that he would take no part in the affair, yet his character afforded ground for believing that he would raise no obstacle to it. Nothing was said on the subject to Jourdan, Bernadotte, or Augereau. They were known to be too closely connected with the party of Salicetti, Garreau, Aréna, Destrem, and some other Deputies. Towards them a certain degree of reserve was maintained, because it was known that they would be difficult to manage, and because it was also known that they were anxiously watching every motion of Bonaparte, and the persons who frequented his house. They foresaw that something was brewing against the government; but that government was sunk so low, that no one could venture to defend it, or even to acknowledge it; so that Bonaparte's antagonists, without a leader or a rallying point, were reduced to the necessity of looking to their own safety, under the vain pretence of fidelity to a constitution already violated, and to a Directory, which they were the first to despise. Against the projects of Bonaparte, they could not do more than they did; that is to say, make a noise; and in politics, no-

thing is more absurd than resistance, when accompanied by the conviction of its inutility.

Sebastiani, the commander of a regiment of dragoons, garrisoned in Paris, and Jubé, who commanded the Guard of the Directory, assured Bonaparte of the favourable sentiments of those two corps. On the 15th Brumaire, every thing was finally arranged, for it was then ascertained that Bonaparte had no obstacle to fear. It was then that he directed M. Collot to hire the house at Saint Cloud. On the 17th, it was determined that Bonaparte should repair to the Tuileries at day-break, and the troops, for whom the two commanders had become responsible, were to be stationed in the neighbourhood.

On the 18th, Bonaparte accordingly proceeded to the Tuileries on horseback, as I have already mentioned; and it is curious, that while all Paris was informed of this movement, the Directory alone was ignorant of it. Ouvrard, and Madame Tallien hastened to convey the intelligence to Barras, whom they roused out of his sleep.* They informed him that his guard had deserted the Luxembourg, and was obeying the orders of Bonaparte. Barras immediately rose, and despatched his secretary, Botot, to the Tuileries, to learn from Bonaparte himself what was going on.

Botot arrived, said Collot, at the very moment when the General was alighting from his horse.

* The visit which I made to Barras on the night of the 17th in Bonaparte's stead, and by his direction, may account for Barras being in bed at this time.

Here I will let M. Collot speak for himself:—
“ You cannot imagine, my dear Bourrienne,” said he, “ how Bonaparte looked when he saw Botot. He went straight up to him, and apostrophizing him as if he constituted the whole Directory in his own person, said, ‘ What have you done with France?’ You know Bonaparte is not always eloquent. But I know not what genius inspired him at that moment. Sublime expressions and images flowed from his lips, in a torrent of eloquence. He described the state of France when he left the country; her arsenals full, her territory extended, her troops well clothed, well fed, every where victorious; he exhibited her adorned with triumphs, peaceable at home and respected abroad, powerful in every direction. Then suddenly transporting himself to our recent fields of battle, he pictured the soldiers, who, under him, were acquainted only with victory, lying dead on the scenes of their defeat. He painted in glowing colours the humiliated survivors of those disasters, returning to France covered with wretched rags;—our laurels tarnished—our frontiers invaded—our arsenals deserted—our fortresses dismantled—our magazines empty—our finances exhausted—the citizens discontented—disorder, licence, and oppression prevailing every where—finally, infamy and opprobrium resting on the palace of the Directory. All this was described in language so forcible and impressive, and pronounced in so imposing a tone of authority and grief, that every individual who heard

him was filled with indignation against the Directory. Botot was paralysed, and did not open his mouth. He saw that from that moment the Directory ceased to exist, and he hastened to announce its fall to Barras, and the rest of his colleagues.

“ You know better than I do (continued M. Collot,) what passed on his return to the house in the Rue Chantreine; but I regret that you were not able, like myself, to see the General in the Council of Five Hundred. Assuredly, after the reception he met with on the 18th, he could not have anticipated the scene at St. Cloud on the day after. He entered, and was instantly saluted with the name of the saviour of his country. Such of the representatives as had been initiated the preceding evening, the creatures of Fouché, who had been sent before hand to take possession of the saloon, hailed his arrival with unprecedented acclamations. The rest, surprised or intimidated, led away by example, joined in the acclamations, and then the decree was passed which filled us with joy, giving the General the command of the armed force. Had you been present at this spectacle; had you beheld Napoleon coming out triumphant, clothed in his new title, and certain of the removal of the national representation to St. Cloud; had you seen the Chamber of the Ancients, and the Chamber of the Five Hundred instantly abandoned; you would have felt yourself carried back to the period of the decay of the Roman empire, when the sena-

tors of Rome, compelled to acknowledge a prince whom they had not chosen, eagerly saluted him with the titles of liberator, friend of the people, father of the country, the divine, in short with all those titles which adulation invents, and fear repeats. You would have seen before you a living and animated translation of the most beautiful passages of Tacitus.

“It is necessary, however, to render justice to truth. All the praises bestowed on Bonaparte were not dictated by flattery. Many were the result of gratitude and admiration. Still, more sprang from hope. France entertained, no doubt of his genius, and was disposed to believe in his virtue.”

This was the tenor of M. Collot's communication to me; but on looking over my notes made at Milan, I recollected a circumstance which I learnt at the time from Regnauld St. Jean d'Angely, but which I had forgotten, namely, that on the evening of the day when Bonaparte gave so energetic a scolding to Bottot, several persons who were powerfully excited by Bonaparte's language, assembled at Regnauld's, and endeavoured to reduce what he had said to writing, in order to send it to the journalists. After long efforts, every one was dissatisfied with his performance, and it was agreed that Rœderer's edition of the mass of ideas, which were possessed amongst them in common, should be adopted. M. Collot, to whom I spoke respecting the account which appeared in the *Moniteur*, told me that it was vapid and

faint compared with the colossal, energetic and majestic picture which Bonaparte had exhibited at the Tuileries. However, I speak of Bonaparte's eloquence on the authority of M. Collot. I have already stated that his eloquence fell far below mediocrity on the following day in my presence.

Fouché's lynx eyes were constantly fixed upon the proceedings of the opposite party. He got information of their meeting, and hastened at ten o'clock at night to Bonaparte. He instantly convoked the principal actors in the enterprise commenced under such happy auspices. After having described the actual state of affairs, Fouché proposed that at the assembly of the next day, in which a new constitution was to be promulgated, only those representatives should be admitted who had already given pledges of their concurrence. "We will," said he, "issue tickets of admission. All who present themselves without these tickets, shall be excluded." This proposition was strongly supported.

But Bonaparte, who flattered himself with the idea of attaining power without any obstacle; who had been told till he was tired of hearing it repeated, that France wished to invest him with supreme authority; who felt that France had everything to gain by bestowing it on him; and who, above all, aspired to be elected with a great appearance of liberty, declared that he would not be otherwise elected, and rejected Fouché's proposition, which appeared to him of too timid

a character. Neither Moreau nor Lannes were present at this meeting. The former had been appointed chief of the staff, and specially charged with the care of the Directory, and Lannes had received from Bonaparte the command of Paris.

Fouché and several other influential persons, vainly endeavoured to overcome the General's scruples. They told him his scruples were puerile, and that he would compromise the success of an enterprise on which the safety of France depended.

Notwithstanding the force of their reasoning, Bonaparte remained firm in his opinion. Blinded by the success of the morning, he believed himself certain of a triumph the next day, and put an end to the meeting by this short and solemn declaration:—"I do not wish for power, unless I am legally invested with it by the two bodies appointed to delegate it." But night brought counsel, or rather the events arose of themselves.

The members of the opposition, according to an agreement they had entered into on the preceding night, took care to assemble before their colleagues in the room appropriated to the Council of Five Hundred, on the 19th Brumaire. The orangery was the place chosen for the purpose. As the weather was cool stoves were lighted, and a kind of porch, lined with wadded tapestry, sufficiently large to contain about forty or fifty persons, had been constructed to serve as an anti-chamber, or lobby.

It is well known that at the opening of the sit-

ting, it was proposed to take a new oath to the constitution; but I need not repeat what has already been stated. The reader probably has not forgotten that I was with Bonaparte when he made his stammering speech before the Ancients; but that being desired to forward information to Madame Bonaparte of what was going on, I did not accompany him to the Council of Five Hundred. M. Collot was there, and it is impossible to describe the pleasure which Collot and I took, when, in a long conversation at Milan five days after the victory of Marengo, we exchanged recollections then still fresh respecting the strange and complicated destinies which had presided at the birth of a government already powerful, although it had not been in existence more than eight months.

I return to my notes. Fouché had great influence on Bonaparte's conduct, on the day of the 19th Brumaire. In fact, Fouché had discovered, by his agents, that the members of the opposition, emboldened by their first clamours, had despatched expresses to Paris, to strengthen the belief of their success, and to stimulate the zeal of their partizans. He informed Bonaparte of it, and urged him to precipitate the crisis.

What occurred in the Council of Ancients has already been stated. The following is M. Collot's description of what afterwards took place. "On leaving the Council of Ancients, Bonaparte proceeded to the Five Hundred, accompanied by his grenadiers, marching three abreast. He no

sooner appeared, than all who were in the anti-chamber hastened to open a passage for him. He entered, but his escort, less favoured, could not follow; and Bonaparte, turning round, after having for a long time listened to cries of "Outlaw him!" and other exclamations which resounded through the hall, saw that he was accompanied by only two or three soldiers, who alone had succeeded in introducing themselves with him. Astonished at finding himself thus alone, he regained the door, and descended into the court, where you rejoined him. If a single representative had seized Bonaparte, in the saloon of Five Hundred, his party was not strong enough to save him; and if, the instant after, his bloody head had been exhibited at the balcony, and himself pronounced a traitor to the country, the soldiers, little affected at this punishment, would neither have demanded nor executed vengeance; but the opposition members lost half an hour in clamours, disputes, and abuse, and Lucien was dexterous enough to encourage and prolong this tumult.

"When at last Murat charged into the hall, at the head of the grenadiers, taking it by storm, as it were, Bonaparte's adherents, among the representatives, in order to accelerate the dispersion of the members, cried, 'The soldiers are going to fire! Take care of yourselves!' At these words, the assembly, which just before was so bold, was instantly intimidated, and the members all fled precipitately. Those who could not get out at

the doors, escaped through the windows, which were not very high from the ground; and those men whose language had been so fierce and threatening, availed themselves of the darkness of night, fled to the thickets of the park, or wherever they could conceal themselves.

“ Among these prudent legislators a great many were attached to Bonaparte’s party, but alarmed at the consequences of such an act of violence, they did not venture to return and range themselves under his banner. The members of the Council of Five Hundred bore no slight resemblance to the pigeons, who when scared from the dove-cot by the firing of a gun, take to flight, but return afterwards, one by one.”

I related to M. Collot what passed at the meeting of the conspirators, and he completed the picture of the night of the 19th Brumaire, by giving me the following details, respecting the nocturnal sitting at which the consular government was riveted.

“ You know,” said he, “ what noise and tumult accompanied the flight of the deputies, and what an ominous calm succeeded it. You, doubtless, are aware of all the difficulties which were experienced in forming even the shadow of an assembly. About twenty-four deputies, I think, of both chambers, were got together. That was the utmost. I recollect Bonaparte’s anxiety during this time. His usual confidence deserted him for some moments, and he was much indebted to the presence of M. Talleyrand, who encouraged him.

At ten o'clock, according to his wish, the sitting was opened. I was there. What a spectacle did this nocturnal sitting present in the place which had been so lately polluted by the presence of armed men! From this legislative out-house proceeded the consular government.

“Picture to yourself a long, wide place, like a barn, filled with overturned benches, and the president's chair placed close against the bare wall. A little in front of the chair stood a table and two seats. There were two candles on the table, and one on each side of the chair; but neither lustre, nor lamp, nor indeed any light but these four candles. Imagine the pale countenance of Lucien, who was sitting in the chair, reading the new constitution, and at the table two deputies taking notes. On the opposite side was a group of representatives, indifferent to all that was going on. Most of them were reclining on three benches: one of which served as a seat, another a footstool, and a third as a pillow. Amongst them, in the same position, were mingled indiscriminately some private individuals, who took an interested part in the business of the day. At a little distance behind were some servants, who had come in to shelter themselves from the cold, and were sleeping while they waited for their masters. Such was the strange Areopagus which gave a new government to France.

“I must; however, acknowledge that amongst these ephemeral senators who disposed of the destiny of France if some followed the dictates of

ambition, cupidity, or perhaps fear, most of those with whom I had occasion to converse during the day, and since, were influenced by a more noble motive—the desire of preserving the state from a fatal crisis, and by meeting together to give at least an appearance of legality to the consular committee.

“ Be this as it may, you know to what a state of disorganization, contempt, and wretchedness France was reduced. She required a powerful hand to rescue her from the abyss into which she had fallen. No other hand than Bonaparte’s could have raised her up.

“ I stayed till the conclusion of the sitting, which lasted till midnight. I then returned to the house which I had hired, by Bonaparte’s direction, and, as you may suppose, there were little thoughts of the supper which I had ordered. However, eight or ten persons came in, amongst whom were M. de Talleyrand, M. de Semonville, Regnaud de St. Jean d’Angély, and Arnaud. The others who had been invited hastened back to Paris, harassed with fatigue, and impatiently looking forward to the following day.

“ The morning was ushered in more calmly than could have been hoped for. The vanquished party, not daring to rally, remained in quiet and timid retirement. Indeed, as you know, some members of that party greeted Bonaparte with the title of Consul.”—“ I recollect that the man whom Bonaparte saw return to him with most satisfaction was Augereau ; and that Bernadotte was the one

whom he was most vexed not to see among his adherents.”—“ I never could imagine why Bonaparte, who had the power of choosing his colleagues, should have selected Sieyes and Roger Ducos, for they enjoyed no share of public favour. Sieyes, however, was not for a moment deceived as to what would be the result. On quitting the First Consul, he said, in a tone of simplicity, ‘ Really, I believe that this man is working for himself,’ and on parting from the Second Consul, he observed, ‘ We have given ourselves a master.’ Two months after the master dismissed them both with a little gold, tainted by corruption.

“ Do you think,” asked M. Collot, “ that the First Consul and Fouché will agree long ? ”—“ I don’t know, but I fear they will ; for Fouché exercises an ascendancy over him which I cannot understand. But then it must be acknowledged, he is of great use to him, and informs him accurately of all that is said of him.”—“ And, perhaps, of some things that are not said of him. I suspect Fouché has had some share in the coolness which Bonaparte now shews to me.” You remember how alarmed he was, on his return from Egypt, at finding Fouché at the head of the police. To Bonaparte’s imagination, Fouché always appeared accompanied by a train of terrors. Some friends of Bonaparte, astonished that he afterwards chose Fouché, and aware of the sinister impression that such a choice would produce in Paris, spoke to him on the subject. I was one of those persons, and I perceived, from the indifference

with which he listened to my representations, without making any reply, that he was already the dupe of the fox's wiles."

The foregoing is, if not the literal text, at least the faithful import of my conversation with M. Collot at Milan.

CHAPTER XII.

Letter from Lucien to Joseph Bonaparte—The First Consul's return to Paris—Accidents on the road—Difficulty of gaining lasting fame—Assassination of Kleber—Situation of the terrace on which Kleber was stabbed—Odious rumours—Arrival of a courier—A night scene—Bonaparte's distress on perusing the despatches from Egypt.

WHILST victory confirmed, in Italy, the destinies of the First Consul, his brothers were more concerned about their own interests than the affairs of France.

They loved money, as much as Bonaparte loved glory. A letter from Lucien, to his brother Joseph, which I shall subjoin, shews how ready they always were to turn to their own advantage the glory and fortune of him to whom they were indebted for all their importance. I found this letter among my papers, but I cannot tell why and how I preserved it. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows the opinion that family of future kings entertained of their own situation, and of what their fate would have been had

Bonaparte, like Dessaix, fallen on the field of Marengo. It is besides curious to observe the philosopher Lucien causing *Te Deum* to be chaunted, with the view of influencing the public funds. At all events I copy Lucien's letter as he wrote it, giving the words marked in italics, and the numerous notes of exclamation which distinguish the original.

“ June 24th.”

“ I send you a courier ; I particularly wish that the First Consul would give me notice of his arrival twenty-four hours before hand, and that he would inform *me alone* of the barrier by which he will enter. The people wish to prepare triumphal arches for him, and he must not disappoint them.

“ *At my request, Te Deum* was chaunted yesterday. There were sixty thousand persons present.

“ Anteuil's intrigues continue. It has been found difficult to decide between C—— and La F——. The latter has proposed his daughter in marriage to me! Intrigue has been carried to the last extreme. I do not know yet whether the high priest has decided for one party or the other. I believe that he would cheat them both for an Orleans, and your friend Anteuil was at the bottom of all. The news of the battle of Marengo petrified them, and yet next day the high priest certainly spent three hours with your friend Anteuil. As to us, had the victory of Ma-

rengo closed the First Consul's career, we should now have been in banishment.

“Your letters say nothing of what I expected to hear. I hope at least to be informed of the answer from Vienna before any one. I am sorry you have not paid me back for the battle of Marengo.

“The festival of the 14th of July will be very gratifying. We expect peace as a certainty, and the triumphant return of the First Consul. The family is all well. Your wife and all her family are at Morsfontaine. Why do you return with the First Consul? Peace! and Italy!! Think of our last interview. Ever yours.”

On the margin is written, “Read the letter addressed to the Consul, and give it to him after you have *carefully closed it*.”

“Forward the inclosed. Madame Murat never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife ought to punish by not writing to him for a month.

“LUCIEN BONAPARTE.”

The First Consul, confirmed in his power by the victory of Marengo, remained some days longer at Milan to settle the affairs of Italy. We departed amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, and took the road to Turin. The First Consul stopped at Turin for some hours, and inspected the citadel which had been surrendered to us in pursuance of the capitulations of Alessandria.

On our arrival at Lyons, we alighted at the

Hôtel des Célestins, and the loud acclamations of a numerous multitude assembled round the hotel, obliged Bonaparte to shew himself on the balcony. Next day he proceeded to the square of Bellecour, where, amidst the plaudits of the people, he laid the first stone of some new buildings, destined to efface one of the disasters of the revolution.

Previous to the performance of this ceremony, he dictated the following letter to the consuls:—

“CITIZENS CONSULS,

“I have arrived at Lyons, and intend to stop here to lay the first stone of the square of Bellecour, which is about to be rebuilt. This circumstance alone delays my arrival at Paris; but I could not withstand the desire of hastening the restoration of a place which I have seen so beautiful, and which now presents so melancholy an aspect. They give me hopes that it will be entirely finished in two years.

“I trust that before this period the commerce of this city, which was the pride of Europe, will have resumed its original prosperity.

“BONAPARTE.”

We left Lyons that evening, and continued our journey by the way of Dijon. On our arrival in that town, the inhabitants gave way to frantic demonstrations of joy. I never saw a more captivating sight than that which was presented by a groupe of beautiful young females, crowned with

flowers, who accompanied Bonaparte's carriage, and which at that period, when the revolution renewed all the republican recollections of Greece and Rome, looked like the chorus of females dancing around the victor, at the Olympic games.

But all our journey was not so agreeable. Some accidents awaited us. The First Consul's carriage broke down between Villeneuve-le-Roi and Sens. He sent a coufier to inform my mother, that he would stop at her house till his carriage was repaired. He dined there, and we started again at seven in the evening.

But we had other disasters to encounter. One of our off-wheels came off, and as we were driving at a very rapid pace, the carriage was overturned on the bridge, at a short distance from Montreaufaut-Yonne. The First Consul, who sat on my left, fell upon me, and sustained no injury. My head was slightly hurt, by striking against some things which were in the pocket of the carriage; but this accident was not worth stopping for, and we arrived at Paris on the same night, the 2d of July.

I have already mentioned that Bonaparte was rather talkative, when travelling; but as we were passing through Burgundy, on our return to Paris, from Marengo, he said, exultingly, "Well, a few more events like this campaign, and I may go down to posterity."—"I think," replied I, "that you have already done enough to secure great and lasting fame."—"Yes," resumed he, "I have done enough, it is true. In less than two years, I have

won Cairo, Paris, and Milan; but, for all that, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should not, at the end of ten centuries, occupy half a page of general history. He was right. Many ages pass before the eye in the course of half an hour's reading; and the duration of a reign or of a life, is but the affair of a moment. In an historical summary, a page suffices to describe all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, and all the devastations of Timur and Genghis Khan. We are, indeed, acquainted with only the least portion of past events. Is it worth while to desolate the world for so slight a memorial?

On the very day when Dessaix fell on the field of Marengo, Kleber was assassinated by a fanatical Musselman, named Soleyman Haleby, who stabbed him with a dagger, and by this blow decided the fate of Egypt. Thus was France, on the same day, and almost at the same hour, deprived of two of her most distinguished generals. Menou, as senior in command, succeeded Kleber, and the First Consul confirmed the appointment. From that moment the loss of Egypt was inevitable.

I have a few words to say respecting the tragical death of Kleber. The house of Elfy Bey, which Bonaparte occupied at Cairo, and in which Kleber lived after his departure, had a terrace leading from a saloon to an old reservoir or cistern, from which, down a few steps, there was an entrance into the garden. This terrace commanded a view of the grand square of El Begu-

zeli, which was to the right on coming out of the saloon, while the garden was on the left. This terrace was Bonaparte's favourite promenade, especially in the evenings, when he used to walk up and down and converse with the persons about him. I often advised him to fill up the reservoir, and to make it level with the terrace. I even shewed him, by concealing myself in it, and coming suddenly behind him, how easy it would be for any person to attempt his life, and then escape either by jumping into the square, or passing through the garden. He told me I was a coward, and was always in fear of death; and he determined not to make the alteration I suggested, which, however, he acknowledged to be advisable. Kleber's assassin availed himself of the facility which I so often apprehended might be fatal to Bonaparte.

I shall not stop to refute all the infamous rumours which were circulated respecting Kleber's death. When the First Consul received the unexpected intelligence, he could scarcely believe it. He was deeply affected; and, on reading the particulars of the assassination, he instantly called to mind how often he had been in the same situation as that in which Kleber was killed, and all I had said respecting the danger of the reservoir—a danger from which it is inconceivable he should have escaped, especially after his Syrian expedition had excited the fury of the natives. Bonaparte's knowledge of Kleber's talents—the

fact of his having confided to him the command of the army, and the aid which he constantly endeavoured to transmit to him, repel at once the horrible suspicion of his having had the least participation in the crime, and the thought that he was gratified to hear of it.

It is very certain that Bonaparte's dislike of Kleber was as decided as the friendship he cherished for Dessaix. Kleber's fame annoyed him, for he was weak enough to be annoyed at it. He knew the manner in which Kleber spoke of him, which was certainly not the most respectful. During the long and sanguinary siege of St. Jean d'Acre, Kleber said to me, "That little scoundrel, Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France. See what a villainous expedition he has involved us in." Kleber often made the same remark to others, as well as to me. I am not certain that it was ever reported to Bonaparte; but there is reason to believe that those who found it their interest to accuse others, did not spare Kleber.

Kleber, who was a sincere republican, saw and dreaded, for his country's sake, the secret views and inordinate ambition of Bonaparte. He was what might be called a grumbler by nature; yet he never evinced discontent in the discharge of his duties as a soldier. He swore and stormed, but marched bravely to the cannon's mouth: he was indeed courage personified. One day, when he was in the trench at St. Jean d'Acre, standing

up, and by his tall stature exposed to every shot, Bonaparte called to him, "Stoop down, Kleber, stoop down!"—"Why," replied he, "your confounded trench does not reach to my knees." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favourable eye. He thought it too expensive, and utterly useless to France. He was convinced, that in the situation in which we stood, without a navy or a powerful government, it would have been better to have confined our attention to Europe, than to have wasted French blood and money on the banks of the Nile, and before the ruins of Syria. Kleber, who was a cool, reflecting man, judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm, a thing somewhat rare at that time, and was not blind to any of his faults.

Bonaparte alleged that Kleber said to him, "*General, you are as great as the world!*" Such a remark is in direct opposition to Kleber's character. He was too sincere to say anything against his conviction. Bonaparte, always anxious to keep Egypt, of which the preservation alone could justify the conquest, allowed Kleber to *speak*, because he *acted* at the same time. He knew that Kleber's sense of military duty would always triumph over any opposition he might cherish to his views and plans. Thus, the death of his lieutenant, far from causing Bonaparte any feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more, because it almost totally deprived him of the hope of preserving a conquest which

had cost France so dear, and which was his work.

The news of the death of Kleber arrived shortly after our return to Paris: Bonaparte was anxiously expecting accounts from Egypt, none having been received for a considerable time. The arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence, gave rise to a scene which I may relate here. It was two o'clock in the morning when the courier arrived at the Tuileries. In his hurry, the First Consul could not wait to rouse a servant to call me up. I had informed him, some days before, that if he should want me during the night, he must send for me to the corridor, as I had changed my bed-chamber, on account of my wife's accouchement. He came up himself, and, instead of knocking at my door, knocked at that of my secretary. The latter immediately rose, and opening the door, to his surprise beheld the First Consul, in his grey great coat, and holding a candle in his hand. There was a little step leading into the room, and Bonaparte, not being aware of it, slipped, and nearly fell. "Where is Bourrienne?" exclaimed he. My secretary, amazed at this unexpected apparition, stammered out, "How!—General!—Is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne, I say?" The secretary pointed out my door, and Bonaparte, having apologized for disturbing him, I speedily dressed myself, and we went down stairs. The First Consul threw on the table the immense packet of des-

patches which he had just received. • They had been fumigated, and steeped in vinegar. ° When he read the announcement of the death of Kleber, the expression of his countenance sufficiently denoted the painful feelings which arose in his mind.

I read in his face, *Egypt is lost !*

CHAPTER XIII.

Bonaparte's wish to negotiate with England and Austria—An emigrant's letter—Domestic details—The bell—Conspiracy of Céracchi, Aréna, Harrel, and others—Bonaparte's visit to the Opera—Arrests—Harrel appointed commandant of Vincennes—The Duke d'Enghien's foster sister—The 3d Nivose—First performance of Haydn's Creation—The infernal machine—Congratulatory addresses—Arbitrary condemnations—M. Tissot erased from the list of the banished—M. Truguet—Bonaparte's hatred of the Jacobins explained—The real criminals discovered—Justification of Fouché—Execution of St. Regent and Carbon.

THE happy events of the campaigns of Italy had been crowned by an armistice, concluded on the 5th of July. This armistice was broken on the 1st of September, and renewed after the battle of Hohenlinden. On his return from Marengo, Bonaparte was received with more enthusiasm than ever. The rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had restored the triumph of the French standard, excited universal astonishment. He then actively endeavoured to open negotiations with England and Austria; but difficulties

opposed him in every direction. He frequently visited the theatre, where his presence attracted prodigious throngs of persons, all eager to see and applaud him.

The immense number of letters which were at this time addressed to the First Consul, is scarcely conceivable. They contained requests for places, protestations of fidelity, and, in short, they were those petitionary circulars that are addressed to all persons in power. These letters were often exceedingly curious, and I have preserved many of them; among the rest, was one from Durosel Beaumanoir, an emigrant, who had fled to Jersey. This letter contains some interesting particulars, relative to Bonaparte's family. It is dated Jersey, 12th of July, 1800, and the following are the most remarkable passages it contains:—

“ I trust, General, that I may, without indiscretion, intrude upon your notice, to remind you of what, I flatter myself, you have not totally forgotten, after having lived eighteen or nineteen years at Ajaccio. But you will, perhaps, be surprised that so trifling an affair should be the subject of the letter which I have the honour to address to you. You cannot have forgotten, General, that when your late father was obliged to take your brothers from the College of Autun, from whence he went to see you at Brienne, he was unprovided with money, and he asked me for twenty-five Louis, which I lent him with

pleasure. After his return he had not an opportunity of paying me, and when I left Ajaccio your mother offered to dispose of some plate, in order to pay the debt. To this I objected, and told her that I would wait until she could pay me at her convenience, and, previous to the breaking out of the Revolution, I believe it was not in her power to fulfil her wish of discharging the debt.

“ I am sorry, General, to be obliged to trouble you about such a trifle. But, such is my unfortunate situation, that even this trifle is of some importance to me. Driven from my country, and obliged to take refuge in this island, where everything is exceedingly expensive, the little sum I have mentioned, which was formerly a matter of indifference, would now be of great service to me.

“ At the age of eighty-six, General, after having served my country for sixty years, without interruption, I am compelled to take refuge here, and to subsist on the scanty allowance granted by the English Government to French emigrants; I say emigrants, for I am obliged to be one against my will.”

I read this letter to the First Consul, who immediately said, “ Bourrienne, this is sacred! Do not lose a minute. Send the old man ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel, that he shall be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What mischief those brigands of

the convention have done! I can never repair it all." Bonaparte uttered these words with a degree of emotion which I rarely saw him evince. In the evening he asked me whether I had executed his orders, which I had done immediately.

Availing myself of the privilege I have already frequently taken, of making abrupt transitions from one subject to another, according as the recollection of past circumstances occurs to my mind, I shall here note down a few details, which may not improperly be called *domestic*, and afterwards describe a conspiracy, which was protected by the very man against whom it was hatched.

At the Tuileries, where the First Consul always resided during the winter, and sometimes a part of the summer, the grand saloon was situated between his cabinet and the room in which he received the persons with whom he had appointed audiences. When in this audience chamber, if he wanted anything, or had occasion to speak to any body, he pulled a bell, which was answered by a confidential servant named Landoire, who was the messenger of the First Consul's cabinet. When Bonaparte's bell rang, it was usually for the purpose of making some inquiry of me, respecting a paper, a name, a date, or some matter of that sort; and then Landoire had to pass through the cabinet and saloon to answer the bell, and afterwards to return and to tell me I was wanted. Impatient at the delay occasioned by

this running about, Bonaparte, without saying anything to me, ordered the bell to be altered, so that it should ring within the cabinet, and exactly above my table. Next morning, when I entered the cabinet, I saw a man mounted upon a ladder. "What are you doing there?" said I. "I am hanging a bell, Sir." I called Landoire, and asked him who had given the order? "The First Consul," he replied. I immediately ordered the man to come down and remove the ladder, which he accordingly did. When I went, according to custom, to call the First Consul, and read the papers to him, I said: "General, I found a man this morning hanging a bell in your cabinet. I was told it was by your orders; but being convinced there must be some mistake, I sent him away. Surely the bell was not intended for you, and I cannot imagine it was intended for me: who then could it be for?"—"What a stupid fellow that Landoire is," said Bonaparte. "Yesterday, when Cambacères was with me, I wanted you. Landoire did not come when I touched the bell. I thought it was broken, and ordered him to get it repaired. I suppose the bell-hanger was doing it when you saw him, for you know the wire passes through the cabinet." I was satisfied with this explanation, though I was not deceived by it. For the sake of appearance he reproved Landoire, who, however, had done nothing more than execute the order he had received. How could he imagine I would submit to such treatment, considering that we had been friends

since our boyhood, and that I was now living on full terms of confidence and familiarity with him?

Before I speak of the conspiracy of Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-le-Brun, and others, I must notice a remark made by Napoleon at St. Helena. He said, or is alleged to have said:—"The two attempts which placed me in the greatest danger, were those of the sculptor Céracchi, and of the fanatic of Schœnbrun." I was not at Schœnbrun at the time; but I am convinced that Bonaparte was in the most imminent danger. I have been informed, on unquestionable authority, that Staps set out from Erfurth with the intention of assassinating the Emperor; but he wanted the necessary courage for executing the design. He was armed with a large dagger, and was twice sufficiently near Napoleon to have struck him. I heard this from Rapp, who seized Staps, and felt under his coat the hilt of the dagger. On that occasion Bonaparte owed his life only to the irresolution of the young illuminato, who wished to sacrifice him to his fanatical fury. It is equally certain, that, on another occasion, respecting which the author of the St. Helena Narrative observes complete silence, another fanatic, more dangerous than Staps, attempted the life of Napoleon.*

The following is a correct statement of the facts relative to Céracchi's conspiracy.

* At the time of this second attempt I was not with Napoleon; but he directed me to see the madman who had formed the design of assassinating him. It will be seen, in the course of these Memoirs, what were his plans, and what was the result of them.

The plot itself was a mere shadow; but it was deemed advisable to give it substance, to exaggerate, at least in appearance, the danger to which the First Consul had been exposed.

There was at that time in Paris an idle fellow, called Harrel; he had been a *chef de bataillon*, but had been dismissed the service, and was consequently dissatisfied. He became connected with Céracchi, Aréna, Topino le Brun, and Demerville. From different motives all these individuals were violently hostile to the First Consul, who, on his part, was no friend to Céracchi and Aréna, but scarcely knew the two others. These four individuals formed, in conjunction with Harrel, the design of assassinating the First Consul, and the time fixed for the perpetration of the deed was one evening when Bonaparte intended to visit the Opera.

On the 20th of September, 1800, Harrel came to me at the Tuileries. He revealed to me the plot in which he was engaged, and promised that his accomplices should be apprehended in the very act, if I would supply him with money to bring the plot to maturity. I knew not how to act upon this disclosure, which I however could not reject, without incurring too great a responsibility. I immediately communicated the business to the First Consul, who ordered me to supply Harrel with money; but not to mention anything of the affair to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove that he knew better how to manage the police than he did.

Harrel came every evening at eleven o'clock to inform me of the progress of the conspiracy, which I immediately communicated to the First Consul, who was not sorry to find Aréna and Céracchi deeply compromised. But time passed on, and nothing was done. The First Consul began to grow impatient. At length Harrel came to say that he had no money to purchase arms. Money was given him. He, however, returned next day to say, that the gun-smith refused to sell them arms without authority. It was now found necessary to communicate the business to Fouché, in order that he might grant the necessary permission to the gun-smith, which I was not empowered to do.

On the evening of the 10th of October, the Consuls, after the breaking up of the council, assembled in the cabinet of their colleague. Bonaparte asked them, in my presence, whether they thought he ought to go to the Opera? They observed, that, as every precaution was taken, no danger could be apprehended; and that it was desirable to shew the futility of attempts against the First Consul's life. After dinner Bonaparte put on a great coat over his green uniform, and got into his carriage, accompanied by me and Duroc. He seated himself in front of his box, which at that time was on the left of the theatre, between the two columns which separated the front and side boxes. When we had been in the theatre about half an hour, the First Consul directed me to go and see what was doing in the

lobby. Scarcely had I left the box than I heard a great uproar, and soon discovered that a number of persons, whose names I could not learn, had been arrested. I informed the First Consul of what I had heard, and we immediately returned to the Tuileries. Harrel's name was again restored to the army list, and he was appointed Commandant of Vincennes. This post he held at the time of the Duke d'Enghien's assassination. I was afterwards told that his wife was foster sister to the unfortunate Prince, and that she recognised him when he entered the prison, which in a few short hours was to prove his grave.

With regard to the conspiracy of Céracchi and Aréna, it is certain that its object was to take the First Consul's life, and that the conspirators neglected nothing which could further the accomplishment of their atrocious design. The plot, however, was only known through the disclosures of Harrel; and it would have been easy to avert instead of conjuring up the storm. Such was, and such still is, my opinion.

Carbonneau, one of the individuals condemned, candidly confessed the part he had taken in the plot, which he said was brought to maturity solely by the agents of the police, who were always eager to prove their zeal to their employers by some new discovery.

Although three months intervened between the machinations of Céracchi and Aréna, and the horrible attempt of the 3d Nivose, I shall relate

these two events in immediate succession; for if they had no other points of resemblance, they were, at least, alike in their object. The conspirators in the first affair were of the revolutionary faction. They sought Bonaparte's life, as if with the view of rendering his resemblance to Cæsar so complete, that not even a Brutus should be wanting. The latter, it must with regret be confessed, were of the royalist party, and, in their wish to destroy the First Consul, they were not deterred by the fear of sacrificing a great number of citizens.

The police knew nothing of the plot of the 3d Nivose, for two reasons; first, because they were no parties to it, and, secondly, because conspirators do not betray and sell each other when they are resolute in their purpose. In such cases, confession can arise only from two causes, the one excusable, the other infamous; viz., the dread of punishment, and the hope of reward. But neither of these causes influenced the conspirators of the 3d Nivose, the inventors and constructors of that machine which has so justly been denominated *infernal!*

On the 3d Nivose, the first performance of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the Creation took place at the Opera, and the First Consul had expressed his intention of being present. "I did not dine with him that day; but as he left me, to go to dinner, he said, "Bourrienne, you know I am going to the Opera to-night, and you may go too; but I cannot take you in the car-

riage, as Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston are going with me." I was very glad of this, for I much wished to hear one of the masterpieces of the German school of composition. I got to the Opera before Bonaparte, who, on his entrance, seated himself, according to custom, in front of the box. The eyes of all present were fixed upon him, and he was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Lauriston, as soon as he saw me, came to my box, and told me that the First Consul, on his way to the Opera, had narrowly escaped being assassinated, in the Rue St. Nicaise, by the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, the concussion of which had shattered the windows of his carriage. "Within ten seconds after our escape," added Lauriston, "the coachman, having turned the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, stopped to take the First Consul's orders; and he coolly said, 'Drive to the Opera.'"

On hearing this, I immediately left the theatre, and returned to the palace, under the expectation that I should soon be wanted. Bonaparte soon returned home, and as intelligence of the affair had spread through Paris, the grand saloon, on the ground floor, was filled with a crowd of functionaries, eager to read in the eye of their master what they were to think and say on the occasion. He did not keep them long in suspense. "This," exclaimed he, vehemently, "is the work of the Jacobins: they have attempted my life!.....There are neither nobles, priests, nor Chouans in this affair!.....I know myself

what I am about, and they need not think to impose on me. These are the Septembrizers, who have been in open revolt and conspiracy, and arrayed against every succeeding government. It is scarce three months since my life was attempted by Céracchi, Aréna, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville. They all belong to one gang! The cut-throats of September, the assassins of Versailles, the brigands of the 31st of May, the conspirators of Prairial, are the authors of all crimes committed against established governments! If they cannot be restrained, they must be crushed! France must be purged of these ruffians!" It is impossible to form any idea of the bitterness with which Bonaparte pronounced these words. In vain did some of the councillors of state, and Fouché in particular, endeavour to point out to him that there was no evidence against any one, and that before he pronounced people to be guilty, it would be right to ascertain the fact. Bonaparte repeated, with increased violence, what he had before said of the Jacobins; thus adding, not without some ground of suspicion, one crime more to the long catalogue for which they had already to answer.

Fouché had many enemies, and I was not, therefore, surprised to find some of the ministers endeavouring to take advantage of the difference between his opinion and that of the First Consul; and it must be owned that the utter ignorance of the police respecting this event, was not a circumstance favourable to Fouché. He, however, was

like the reed in the fable; he bent with the wind, but was soon erect again. The most skilful actor could scarcely imitate the inflexible calmness he maintained during Bonaparte's paroxysm of rage, and the patience with which he allowed himself to be accosted.

Fouché, when afterwards conversing with me, gave me clearly to understand, that he did not think the jacobins guilty. I mentioned this to the First Consul, but nothing could make him retract his opinion. "Fouché," said he, "has good reason for his silence. He is serving his own party. It is very natural that he should seek to screen a set of men who are polluted with blood and crimes! He was one of their leaders. Do not I know what he did at Lyons and the Loire? That explains Fouché's conduct now."

On the day after the explosion of this infernal machine, a considerable concourse assembled at the Tuileries. There was absolutely a torrent of congratulations. The Prefect of the Seine convoked the twelve mayors of Paris, and came at their head to wait on the First Consul. In his reply to their address, Bonaparte said:—"As long as this gang of assassins confined their attacks to me, personally, I left the law to take its course; but since, by an unparalleled crime, they have endangered the lives of a portion of the population of Paris, their punishment must be as prompt as exemplary. Some of these wretches, who have libelled liberty, by perpetrating crimes

in her name, must be effectually prevented from renewing their atrocities." He then conversed with the ministers, the councillors of state, &c. on the event of the preceding day: and as all knew the First Consul's opinion of the authors of the crime, each was eager to confirm it. The Council was several times assembled, the Senate was consulted, and the adroit Fouché, whose conscience yielded to the delicacy of his situation, addressed to the First Consul a report worthy of a Mazarin. At the same time, the journals were filled with recollections of the Revolution, raked up for the purpose of connecting with past crimes, the individuals on whom it was now wished to cast odium. It was decreed, that a hundred persons should be banished; and the Senate established its character for complaisance by passing a *senatus consultum*, conformable to the wishes of the First Consul.

A list was drawn up of the persons styled jacobins, who were condemned to transportation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of the names of several, whose opinions had, perhaps, been violent, but whose education and private character presentèd claims to recommendation. Some of my readers may probably recollect them without my naming them, and I shall only mention M. Tissot, for the purpose of recording, not the service I rendered him, but an instance of grateful acknowledgment.

When, in 1815, Napoleon was on the point of entering Paris, M. Tissot came to the prefec-

ture of police, where I then was, and offered me his house as a safe asylum, assuring me I should there run no risk of being discovered. Though I did not accept the offer, yet I gladly seize on this opportunity of making it known. It is gratifying to find that difference of political opinion does not always exclude sentiments of generosity and honour! I shall never forget the way in which the author of the "Essays on Virgil" uttered the words *Domus mea*.

But to return to the fatal list. Even while I write this, I shudder to think of the way in which men utterly innocent were accused of a revolting crime without even the shadow of a proof. The name of an individual, his opinion, perhaps, only assumed, were sufficient grounds for his banishment. A decree of the Consul's, dated 4th January, 1801, confirmed by a *senatus consultum* on the next day, banished from the territory of the Republic, and placed under special inspectors, one hundred and thirty individuals, nine of whom were merely designated by the qualification of *Septembrizers*.

The exiles, who, in the reports and in the public acts, were so unjustly accused of being the authors of the infernal machine, were received at Nantes with so much indignation, that the military were compelled to interfere, to save them from being massacred.

In the discussions which preceded the decree of the councils, few persons had the courage to express a doubt respecting the guilt of the

accused. Truguet was the first to mount the breach. He observed, that without denying the government the extraordinary means for getting rid of its enemies, he could not but acknowledge that the emigrants threatened the purchasers of national domains, that the public mind was corrupted by pamphlets, and that—— Here the First Consul, interrupting him, exclaimed—“ To what pamphlets do you allude ? ”—“ To pamphlets which are publicly circulated. ”—“ Name them ! ”—“ You know them as well as I do. ”*

After a long and angry ebullition, the First Consul abruptly dismissed the council. He observed that he would not be duped ; that the villains were known ; that they were Septembrizers, the hatchers of every mischief. He had said at a sitting, three days before, “ If proof should fail, we must take advantage of the public excitement. The event is, to me, merely the opportunity. They shall be banished for the 2d September, for the 31st May, for Babeuff’s conspiracy—or any thing else. ”

On leaving one of the sittings of the council, at which the question of a special tribunal had been discussed, he told me, that he had been a little ruffled ; that he had said, a violent blow must be struck ; that blood must be spilt ; and that as many of the guilty should be shot, as there had been victims of the explosion (from fifteen to

The *parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte*, of which I shall speak in the ensuing chapter, is here alluded to.

twenty); that two hundred should be banished, and the Republic purged of these scoundrels.

The illegality of the proceeding was so evident, that the *senatus consultum* contained no mention of the transactions of the 3d Nivose, which was very remarkable. It was, however, declared, that the measure of the previous day had been adopted with a view to the preservation of the constitution. This was promising.

The First Consul manifested the most violent hatred of the jacobins; for this he could not have been blamed, if, under the title of jacobins, he had not comprised every devoted advocate of public liberty. Their opposition annoyed him, and he could never pardon them for having presumed to condemn his tyrannical acts, and to resist the destruction of the freedom which he had himself sworn to defend, but which he was incessantly labouring to overturn. These were the true motives of his conduct; and, conscious of his own faults, he regarded with dislike those who saw and disapproved of them. For this reason, he was more afraid of those whom he called jacobins, than of the royalists.

Meanwhile, Fouché, still believing that he was not deceived as to the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, set in motion, with his usual dexterity, all the springs of the police. His efforts, however, were, for some time, unsuccessful; but at length, on Saturday, the 31st January, 1801, about two hours after our arrival at Malmaison; Fouché presented himself, and produced

authentic proofs of the accuracy of his conjectures. There was no longer any doubt on the subject; and Bonaparte saw clearly that the attempt of the 3d Nivose was the result of a plot hatched by the partizans of royalty. But as the act of proscription against those who were jumbled together under the title of *the jacobins*, had been executed, it was not to be revoked.

Thus, the consequence of the 3d Nivose was, that both the innocent and guilty were punished, with this difference, however, that the guilty, at least, had the benefit of a trial. When the jacobins, as they were called, were accused, Fouché had not any positive proofs of their innocence; and therefore their illegal condemnation ought not to be attributed to him. A sufficient load of guilt attaches to his memory, without his being charged with a crime he never committed. Still, I must say, that had he boldly opposed the opinion of Bonaparte, in the first burst of his fury, he might have averted the blow. Every time he came to the Tuileries, even before he had acquired any traces of the truth, Fouché always declared to me his conviction of the innocence of the persons first accused. But he was afraid to make the same observation to Bonaparte. I often mentioned to him the opinion of the minister of police; but as proof was wanting, he replied to me, with a triumphant air, "Bah! bah! This is always the way with Fouché. Besides, it is of little consequence. At any rate, I shall get rid

of them. Should the guilty be discovered among the royalists, they shall also be punished.”

The real criminals being at length discovered, St. Regent and Carbon expiated their crime by the forfeit of their heads. Thus the First Consul gained his point, and justice gained her's.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte—Conversation between Bonaparte and Fouché—Pretended anger—Fouché's dissimulation—Lucien's resignation—His embassy to Spain—War between Spain and Portugal—Dinner at Fouché's—Treachery of Joseph Bonaparte—A trick upon the First Consul—A three days' coolness—Reconciliation—Public acclamations, and the voice of Josephine—Stray recollections—Organization of Piedmont—Sabres of honour—Rewards to the army of the Rhine—Pretended army of reserve—General Zach—Anniversary of the 14th of July—Monument to Desaix—Desaix and Foy—Bonaparte's speech in the Temple of Mars—Arrival of the Consular Guard—The bones of Marshal Turenne—Lucien's successful speech.

I HAVE often had occasion to notice the multifarious means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power, and to prepare men's minds for so great a change. Those who have observed his life, must have also remarked how entirely he was convinced of the truth, that public opinion wastes itself on the rumour of a project, and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power, a pamphlet was circulated about Paris, and the following is the history of it.

In the month of December, 1800, while Fouché was searching after the real authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose, a small pamphlet, entitled “Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte,” was sent to the First Consul. He was absent when it came. I read it, and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary monarchy. I then knew nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the Minister of the Interior, and that it had been largely circulated. After reading it, I laid it on the table. In a few minutes Bonaparte entered, and, taking up the pamphlet, pretended to look through it: “Have you read this?” said he.—“Yes, General.”—“Well! what is your opinion of it?”—“I think it is calculated to produce an unfavourable effect on the public mind: it is ill-timed, for it prematurely reveals your views.” The First Consul took the pamphlet, and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day, after having slightly glanced over them. I was not singular in my opinion of the pamphlet, for next day, the prefects in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris, sent a copy of it to the First Consul, complaining of its mischievous effect; and I recollect that, in one of their letters, it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the poignards of new assassins. After reading this correspondence, he said to me—“Bourrienne, send for Fouché; he must come directly, and give an account of this matter.” In half an hour, Fouché

was in the First Consul's cabinet. No sooner had he entered, than the following dialogue took place, in which the impetuous warmth of the one party was strangely contrasted with the phlegmatic composure of the other :—

“ What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?”—“ General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency.”—“ Well then, why did you allow it to appear?”—“ General, I was obliged to shew some consideration for the author.”—“ Consideration for the author!—What do you mean? You should have sent him to the Temple.”—“ But, General, your brother Lucien patronises this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the Minister of the Interior.”—“ No matter for that! Your duty, as Minister of Police, was to have arrested Lucien, and sent him to the Temple. The fool does nothing but contrive how he can compromise me!”

With these words, the First Consul left the cabinet, shutting the door violently behind him. Being now alone with Fouché, I was eager to get an explanation of the suppressed smile, which had, more than once, curled his lips, during Bonaparte's angry expostulation. I easily perceived that there was something in reserve. “ Send the author to the Temple!” said Fouché; “ that would be no easy matter. Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his impru-

dence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he shewed me, and which contained corrections and annotations in the First Consul's hand writing."

When Lucien heard how Bonaparte had expressed his displeasure of the pamphlet, he also came to the Tuileries, to reproach his brother with having thrust him forward and then abandoned him. "'Tis your own fault," said the First Consul. "You have allowed yourself to be caught. So much the worse for you. Fouché is too cunning for you. You are a mere fool compared with him." Lucien tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he departed for Spain. This diplomatic mission turned to his advantage, for the embassy was only a disguised exile. It was necessary that time should veil the Machiavelian invention of the *parallel*. Lucien, among other instructions, was directed to use all his endeavours to induce Spain to declare against Portugal, in order to compel that power to separate herself from England.

The First Consul had always regarded Portugal as an English colony, and he conceived that to attack it was to assail England. He wanted that Portugal should no longer favour England in her commercial relations, and, like Spain, become dependent on him. Lucien was therefore sent as ambassador to Madrid, to second the ministers of Charles the Fourth in prevailing on the king to invade Portugal. The king declared war, but it was not of long duration, and termi-

nated almost without a blow being struck, by the taking of Olivenza. On the 6th of June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajoz, by which she promised to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and some other fortresses to Spain, and to close her ports against England. The First Consul, who was dissatisfied with the treaty, at first refused to ratify it. He still kept his army in Spain, and this proceeding determined Portugal to accede to some slight alterations in the first treaty. This business proved very advantageous to Lucien and Godoy.

The cabinet of the Tuileries was not the only place in which the question of hereditary succession was discussed. It was the constant subject of conversation in the saloons of Paris, where a new dynasty was already spoken of. This was by no means displeasing to the First Consul; but he saw clearly that he had committed a mistake in agitating the question prematurely; for this reason he waged war against the *Parallel*, as he would not be suspected of having had any share in a design that had failed. One day he said to me, "I believe I have been a little too precipitate. The pear is not yet ripe." The consulate for life was accordingly postponed till 1802, and the hereditary empire till 1804.

After the failure of the artful publication of the pamphlet, Fouché invited me to dine with him. As the First Consul wished me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of the invita-

tion I had received. He was, however, aware of it before, and he very readily gave me leave to go. At dinner Joseph sat on the right of Fouché, and I next to Joseph, who talked of nothing but his brother, his designs, the pamphlet, and the bad effect produced by it. In all that fell from him, there was a tone of blame and disapproval. I told him my opinion, but with greater reserve than I had used towards his brother. He seemed to approve of what I said; his confidence encouraged me, and I saw with pleasure that he entertained sentiments entirely similar to my own. His unreserved manner so imposed upon me, that, notwithstanding the experience I had acquired, I was far from suspecting myself to be in the company of a spy. Next day, the First Consul said to me very coolly, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself." This unexpected direction surprised me exceedingly, and I determined to play him a trick, in revenge for his unfounded distrust. For three mornings I laid at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I knew came from the ministers, and all the reports which were addressed to me for the First Consul. I then covered them over with those which, judging from their envelopes and seals, appeared to be of that trifling kind with which the First Consul was daily overwhelmed—these usually consisted of requests that he would name the number of a lottery ticket, so that the writer might have the benefit of *his* good luck—solic-

tations that he would stand godfather to a child—petitions for places, announcements of marriages and births, absurd eulogies, &c. &c.

The opening of all these letters, which he was not at other times in the habit of looking at, annoyed him extremely; but as I neither wished to carry the joke too far, nor to remain in the disagreeable position in which Joseph's treachery had placed me, I determined to bring the matter to a conclusion. After the third day, when the business of the night, which had been interrupted by little fits of ill-humour, was concluded, Bonaparte retired to bed. Half an hour after I went to his chamber, to which I was admitted at all hours. I had a candle in my hand, and, taking a chair, I sat down on the right side of the bed, and placed the candle on the table. Both he and Josephine awoke. "What is the matter?" he asked, with surprise. "General, I have come to tell you that I can no longer remain here, since I have lost your confidence. You know how sincerely I am devoted to you; if you have, then, anything to reproach me for, let me at least know it; for my situation for the last three days has been very painful."—"What has Bourrienne done?" inquired Josephine, earnestly.—"That does not concern you," he replied. Then turning towards me, he said, "'Tis true, I have cause to complain of you. I have been informed that you have spoken of important affairs in a very improper manner."—"I can assure you that I spoke to none but your brother. It was he who led me into the conver-

sation, and he was too well versed in the business for me to tell him any secret. He may have reported to you what he pleased, but could not I do the same by him? I could accuse and betray him as he has accused and betrayed me. When I spoke in confidence to your brother, could I regard him as an inquisitor?"—"I must confess," replied Bonaparte, "that after what I heard from Joseph, I thought it right to put my confidence in quarantine."—"The quarantine has lasted three days, General; surely that is long enough."—"Well, Bourrienne, let us say no more about it. Open my letters as usual; you will find the answers a good deal in arrear, which has much vexed me; and besides, I was always stumbling on some stupid nonsense or other."

I fancy I still hear the amiable Josephine saying, in her gentle way, "What! Bonaparte, is it possible you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you, and who is your only friend? How could you suffer such a snare to be laid for him? What! a dinner got up on purpose! How I hate these odious police manœuvres!"—"Go to sleep," said Bonaparte; "let women mind their gew-gaws, and not interfere with politics." It was near two in the morning before I retired.

When, after a few hours' sleep, I again saw the First Consul, he was more kind to me than ever, and I perceived that for the present every cloud had dispersed.

I am frequently led to violate the chronological

order of the events I describe, by the wish to pick up any stray recollections which have, as it were, been left behind on the road. Having omitted the mention of some circumstances which succeeded the battle of Marengo, I here subjoin them.

After our return from that battle; the popular joy was general and heartfelt, not only among the higher and middle ranks of society, but in all classes; and the affection evinced from all quarters to the First Consul was unfeigned. In what a tone of sincerity did he say to me, one day, when returning from the parade, "Bourrienne, do you hear the acclamations still resounding? That noise is as sweet to me as the sound of Josephine's voice. How happy and proud I am to be loved by such a people!"

During our last stay at Milan, Bonaparte had arranged a new government for Piedmont; he had ever since cherished the wish to unite that rich and fertile country to the French territory, because some Piedmontese provinces had been possessed by Louis XIV. That monarch was the only king whom the First Consul really admired. "If," said he one day, "Louis XIV. had not been born a king, he would have been a great man. But he did not know mankind; he could not know them, for he never knew misfortune." He admired the resolution of the old king, who would rather bury himself under the ruins of the monarchy, than submit to degrading conditions, after having commanded the sovereigns of Europe. I recollect that the First Consul was extremely

pleased to see in the reports which he ordered to be made, that in Casal, and in the valleys of Pignerol, Latour, and Luzerne, there still existed many traces of the period when those countries belonged to France; and that the French language was yet preserved there. He already began to identify himself with the past; and abusing the old kings of France was not the way to conciliate his favour.

The First Consul appointed for the government of Piedmont a senate, which, as may naturally be imagined, he composed of those Piedmontese who were the declared partizans of France. He stated, as the grounds of this arrangement, that it was to give to Piedmont a new proof of the affection and attachment of the French people. He afterwards appointed General Dupont president of the senate, with the title of Minister Extraordinary of the French Government. I will here mention a secret step taken by Bonaparte towards the overthrowing of the Republic. In making the first draught of General Dupont's appointment, I had mechanically written, "Minister Extraordinary of the French Republic."—"No! no!" said Bonaparte, "not of the Republic; say of the Government."

On his return to Paris, the First Consul gave almost incredible proofs of his activity. The day after his arrival he promulgated a great number of decrees, and afterwards allotted the rewards to his soldiers. He appointed Kellerman a general of division, which, on every principle of jus-

tice, he ought to have done on the field of battle. He distributed sabres of honour, with the following inscription, highly complimentary to himself:—"Battle of Marengo, commanded in person by the First Consul.—Given by the Government of the Republic to General Lannes." Similar sabres were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat; and sabres of less value to other officers; and also muskets and drum-sticks of honour to the soldiers and drummers who had distinguished themselves at Marengo, or in the army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte took care that the officers and men, who had fought under Moreau, should be included among those to whom the national rewards were presented. He also had a medal struck, to perpetuate the memory of the entry of the French army into Munich. It is worthy of remark, that while official fabrications and exaggerated details of facts were published respecting Marengo and the short campaign of Italy, by a feigned modesty the victorious army of Marengo received the unambitious title of *army of reserve*. By this artifice the honour of the Constitution was saved. The First Consul had not violated it. If he had marched to the field, and staked every thing on a chance, it was merely accidentally, for he commanded only an army of reserve, which nevertheless he had greeted with the title of *grand army*, before he entered upon the campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that Bonaparte, possessing, as he did, an extraordinary

mind, should have descended to such pitiful artifices.

Even foreigners and prisoners were objects of Bonaparte's designing attentions. I recollect, one evening, his saying to me, "Bourrienne, write to the Minister of War, and tell him to select a fine brace of pistols, of the Versailles manufacture, and send them, in my name, to General Zach. He dined with me to-day, and highly praised our manufacture of arms. I should like to give him a token of remembrance; besides, the matter will be talked of at Vienna, and may, perhaps, do good."

As soon as the news of the battle of Marengo reached Paris, Lucien Bonaparte, Minister of the Interior, ordered preparations for the festival, fixed for the 14th July, in commemoration of the first Federation. This festival, and that of the 1st Vendémiaire, were the only ones preserved by the consular government. Indeed, in those memorable days, when the Revolution appeared in its fairest point of view, France had never known such joy as that to which the battle of Marengo gave rise. Still, amidst all this popular transport, there was a feeling of regret. The fate of Dessaix, his heroic character, his death, the words attributed to him, and believed to be true, caused mourning to be mingled with joy. It was agreed to open a subscription for erecting a national monument to his memory. A reflection naturally arises here, upon the difference between the period referred to and the present time.

France has endowed with nearly a million the children of one of her greatest orators, and one of the most eloquent defenders of public liberty, yet, for the monument to the memory of Dessaix, scarcely 20,000 francs were subscribed. Does not this form a singular contrast with the patriotic munificence displayed at the death of General Foy? The pitiful monument to Dessaix, on the place Dauphine, sufficiently attests the want of spirit on the part of the subscribers. Bonaparte, who was much dissatisfied with it, gave the name of Dessaix to a new quay, the first stone of which was laid with great solemnity on the 14th July.

On that day the crowd was immense in the Champ de Mars, and in the Temple of Mars, the name which, at that time, the church of the Invalids still preserved. Lucien delivered a speech on the encouraging prospects of France, and Lannes made an appropriate address on presenting to the government the flags taken at Marengo. Two more speeches followed; one from an aide-de-camp of Massena, and the other from an aide-de-camp of Lecourbe; and after the distribution of some medals, the First Consul then delivered the following:—

“ The flags presented to the government, in the presence of the people of this immense capital, attest at once the genius of the commanders-in-chief Moreau, Massena, and Berthier, the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants, and the bravery of the French soldiers.

“ On your return to the camp, tell your comrades, that for the 1st Vendémiaire, when we shall celebrate the anniversary of the republic, the French people expect either peace, or, if the enemy obstinately refuse it, other flags, the fruit of fresh victories.”

After this harangue of the First Consul, in which he addressed the military in the name of the people, and ascribed to Berthier the glory of Marengo, a hymn was chaunted, the words of which were written by M. de Fontanes, and the music composed by Méhul. But the most remarkable circumstance in the whole solemnity was, the arrival of the consular guard from Marengo, in the Champ-de-Mars. These troops defiled before the First Consul, not clothed in the gay uniform of a parade day, but wearing the same dress in which they had left the field of battle, and marched over Lombardy, Piedmont, Mount Cenis, Savoy, and France. Their faces, tanned by the summer sun of Italy, their tattered clothes and battered arms, bore witness to the fatigues and conflicts they had encountered.

At the time of this fête, that is to say, in the middle of the month of July, the First Consul could not have imagined that the moderate conditions he had proposed, after the victory, would not be accepted by Austria. In the hope, therefore, of a peace, which could not but be considered probable, he, for the first time since the establishment of the consular government, convoked the deputies of the departments, and appointed their

time of assembling in Paris, for the 1st Vendémiaire, a day which formed the close of one remarkable century, and marked the commencement of another.

The remains of Marshal Turenne, to which Louis XIV. had awarded the honours of annihilation, by giving them a place among the royal tombs, in the vaults of Saint Dennis, had been torn from their grave, at the time of the sacrilegious violation of the tombs. His bones, mingled indiscriminately with others, had long lain in obscurity in a garret of the College of Medicine, when M. Lenoir collected and restored them to the ancient tomb of Turenne, in the Musée des Petits Augustines. Bonaparte resolved to enshrine these relicts in that sculptured marble with which the glory of Turenne could so well dispense. This was, however, intended as a connecting link between the past days of France, and the future, to which he looked forward. He thought that the sentiments, inspired by the solemn honours rendered to the memory of Turenne, would dispose the deputies of the departments to receive with greater enthusiasm the pacific communications he hoped to be able to make.

However, the negotiations did not take the favourable turn which the First Consul had expected; and, notwithstanding all the address of Lucien, the communication was not heard without much uneasiness. But Lucien had prepared a speech, quite to the taste of the First Consul.

After dilating for some time on the efforts of the government to obtain peace, he deplored the tergiversations of Austria, accused the fatal influence of England, and added, in a more elevated and solemn tone,—“ At the very moment, when the consuls were leaving the palace of the government, a courier arrived, bearing despatches, which the First Consul has directed me to communicate to you.” He then read a note declaring that the Austrian government consented to surrender to France the three fortresses of Ulm, Philisbourg, and Ingoldstadt. This was considered as a certainty of the preliminaries of peace being speedily signed. The news was received with enthusiasm, and that anxious day closed in a way highly gratifying to the First Consul.

CHAPTER XV.

Austria bribed by England—M. de Saint Julien in Paris—Duroc's mission—Rupture of the armistice—Surrender of three garrisons—M. Otto in London—Battle of Hohenlinden—Madame Moreau and Madame Hulot—Bonaparte's ill-treatment of the latter—Congress of Luneville—General Clarke—M. Maret—Peace between France and Austria—Joseph Bonaparte's speculations in the funds—M de Talleyrand's advice—Post office regulation—Cambacères—Importance of good dinners in the affairs of government—*Edouard en Ecosse—l'Antichambre*—Steam boats and intriguers—Death of Paul I.—New thoughts of the re-establishment of Poland—Duroc at St. Petersburg—Bribe rejected—Death of Abercromby.

THE armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, which had been first broken, and then resumed, continued to be observed for some time between the armies of the Rhine and Italy, and the Imperial armies. But Austria, bribed by a subsidy of two millions sterling, would not treat for peace without the participation of England. She did not despair of recommencing the war successfully.

M. de Saint Julien had signed preliminaries at Paris; but the Court of Vienna disavowed them,

and Duroc, whom Bonaparte sent to convey the preliminaries to Vienna, for the imperial ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advance posts. This unexpected proceeding, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, justly incensed the First Consul, who had given decided proofs of moderation, and a wish for peace. "I want peace," said he, "to enable me to organise the interior; the people also want it. You see the conditions I offer. Austria, though beaten, obtains all she got at Campo Formio. What can she want more? I could make further exactions; but, without fearing the reverses of 1799, I must think of the future. Besides I want tranquillity, to enable me to settle the affairs of the interior, and send aid to Malta and Egypt. But I will not be trifled with. I will form my determination."

In his irritation the First Consul despatched orders to Moreau, directing him to break the armistice, and resume hostilities, unless he regained possession of the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube, by the surrender of Philipsburg, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. The Austrians then offered to treat with France on new bases. England insisted on taking part in the congress, but to this the First Consul would not consent until she should sign a separate armistice, and cease to make a common cause with Austria.

The First Consul received intelligence of the occupation of the three garrisons on the 23d of September, the day he had fixed in his ultimatum

to England, for the renewal of hostilities. But for the meanwhile, he was satisfied with the condescension of Austria: that power, in the expectation of being supported by England, asked her on what terms she was to treat?

During these communications with Austria, M. Otto was in London, negotiating for the exchange of prisoners. England would not hear of an armistice by sea, like that which France had concluded with Austria by land. She alleged that in case of a rupture, France would derive from that armistice greater advantage than Austria would gain by that already concluded. The difficulty and delay attending the necessary communications, rendered these reasons plausible. The First Consul consented to accept other propositions from England, and to allow her to take part in the discussions of Luneville, but on condition that she should sign a treaty with him without the intervention of Austria. This England refused to do. Weary of this uncertainty, and the tergiversation of Austria, which was still under the influence of England, and feeling that the prolongation of such a state of things could only turn to his disadvantage, Bonaparte broke the armistice. He had already consented to sacrifices which his successors in Italy did not justify. The hope of an immediate peace had alone made him lose sight of the immense advantages which victory had given him.

Far from appearing sensible, to the many proofs of moderation which the First Consul evinced,

the combined insolence of England and Austria seemed only to increase. Orders were immediately given for resuming the offensive in Germany and Italy, and hostilities then recommenced.

The chances of fortune were long doubtful. After a reverse Austria made promises, and after an advantage she evaded them; but finally, fortune proved herself favourable to France. The French armies in Italy and Germany crossed the Mincio, and the Danube, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden brought the French advanced posts within ten leagues of Vienna. This victory secured peace; for, profiting by past experience, the First Consul would not hear of any suspension of arms until Austria should consent to a separate treaty. Driven into her last entrenchments, Austria was obliged to yield. She abandoned England, and the English cabinet, in spite of the subsidy of two millions sterling, consented to this separation.

Great Britain was forced to come to this arrangement in consequence of the situation to which the successes of the army of Moreau had reduced Austria, which, it was certain, would be ruined by longer resistance.

England wished to enter into negotiations at Luneville. To this the First Consul acceded; but as he saw that England was seeking to deceive him, he required that she should suspend hostilities with France, as Austria had done. Bonaparte very reasonably alleged that an indefinite armistice on the continent would be

more to the disadvantage of France, than a long armistice by sea would be unfavourable to England. All this adjourned the preliminaries to 1801, and the peace to 1802.

The impatience and indignation of the First Consul had been highly excited by the evasions of Austria and the plots of England; for he knew all the intrigues that were carrying on for the restoration of the Bourbons. His joy may be, therefore, conceived when the battle of Hohenlinden balanced the scale of fortune in his favour.

On the 3d of December, 1800, Moreau gained that memorable victory which at length put an end to the hesitations of the Cabinet of Vienna.*

On the 6th of December, the First Consul received intelligence of the battle of Hohenlinden. It was on a Saturday, and he had just returned from the theatre when I delivered the despatches to him. He literally leaped for joy. I must say that he did not expect so important a result from the movements of the Army of the Rhine. This victory gave a new face to his negotiations for peace, and determined the opening of the congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following.

* On the eve of the battle of Hohenlinden, Moreau was at supper with a party of officers, when a despatch was delivered to him. After he had read it, he said to his guests, though he was far from being in the habit of boasting,—“I am here made acquainted with Baron Kráy's movements. They are all I could wish. Tomorrow we will take from him ten thousand prisoners.” Moreau took forty thousand, besides a great many flags.

On receiving information of the battle of Hohenlinden, Madame Moreau came to the Tuileries to call on the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. She did not see them, and repeated her call several times with no better success. The last time she came, she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. She waited for a considerable time in vain, and when she was going away, her mother, who could no longer restrain her feelings, said aloud before me and several persons of the household, that "it ill became the wife of the conqueror of Hohenlinden to dance attendance in this way." This remark reached the ears of those to whom it was directed. Madame Moreau shortly after rejoined her husband in Germany; and some time after her departure, Madame Hulot came to Malmaison to solicit promotion for her eldest son, who was in the navy, and who is since dead. Josephine received Madame Hulot very kindly, and requested her to stay to dinner. She accepted the invitation. The First Consul, who did not see her until the hour of dinner, treated her very coolly: he said little to her, and retired as soon as dinner was over. His rudeness was so marked and offensive, that Josephine, who was always kind and amiable, thought it necessary to apologize, by observing that his mind was disturbed by the non-arrival of a courier whom he expected.

Bonaparte entertained no dislike of Moreau, because he did not fear him; and after the battle of Hohenlinden, he spoke of him in the highest

terms, and frankly acknowledged the services he had rendered on that important occasion : but he could not endure his wife's family, who, he said, were a set of intriguers.

Luneville having been fixed upon for the congress, the First Consul sent Joseph to treat with Count Louis Cobentzel. On his way, Joseph met M. Cobentzel, who had passed Luneville; and was coming to Paris to sound the sentiments of the French government. Joseph returned to Paris with him. After some conversation with the First Consul, they set out next day for Luneville, of which place Bonaparte appointed General Clarke governor. This appeared to satisfy Clarke, who was very anxious to be something, and had long been importuning Bonaparte for an appointment.

A day or two after the news of the battle of Hohenlinden, M. Maret came to present for Bonaparte's signature some decrees made in council. While affixing the signature, and without looking up, the First Consul said to M. Maret, who was a favourite with him, and who was standing at his right hand, "Are you rich, Maret?"—"No, General."—"So much the worse: a man should be independent."—"General, I will never be dependent on any one but you." The First Consul then raised his eyes to Maret, and said, "Hem! that is not bad!" and when the secretary general was gone, he said to me, "Maret is a clever fellow: he made me a very good answer."

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the congress of Luneville, peace was signed between Austria and France. Thus was France restored to that honourable position which had been compromised by the feeble government of the pentarchy and the reverses of 1799. This peace, which in the treaty, according to custom, was called perpetual, lasted four years.

Joseph Bonaparte, while treating for France, at Luneville, was speculating on the rise of the funds, which he thought the peace would produce. Persons more wise, who were, like him, in the secret, sold out their stock, at the moment when the certainty of the peace became known. But Joseph purchased to a great extent, in the hope of selling to advantage, on the signature of peace. However, the news had its effect, and a fall took place. Joseph's loss was considerable, and he could not satisfy the engagements in which his greedy and silly speculations had involved him. He applied to his brother, who was unable to advance him the necessary sum. Bonaparte was exceedingly sorry to see his elder brother in this embarrassment. He asked me what was to be done. I told him I did not know; but I advised him to consult M. de Talleyrand, from whom he had often received good advice. He did so, and M. de Talleyrand replied with that air of coolness which is so peculiar to him, "What! is this all? Oh! this is nothing. It is easily settled. You have only to raise the funds."—"But the money."

—“ Oh, the money may be easily obtained. Make some deposits in the Mont-de-Piété, or the sinking fund. That will give you the necessary money to raise the funds ; and then Joseph may sell out, and recover his losses.” M. de Talleyrand’s advice was adopted, and all succeeded, as he had foretold. None but those who have heard M. de Talleyrand converse, can form an accurate idea of his easy manner of expressing himself, his inflexible coolness, the fixed unvarying expression of his countenance, and his vast fund of wit.

During the sitting of the congress the First Consul learned that the couriers of the mails conveyed to favoured individuals, in Paris, various things, but especially the delicacies of the table, and he ordered that this practice should be discontinued. On the very evening on which this order was issued, Cambacères entered the saloon, where I was alone, with the First Consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion to his colleague : “ Well, Cambacères, what brings you here, at this time of night ? ” — “ I come to solicit an exception to the order which you have just given to the post-masters. How do you think a man can make friends, unless he keeps a good table ? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of government.” The First Consul laughed, called him a gourmand, and, patting him on the shoulder, said, “ Do not distress yourself, my dear Cambacères, the couriers shall continue to bring you your

dindes aux truffes, your Strasburgh *pâtés*, your Mentz hams, and your *bartavelles*.”

Those who recollect the magnificent dinners given by Cambacères and others, which were a general topic of conversation at the time, and who know the ingenious calculation which was observed in the invitation of the guests, must be convinced of the vast influence of a good dinner in political affairs. As to Cambacères, he did not believe that a government could exist without good dinners: and his glory (for every man has his own particular glory) was to know that the luxuries of his table were the subject of eulogy throughout Paris, and even Europe. A banquet, which commanded general suffrage, was to him Marengo or Friedland.

About the end of February, M. Duval's play of *Edouard en Ecosse* was performed at the *Théâtre Français*. The royalists and emigrants went in crowds to see it. It contained numerous allusions to the Bourbons. The play was highly successful, as it deserved to be. After it was accepted at the theatre, some thought that the censorship would not allow it to be performed. The Minister of the Interior at first made some objection to it. M. Chaptal was applied to on the subject, through the medium of M. Maret and Mademoiselle Contat. The latter was an enthusiastic admirer of the piece; and, indeed, no one could venture to speak ill of it, without being looked upon as devoid of taste and feeling. While these green-room negotiations

were pending, the First Consul had gone to Saint Quentin, to examine the canal which bears that name. The piece was performed during his absence. I had occasion to write to him twice every day, and I sent him very contradictory reports about it. Some, I told him, were of opinion that the performance of the piece should be prohibited, because they regarded as dangerous the applications to which it gave rise. Others, and I was of that number, advised him to let the piece go on; because it was right to accustom the public to comparisons, with which many of our tragedies and comedies abound; and because the system of suppression and mutilation would banish all our dramatic masterpieces from the stage. The First Consul, on his return, at first inclined to this latter opinion. He ordered a second performance of *Edouard en Ecosse*, and I accompanied him to the theatre to witness it. He was very dissatisfied at the repeated plaudits excited by several allusions. These plaudits were, indeed, prolonged in a marked way. I assured him that the same thing had happened on the first performance, at which I was also present. He was much out of humour, and said, "This is too much; I will not allow it to be played;" and, as we were driving home, he said, "How silly of the censorship to approve such a play. Why allow political pieces to be performed, without consulting me? I would not suffer the performance of the *Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.* which, you must confess, was not half so bad as this." All re-

monstrance was in vain, and I believe that the result of the business was, that M. Duval was obliged to absent himself.

A short time after this, a piece was brought out at the *Opéra Comique*, entitled *L'Antichambre*. This was supposed to contain allusions to the Three Consuls. In one scene, a laquais said, "I am on duty," to which another replied, "And I also; we are colleagues." It was alleged that the manners of the First Consul were mimicked, and that the dresses worn by the servants in the piece were a burlesque imitation of the consular costume. "This," said the First Consul, "is a pendant to *Edouard*. Was there ever such a censor? This is not to be endured."

Chaptal affirmed that he had no knowledge of the piece, which had been examined by one of his clerks. M. Arnault, now so eminently distinguished, then held a situation in the office of the Minister of the Interior. Reproach fell upon him; but the influence of his brother-in-law, Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angély, averted the little persecutions which Cambacères endeavoured to excite against him. The First Consul ordered the dresses of the valets in *L'Antichambre* to be examined. "If there be any truth in the alleged imitation," said he, "they shall be taken to the Place de Grève, and torn to pieces by the hand of the executioner."

M. Dupaty would, no doubt, have suffered some punishment; but, fortunately for him, it was discovered that the piece was written before

the Consulate, and that the dresses bore no resemblance to the costume of the Consuls. *L'Anti-chambre* is the same piece which was performed a long time after, under the title of *Picaros et Diego*.

These two successive events induced Bonaparte's flatterers to solicit the prohibition of many of our finest dramatic productions. On the condemned list were inscribed, *Méropé*, *Tancredé*, *le Tartufe*, *la Mort de César*, and, above all, the opening lines of the tragedy of *Héraclius*. The works of our great poets were, without mercy, subjected to the mutilation of hired writers. To interest the public, in behalf of exiles, was displeasing to the First Consul; and to expose and satirise hypocrisy was offensive to the clergy who had been restored. The play which Bonaparte liked best to see performed was *Cinna*, on account of its long tirade against popular power.

At the commencement of 1801, Fulton presented to Bonaparte his memorial on steam-boats. I urged a serious examination of the subject. "Bah," said he, "these projectors are all either intriguers or visionaries. Don't trouble me about the business." I observed that the man whom he called an intriguér was only reviving an invention already known. That the application of steam power to vessels was of very early date, and that it was wrong to reject the scheme without examination. He would not listen to me; and thus was adjourned, for some time, the practical application of a discovery which has given

such an important impulse to trade and navigation.

Paul the First fell by the hands of assassins on the night of the 24th of March, 1801. The First Consul was much shocked on receiving the intelligence. In the excitement caused by this unexpected event, which had so important an influence on his policy, he directed me to send the following note to the *Moniteur*:—

“ Paul the First died on the night of the 24th of March, and the English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will reveal the connection which probably exists between these two events.”

Thus were announced the crime of the 24th of March, and the not ill-founded suspicion of its authors.

The amicable relations of Paul and Bonaparte had been daily strengthened. “ In concert with the Czar,” said Bonaparte, “ I was sure of striking a mortal blow at the English power in India. A palace revolution has overthrown all my projects.” This resolution, and the admiration of the autocrat of Russia, for the head of the French republic, may certainly be numbered among the causes of Paul’s death. The individuals generally accused at the time, were those who were violently and perseveringly threatened, and who had the strongest interest in the succession of a new emperor. I have seen a letter from a northern sovereign, which in my mind leaves no doubt on this subject, and which specified the

reward of the crime, and the part to be performed by each actor. But it must also be confessed, that the conduct and character of Paul the First, his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, and his frequent excesses of despotism, had rendered him the object of accumulated hatred, for patience has its limit. These circumstances did not probably create the conspiracy, but they considerably facilitated the execution of the plot, which deprived the Czar of the throne and his life.

As soon as Alexander ascended the throne, the ideas of the First Consul respecting the dismemberment of Poland were revived, and almost wholly engrossed his mind. During his first campaign in Italy, and several times when in Egypt, he told Sulkowsky that it was his ardent wish to re-establish Poland, to avenge the iniquity of her dismemberment, and, by that grand reparatory act, to restore the old equilibrium of Europe. He often dictated to me for the *Moniteur* articles tending to prove by various arguments that Europe would never enjoy repose until those great spoliations were avenged and repaired; but he frequently destroyed these articles, instead of sending them to press. His system of policy towards Russia, changed shortly after the death of Paul. The thought of a war against that empire unceasingly occupied his mind, and gave birth to the idea of that fatal campaign which took place eleven years afterwards, and which had other causes than the re-establishment of Poland. That object was merely set forward as a pretext.

Duroc was sent to St. Petersburg, to congratulate the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. He arrived in the Russian capital on the 24th of May. Duroc, who was at this time very young, was a great favourite of the First Consul. He never importuned Bonaparte by his solicitations, and was never troublesome in recommending any one, or busying himself as an agent for favour; yet he warmly advocated the cause of those whom he thought injured, and honestly repelled accusations which he knew to be false. These moral qualities, joined to an agreeable person and elegant manners, rendered him a very superior man.

The year 1801 was, moreover, marked by the fatal creation of special tribunals, which were in no way justified by the urgency of circumstances. From this year are also dated the re-establishment of the African Company, the Treaty of Luneville, which augmented the advantages France had obtained by the Treaty of Campo-Formio; and the peace concluded between Spain and Portugal through the medium of Lucien. On the subject of this peace, I may mention, that Portugal, to obtain the cession of Olivenza, secretly offered Bonaparte, through me, eight millions if he would contribute his influence towards the acquisition of that town by Portugal. He rejected this offer indignantly, declaring that he would never sell honour for money. He has been accused of having listened to a similar proposition at Passeriano, though, in fact, no such proposi-

tion was ever made to him. Those who bring forward such accusations, little know the inflexibility of his principles on this point.

One evening in April, 1801, an English paper—the *London Gazette*,—arrived at Malmaison. It announced the landing in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercrombie, the battle given by the English, and the death of the general: I immediately translated the article, and presented it to the First Consul, with the conviction that the news would be very painful to him.* He doubted its truth, or, at least, pretended to do so. Several officers and aides-de-camp, who were in the saloon, coincided in his opinion, especially Lannes, Bessieres, and Duroc. They thought by so doing to please the First Consul, who then said to me, in a jeering tone, “Bah! you do not understand English. This is the way with you: you are always inclined to believe bad news rather than good.” These words, and the approving smiles of the gentlemen present, ruffled me, and I said, with some warmth, “How, General, can you believe that the English government would publish officially so important an event if it were not true? Do you think that a government that has any self-respect would, in the face of Europe, state a falsehood respecting an affair, the truth of which cannot long remain unknown? Did you ever know an instance of so important an announcement proving untrue, after it had been published in the *London Gazette*? I believe it to be true, and the jeering smiles of these gentlemen will

not alter my opinion." On these observations, the First Consul rose, and said, "Come, Bourrienne, I want you in the library." After we had left the saloon, he added, "This is always the way with you. Why are you vexed at such trifles? I assure you I believe the news but too confidently, and I feared it before it came. But they think they please me by thus appearing to doubt it. Never mind them." "I ask your pardon," said I, "but I conceive the best way of proving my attachment to you is to tell you what I believe to be true. You desire me not to delay a moment in announcing bad news to you. It would be far worse to disguise than to conceal it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Royal Experiment—Louis de Bourbon and Maria Louisa of Spain—Creation of the Kingdom of Etruria—The Count of Leghorn at Paris—Entertainments given him—Bonaparte's opinion of the King of Etruria—His departure for Florence, and bad reception there—Negotiations with the Pope—Bonaparte's opinion on Religion—Te Deum at Notre Dame—Behaviour of the people in the Church—Irreligion of the Consular Court—Augereau's remark on the Te Deum—First Mass at Saint Cloud—Mass in Bonaparte's apartments—Talleyrand relieved from his clerical vows—My appointment to the Council of State.

BEFORE he placed two crowns on his own head, Bonaparte thought it would promote the interests of his policy to place one on the head of a prince, and even a prince of the house of Bourbon. He wished to accustom the French to the sight of a king. It will hereafter be seen, that he gave sceptres, like his confidence, conditionally, and that he was always ready to undo his own work, when it became an obstacle to his ambitious designs.

In May, 1801, the Infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles IV. visited Paris. The Infante Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the

Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid in 1798, to contract a marriage with Maria Amelia, the sister of Maria Louisa; but he fell in love with the latter. Godoy favoured the attachment, and employed all his influence to bring about the marriage. The son who, six years later, was born of this union, was named Charles Louis, after the King of Spain: France occupied the Duchy of Parma, which, in fulfilment of the conventions signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to belong to her after the death of the reigning duke. On the other hand, France was to cede the Grand Duchy of Tuscany to the son of the Duke of Parma; and Spain paid to France, according to stipulation, a considerable sum of money. Soon after the treaty was communicated to Don Louis and his wife, they left Madrid, and travelled through France. The prince took the title of Count of Leghorn. All accounts are unanimous as to the attentions which the prince and princess received on their journey. Among the fêtes, in honour of the illustrious couple, that given by M. de Talleyrand, at Neuilly, was remarkable for magnificence.

When the Count of Leghorn was coming to pay his first visit to Malmaison, Bonaparte went into the drawing-room to see that every thing was suitably prepared for his reception. In a few minutes he returned to his cabinet, and said to me, somewhat out of humour—" Bourrienne, only think of their stupidity; they had not taken down the picture representing me on the summit

of the Alps, pointing to Lombardy, and commanding the conquest. I have ordered its removal. How mortifying it would have been if the prince had seen it."

Another picture in the drawing-room at Malmaison, represented the First Consul sleeping on the snow on the summit of the Alps, before the battle of Marengo.

The Count of Leghorn's visit to Paris imparted brilliancy to the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, of whom it was at that time said,—“ He made kings, but would not be one !”

At the representation of *Œdipus* the following expression of Philoctetes was received with transport :—

“ J'ai fait des Souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être.”

The First Consul, on leaving the theatre, did not conceal his satisfaction. He judged, from the applause with which that verse had been received, that his pamphlet was forgotten. The manner, moreover, in which a king, crowned by his hands, had been received by the public, was no indifferent matter to him, as he expected that the people would thus again become familiar with what had been so long proscribed:

This king, who, though well received, and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, departed for Italy. I say very ordinary, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the First Consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited ; that

he even felt repugnance to take a pen in his hand ; that he never cast a thought on any thing but his pleasures ; in a word, that he was a fool.

One day, after the First Consul had spent several hours in company with him and his consort, he said to me,—“ I am quite tired. He is a mere automaton. I put a number of questions to him, but he could answer none. He was obliged to consult his wife, who made him understand, as well as she was able, what he ought to say.” The First Consul added,—“ The poor prince will set off to-morrow, without knowing what he is going to do.” I observed, that it was a pity to see the happiness of the people of Tuscany entrusted to such a prince. Bonaparte replied—“ Policy requires it. Besides, the young man is not worse than the usual run of kings.” The prince justified, in Tuscany, the opinion which the First Consul formed of him.

In order to shew still further attention to the King of Etruria, after his three weeks' visit to Paris, the First Consul directed him to be escorted to Italy by a French guard, and selected his brother-in-law, Murat, for that purpose.

The new king of a new kingdom entered Florence on the 12th April, 1801 ; but the reception given him by the Tuscans was not at all similar to what he had experienced at Paris. The people received the royal pair as sovereigns imposed on them by France. The ephemeral kingdom of Etruria lasted scarcely six years. The king died in 1803, in the flower of his age, and in 1807 the queen was

expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

At this period a powerful party urged Bonaparte to break with the Pope, and to establish a Gallican church, the head of which should reside in France. They thought to flatter his ambition by indicating to him a new source of power, which might establish a point of comparison between him and the first Roman emperors. But his ideas did not coincide with theirs on this subject. "I am convinced," said he, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I were to favour that disposition. I am also certain that the much greater portion would remain Catholic, and would oppose, with the greatest zeal and fervour, the schism of a part of their fellow-citizens. I dread the religious quarrels, the family dissensions, and the public distractions, which such a state of things would inevitably occasion. In reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country, and which still prevails in the hearts of the people; and in giving the liberty of exercising their worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one."

The First Consul, taking a superior view of the state of France, considered, that the re-establishment of religious worship would prove a powerful support to his government: and he had been occupied since the commencement of 1801, in preparing a concordate with the Pope. It was signed in the month of July, in the same year. It required some time to enable the parties to come to an understanding on the subject.

Cardinal Gonsalvi arrived, in the month of June, at Paris, to arrange matters on the part of the Pope. Cardinal Caprara and M. de Spina also formed part of the embassy, sent by the Holy Father. There were, besides, several able theologians, among whom Doctor C—— was distinguished. He was a member of the Pope's chancery; his knowledge gave him so much influence over his colleagues, that affairs advanced only as much as he pleased. However, he was gained over by honours conferred on him, and promises of money. Business then went on a little quicker. The concordate was signed on the 15th July, 1801, and made a law of the state in April 1802. The plenipotentiaries on the part of Bonaparte were Joseph Bonaparte, Creset, and the Abbé Bernier, late Bishop of Versailles.

A solemn *Te Deum* was chaunted at the cathedral of Notre Dame, on Sunday the 11th of April. The crowd was immense, and the greater part of those present stood, during the ceremony, which was splendid in the extreme; but who would presume to say, that the general feeling was in harmony with all this pomp? Was, then, the time for this innovation not yet arrived? Was it too abrupt a transition from the habits of the twelve preceding years? It is unquestionably true, that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony, expressed, in their countenance and gestures, rather a feeling of impatience and displeasure, than of satisfaction, or of reverence for the place in which they were. Here and there

murmurs arose, expressive of discontent. The whispering, which I might more properly call open conversation, often interrupted the divine service, and sometimes observations were made, which were far from being moderate. Some would turn their heads aside, on purpose to take a bit of chocolate cake, and biscuits were openly eaten by many who seemed to pay no attention to what was passing.

The Consular Court was, in general, extremely irreligious; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had assisted in the annihilation of all religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church, in Italy, to carry off a painting, than to hear the mass. Those who, without being imbued with any religious ideas, possessed that good sense which induces men to pay respect to the belief of others, though it be one in which they do not participate, did not blame the First Consul for his conduct, and conducted themselves with some regard to decency. But on the road from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage, as soon as they saw that they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Notre Dame, and the next day Bonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh! it was all very fine," replied the general; "there was nothing wanting;" except the million

of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up." Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark.

During the negotiations with the Holy Father, Bonaparte one day said to me—"In every country religion is useful to the government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. I was Mahomedan in Egypt; I am Catholic in France. With relation to the police of the religion of a state, it should be entirely in the hands of the sovereign. Many persons have urged me to found a Gallican church, and make myself its head: but they do not know France. If they did, they would know that the majority of the people would not like a rupture with Rome. Before I can resolve on such a measure, the Pope must push matters to an extremity; but I believe he will not do so."—"You are right, General, and you recollect to my memory what Cardinal Gonsalvi said:—'The Pope will do all the First Consul desires.'"—"That is the best course for him. Let him not suppose that he has to do with an imbecile. What do you think is the point his negotiations put most forward? The salvation of my soul! But, with me, immortality is the recollection left in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived, than not to leave behind him traces of his existence."

Many endeavours were made to persuade the First Consul to perform in public the duties im-

posed by religion. An influential example, it was urged, was required. He told me once that he had put an end to that request by the following declaration:—"Enough of this. Ask me no more. You will not obtain your object. You shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are."

I have read in a work, remarkable on many accounts, that it was on the occasion of the concordate of the 15th July, 1801, that the First Consul abolished the republican calendar, and re-established the Gregorian. This is an error. He did not make the calendar a religious affair. The *senatus consultum*, which restored the use of the Gregorian calendar, to commence in the French empire from the 11th Nivose, year XIV. (1st January, 1806), was adopted on the 22d Fructidor, year XIII. (9th September, 1805), more than four years after the concordate. The introduction of the antient calendar had no other object than to bring us into harmony with the rest of Europe, on a point so closely connected with daily transactions, which were much embarrassed by the decadary calendar.

Bonaparte at length, however, consented to hear mass, and St. Cloud was the place where this antient usage was first re-established. He directed the ceremony to commence sooner than the hour announced, in order that those who would only make a scoff of it, might not arrive until the service was ended.

Whenever the First Consul determined to hear

mass publicly on Sundays in the chapel of the palace, a small altar was prepared in a room near his cabinet of business. This room had been Ann of Austria's oratory. A small portable altar, placed on a platform one step high, restored it to its original destination. During the rest of the week, this chapel was used as a bathing-room. On Sunday, the door of communication was opened, and we heard mass sitting in our cabinet of business. The number of persons there never exceeded three or four, and the First Consul seldom failed to transact some business during the ceremony, which never lasted longer than twelve minutes. Next day all the papers had the news that the First Consul had heard mass in his apartments. In the same way Louis XVIII. has often heard it in his.

On the 19th July, 1802, a Papal bull absolved Talleyrand from his vows. He immediately married Madame Grandt, and the affair obtained little notice at the time. This statement sufficiently proves how report has perverted the fact. It has been said that Bonaparte, on becoming emperor, wished to restore that decorum which the revolution had destroyed, and therefore resolved to put an end to the improper intimacy which subsisted between Talleyrand and Madame Grandt. It is alleged that the minister at first refused to marry the lady; but that he at last found it necessary to obey the peremptory order of his master. This pretended resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridi-

culous. The bull was not registered in the council of state until the 19th of August, 1802.

I will end this chapter by a story, somewhat foreign to the preceding transactions, but which personally concerns myself. On the 20th July, 1801, the First Consul, *ex proprio motu*, named me a counsellor of state extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte kindly condescended to make an elegant but somewhat ideal costume for me. It pleased the First Consul, however, and he had a similar one made for himself. He wore it a short time; and then left it off. Never had Bonaparte, since his elevation, shewn himself so amiable as on this occasion.

CHAPTER XVII

Last Chapter on Egypt—Admiral Gantheaume—Way to please Bonaparte—General Menou's flattery and his reward—Davoust—Bonaparte regrets giving the command to Menou, who is defeated by Abercrombie—M. Otto's Negotiation at London—Preliminaries of Peace.

FOR the last time in these memoirs, I shall return to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode which embraces so short a space of time, and holds so high a place in the life of Bonaparte. Of all his conquests, he set the highest value on Egypt, because it spread the fame of his name throughout the East. Accordingly, he left nothing unattempted for the preservation of that colony. In a letter to General Kleber, he said, "You are as well able to understand as I am how important is the possession of Egypt to France. The Turkish empire, in which the symptoms of decay are everywhere discernible, is at present falling to pieces, and the evil of the evacuation of Egypt by France would now be the greater, as we should soon see that fine province pass into the

possession of some other European power." The selection of Gantheaume, however, to carry him succours, was not judicious. Gantheaume had brought the First Consul back from Egypt, and though the success of the passage could only be attributed to Bonaparte's own plan, his determined character and superior judgment, yet he preserved towards Gantheaume that favourable disposition which is naturally felt for one who has shared a great danger with us, and upon whom the responsibility may be said to have been imposed. This confidence in mediocrity, dictated by an honourable feeling, did not obtain a suitable return: Gantheaume, by his indecision, and creeping about in the Mediterranean, failed to execute the commission entrusted to him. The First Consul finding that he did not leave Brest, after he had been ordered to the Mediterranean, repeatedly said to me, "What the devil is Gantheaume about?" With one of the daily reports sent to the First Consul he received the following quatrain, which made him laugh heartily:—

Vaisseaux lestés, tête sans lest,
 Ainsi part l'Amiral Gantheaume ;
 Il s'en-va de Brest à Bertheaume,
 Et revient de Bertheaume à Brest !*

Gantheaume's hesitation, his frequent tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure,

* With ballast on board, but none in his brain,
 Away went our gallant Gantheaume,
 On a voyage from Brest to Bertheaume,
 And then from Bertheaume—to Brest back again !

and his return to that port on the 19th of February, 1801, only ten days prior to Admiral Keith's appearance with Sir Ralph Abercrombie off Alexandria, completely foiled all the plans which Bonaparte had conceived of conveying succours and reinforcements to a colony on the brink of destruction.

Bonaparte was then picturing to himself the numerous French families who would carry back civilization, science, and art, to that country which was their cradle. But it could not be concealed, that his departure from Egypt in 1799 had prepared the way for the loss of that country, which was hastened by Kleber's death, and the choice of Menou for his successor.

A sure way of making court to the First Consul, and gaining his favour, was to eulogize his views on Egypt, and to appear zealous for securing the possession of that country. By these means it was that Menou gained his confidence. In the first year of the occupation of that country, he laid before him his dreams respecting Africa. He spoke of the negroes of the Senegal, of Mozambique, Mehedie, Marabout, and other barbarous countries, which were, all at once, to assume a different appearance, and become civilized, in consequence of the French possession of Egypt. To Menou's adulation is to be attributed the favourable reception given him by the First Consul, even after his return from Egypt, of which his foolish conduct had allowed the English to get possession. The First Consul appointed

him governor of Piedmont, and, at my request gave my elder brother the situation of commissary-general of police in that country; but I am in candour obliged to confess, that the First Consul was obliged to retract this mark of his favour, in consequence of its abuse.

It was also by flattering the First Consul, on the question of the East, that Davoust, on his return from Egypt in 1800, in consequence of the Convention of El Arish, insinuated himself into Bonaparte's good graces, and, if he did not deserve, obtained his favour. At that time, Davoust certainly had no title whatever to the good fortune which he suddenly experienced. He obtained, without first serving in the subordinate ranks, the command-in-chief of the grenadiers of the consular guard, and from that time commenced the deadly hatred which Davoust bore towards me. Astonished at the great length of time that Bonaparte had been one day conversing with him, I said, as soon as he was gone, "How could you talk so long with a man whom you have always called a stupid fellow?"—"Ah! but I did not know him well enough before. He is a better man, I assure you, than he is thought; and you will also come into my opinion."—"I hope so." The First Consul, who was often extremely indiscreet, went and told Davoust my opinion of him, and his hostility to me never ceased but with his life.

The First Consul never forgot his dear conquest in the East. It was ever the object of his

thoughts. He endeavoured to send reinforcements to his army from Brest and Toulon, but without success. He soon had cause to repent having entrusted to the hands of Menou the command-in-chief, to which he became entitled only by seniority, after the assassination of Kleber by Solyman Haleby; but Bonaparte's indignation was excited when he became acquainted with Menou's neglect and mismanagement, when he saw him giving reins to his passion for reform, altering and destroying every thing, and creating nothing good in its stead, and dreaming about forming a land communication with the Hottentots and Congo, instead of studying how to preserve the country. His pitiful plans of defence, which were useless from their want of combination, appeared to the First Consul the height of ignorance. Forgetful of all the principles of strategic science, of which Bonaparte's conduct afforded so many examples, he opposed to the landing of Abercrombie a few isolated corps, which were unable to withstand the enemy's attack, while the English army might have been entirely annihilated, had all the disposable troops been sent against it.

The great admiration which Menou expressed at the expedition to Egypt; his excessive fondness of that country, the religion of which he had ridiculously enough embraced, under the name of Abd-Allah; the efforts he made, in his sphere, to preserve the colony; his enthusiasm and blind attachment to Bonaparte;

the flattering and encouraging accounts he gave of the situation of the army, at first had the effect of entirely covering Menou's incapacity. This alone can account for the First Consul's preference of him. But I am far from concurring in what has been asserted by many persons, that France lost Egypt at the very moment when it seemed most easy of preservation. Egypt was conquered by a genius of vast intelligence, great capacity, and profound military science. Fatuity, stupidity, and incapacity lost it. What was the result of that memorable expedition? The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of some of our best generals; the annihilation of our navy; the surrender of Malta; and the sovereignty of England in the Mediterranean. What is the result at present? A scientific work. The gossiping stories, and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of the worthy Rollin, are worth as much, and have not cost so dear.

The First Consul had long been apprehensive that the evacuation of Egypt was unavoidable. The last news he had received from that country was but little encouraging, and created a presentiment of the approach of the dreaded catastrophe. He, however, published the contrary; but it was then of great importance that an account of the evacuation should not reach England until the preliminaries of peace were signed, for which purpose M. Otto was exerting all his industry and talent. We made a great merit of

abandoning our conquests in Egypt; but the sacrifice would not have been considered great, if the events, which took place at the end of August, had been known in London, before the signing of the preliminaries on the 1st of October. The First Consul himself answered M. Otto's last despatch, containing a copy of the preliminaries, ready to be adopted by the English ministry. Neither this despatch, nor the answer, were communicated to M. de Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs. The First Consul, who highly appreciated the great talents and knowledge of that minister, never closed any diplomatic arrangement without first consulting him; and he was right in so doing. On this occasion, however, I told him that as M. de Talleyrand was, for the sake of his health, drinking the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, four days must elapse before his reply could be received, and that that delay might cause the face of affairs to change. I reminded him that Egypt was on the point of yielding. He took my advice, and it was well for him that he did; for the news of the compulsory evacuation of Egypt arrived at London the day after the signing of the preliminaries. M. Otto informed the First Consul, by letter, that Lord Hawkesbury, in communicating to him the news of the evacuation, told him, he was very glad that everything was settled, for that it would have been impossible for him to have treated on the same basis, after the arrival of such news. In

reality, we consented at Paris to the voluntary evacuation of Egypt, and that was something for England, while Egypt was at that very time evacuated, by a convention made on the spot. The definitive evacuation of Egypt took place on the 30th of August, 1801; and thus, the conquest of that country, which had cost so dear, was rendered useless, or rather injurious.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The most glorious epoch for France—The First Consul's desire of peace—Malta ceded and kept—Bonaparte and the English journals—Mr. Addington's letter to the First Consul—Bonaparte prosecutes Peltier—Le Clerc's expedition to Saint Domingo—Toussaint Louverture—Death of Le Clerc—Rochambeau, his successor, abandons Saint Domingo—First symptoms of Bonaparte's malady—Josephine's intrigues for the marriage of Hortense—Falsehood contradicted.

THE epoch of the peace of Amiens, must be considered the most glorious in the history of France, not excepting the splendid period of Louis the Fourteenth's victories, and the more brilliant era of the empire. The consular glory was then pure, and the opening prospect was full of flattering hope; whereas, those who were but little accustomed to look closely into things, could discern mighty disasters lurking under the laurels of the empire.

The proposals which the First Consul made, in order to obtain peace, sufficiently prove his sincere desire for it. He felt that if, in the commencement of his administration, he could couple his name with so hoped for an act, he should ever

experience the affection and gratitude of the French. I want no other proof of his sentiments, than the offer he made to give up Egypt to the Grand Seigneur, and to restore all the ports of the Gulf of Venice, and of the Mediterranean, to the states to whom they had previously belonged; to surrender Malta to the order, and even to raze its fortifications, if England should think such a measure necessary for her interests. In the Indies, Ceylon remained to him, and he required the surrender of the Cape of Good Hope, and all the places taken by the English in the West Indies.

England had firmly resolved to keep Malta, the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, the caravansera of the Indies. She was, therefore, unwilling to close with the proposition respecting Malta; and she said, that an arrangement might be made, by which it would be rendered independent, both of Great Britain and France. We clearly saw that this was only a lure, and that, whatever arrangements might be entered into, England would keep Malta, because it was not to be expected that a maritime power would willingly surrender an island which commands the Mediterranean. I do not notice the discussions respecting the American islands, for they were, in my opinion, of little consequence to us. They cost more than they produce; and they will escape from us, at some time or other, as all colonies ultimately do from the parent country. The whole colonial system is absurd; it forces us

to pay for colonial produce nearly double what it may be purchased at from our neighbours.

When Lord Hawkesbury consented to évacuate Malta, on condition that it should be independent of France and Great Britain, he must have been aware that such a condition would never be fulfilled. He cared little for the order of St. John, and he should have put, by way of post-script, at the bottom of his note, " We will keep Malta, in spite of you." I always told the First Consul that if he were in the situation of the English, he would act the same part ; and it did not require much sagacity to foretell that this island was to be the principal cause of the rupture of peace. He was of my opinion ; but at that moment he thought every thing depended on concluding the negotiations, and I entirely agreed with him. It happened, as was foreseen, that this island caused the renewal of war. The English, on being called upon to surrender Malta, eluded the demand, shifted about, and at last ended by demanding that Malta should be placed under the protection of the King of Naples ; that is to say, under the protection of a power entirely at their command, and to which they might dictate what they pleased. This was really too violent a piece of irony.

I will here notice the quarrel between the First Consul and the English newspapers, and give a new proof of his love of the freedom of the press. However, this liberty of the press did once contribute to give him infinite gratification ; namely,

when all the London journals mentioned the transports of joy manifested in London, on the arrival of General Lauriston, the bearer of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.

The First Consul was, at all times, the declared enemy of the liberty of the press, and, therefore, he ruled the journals with a hand of iron. I have often heard him say, "Were I to loosen the reins, I should not continue three months in power." He unfortunately held the same opinion respecting every other prerogative of public freedom. The silence he had imposed in France, he wished, but could not, impose in England. He was irritated by the calumnies and libels so liberally cast upon him by the English journals, and especially by one written in French, called *L'Ambigu*, conducted by Peltier, who had been the editor of the *Actes des Apôtres* in Paris. The *Ambigu* was constantly teeming with the most violent attacks against the First Consul and the French nation. Bonaparte could never, like the English, bring himself to despise newspaper libels, and revenged himself by violent articles, which he caused to be inserted in the *Moniteur*. He directed M. Otto to remonstrate, in an official note, against a system of calumny, which he believed to be authorized by the English government. Besides this official proceeding, he applied, in his own name, to Mr. Addington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting him to procure the adoption of legislative measures against the licentious writings complained of; and to take the earliest

opportunity of satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, the First Consul seized the moment of the signing of the preliminaries to make this request.

Mr. Addington wrote a long answer to the First Consul, which I translated for him. The English minister refuted, with great force, all the arguments which Bonaparte had employed against the press. He admitted that its abuse was sometimes a real evil, but the English constitution allowed every man to use his pen, it being at his own risk and peril if he made a bad use of it. Men were punished for offences committed through the instrumentality of the press, in the same way as for offences committed through other means. He confessed, that sometimes libels would elude the severity of the law, but there was no remedy, for it was impossible to touch the liberty of the press, which was engrafted in the habits of the people. Mr. Addington declared that the English people owed much to the liberty of the press, and that no minister would be so bold as to submit to Parliament any measure for its curtailment, as the freedom of the press was most dear to Englishmen. He also informed the First Consul, that though a foreigner, it was competent for him to institute a complaint in the courts of law, but that, in such case, he must be content to see all the scandalous statements, of which he complained, re-published in the report of the trial. He advised him to treat the libels with profound contempt, and do as he and others did, who attached

not the slightest importance to them. I congratulate myself on having, in some degree, prevented a trial taking place at this time.

Things remained in this state for the moment; but after the peace of Amiens, the First Consul prosecuted Peltier, whose journal was always full of violence and bitterness against the First Consul. Peltier was defended by the celebrated Macintosh; yet in spite of the eloquence of his counsel, he was convicted. The verdict, which public opinion considered in the light of a triumph for the defendant, was not followed up by any judgment, in consequence of the rupture of the peace occurring soon after. It is melancholy to reflect that this nervous susceptibility of the libels of the English papers contributed certainly as much as, and perhaps more than the consideration of great political interests, to the renewal of hostilities. The public would be astonished at a great many things, if they could only look under the cards.

I have anticipated the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, that I might not interrupt what I had to mention respecting Bonaparte's hatred of the liberty of the press. I now return to the end of the year 1801, the period of the expedition against St. Domingo.

The First Consul, after dictating to me during nearly the whole of one night instructions for that expedition; sent for General Le Clerc, and said to him in my presence, "Here, take your instructions; you have a fine opportunity for filling your

purse. Go, and no longer teaze me by your eternal requests for money." The friendship which Bonaparte felt for his sister Pauline had a good deal of influence in inducing him to take this liberal way of enriching her husband.

The expedition left the ports of France on the 14th of December, 1801, and arrived off the Cape on the 1st of February, 1802. The fatal result of this enterprize is well known, but we are never to be cured of the folly for such absurd expeditions. In the instructions given to Le Clerc every thing was foreseen; but it was painful to know that the choice of one of the youngest, and least capable of all the generals of the army, left no hope of a successful result.

This enterprize, planned rashly, and in some degree in consequence of ill-humour, occasioned by the vexatious and uncertain character of the preliminaries, appeared to me a great fault. I never met any one who augured well of it. The chances were a hundred to one that the result would be fatal, and that Bonaparte's fortune would on this occasion totally abandon him. This hazardous project cost us a fine army, and large sums of money. It was condemned by all contemporaries, except the most servile flatterers; and it certainly will not escape the censure of posterity, if posterity trouble itself about the matter. The funds belonging to the chest of the Naval Invalids were appropriated to the first expences of the expedition; and this sacrilege created no favourable foreboding of its success.

The colony has at last been sold to the negroes, which was the best thing that could be done, provided they pay. But that is what they will not do; and it would be absurd and disgraceful to attempt to bring back to the condition of beasts of burden an entire population, which has been emancipated by the course of events, and which has acquired a rank in the scale of human society.

The expedition to St. Domingo is one of Bonaparte's great errors. Almost every person whom he consulted endeavoured to dissuade him from it. He has attempted a justification through the medium of his historians of St. Helena; but does he succeed when he says, "That he was obliged to yield to the advice of his Council of State?" He truly was a likely man to submit a question of war to the discussion of the Council of State, or to be dictated to in such an affair by any council.

Bonaparte dictated to me a letter for Toussaint, full of sounding words and fine promises, informing him that his two children, who had been educated at Paris, were sent back to him, offering him the title of Vice-Governor, and stating that he ought readily to assist in an arrangement which would contribute to re-connect the colony with the mother country. Toussaint, who had at first shewn a disposition to close with the bargain, yet feeling afraid of being deceived by the French, and probably induced by ambitious motives, resolved on war. He displayed a great deal of talent; but attacked before the climate had thinned the French ranks, he was unable to op-

pose a fresh army, numerous and inured to war. He capitulated and retired to a plantation, which he was not to leave without Le Clerc's permission. A feigned conspiracy on the part of the blacks formed a pretence for accusing Toussaint, and he was seized and sent to France.

Toussaint was brought to Paris in the beginning of August. He was sent, in the first instance, to the Temple, whence he was removed to the Château de Joux. His imprisonment was rigorous: few comforts were allowed him. This treatment, his recollections of the past, his separation from the world, and the effects of our climate, accelerated his death, which took place a few months after his arrival in France. The reports which spread concerning his death, the assertion that it was not a natural one, and that it had been caused by poison, obtained no credit. I should add, that Toussaint wrote a letter to Bonaparte; but I never saw in it the expression attributed to him—"The first man of the blacks to the first man of the whites!" Bonaparte acknowledged that the black leader possessed energy, courage, and great skill. I am sure that he would have rejoiced if the result of his relations with St. Domingo had been something else than the kidnapping and transportation of Toussaint.

Le Clerc, after fruitless efforts to conquer the colony, was himself carried off by the yellow fever. Rochambeau succeeded him, and was as unsuccessful as Menou had been in Egypt. The

submission of the blacks, which could only have been obtained by conciliation, he endeavoured to compel by violence. At last, in December, 1803, he surrendered to an English squadron, and abandoned the island to Dessalines.

Bonaparte often experienced severe bodily pain, and I have now little doubt that his suffering was occasioned by the commencement of that malady which terminated his life at St. Helena. These pains affected him most acutely on the night when he dictated to me the instructions for General Le Clerc. It was very late when I conducted him to his apartment. We had just been taking a cup of chocolate, a beverage of which we always partook when our business lasted longer than one o'clock in the morning. He never took a light with him when he went up to his bedroom. I gave him my arm, and we had scarcely got beyond the little staircase which leads to the corridor, when he was rudely run up against by a man, who was endeavouring to escape as quickly as possible by the staircase. The First Consul did not fall, because I supported him. We soon gained his chamber, where we found Josephine, who having heard the noise, awoke greatly alarmed. From the investigations which were immediately made, it appeared that the uproar was occasioned by a fellow who had been keeping an assignation, and had exceeded the usual hour for his departure.

On the 7th of January, 1802, Mademoiselle

Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte. As the custom was not yet resumed of adding the religious ceremony to the civil contract, the nuptial benediction was, on this occasion, privately given by a priest at the house, Rue de la Victoire. Bonaparte also caused the marriage of Caroline, which had taken place two years previous to Hortense's, to be consecrated in the same manner; but he and his wife did not follow the example. Had he then an idea of separating himself from Josephine, and therefore was unwilling to render a divorce more difficult by giving his marriage a religious sanction? I am rather inclined to think, from what he said to me, that his neglecting to take a part in the religious ceremony arose from indifference.

Bonaparte said, at St. Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, that "they loved each other when they married: they desired to be united. The marriage was, too, the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her account in it." One fact is certain, and that is, that they did not love each other at all. Hortense was passionately attached to Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal ardour. The First Consul consented to their marriage; but Josephine, who was desirous of obtaining some support against her brothers-in-law, who never ceased to persecute her, wished to have Hortense united to Louis. She acquainted me with her wish, and I told her that she had concealed her intentions

too long, as I had promised my services in favour of the young lovers, and had done so the more willingly because I knew the First Consul's opinion was favourable to the union with Duroc. I added, that her daughter could not restrain her tears when Louis was mentioned to her as a husband. The First Consul, in the expectation that Duroc's marriage with Hortense would take place, had sent to him his brevet, as general of division, by an extraordinary courier, who went to Holland, through which Duroc had to pass on his return from St. Petersburg.

During Duroc's absence, the correspondence of the young lovers passed, by their consent, through my hands. Every night I used to make one in a party at billiards, at which Hortense played very well. When I told her, in a whisper, that I had got a letter for her, she would immediately leave off playing, and run to her chamber, where I followed, and gave her Duroc's epistle. When she opened it, her eyes would fill with tears, and it was some time before she could return to the saloon.

When we were at Malmaison those intrigues continued. At the Tuileries the same conduct was pursued, but then the probability of success was on Duroc's side; I even felicitated him on his prospects, but he received my compliments in a very cold manner. In a few days after, Josephine succeeded in changing the whole face of affairs. Her heart was entirely set on the mar-

riage of Louis with her daughter; and prayers, entreaties, caresses, and all those little arts which she so well knew how to use, were employed, to persuade the First Consul to her purpose. On the 4th January the First Consul, after dinner, entered our cabinet, where I was at work, "Where is Duroc?" he inquired.—"He has gone out to the Opera, I believe."—"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised Hortense to him, and he shall have her. But I wish the marriage to take place in two days, at the latest. I will give him five hundred thousand francs, and name him commandant of the eighteenth military division; but he must set out the day after his marriage, with his wife, for Toulon. We must live apart; I want no son-in-law at home. As I wish to come to some conclusion, let me know, to-night, whether this plan will satisfy him."—"I think it will not."—"Very well! then she shall marry Louis."—"Will she like?"—"It must be."—The First Consul gave me these directions in a very abrupt manner, which made me think that some little domestic warfare had been raging, and that to put an end to it he had come to propose his ultimatum. At half-past six in the evening, Duroc returned; I reported to him, word for word, the proposition of the First Consul. "Since it has come to that, my good friend," said he, "tell him, he may keep his daughter, for me. I am going to see the —," and, with an indifference for which I cannot

account, he took his hat, and went off. The First Consul, before going to bed, was informed of Duroc's reply, and Josephine received from him the promise that Louis and Hortense should be married. The marriage took place a few days after, to the great regret of Hortense, and, probably, to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis submitted to have a woman, who had hitherto avoided him as much as possible, forced upon him for a wife. She always manifested as much indifference for him, as he displayed repugnance for her, and those sentiments are not yet effaced.

Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that he wished to unite Louis with a niece of Talleyrand. I can only say, that I never heard a word of this niece, either from himself, his wife, or her daughter; and, I rather think, that at that time the First Consul was looking after a royal alliance for Louis. He often expressed regret at the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It should be recollected, that we were now in the year which saw the consulship for life established, and which, consequently, gave presage of the empire. Napoleon truly said to the companions of his exile, that "Louis's marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues;" but I cannot understand how he never mentioned the intention he once had of uniting Hortense to Duroc.

Here I am happy to have it in my power to contradict most formally and most positively certain infamous insinuations which have prevailed

respecting Bonaparte and Hortense. Those who have asserted that Bonaparte ever entertained towards Hortense any other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for a daughter-in-law, have, as the ancient knights used to say, "lied in their throats."

CHAPTER XIX.

Bonaparte President of the Cisalpine Republic—Meeting of the Deputation at Lyons—Malta and the English—My immortality—Fête given by Madame Murat—Erasures from the emigrant list—Restitution of property—General Sebastiani—Lord Whitworth—Napoleon's first symptoms of disease—Corvisart—Influence of physical suffering on Napoleon's temper—Articles for the *Moniteur*—General Andréossi—M. Talleyrand's pun—Jerôme Bonaparte—Extravagance of Bonaparte's brothers—M. Collot and the navy contract.

BONAPARTE was anxious to place the Cisalpine Republic on a footing of harmony with the government of France. It was necessary to select a president, who should perfectly accord with Bonaparte's views; and in this respect no one could be so suitable as Bonaparte himself. Not wishing to be long absent from Paris, and anxious to avoid the trouble of the journey to Milan, he appointed to meet the deputation at Lyons. Before our departure I said to him, "Is it possible that you do not wish to revisit Italy, the first scene of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you were the object of so

much homage?"—"I certainly should," replied the First Consul, "but the journey to Milan would occupy too much precious time. I prefer that the meeting should take place in France. My influence over the deputies will be more prompt and certain at Lyons than at Milan; and then I should be glad to see the noble wreck of the Army of Egypt, which is collected at Lyons."

On the 8th of January, 1802, we set out. Bonaparte, who was now ready to ascend the throne of France, wished to prepare the Italians for one day crowning him their King of Italy, in imitation of Charlemagne, of whom in anticipation he considered himself the successor. He saw that the title of President of the Cisalpine Republic was a great advance towards the sovereignty of Lombardy, as he afterwards found that the consulate for life was a decisive step towards the throne of France. He obtained the title of President without much difficulty on the 26th of January, 1802. The journey to Lyons, and the conferences, were only matters of form; but high sounding words and solemn proceedings had their effect on the public mind.*

The attempts which had been made on the life of the First Consul gave rise to a report that he took extraordinary precautions for his safety dur-

* Ugo Foscolo, the author of the *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, a work which enjoys great and merited reputation in Italy, was at Lyons at the time of the meeting of the Cisalpine Senate.

ing this journey to Lyons. I never saw these precautions, and Bonaparte was at all times averse to adopt any. He often repeated "That whoever would risk his own life, might take his." He therefore travelled like a private person, and very rarely had arms in his carriage.

On the 25th of March of the same year, England signed, at Amiens, a suspension of arms for fourteen months, which was called a treaty of peace. The clauses of this treaty were not calculated to inspire the hope of a very long peace. It was evident, for example, that England would not evacuate Malta; and that island ultimately proved the chief cause of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens. But England, heretofore so haughty in her bearing to the First Consul, had at length treated with him as head of the French government. This, as Bonaparte was aware, boded well for the consolidation of his power.

At that moment, when he saw his glory and power augmenting, he said to me in one of our walks of Malmaison, "Well, Bourrienne, you will also be immortal!"—"Why, General?"—"Are you not my secretary?"—"Tell me the name of Alexander's,"* said I. Bonaparte then turned to me, and laughing, said, "Hem! that is not bad." There was, to be sure, a little flattery conveyed

* Bonaparte did not know the name of Alexander's secretary, and I forgot at the moment to tell him it was Callisthenes. He wrote Alexander's Memoirs, as I am writing Bonaparte's: but notwithstanding this coincidence, I neither believe in nor care for the immortality of my name.

in my question, but that never displeased him, and I certainly did not then deserve the censure he often bestowed on me, for not being enough of a courtier and flatterer.

Madame Murat gave a grand fête in honour of Bonaparte, at her residence at Neuilly. At dinner Bonaparte sat opposite Madame Murat at the principal table, which was appropriated to the ladies. He eat fast, and talked but little. However, when the dessert was served, he put a question to each lady. This question was to inquire their respective ages. When Madame Bourrienne's turn came, he said to her, "Oh! I know your's." This was a great length for his gallantry, and the ladies were far from being pleased at it.

Next day, while walking with me at Malmaison, he received one of those stupid reports of the police which were so frequently addressed to him. It mentioned the observations which had been made in Paris relative to a green livery he had lately adopted. Some said that green had been chosen, because it was the colour of the house of Artois. On reading that, a slight sneer was observable in his countenance, and he said, "What are these animals dreaming of? They must be joking surely. Am I no better than M. d'Artois? They shall soon see the difference."

Until the middle of the year 1801, the erasures from the emigrant list had always been proposed by the Minister of Police. The First Consul having been informed that intrigue and even

bribery had been employed to obtain them determined that in future erasures should be part of the business of his cabinet. But other affairs took up his attention, and a dozen or fifteen erasures a week were the most that were made. After *Te Deum* had been chaunted at Malmaison for the concordate and the peace, I took advantage of that moment of general joy to propose to Bonaparte the return of the whole body of emigrants. "You have," said I, in a half-joking way, "reconciled Frenchmen to God—now reconcile them to each other. There have never been any real emigrants, only absentees; and the proof of this is, that erasures from the list have always been, and will always be made daily." He immediately seized the idea. "We shall see," said he; "but I must except a thousand persons belonging to high families, especially those who are or have been connected with royalty or the court."

I said, in the Chamber of Deputies, and I feel pleasure in repeating here, that the plan of the *senatus consultum*, which Bonaparte dictated to me, excepted from restitution only such mansions as were used for public establishments. These he would neither surrender nor pay rent for. With those exceptions, he was willing to restore almost all that was possessed by the state, and had not been sold.

The First Consul, as soon as he had finished this plan of a decree, convoked a grand council, to submit it to their consideration. I was in an

adjoining room to that in which they met, and as the deliberations were carried on with great warmth, the members talking very loudly, sometimes even vociferating, I heard all that passed. The revolutionary party rejected all the propositions of restitution. They were willing to call back their victims, but they would not part with the spoil.

When the First Consul returned to his cabinet, dissatisfied with the ill success of his project, I took the liberty of saying to him, "You cannot but perceive, General, that your object has been defeated, and your project unsuccessful. The refusal to restore to the emigrants all that the state possesses; takes from the recal all its generosity and dignity of character. I wonder how you could yield to such unreasonable and selfish opposition."—"The revolutionary party," replied he, "had the majority in the council. What could I do? Am I strong enough to overcome all those obstacles?"—"General, you revive the question again, and oppose the party you speak of."—"That would be difficult," he said; "they still have a high hand in these matters. Time is required. However, nothing is definitively determined. We shall see what can be done." The *senatus consultum*, published on the 6th Floréal, year X. (26th April, 1802), a fortnight after the above conversation took place, is well known. Bonaparte was then obliged to yield to the revolutionary party, or he would have adhered to his first proposition.

The royalists, dissatisfied with the state of political affairs, were not better pleased by the illiberal conditions of the recal of the emigrants. The friends of public liberty, on the other hand, were far from being satisfied with the other acts of the First Consul, or with the conduct of the different public authorities, who were always ready to make concessions to him. Thus all parties were dissatisfied.

Bonaparte was much pleased with General Sebastiani's conduct, when he was sent to Constantinople, after the peace of Amiens, to induce the Grand Seigneur to renew his amicable relations with France.

At the period here alluded to, namely, before the news of the evacuation of Egypt, that country greatly occupied Bonaparte's attention. He thought, that to send a man like Sebastiani travelling through Northern Africa, Egypt, and Syria, might inspire the sovereigns of those countries with a more favourable idea of France than they now entertained, and might remove the ill impressions which England was endeavouring to produce. On this mission Sebastiani was accordingly despatched. He visited all the Barbary States, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Isles. Every where he drew a highly-coloured picture of the power of Bonaparte, and depreciated the glory of England. He strengthened old connections, and contracted new ones, with the chiefs of each country. He declared to the authorities of the Ionian Isles, that they might rely on the

powerful protection of France. Bonaparte, in my opinion, expected too much from the labours of a single individual, furnished with but vague instructions. Still Sebastiani did all that could be done. The interesting details of his proceedings were published in the *Moniteur*. The secret information, respecting the means of successfully attacking the English establishments in India, was very curious, though not affording the hope of speedy success.

The published abstract of General Sebastiani's report was full of expressions hostile to England. Among other things, it was stated that Egypt might be conquered with six thousand men, and that the Ionian Isles were disposed to throw off the yoke. There can be no doubt that this publication hastened the rupture of the treaty of Amiens.

England suspended all discussions respecting Malta, and declared that she would not resume them till the King of Great Britain should receive satisfaction for what was called an act of hostility. This was always put forward as a justification, good or bad, for breaking the treaty of Amiens, which England had never shewn herself very ready to execute.

Bonaparte, waving the usual forms of etiquette, expressed his wish to have a private conference with Lord Whitworth, the ambassador from London to Paris, and who had been the English ambassador to St. Petersburg previous to the rupture, which preceded the death of Paul I. Bonaparte counted much on the effect

he might produce by that captivating manner which he so well knew how to assume in conversation: but all was in vain. In signing the treaty of Amiens, the British minister was well aware that he would be the first to break it.

About the commencement of the year 1802, Napoleon began to feel acute pains in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, when sitting up at night, lean against the right arm of his chair, and, unbuttoning his coat and waistcoat, exclaim, "What pain I feel!" I would then accompany him to his bed-chamber, and have often been obliged to support him on the little staircase which led from his cabinet to the corridor. He frequently used to say at this time, "I fear that when I am forty, I shall become a great eater: I have a foreboding that I shall grow very corpulent." This fear of obesity, though it annoyed him very much, did not appear to have the least foundation, judging from his habitual temperance and spare habit of body. He asked me who was my physician. I told him, M. Corvisart, whom his brother Louis had recommended to me. A few days after, he called in Corvisart, who, at a subsequent period, was appointed First Physician to the Emperor. He appeared to derive much benefit from the prescriptions of Corvisart, whose open and good humored countenance made, at the first moment, a favourable impression on him.

The pain Bonaparte suffered augmented his irritability, and influenced many acts of that

period of his life. He would often destroy in the morning what he had dictated over-night; and sometimes I would take upon me to keep back articles which he had ordered to be sent to the *Moniteur*, and which I thought likely to produce a mischievous effect. In the morning he would sometimes express surprise at not seeing in the *Moniteur* an article he had dictated the night before. After making some excuse for not sending it, I would shew it him, that he might look it over again. After reading and making some observations on it, he usually tore it up, saying it would not do.

After the peace of Amiens, the First Consul, wishing to send an ambassador to England, cast his eyes—for what reason I know not—on General Andréossi. I took the liberty of making some observation on a choice which did not appear to me to correspond with the importance of the mission. Bonaparte replied, “I have not determined on it: I will talk to Talleyrand on the subject.” When we were at Malmaison in the evening, M. de Talleyrand came to transact business with the First Consul. The proposed appointment of an ambassador to England was mentioned. After several persons had been named, the First Consul said, “I believe I must send Andréossi.” M. de Talleyrand, who was not much pleased with the choice, observed, in a dry, sarcastic tone, “You must send André *aussi*! Pray, who is this André?”—“I did not mention any André; I said Andréossi. You know Andréossi, the

general of artillery?"—"Ah! true; Andréossi: I did not think of him. I was thinking only of the diplomatic men, and did not recollect any of that name. Yes, yes; Andréossi is in the artillery!" The general was appointed ambassador, and went to London after the treaty of Amiens; but he returned again in a few months. He had nothing of consequence to do, which was very lucky for him.

In 1802, Jerome was at Brest, in the rank of *enseigne de vaisseau*. He launched into expenses, far beyond what his fortune or his pay could maintain. He often drew upon me for sums of money, which the First Consul paid with much unwillingness. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger. This epistle was filled with accounts of the entertainments Jerome was giving and receiving; and ended by stating, that he should draw on me for seventeen thousand francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—

"I have read your letter, *Monsieur l'Enseigne de Vaisseau*; and I shall be glad to hear that you are studying, on board your corvette, a profession which you ought to consider as your road to glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolatory reflection; but if you live to sixty without having served your country, and without leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have lived at all."

Jerome never fulfilled the wishes of his brother;

who always called him a little profligate. From his earliest years his conduct was often a source of vexation to his brother and his family. Westphalia will not soon forget that he was her king; and his subjects did not without reason surname him Heliogabalus in miniature.

The First Consul was harassed by the continual demands of money made on him by his brothers. To get rid of Joseph, who expended large sums at Mortfontaine, as Lucien did at Neuilly, he gave M. Collot the contract for victualling the navy, on the condition of his paying Joseph fifteen hundred thousand francs a year, out of his profits. I believe this arrangement answered Joseph's purpose very well; but it was anything but advantageous to M. Collot. I believe a whole year elapsed without his pocketing a single farthing. He obtained an audience of the First Consul, to whom he stated his grievances. His outlays he showed were enormous, and he could get no payment from the navy office. Upon which the Consul angrily interrupted him, saying, "Do you think I am a mere capuchin? Decres must have one hundred thousand crowns, Duroc one hundred thousand, Bourrienne one hundred thousand; you must make the payments, and don't come here troubling me with your long stories." It is the business of my ministers to give me accounts of such matters; I will hear Decres, and that's enough. Let me be teased no longer with these complaints; I cannot attend to them." Bonaparte then very unceremoniously dis-

missed M. Collot. I learned afterwards that he did not get a settlement of the business until after a great deal of trouble. M. Collot once said to me, "If he had asked me for as much money as would have built a frigate, he should have had it. All I want now is, to be paid, and to get rid of the business." M. Collot had reason on his side; but there was nothing but shuffling on the other.

CHAPTER XX.

Proverbial falsehood of Bulletins—M. Doublet—Creation of the Legion of Honour—Opposition to it in the Council, and other authorities of the State—The partizans of a hereditary system—The question of the Consulship for life—M. de Lafayette's intercourse with Bonaparte—His letter, and conditional vote.

THE historian of these times ought to put no faith in the bulletins, despatches, notes, proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or passed through his hands. For my part, I believe that the proverb, "As great a liar as a bulletin," has as much truth in it as the axiom, two and two make four.

The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte wished to be believed true; but to form a proper judgment on any fact, counter bulletins must be sought for and consulted. It is well known, too; that Bonaparte placed great importance on the place whence he dated his bulletins; thus, he dated his decrees respecting the theatres and Hamburgh beef, at Moscow.

The official documents were almost always altered. There was falsity in the exaggerated descriptions of his victories, and falsity again in the suppression, or palliation of his reverses and losses. A writer, if he took his materials from the bulletins and the official correspondence of the time, would compose a romance rather than a true history. Of this many proofs have been given in the present work.

Another thing, which always appeared to me very remarkable, was, that Bonaparte, notwithstanding his incontestible superiority, studied to depreciate the reputations of his military commanders, and throw on their shoulders faults which he had committed himself. It is notorious, that complaints and remonstrances, as energetic as they were well founded, were frequently addressed to General Bonaparte, on the subject of his unjust and partial bulletins; which often attributed the success of a day to some one who had very little to do with it, and made no mention of the officer who actually had the command. The complaints made by the officers and soldiers stationed at Damietta, compelled General Lanusse, the commander, to remonstrate against the alteration of a bulletin, by which an engagement with a body of Arabs was represented as an insignificant affair, and the loss trifling; though the General had stated the action to be one of importance, and the loss considerable. The mis-statement, in consequence of his spirited and energetic remonstrances, was corrected.

Bonaparte took Malta, as is well known, in forty-eight hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, secured to the English by the battle of Aboukir, and their numerous cruising vessels, gave them the means of starving the garrison, and of thus forcing General Vaubois; the commandant of Malta, who was cut off from all communication with France, to capitulate. Accordingly, on the 4th September, 1800, he yielded up the Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, after a noble defence of two years. These facts required to be stated, in order the better to understand what follows.

On the 22d February, 1802, a person of the name of Doublet, who was the Commissary of the French government at Malta, when we possessed that island, called upon me at the Tuileries. He complained bitterly, that the letter which he had written from Malta to the First Consul, on the 2d Ventose, An. VIII. (9th February, 1800) had been altered in the *Moniteur*. "I congratulated him," said M. Doublet, "on the 18th Brumaire, and informed him of the state of Malta, which was very alarming. Quite the contrary was printed in the *Moniteur*, and that is what I complain of. It placed me in a very disagreeable situation at Malta, where I was accused of having concealed the real situation of the island, in which I was discharging a public function, which gave weight to my words." I observed to him, that as I was not the editor of the *Moniteur*, it was of no use to apply to me; but I told him to give me a copy of the letter, and I would mention the subject to the

First Consul, and communicate the answer to him. Doublet searched his pocket for the letter, but could not find it. He said he would send a copy, and begged me to discover how the error originated. On the same day he sent me the copy of the letter, in which, after congratulating Bonaparte on his return, the following passage occurs: "Hasten to save Malta with men and provisions: no time is to be lost." For this passage these words were substituted in the *Moniteur*: "His name inspires the brave defenders of Malta with fresh courage; we have men and provisions."

Ignorant of the motives of so strange a perversion, I shewed this letter to the First Consul. He shrugged up his shoulders, and laughing said, "Take no notice of him: he is a fool; give yourself no further trouble about it."

It was clear there was nothing more to be done. It was, however, in despite of me that M. Doublet was played this ill turn. I represented to the First Consul the inconveniences which M. Doublet might experience from this affair. But I very rarely saw letters or reports published as they were received. I can easily understand how particular motives might be alleged in justification of such falsifications; for when the path of candour and good faith is departed from, any pretext is put forward to justify bad conduct. What sort of a history would he write, who should consult only the pages of the *Moniteur*?

After the vote for adding a second ten years to

the duration of Bonaparte's Consulship, he created on the 19th May, the Order of the Legion of Honour. The noblessé were mightily pleased with this institution. Thus, in a short space of time, the concordate to tranquillize consciences and re-establish harmony in the church; the decree to recal the emigrants; the continuance of a consular power for ten years, by way of preparation for the consulship for life, and the possession of the empire; and the creation, in a country which had abolished all distinctions, of an order which was to engender prodigies, followed closely on the heels of each other. The Bourbons, in reviving the abolished orders, were wise enough to preserve along with them the Legion of Honour.

It has already been seen how, in certain circumstances, the First Consul always escaped from the consequences of his own precipitation, and got rid of his blunders by throwing the blame on others—as, for example, in the affair of the parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte. He was, indeed, so precipitate, that one might say, had he been a gardener, he would have wished to see the fruits ripen before the blossoms had fallen off. This inconsiderate haste nearly proved fatal to the creation of the Legion of Honour, a project which ripened in his mind as soon as he beheld the orders glittering at the button-holes of the foreign ministers. He would frequently exclaim, “That is well! These are the things for the people!”

I was, I must confess, a decided partizan of the foundation in France of a new chivalric order, because I think, in every well conducted state, the chief of the government ought to do all in his power to stimulate the honour of the citizens, and to render them more sensible to honorary distinctions, than to pecuniary advantages. I tried, however, at the same time, to warn the First Consul of his precipitancy. He heard me not; but I must with equal frankness confess, that on this occasion I was soon freed of all apprehension with respect to the consequences of the difficulties he had to encounter in the council, and in the other constituted orders of the state.

On the 4th of May, 1801, he brought forward, for the first time officially, in the Council of State, the question of the establishment of the Legion of Honour, which on the 19th following was proclaimed a law of the state. The opposition to this measure was very great, and all the power of the First Consul, the force of his arguments, and the immense influence of his position, could procure him no more than fourteen votes out of twenty-four. The same feeling was displayed at the Tribunate, where the measure only passed by a majority of fifty-six to thirty-eight. The balance was about the same in the Legislative Body, where the votes were one hundred and sixty-six to one hundred and ten. It follows then, that out of the three hundred and ninety-four voters in those three separate bodies, a majority only of seventy-eight was obtained. Surprised at so feeble a majority,

the First Consul said to me in the evening, "Ah! I see very clearly the prejudices are still too strong. You were right; I should have waited. It was not a thing of such urgency. But then it must be owned, the speakers for the measure defended it badly. The strong minority has not judged me fairly." "Be calm," rejoined I: "without doubt it would have been better to wait; but the thing is done, and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not near gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You may expect some extraordinary consequences from this creation—you will soon see them."

In April, 1802, the First Consul employed all his artifice to get himself declared Consul for life. It is perhaps at this epoch of his career that he brought most into play those principles of duplicity and dissimulation which are commonly called Machiavellian. Never were trickery, falsehood, cunning, and affected moderation, put into requisition with more talent or success.

In the month of March, hereditary succession and a dynasty were in everybody's mouths. Lucien was the most violent propagator of these ideas, and he pursued his vocation of apostle with constancy and address. It has already been mentioned, that, by his brother's confession, he published in 1800 a pamphlet, enforcing the same ideas, which work Bonaparte afterwards condemned as a premature development of his projects. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas could not be other

wise than favourable to the monarchical form of government, was ready to enter into explanations with the cabinets of Europe on the subject. The words which now constantly resounded in every ear were "stability and order," under cloak of which the downfall of the people's rights was to be concealed. At the same time, Bonaparte, with the view of disparaging the real friends of constitutional liberty, always called them *idbologues*, or terrorists. Madame Bonaparte opposed with fortitude the influence of councils which she believed fatal to her husband. He indeed spoke rarely, and seldom confidentially with her on politics or public affairs. "Mind your distaff or your needle," was with him a common phrase. The individuals who applied themselves with most perseverance in support of the hereditary question were Lucien, Rœderer, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, and Fontanes. Their efforts were aided by the conclusion of peace with England, which, by re-establishing for a time general tranquillity, afforded the First Consul an opportunity for better forwarding any plan.

At this period, when the consulate for life was only in embryo, flattering counsels poured in from all quarters, and tended to encourage the First Consul in his design of grasping at absolute power.

Liberty rejected an unlimited power, and set bounds to the means he wished and had to employ in order to gratify his excessive love of war and conquest. "The decenniality," says he to me,

“satisfies me not; I consider it calculated to excite unceasing troubles.” On the 7th of July, 1801, he observed, “The question whether France will be a republic is still doubtful: it will be decided in less than five or six years.” It was clear that he thought this too long a term. Whether he regarded France as his property, or considered himself as the people’s delegate, and the defender of their rights, I am convinced the First Consul wished the welfare of France; but then that welfare was in his mind inseparable from absolute power. It was with pain I perceived him following this course. The friends of liberty, those who sincerely wished to maintain a government constitutionally free, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon to consent to an extension of ten years of power, beyond the ten years originally granted by the constitution. They made this sacrifice to glory and to that power which was its consequence; and they were far from thinking they were lending their support to shameless intrigues. They were thus far in favour; but for the moment only, and the nomination for life was rejected by the senate, who voted only ten years more.

The First Consul dissembled his displeasure with that profound art which, when he could not do otherwise, he exercised to an extreme degree. To a message of the senate on the subject of that nomination, he returned a calm, but evasive and equivocating answer; in which, nourishing his favourite hope of obtaining more from the people

than from the senate, he declared with an hypocritical humility, "That he would submit to this new sacrifice if the wish of the people demanded what the senate authorised." Such was the homage he paid to the sovereignty of the people, which soon was to be trampled under his feet.

An extraordinary convocation of the Council of State took place on Monday, the 10th of May. A communication was made to them, not merely of the senate's consultation, but also of the First Consul's adroit and insidious reply. The council regarded the first merely as a notification, and proceeded to consider on what question the people should be consulted. Not satisfied with granting to the First Consul ten years of prerogative, the council thought it best to strike the iron while it was hot, and not to stop short in the middle of so pleasing a work. In fine, they decided that the following question should be put to the people, "Shall the First Consul be appointed for life, and shall he have the power of nominating his successor?" The reports of the police had besides much influence on the result of this discussion; for they one and all declared that the whole of Paris demanded a consul for life, with the right of naming a successor. The decisions on these questions were carried as it were by storm. The appointment for life passed unanimously, and the right of naming the successor by a majority. The First Consul, however, formally declared that he condemned this second measure, which had not originated

with himself. On receiving the decision of the council of state, the First Consul, to mask his plan for attaining absolute power, thought it advisable to appear to reject a part of what was offered him. He therefore cancelled in the decision that clause which proposed to give him the power of appointing a successor, and which had passed with a small majority.

An account of the restoration to liberty of the prisoners at Olmutz, has already been given. Bonaparte made great efforts to attain that object, and developed a very superior character in the course of the negotiation. He confessed himself that of all the demands he ever made in his life, that was the most difficult of accomplishment. M. de la Fayette visited the First Consul after the battle of Marengo, and remained above two hours with him. I recollect after he left, the First Consul told me, "There is nothing to be done with him: I am tired of him. He will hear nothing I have to say. He is a man whose principles are estimable, but there is in them a spice of prejudice and exaggeration."

Shortly after, in the beginning of September, 1800, M. de La Fayette was invited by Joseph to the entertainment given to the Americans on the occasion of the treaty of commerce and amity just concluded with the United States. The First Consul, whose intrigues were then going on successfully, and who had reasons enough for his satisfaction, offered M. de La Fayette a seat in the senate. M. de La Fayette declined the offer,

but continued nevertheless to see the Consul; and to be with him on terms of reciprocal esteem. The period when Bonaparte wished to become Consul for life, put an end to these friendly relations. M. de La Fayette was opposed to the measure, unless a sufficient guarantee was made for political liberty. To justify his opposition, he wrote Bonaparte the following letter:—

“ Lâgrange, 1 Prairial, year X.

“ GENERAL,

“ When an individual, penetrated with the gratitude due to your merits, and too sensible to glory not to admire that which attaches to you, puts restrictions on his suffrage, those reservations will be looked on with little suspicion, since it is known that no one would more desire to see you the first magistrate of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France; and my memory naturally recurs to that period, when I think on the liberal professions with which you identified your name; since that period, all have perceived in the consular power that healing dictatorship, which, under the auspices of your genius, has performed such great things; less great, however, than would be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, General, the first among that class of men, who, to compare or to rank themselves must look through all ages, can wish that such a revolution, that so many victories, and so much blood, so many sorrows, and so many prodigies, should have for the world and for you no other result than an arbitrary govern-

ment. The French people know too well their rights, altogether to forget them; and perhaps they are in a fitter condition to exercise those rights, than they were during the previous state of effervescence: and you, by the force of your character, and the confidence reposed in you by the public, by the superiority of your talents, by the influence of your life, of your fortune, may, while establishing liberty, controul every danger, and dissipate all apprehensions. I should thus have only patriotic and personal motives for wishing, that in the completion of this work you may establish a permanent magistrateship for your glory. But it is due to the principles, the engagements, the actions of my whole life, not to give my vote until I ascertain that it can be founded on bases worthy of the nation and of you.

“ I trust, General you will, as you have ever done, see that adherence to my political opinions is accompanied with sincere wishes for your welfare, and a deep feeling of my obligations towards you.

“ Health and respect,

“ LA FAYETTE.”

To this letter was subjoined the following vote:—

“ Shall Napoleon Bonapartę be Consul for life?”

“ I cannot vote for such an office until political

liberty be sufficiently guaranteed : that done, I shall vote for Napoleon Bonaparte.”

The First Consul, as may readily be conceived, was by no means pleased with M. de La Fayette's scruples. He impatiently ran over his letter, and said to me : “ I told you, truly, M. de La Fayette labours under a political monomania ; he is obstinate ; he does not understand me. I am sorry for it, as he is an honest man. I wanted to make him a senator, but he refused. Well ! so much the worse for him ; I can do without his vote.”

CHAPTER XXI.

General Bernadotte pacifies La Vendée, and suppresses a mutiny at Tours—Bonaparte's injustice towards him—A premeditated scene—Advice given to Bernadotte, and Bonaparte disappointed—The First Consul's residence at Saint Cloud—His rehearsals for the Empire—His contempt of mankind—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte—Information of plans of assassination—A military dinner given by Bonaparte—Moreau not of the party—Effect of the *Senatus Consulta* on the Consulate for life—Journey to Plombières—Previous scene between Lucien and Josephine—Theatrical representations at Neuilly and Malmaison—Loss of a watch, and honesty rewarded—Canova at Saint Cloud—Bonaparte's reluctance to stand for a model.

HAVING arrived at nearly the middle of the career which I have undertaken to trace, I must, before I advance further, go back for a few moments, as I have already frequently done, in order to introduce into this chapter some circumstances which escaped my recollection, or which I purposely reserved, that I might place them amongst facts analogous to them.

It was evident that Bernadotte must necessarily fall into a kind of disgrace, for not having supported Bonaparte's projects at the period of

the overthrow of the Directory. The First Consul, however, did not dare to revenge himself openly; but he watched for every opportunity to remove Bernadotte from his presence, to place him in difficult situations, and to entrust him with missions for which no precise instructions were given, in the hope that Bernadotte would commit faults, for which the First Consul might make him wholly responsible.

At the commencement of the Consulate, the deplorable war in La Vendée raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and this civil war caused Bonaparte much more uneasiness than that which he was obliged to conduct on the Rhine and in Italy, because from the success of the Vendéans might arise a question respecting internal government, the solution of which was likely to be contrary to Bonaparte's views. The slightest success of the Vendéans spread alarm amongst the holders of national property; and besides there was no hope of reconciliation between France and England, her eternal and implacable enemy, as long as the flame of insurrection remained unextinguished.

The task of terminating this unhappy struggle was obviously a difficult one. Bonaparte therefore resolved to impose it on Bernadotte; but this general's conciliatory disposition, his chivalrous manners, his tendency to indulgence, and a happy mixture of prudence and firmness, made him succeed where others would have failed. He

finally established good order and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendée, a rebellious disposition manifested itself at Tours, amongst the soldiers of the fifty-second regiment. The men refused to march until they received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the West, without being alarmed at the disturbance, ordered the fifty-second demi-brigade to be drawn up in the square of Tours, where at the very head of the corps the leaders of the mutiny were by his orders arrested, without any resistance being offered. Carnot, who was then minister of war, made a report to the First Consul on this affair, which, but for the firmness of Bernadotte, might have been attended with disagreeable results. Carnot's report contained a plain statement of the facts, and of General Bernadotte's conduct. Bonaparte was however desirous to find in it some pretext for blaming him, and made me write these words on the margin of the report:—"General Bernadotte did not act discreetly in adopting such severe measures against the fifty-second demi-brigade, he not having the means of re-establishing order in a town the garrison of which was not strong enough to subdue the mutineers."

A few days after, the First Consul having learnt that the result of this affair was quite different from that which he affected to dread, and being convinced that by Bernadotte's firmness alone

order had been restored, he found himself in some measure constrained to write to the General, and he dictated the following letter to me.

“ Paris, 11 Vendémiaire, year XI.

“ Citizen General,—I have read with interest the account of what you did to re-establish order in the fifty-second demi-brigade, and also the report of General Liebert, dated the 5th Vendémiaire. Tell that officer that the government is satisfied with his conduct. His promotion from the rank of colonel to that of general of brigade is confirmed. I wish that brave officer to come to Paris. He has afforded an example of firmness and energy which does honour to a soldier.

“ BONAPARTE.”

Thus in the same affair, Bonaparte, in a few days, from the spontaneous expression of blame, dictated by hate, was reduced to the necessity of declaring his approbation, which he did, as may be seen, with studied coldness, and even taking pains to make his praises apply to Colonel Liebert, and not to the General-in-Chief.

Time only served to augment Bonaparte's dislike of Bernadotte. It might be said that the further he advanced in his rapid march towards absolute power, the more animosity he cherished against the individual who had refused to aid his first steps in his adventurous career. At the same time, the persons about Bonaparte, who practised

the art of flattering, failed not to multiply reports and insinuations against Bernadotte. I recollect one day when there was to be a grand public levee, I observed Bonaparte so much out of temper, that I asked him the cause of it. "I can bear it no longer," he replied, impetuously. "I have resolved to have a scene with Bernadotte to-day. He will probably be here. I will open the fire, let what will come of it. He may do what he pleases. We shall see. It is time there should be an end of this."

I had never before observed the First Consul so violently irritated. He was in a terrible passion, and I dreaded the moment when the levee was to open. When he left me to go down to the saloon, I availed myself of the opportunity to get there before him, which I could easily do, as the saloon was not twenty steps from the cabinet. By good luck, Bernadotte was the first person I saw. He was standing in the recess of a window, which looked on to the Carrousel. To cross the saloon, and reach the General, was the business of a moment. "General!" said I, "for God's sake retire!—I have good reasons for advising it!" Bernadotte seeing my extreme anxiety, and aware of the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which I entertained for him, consented to retire, and I regarded this as a triumph; for, knowing Bernadotte's frankness of character, and his nice sense of honour, I was quite certain that he would not submit to the harsh observations which Bonaparte intended to address to

him. My stratagem had all the success I could desire. The First Consul suspected nothing, and remarked only one thing, which was that his victim was absent. When the levee was over, he said to me, "What do you think of it, Bourrienne? — Bernadotte did not come."—"So much the better for him, General," was my reply. The First Consul, on returning from Josephine, before he went down to the saloon, found me in the cabinet, and consequently could suspect nothing, and my communication with Bernadotte did not occupy five minutes. Bernadotte has always expressed himself much gratified with the proof of friendship which I gave him at this delicate conjuncture. The fact is, that from a disposition of my mind which I could not myself account for, the more Bonaparte's unjust hatred of Bernadotte increased, the more sympathy and admiration I felt for his noble character.

The event in question occurred in the spring of 1802. It was at this period that Bonaparte first occupied St. Cloud. He was much pleased with that residence, because he found himself more at liberty there than at the Tuileries. It was at St. Cloud that the First Consul made, if I may so express it, his first rehearsals of the grand drama of the empire. It was there he began to introduce, in external forms, the habits and etiquette which brought to mind the ceremonies of sovereignty. He soon perceived the influence which the pomp of ceremony, brilliancy of appearance, and richness of costume, exercised

over the mass of mankind. "Men," he remarked to me at this period, "well deserve the contempt with which they inspire me. I have only to put some gold lace on the coats of my virtuous republicans, and they immediately become just what I wish them."

I remember one day, after one of his frequent sallies of contempt for human kind, I observed to him that, although baubles might excite vulgar admiration, there were some distinguished men who did not permit themselves to be fascinated by their allurements, and I mentioned the celebrated Fox, by way of example, who, previously to the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, visited Paris, where he was remarked for his extreme simplicity. The First Consul said, "Ah! you are right with respect to him. Mr. Fox is a truly great man, and pleases me much."

In fact, Bonaparte always received Mr. Fox's visits with the greatest satisfaction; and after every conversation they had together, he never failed to express to me the pleasure which he experienced in discoursing with a man every way worthy of the great celebrity he had attained. He considered him a very superior man, and wished he might have to treat with him in his future negotiations with England. It may be supposed that Mr. Fox, on his part, never forgot the terms of intimacy, I may say of confidence, on which he had been with the First Consul. In fact, he on several occasions informed him, in time of war, of the plots formed against his life. Less

could not be expected from a man of so noble a character. I can likewise affirm, having more than once been in possession of proof of the fact, that the English government constantly rejected with indignation all such projects. I do not mean those which had for their object the overthrow of the Consular or Imperial government, but all plans of assassination, and secret attacks on the person of Bonaparte, whether First Consul or the Emperor. I must here request the indulgence of the reader, whilst I relate a circumstance which occurred a year before Mr. Fox's journey to Paris; but as it refers to Moreau, I believe that the transposition will be pardoned more easily than the omission.

During the summer of 1801, the First Consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's. The restaurateur he favoured with his company was Veri, whose establishment was situated on the terrace of the Feuillans. Bonaparte did not send an invitation to Moreau, whom I met by chance that day, in the following manner. The ceremony of the dinner at Veri's leaving me at liberty to dispose of my time, I availed myself of it to go and dine at a restaurateur's named Rose, who then enjoyed great celebrity amongst the distinguished gastronomes. I dined in company with M. Carbonnet, a friend of Moreau's family, and two or three other persons. Whilst we were at table in the rotunda, we were informed, by the waiter who attended on us, that General Moreau and his wife, and Lacuée, and

two other military men were in an adjoining apartment. Suchet, who had dined at Veri's, where he said every thing was prodigiously dull, on rising from the table joined Moreau's party. These details we learned from M. Carbonnet, who left us for a few moments to see Moreau and Madame Moreau.

Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau at the moment when the latter had returned a conqueror from the Army of the Rhine, and at the same time the affectation of Moreau in going publicly the same day to dine at another restaurateur's, afforded ground for the supposition that the coolness which existed between them would soon be converted into enmity. The people of Paris naturally thought that the conqueror of Marengo might, without any degradation, have given the conqueror of Hohenlinden a seat at his table.

By the commencement of the year 1802, the republic had ceased to be any thing else than a fiction, or a historical recollection. All that remained of it was a deceptive inscription on the gates of the palace. Even previously to his installation at the Tuileries, Bonaparte had caused the two trees of liberty which were planted in the court, to be thrown down; thus removing the outward emblems before he destroyed the reality. But the moment the *senatus consulta* of the 2d and 4th of August were published, it was evident to the dullest perceptions that the power of the First Consul wanted nothing but a name.

After these *senatus consulta*, Bonaparte readily accustomed himself to regard the principal authorities of the state merely as necessary instruments for the exercise of his authority. Interested advisers then crowded round him. It was seriously proposed that he should restore the ancient titles, as being more in harmony with the new power which the people had confided to him, than the republican forms. He was of opinion, however, according to his phrase, that "the pear was not yet ripe," and would not hear this project spoken of for a moment. "All this," he said to me one day, "will come in good time; but you must see, Bourrienne, that it is necessary I should, in the first place, assume a title, from which the others that I will give to every body will naturally take their origin. The greatest difficulty is surmounted. There is no longer any person to deceive. Everybody sees as clear as day that it is only one step which separates the throne from the consulate for life. However, we must be cautious. There are some troublesome fellows in the tribunate, but I will take care of them."

Whilst these serious questions agitated men's minds, the greater part of the residents at Malmaison took a trip to the Plombieres, Josephine, Bonaparte's mother, Madame Beauharnais—Lavalette, Hortense, and General Rapp, were of this party. This journey to Plombieres was preceded by a scene, which I should abstain from describing, if I had not undertaken to relate the truth

respecting the family of the First Consul. Two or three days before her departure, Madame Bonaparte sent for me. I obeyed the summons, and found her in tears. "What a man—what a man is Lucien!" she exclaimed, in accents of grief. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he has dared to make to me! 'You are going to the waters,' said he; 'you must get a child, by some other person, since you cannot have one by him.' Imagine the indignation with which I received such advice.—'Well,' he continued, 'if you do not wish it, or cannot help it, Bonaparte must get a child by another woman, and you must adopt it; for it is necessary to secure an hereditary successor. It is for your interest; you must know that.'—'What, Sir!' I replied, 'do you imagine that the nation will suffer a bastard to govern it? Lucien! Lucien! you would ruin your brother! This is dreadful! Wretched should I be, were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal! Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible!'—'Well, Madame,' retorted he, 'all I can say to that is that I am really sorry for you!'"

The amiable Josephine was sobbing whilst she described this scene to me, and I was not insensible to the indignation which she felt. The truth is, that at that period, Lucien, though constantly affecting to despise power for himself, was incessantly labouring to concentrate it in the hands of his brother; and he considered three things ne-

cessary to the success of his views, namely, hereditary succession, divorce, and the imperial government.

Lucien had a delightful house near Neuilly. Some days before the deplorable scene, which I have related, he invited Bonaparte and all the inmates at Malmaison, to witness a theatrical representation. *Alzire* was the piece performed. Eliza played *Alzire*, and Lucien, *Zamore*. The warmth of their declarations, the energetic expression of their gestures, the too faithful nudity of costume, disgusted most of the spectators, and Bonaparte more than any other. When the play was over, he was quite indignant. "It is a scandal," he said, to me, in an angry tone; "I ought not to suffer such indecencies—I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." When his brother had resumed his own dress, and came into the saloon, he addressed him publicly, and gave him to understand, that he must, for the future, desist from such representations. When we returned to Malmaison, he again spoke of what had passed, with dissatisfaction. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavouring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves, almost naked, upon a platform! It is an insult!"

Lucien had a strong predilection for theatrical exhibitions, to which he attached great importance. The fact is, he declaimed in a superior style, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It was said of him, that the

turban of Orosmane, the costume of America, the Roman toga, or the robe of the high-priest of Jerusalem, became him equally; and I believe that this was the exact truth. Theatrical representations were not confined to Neuilly. We had our theatre and our company of actors at Malmaison; but there every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum; and now that I have got behind the scenes, I will not quit them until I have let the reader into the secret of our drama.

By the direction of the First Consul, a very pretty little theatre was built at Malmaison. Our ordinary actors were Eugene Beauharnais, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, M. Didelot, one of the prefects of the palace, some other individuals belonging to the First Consul's household, and myself. Freed from the cares of government, which we confined as much as possible to the Tuileries, we were very happy in the colony at Malmaison; and, besides, we were young, and what is there that youth does not add charms to? The pieces which the First Consul liked most to see us perform, were *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Défiance et Malice*. In *Le Barbier* Lauriston played the part of *Count Almaviva*; Hortense, *Rosina*; Eugene, *Basil*; Didelot, *Figaro*; I, *Bartholo*; and Isabey, *l'Eveillé*. Our other stock pieces were, *Projets de Mariage*, *La Gageure*, the *Dépit Amoureux*, in which I played the part of the valet, and *L'Impromptu de Campagne*, in which I enacted the Baron, having for the Baroness the young and handsome Caroline Murat.

Hortense's acting was perfection ; Caroline was middling, Eugene played very well, Lauriston was rather heavy, Didelot passable, and I may venture to assert, without vanity, that I was not the worst of the company. If we were not good actors, it was not for want of good instruction and good advice. Talma and Michot came to direct us, and made us rehearse before them, sometimes altogether and sometimes separately. How many lessons have I received from Michot, whilst walking in the beautiful park of Malmaison ! And may I be excused for saying, that I now experience pleasure in looking back upon these trifles, which are matters of importance when one is young, but which contrast so singularly with the great theatre on which we do not represent fictitious characters ! We had, to adopt theatrical language, a good supply of property. Bonaparte presented each of us with a collection of dramas, very well bound ; and, as the patron of the company, he provided us with rich and elegant dresses.

Bonaparte took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by persons with whom he was familiar. Sometimes he complimented us on our exertions. Although I was as much amused with the thing as others, I was more than once obliged to remind him that my occupations left me but little time to learn my parts. Then he would assume his caressing manner, and say, " Come, do not vex me ! You have

such a memory! You know that it amuses me. You see that these assemblies render Malmaison gay and animated; Josephine takes much pleasure in them. Rise earlier in the morning.—In fact, I sleep too much; is not that the case?—Come, Bourrienne, do oblige me. You make me laugh so heartily! Do, do not deprive me of this pleasure. I have not over much amusement, you know well.—Ah, truly! I would not deprive you of any pleasure. I am delighted to be able to contribute to your amusement.” After a conversation of this sort, I could do nothing but set about studying my part.

At this period I had, during summer, half the Sunday to myself. I was, however, obliged to devote a portion of this precious leisure to pleasing Bonaparte, by studying a new part. Occasionally, however, I passed the time at Ruel. I recollect, that one day, when I had hurried there from Malmaison, I lost a beautiful watch, made by Breguet. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road was that day thronged with people. I made my loss publicly known by means of the bellman of Ruel. An hour after, as I was sitting down to table, a young lad, belonging to the village, brought me my watch. He had found it on the high road, in a wheel-rut. I was pleased with the probity of this young man, and rewarded both him and his father, who accompanied him. I related the circumstance, the same evening, to the First Consul, who was so struck with this instance

of honesty, that he directed me to procure information respecting the young man and his family. I learnt that they were honest peasants. Bonaparte gave three brothers of this family employments; and, what was most difficult to persuade him to, he exempted the young man who brought me the watch from the conscription.

When a fact of this nature reached Bonaparte's ear, it was seldom that he did not give the principal actor in it some proof of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his character—kindness and impatience. Impatience, when he was under its influence, got the better of him; it was then impossible to controul him. I had a remarkable proof of that about this very period.

Canova, having arrived at Paris, came to St. Cloud, to model the figure of the First Consul, of whom he was about to make a colossal statue. This great artist came often, in the hope of getting his model to stand in the proper attitude; but Bonaparte was so tired, disgusted, and fretted by the process, that he very seldom put himself in the required attitude, and then only for a short time. Bonaparte, notwithstanding, had the highest regard for Canova. Whenever he was announced, the First Consul sent me to keep him company, until he was at leisure to give him a sitting; but he would shrug up his shoulders, and say, "More modelling! Good Heavens, how vexatious!" Canova expressed great displeasure at not being able to study his model as he wished to do, and the little anxiety of Bonaparte on the subject,

damped the ardour of his imagination. Every body agrees in saying, that he has not succeeded in the work, and I have shewn the cause of it. The Duke of Wellington now possesses this colossal statue. It is so high, that, as Lord Byron says, the Duke of Wellington just comes up to the middle of Napoleon's body.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bonaparte's principle as to the change of Ministers—Fouché—His influence with the First Consul—Fouché's dismissal—The departments of Police and Justice united under Regnier—Madame Bonaparte's regret for the dismissal of Fouché—Family scenes—Madame Louis Bonaparte's pregnancy—False and infamous reports to Josephine—Legitimacy and a bastard—Rœderer reproached by Josephine—Her visit to Ruel—Long conversation with her—Assertion at St. Helena respecting a great political fraud.

It is a principle particularly applicable to absolute governments, that a prince should change his ministers as seldom as possible, and never, except upon serious grounds. Bonaparte acted on this principle when First Consul, and also when he became Emperor. He often allowed unjust causes to influence him, but he never dismissed a minister without cause; indeed, he more than once, without any reason, retained ministers longer than he ought to have done in the situations in which he had placed them. Bonaparte's tenacity in this respect, in some instances, produced very opposite results. For instance, it afforded

M. Gaudin time to establish a degree of order in the administration of finance, which before his time had never existed, and on the other hand, it enabled M. Decres to reduce the ministry of marine to an unparalleled state of confusion.

Bonaparte saw in men only helps and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire Fouché was a help. The First Consul feared that he would become an obstacle: it was necessary, therefore, to think of dismissing him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had from the beginning been opposed to Fouché's having any share in the government. But their disinterested advice produced no other result than their own disgrace; so influential a person had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché was identified with the republic by the death of the King, for which he had voted, with the reign of terror, by his bloody missions to Lyons and Nevers; with the Consulate, by his real, though perhaps exaggerated services; with Bonaparte, by the charm with which he might be said to have fascinated him; with Josephine, by the enmity of the First Consul's brothers. Who would believe it? Fouché ranked the enemies of the revolution amongst his warmest partizans. They overwhelmed him with eulogy, to the disparagement even of the head of the state, because the cunning minister, practising an interested indulgence, set himself up as the protector of individuals belonging to classes which, when he was procónsul, he had attacked in the mass. Throughout Paris, and indeed throughout

all France, Fouché obtained credit for extraordinary ability; and the popular opinion was correct in this respect, namely, that no man ever displayed such ability in making it be supposed that he really possessed talent. Fouché's secret in this particular is the whole secret of the greater part of those persons who are called statesmen.

Be this as it may, the First Consul did not behold with pleasure the factitious influence of which Fouché had possessed himself. For some time past, to the repugnance which at bottom he had felt towards Fouché, were added other causes of discontent. In consequence of having been deceived by secret reports and correspondence, Bonaparte began to shrug up his shoulders with an expression of regret when he received them, and said, "Would you believe, Bourrienne, that I have been imposed on by these things? All such denunciations are useless—scandalous. All the reports from prefects, and the police, all the intercepted letters, are a tissue of absurdities and lies. I desire to have no more of them." He said so, but he still received them. However, Fouché's dismissal was resolved upon. But though Bonaparte wished to get rid of him, still under the influence of the charm, he dared not proceed against him but with the greatest caution. He first resolved upon the suppression of the office of ministry of police, in order to disguise the motive for the removal of the minister. The First Consul told Fouché that this suppression, which he spoke of as being yet remote, was calculated more than

any thing else to give great strength to the government, since it would afford a proof of the security and internal tranquillity of France. Overpowered by the arguments with which Bonaparte supported his proposition, Fouché could urge no good reasons in opposition to it, but contented himself with recommending that the execution of the design, which was good in intention, should, however, be postponed for two years. Bonaparte appeared to listen favourably to Fouché's recommendation.

Fouché, as has been stated, had been minister of police since the 18th Brumaire. Everybody who was acquainted with the First Consul's character was unable to explain the ascendancy which he had suffered Fouché to acquire over him, and of which Bonaparte himself was really impatient. He saw in Fouché a centre around which all the interests of the Revolution concentrated themselves, and at this he felt indignant; but subject to a species of magnetism, he could not break the charm which enthralled him. When he spoke of Fouché in his absence, his language was warm, bitter, and hostile. When Fouché was present, Bonaparte's tone was softened, unless some public scene was to be acted like that which occurred after the attempt of the 3d Nivose.

The suppression of the ministry of police being determined on, Bonaparte did not choose to delay the execution of his design, as he had pretended to think necessary. On the evening of the 12th

of September we went to Mortfontaine. We passed the next day, which was Monday, at that place, and it was there, far removed from Fouché, and urged by the combined persuasions of Joseph and Lucien, that the First Consul signed the decree of suppression. The next morning we returned to Paris. Fouché came to Malmaison, where we were, in the regular execution of his duties. The First Consul transacted business with him as usual, without daring to tell him of his dismissal, and afterwards sent Cambacères to inform him of it. After this act, respecting which he had hesitated so long, Bonaparte still endeavoured to modify his rigour. Having appointed Fouché a senator, he said in the letter which he wrote to the Senate to notify the appointment, "Fouché, as minister of police, in times of difficulty, has by his talent, his activity, and his attachment to the government, done all that circumstances required of him. Placed in the bosom of the Senate, if events should again call for a minister of police, the government cannot find one more worthy of its confidence."

From this moment the departments of justice and police united were confided to the hands of Regnier. Bonaparte's aversion for Fouché, strangely blinded him with respect to the capabilities of his successor. Besides, how could the administration of justice, which rests on fixed, rigid, and unchangeable bases, proceed hand in hand with another administration placed on the quicksand of instantaneous decisions, and surrounded

by stratagems and deceptions? Justice should never have any thing to do with police, unless it be to condemn it. What could be expected from Regnier, charged as he was with incompatible functions? What, under such circumstances, could have been expected, even from a man gifted with great talents? Such was the exact history of Fouché's disgrace. No person was more afflicted at it than Madame Bonaparte, who only learned the news when it was announced to the public. Josephine, on all occasions, defended Fouché against her husband's sallies. She believed that he was the only one of his ministers who told him the truth.

I have already spoken of Josephine's troubles, and of the bad conduct of Joseph, but more particularly of Lucien, towards her: I will, therefore, describe here, as connected with the disgrace of Fouché, whom Madame Bonaparte regretted as a support, some scenes which occurred about this period at Malmaison. The confidant of both parties, an involuntary actor in those scenes, now that twenty-seven years have passed since they occurred, what motive can induce me to disguise the truth in any respect?

Madame Louis Bonaparte was pregnant. Josephine, although she tenderly loved her children, did not seem to behold the approaching event which the situation of her daughter indicated, with the interest natural to the heart of a mother. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports circulated respecting the supposed connec-

tion between Hortense and the First Consul, and that base accusation cost her many tears. Poor Josephine paid dearly for the splendour of her station! As I knew how devoid of foundation these atrocious reports were, I endeavoured to console her by telling her, what was true, that I was exerting all my efforts to demonstrate their infamy and falsehood. Bonaparte, however, dazzled by the affection which was manifested towards him from all quarters, aggravated the sorrow of his wife by a silly vanity. He endeavoured to persuade her that these reports had their origin only in the wish of the public that he should have a child; so that these seeming consolations, offered by self-love to maternal grief, gave force to existing conjugal alarms, and the fear of divorce returned with all its horrors. Under the foolish illusion of his vanity, Bonaparte imagined that France was desirous of being governed even by a bastard, if supposed to be a child of his—a singular mode, truly, of founding a new legitimacy.

Josephine, whose susceptibility appears to me, even now, excusable, knew well my sentiments on the subject of Bonaparte's founding a dynasty, and she had not forgotten my conduct when, two years before, the question had been agitated on the occasion of Louis XVIII.'s letters to the First Consul. I remember that, one day, after the publication of the parallel of Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine, having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did, when from the good humour exhibited at

breakfast, she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair and over his face, and, thinking the moment favourable, said to him in a burst of tenderness, "I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself king! It is that Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, "You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg Saint Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables!.....Come now, you interrupt me—leave me alone." What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife, I often heard him declare seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of Beauharnais and the family of Bonaparte, cannot be denied.

Fouché, as I have stated, was in the interest of Josephine, and Lucien was the most bitter of her enemies. One day Rœderer inveighed with so much violence against Fouché in the presence of Madame Bonaparte, that she replied, with extreme vivacity—"The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who feed him with notions of hereditary descent, of a dynasty, of divorce, and of marriage!" Josephine could not controul this exclamation, as she knew that Rœderer encouraged those ideas, which he spread abroad by Lucien's direction. I recollect, one day, that she had come to see us, at our little house at Ruel: as I

walked with her along the high road to her carriage, which she had sent forward, I acknowledged too unreservedly my fears on account of the ambition of Bonaparte, and of the perfidious advice of his brothers, "Madame," said I, "if we cannot succeed in dissuading the General from making himself king, I dread the future for his sake. If ever he re-establishes royalty, he will, in all probability, labour for the Bourbons, and enable them one day to re-ascend the throne which he shall erect. No one, doubtless, without passing for a fool, can pretend to say with certainty what series of chances and events such a proceeding will produce; but common sense alone is sufficient to convince any one that unfavourable chances must long be dreaded. The ancient system being re-established, the occupation of the throne will then be only a family question, and not a question of government between liberty and despotic power. Why should not France, if it ceases to be free, prefer the race of her ancient kings? You surely know it. You had not been married two years, when, on returning from Italy, your husband told me that he aspired to royalty. Now he is Consul for life. Would he but resolve to stop there! He already possesses every thing but an empty title. No sovereign in Europe has so much power as he has. I am sorry for it, Madame; but I really believe that, in spite of yourself, you will be made queen or empress."

Madame Bonaparte had allowed me to speak

without interruption, but when I pronounced the words queen and empress, she exclaimed, “ My God ! Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the First Consul is all I desire. Say to him all that you have said to me. Try and prevent him from making himself king.”—“ Madame,” I replied, “ times are greatly altered. The wisest men, the firmest minds have resolutely and courageously opposed his tendency to the hereditary system. But advice is now useless. He would not listen to me. In all discussions on the subject he adheres inflexibly to the view he has taken. If he be seriously opposed, his anger knows no bounds ; his language is harsh and abrupt, his tone imperious, and his authority bears down all before him.”—“ Yet, Bourrienne, he has so much confidence in you, that if you should try once more.....” —“ Madame, I assure you he will not listen to me. Besides, what could I add to the remarks I have made upon the occasion of his receiving the letters of Louis XVIII., when I represented to him that, being without children, he would have no one to whom he could bequeath the throne—that, doubtless, from the opinion which he entertained of his brothers, he could not desire to erect it for them ?” Here Josephine again interrupted me by exclaiming, “ My kind friend, when you spoke of children, did he say any thing to you ? Did he talk of a divorce ?” —“ Not a word, Madame, I assure you.”

Such was the nature of one of the conversations I had with Madame Bonaparte, on a subject to which she often recurred. It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to endeavour to compare with this, what Napoleon said at St. Helena, speaking of his first wife. According to the memorial, Napoleon there stated, that when Josephine was at last constrained to renounce all hope of having a child, she often let fall allusions to a great political fraud, and at length openly proposed it to him. I make no doubt Bonaparte made use of words to this effect, but I do not believe the assertion. I recollect one day, that Bonaparte, on entering our cabinet, where I was already seated, exclaimed in a transport of joy impossible for me to describe —“ Well, Bourrienne, my wife is at last * * * .” I sincerely congratulated him, more I know out of courtesy, than from any hope I had of seeing him made a father by Josephine; for I well remembered that Corvisart, who had given medicines to Madame Bonaparte, had nevertheless assured me that he expected no result from them. Medicine was really the only *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and in her situation what other woman would not have done as much?

CHAPTER XXIII.

Citizen Fesch created Cardinal Fesch—Arts and industry—Exhibition in the Louvre—Aspect of Paris in 1802—The Medician Venus and the Valletrian Pallas—Signs of general prosperity—Rise of the funds—Irresponsible Ministers—The Bourbons—Conversation between La Fayette and Bonaparte—The military government—Annoying familiarity of Lannes—Plan laid for his disgrace—Indignation of Lannes—His embassy to Portugal—The delayed *déspatch*—Bonaparte's rage—I resign my situation—Duroc—I breakfast with Bonaparte—Duroc's intercession—Temporary reconciliation.

CITIZEN FESCH, who, when we were forced to stop at Ajaccio, on our return from Egypt, discounted at rather a high rate the General-in-Chief's Egyptian sequins, became again the Abbé Fesch, as soon as Bonaparte, by his consular authority re-erected the altars which the revolution had overthrown. On the 15th August, 1802, he was consecrated bishop, and the following year received the cardinal's hat. Thus, Bonaparte took advantage of one of the members of his family being in orders, to elevate him to the highest dignities of the church. He afterwards

gave Cardinal Fesch the Archbishopric of Lyons, of which place he is still the titular.

The First Consul prided himself a good deal on his triumph, at least in appearance, over the scruples which the persons who surrounded him had manifested against the re-establishment of worship. He read with much self-satisfaction the reports made to him, in which it was stated that the churches were well frequented. Indeed, throughout the year 1802, all his attention was directed to the reformation of manners, which had become more dissolute under the Directory, than even during the reign of terror.

In his march of usurpation the First Consul let slip no opportunity of endeavouring to obtain, at the same time, the admiration of the multitude, and the approbation of judicious men. He was very fond of the arts, and was sensible that the promotion of industry ought to be the peculiar care of the head of a government. It must, however, at the same time be owned, that he rendered the influence of his protection null and void, by the continual violations he committed on that liberty which is the animating principle of all improvement.

During the supplementary days of the year X., that is to say, about the beginning of the autumn of 1802, there was held at the Louvre an exhibition of the products of industry. The First Consul visited the exhibition, and as even at that period he had begun to attribute every good result to himself, he seemed proud of the high degree of

perfection the industrious arts had attained in France. He was, above all, delighted with the admiration this exhibition excited among the numerous foreigners who during the peace resorted to Paris.

In fact, throughout the year 1802, the capital presented an interesting and animated spectacle. The appetite for luxury and pleasure had insinuated itself into manners which were no longer republican, and the vast number of Russians and English, who drove about every where with brilliant equipages, contributed not a little to this metamorphosis. All Paris flocked to the Carrousel on review days, and regarded with eyes of delight the unusual sight of rich foreign liveries and emblazoned carriages. The parties in the Tuileries were brilliant and numerous, and nothing was wanting but the re-introduction of levees. Count Markoff, who succeeded M. de Kalitscheff as Russian Ambassador, the Marquis de Luchesini, the Prussian Ambassador, and Lord Whitworth, the Minister from England, made numerous presentations of their countrymen to the First Consul, who was well pleased that the court he was forming should have examples set by foreign courtiers. Never since the meeting of the States General, had the theatres been so frequented, or fêtes so magnificent; and never since that period had Paris presented an aspect so cheering. The First Consul, on his part, spared no exertion to render the capital more and more worthy the admiration of foreigners. The statue of the Venus de

Medicis, which had been taken from the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now decorated the gallery of the Louvre, and near it was placed that of the Velletrian Pallas, a more legitimate acquisition, since it was the result of the researches of some French engineers at Velletri. Every where an air of prosperity was perceivable, and Bonaparte proudly put in his claim to be regarded as its author. With what heartfelt satisfaction he likewise cast his eye upon what he called the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds! For if he saw them doubled in value in consequence of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, rising as they did at that period from seven to sixteen francs, this value was even more than tripled after the vote of the consulship for life and the issuing of the *Senatus Consultum* of the 4th August, when they rose to fifty-two francs.

While Paris presented so satisfactory an aspect, the departments were in a state of perfect tranquillity, and foreign affairs had every appearance of security. The court of Rome which, since the concordate, may be said to have become devoted to the First Consul, gave, under all circumstances, examples of submission to the wishes of France. The Vatican was the first court which recognised the erection of Tuscany into the kingdom of Etruria, and the formation of the Helvetic, Cisalpine and Batavian republics. Prussia soon followed the example of the Pope, which was successively imitated by the other powers of Europe.

The whole of these new states, realms, or republics were under the immediate influence of France. The Isle of Elba, which Napoleon's first abdication has rendered so famous, was also united to France, still called a republic. Every thing now seemed to concur in securing the accession to absolute power. Indeed, one of the characteristic signs of Napoleon's government, even under the consular system, left no doubt as to his real intentions. Had he wished to found a free government, it is evident that he would have made the ministers responsible to the country; whereas, he took care that there should be no responsibility but to himself. He viewed them in fact in the light of instruments, which he might use as he pleased. I found this single index sufficient to disclose all his future designs. In order to make the irresponsibility of his ministers to the public perfectly clear, he had all the acts of his government signed merely by M. Maret, secretary of state.

It was not in the interior of France that difficulties were now likely first to arise on Bonaparte's carrying his designs into effect, but there was some reason to apprehend that foreign powers, after recognizing and treating with the consular government, might display a different feeling, and entertain scruples with regard to a government which had resumed its monarchical form. The question regarding the Bourbons was in some measure kept in the back ground as long as France remained a republic; but the re-establish-

ment of the throne naturally called to recollection the family which had occupied it for so many ages. Bonaparte fully felt the delicacy of his position, but he knew how to face obstacles, and had been accustomed to overcome them. He however always proceeded cautiously, as when obstacles induced him to defer the period of the consulship for life. With regard to that question, I have already noticed the offence given to him by La Fayette's suspensive vote, and the assigned reason. The First Consul repeated to me the last conversation he held with this man, so celebrated in the annals of liberty. Different estimates may be formed of La Fayette's character, but no one can deny him the possession of unchanging principles. Among other topics, the subject of the government of the United States of America had been discussed between him and the First Consul. M. de La Fayette told Bonaparte that at the time of the formation of the Union, the question whether a president for life should be elected, had been considered. This question, it is well known, was decided in the negative; but Bonaparte, on the mere knowledge of its having been agitated, argued in support of the nomination for life, contending that the Americans knew not what they were about when they deprived themselves of what he regarded as the sole means of insuring a country's prosperity. Indeed the First Consul, being, as he was, opposed to every idea of liberty, could hardly be expected to agree for any length of

time with La Fayette, a man bred up and imbued with liberal ideas. The very manner in which he returned to France had highly displeased the First Consul. La Fayette, in fact, believing, or feigning to believe that France was a free country, returned to Paris without a passport, saying, "I left my country when she was deserted by liberty: I return with that goddess, for she surely has returned, since Napoleon is her chief interpreter." Napoleon, however, took in very bad part this return of the apostle of American liberty, without a passport.

The government of the United States, the limiting of the term of the Presidency to two years, and the singular liberty of Consular France, were not the only subjects on which La Fayette showed himself opposed in opinion to the First Consul. He decried the concordate. He wished that Bonaparte, tolerating every form of worship, had placed all religions on an equal footing, as is the case in the United States. He would have rendered them entirely independent of the government, and have left it to the followers of each creed to agree among themselves in providing for the necessities of their worship and the maintenance of their ministers. I remember on this occasion Bonaparte said to me, "La Fayette may be right in theory; but what is theory after all? An absurdity, when it is endeavoured to apply it to masses of men. And then, he constantly thinks himself in America! As if Frenchmen were Americans. He is not going to teach me what I am

to do in this country. The Catholic religion prevails here: besides, I have need of the Pope, and he will do as I want him. But I must tell you what a droll expression La Fayette let fall." The First Consul added, with a smile, "He told me I wanted to have the little phial split upon my head. We shall see,—we shall see." We have indeed seen.

Bonaparte laboured to establish in France, not only an absolute government, but what is still worse, a military one. He considered a decree signed by his hand possessed of a magic virtue for transforming his generals into able diplomatists, and so he sent them on embassies, as if to indicate to the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, that he meant soon to take their thrones by assault. The appointment of Lannes to the court of Lisbon, originated from causes which will be read probably not without interest, since they serve to place Bonaparte's character in its true light, and to point out, at the same time, the means he disdained not to resort to, if he wished to banish his most faithful friends, when their presence was no longer agreeable to him.

Bonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person singular; but that general continued the familiarity of *thee* and *thou*, in speaking to Napoleon. It is hardly possible to conceive how much this annoyed the First Consul. Aware of the unceremonious candour of his old comrade, whose daring spirit he knew would prompt him to go great lengths in civil affairs, as well as on the

field of battle, Bonaparte on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris in order to ensure his absence from St. Cloud. After that time, notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the First Consul, which, as it increased, daily exacted more and more deference, Lannes still preserved his freedom of speech, and was the only one who dared to treat Bonaparte as a fellow-soldier, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to determine Napoleon to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to conjure up an excuse; and in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for that purpose, Bonaparte brought into play that crafty disposition for which he was so remarkable.

Lannes, who never looked forward to the morrow, was as careless of his money as of his blood. Poor officers and soldiers partook largely of his liberality. Thus, he had no fortune, but plenty of debts. When he wanted money, and this was not seldom, he used to come, as if it were a mere matter of course, to ask it of the First Consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Bonaparte, though he well knew the General's circumstances, said to him one day: "My friend, you should attend a little more to appearances. You must have your establishment suitable to your rank. There is the Hôtel de Noailles,—why don't you take it, and furnish it in proper style?"

Lannes, whose own candour prevented him from suspecting the artful designs of others, followed the advice of the First Consul. The Hôtel de Noailles was taken and superbly fitted up. Odiot supplied a service of plate valued at two hundred thousand francs.

General Lannes, having thus conformed to the wishes of Bonaparte, came to him and requested four hundred thousand francs, the amount of the expence incurred, as it were, by his order. "But," said the First Consul, "I have no money."—"You have no money! What the devil am I to do then?"—"But is there none in the guards' chest? Take what you require, and we will settle it hereafter."

Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to find the paymaster of the guards, who made some objections, at first, to the advance required; but who soon yielded on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the First Consul.

Within twenty-four hours after Lannes had obtained the four hundred thousand francs, the paymaster received from the head commissary an order to balance his accounts. The receipt for the four hundred thousand francs, advanced to Lannes, was not acknowledged as a voucher. In vain the paymaster alleged the authority of the First Consul for the transaction. Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all that passed. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to refund the four hundred thousand francs to the guards' chest, and, as I

have already said, he had no property on earth, but debts in abundance. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his son, and to whom he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did you not come to me? Why did you go and get into debt with that ——? Well, it cannot be helped; here are the four hundred thousand francs, take them to him, and let him go to the devil!"

Lannes hastened to the First Consul. "What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible you can be guilty of such baseness as this? To treat me in such a manner! To lay such a foul snare for me, after all that I have done for you; after all the blood I have shed to promote your ambition! Is this the recompense you had in store for me? You forget the 13th Vendémiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you! You forget Millesimo: I was colonel before you! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness of what I did at Lodi and at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you put such a trick as this upon me! But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire: But for me, you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone, yes, I alone, passed the Po, at Montebello, with my whole division. You gave the credit of that to Berthier, who was not there; and this is my reward, for the humiliation. This cannot, this shall not be. I will ——" Bonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring, and Lannes was on the point of challenging him, when Junot, who

heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general somewhat reassured the First Consul, and, at the same time, calmed, in some degree, the fury of Lannes. "Well," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon. You will get money there; and when you return, you will not want any one to pay your debts for you." Thus was Bonaparte's object gained. Lannes set out for Lisbon, and never afterwards annoyed the First Consul by his familiarities; for on his return he ceased to address him with *thee* and *thou*.

Having described Bonaparte's ill-treatment of Lannes, I may here subjoin a statement of the circumstances which led to a rupture between me and the First Consul. So many false stories have been circulated on the subject, that I am anxious to relate the facts as they really were.

It was now nine months since I tendered my resignation to the First Consul. The business of my office had become too great for me, and my health was so much endangered by over-application, that my physician, M. Corvisart, who had for a long time impressed upon me the necessity of relaxation, now formally warned me, that I should not long hold out under the fatigue I underwent. Corvisart had, no doubt, spoken to the same effect to the First Consul, for the latter said to me, one day, and in a tone which betrayed but little feeling, "Why, Corvisart says you have not a year to live." This was certainly no very welcome

compliment in the mouth of an old college friend, yet I must confess that the Doctor risked little by the prediction.

I had resolved, in fact, to follow the advice of Corvisart; my family were urgent in their entreaties that I would do so, but I always put off the decisive step. I was loth to give up a friendship which had subsisted so long, and which had been only once disturbed: on that occasion, when Joseph thought proper to play the spy upon me, at the table of Fouché. I remembered, also, the reception I had met with from the conqueror of Italy; and I experienced, moreover, no slight pain at the thought of quitting one from whom I had received so many proofs of confidence, and to whom I had been attached from early boyhood. These considerations constantly triumphed over the disgust to which I was continually subjected, by a number of circumstances, and by the increasing vexations occasioned by the conflict between my private sentiments and the nature of the duties I had to perform. I was thus kept in a state of perplexity, from which some unforeseen circumstances could only extricate me. Such a circumstance at length occurred, and the following is the history of my first rupture with Napoleon.

On the 27th of February, 1802, at ten at night, Bonaparte dictated to me a despatch, of considerable importance and urgency, for M. de Talleyrand, requesting the Minister for Foreign Affairs to come to the Tuileries, next morning, at an

appointed hour. According to custom, I put the letter into the hands of the office messenger, that it might be forwarded to its destination.

This was Saturday. The following day, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand came about mid-day. The First Consul immediately began to confer with him on the subject of the letter sent the previous evening, and was astonished to learn that the minister had not received it until the morning. He rang immediately for the messenger, and ordered me to be sent for. Being in very bad humour, he pulled the bell with so much fury, that he struck his hand violently against the angle of the chimney-piece. I hurried to his presence. "Why," he said, addressing me hastily, "why was not my letter delivered yesterday evening?"—"I do not know: I put it into the hands of the person whose duty it was to see that it was sent."—"Go, and learn the cause of the delay, and come back quickly." Having rapidly made my inquiries, I returned to the cabinet. "Well?" said the First Consul, whose irritation seemed to have increased.—"Well, General, it is not the fault of any body. M. de Talleyrand was not to be found, either at the office, or at his own residence, or at the houses of any of his friends, where he was thought likely to be." Not knowing with whom to be angry, restrained by the coolness of M. de Talleyrand, yet at the same time ready to burst with rage, Bonaparte rose from his seat, and proceeding to the hall, called

the messenger, and questioned him sharply. The man, disconcerted by the anger of the First Consul, hesitated in his replies, and gave confused answers. Bonaparte returned to his cabinet, still more irritated, than he had left it. I had followed him to the hall, and on my way back to the cabinet I attempted to soothe him, and I begged him not to be thus discomposed by a circumstance which, after all, was of no great moment. I do not know whether his anger was increased by the sight of the blood which flowed from his hand, and which he was every moment looking at; but however that might be, a transport of furious passion, such as I had never before witnessed, seized him; and as I was about to enter the cabinet, after him, he threw back the door with so much violence, that had I been two or three inches nearer him, it must infallibly have struck me in the face. He accompanied this action, which was almost convulsive, with an appellation not to be borne; he exclaimed, before M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone; you are a — fool." At an insult so atrocious, I confess, that the anger which had already mastered the First Consul, suddenly seized on me. I thrust the door forward, with as much impetuosity as he had used in attempting to close it; and, scarcely knowing what I said, exclaimed, "You are a hundred fold greater fool than I am." I then went up stairs to my apartment, which was situated over the cabinet.

I was as far from expecting as from wishing such an occasion of separating from the First Consul. But what was done could not be undone; and, therefore, without taking time for reflection, and still under the influence of the anger that had got the better of me, I penned the following positive resignation:—

“GENERAL,

“The state of my health does not permit me longer to continue in your service. I therefore beg you to accept my resignation.

“BOURRIENNE.”

Some moments after this was written, I saw from my window the saddle-horses of Napoleon arrivè at the entrance of the palace. It was Sunday, and, contrary to his usual custom on that day, he was going to ride out. Duroc accompanied him. He was no sooner gone, than I went down into his cabinet, and placed my letter on his table. On returning, at four o'clock, with Duroc, Bonaparte read my letter. “Ah! ah!” said he, before opening it, “a letter from Bourrienne.” And he almost immediately added, for the note was speedily perused, “He is in the sulks.—*Accepted.*” I had left the Tuileries at the moment he returned; but Duroc sent to me, where I was dining, the following billet:—

“The First Consul desires me, my dear Bourrienne, to inform you, that he accepts your resig-

nation, and to request that you will give me the necessary information respecting your papers.

“ Yours,

“ DUROC.”

“ P.S. I will call on you presently.”

Duroc came to me at eight o'clock the same evening. The First Consul was in his cabinet when we entered it. I immediately commenced giving my intended successor the necessary explanations to enable him to enter upon his new duties. Piqued at finding that I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I instructed Duroc, Bonaparte said to me, in a harsh tone, “ Come, I have had enough of this! Leave me.” I stepped down from the ladder, on which I had mounted for the purpose of pointing out to Duroc the places in which the various papers were deposited, and hastily withdrew. I, too, had had quite enough of it.

I remained two more days at the Tuileries, until I had suited myself with lodgings. On Monday I went down into the cabinet of the First Consul to take my leave of him. We conversed together for a long time, and very amicably. He told me he was very sorry I was going to leave him, and that he would do all he could for me. I pointed out several places to him; at last I mentioned the Tribunate:—“ That will not do for you,” he said, “ the members are a set of babblers and phrase-mongers, whom I mean to get rid of. All the troubles of states proceed

from such debates. I am tired of them." He continued to talk in a strain which left me in no doubt as to his uneasiness about the Tribunal, which, in fact, reckoned among its members many men of great talent and excellent character.*

The following day, Tuesday, the First Consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some other person, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make advances towards obtaining a re-installment in my office, appealing to me on the score of the friendship and kindness they had always shewn me. They told me that I had been in the wrong, and that I had forgotten myself. I answered, that I considered the evil beyond remedy; and that, besides, I had really need of repose. The First Consul then called me to him, and conversed a considerable time with me, renewing his protestations of goodwill towards me.

At five o'clock I was going down stairs to quit the Tuileries for good, when I was met by the office messenger, who told me that the First Consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the room leading to the cabinet, stopped me as I passed, and said:—"He wishes you to remain. I beg of you, do not refuse; do me this favour. I have assured him that I am incapable of filling your office. It does not suit my habits; and besides, to tell you the truth, the business is too

* In 1802, the First Consul made a reduction of fifty members of the Tribunal, and subsequently the whole body was suppressed.

irksome for me." I proceeded to the cabinet without replying to Duroc. The First Consul came up to me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, as he did when he was in his best of humours, said to me :—" Are you still in the sulks ?" and, leading me to my usual seat, he added :—" Come, sit down !" Only those who knew Bonaparte can judge of my situation at that moment. He had at times, and when he chose, a charm in his manners which it was quite impossible to resist. I could offer no opposition, and I reassumed my usual office and my accustomed labours. Five minutes afterwards it was announced that dinner was on table :—" You will dine with me ?" he said.—" I cannot ; I am expected at the place where I was going when Duroc called me back. It is an engagement that I cannot break."—" Well, I have nothing to say, then. But give me your word that you will be here at eight o'clock."—" I promise you." Thus I became again the private secretary of the First Consul, and I believed in the sincerity of our reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Acts of the Consular Government—The House of Perigord—The Faubourg St. Germain and the Revolutionary party—The Concordate and the Legion of Honour—The Council of State and the Tribunate—Discussion on the word *subjects*—Chenier—Chabot de l'Allier's proposition to the Tribunate—The *marked proof* of national gratitude—Bonaparte's duplicity and self-command—Reply to the *Senatus Consultum*—The people consulted—Consular Decree—The most, or the least—M. de Vaublanc's speech—Bonaparte's reply—The address of the Tribunate—Hopes and predictions thwarted.

LET us now take a glance at the most important acts of the consular government, previous to the elevation of Bonaparte to the consulate for life.

It may truly be said, that history affords no example of an empire founded like that of France, created in all its parts under the cloak of a republic. Without any shock, and in the short space of four years, there arose above the ruins of the short-lived Republic, a government more absolute than ever was Louis XIVth's. This extraordinary change is to be assigned to many causes; and I had the opportunity of observing the influence which the determined will of one

man exercised over his fellow men. It is not length of time, but the events which fill it up, that mark great epochs. We know nothing of centuries during which insignificant kings have vegetated; and the Pontificate of Leo X., who gave his name to the age he lived in, lasted only eleven years. Bonaparte reigned fourteen years, for the period of the consulate may properly be included in his reign: indeed, in his own imagination, he was a sovereign the first night he slept at the Luxembourg.

M. de Talleyrand's name, and the antiquity of the house of Perigord, were great recommendations in the eyes of the First Consul; and yet, by one of those singular incongruities which his mind presented, he was an advocate of equality among men, as much as he was an enemy to liberty. Such at least was his turn of mind as long as he continued consul; for on his elevation to the imperial throne, it is well known how much he was dazzled by the illusion attached to great names.

Bonaparte called the Faubourg St. Germain a power, but it was one which he would rather have gained over by fair means, than have put down by violence. There was another power of which he stood in far greater dread: this was the revolutionary party; namely, those who were firmly attached to liberty and the institutions which the revolution had created. The reason of this was evident: the men who were reluctant to see the sacrifice of a few dearly-bought ameliorations,

were precisely those who opposed the consulate for life, and, above all, hereditary power.

The great object which Bonaparte had at heart was, to legitimate his usurpations by institutions. The concordat had reconciled him with the court of Rome; the numerous erasures from the emigrant list, gathered round him a large body of the old nobility; and the legion of honour, though at first but badly received, soon became a general object of ambition. Peace, too, had lent her aid in consolidating the First Consul's power, by affording him leisure to engage in measures of internal prosperity.

The Council of State, of which Bonaparte had made me a member, but which my other occupations did not allow me to attend, was the soul of the consular government. Bonaparte felt much interest in the discussions of that body, because it was composed of the most eminent men in the different branches of administration; and though the majority evinced a ready compliance with his wishes, yet that disposition was often far from being unanimous. In the Council of State the projects of the government were discussed with freedom and sincerity, and when once adopted they were transmitted to the Tribunate, and to the legislative body. This latter body might be considered as a supreme legislative tribunal, before which the tribunes pleaded as the advocates of the people, and the counsellors of state, whose business it was to support the law projects, as the advocates of the government.

This will at once explain the cause of the First Consul's animosity towards the Tribune, and will shew to what the constitution was reduced when that body was dissolved by a sudden and arbitrary decision.

During the consulate, the Council of State was not only a body politic collectively, but each individual member might be invested with special power; as, for example, when the First Consul sent counsellors of state on missions to each of the military divisions, where there was a court of appeal, the instructions given them by the First Consul were extensive, and might be said to be unlimited. They were directed to examine all the branches of the administration, so that their reports, collected and compared together, presented a perfect description of the state of France. But this measure, though excellent in itself, proved fatal to the state. The reports never conveyed the truth to the First Consul, or at least, if they did, it was in such a disguised form, as to be scarcely recognizable; for the counsellors well knew, that the best way to pay their court to Bonaparte was, not to describe public feeling as it really was, but as he wished it to be. Thus the reports of the counsellors of state only furnished fresh arguments in favour of his ambition.

I must, however, observe that, in the discussions of the Council of State, Bonaparte was not at all averse to the free expression of opinion. He, indeed, often encouraged it; for being fully resolved to do only what he pleased, he wished to

gain information: indeed, it is scarcely conceivable, how, in the short space of two years, Bonaparte adapted his mind so completely to civil and legislative affairs. But he could not endure in the Tribunate the liberty of opinion which he tolerated in the Council; and for this reason—that the sittings of the Tribunate were public, while those of the Council of State were secret, and publicity was what he dreaded above all things. He was very well pleased when he had to transmit to the legislative body or to the Tribunate, any law project of trifling importance; and he used then to say, that he had given them a bone to gnaw.

Among the subjects submitted to the consideration of the Council and the Tribunate, was one which gave rise to a singular discussion, the ground of which was a particular word, inserted in the third article of the treaty of Russia with France. This word seemed to convey a prophetic allusion to the future condition of the French people, or rather an anticipated designation of what they afterwards became. The treaty spoke of the *subjects* of the two governments. This term applied to those who still considered themselves citizens, and was highly offensive to the Tribunate. Chenier most loudly remonstrated against the introduction of this word into the dictionary of the new government. He said that the armies of France had shed their blood that the French people might be citizens and not subjects. Chenier's arguments, however, had no

effect on the decision of the Tribunatè, and only served to irritate the First Consul. The treaty was adopted almost unanimously, there being only fourteen dissentient votes, and the proportion of black balls in the legislative body was even less.

Though this discussion passed off almost unnoticed, yet it greatly displeased the First Consul, who expressed to me his dissatisfaction in the evening. "What is it?" said he, "these babblers want? They wish to be citizens--why did they not know how to continue so? My government must treat on an equal footing with Russia. I should appear a mere manikin in the eyes of foreign courts, were I to yield to the stupid demands of the Tribunatè. Those fellows teaze me so, that I have a great mind to end matters at once with them." I endeavoured to soothe his anger, and observed, that one precipitate act might ruin him. "You are right," he continued, "but stay a little, they shall lose nothing by waiting."

The Tribunatè pleased Bonaparte better in the great question of the consulate for life, because he had taken the precaution of removing such members as were most opposed to the encroachments of his ambition. The Tribunatè resolved that a marked proof of the national gratitude should be offered to the First Consul, and the resolution was transmitted to the Senate. Not a single voice was raised against this proposition, which emanated from Chabot de l'Alliers, the president of the Tribunatè.

¹ Having described the opening scene of the

consulate for life, I will now shew how the plot of the drama proceeded, and how the principal character, for whose benefit the whole was got up, kept as much as possible behind the scenes. Judging from the First Consul's public speeches, it might have been supposed that his intention on the present occasion was to act as he did with respect to his residence at St. Cloud; viz., first to refuse the offer, and afterwards to accept it.

The Tribunate having adopted the indefinite proposition of offering to the First Consul a *marked proof* of the national gratitude, it now only remained to determine what that proof should be. Bonaparte knew well what he wanted, but he did not like to name it in any positive way. Though, in his fits of impatience, caused by the lingering proceedings of the legislative body, and the indecision of some of its members, he often talked of mounting on horseback and drawing his sword; yet he so far controlled himself as to confine violence to his conversations with his intimate friends. He wished it to be thought that he himself was yielding to compulsion; that he was far from wishing to usurp a power contrary to the constitution; and that if he deprived France of liberty, it was all for her good, and out of mere love for her. Such deep-laid duplicity could never have been conceived and maintained in any common mind; but Bonaparte's was not a mind of the ordinary cast. It must have required extraordinary self-command to have restrained so long as he did that daring spirit which was so

natural to him, and which was rather the result of his temperament than character. For my part, I confess that I always admired him more for what he had the fortitude not to do, than for the boldest exploits he ever performed.

In conformity with the usual form, the proposition of the Tribunal was transmitted to the Senate. From that time, the senators, on whom Bonaparte most relied, were frequent in their visits to the Tuileries. In the preparatory conferences which preceded the regular discussions in the Senate, it had been ascertained that the majority was not willing that the *marked proof* of gratitude should be the consulate for life: it was therefore agreed that the reporter should limit his demand to a temporary prorogation of the dignity of First Consul in favour of Bonaparte. The reporter, M. de Lacépède, acted accordingly, and limited the prorogation to ten years, commencing from the expiration of the ten years granted by the constitution. I forget which of the senators first proposed the consulate for life; but I well recollect that Cambacérès used all his endeavours to induce those members of the Senate whom he thought he could influence, to agree to that proposition. Whether from flattery or conviction, I know not, but the second consul held out to his colleague, or rather his master, the hope of complete success. Bonaparte, on hearing him, shook his head with an air of doubt, but afterwards said to me, "They will, perhaps, make some wry faces, but they must come to it at last!"

It was proposed in the Senate that the proposition of the consulate for life should take the priority of that of the decennial prorogation ; but this was not agreed to ; and the latter proposition being adopted, the other, of course, could not be discussed.

There was something very curious in the senatus-consultum published on the occasion. It spoke in the name of the French people, and stated, that, "in testimony of their gratitude to the Consuls of the Republic," the consular reign was prolonged for ten years ; but that the prolongation was limited to the First Consul only.

Bonaparte, though much dissatisfied with the decision of the Senate, disguised his displeasure in ambiguous language. When Tronchet, the president of the Senate, read to him, in a solemn audience, at the head of the deputation, the senatus-consultum determining the prorogation, he said, in reply, that he could not be certain of the confidence of the people, unless his continuance in the consulship were sanctioned by their suffrages. "The interests of my glory and happiness," added he, "would seem to have marked the close of my public life, at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and happiness of the citizen must yield to the interests of the state and the wishes of the public. You, senators, conceive that I owe to the people another sacrifice. I will make it if the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorizes."

The true meaning of these words was not understood by every body, and was only manifest to those who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte's designs. He did not accept the offer of the Senate, because he wished for something more. The question was to be renewed and to be decided by the people only; and since the people had the right to refuse what the Senate offered, they possessed, for the same reason, the right to give what the Senate did not offer.

The moment arrived for consulting the Council of State as to the mode to be adopted for invoking and collecting the suffrages of the people. For this purpose an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State was summoned on the 10th of May. Bonaparte wished to keep himself aloof from all ostensible influence; but his two colleagues laboured for him more zealously than he could have worked for himself, and they were warmly supported by several members of the Council. A strong majority were of opinion that Bonaparte should not only be invested with the consulship for life, but that he should be empowered to nominate his successor. But he, still faithful to his plan, affected to venerate the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, and he promulgated the following decree, which was the first explanation of his reply to the Senate:—

“ The Consuls of the Republic, considering that the resolution of the First Consul is an homage rendered to the sovereignty of the people, and that the people, when consulted, on their dearest

interests, will not go beyond the limits of those interests, decree as follows:—First, that the French people shall be consulted on the question whether Napoleon Bonaparte is to be made Consul for life.”

The other articles merely regulated the mode of collecting the votes.

This decree shews the policy of the First Consul in a new point of view, and displays his art in its fullest extent. He had just refused the less for the sake of getting the greater: and now he had contrived to get the offer of the greater, to shew off his moderation by accepting only the less. The Council of State sanctioned the proposition for conferring on the First Consul the right of nominating his successor, and, of his own accord, the First Consul declined this. Accordingly, the Second Consul, when he, next day, presented the decree to the Council of State, did not fail to eulogize this extreme moderation, which banished even the shadow of suspicion of any ambitious after-thought. Thus was the Senate duped, and the decree of the consuls was transmitted at once to the legislative body and to the Tribunal.

In the legislative body, M. de Vaublanc was distinguished among all the deputies who applauded the conduct of the government; and it was he who delivered the apologetic harangue of the deputation of the legislative body to the First Consul. After having addressed the government collectively, he

ended by addressing the First Consul individually — a sort of compliment which had not hitherto been put into practice, and which was far from displeasing him who was its object. As M. de Vaublanc's speech had been communicated to the First Consul, the latter prepared a reply to it which sufficiently shewed how much it had gratified him. Besides the flattering distinction which separated him from the government, the plenitude of praise was not tempered by any thing like advice or comment. It was not so with the address of the Tribunate. After the compliments which the occasion demanded, a series of hopes were expressed for the future, which formed a curious contrast with the events which actually ensued. The Tribunate, said the address, required no guarantee, because Bonaparte's elevated and generous sentiments would never permit him to depart from those principles which brought about the revolution and founded the Republic;—he loved real glory too well ever to stain that which he had acquired by the abuse of power;—the nation which he was called to govern was free and generous: he would respect and consolidate her liberty; he would distinguish his real friends, who spoke truth to him, from the flatterers who were seeking to deceive him. In short, Bonaparte would surround himself by those good men, who, having made the revolution, were interested in supporting it.

To these and many other fine things, the Consul replied—"This testimony of the affection of the Tribunate is gratifying to the government. The union of all bodies of the state is a guarantee of the stability and happiness of the nation. The efforts of the government will be constantly directed to the interests of the people, from whom all power is derived, and whose welfare all good men have at heart."

So much for the artifice of governments and the credulity of subjects! It is certain, that, from the moment Bonaparte gained his point in submitting the question of the consulate for life to the decision of the people, there was no longer a doubt of the result being in his favour. This was evident, not only on account of the influential means which a government always has at its command, and of which its agents extend the ramifications from the centre to the extremities, but because the proposition was in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The republicans were rather shy in avowing principles from which people were now disenchanted;—the partizans of a monarchy without distinction of family, saw their hopes almost realized in the consulate for life;—the recollection of the Bourbons still lived in some hearts faithful to misfortune: but the great mass were for the First Consul, and his external acts in the new step he had taken towards the throne, had been so cautiously disguised, as to induce a belief in his sincerity. If I

and a few others were witnesses to his accomplished artifice and charlatanism, France beheld only his glory, and gratefully enjoyed the blessings of peace which he had obtained for her. The suffrages of the people speedily realized the hopes of the First Consul, and thus was founded the consulate for life.

CHAPTER XXV.

Departure for Malmaison—Unexpected question relative to the Bourbons—Distinction between two opposition parties—New intrigues of Lucien—Camille Jourdan's pamphlet seized—Vituperation against the liberty of the press—Revisal of the constitution—New *Senatus Consultum*—Deputation from the Senate—Audience of the Diplomatic body—Josephine's melancholy—The discontented—Secret meetings—Fouché and the Police Agents—The Code Napoleon—Bonaparte's regular attendance at the Council of State—His knowledge of mankind, and the science of government—Napoleon's first sovereign act—His visit to the Senate—The Consular procession—Polite etiquette—The Senate and the Council of State—Complaints against Lucien—The deaf and dumb assembly—Creation of Senatorships.

WHEN nothing was wanting to secure the consulate for life but the votes of the people, which there was no doubt of obtaining, the First Consul set off to spend a few days at Malmaison.

On the day of our arrival, as soon as dinner was ended, Bonaparte said to me, "Bourrienne, let us go and take a walk." It was the middle of May, so that the evenings were long. We went into the park, and we walked for several minutes without his uttering a syllable. Wishing to break silence in a way that would be agreeable to him, I alluded to the facility with which he had nul-

lified the last *senatus consultum*. He scarcely seemed to hear me, so completely was his mind absorbed in the subject on which he was meditating. At length, suddenly recovering from his abstraction, he said: "Bourrienne, do you think that the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his claims if I were to offer him a good indemnity, or even a province in Italy?" Surprised at this abrupt question on a subject which I was far from thinking of, I replied, that I did not think the pretender would relinquish his claims; that it was very unlikely the Bourbons would return to France as long as he, Bonaparte, should continue at the head of the government, though they might look forward to their return as probable.—"How so?" inquired he.—"For a very simple reason, General. Do you not see, every day, that your agents conceal the truth from you, and flatter you in your wishes, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves in your favour? are you not angry when at length the truth reaches your ear?"—"And what then?"—"Why, General, it must be just the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France. It is in the course of things, in the nature of man, that they should feed the Bourbons with hopes of a possible return, were it only to induce a belief in their own talent and utility."—"That is very true! You are quite right; but I am not afraid. However, it may be necessary to do something—we shall see." Here the subject dropped, and our conversation turned on the consulate for life, and Bonaparte spoke in

unusually mild terms of the persons who had opposed the proposition. I was a little surprised at this, and could not help reminding him of the different way in which he had spoken of those who opposed his accession to the consulate. "There is nothing extraordinary in that," said he. "Worthy men may be attached to the Republic as I have made it. It is a mere question of form. I have nothing to say against that; but at the time of my accession to the consulate, it was very different. Then, none but Jacobins, terrorists, and rogues, resisted my endeavours to rescue France from the infamy into which the Directory had plunged her. But now I cherish no ill-will against those who have opposed me."

During the interval between the acts of the different bodies of the state, and the collection of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or rather prosecuted them with renewed activity, for the purpose of getting the question of hereditary succession included in the votes. Many prefects transmitted to M. Chaptal anonymous circulars which had been sent to them: all stated the ill effect produced by these circulars, which had been addressed to the principal individuals of their departments. Lucien was the originator of all this, though I positively cannot say whether his brother connived with him, as in the case of the pamphlet to which I have already alluded. I believe, however, that Bonaparte was not entirely a stranger to the business; for the circulars were written by Rœderer, at the instigation of Lucien, and Rœde-

rer was at that time in favour at the Tuileries. I recollect Bonaparte speaking to me one day very angrily about a pamphlet which had just been published, by Camille Jourdan, on the subject of the national vote on the consulate for life.* Camille Jourdan wrote much in the same spirit as M. de La Fayette, in the letter which has been given in the course of this volume. However, he did not suspend his vote, he gave it in favour of the First Consul; and, instead of requiring preliminary conditions, he contented himself, like the Tribunate, with enumerating all the guarantees which he expected the honour of the First Consul would grant. Among these guarantees were the cessation of arbitrary detentions, the responsibility of the agents of government, and the independence of the judges. But all these demands were mere peccadilloes in comparison with Camille Jourdan's great crime of demanding the liberty of the press.

The First Consul had looked through the fatal pamphlet, and lavished invectives upon its author; "How!" exclaimed he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands?—These babblers, who think that politics may be shewn on a printed page like the world on a map? Truly, I know not what things will come to if I let this go on. Camille Jourdan, whom I received so well at Lyons, to think that he should ask for the liberty of the press! Were I to accede to this, I might as well go and live on a farm a hundred leagues from Paris." Bonaparte's first act in favour of

the liberty of the press, was to order the seizure of the pamphlet in which Camille Jourdan had extolled the advantages of that measure. Publicity, either by words or writing, was Bonaparte's horror. Hence his aversion to public speakers and writers.

Camille Jourdan was not the only person who made unavailing efforts to arrest Bonaparte in the first steps of his ambition. There were yet in France many men, who, though they had hailed with enthusiasm the dawn of the French Revolution, had subsequently been disgusted by its crimes, and who still dreamed of the possibility of founding a truly constitutional government in France. Even in the senate, there were some men indignant at the usual compliance of that body, and who spoke of the necessity of subjecting the constitution to a revisal, in order to render it conformable to the consulate for life.

The project of revising the constitution was by no means unsatisfactory to Bonaparte. It afforded him an opportunity of holding out fresh glimmerings of liberty to those who were too shortsighted to glance at the future. He was pretty certain that there could be no change but to his advantage. Had any one talked to him of the wishes of the nation, he would have replied: "Three millions, five hundred, and seventy-seven thousand, two hundred and fifty-nine citizens, have given their votes. Of these, how many were for me? Three millions, three hundred and sixty-eight thousand, one hundred and eighty-five.

Compare the difference! There is but one vote in forty-five against me. I must obey the will of the people!" To this he would not have failed to add: "Whose are the votes opposed to me? Those of ideologists, Jacobins, and peculators under the Directory." To such arguments what could have been answered? It must not be supposed that I am putting these words into Bonaparte's mouth. They fell from him oftener than once.

As soon as the state of the votes was ascertained, the Senate conceived itself under the necessity of repairing the only fault it had committed in the eyes of the First Consul, and solemnly presented him with a new senatus consultum and a decree.*

Bonaparte replied to the deputation from the Senate in the presence of the diplomatic body, whose audience had been appointed for that day, in order that the ambassadors might be enabled to make known to their respective courts that Europe reckoned one king more. In his reply, he did not fail to introduce the high sounding words "liberty and equality." He commenced thus:—"A citizen's life belongs to his country.

* These documents were couched in the following terms:—

ARTICLE I. The French people elect and the Senate proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

ARTICLE II. A statue representing Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other the decree of the Senate, shall commemorate the gratitude of the nation.

ARTICLE III. The Senate will convey to the First Consul the expression of the confidence, the love, and admiration of the French people.

The French people wish that mine should be entirely devoted to their service. I obey."

On the day this ceremony took place, besides the audience of the diplomatic body, there was an extraordinary assemblage of general officers and public functionaries. The principal apartments of the Tuileries presented the appearance of a fête. This gaiety formed a striking contrast with the melancholy of Josephine, who felt that every step of the First Consul towards the throne removed him farther from her.

She had to receive a party that evening, and though greatly depressed in spirits, she did the honours with her usual grace.

Let a government be what it may, it can never satisfy every one. At the establishment of the consulate for life, those who were averse to that change formed but a feeble minority. But, still they met, debated, corresponded, and dreamed of the possibility of overthrowing the consular government. Those who are at all times designated by the name of the discontented, are, in general, men of little respectability: they exaggerate any services they may have rendered, force ingratitude by the extravagance of their expectations, and then tax the government with the misfortunes to which their own misconduct has probably reduced them. These people are not dangerous; their hostility evaporates in empty noise, and those who are incessantly talking are the least likely to act.

During the first six months of the year 1802,

there were meetings of the discontented, which Fouché, who was then minister of the police, knew, and despised to notice; but, on the contrary, all the inferior agents of the police, contended with each other for a prey which was easily seized, and with the view of magnifying their services, represented these secret meetings as the effect of a vast plot against the government. Bonaparte, whenever he spoke to me on the subject, expressed himself weary of the efforts which were made to give importance to trifles; and yet he received the reports of the police agents as if he thought them of consequence. This was because he thought Fouché badly informed, and he was glad to find him at fault; but, when he sent for the minister of police, the latter told him that all the reports he had received were not worth a moment's attention. He told the First Consul all, and even a great deal more than had been revealed to him, mentioning at the same time how and from whom Bonaparte had received his information.

But these petty police details did not divert the First Consul's attention from the great objects he had in view. Since March, 1802, he had attended the sittings of the Council of State with remarkable regularity. While we were at the Luxembourg, he had commenced the drawing up of a new code of laws, to supersede the incomplete collection of revolutionary laws, and to substitute order for the sort of anarchy which prevailed in the legislation. The men who were most distin-

guished for legal knowledge had co-operated in this laborious task, the result of which was the code first distinguished by the name of the Civil Code, and afterwards called the Code Napoleon. The labours of this important undertaking being completed, a committee was appointed for the presentation of the code. This committee, of which Cambacérès was the president, was composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet. During all the time the discussions were pending, instead of assembling as usual, three times a week, the Council of State assembled every day, and the sittings, which, on ordinary occasions only lasted two or three hours, were often prolonged to five or six. The First Consul took such interest in these discussions that, to have an opportunity of conversing upon them in the evening, he frequently invited several members of the council to dine with him. It was during these conversations that I most admired the inconceivable versatility of Bonaparte's genius, or rather, that superior instinct which enabled him to comprehend at a glance, and in their proper point of view, legislative questions to which he might have been supposed a stranger. Possessing, as he did, in a supreme degree, the knowledge of mankind, ideas important to the science of government, flashed upon his mind like sudden inspirations.

Some time after his nomination to the consulate for life, anxious to perform a sovereign act, he went for the first time to preside at the Senate.

Availing myself that day of a few leisure moments, I went out to see the consular procession. It was truly royal. The First Consul had given orders that the military should be ranged in the streets through which he had to pass. At the Tuileries the soldiers of the guard were ranged in a single line in the interior of the court; but on arriving there, Bonaparte ordered that the line should be doubled, and should extend from the gate of the Tuileries to that of the Luxembourg. Assuming a privilege which old etiquette had confined exclusively to the kings of France, Bonaparte now for the first time rode in a carriage drawn by eight horses. A considerable number of carriages followed that of the First Consul, which was surrounded by generals and aides-de-camp on horseback. Louis XIV., going to hold a bed of justice at the parliament of Paris, never displayed greater pomp than did Bonaparte in this visit to the Senate. He appeared in all the parade of royalty, and ten senators came to meet him at the foot of the staircase of the Luxembourg.

The object of the First Consul's visit to the Senate was the presentation of five plans of *senatus consulta*. The other two consuls were present at this ceremony, which took place about the middle of August.

Bonaparte returned in the same style in which he went, accompanied by M. Lebrun, Cambacérés remaining at the Senate, of which he was president. The five *senatus consulta* were adopted,

but a restriction was made in that which concerned the forms of the Senate. It was proposed that when the consuls visited the Senate, they should be received by a deputation of ten members at the foot of the staircase, as the First Consul had that day been received; but Bonaparte's brothers, Joseph and Lucien, opposed this, and prevented the proposition from being adopted, observing that the second and third consuls, being members of the Senate, could not be received with such honours by their colleagues. This little scene of political courtesy, which was got up beforehand, was very well acted.

Bonaparte's visit to the Senate gave rise to a change of rank in the hierarchy of the different authorities composing the government. Hitherto the Council of State had ranked higher in public opinion; but the Senate on the occasion of its late deputation to the Tuileries, had for the first time received the honour of precedency. This had greatly displeased some of the counsellors of state, but Bonaparte did not care for that. He saw that the Senate would do what he wished more readily than the other constituted bodies, and he determined to augment its rights and prerogatives even at the expence of the rights of the legislative body. These encroachments of one power upon another, authorised by the First Consul, gave rise to reports of changes in ministerial arrangements. It was rumoured in Paris that the number of the ministers was to be reduced to three. Lucien helped to circulate these reports,

and this increased the First Consul's dissatisfaction of his conduct. The letters from Madrid, which were filled with complaints against him, together with some scandalous adventures, known in Paris, such as his running away with the wife of a *lemonadier*, exceedingly annoyed Bonaparte, who found his own family more difficult to govern, than France.

France, indeed, yielded with admirable facility to the yoke which the First Consul wished to impose on her. How artfully did he undo all that the revolution had done, never neglecting any means of attaining his object. He loved to compare the opinions of those whom he called the Jacobins, with the opinions of the men of 1789; and even them he found too liberal. He felt the ridicule which was attached to the mute character of the legislative body, which he called his deaf and dumb assembly. But as that ridicule was favourable to him, he took care to preserve the assembly as it was, and to turn it to ridicule when^r ever he spoke of it. In general, Bonaparte's judgment must not be confounded with his actions. His accurate mind enabled him to appreciate all that was good; but the necessity of his situation enabled him to judge with equal shrewdness what was useful to himself.

What I have just said of the Senate affords me an opportunity of correcting an error which has frequently been circulated in the chit chat of Paris. It has erroneously been said of some persons that they refused to become members of the

Senate, and among the number have been mentioned M. Ducis, M. de la Fayette, and Marshal de Rochambeau. The truth is, that no such refusals were ever made. The following fact, however, may have contributed to raise these reports and give them credibility. Bonaparte used frequently to say to persons in his saloon and in his cabinet, "You should be a senator—a man like you should be a senator." But these complimentary words did not amount to a nomination. To enter the Senate certain legal forms were to be observed. It was necessary to be presented by the Senate, and after that presentation no one ever refused to become a member of the body, to which Bonaparte gave additional importance by the creation of senatorships. This creation took place in the beginning of 1803.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The intoxication of great men—Unlucky zeal—MM. Maret, Champagny, and Rovigo—M. de Talleyrand's real services—Postponement of the execution of orders—Fouché and the Revolution—The Royalist Committee—The Charter first planned during the Consulate—Mission to Coblenz—Influence of the Royalists upon Josephine—the statue and the pedestal—Madame de Genlis' romance of Madame de la Vallière—The Legion of Honour and the carnations—Influence of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Inconsiderate step taken by Bonaparte—Louis XVIII.'s indignation—Prudent advice of the Abbé André—Letter from Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte—Council held at Neuilly—The letter delivered—Indifference of Bonaparte, and satisfaction of the Royalists.

PERHAPS one of the happiest ideas that ever were expressed was that of the Athenian who said, "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The drunkenness here alluded to is not of that kind which degrades a man to the level of a brute, but that intoxication which is occasioned by success, and which produces in the heads of the ambitious a sort of cerebral congestion. Ordinary men are not subject to this excitement, and can scarcely form an idea of it. But it is nevertheless true that the fumes of glory and ambition occasionally derange the strongest heads; and

Bonaparte, in all the vigour of his genius, was often subject to aberrations of judgment: for if his imagination never failed him, his judgment was frequently at fault.

This fact may serve to explain; and, perhaps, even to excuse, the faults with which the First Consul has been most seriously reproached. The activity of his mind seldom admitted of an interval between the conception and the execution of a design; but when he reflected coolly on the first impulses of his imperious will, his judgment discarded what was erroneous. Thus the blind obedience, which, like an epidemic disease, infected almost all who surrounded Bonaparte, was productive of the most fatal effects. The best way to serve the First Consul was never to listen to the suggestions of his first ideas, except on the field of battle, where his conceptions were as happy as they were rapid.* Thus, for example, MM. Maret, de Champagny, and de Rovigo evinced a ready obedience to Bonaparte's wishes, which often proved very unfortunate, though doubtless dictated by the best intentions on their part. To this fatal zeal may be attributed a great portion of the mischief which Bonaparte committed. When the mischief was done, and past remedy, Bonaparte deeply regretted it. How often have I heard him say that Maret was ani-

I have already mentioned how he frequently destroyed in the morning articles which he had dictated to me for the *Moniteur* over night.

mated by an *unlucky* zeal! This was the expression he made use of.

M. de Talleyrand was almost the only one among the ministers who did not flatter the First Consul, and he was, certainly, the minister who best served both the First Consul and the Emperor. When Bonaparte said to M. de Talleyrand:—"Write so and so, and send it off by a courier immediately," that minister was never in a hurry to obey the order, because he knew the character of the First Consul well enough to distinguish between what his passion dictated and what his reason would approve; in short, he appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. When it happened that M. de Talleyrand suspended the execution of an order, Bonaparte never evinced the least displeasure. When, the day after he had received any hasty and angry order, M. de Talleyrand presented himself to the First Consul, the latter would say:—"Well, did you send off the courier?"—"No," the minister would reply, "I took care not to do so before I shewed you my letter." Then, the First Consul would usually add—"Upon second thoughts, I think it would be best not to send it." This was the way to deal with Bonaparte. When M. de Talleyrand postponed sending off despatches, or when I myself have delayed the execution of an order, which I knew had been dictated by anger, and had emanated neither from his heart nor his understanding, I have heard him say a hundred times,—
"It was right, quite right. You understand me :

Talleyrand understands me also. This is the way to serve me: the others do not leave me time for reflection: they are too precipitate." Fouché also was one of those who did not on all occasions blindly obey Bonaparte's commands.

Of Talleyrand and Fouché, in their connections with the First Consul, it might be said that the one represented the constituent assembly, with a slight perfume of the old regime, and the other the convention in all its fury. Bonaparte regarded Fouché as a complete personification of the Revolution. With him, therefore, Fouché's influence was merely the influence of the Revolution. That great event was one of those which had made the most forcible impression on Bonaparte's ardent mind, and he imagined he still beheld it in a visible form as long as Fouché continued at the head of his police. I am of opinion that Bonaparte was in some degree misled as to the value of Fouché's services as a minister. No doubt the circumstance of Fouché being in office, conciliated those of the revolutionary party, who were his friends. But Fouché cherished an undue partiality for them, because he knew that it was through them he held his place. He was like one of the old Condottieri, who were made friends of, lest they should become enemies, and who owed all their power to the soldiers enrolled under their banners. Such was Fouché, and Bonaparte perfectly understood his situation. He kept the chief in his service until he could find an opportunity of disbanding his undisciplined followers.

But there was one circumstance which confirmed his reliance on Fouché. He who had voted the death of the King of France, and had influenced the minds of those who had voted with him, offered Bonaparte the best guarantee against the attempts of the royalists for raising up in favour of the Bourbons the throne which the First Consul himself had determined to ascend. Thus, for different reasons, Bonaparte and Fouché had common interests against the house of Bourbon, and the master's ambition derived encouragement from the supposed terror of the servant.

The First Consul was aware of the existence in Paris of a royalist committee, formed for the purpose of corresponding with Louis XVIII. This committee consisted of men who must not be confounded with those wretched intriguers who were of no service to their employers, and were not unfrequently in the pay of both Bonaparte and the Bourbons. The royalist committee, properly so called, was a very different thing. It consisted of men professing rational principles of liberty, such as the Marquis de Clermont, Gallerande, the Abbé de Montesquieu, M. Becquet, and M. Royer Collard. This committee had been of long standing; the respectable individuals whose names I have just quoted, acted upon a system hostile to the despotism of Bonaparte, and favourable to what they conceived to be the interest of France. Knowing the superior wisdom of Louis XVIII. and the opinions which he had avowed and maintained in the assembly

of the notables, they wished to separate that prince from the emigrants, and to point him out to the nation as the suitable head of a reasonable constitutional government. Bonaparte, whom I have often heard speak on the subject, dreaded nothing so much as these ideas of liberty, in conjunction with a monarchy. He regarded them as reveries, called the members of the committee visionaries, but, nevertheless, feared the triumph of their ideas. He confessed to me that it was to counteract the possible influence of the royalist committee that he shewed himself so indulgent to those of the emigrants whose monarchical prejudices he knew were incompatible with liberal opinions. By the presence of emigrants who acknowledged nothing short of absolute power, he thought he might paralyze the influence of the royalists of the interior; he, therefore, granted all the emigrants permission to return.

About this time I recollect having read a pamphlet, purporting to be a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII. It was signed by M. d'André, who bore evidence to its authenticity. The principles contained in the declaration were in almost all points conformable to the principles which formed the basis of the charter. Even so early as 1792, and consequently previous to the fatal 21st of January, Louis XVI., who knew the opinions of M. de Clermont Gallerande, sent him on a mission to Coblentz to inform the princes from him and the Queen, that they would be ruined by their emigration. I am accurately in-

formed, and I state this fact with the utmost confidence. I can also add with equal certainty, that the circumstance was mentioned by M. de Clermont Gallerande in his memoirs; and that the passage relative to his mission to Coblenz was cancelled before the manuscript was sent to press.

During the consular government, the object of the royalist committee was to seduce rather than to conspire. It was round Madame Bonaparte in particular that their batteries were raised, and they did not prove ineffectual. The female friends of Josephine filled her mind with ideas of the splendour and distinction she would enjoy if the powerful hand which had chained the revolution should raise up the subverted throne. I must confess that I was myself, unconsciously, an accomplice of the friends of the throne; for what they wished for the interest of the Bourbons, I then ardently wished for the interest of Bonaparte.

While endeavours were thus made to gain over Madame Bonaparte to the interest of the royal family, brilliant offers were held out for the purpose of dazzling the First Consul. It was wished to retemper for him the sword of the constable Duguesclin; and it was hoped that a statue erected to his honour, would at once attest to posterity his spotless glory, and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But when these offers reached the ears of Bonaparte, he treated them with indifference, and placed no faith in their sincerity. Conversing on

the subject one day with M. de la Fayette, he said, "They offer me a statue, but I must look to the pedestal. They may make it my prison." I did not hear Bonaparte utter these words; but they were reported to me from a source, the authenticity of which may be relied on.

About this time, when so much was said in the royalist circles and in the Faubourg St. Germain about the possible return of the Bourbons, the publication of a popular book contributed not a little to direct the attention of the public to the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. This book was the historical romance of *Madame de la Vallière*, by Madame de Genlis, who had recently returned to France. Bonaparte read it, and I have since understood that he was very well pleased with it, but he said nothing to me about it. It was not until some time after that he complained of the effect which was produced in Paris by this publication, and especially by engravings representing scenes in the life of Louis XIV., and which were exhibited in the shop-windows. The police received orders to suppress these prints; and the order was implicitly obeyed; but it was not Fouché's police. Fouché saw the absurdity of interfering with trifles. I recollect that immediately after the creation of the Legion of Honour, it being summer, the young men of Paris indulged in the whim of wearing a carnation in a button-hole, which, at a distance, had rather a deceptive effect. Bonaparte took this very seriously. He sent for Fouché, and desired him

to arrest those who presumed thus to turn the new order into ridicule. Fouché merely replied that he would wait till the autumn, and the First Consul understood that trifles were often rendered matters of importance by being honoured with too much attention.

But though Bonaparte was piqued at the interest excited by the engravings of Madame de Genlis's romance, he manifested no displeasure against that celebrated woman, who had been recommended to him by MM. de Fontanes and Fievée, and who addressed several letters to him. As this sort of correspondence did not come within the routine of my business, I did not see the letters; but I heard from Madame Bonaparte that they contained a prodigious number of proper names, and I have reason to believe that they contributed not a little to magnify, in the eyes of the First Consul, the importance of the Faubourg Saint Germain, which, in spite of all his courage, was a scarecrow to him.

Bonaparte regarded the Faubourg Saint Germain as representing the whole mass of royalist opinion; and he saw clearly that the numerous erasures from the emigrant list had necessarily increased dissatisfaction among the royalists, since the property of the emigrants had not been restored to its old possessors, even in those cases in which it had not been sold. It was the fashion in a certain class to ridicule the unpolished manners of the great men of the Republic, compared with the manners of the nobility of the old court.

The wives of certain generals had several times committed themselves by their awkwardness. In many circles there was an affectation of treating with contempt what were called the *parvenus*; those people who, to use M. de Talleyrand's expression, did not know how to walk upon a carpet. All this gave rise to complaints against the Faubourg Saint Germain; while, on the other hand, Bonaparte's brothers spared no endeavours to irritate him against every thing that was calculated to revive the recollection of the Bourbon.

Such were Bonaparte's feelings, and such was the state of society during the year 1802. The fear of the Bourbons must indeed have had a powerful influence on the First Consul, before he could have been induced to take a step which may justly be regarded as the most inconsiderate of his whole life. After suffering seven months to elapse without answering the first letter of Louis XVIII.;—after, at length, answering his second letter, in the tone of a king addressing a subject, he went so far as to write to Louis, proposing that he should renounce the throne of his ancestors in his, Bonaparte's, favour, and offering him, as a reward for this renunciation, a principality in Italy, or a considerable revenue for himself and his family.

The reader will recollect the curious question which the First Consul put to me on the subject of the Bourbons when we were walking in the park of Malmaison. To the reply which I made

to him on that occasion, I attribute the secrecy he observed towards me respecting the letter just alluded to. I am, indeed, inclined to regard that letter as the result of one of his private conferences with Lucien ; but I know nothing positive on the subject, and merely mention this as a conjecture. However, I had an opportunity of ascertaining the curious circumstances which took place at Mittau, when Bonaparte's letter was delivered to Louis XVIII.

That Prince was already much irritated against Bonaparte by his delay in answering his first letter, and also by the tenour of his tardy reply ; but, on reading the First Consul's second letter, the dethroned king immediately sat down and traced a few lines forcibly expressing his indignation at such a proposition. The note hastily written by Louis XVIII. in the first impulse of irritation, bore little resemblance to the dignified and elegant letter which Bonaparte received, and which I shall presently lay before the reader. This latter epistle closed very happily with the beautiful devise of Francis I., *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. But the first letter was stamped with a more chivalrous tone of indignation. The indignant sovereign wrote it with his hand supported on the hilt of his sword ; but the Abbé André, in whom Louis XVIII. reposed great confidence, saw the note, and succeeded, not without some difficulty, in soothing the anger of the king, and prevailing on him to write the following letter :—

“ I do not confound M. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him. I esteem his courage and his military talents. I am grateful for some acts of his government ; for the benefits which are conferred on my people will always be prized by me.

“ But he mistakes in supposing that he can induce me to renounce my rights ; so far from that, he would confirm them, if they could possibly be doubtful, by the step he has now taken.

“ I know not the designs of Heaven respecting me and my subjects ; but I know the obligations which God has imposed upon me. As a Christian I will fulfil my duties to my last breath—as the son of Saint Louis, I would, like him, respect myself even in chains—as the successor of Francis I., I say with him—*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*

“ LOUIS.”

Louis XVIII.'s letter having reached Paris, the royalist committee assembled, and were not a little embarrassed at to what should be done. The meeting took place at Netilly. After a long deliberation, it was suggested that the delivery of the letter should be entrusted to the third consul, with whom the Abbé de Montesquieu had kept up acquaintance since the time of the constituent assembly. This suggestion was adopted. The recollections of the commencement of his

career, under Chancellor Maupeou, had always caused M. Lebrun to be ranked in a distinct class by the royalists. For my part, I always looked upon him as a very honest man, a warm advocate of equality, and anxious that it should be protected even by despotism, which suited the views of the First Consul very well. The Abbé de Montesquieu accordingly waited upon M. Lebrun, who undertook to deliver the letter. Bonaparte received the letter with an air of indifference; but whether that indifference were real or affected, I am to this day unable to determine. He said very little to me about the ill success of the negotiation with Louis XVIII. On this subject he dreaded, above all, the interference of his brothers, who created around him a sort of commotion which he knew was not without its influence, and which, on several occasions, had excited his anger.

The letter of Louis XVIII. is certainly conceived in a tone of dignity which cannot be too highly admired; and it may be said that Bonaparte rendered on this occasion a real service to Louis, by affording him the opportunity of presenting to the world one of the finest pages in the history of a dethroned king. This letter, the contents of which were known in some circles of Paris, was the object of general approbation to those who preserved the recollection of the Bourbons, and, above all, to the royalist committee. The members of that committee, proud of the noble spirit

evinced by the unfortunate monarch, whose return they were generously labouring to effect, replied to him by a sort of manifesto, to which time has imparted interest, since subsequent events have fulfilled the predictions it contained.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The day after my disgrace—Renewal of my duties—Bonaparte's affected regard for me—Offer of an assistant—M. Menneville—My second rupture with Bonaparte—The Duke de Rovigo's account of it—Letter from M. de Barbé Marbois—Real causes of my separation from the First Consul—Postscript to the letter of M. Barbé Marbois—The Black Cabinet—Inspection of letters during the Consulate—I retire to Saint Cloud—Communications from M. Menneville—A week's conflict between friendship and pride—My formal dismissal—Petty revenge—My request to visit England—Monosyllabic answer—Wrong suspicion—Burial of my papers—Communication from Duroc—My letter to the First Consul—The truth acknowledged.

I SHALL now return to the circumstances which followed my first disgrace, of which I have already spoken. The day after that on which I had resumed my functions, I went as usual to awaken the First Consul at seven in the morning. He treated me just the same as if nothing had happened between us; and, on my part, I behaved to him the same as usual, though I really regretted being obliged to resume labours which I found too oppressive to me. When Bonaparte came down into his cabinet, he spoke to me of his plans with his usual confidence, and I saw, from the number of letters lying in the basket, that during

the three days my functions had been suspended, Bonaparte had not overcome his disinclination to peruse this kind of correspondence. At the period of this first rupture and reconciliation, the question of the consulate for life was yet unsettled. It was not decided until the 2d of August, and the circumstances to which I am about to refer, happened at the end of February.

I was now restored to my former footing of intimacy with the First Consul, at least for a time: but I soon perceived that after the scene which M. de Talleyrand had witnessed, my duties in the Tuileries were merely provisional, and might be shortened or prolonged according to circumstances. I saw at the very first moment that Bonaparte had sacrificed his wounded pride to the necessity (for such I may, without any vanity, call it) of employing my services. The forced preference he granted to me arose only from the fact of his being unable to find any one to supply my place; for Duroc, as I have already said, evinced repugnance to the business. I did not remain long in the dark respecting the new situation in which I stood. I was evidently still under quarantine; but the period of my quitting the port was undetermined.

A short time after our reconciliation, the First Consul said to me one day in a tone of interest, of which I was not the dupe,—“ My dear Bourrienne, you cannot really do every thing. Business increases, and will continue to increase. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family;

therefore, it is right you should take care of your health. You must not kill yourself with work : therefore, some one must be got to assist you. Joseph tells me that he can recommend a secretary, one of whom he speaks very highly. He shall be under your directions : he can make out your copies, and do all that can consistently be consigned to him. This, I think, will be a great relief to you.”—“ I ask for nothing better,” replied I, “ than to have the assistance of some one, who after becoming acquainted with the business, may, some time or other, succeed me.” Joseph sent to his brother M. Mennevalle, a young man, who, to a good education, added the recommendations of industry and prudence. I had every reason to be perfectly satisfied with him.

I soon perceived the First Consul's anxiety to make M. Mennevalle acquainted with the routine of business, and accustomed to his manner. Bonaparte had never pardoned me for having presumed to quit him after he had attained so high a degree of power ; he was only waiting for an opportunity to punish me, and he seized upon an unfortunate circumstance as an excuse for that separation which I had previously wished to bring about.

I will explain this circumstance, which ought to have obtained for me the consolation and assistance of the First Consul, rather than the forfeiture of his favour. My rupture with him has been the subject of various mis-statements, all of which I shall not take the trouble to correct ; I

will merely notice what I have read in the memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo,* in which it is stated that I was accused of *peculation*.

* M. de Rovigo, after speaking of me in a tone of compliment, which I cannot flatter myself I entirely deserve, says :—

“ It was impossible to bring any charge against M. de Bourrienne, on the score of deficiency of talent or indiscreet conduct. His personal habits were watched ; it was ascertained that he engaged in financial speculations. An imputation could easily be founded on this circumstance. *Peculation* was, accordingly, laid to his charge.

“ This was touching the most tender ground ; for the First Consul held nothing in greater abhorrence than unlawful gains. A solitary voice, however, would have failed in an attempt to defame the character of a man for whom he had so long felt esteem and affection ; other voices, therefore, were brought to bear against him. Whether the accusations were well founded, or otherwise, it is beyond a doubt that all means were resorted to for bringing them to the knowledge of the First Consul.

“ The most effectual course that suggested itself was the opening a correspondence either with the accused party direct, or with those with whom it was felt indispensable to bring him into contact ; this correspondence was carried on in a mysterious manner, and related to the financial operations that had formed the grounds of a charge against him. Thus it is that, on more than one occasion, the very channels intended for conveying truth to the knowledge of a sovereign, have been made available to the purpose of communicating false intelligence to him. I must illustrate this observation. Under the reign of Louis XV., and even under the Regency, the Post-office was organized into a system of minute inspection, which did not, indeed, extend to every letter, but was exercised over all such as afforded grounds for suspicion. They were opened, and when it was not deemed safe to suppress them, copies were taken, and they were returned to their proper channel without the least delay. Any individual denouncing another, may, by the help of such an institution, give great weight to his denunciation. It is

Peculation is the crime of those who make a fraudulent use of the public money. But as it was not in my power to meddle with the public money, no part of which passed through my hands, I am at a loss to conceive how I can be charged with peculation. The Duke de Rovigo is not the author, but merely the echo of this calumny; but the accusation to which his memoirs gave currency, afforded M. Barbé Marbois an opportunity of adding one more to the many proofs he has given of his love of justice.

I had seen nothing of the memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo, except their announcement in the journals, when a letter from M. de Barbé Marbois was transmitted to me from my family. It was as follows:—

sufficient for his purpose, that he should throw into the post-office any letter so worded as to confirm the impression which it is his object to convey. The worthiest man may thus be compromised by a letter, which he has never read, or the purport of which is wholly unintelligible to him.

“ Accordingly, little importance was afterwards attached to this means of information; but the system was in full operation at the period when M. de Bourrienne was disgraced; his enemies took care to avail themselves of it; they blackened his character with M. Barbé Marbois, who added to their accusations all the weight of his unblemished character. The opinion entertained by this rigid public functionary, and many other circumstances, induced the First Consul to part with his secretary, and the duties of the latter were, for the most part, united to those of M. Maret, who had hitherto acted only as chief secretary to the Consulate.”

(See translation of the Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs—Vol. I., Part I., p. 280. Published by Mr. Colburn.)

“ SIR,

“ My attention has been called to the inclosed article in a recent publication.* The assertion it contains is not true, and I conceive it to be a duty both to you and to myself to declare, that I then was and still am ignorant of the causes of the separation in question.

“ I am, &c.

“ MARBOIS.”

I need say no more in my justification. This unsolicited testimony of M. de Marbois is a sufficient contradiction to the charge of speculation which has been raised against me in the absence of correct information respecting the real causes of my rupture with the First Consul.

M. de Rovigo also observes, that my enemies were numerous. My concealed adversaries were indeed all those who were interested that the sovereign should not have about him, as his intimate confidant, a man devoted to his glory, and not to his vanity. In expressing his dissatisfaction of one of his ministers, Bonaparte had said, in the presence of several individuals, among whom was M. Maret, “ If I could find a second Bourrienne, I would get rid of you all.” This was sufficient to raise against me the hatred of all who envied the confidence of which I was in possession.

The failure of a house in Paris, in which I had invested a considerable sum of money, afforded

* The extract from the Duke de Rovigo's Memoirs is here alluded to.

an opportunity for envy and malignity to irritate the First Consul against me. Bonaparte, who had not yet forgiven me for wishing to leave him, at length determined to sacrifice my services to a new fit of ill-humour.

A mercantile house, then one of the most respectable in Paris, had among its speculations undertaken some army contracts. With the knowledge of Berthier, with whom, indeed, the house had treated, I had invested some money in this business. * Unfortunately the principals were unknown to me, engaged in dangerous speculations in the funds, which in a short time so involved them as to occasion their failure. This caused a rumour that a slight fall of the funds, which took place at that period, was occasioned by the bankruptcy, and the First Consul, who always had an erroneous idea of the funds, gave credit to the report. He was made to believe that the business of the exchange was ruined. It was insinuated that I was accused of taking advantage of my situation, to produce variations in the funds, though I was so unfortunate as to lose not only my investment in the bankrupt-house, but also a sum of money for which I had become bound, by way of surety to assist the house in arranging its affairs. I incurred the violent displeasure of the First Consul, who declared to me that he *no longer required my services*. I might, perhaps, if I had chosen, have cooled his irritation by reminding him that he could not blame me for *purchasing* an

interest in a contract, since he himself had stipulated for a *gratuity* for his brother Joseph, out of the contract for victualling the navy. But I saw that for some time past M. de Menneville had begun to supersede me, and the First Consul only wanted such an opportunity as this for coming to a rupture with me.

Such is a true statement of the circumstances which led to my separation with Bonaparte. I defy any one to adduce a single fact in support of the charge of peculation or any transaction of the kind: I fear no investigation of my conduct. When in the service of Bonaparte, I caused many appointments to be made, and many names to be erased from the emigrant list before the *senatus consultum* of the 6th Floréal, year X., but I never counted upon gratitude, experience having taught me that it was merely an empty word.

The Duke of Rovigo attributed my disgrace to certain intercepted letters which compromised me in the eyes of the First Consul. I did not know this at the time, and though I was pretty well aware of the machinations of Bonaparte's adulators, almost all of whom were my enemies, yet I did not contemplate such an act of baseness. But the spontaneous letter of M. de Barbé Marbois at length opened my eyes, and left little doubt on the subject. I have already given a copy of M. Marbois's letter. The following is a postscript that was added to it:—

“ I recollect that one Wednesday, the First

Consul, while presiding at a council of ministers at Saint Cloud, opened a note, and without informing us what it contained, hastily left the sitting, apparently much agitated. In a few minutes he returned, and observed that your functions had ceased."

Whether the sudden displeasure of the First Consul was excited by a false representation of my concern in the transaction, which proved so unfortunate to me, or whether Bonaparte merely made that a pretence for carrying into execution a resolution which I am convinced had been previously adopted, I shall not stop to determine; but the Duke de Rovigo having mentioned the violation of the secrecy of letters in my case, I shall take the opportunity of stating some particulars on that subject.

«Before I wrote these memoirs, the existence of the cabinet, which had obtained the epithet of *black*, had been denounced in the Chamber of Deputies, and the answer was, that it had *ceased* to exist, which of course amounted to an admission that it had existed. I may, therefore, without indiscretion, state what I know respecting that *institution*, as the Duke de Rovigo styles it.

The Black Cabinet was established in the reign of Louis XV. for the mere purpose of prying into the scandalous chronicle of the court and the capital. The existence of this cabinet soon became generally known to every one. The numerous

post-masters, who succeeded each other, especially in latter times, the still more numerous post-office clerks, and that portion of the public who are ever on the watch for what is denounced as scandalous, soon banished all the secrecy of the affair, and none but fools were taken in by it. All who did not wish to be compromised by their correspondence, chose other channels of communication than the post; but those who wanted to ruin an enemy or benefit a friend, long continued to avail themselves of the Black Cabinet, which, at first intended merely to amuse a monarch's idle hours, soon became a medium of intrigue, dangerous from the abuse that might be made of it.

Every morning, for three years, I used to peruse the portfolio, containing the bulletins of the Black Cabinet, and I frankly confess that I never could discover any real cause for the public indignation against it, except inasmuch as it proved the channel of vile intrigue. Out of thirty thousand letters, which daily left Paris to be distributed through France and all parts of the world, ten or twelve, at most, were copied, and often only a few lines of them.

Bonaparte at first proposed to send complete copies of intercepted letters to the ministers, whom their contents might concern, but a few observations from me induced him to direct, that only the important passages should be extracted and sent. I made these extracts, and transmitted them to their destinations, accompanied by the

following words :—“ The First Consul directs me to inform you, that he has just received the following information,” &c. Whence the information came was left to be guessed at.

The First Consul daily received about a dozen pretended letters, the writers of which described their enemies as opponents of the government, or their friends as models of obedience and fidelity to the constituted authorities. But the secret purpose of this vile correspondence was soon discovered, and Bonaparte gave orders that no more of it should be copied. I, however, suffered from it at the time of my disgrace, and was well nigh falling a victim to it at a subsequent period.

The letter mentioned by M. de Marbois, and which was the occasion of this digression on the violation of private correspondence, derived importance from the circumstance that Wednesday, the 20th of October, when Bonaparte received it, was the day on which I left the consular palace.

I retired to a house which Bonaparte had advised me to purchase at St. Cloud, and for the fitting up and furnishing of which he had promised to pay. We shall soon see how he kept this promise. I immediately sent to direct Landoire, the messenger of Bonaparte's cabinet, to place *all* letters sent to me, in the First Consul's portfolio, because many intended for him came under cover for me. In consequence of this message, I received the following letter from M. Menneville :—

“ I cannot believe that the First Consul would wish that your letters should be presented to him. I presume you allude only to those which may concern him, and which come addressed under cover to you.

“ The First Consul has written to citizens Lavallette and Mollien, directing them to address their packets to him. I cannot allow Landoire to obey the order you sent.

“ The First Consul yesterday evening evinced great regret. He repeatedly said, ‘ How miserable I am ! I have known that man since he was seven years old.’

“ I cannot but believe that he will reconsider his unfortunate decision. I have intimated to him that the burden of the business is too much for me, and that he must be extremely at a loss for the services of one to whom he was so much accustomed, and whose situation, I am confident, nobody else can satisfactorily fill. He went to bed very low spirited.”

“ 19 Vendémiaire, year X.
 (21 Oct. 1802).”

Next day, I received another letter from M. Mannevalle. It was as follows :—

“ I send you your letters. The First Consul prefers that you should break them open, and send here those which are intended for him. Enclosed you will find the German papers, which he begs you to translate.

“ Madame Bonaparte is much interested in

your behalf; and I can assure you that no one more heartily desires than the First Consul himself, to see you again at your old post, for which it would be difficult to find a successor equal to you, either as regards fidelity or fitness. I do not relinquish the hope of seeing you here again."

A whole week passed away in conflicts between the First Consul's friendship and pride. The least desire he manifested to recal me was opposed by his flatterers. On the fifth day of our separation, he directed me to come to him. He received me with the greatest kindness, and after having good-humouredly told me that I often expressed myself with too much freedom—a fault I was never solicitous to correct—he added,—“ I regret your absence much. You were very useful to me. You are neither too noble, nor too plebeian; neither too aristocratic, nor too jacobinical. You are discreet and laborious. You understand me better than any one else; and, between ourselves be it said, we ought to consider this a sort of court. Look at Duroc, Bessières, Maret. However, I am very much inclined to take you back; but by so doing, I should confirm the report that I cannot do without you.”

Madame Bonaparte informed me that she has heard persons, to whom Bonaparte expressed a desire to recal me, observe—“ What would you do? People will say you cannot do without him. You have got rid of him now; therefore think no more about him: and as for the English news-

papers, he gave them more importance than they really deserved: you will no longer be troubled with them." This will bring to mind a scene which occurred at Malmaison, on the receipt of some intelligence in the *London Gazette*.

I am convinced, that if Bonaparte had been left to himself, he would have recalled me, and this conviction is warranted by the interval which elapsed between his determination to part with me and the formal announcement of my dismissal. Our rupture took place on the 20th of October, and on the 8th of November following the First Consul sent me the following letter:—

“CITIZEN BOURRIENNE, MINISTER OF STATE,
—I am satisfied with the services which you have rendered me, during the time you have been with me; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. I wish you to relinquish, from this time, the functions and title of my private secretary. I shall seize an early opportunity of providing for you in a way suited to your activity and talents, and conducive to the public service.

“BONAPARTE.”

If any proof of the First Consul's malignity were wanting, it would be furnished by the following fact. A few hours after the receipt of the letter which announced my dismissal, I received a note from Duroc; but to afford an idea of the petty revenge of him who caused it to be written,

it will be necessary first to relate a few preceding circumstances.

When, with the view of preserving a little freedom, I declined the offer of apartments which Madame Bonaparte had prepared, at Malmaison, for myself and my family, I purchased a small house, at Ruel, the First Consul had given orders for the furnishing of this house, as well as one which I possessed at Paris. From the manner in which the orders were given, I had not the slightest doubt but that Bonaparte intended to make me a present of the furniture. However, when I left his service, he applied to have it returned. At first I paid no attention to his demand, as far as it concerned the furniture at Ruel; and then, actuated by the desire of taking revenge, even by the most pitiful means, he directed Duroc to write the following letter to me:

“The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, has just ordered me to send him, this evening, the keys of your residence in Paris, from which none of the furniture is to be removed.

“He also directs me to put into a magazine whatever furniture you may have at Ruel or elsewhere, which you have obtained from government.

“I beg of you to send me an answer, so as to assist me in the execution of these orders. You promised to have every thing settled before the

First Consul's return. I must excuse myself in the best way I can.

“DUROC.”

“24 Brumaire, year XI
(15 Nov. 1801.)”

Two great measures of the consular government had been accomplished between the time when I tendered my resignation and the date of Bonaparte's last letter, namely, the consulship for life and the treaty of Amiens.

Believing myself to be master of my own actions, I had formed the design of visiting England, whither I was called by some private business. However I was fully aware of the peculiarity of my situation; and I was resolved to take no step that should in any way justify a reproach.

On the 11th of January I wrote to Duroc:

“My affairs require for some time my presence in England. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention my intended journey to the First Consul, as I do not wish to do any thing inconsistent with his views. I would rather sacrifice my own interest than displease him. I rely on your friendship for an early answer to this; for uncertainty would be fatal to me in many respects.”

The answer, which speedily arrived, was as follows:—

“MY DEAR BOURRIENNE;—I have presented to the First Consul the letter I just received from you.

He read it, and said 'No!' That is the only answer I can give you.

“DUROC.”

This monosyllable was expressive. It proved to me that Bonaparte was conscious how ill he had treated me, and suspecting that I was actuated by the desire of vengeance, he was afraid of my going to England, lest I should there take advantage of that liberty of the press which he had so effectually put down in France. He probably imagined that my object was to publish statements which would more effectually have enlightened the public respecting his government and designs, than all the scandalous anecdotes, atrocious calumnies, and ridiculous fabrications of Peltier, the editor of the *Ambigu*. But Bonaparte was much deceived in this supposition; and if there can remain any doubt on that subject, it will be removed on referring to the date of these Memoirs, and observing the time at which I consented to publish them.

I was not deceived as to the reasons of Bonaparte's unceremonious refusal of my application; and as I well knew his inquisitorial character, I thought it prudent to conceal my notes. I acted differently from Camoens. He contended with the sea, to preserve his manuscripts; I made the earth the depository of mine. I carefully enclosed my most valuable notes and papers in a tin box, which I buried under ground. A yellow tinge,

the commencement of decay, has in some places almost obliterated the writing.

It will be seen in the sequel that my precaution was not useless, and that I was right in anticipating the persecution of Bonaparte, provoked by the malice of my enemies. On the 20th of April, Duroc sent me the following note:—

“ I beg, my dear Bourrienne, that you will come to Saint Cloud this morning. I have something to tell you on the part of the First Consul.

“ DUROC.”

This note caused me much anxiety. I could not doubt but that my enemies had invented some new calumny; but I must say that I did not expect such baseness as I experienced.

As soon as Duroc had made me acquainted with the business which the First Consul had directed him to communicate, I wrote, on the spot, the subjoined letter to Bonaparte:—

“ At General Duroc's desire, I have this moment waited upon him, and he informs me that you have received notice that a deficit of one hundred thousand francs has been discovered in the Treasury of the Navy, which you require me to refund this day at noon.

“ Citizen First Consul, I know not what this means! I am utterly ignorant of the matter. I solemnly declare to you that this charge is a most infamous calumny. It is one more to be added

to the number of those malicious charges which have been invented for the purpose of destroying any influence I might possess with you.

“I am in General Duroc’s apartment, where I await your orders.”

Duroc carried my note to the First Consul as soon as it was written. He speedily returned. “All’s right!” said he. “He has directed me to say it was entirely a mistake!—that he is now convinced he was deceived!—that he is sorry for the business, and hopes no more will be said about it.”

The base flatterers who surrounded Bonaparte wished him to renew upon me his Egyptian extortions; but they should have recollected, that the fusillade employed in Egypt for the purpose of raising money, was no longer the fashion in France, and that the days were gone when it was the custom to *grease the wheels of the revolutionary car*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The First Consul's presentiments respecting the duration of peace—England's uneasiness at the prosperity of France—Bonaparte's real wish for war—Concourse of foreigners in Paris—Bad faith of England—Bonaparte and Lord Whitworth—Relative position of France and England—Bonaparte's journey to the Côtes du Nord—Breakfast at Compiègne—Father Berton—Irritation excited by the presence of Bouquet—Father Berton's derangement and death—Rapp ordered to send for me—Order countermanded.

THE First Consul never anticipated a long peace with England. He wished for peace, merely because, knowing it to be ardently desired by the people, after a ten years of war, he thought it would increase his popularity and afford him the opportunity of laying the foundation of his government. Peace was as necessary to enable him to conquer the throne of France, as war was essential to secure it, and to enlarge its base at the expence of the other thrones of Europe. This was the secret of the peace of Amiens, and of the rupture which so suddenly followed, though

that rupture certainly took place sooner than the First Consul wished. On the great questions of peace and war, Bonaparte entertained elevated ideas; but, in discussions on the subject, he always declared himself in favour of war. When told of the necessities of the people, of the advantages of peace, its influence on trade, the arts, national industry, and every branch of public prosperity, he did not attempt to deny the argument: indeed, he concurred in it; but he remarked, that all those advantages were only conditional, so long as England was able to throw the weight of her navy into the scale of the world, and to exercise the influence of her gold in all the cabinets of Europe. Peace must be broken; since it was evident that England was determined to break it. Why not anticipate her? Why allow her to have all the advantages of the first step? We must astonish Europe! We must thwart the policy of the continent! We must strike a great and unexpected blow. Thus reasoned the First Consul, and every one may judge whether his actions agreed with his sentiments.

The conduct of England too well justified the foresight of Bonaparte's policy, or rather, England, by neglecting to execute her treaties, played into Bonaparte's hand, favoured his love for war, and justified the prompt declaration of hostilities, in the eyes of the French nation, whom he wished to persuade that if peace were broken, it would be against his wishes. England was already at work with the powerful machinery of her subsidies, and

the veil, beneath which she attempted to conceal her negotiations, was still sufficiently transparent for the lynx eye of the First Consul. It was in the midst of peace that all those plots were hatched, while millions who had yet no knowledge of their existence, were securely looking forward to uninterrupted repose. Since the revolution, Paris had never presented such a spectacle as during the winter of 1802-3. At that time, the concourse of foreigners in the French capital was immense. Every thing wore the appearance of satisfaction, and the external signs of public prosperity. The visible regeneration in French society, exceedingly annoyed the British ministry. The English, who flocked to the continent, discovered France to be very different from what she was described to be by the English papers: This caused serious alarm on the other side of the Channel, and the English government endeavoured, by unjust complaints, to divert attention from just dissatisfaction, which its own secret intrigues excited.

The King of England sent a message to Parliament, in which he spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and of the necessity of adopting precautions against meditated aggressions. This instance of bad faith highly irritated the First Consul, who, one day, in a fit of displeasure, thus addressed Lord Whitworth, in the saloon, where all the foreign ambassadors were assembled:—

“What is the meaning of this? Are you then tired of peace? Must Europe again be deluged

with blood? Preparations for war, indeed! Do you think to overawe us by this? You shall see that France may be conquered, perhaps destroyed, but never intimidated; never!"

The English ambassador was astounded at this unexpected sally, to which he made no reply. He contented himself with writing to his government an account of an interview, in which the First Consul had so far forgotten himself, whether purposely or not, I do not pretend to say.

That England wished for war there could be no doubt. She occupied Malta, it is true; but she had promised to give it up, though she never had any intention to do so. She was to have evacuated Egypt, yet there she still remained; the Cape of Good Hope was to have been surrendered, but she still retained possession of it. England had signed, at Amiens, a peace which she had no intention of maintaining. She knew the hatred of the cabinets of Europe towards France, and she was sure, by her intrigues and subsidies, of arming them on her side whenever her plans reached maturity. She saw France powerful and influential in Europe, and she knew the ambitious views of the First Consul, who, indeed, had taken little pains to conceal them.

The First Consul, who had reckoned on a longer duration of the peace of Amiens, found himself, at the rupture of the treaty, in an embarrassing situation. The numerous grants of leave of absence, the deplorable condition of the cavalry, and the temporary nullity of artillery, in conse-

quence of a project for re-founding all the field-pieces, caused much anxiety to Bonaparte. He had recourse to the conscription to fill up the deficiencies of the army; and the project of re-founding the artillery was abandoned. Supplies of money were obtained from large towns, and Hanover, which was soon after occupied, furnished abundance of good horses for mounting the cavalry.

What had now become inevitable: and as soon as it was declared, the First Consul set out to visit Belgium and the department of the Côtes du Nord, to ascertain the best means of resisting the anticipated attacks of the English on the coast. In passing through Compiègne, he received a visit from Father Berton, formerly principal of the military school of Brienne. He was then rector of the School of Arts, at Compiègne, a situation in which he had been placed by Bonaparte. I learned the particulars of this visit through Josephine. Father Berton, whose primitive simplicity of manner was unchanged since the time when he held us under the authority of his ferule, came to invite Bonaparte and Josephine to breakfast with him, which invitation was accepted. Father Berton had at that time living with him one of our old comrades of Brienne, named Bouquet: but he expressly forbade him to shew himself to Bonaparte or any one of his suite, because Bouquet, who had been a commissary at head-quarters in Italy, was in disgrace with the

First Consul.* Bouquet promised to observe Father Berton's injunctions, but was far from keeping his promise. As soon as he saw Bonaparte's carriage drive up, he ran to the door, and gallantly handed out Josephine. Josephine, as she took his hand, said, "Bouquet, you are ruined." Bonaparte, indignant, at what he considered an unwarrantable familiarity, gave way to one of his uncontrollable fits of passion, and as soon as he entered the room, where the breakfast was laid, he seated himself, and then said to his wife, in an imperious tone, "Josephine, sit there!" He then commenced breakfast, without telling Father Berton to sit down, although a third plate had been laid for him. Father Berton stood behind his old pupil's chair, apparently

* Bouquet had incurred Bonaparte's displeasure by the following dishonest transaction. When the French had a second time taken Verona, Bouquet and a Colonel of the army named Andrieux, went to the Mont-de-Piété, in that city, and by representing that they had orders from their general to make an inventory of the property, induced the keeper to allow them to examine the place. The property in the Mont-de-Piété amounted to twelve millions, which the keeper never set eyes on, after Bouquet's visit. The Colonel absconded, but Bouquet was apprehended and about to be tried. The transaction, however, was found to involve so many persons, that the captain appointed to conduct the trial, thought right to ask the opinion of General Augereau, as to the propriety of proceeding. What directions he gave I do not know, but I know very well that Bouquet, in the mean time, escaped from prison: Bonaparte was highly indignant at his conduct, and declared that had he been found guilty, he would have allowed the sentence to be executed.

confounded at his violence. This scene produced such an effect on the old man, that he became incapable of discharging his duties at Compiègne. He retired to Rheims, and his intellect soon after became deranged. I do not pretend to say whether this alienation of mind was caused by the occurrence I have just related; and the account of which I received from Josephine. She was deeply afflicted at what passed, and Father Berton died insane. What I heard from Josephine was afterwards confirmed by the brother of Father Berton. The fact is, that in proportion as Bonaparte acquired power, he was the more annoyed at the familiarity of old companions; and, indeed, I must confess, that their familiarity often appeared very ridiculous.

The First Consul's visit to the northern coast took place towards the end of the year 1803, at which time the English attacked the Dutch settlements of Surinam, Demerara, and Essequibo, and a convention of neutrality was concluded between France, Spain, and Portugal. Rapp accompanied the First Consul, who attentively inspected the preparations making for a descent on England, which it was never his intention to effect, as will be shortly shewn.

On the First Consul's return, I learned from Rapp, that I had been spoken of during the journey, and in the following way. Bonaparte, being at Boulogne, wanted some information, which no one there could give him. Vexed at receiving no satisfactory answer to his inquiries, he called

Rapp, and said, "Do you know, Rapp, where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Write to him to come here immediately, and send off one of my couriers with the letter." The rumour of the First Consul's sudden recollection of me spread like lightning, and the time required to write the letter, and dispatch the courier, was more than sufficient for the efforts of those whom my return was calculated to alarm. Artful representations soon checked these spontaneous symptoms of a return to former feelings and habits. When Rapp carried to the First Consul the letter he had been directed to write, the order was countermanded. However, Rapp advised me not to leave Paris, or if I did, to mention the place where I might be found, so that Duroc might have it in his power to seize on any favourable circumstance without delay. I was well aware of the friendship of both Rapp and Duroc; and they could as confidently rely on mine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Vast works undertaken—The French and the Roman soldiers—Itinerary of Bonaparte's journeys to the coast—Twelve hours on horse-back—Discussions in Council—Opposition of Truguet—Bonaparte's opinion on the point under discussion—Two divisions of the world—Europe a province—Bonaparte's jealousy of the dignity of France—The Englishman in the dock-yard of Brest—Public audience at the Tuileries—The First Consul's remarks upon England—His wish to enjoy the good opinion of the English people—Ball at Malmaison—Lines on Hortense dancing—Singular motive for giving the ball. •

At the time of the rupture with England, Bonaparte was, as I have mentioned, quite unprepared in most branches of the service; yet every thing was created as if by magic, and he seemed to impart to others a share of his own incredible activity. It is inconceivable how many things had been undertaken and executed since the rupture of the peace. The north coast of France presented the appearance of one vast arsenal; for Bonaparte, on this occasion, employed his troops, like Roman soldiers, and made the tools of the artizan succeed to the arms of the warrior.

On his frequent journies to the coast, Bonaparte usually set off at night, and on the following morning arrived at the post-office of Chantilly, where he breakfasted. Rapp, whom I often saw when he was in Paris, talked incessantly of these journies; for he almost always accompanied the First Consul, and it would have been well had he always been surrounded by such men. In the evening, the First Consul supped at Abbeville, and arrived early next day at the bridge of Brique. "It would require constitutions of iron to go through what we do," said Rapp. "We no sooner alight from the carriage, than we mount on horseback, and remain in our saddles for ten or twelve hours successively. The First Consul inspects and examines every thing, often talks with the soldiers. How he is beloved by them! When shall we pay a visit to London with those brave fellows?"

Notwithstanding these continual journies, the First Consul never neglected any of the business of Government, and was frequently present at the deliberations of Council. I was still with him, when the question as to the manner in which the treaties of peace should be concluded, came under the consideration of the Council. Some members, among whom Truguet was conspicuous, were of opinion, that conformably with an article of the constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the head of the government, submitted to the legislative body, and after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws. Bonaparte thought

differently. I was entirely of his opinion, and he said to me, "It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the constitution, for if the constitution says so, it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly: for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! Lucchesini and Markow would give dinners every day like Cambacérès; scatter their money about, buy men who are to be sold, and thus cause our propositions to be rejected. This would be a fine way to manage matters!"

In his enlarged way of viewing the world, Bonaparte divided it into two large states, the East and the West: "What matters," he would often say, "that two countries are separated by rivers or mountains, that they speak a different language? With very slight shades of variety, France, Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, have the same manners and customs, the same religion and the same dress. A man can only marry one wife; slavery is not allowed; and these are the great distinctions which divide the civilized inhabitants of the globe. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is merely a province of the world, and our warfare is but civil strife. There is also another way of dividing nations, viz., by land and water." Then he would touch on all the European interests, speak of Russia, whose alliance he wished

for, and of England, the mistress of the seas. He usually ended by alluding to what was then his favourite scheme,—an expedition to India.

When from these general topics Bonaparte descended to the particular interests of France, he spoke like a sovereign; and I may truly say, that he showed himself more jealous than any sovereign ever was of the dignity of France, of which he already considered himself the sole representative. Having learned that a captain of the English navy had visited the dock-yard of Brest, passing himself off as a merchant, whose passport he had borrowed, he flew into a rage because no one had arrested him. Nothing was lost on Bonaparte, and he made use of this fact to prove to the council of state the necessity of increasing the number of commissioners of police. At a meeting of the council he said:—“If there had been a commissioner of police at Brest, he would have arrested the English captain, and sent him at once to Paris. As he was acting the part of a spy, I would have had him shot as such. No Englishman, not even a nobleman, or the English ambassador, should be admitted into our ports. I will soon regulate all this.” He afterwards said to me:—“There are plenty of wretches who are selling me every day to the English, without my being subject to English spying.”

He on one occasion said before an assemblage of guards, senators, and high officers of state, who were at an audience of the diplomatic body—

“ The English think I am afraid of war, but I am not.” And here the truth escaped him, in spite of himself. “ My power will lose nothing by war. In a very short time I can have two millions of men at my disposal. What has been the result of the first war? The union of Belgium and Piedmont to France. This is greatly to our advantage; it will consolidate our system. France shall not be restrained by foreign fetters. England has manifestly violated the treaties. It would be better to render homage to the king of England, and crown him king of France at Paris, than to submit to the insolent caprices of the English government. If for the sake of preserving peace, at most for only two months longer, I should yield on a single point, the English would become the more treacherous and insolent, and would exact the more in proportion as we yield. But they little know me! Were we to yield to England now, she would next prohibit our navigation in certain parts of the world. She would insist on the surrender of our ships. I know not what she would not demand; but I am not the one to brook such indignities. Since England wishes for war, she shall have it, and that speedily!”

On the same day, Bonaparte said a great deal more about the treachery of England. The gross calumnies to which he was exposed in the London newspapers, powerfully contributed to increase his natural hatred of the liberty of the press; and he was much astonished that such attacks

should be made upon him, when he was at peace with the English government.

I had one day a singular proof of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the opinion of the English people, respecting any misconduct that was attributed to him. What I am about to state will afford another example of Bonaparte's disposition to employ petty and round-about means to gain his ends. He gave a ball, at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy. I have already mentioned that he disliked to see women in that situation, and above all, could not endure to see them dance. Yet, in spite of this antipathy, he himself asked Hortense to dance at the ball at Malmaison. She at first declined, but Bonaparte was exceedingly importunate; and said to her in a tone of good humoured persuasion, "Do, I beg of you; I particularly wish to see you dance. Come, stand up, to oblige me." Hortense consented. The motive of this extraordinary request I will now explain.

On the day after the ball, one of the newspapers contained some verses on Hortense's dancing. She was exceedingly annoyed at this; and when the paper arrived at Malmaison, she expressed displeasure at it. Even allowing for all the facility of our newspaper wits, she was, nevertheless, at a loss to understand how the lines could have been written and printed respecting a circumstance which only occurred the night before. Bonaparte smiled, and gave her no distinct an-

swer. When Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet, she came in and asked me to explain the matter; and, seeing no reason to conceal the truth, I told her that the lines had been written by Bonaparte's direction before the ball took place. I added, what indeed was the fact, that the ball had been given for the verses, and that it was only for the appropriateness of their application that the First Consul had pressed her to dance. He adopted this strange contrivance for contradicting an article which appeared in an English journal, announcing that Hortense was delivered. Bonaparte was highly indignant at that premature announcement, which he clearly saw was made for the sole purpose of giving credit to the scandalous rumours of his imputed connection with Hortense. Such were the petty machinations which not unfrequently found their place in a mind in which the grandest schemes were revolving.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Pitt—Motive of his going out of office—Error of the English government—Pretended regard for the Bourbons—Violation of the treaty of Amiens—Reciprocal accusations—Malta—Lord Whitworth's departure—Rome and Carthage—Secret satisfaction of Bonaparte—Message to the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribunate—The King of England's renunciation of the title of King of France—Complaints of the English government—French agents in British ports—Views of France upon Turkey—Observation made by Bonaparte to the Legislative Body—Its false interpretation—Conquest of Hanover—The Duke of Cambridge caricatured—The King of England and the Elector of Hanover—First address to the Clergy—Use of the word Monsieur—The Republican weeks and months.

ONE of the circumstances which most decidedly foretold the brief duration of the peace of Amiens was, that Mr. Pitt was out of office at the time of its conclusion. I mentioned this to Bonaparte, and I immediately perceived by his hasty "What do you say?" that my observation had been heard, but not liked. It did not, however, require any extraordinary shrewdness to see the true motive of Mr. Pitt's retirement. That distinguished statesman conceived that a truce under the name of a peace was indispensable for England; but, intending to resume the war with France.

more fiercely than ever, for a while retired from office, and left to others the task of arranging the peace; but his intention was to mark his return to the ministry by the renewal of the implacable hatred he had vowed against France. Still I have always thought that the conclusion of peace, however necessary to England, was an error of the cabinet of London. England had never before acknowledged any of the governments which had risen up in France since the revolution; and as the past could not be blotted out, a future war, however successful to England, could not take from Bonaparte's government the immense weight it had acquired by an interval of peace. Besides, by the mere fact of the conclusion of the treaty, England proved to all Europe that the restoration of the Bourbons was merely a pretext, and she tore that page of her history which otherwise might have shewn that she was actuated by nobler and more generous sentiments than mere hatred of France. It is very certain, that the condescension of England in treating with the First Consul had the effect of rallying round him a great many partisans of the Bourbons, whose hopes entirely depended on the continuance of war between Great Britain and France. This opened the eyes of the greater number, namely, those who could not see below the surface, and were not previously aware that the demonstrations of friendship so liberally made to the Bourbons by the European cabinets, and especially by England, were merely false

pretences, assumed for the purpose of disguising, beneath the semblance of honourable motives, their wish to injure France, and to oppose her rapidly increasing power.

When the misunderstanding took place, France and England might have mutually reproached each other; but justice was apparently on the side of France. It was evident that England, by refusing to evacuate Malta, was guilty of a palpable infraction of the treaty of Amiens, while England could only institute against France what in the French law language is called a process of tendency. But it must be confessed that this tendency on the part of France to augment her territory, was very evident, for the consular decrees made conquests more promptly than the sword. The union of Piedmont with France had changed the state of Europe. This union, it is true, was effected previously to the treaty of Amiens; but it was not so with the states of Parma and Placenza, Bonaparte having, by his sole authority, constituted himself the heir of the Grand Duke, recently deceased. It may, therefore, be easily imagined, how great was England's uneasiness at the internal prosperity of France, and the insatiable ambition of her ruler; but it is no less certain that, with respect to Malta, England acted with decided bad faith; and this bad faith appeared in its worst light from the following circumstance:—It had been stipulated, that England should withdraw her troops from Malta three months after the signing of the treaty, yet

more than a year had elapsed, and the troops were still there. The order of Malta was to be restored as it formerly was; that is to say, it was to be a sovereign and independent order, under the protection of the Holy See. The three cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and Saint Petersburg, were to guarantee the execution of the treaty of Amiens. The English ambassador, to excuse the evasions of his government, pretended that the Russian cabinet concurred with England in the delayed fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty; but at the very moment he was making that excuse, a courier arrived from the cabinet of St. Petersburg, bearing despatches completely at variance with the assertions of Lord Whitworth. His lordship left Paris on the night of the 12th May, 1803, and the English government sent unsolicited passports to the French embassy in London. The news of this sudden rupture made the English consols fall four per cent.; but did not immediately produce such a retrograde effect on the French funds, which were then quoted at fifty-five francs; a very high point, when it is recollected that they were at seven or eight francs on the eve of the 18th Brumaire.

- In this state of things, France proposed to the English government to admit of the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared war, in order to repair the error she committed in concluding peace, the proposition was, of course, rejected. Thus the public gave the First Consul credit for great moderation, and a sincere wish

for peace. Thus arose between England and France a contest resembling those furious wars which marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII. Our *beaux esprits* drew splendid comparisons between the existing state of things and the ancient rivalry of Carthage and Rome, and sapiently concluded, that as Carthage fell, England must do so likewise.

Bonaparte was at Saint Cloud when Lord Whitworth left Paris. A fortnight was spent in useless attempts to renew negotiations. War, therefore, was the only alternative; before he made his final preparations, the First Consul addressed a message to the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Tribune. In this message he mentioned the recal of the English ambassador, the breaking out of hostilities, the unexpected message of the King of England to the Parliament, and the armaments which immediately ensued in the British ports. "In vain," he said, "had France tried every means to induce England to abide by the treaty. She had repelled every overture, and increased the insolence of her demands. France," he added, "will not submit to menaces, but will combat for the faith of treaties, and the honour of the French name, confidently trusting, that the result of the contest will be such as she has a right to expect from the justice of her cause and the courage of her people."

This message was dignified, and free from that vein of boasting in which Bonaparte so frequently

indulged. The reply of the Senate was accompanied by a vote of a ship of the line, to be paid for out of the senatorial salaries. With his usual address, Bonaparte, in acting for himself, spoke in the name of the people, just as he did in the question of the consulate for life. But what he then did for his own interests, turned to the future advantage of the Bourbons. The very treaty which had just been broken off gave rise to a curious observation. Bonaparte, though not yet a sovereign, peremptorily required the King of England to renounce the empty title of King of France, which was kept up as if to imply that old pretensions were not yet renounced. The proposition was acceded to, and to this circumstance was owing the disappearance of the title of King of France from among the titles of the King of England, when the treaty of Paris was concluded on the return of the Bourbons.

The first grievance complained of by England was the prohibition of English merchandize, which had been more rigid since the peace than during the war. The avowal of Great Britain, on this point, might well have enabled her to dispense with any other subject of complaint; for the truth is, she was alarmed at the aspect of our internal prosperity, and at the impulse given to our manufactures. The English government had hoped to obtain from the First Consul such a commercial treaty as would have proved a death blow to our rising trade; but Bonaparte opposed this, and from the very circumstance of his refusal,

he might easily have foreseen the rupture at which he affected to be surprised. What I state I felt at the time, when I read with great interest all the documents relative to this great dispute between two rival nations, which eleven years afterwards was decided before the walls of Paris.

It was evidently disappointment in regard to a commercial treaty, which created the animosity of the English government, as that circumstance was alluded to, by way of reproach, in the King of England's declaration. In that document it was complained, that France had sent a number of persons into the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, in the character of commercial agents, which character, and the privileges belonging to it, they could only have acquired by a commercial treaty. Such was, in my opinion, the real cause of the complaints of England; but as it would have seemed too absurd to make it the ground of a declaration of war, she enumerated other grievances, viz., the union of Piedmont and of the States of Parma and Placenza with France, and the continuance of the French troops in Holland. A great deal was said about the views and projects of France with respect to Turkey, and this complaint originated in General Sebastiani's mission to Egypt. On that point I can take upon me to say, that the English government was not misinformed. Bonaparte too frequently spoke to me of his ideas respecting the East, and his project of attacking the English power in India, to leave any doubt of his never having renounced them.

The result of all the reproaches which the two governments addressed to each other was, that neither acted with good faith.

The First Consul, in a communication to the Legislative Body on the state of France, and on her foreign relations, had said :—“ England, single-handed, cannot cope with France.” This sufficed to irritate the susceptibility of English pride, and the British cabinet affected to regard it as a threat. However, it was no such thing. When Bonaparte threatened, his words were infinitely more energetic. The passage above cited was merely an assurance to France; and if we only look at the vast efforts and sacrifices made by England, to stir up enemies to France on the continent, we may be justified in supposing that her anger at Bonaparte’s declaration arose from a conviction of its truth. Singly opposed to France, England could doubtless then do her much harm, especially by assailing the scattered remnants of her navy; but she could do nothing against France on the continent. The two powers, unaided by allies, might have continued long at war, without any considerable acts of hostility.

The first effect of the declaration of war, by England, was the invasion of Hanover, by the French troops under General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch, by which this news was communicated to Paris, was as laconic as correct, and contained, in a few words, the complete history of the expedition. It ran as follows : “ The French are masters of the Electorate of Hanover,

and the enemy's army are made prisoners of war." A day or two after, the shop-windows of the print-sellers were filled with caricatures on the English, and particularly on the Duke of Cambridge. I recollect seeing one in which the Duke was represented reviewing his troops, mounted on a crab. I mention these trifles, because as I was then living entirely at leisure, in the Rue Hauteville, I used frequently to take a stroll on the Boulevards, where I was sometimes much amused with these prints; and I could not help remarking, that in large cities such trifles have more influence on the public mind than is usually supposed.

The First Consul thought the taking of the prisoners in Hanover a good opportunity to exchange them for those taken from us by the English navy. A proposition to this effect was accordingly made; but the English cabinet was of opinion that, though the King of England was also Elector of Hanover, yet there was no identity between the two governments, of both which George III. was the head. In consequence of this subtle distinction, the proposition for the exchange of prisoners fell to the ground. At this period, nothing could exceed the animosity of the two governments towards each other; and Bonaparte, on the declaration of war, marked his indignation by an act which no consideration can justify: I allude to the order for the arrest of all the English in France—a truly barbarous measure; for, can any thing be more cruel and unjust than to visit individuals with the vengeance due to the

government whose subjects they may happen to be? But Bonaparte, when under the influence of anger, was never troubled by such scruples.

I must here notice the first fulfilment of a word Bonaparte often made use of to me during the consulate. "You shall see, Bourrienne," he would say, "what use I will make of the priests."

War being declared, the First Consul, in imitation of the most christian kings of old times, recommended the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful, through the medium of the clergy. To this end, he addressed a circular letter, written in royal style, to the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of France.*

This letter was remarkable in more than one respect. It astonished most of his old brothers in arms, who turned it into ridicule; observing that Bonaparte needed no praying to enable him to conquer Italy twice over. The First Consul, however, let them laugh on, and steadily followed

* It was as follows:

“MONSIEUR:

“The motives of the present war are known throughout Europe. The bad faith of the King of England, who has violated his treaties by refusing to restore Malta to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and attacked our merchant vessels without a previous declaration of war, together with the necessity of a just defence, force us to have recourse to arms. I therefore wish you to order prayers to be offered up, in order to propitiate the benediction of Heaven towards our enterprises. The proofs I have received of your zeal for the public service, give me an assurance of your readiness to conform with my wishes.

“Given at St. Cloud, 18 Prairial, year XI.

“BONAPARTE.”

the line he had traced out. His letter was admirably calculated to please the court of Rome, which he wished should consider him in the light of another elder son of the Church. The letter was moreover remarkable for the use of the word "Monsieur," which the First Consul now used for the first time in an act destined for publicity. This circumstance would seem to indicate that he considered republican designations incompatible with the forms due to the clergy. It also denoted that as he gave monarchical designations exclusively to the clergy, the clergy were especially interested in the restoration of monarchy. It may perhaps be thought that I dwell too much on trifles; but I lived long enough in Bonaparte's confidence to know the importance he attached to trifles. The First Consul restored the old names of the days of the week, while he allowed the names of the months, as set down in the republican calendar, to remain:—he commenced by ordering the *Moniteur* to be dated "Saturday," such a day of "Messidor." "See," said he, one day, "was there ever such an inconsistency? We shall be laughed at! But I will do away the Messidor. I will efface all the inventions of the Jacobins."

The clergy did not disappoint the expectations of the First Consul. They owed him much already, and hoped for still more from him. The letter to the bishops, &c. was the signal for a number of mandements, full of eulogies on Bonaparte.

These compliments were far from displeasing.

the First Consul, who had no objection to flattery, though he despised those who meanly made themselves the medium of conveying it to him. Duroc once told me that they had all great difficulty to preserve their gravity, when the curé of a parish in Abbeville, addressed Bonaparte, one day while he was on his journey to the coast. "Religion," said the worthy curé, with ludicrous solemnity, "owes to you all that she is; we owe to you all that we are; and I owe to you all that I am."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Presentation of Prince Borghese to Bonaparte—Departure for Belgium—Revival of a royal custom—The swans of Amiens—Change of formula in the acts of government—Company of performers in Bonaparte's suite—Revival of old customs—Division of the Institute into four classes—Science and Literature—Bonaparte's hatred of literary men—Ducis—Bernardin de Saint Pierre—Chenier and Lemercier—Explanation of Bonaparte's aversion to literature—Lalande and his dictionary—Education in the hands of government—M. Roquelaire, Archbishop of Malines.

IN the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghese, who was destined one day to become Bonaparte's brother-in-law, by marrying the widow of Leclerc, was introduced to the First Consul by Cardinal Caprara.

About the end of June, Bonaparte proceeded, with Josephine, on his journey to Belgium and the Côtes du Nord. Many curious circumstances were connected with this journey, of which I was informed by Duroc, after the First Consul's return. Bonaparte left Paris on the 3d of June, and although it was not for upwards of a year afterwards that his brow was encircled with the imperial diadem, every thing connected with the

journey had an imperial air. It was formerly the custom, when the kings of France entered the ancient capital of Picardy, for the town of Amiens to offer them in homage some beautiful swans. Care was taken to revive this custom, which pleased Bonaparte greatly, because it was treating him like a king. The swans were accepted, and sent to Paris to be placed in the basin of the Tuileries, in order to show the Parisians the royal homage which the First Consul received when absent from the capital. It was also during this journey that Bonaparte began to date his decrees from the places through which he passed. He had left in Paris a great number of signatures, in order that he might be present, as it were, even during his absence, by the acts of his government. Hitherto public acts had been signed in the name of the Consuls of the Republic. Instead of this formula he substituted the name of the government of the republic. By means of this variation, unimportant as it might appear, the government was always in the place where the First Consul happened to be. The two other consuls were now mere nullities, even in appearance. The decrees of the government, which Cambacères signed during the campaign of Marengo, were now issued from all the towns of France and Belgium, which the First Consul visited during his six weeks' journey. Having thus centred the sole authority of the Republic in himself, the performers of the theatre of the Republic became, by a natural consequence, his ;

and it was quite natural that they should travel in his suite, to entertain the inhabitants of the towns in which he stopped by their performances. But this was not all. He encouraged the renewal of a host of ancient customs. He sanctioned the revival of the festival of Joan of Acre, at Orleans, and he divided the Institute into four classes, with the intention of recalling the recollection of the old academies, the names of which; however, he rejected, in spite of the wishes and intrigues of Suard and the Abbé Morellet, who had gained over Lucien upon this point.

However, the First Consul did not give to the classes of the Institute the rank which they formerly possessed, as academies. He placed the class of sciences in the first rank, and the old French academy in the second rank only. It must be acknowledged, that considering the state of literature and science at that period, the First Consul did not make a wrong estimate of their importance.

Although the literature of France could boast of many men of great talent, such as La Harpe, who died during the consulate, Ducis, Bernandin de St. Pierre, Chenier, and Lemercier, yet they could not be compared with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, and Cuvier, whose labours have so prodigiously extended the limits of human knowledge. No one, therefore, could murmur at seeing the class of sciences in the Institute take precedence of its elder sister. Besides, the First Consul was not sorry to show, by

this arrangement, the slight estimation in which he held literary men. When he spoke to me respecting them, he called them merely manufacturers of phrases. He could not pardon them for excelling him in a pursuit in which he had no claim to distinction; for Bonaparte had little taste either for the beauties of poetry or prose. A certain degree of vagueness, which was combined with his energy of mind, led him to admire the dreams of Ossian, and his decided character found itself, as it were, represented in the elevated thoughts of Corneille. Hence, his almost exclusive predilection for those two authors. With this exception, the finest works in our literature were in his opinion merely arrangements of sonorous words, void of sense, and calculated only for the ear.

Bonaparte's contempt, or, more properly speaking, his dislike of literature, displayed itself particularly in the feeling he cherished towards some men of distinguished literary talent. He hated Chenier, and Ducis still more. He could not forgive Chenier for the republican principles which pervaded his tragedies; and Ducis excited in him, as if instinctively, involuntary hatred. Ducis, on his part, was not backward in returning the Consul's animosity, and I remember his writing some verses, which were inexcusably violent, and overstepped all the bounds of truth. Bonaparte was so singular a composition of good and bad, that to describe him as he was under one or the other of these aspects, would serve for panegyric or satire,

without any departure from truth. Bonaparte was very fond of Bernardin St. Pierre's romance of Paul and Virginia, probably because he had read it in his boyhood. I remember that he one day tried to read *Les Etudes de la Nature*, but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he threw down the book, exclaiming, "How can any one read such silly stuff? It is insipid and vapid; there is nothing in it. These are the dreams of a visionary! What is Nature? The thing is vague and unmeaning. Men and passions are the subjects to write about—there is something there for study. These fellows are good for nothing under any government. I will, however, give them pensions, because I ought to do so, as head of the state. They occupy and amuse the idle. I will make Lagrange a senator—he has a head."

Although Bonaparte spoke so disdainfully of literary men, it must not be taken for granted that he treated them ill. On the contrary, all those who visited at Malmaison were the objects of his attention, and even flattery. M. Lemercier was one of those who came most frequently, and whom Bonaparte received with the greatest pleasure. Bonaparte treated M. Lemercier with great kindness; but he did not like him. His character of literary man and poet, joined to a polished frankness, and a mild but inflexible spirit of republicanism, amply sufficed to explain Bonaparte's dislike. He feared M. Lemercier and his pen; and, as happened more than once, he played the part of a parasite, by flattering the

writer. M. Lemercier was the only man I knew who refused the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Bonaparte's general dislike of literary men was less the result of prejudice than of circumstances. In order to appreciate, or even to read literary works, time is requisite, and time was so precious to him, that he would have wished, as one may say, to shorten a straight line. He liked only those writers who directed their attention to positive and precise things, which excluded all thoughts of government and censures on administration. He looked with a jealous eye on political economists and lawyers; in short, on all persons who in any way whatever meddled with legislation and moral improvements. His hatred of discussions on those subjects was strongly displayed on the occasion of the classification of the Institute. Whilst he permitted the re-assembling of a literary class, to the number of forty, as formerly, he suppressed the class of moral and political science. Such was his predilection for things of immediate and certain utility, that even in the sciences he favoured only such as applied to terrestrial objects. He never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not add directly to his own greatness: and besides, he could never forgive Lalande for having wished to include him in a dictionary of atheists, precisely at the moment when he was opening negotiations with the court of Rome.

Bonaparte wished to be the sole centre of a

world which he believed he was called to govern. With this view, he never relaxed in his constant endeavour to concentrate the whole powers of the state in the hands of its chief. His conduct, upon the subject of the revival of public instruction, affords evidence of this fact. He wished to establish six thousand bursaries, to be paid by government, and to be exclusively at his disposal; so that thus possessing the monopoly of education, he could have parcelled it out only to the children of those who were blindly devoted to him. This was what the First Consul called the revival of public instruction. During the period of my closest intimacy with him, he often spoke to me on this subject, and listened patiently to my observations. I remember that one of his chief arguments was this—"What is it that distinguishes men? Education—is it not? Well, if the children of nobles be admitted into the academies, they will be as well educated as the children of the revolution, who compose the strength of my government. Ultimately, they will enter into my regiments as officers, and will naturally come in competition with those whom they regard as the spoliators of their families. I do not wish that!"

My recollections have caused me to wander from the journey of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte to the Cotes du Nord and Belgium. I have, however, little to add to what I have already stated on the subject. I merely remember that Bonaparte's military suite, and Lauris-

ton, and Rapp, in particular, when speaking to me about the journey, could not conceal some marks of discontent on account of the great respect which Bonaparte had shown the clergy, and particularly to M. Roquelaure, the archbishop of Malines. That prelate, who was a shrewd man, and had the reputation of having been in his youth more addicted to the habits of the world than of the cloister, had become an ecclesiastical courtier. He went to Antwerp, to pay his homage to the First Consul, upon whom he heaped the most extravagant praises. Afterwards, addressing Madame Bonaparte, he told her that she was united to the First Consul by the *sacred bonds of a holy alliance*. In this harangue, in which unction was singularly blended with gallantry, surely it was a departure from ecclesiastical propriety, to speak of *sacred bonds* and *a holy alliance*, when every one knew that those bonds and that alliance existed only by a civil contract. Perhaps M. Roquelaure merely had recourse to what casuists call a pious fraud, in order to engage the married couple to do that which he congratulated them on having already done. Be this as it may, it is certain that this honied language gained M. Roquelaure the Consul's favour, and, in a short time after, he was appointed to the second class of the Institute.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Temple—The intrigues of Europe—Prelude to the Continental System—Bombardment of Granville—My conversation with the First Consul on the projected invasion of England—Fauche Borel, Moreau and Pichegru—Fouché's manœuvres—The Abbé David and Lajolais—Fouché's visit to the Tuileries—Regnier outwitted by Fouché—My interview with the First Consul—His indignation at the reports respecting Hortense—Contradiction of those calumnies—The brothers Faucher—Their execution—The First Consul's levee—My conversation with Duroc—Conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru—Moreau averse to the restoration of the Bourbons—Bouvet de Lozier's attempted suicide—Arrest of Moreau—Declaration of MM. de Polignac and De Rivière—Connivance of the police—Arrest of M. Carbonnet and his nephew—Report of the Grand Judge.

THE Temple was destined soon to be filled by the victims of Bonaparte's police. All the intrigues of Europe were in motion. Emissaries came daily from England, who, if they could not penetrate into the interior of France, remained in the towns near the frontiers, where they established correspondence, and published pamphlets, which they sent to Paris by post, in the form of letters.

The First Consul, on the other hand, gave way, without reserve, to the natural irritation which

that power had excited by her declaration of war. He knew that the most effective war he could carry on against England would be a war against her trade.

As a prelude to that piece of madness, known by the name of the continental system, the First Consul adopted every possible preventive measure against the introduction of English merchandize. Bonaparte's irritation against the English was not without cause. The intelligence which reached Paris from the north of France, was not very consolatory. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but were acting on the offensive, and had bombarded Granville. The mayor of the town did his duty; but his colleagues, more prudent, acted differently. In the height of his displeasure, Bonaparte issued a decree, by which he bestowed a scarf of honour on Letourneur, the mayor, and dismissed his colleagues from office, as cowards, unworthy of trust. The terms of this decree were rather severe, but they were certainly justified by the conduct of those who had abandoned their posts at a critical moment.

I come now to the subject of the invasion of England, and what the First Consul said to me respecting it. I have stated that Bonaparte never had any idea of realising the pretended project of a descent on England. The truth of this assertion will appear from a conversation which I had with him, after he returned from his journey to the north. In this conversation he repeated

what he had often before mentioned to me in reference to the projects and possible steps to which fortune might compel him to resort.

The peace of Amiens had been broken about seven months, when, on the 15th of December, 1803, the First Consul sent for me to the Tuileries. His incomprehensible behaviour to me was fresh in my mind; and as it was upwards of a year since I had seen him, I confess I did not feel quite at ease when I received the summons. He was perfectly aware that I possessed documents and data for writing his history, which would describe facts correctly, and destroy the illusions with which his flatterers constantly entertained the public. I have already stated, that at that period I had no intention of the kind; but those who laboured constantly to incense him against me, might have inspired him with apprehension on the subject. At all events, the fact is, that when he sent for me, I took the precaution of providing myself with a night-cap, conceiving I should very likely be sent to sleep at Vincennes. On the day appointed for the interview, Rapp was on duty. I did not conceal from him my opinion as to the possible result of my visit. "You need not be afraid," said Rapp; "the First Consul merely wishes to talk with you." He then announced me.

Bonaparte came into the grand saloon where I awaited him, and addressing me in the most good-humoured way, said, "What do the Parisians think of my preparations for the descent upon

England?"—"General," I replied, "there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. Every one speaks according to his own views. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes to give you on the occasion a fresh proof of his gratitude and fidelity."—"But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it will be attempted."—"That is true, I certainly do not."—"Why?"—"Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die—that the adventure was too hazardous—and circumstances have not altered since that time."—"You are right. Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can, doubtless, land in England with a hundred thousand men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must reckon upon thirty thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march on London a second battle must be fought. I will suppose myself again victorious; but what should I do in London with an army diminished three-fourths and without the hope of reinforcements. It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority it is useless to think of such a project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My government must be the first or it must fall."* Bonaparte then evidently

* Napoleon's conversation with M. Las Casas at St. Helena, respecting the invasion of England, is very different from the above. He speaks of a pitched battle, which would have decided

wished to deceive with respect to his intentions, and he did so. He wished it to be supposed that he entertained the design of invading England, in order to divert the attention of Europe to that direction.

From Dunkirk the First Consul proceeded to Antwerp, where also he had assembled experienced men to ascertain their opinions respecting the securest way of attempting a landing, the project of which was merely a pretence. The employment of large ships of war was, after long discussions, abandoned in favour of a flotilla.* After visiting Belgium and giving directions there, the First Consul returned from Brussels to Paris, by way of Maestricht, Liege, and Soissons.

the fate of England. "I should not have entered England," he said, at St. Helena, "as a conqueror, but as a liberator." Bonaparte knew better than any one the difficulty of subduing a strong, powerful, and united nation. Some years after these feigned preparations against England, he had evidence of this truth written in letters of blood, in Spain. A combination of natural causes is always ruinous to the invading army. Napoleon must have been merely jesting, at St. Helena, when he said, that four days would have enabled him to reach London, and that nature had made England one of our islands, like Oleron or Corsica. I find these words in my notes: "Remained with the First Consul from half-past eleven to one o'clock." During this hour and a half he said not a word bearing any resemblance to his assertions at St. Helena.

* At this period a caricature appeared in London, which was sent to Paris and strictly sought after by the police. One of the copies was shown to the First Consul, who was highly indignant at it. The French fleet was represented by a number of nut shells. An English sailor, seated on a rock, was quietly smoking his pipe, the whiffs of which were throwing the whole squadron into disorder.

Before my visit to the Tuileries, and even before the rupture of the peace of Amiens, certain intriguing speculators, whose extravagant zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons than was the blind subserviency of his unprincipled adherents to the First Consul; had taken part in some underhand manœuvres which could have no favourable result. Amongst these great contrivers of petty machinations, the well-known Fauche Borel, the bookseller of Neufchatel, had long been conspicuous. Fauche Borel, whose object was to create a stir, and who sought no better than to be noticed and paid, failed not to come to France as soon as the peace of Amiens afforded him the opportunity. I was, at that time, still with Bonaparte, who was aware of all these little plots, but who felt no personal anxiety on the subject, leaving to his police the care of watching their authors.

The object of Fauche Borel's mission was to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru. The latter general, who was banished on the 18th Fructidor, had not obtained the First Consul's permission to return to France. He lived in England, where he awaited a favourable opportunity for putting his old projects into execution. Moreau was in Paris, but no longer appeared at the levees or parties of the First Consul, and the enmity of both generals against Bonaparte, openly avowed on the part of Pichegru, and still disguised by Moreau, was a secret to nobody. But as everything was prosperous

with the First Consul, he evinced contempt rather than fear of the two generals. His apprehensions were indeed tolerably allayed by the absence of the one, and the character of the other. Moreau's name had greater weight with the army than that of Pichegru; and those who were brewing the overthrow of the consular government, knew that that measure could not be attempted with any chance of success, without the assistance of Moreau. The moment was inopportune; but being initiated in some secrets of the British cabinet, they knew that the peace was but a truce, and they determined to profit of that truce to effect a reconciliation which might afterwards secure a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru had not been friends since Moreau sent to the Emperor the papers seized in M. de Klinglin's carriage, which placed Pichegru's treason in so plain a light. Since that period Pichegru's name possessed no influence over the minds of the soldiers, amongst whom he had few partizans, whilst the name of Moreau was dear to all who had conquered under his command.

Fauche Borel's design was to compromise Moreau, without bringing him to any decisive step. Moreau's natural indolence, and perhaps it may be said his good sense, induced him to adopt the maxim that it was necessary to let men and things take their course; for temporising policy is often as useful in politics as in war. Besides, Moreau was a sincere republican; and if his habit of indecision had permitted him to

adopt any resolution, it is quite certain that he would not then have assisted in the re-establishment of the Bourbons, as Pichegru wished.

What I have stated is an indispensable introduction to the knowledge of plots of more importance, which preceded the great event which marked the close of the consulship: I allude to the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, and Pichegru, and that indelible stain on the character of Napoleon—the death of the Duke d'Enghien. Different opinions have been expressed concerning George's conspiracy. I shall not contradict any of them. I will relate what I learned and what I saw, in order to throw some light on that horrible affair. I am far from believing what I have read in many works, that it was planned by the police in order to pave the First Consul's way to the throne. I think that it was contrived by those who were really interested in it, and encouraged by Fouché, in order to prepare his return to office.

To corroborate my opinion respecting Fouché's conduct and his manœuvres, I must remind the reader that about the close of 1803, some persons conceived the project of reconciling Moreau and Pichegru. Fouché, who was then out of the ministry, caused Moreau to be visited by men of his own party, and who were induced, perhaps unconsciously, by Fouché's art, to influence and irritate the general's mind. It was at first intended that the Abbé David, the mutual friend of Moreau and Pichegru, should undertake to effect

their reconciliation; but he being arrested and confined in the Temple, was succeeded by a man named Lajolais, whom every circumstance proves to have been appointed by Fouché. He proceeded to London, and having prevailed on Pichegru and his friends to return to France, he set off to announce their arrival, and arrange everything for their reception and destruction. Moreau's discontent was the sole foundation of this intrigue. I remember that one day, about the end of January, 1804, I called on Fouché, who informed me that he had been at St. Cloud, where he had had a long conversation with the First Consul on the situation of affairs. Bonaparte told him that he was satisfied with the existing police, and hinted that it was only to make himself of consequence that he had given a false colouring to the picture. Fouché asked him what he would say if he told him that Georges and Pichegru had been for some time in Paris carrying on the conspiracy of which he had received information? The First Consul, apparently delighted at what he conceived to be Fouché's mistake, said with an air of contempt, "You are well informed truly! Regnier has just received a letter from London, stating that Pichegru dined three days ago at Kensington, with one of the King of England's ministers."

As Fouché, however, persisted in his assertion, the First Consul sent to Paris for the grand judge, Regnier, who shewed Fouché the letter he had received. The First Consul triumphed at first to

see Fouché at fault ; but the latter so clearly proved that Georges and Piehegru were actually in Paris, that Regnier began to fear he had been misled by his agents, whom his rival paid better than he did. The First Consul, convinced that his old minister knew more than the new one, dismissed Regnier, and remained a long time in consultation with Fouché, who, on that occasion, said nothing about his reinstatement, for fear of exciting suspicion. He only requested that the management of the business might be entrusted to Real, with orders to obey whatever instructions he might receive from him. I will return hereafter to the arrest of Moreau and the other persons accused, and will here subjoin the account of a long interview which I had with Bonaparte in the midst of these important events.

On the 8th of March, 1804, some time after the arrest, but before the trial of General Moreau, I had an audience of the First Consul, unsought on my part. Bonaparte, after putting several unimportant questions to me as to what I was doing, what I expected he should do for me, and assuring me that he would bear me in mind, gave a sudden turn to the conversation, and said—"By the by, the report of my connection with Hortense is still kept up: the most abominable rumours have been spread as to her first child. I thought, at the time, that these reports had only been admitted by the public in consequence of the great desire that I should not be childless.

Since you and I separated, have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, General, oftentimes; and I confess that I could not have believed that this calumny would have existed so long."—"It is truly frightful to think of! You know the truth—you have seen all—heard all—nothing could have passed without your knowledge: you were in her full confidence during the time of her attachment to Duroc; I therefore expect, if you should ever write any thing about me, that you will clear me from this infamous imputation. I would not have it accompany my name to posterity. I trust to you. You have never given credit to the horrid accusation?"—"No, General, never." Napoleon then entered into a number of details on the previous life of Hortense; on the way in which she conducted herself, and on the turn which her marriage had taken. "It has not turned out," he said, "as I wished: the union has not been a happy one. I am sorry for it, not only because both are dear to me, but because the circumstance countenances the infamous reports that are current among the idle as to my intimacy with her." He concluded the conversation with these words:—"Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but as there is no good pretext for so doing, the world would say that I have need of you, and I wish it to be known that I am not in need of any body." He again said a few words about Hortense. I answered that it would fully coincide with my con-

vi^ol^otion of the truth to do what he desired, and that I would do it; but that banishing the false reports did not depend on me.

Hortense, in fact, while she was Mademoiselle Beauharnois, regarded Napoleon with respectful awe. She trembled when she spoke to him, and never dared to ask him a favour. When she had any thing to solicit, she applied to me; and if I experienced any difficulty in obtaining for her what she sought, I mentioned her as the person for whom I pleaded. "The little simpleton," Napoleon would say, "why does she not ask me herself: is the child afraid of me?" Napoleon never cherished for her any feeling but paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. During three years I was a witness to all their most private actions, and I declare that I never saw nor heard any thing which could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or that afforded the slightest trace of the existence of a culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed among those with which malice delights in blackening the characters of men more brilliant than their fellows, and which are so readily adopted by the light-minded and unreflecting. I freely declare, that, did I entertain the smallest doubt with regard to this odious charge, of the existence of which I was well aware before Napoleon spoke to me on the subject, I would candidly avow it.— He is no more; and let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really

belongs to it. Let not this reproach be one of those charged against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, of this delicate subject, that the principles of Napoleon on points of this kind were rigid in the utmost degree, and that a connexion of the nature of that charged against him, was neither in accordance with his morals nor his tastes.

I cannot tell whether what followed was a portion of his premeditated conversation with me, or whether it was the result of the satisfaction he had derived from ascertaining my perfect conviction of the purity of his conduct with regard to Hortense, and being assured that I would express that conviction. Be this as it may, as I was going out at the door, he called me back, saying, "Oh! I have forgotten something." I returned. "Bourrienne," said he, "do you still keep up acquaintance with the Fauchers?"—"Yes, General; I see them frequently."—"You are wrong."—"Why should I not? They are clever, well educated men, and exceedingly pleasant company, especially Cæsar. I derive great pleasure from their society; and then they are almost the only persons whose friendship has continued faithful to me, since I left you. You know people do not care for those who can render them no service."—"Maret will not see the Fauchers."—"That may be, General; but it is nothing to me; and you must recollect, that as it was through him I was introduced to them at the Tuileries, I think he ought to inform me of his reasons for dropping their acquaintance."

“ I tell you again, he has closed his door against them. Do you the same, I advise you.”—As I did not seem disposed to follow this advice, without some plausible reason, the First Consul added, “ You must know, that I learn from Cæsar all that passes in your house. You do not speak very ill of me yourself, nor does any one venture to do so in your presence. But no sooner are you gone, than your wife, who never liked me, and most of those who visit at your house, indulge in the most violent attacks upon me. I receive a bulletin from Cæsar Faucher every day when he visits at your house; this is the way in which he requites you for your kindness, and for the asylum you afforded his brother.* But enough; you see I know all—farewell;” and he left me.

The grave having closed over these two brothers, I shall merely state that they wrote me a letter the evening preceding their execution, in which they begged me to forgive their conduct towards me. The following is an extract from this letter:—

“ In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death being cried in the streets. To-morrow we shall walk to the scaffold; but we will meet death with such calmness and courage as shall make our executioners blush. We are sixty years old, therefore our life will only be shortened by a brief space. During our lives we have shared, in com-

* Constantine Faucher was condemned in contumacy for the forgery of a public document.

mon, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and good fortune. We both entered the world on the same day, and on the same day we shall both depart from it. As to you, Sir.....”

I suppress what relates to myself.

The hour of the grand levee arrived just as the singular interview, which I have described, terminated. I remained a short time to look at this phantasmagoria. Duroc was there. As soon as he saw me he came up, and taking me into the recess of a window, told me that Moreau's guilt was evident, and that he was about to be put on his trial. I made some observations on the subject, and in particular asked whether there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to justify his condemnation? “They should be cautious,” said I; “it is no joke to accuse the conqueror of Hohenlinden.” Duroc's answer satisfied me that there was with him no doubt on the subject.

No person, possessing the least degree of intelligence, will be convinced that the conspiracy of Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and the other persons accused would ever have occurred, but for the secret connivance of Fouché's police. Moreau never, for a moment, desired the restoration of the Bourbons. I was too well acquainted with M. Carbonnet, his most intimate friend, to be ignorant of his private sentiments. It was, therefore, quite impossible that he could entertain the same views as Georges, the Polignacs, Rivière, and others; and they had no intention of committing any

overt acts. These latter persons had come to the continent solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order to inform the princes of the house of Bourbon, with certainty, how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interests, at the expence of truth. These agents did indeed conspire, but it was against the Treasury of London, to which they looked for pay.

Without entering into all the details of that great trial, I will relate some facts, which may assist in eliciting the truth from a chaos of intrigue and falsehood.

Most of the conspirators had been lodged either in the Temple or La Force, and one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, who was confined in the Temple, attempted to hang himself. He made use of his cravat to effect his purpose, and had nearly succeeded, when a turnkey by chance entered, and found him at the point of death. When he was recovered, he acknowledged that though he had the courage to meet death, he was unable to endure the interrogatories of his trial, and that he had determined to kill himself, lest he might be induced to make a confession. He did, in fact, confess, and it was on the morning when this occurred that Moreau was arrested, while on his way from his country seat of Grosbois to Paris.

Fouché, through the medium of his agents, had

given Pichegru, Georges, and some other partisans of royalty, to understand that they might depend on Moreau, who, it was said, was quite prepared. It is certain that Moreau informed Pichegru, that he (Pichegru) had been deceived, and that he had never been spoken to on the subject. Russillon declared on the trial that on the 14th of March the Polignacs said to some one, "Every thing is going wrong—they do not understand each other. Moreau does not keep his word. We have been deceived." M. de Rivière declared, that he soon became convinced that they had been deceived, and was about to return to England when he was arrested. It is certain that the principal conspirators obtained positive information, which confirmed their suspicions. They learned Moreau's declaration from Pichegru. Many of the accused declared that they soon discovered they had been deceived; and the greater part of them were about to quit Paris, when they were all arrested, almost at one and the same moment. Georges was going into La Vendée, when he was betrayed by the man who, with the connivance of the police, had been with him since his departure from London, and who had guarded him against any interruption from the police, so long as it was not important to know where he was, or what he was about. Georges had been in Paris seven months, before it was considered that the proper moment had arrived for arresting him.

The almost simultaneous arrest of the conspirators, proves clearly that the police knew perfectly well where they could lay their hands upon them.

When Pichegru was required to sign his interrogations, he refused. He said it was unnecessary; that knowing all the secret machinery of the police, he suspected that by some chemical process they would erase all the writing except his signature, and afterwards fill up the paper with statements which he had never made. His refusal to sign the interrogatory, he added, would not prevent him from repeating before a court of justice, the truth which he had stated in answer to the questions proposed to him. Fear was entertained of the disclosures he might make respecting his connection with Moreau, whose destruction was sought for; and also with respect to the means employed by the agents of Fouche, to urge the conspirators to effect a change which they desired.

On the evening of the 15th of February I heard of Moreau's arrest, and next morning early I proceeded straight to the Rue St. Pierre, where M. Carbonnet resided, with his nephew. I was anxious to hear from him the particulars of the general's arrest. What was my surprise! I had hardly time to address myself to the porter, before he informed me that M. Carbonnet and his nephew were both arrested, "I advise you, Sir," added the man, "to retire without more

ado, for I can assure you that the persons who visit M. Carbonnet are watched."—"Is he still at home?" said I.—"Yes, Sir; they are examining his papers."—"Then," said I, "I will go up." M. Carbonnet, of whose friendship I had reason to be proud, and whose memory will ever be dear to me, was more distressed by the arrest of his nephew and Moreau than by his own. His nephew was, however, liberated after a few hours. M. Carbonnet's papers were sealed, and he was placed in solitary confinement at Saint Pelagie.

Thus the police, which previously knew nothing, was suddenly informed of all. In spite of the numerous police agents scattered over France, it was only discovered by the declarations of Bouvet de Lozier, that three successive landings had been effected, and that a fourth was expected, which however did not take place, because General Savary was despatched by the First Consul, with orders to seize the persons whose arrival was looked for. There cannot be a more convincing proof of the fidelity of the agents of the police to their old chief, and their combined determination of trifling with their new one.

END OF VOL. II.

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