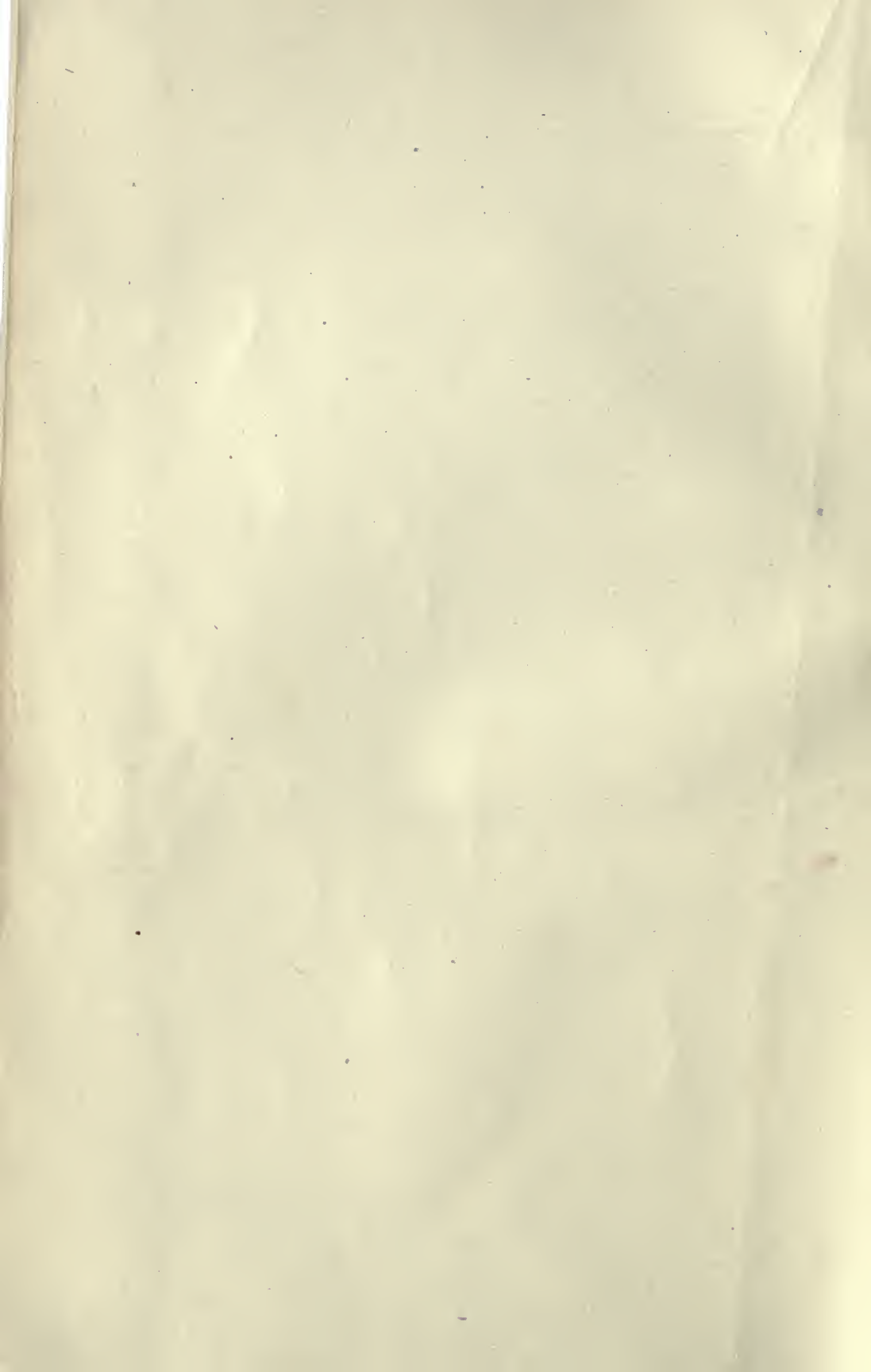


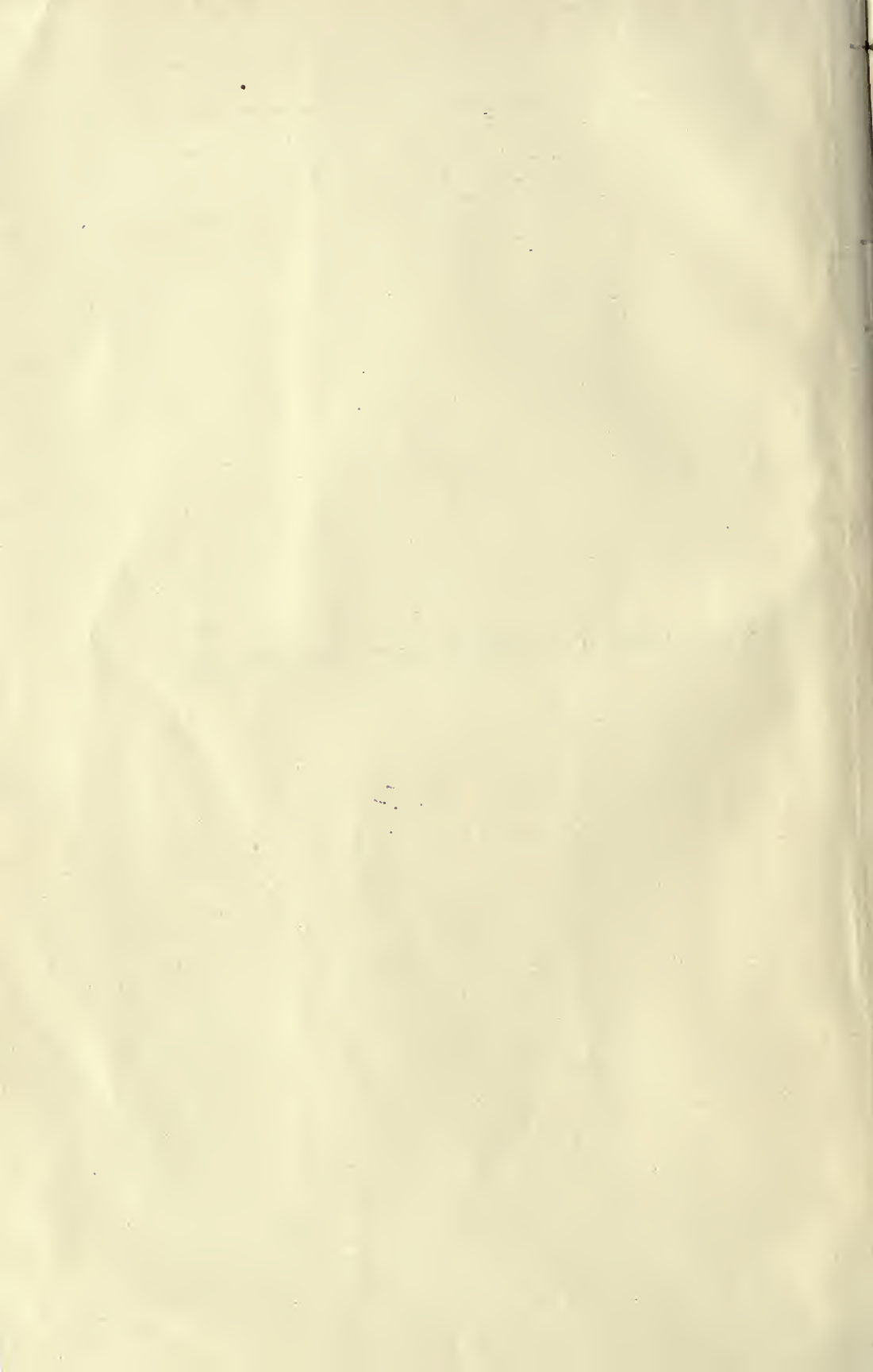
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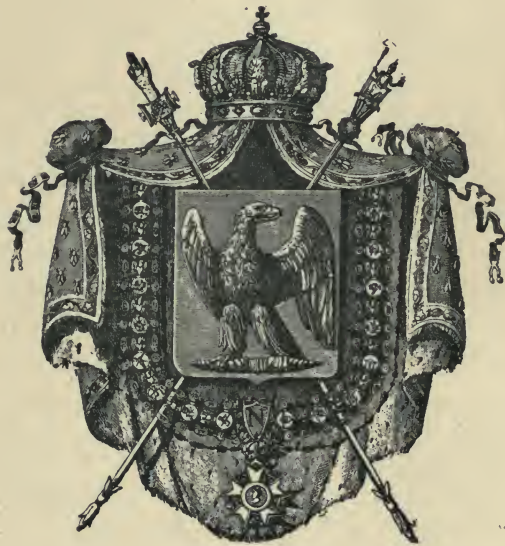




The King of Rome
by Sir J. Lawrence.

THE LIFE
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
S. BARING-GOULD



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PREFACE

ON being asked by my publishers to undertake a Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the lines of my Lives of the Julian and Claudian Cæsars in my *Tragedy of the Cæsars*, I shrank from the task. In the first place, I considered that the life of the Great Napoleon had been done many times, and done well, and that there was nothing really new to be said upon the matter. And secondly, I knew what an enormous mass of material would have to be digested in order to do the work at all adequately.

On further consideration, I agreed to undertake the task, if I might so far reduce the limits of the work as to make it actually a study of the character and opinions of Napoleon, and might lay on one side what concerned his military achievements and the political importance of his life, so far as did not bear on the development of his mind and the movements of his heart. In the next place, material has recently been accessible for such a study that was inaccessible before.

After Waterloo, when Napoleon saw that his career of glory was at an end, he committed a bundle of papers, in a brown cover, to Cardinal Fesch, sealed with the Imperial signet. This was taken to Róme, but Fesch never took the trouble to open it. On his death in 1839, the parcel went to his grand vicar, the Abbé Lyonnet, who sold them to M. Guillaume Libri, a rather unscrupulous man, and he made some slight use of the papers contained in the bundle, and sold nearly all of them to Lord Ashburnham. When in the possession of the Earl, they were inaccessible to every one till the collection was sold. Lord Ashburnham asked for the budget £300,000. In 1884, they were sold for 675,000 francs to Italy, and are now deposited in the Medicæan-Laurentine Library at Florence.

The parcel contained the MSS. of Napoleon at an early age, between 1786 and 1793, and are of material value for the study of the formation of his mind when in its plastic condition. These papers have been published by

M. Frédéric Masson, under the title of *Napoléon Inconnu*, Paris, 1895. These were, therefore, available to assist me in my study.

According to the limitations I have imposed on myself, I have considered Napoleon from one point of view only. I do not pretend to have said anything about him that has not been said before; all I have attempted to perform has been to collect those notices which are important for the examination of the great man's inner life; and, as the period of youth is that in which the character is formed, I have tarried longest thereon.

The materials for this period are comparatively few, and the Bonapartists have striven hard to depreciate the value of the memoirs of Madame Junot and of Bourrienne, who give us the most ample information we have, and can have, on this period. Mme. Junot may have fallen into small inaccuracies, and Bourrienne may have been actuated by personal resentment; but, on the whole, their narratives bear upon them the stamp of truth, and we may trust both writers, especially the former, for the impression made on them by Napoleon during his early career.

The recently published memoirs of Barras contribute nothing of real value; all they actually do is to confirm the estimate already made of the man.

Everyone brought in contact with Bonaparte felt the fascination of his personality, and he exercises this power still on all who write or read of him. But, at the same time that with half one's heart one loves and admires him, with the other half one dislikes and shrinks from him. There was in him little of the gentleman, as we understand the word, not so much as is to be found in a second-class English shopkeeper; and yet we must allow that this was not his fault—it was the fatal result of his antecedents and his education. An atheist father had not scrupled to have his son educated to be a priest; and fraud and falsehood seem to have been the atmosphere in which the young mind of Napoleon was reared. Mean and ignoble associates in his youth taught him to despise man, and to disbelieve in high ideals; but then, when the character of man takes its direction, for good or for evil, he wilfully turned from the great and honourable hero of his boyhood, and sought association, and linked his fortunes with those whom in his heart he despised. That moral defection affected him throughout life.

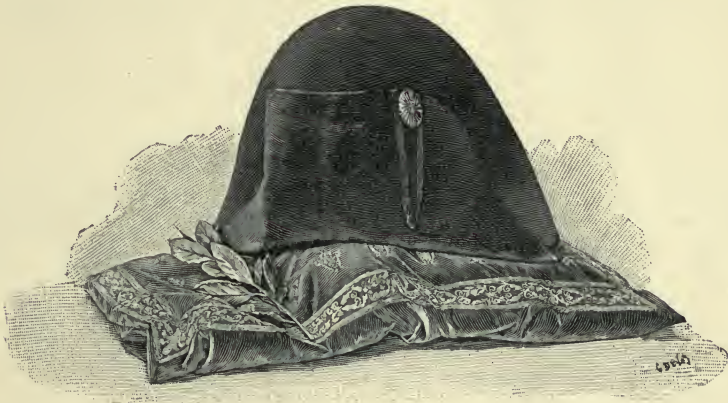
The collection of contemporary, or nearly contemporary, illustrations in this work comes from three collections made by M. Armand Dayot, and published by him in his *Napoléon raconté par l'Image*, Paris, 1895, and forms the really important element in this book.

To me, a student of human nature, the work has been one of intense interest,

not second to that of following the histories of the first Roman princes, in connection with their authentic portraits in marble. And I must request the reader to bear in mind that, in writing it, I pretend not to give a history of Europe in the Napoleonic age, nor to describe military achievements, but to bring before him, as far as I can read it, the study and development of his mind and character.

In conclusion, it would be indeed ungrateful if I were not to express my deep obligation to my cousin, Mr. George Young, for his help and advice, that have been to me of the greatest advantage ; and to the Rev. Robert Gwynne, vicar of S. Mary's, Charing Cross Road, for revision of the proofs. I shall indeed be surprised if many mistakes have escaped his keen eye.

LEW TRENCHARD



HAT AND CUSHION

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THE LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

I

EARLY YEARS

IN estimating the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and tracing its development, two things have to be taken into consideration, the threads out of which that complexity—the character, is formed, and the circumstances which determined the twist or texture it assumed.

A river is made up of a thousand confluent streams rising in different strata, that render the qualities of their several waters very different; some are hard, and some are soft; these pellucid, those turbid. The Danube at Passau consists of the union of the milky Inn, white with loess and cold with undissolved snow of the Alps; of the Danube, muddy and warm from the broad plains of Bavaria; and of the Ilz, black as ink with vegetable matter from the pine forests of the Böhmer Wald. The river is the resultant of these diverse confluent waters, but its after course is determined by the character of the country through which it flows to its inevitable end in the deep sea.

Unhappily for the study of the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, we know little concerning the family, or blend of families, from which he sprung, and that little is not absolutely to be relied on. Whether his blood was native Corsican, Tuscan, Italian, or Greek, or a little of all these together, is uncertain.

The truth relative to the origin of the family is not, and probably never will

be, settled satisfactorily; for when he was Emperor, Napoleon took pains to have the registers of Ajaccio falsified or destroyed, a proceeding that can only be explained on the assumption that they told unpleasant truths, which he was interested in suppressing.

The mystery relative to his origin attaches even to the day of his birth, and in this he shares in the uncertainty that prevails relative to the date of birth of Julius Cæsar. There is reason to believe that Napoleon was the eldest son of Charles Buonaparte, an attorney of Ajaccio, in Corsica, and that he was born on January 7th, 1768, at Corte, and not on the received date, the 15th August, 1769, at Ajaccio.

Corsica is occupied by as mixed a race as is to be discovered anywhere. Originally colonised by the dusky Neolithic race of rude stone monument builders, who have left their traces throughout Western Europe, and whose blood forms an undercurrent in the veins of Irish, Welsh, Cornish, Aquitanians, and the main stream in Spaniards and Portuguese—this Iberian or Ligurian stock received grafts from Phœnicia, Greece, Rome; it had a blend through Vandal, Gothic, Saracen, Frank, Spanish, French, and Italian immigrations. The island became the very apple of discord cast into the banquet of nations, to be striven for by France, Spain, the Papal See, and the Republic of Genoa. It was itself a theatre of domestic strife. A ridge of mountains separates the island vertically into halves, and each section had its inclination, aspiration, at one time its very constitution, distinct and opposite to the other. That half which looked to the East looked also to Italy as its market, and for its alliances; that to the West looked now to Spain, then to France, and summoned first one and then the other to foster its commerce and compose its rivalries.

Strife, bloodshed, were consecrated by the Vendetta, a racial institution, an hereditary obligation, and it made cohesion impossible, and gave occasion to every covetous neighbour to seek, with the certainty of finding, in the midst of the people, a party which, for the sake of satisfying a family enmity, was ready to sacrifice its country.

In 1077, owing to the anarchy that reigned in the island, the clergy advised that the sovereignty should be delivered to the Popes, and this was agreed to. Whereupon the Popes sought to raise money out of this newly acquired sovereignty, and sold it to the Pisans.

From misrule under Pisa, Corsica fell under misrule by Genoa. The Ligurian Republic, as a sure method of maintaining its supremacy, armed the islanders and encouraged their domestic feuds. Whilst engaged in cutting each other's throats, the merchants of Genoa hoped to exploit the riches of the island without interference. Genoese troops occupied the fortified towns, and built themselves castles where there had been none previously; Genoese officers arrogated to themselves every function in the state, and Genoese traders drained the resources of the island into their bottomless pockets.

As the fortunes of the Genoese Republic rose or fell, according as were its alliances—with France or with Germany—so was Corsica occupied and devoured by French or German troops. At one time, the Corsicans invoked

the aid of the King of Aragon, and for a while the Spaniards held the island and made themselves as intolerable as those from whom they had come to deliver the Corsicans. At the close of the first twenty years of the eighteenth century, the despair of the tortured islanders threw them into fierce revolt. The sea-shell, that had once served the Tritons, now acted as their alarm-trumpet; it brayed from every height, and the Corsicans rose throughout the island to expel the Genoese. They found a native hero, Pasquale Paoli, to act as their leader and organiser, a man of ability, intrepidity, and integrity.

Paoli's first step was to suppress the Vendetta, to take from private individuals the right to revenge their own and their family wrongs, and to place the sword in the hand of Justice. He rightly judged that so long as the Vendetta was allowed, no combination against the common foe was possible. He next extended to the whole island the liberal constitution enjoyed formerly by the Eastern half only, and which had survived the encroachments of the Genoese. This constitution was of a most popular character—the people annually elected all their officers, and every political question was submitted to a plebiscitum. There had hitherto been no territorial nobility in Corsica, except in the Western division, and this had been decimated by war, or expatriated by its adhesion to one or other foreign invader; so that some had migrated to Genoa, others to Spain, and the few who remained, very poor and weak, were powerless to resist the popular pressure, and surrendered their feudal privileges which they were unable to enforce, perhaps without regret, certainly without protest.

The Genoese, foiled at every point, were driven from the island, and retained only a few strongholds on the coast which the Corsicans were unable, for lack of artillery, to reduce.

Paoli had directed the entire movement, but it was not enough to sweep the enemy away; the most difficult task he had to face was the regeneration of the people, and the regulation of the ecclesiastical affairs of Corsica. In order to provide education for his fellow-Corsicans, he founded a University at Corte. One of the mischievous effects produced by the Genoese domination had been that the native men had left the land to serve as mercenaries abroad, and though this had rendered them excellent soldiers, it had fostered in them a contempt for manual labour, and the work of tilling the fields had been left to the women and to hirelings from Italy and Sardinia. Paoli sought to remedy this evil by the introduction of wise enactments, which initiated a new era in the life of the nation, and continued in force after his rule was at an end.

But by far the most delicate undertaking was the smoothing out of the ecclesiastical differences. Though himself a sincere Catholic, he would not brook the meddling of the Papal court with the political affairs of Corsica, nor that the benefices of the island should be employed to the advantage of the favourites of the Pope, and to the disregard of the religious obligations attached to them. There were five bishops in the island, where one would have served, or at most two; and the monasteries were numerous. The prelates in the cathedrals, and the heads of nearly all the convents, were Italians or Genoese.

With infinite tact and patience, Paoli succeeded in removing obstructions, allaying the Papal jealousy, and preventing a rupture with Rome.

At the beginning of 1764, the whole island, with the exception of the few fortified towns still held by the Genoese, was enjoying a national and democratic constitution, and everywhere tokens of a prosperity hitherto unknown were beginning to manifest themselves; but, better than all, Paoli had succeeded in infusing into the Corsicans a patriotic spirit which was calculated to become in them an ennobling passion.

All Europe fixed its eyes on Corsica, as a country under an ideally perfect government, occupied by an ideally patriotic and generous people. In 1739, Frederick the Great had pointed to the island as an example to the world. In 1748, Montesquieu, in his epoch-making *Esprit des Lois*, did the same. Rousseau, who postured as the Prophet of Humanity, could not fail to instance the island in his *Contrat Social*, and attention had been called to it in England by Boswell.

Then—when everything seemed to promise to the young Republic a future full of tranquillity and progress—the sky was suddenly overcast.

By secret treaty between Genoa and France, in 1764, French troops occupied San Fiorenzo, Calvi, Ajaccio, Bastia, and Algajola, whilst the Genoese garrisons slipped away. The Duc de Choiseul had bought the island, to indemnify France for the loss of Canada. But the truth was not to be told at once. To allay the suspicion of the Corsicans, and to deceive Paoli, the most solemn assurances were made that the occupation was temporary. Choiseul protested that his Sovereign had no intention of annexing the island, and of interfering with its constitution; and Buttafuoco, a Corsican, was invited to Versailles, as a commissioner to the King, invested with full powers to treat for the interests of the island. In 1767 Choiseul began to raise the mask, for he demanded that two of the towns occupied by the French troops should be permanently made over to the French Crown. Meanwhile, he had succeeded completely in winning over Buttafuoco, in whom his countrymen reposed unbounded confidence.

In 1768, a further treaty with the Ligurian Republic was concluded, containing further concessions to France, and now, without disguise, the French began to extend their power over the entire island. Buttafuoco was appointed to the administration of Corsica, and Paoli saw that to save the liberties of the island, no resource remained but to fly to arms.

The islanders were, however, no match for the disciplined forces sent against them; they were driven into their mountain recesses, town after town was occupied, resistance was broken, and Paoli was constrained to fly, first to Vienna, and then to London.

In 1770 the Comte de Marbeuf, appointed Governor of the island, presided over a consulta of the delegates from all parts of Corsica, and announced to it that the transfer of the sovereignty of the island from Genoa to France was complete and irrevocable, and that thenceforth Corsica would be regarded as incorporated into the Gallic kingdom. Such was—briefly told—the history of Corsica; such was the condition of the island when Napoleon was born.

It has been advisable, at some length, to enter into the story of Paoli, and to show what was the ambition of his life and what his character, for the extraordinary man who was born in Corsica as Paoli was eclipsed there, was largely influenced by his example, and inspired by his patriotism, during the early portion of his career. He never lost sight of what Paoli had been able to effect in the several departments—political, military, and ecclesiastical—and he sought later on to outdo him under similar conditions, but on a far more extensive field.

The best substantiated account of the family of Buonaparte* traces it from a respectable family of the same name in Florence. Owing to political discords, one branch was banished—so it was said—and settled in Corsica. This much is certain, that the last representative of the Florentine line, in 1780, bequeathed the remains of his little property to Charles Buonaparte, Napoleon's father, as his nearest kinsman. But the separation of the branches took place a long way back, for in 1492, when Ajaccio was rebuilt, the Buonapartes were possessed of a house in it, and of a scrap of land in the neighbourhood. They were never wealthy, but maintained a respectable middle-class position as attorneys and clerks.

Charles Buonaparte, the father of Napoleon, was born at Ajaccio, on the 27th March, 1746. His father, Joseph, had received a recognition of gentility, and a right to bear the Buonaparte arms from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on the 28th May, 1757, and on June 28th, 1759, was formally acknowledged as allied to the Tuscan Buonapartes.

All the Buonapartes died young. The Archdeacon, Lucien, was the sole exception. They suffered from an hereditary disease—cancer of the stomach, which carried them off at the age of thirty-nine or forty.

Charles Buonaparte was left an orphan at the age of fourteen. He was good-looking, intelligent, unscrupulous, and impecunious. His great-grandmother had been an Odone, daughter of a rich landowner of Ajaccio; the last scion of the Odone family, dying early, left his estate to the Jesuits. The validity of this bequest was contested by Charles, and this involved him in a series of litigations, which consumed what he had, and brought him in nothing of the Odone fortune. At the age of eighteen, Charles married Lætitia Ramolino, a beautiful Corsican girl of respectable ancestry, aged fifteen, very imperfectly educated, but with a good deal of character. Her mother, left early a widow, had married a Swiss ex-captain, and by him had a son, Joseph Fesch.† The marriage of Charles Buonaparte and Lætitia Ramolino took place on the 2nd June, 1764.

In 1767, in response to the appeal of Paoli, Charles Buonaparte, who had been in Italy, returned to Corsica to undertake municipal functions at Ajaccio, and on the 7th January following (1768) Lætitia, then living at Corte, bore him his first son, who was baptised there the following day by the name of *Nabulione*.

* The spelling of the name was with or without the *u* in Italian. Napoleon finally dropped the *u* in 1796.

† She was descended from the Counts of Collato, *magnificos* of Florence, and then of Genoa.

An exact copy of the entry in the register was made at Corte, in July, 1782; but another copy is now to be found in the archives of Ajaccio, which differs from the above in that it gives the name of the child as Joseph Nabulion, but no date is appended to this copy, to show when it was made; the original Register of Baptisms at Corte no longer exists. According to the more authentic copy, the child born on the 7th January, 1768, was Nabulion or Napoleon, according to the other it was Joseph, with the additional name of Nabulion.

Moreover, when Napoleon was married, March 9th, 1796, he produced a certificate of his birth, which showed that he was born on the 5th of February, 1768. The day of month, and month, are wrong, according to the first copy of the register, but the year is right.

Again, in a letter to Paoli, dated 12th June, 1789, Bonaparte wrote, "I was born when my country was perishing. Thirty thousand Frenchmen vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in floods of gore, such was the odious spectacle that met my opening eyes. The cries of the dying, the sighs of the oppressed, tears of despair, surrounded my cradle at my birth." Now, this applies very well to the condition of affairs in January, 1768, but not at all to that in August, 1769.

But, further, the copy of the register, with the name Joseph inserted, as born and baptised in 1768, is suspicious, not only because unsigned and undated, but also because the name Joseph is in the *French* form, not Giuseppe, as would inevitably have been the case if written before the subjection of the island to the French.

Again, when Joseph Bonaparte was married on August 1st, 1794, he produced evidence that he was born at Ajaccio, not Corte, and that he was aged 25, and not 26. He could not, indeed, at the time, produce his baptismal certificate, on account of the rupture of communications with Corsica, but he brought forward four witnesses, Corsicans, who had known him from infancy, and who swore that he was a native of Ajaccio, and aged about 25. It is certainly significant that, under the Empire, the original registers disappeared.*

There was, as we shall see presently, a very good reason why Charles Buonaparte should desire to represent his second son as born in 1768, and his eldest as born in 1769.

It was not till the 23rd May, 1769, that the Comte de Marbeuf, Commandant of the island, entered into any relations with the Bonaparte family. On the 21st he had met a deputation of the inhabitants of Corte, and on the 23rd he received those of Ajaccio, among them the attorney Charles-Marie Buonaparte. All these had been devoted adherents of Paoli, and now, having recognised the impossibility of resistance, came to tender their submission. Charles had been secretary to Paoli, then had gone to Pisa, where he had squandered his little fortune. He returned to Corsica, and, on his submission, was appointed assessor

* On the other hand, it has been urged by Frédéric Masson in his *Napoléon Inconnu*, 1895, that Napoleon himself held his birthday to have been in August, 1769. In a MS. *Époques de ma Vie*, from the Libri collection, sold to the late Lord Ashburnham, and now in the Florence Library, he enters: "Né en 1769, le 15 du mois d'août," and he calculates his age from that date. This, however, does not prove more than that he chose to accept the date, so as not to expose the fraud committed by his father.

to the Court of Justice at Ajaccio, and superintendent of the School of Forestry in the island. He cultivated the acquaintance of the Comte de Marbeuf, and the latter, acting on instructions from Versailles, did his utmost to ingratiate himself with the petty gentry of the island, and to open to them, or their children, careers in the service of the Crown of France.*

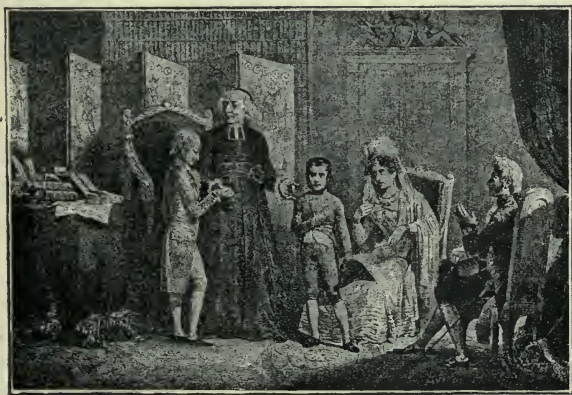
Charles Buonaparte was fond of parade, and his expenses exceeded his income, so that nothing was in hand to pay for the education of his numerous family, which was a burden to his excellent Lætitia, their mother, who, though a good woman, and eminently strict and conscientious with them, was not herself sufficiently educated to give them the rudiments of any other language than the Corsican patois.

"Her tenderness," said Napoleon himself at S. Helena, "was blended with severity; she punished and rewarded at the same time. She brought to account in us all there was of good and bad. My father, an enlightened man, but too fond of pleasure to concern himself greatly about us, attempted occasionally to excuse our faults. 'Let be,' was her reply, 'it is my matter, not yours, to watch over the children.'"† She was unquestionably a woman of high principle and character, and was admired for this by both Paoli and Marbeuf.

Poor Lætitia had a hard time of it with her family. The children were many. The eldest daughter, Marie Anne, was born on January 3rd,



LÆTITIA BUONAPARTE.
From a medallion by Spiese.



THE FAMILY BONAPARTE.
From a lithograph by Raffet.‡

1767; she was not baptised till two years later. Then came the child, born on the 7th January, 1768, which was probably Napoleon, but whose baptismal register was passed off afterwards as that of Joseph. The second son was born on August 15, 1769; Lucien was born on the 21st March, 1775; another Marie Anne, as the first had died,

* It is with repugnance that I allude to the insinuation that Napoleon was the son of an illicit amour between the Comte de Marbeuf and the worthy Lætitia Buonaparte. The dates are sufficient to refute such a calumny. † AN TOMMARCHI, *Derniers Moments de Napoléon*, Paris, 1825, i. 308.

‡ The actual circumstances of the family by no means justified the appearance of wealth and dignity given by artists under the Empire and after, in such flattering illustrations as this and the next. Raffet published this in 1826. It is, of course, wholly ideal.

was born on the 14th July, 1771; and as she also died, a third Marie Anne (Elise) on the 3rd January, 1777. Louis was born on the 2nd September, 1778; Paula Maria (Pauline) on the 20th October, 1780; Maria Nunziata (Caroline) on the 25th March, 1782; and Jerome on the 15th November, 1784.

Camilla Carbone was Napoleon's wet nurse, and became vastly attached to him. Afterwards, when Napoleon had the power, he showed the warmest gratitude to her, and kindness to her family. Indeed, it is one of the most striking features in his character, that he never forgot a kindness, nor failed to assist those who had been good to him in his childhood, youth, and time of distress and poverty. Camilla loved her nursling above her own son, and would not allow anyone to touch or scold him. Madame Junot represents Saveria as the nurse. This is a mistake. Saveria was a factotum of Mother Lætitia, and entered her service in 1788. Consequently she came to know him only after his return from Valence. She may have, and probably had, seen him as a child, running about the streets, but she was not his nurse, as has been represented. Madame Junot says in her *Memoirs*:—

“Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph had been; his head always appeared too large for his body, a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror. But of that forehead, which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world; of those hands, of which the most coquettish woman might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said that of all the children of Signora Laetitia, the future Emperor was the one for whom greatness was least to be prognosticated. Saveria liked me *tolerably well*. I make use of this expression because she detested France, and the hatred or love of a Corsican must not be measured by the ordinary feelings of mankind. Early one morning, she came into the room where I was sitting at the piano, playing a little song which is sung by the goatherds in the mountains of Corsica. Saveria heard it, and she stood sobbing behind my chair. I rallied her on her sensibility—‘Basta, basta!’ she said, ‘good blood never belies itself; and, my dear lady, it is easy to see that yours is red and warm, and that you have not sprung from these dogs of French!’”

The feelings, opinions, and prejudices of Saveria were doubtless those of Camilla also, and as such, must be taken into account; for they were an element in the formation of the first likings, dislikes, and ambitions of the child she reared.

Napoleon was sent first to a little dame's school with small girls, and then to a school kept by the Abbé Pecco, to whom, at S. Helena, he bequeathed twenty thousand francs. Joseph, in his *Memoirs*, says that the scholars sat ranged on forms opposite each other: that above one set hung a flag with



PORTRAIT OF MADAME BUONAPARTE.
From the picture by Gérard, in the Versailles Gallery.



S. P. Q. R. inscribed on it, above the other one with Carthage written on it; and that Napoleon was very angry because he was placed beneath the flag of the people conquered by the Romans, and gave Joseph, who was opposite, no peace till they had shifted sides.

The feelings of the Corsicans were in a condition of irritation and resentment whilst Napoleon was growing up. They felt humiliated. They had fought gallantly for freedom, and had shaken off the yoke that for centuries had galled their shoulders. They had shown before Europe a rare capacity for self-government, and now they writhed under the foreign rule to which they were forced to bend.

The heroism of Paoli, in vested with all the romance with which Southern fancy loves to dress up its idols, had been the household tale the epic upon which the imagination of the child Napoleon had been nursed, and it was attended by muttered curses and vows of revenge against the oppressor. Such impressions produced on the plastic mind of a child are not readily effaced. The rising ambition of Napoleon was kindled by the glory that encircled the form of Paoli. That his father had submitted to the French estranged the boy's heart from him.

Charles Buonaparte, with a swarming family, was desirous of obtaining a free education for some of his children. The Comte de Marbeuf offered a nomination for one of his boys to the Military School at Brienne, which ensured that the education would be gratuitous. A boy, to enter, must be under the age of ten; that was an indispensable qualification. Charles Buonaparte had two sons in 1778, when the offer was made: one, Napoleon, had all the fire, force, and intelligence which made him suitable for a soldier, whereas the other, Joseph, was mild, indolent, and inclined to adopt an ecclesiastical life.

Now we come to the point which throws doubt on the age of Napoleon. Did Charles Buonaparte substitute the elder for the younger son, and send to Brienne his eldest boy, Napoleon, with a certificate that properly applied to the



NAPOLEON AND HIS MOTHER.

From an engraving of the time of the Empire.

birth of his second, Joseph? We shall see, in the sequel, that the manufacture of false certificates was a trick that ran in the family, and the copy of the entry of his birth and baptism as having taken place at Ajaccio, the former in 1769, may have had a like origin; it required nothing to be actually falsified, only to have the name of Joseph omitted, supposing that Joseph had in addition the odd name already given to the elder boy. Owing to the disappearance of the original entries, it is not possible for us to arrive at any certainty in this matter, but it seems as though some such bit of roguery had been played, and that afterwards Napoleon got rid of the evidence which would have convicted his father of having done what was dishonest.

At the same time that Charles Buonaparte accepted the nomination to Brienne for his son, Napoleon, he obtained a situation for Marie Anne in the Convent of Saint Cyr, where young girls of gentle birth were educated at the royal charge.

In 1778, Charles Buonaparte left Corsica for France, taking with him Joseph, who was to be put into an ecclesiastical seminary, under M. de Marbeuf, Bishop of Autun, brother of the Commandant, with his wife's brother, Fesch, who was also to be given a free education at the Seminary of Aix, and with Napoleon, who was to be admitted at Brienne a little later, after having undergone some necessary preparation at Autun, for, as yet, he could not speak a word of French.

The two boys, Joseph and Napoleon, were placed in the school at Autun on the 1st January, 1779, which Napoleon was to leave for Brienne at the beginning of May. The master of the lads' school was the Abbé Chardon. Many years after he wrote his reminiscences of the lads he had instructed.

"Napoleon," said he, "brought to Autun a thoughtful and gloomy character. He had no playmate, and walked about by himself. . . . He had ability, and learned quickly. When I gave him a lesson he fixed his eyes on me, open-mouthed; if I recapitulated what I had said, he paid no further attention. If I scolded him, he answered in a cold, almost imperious tone, 'Sir, I know it.' He was only three months with me, . . . and learned sufficient French to be able to converse freely, and make little themes and translations. . . . Joseph had also abilities. Notwithstanding his inertness for study, he quickly acquired French. . . . He was as amiable and good as his brother was imperious. Joseph's character was gentle, engaging, grateful; he loved his comrades, and protected those who were being teased by others. In him I never saw any germs of ambition.

"One day," says the Abbé, "Napoleon's comrades said that the Corsicans were a set of cowards. Napoleon flashed out of that mixture of phlegm and cold that lies at the base of his character, and replied, that had there been only four to one, Corsica would never have succumbed, but actually they were matched ten to one." Then the Abbé said, to pacify the boy, "Well, you had a good general, Paoli." Napoleon sulkily replied, "Yes, sir, and I would like to resemble him."*

* JUNG, *Bonaparte et son Temps*, 1769-99, Paris, 1880, i. 70; COSTON, *Biographie des premières Années de Napoléon Bonaparte*, Paris, 1840, i. 20.

In the school at Autun, Napoleon remained, according to its still extant registers, till the 12th May, 1779.

“When he left me,” says Joseph, “I shed floods of tears; he dropped but one tear, and tried to conceal it. The Abbé Simon remarked to me thereon, ‘There was more of sorrow at separation in his one tear than in all yours.’”

II

BRIENNE

(MAY 19, 1779—OCTOBER 30, 1784)

NAPOLEON was at once admitted into the Military College, Brienne, 19th May, 1779. This was of recent erection, and was under the superintendence of the Missions of the Order of S. Benedict, and consisted of a hundred and twenty pupils, one half of whom were received free of charge; the others paid for their schooling 700 livres per annum. The free scholars were supported by a lottery. The pupils remained in the school to the age of sixteen, when they were passed on to a school of higher grade.

In his class Bonaparte showed the same intelligence and the same defects of character as at Autun. A foreigner among a number of boys of tastes very different from his own, settling themselves into cliques according to their social position, and the amount of pocket-money they had to spend, he felt his loneliness, and at once resumed his habits of solitude, almost of savagery. Without friends, without money, far from home—farther than when at Autun, for there he had his brother at his side, and he could look in the face of the old Bishop and retrace the features of his kind friend, Count Marbeuf—the boy was thrown in on himself, on his dreams of the future, and his remembrances of the past.

The monks, teachers in this school, were little capable of arousing the minds of their pupils to activity; their methods were antiquated, their knowledge superficial. Not one of them seems to have possessed the faculty of striking fire out of these young intelligences. One might have thought that at least they would have grounded them in the Christian faith; but, if we may judge by Napoleon's knowledge of the rudiments, they had not even this faculty.

The appearance of the young Corsican in the Academy was too remarkable not to attract the attention of both companions and teachers. He spoke French very badly, pronouncing *c* like *g*, and his spelling was execrable. He made friends with none, and was ridiculed for his peculiarities—his big head, his small size, his inordinate leanness, his grammatical blunders, and his bad pronunciation. His name was foreign to French ears, and was pronounced by his school-fellows Na-poil-o-né, which they speedily converted into the nickname "La paille au nez," appropriate to the disdainful manner in which he held up his nose, as though balancing thereon a straw. Most sensitive was he to any aspersion cast on his native isle, and on Paoli, his hero. Bourrienne says:—

"Generally speaking, Bonaparte was not much liked by his comrades at Brienne. He was not social with them, and rarely took part in their amusements. His country's recent submission to France always caused in his mind a painful feeling, which estranged him from his schoolfellows. I, however, was almost his constant companion. During play-hours he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest the works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. He was fond also of Arrian, but did not care much for Quintus Curtius. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.

"The temper of the young Corsican was not improved by the teasing he frequently experienced from his comrades, who were fond of ridiculing him about his Christian name Napoleon, and his country. He often said to me, 'I will do these French all the mischief I can.'"

On the 5th of April, 1780, Napoleon wrote to his father :

"If you or my protectors do not furnish me with the means of supporting myself more honourably in the house where I am, recall me on the spot. I am tired of making a display of my poverty, and of seeing it provoke the smiles of insolent scholars, who are in nothing my betters but in having more money ; there is not one of them who is not far below the noble sentiments that animate me. What ! is your son, sir, to be for ever the butt of certain louts, who, proud of the dainties they afford themselves, insult with their sneers the privations I endure? No, my father, no. If fortune refuse to ameliorate my lot, snatch me away from Brienne and make, if must be, a mechanic of me."

There is something very painful in this cry of wounded pride addressed to a negligent father. One can see the simmering of intense resentment against such as were better off than himself.

As may well be understood, this singular mode of life and his reserved character displeased his masters ; and they attempted to ridicule him out of it, but in vain. The reprimands or irony of his superiors he received in contemptuous silence. No punishment availed. He remained stubborn in following his own devices, and regardless of the opinions of others. Even when his



CONTEMPORARY CRAYON PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE.

By one of his fellow-pupils.*

* This interesting sketch is the first portrait from life taken of Napoleon. On it is written "Mio carissimo Buonaparte, Pontormini, 1785, Tournone." It is now in the possession of M. de Beaudricourt.

comrades degraded him from his position in the cadet corps and deprived him of his distinctions, as unworthy to command a battalion, he showed stolid indifference; at last those who had so degraded him regretted the slight put on him, and restored the honours they had taken from him.

Thenceforth Napoleon retired more completely into his garden, to his books, and brooded over the wrongs of Corsica, and of himself. Only when winter frosts and snows drove him from this retreat did he associate with his fellows in the great play-room; and then, all at once, devised a means of amusement suit-



WINTER GAMES AT BRIENNE.
From a lithograph by Horace Vernet.

able to their position as cadets in a military school, and full of entertainment. He induced his comrades to construct a citadel of snow, and he divided them into a company that should defend the fortress, and another that should besiege it. Napoleon himself conducted the attack on one day and the defence on another. But as soon as winter was over, he retreated again within his latticed enclosure, from which no inducement could draw him forth.

The origin of the young Corsican was a matter of jest among the cadets, who belonged to the best French families. One day an insolent youth threw in his face—"Your father is a contemptible sergeant." He was answered by a challenge, for delivering which Bonaparte was shut up in the school prison. Thence he wrote to his protector, Marbeuf, and entreated his interference.

“Sir,—” he wrote, “I shall never cure myself of my impetuosity, all the more dangerous because I believe the motive sacred. No matter what interest commands, I shall never have the strength of mind to see a man of honour—my father, my respectable father—dragged in the mud! On this matter, sir, I shall always feel too deeply to confine myself to complaining to my superiors; I shall always remain persuaded that a good son ought to avenge such an outrage.”

M. de Marbeuf interfered, and Bonaparte was released.

But the most characteristic letter that has been preserved, belonging to this period, is one addressed to his uncle Fesch, dated the 15th June, 1784.

At school, Napoleon occupied and amused himself with writing a *History of Corsica*, but it was a mere boyish exercise, as he lacked the proper material for such a work; it served, however, as a vent by which his patriotic passion might relieve itself.

Frédéric Masson has some very true words to speak concerning this period, in its effects on the formation of Napoleon's character. After noticing his ardent patriotism, he goes on to say:—

“And if this love of his country furnish an occasion for persecution and a matter for derision, especially if all that recalls home in a child be laid hold of as a pretext for ridicule—his ways, his appearance, his accent; if everything combines in this school-prison to wound his sensibility, to revolt his tastes, to torture that southern bodily frame, transported a hundred leagues to the north, to a climate both cold and damp; if, along with all this, there be within a proud soul which repels pity, and has no intelligible words in which to express its sufferings, what wonder if this child retires into himself, and lives only in thought and dream, refuses to mingle in the games of his comrades, becomes absorbed in solitary labour, and rejects even the directions of the professors, regarding them with a hostile eye?”

And yet, with that ever-present, never-effaced kindness which sweetened the nature of Bonaparte, he never forgot his old teachers and comrades at Brienne when he was able to do them a service. Not one of them, in after years, appealed to him without being received with open arms, and being generously granted a situation with a good income attached to it. The curé who gave him his first Communion, his writing master, the schoolfellows who teased him, even the poor little orphaned daughters of Madame de Loménie, bereaved of their mother on the scaffold—merely because they hailed from Brienne, he thought of, he provided for them all.



BONAPARTE AT BRIENNE.
From a lithograph by Charlet.

In the five years during which Napoleon was in the military academy at Brienne, where he received his education at the King's cost, his mind went through great development, and his character assumed a certain complexion which never was wholly effaced.

He had begun, as quite a child, to contend against hostile elements, and to suffer the galling sense of slight from those immeasurably his inferiors in brain power, because of the accidents of his birth and the straitness of his means. His unbounded self-pride was wounded, and his heart brimmed with bitterness against, and contempt for, mankind. Those with whom he was associated, and who flaunted their birth or their wealth, were poor creatures, popinjays, with whom it was not worth his while to contend.

His inner thoughts and ambitions were all directed towards his home. That was to be the field on which his energies, his abilities, were to come into play. The patriotic heroes of the past, and Paoli, filled his imagination with an ardent longing to follow in their footsteps, and to achieve that which they had attempted, and had failed in effecting.

It was to this end that he took it into his head to enter the navy. It was his desire to equip himself for the marine service at Toulon. His smallness of size favoured his taking service in the fleet rather than in the army. He was slim, short of stature, of a yellowish-green complexion, and his movements were clumsy.

"When at Brienne," says Bourrienne, "Bonaparte was remarkable for the dark colour of his complexion—which subsequently the climate of France somewhat changed, and for his piercing and scrutinising glance."

He was very healthy, and was conscious of a sense of enjoyment of health and robustness of constitution.

That the treatment of his fellow-students soured him was due in a measure to himself. There was in him no frankness, no boyish generosity, such as engages the young. Our fellow-men, after all, are very much in their treatment of us what we are towards them, and the boyish nature is naturally liberal and kindly, and his comrades would readily have forgiven his poverty and broken French, had he received their banter good-humouredly. But, says Bourrienne, "His conversation always bore the tinge of ill-humour, and he was certainly unamiable."

Though best in mathematics, he did not go far in the study. As Carnot informed Lord Brougham, "Bonaparte était un peu mathématicien en sa qualité d'artilleur, mais il n'avait pas approfondi les sciences."*

He left Brienne, having acquired something better than mathematics. As he said of himself at S. Helena, "As for me, Brienne is my native home. It was there that I felt the first impressions of being a man."

And he repaid the poor hospitality which Brienne gave him in his youth; for when he drew up his will in S. Helena, he bequeathed to the town a million francs.

* *Mémoires sur Carnot*, Paris, 1869, ii. 392.

III

THE MILITARY SCHOOL, PARIS

(OCTOBER 30, 1784—OCTOBER 30, 1785)

AT the end of October, 1784,* Napoleon arrived in Paris, there to continue his studies in the newly reorganised Military School. He had left Brienne on the 14th October, but he did not get admitted to the school till the 30th. In Paris the conditions that had been adverse in the preparatory establishment were aggravated tenfold. The Military Schools had caused the Minister, the Comte de S. Germain, much trouble; the youths were arrogant, selfish, and vicious. In their inordinate self-esteem, they made association with them intolerable to boys issuing from the middle or lower class of gentry. The schools had been entirely reshaped, but the result had not proved satisfactory, and the pupils, when they passed into their regiments, carried with them their pretensions and insolence. It was not possible to arrest the evil by any reorganisation of schools, when the root lay in the social prejudices of the homes whence the pupils issued.

There is something infinitely piteous in the aspect of this large-brained imaginative boy, just beginning to feel the expansion of his genius, cooped up among a horde of young aristocrats and wealthy savages, without nobility of soul, stunted intellectually by the prejudices of their caste, and void of Christian generosity. S. Theresa once said that her idea of Hell was looking throughout eternity at a blank wall. The dulness, the monotony of the outlook drove the interests inward, where they preyed on one another. Napoleon was thus set round—walled in with stupidity and inordinate class vanities. He had not the power to break out, and consequently suffered tortures. What are the agonies that the Chinese girl has to endure when her feet are tied up, and made to grow distorted, toe into toe, and the bones into hideous distortion? In her pain, unquestionably she is terrible to her sisters; and if we find Napoleon disagreeable, captious, surly, at this period of his life, it was due to his brain being thus compressed. In a proper sphere, where space had been given him for the healthy development of his powers, he would have been sweet and gracious, but that he could not be under the untoward circumstances that surrounded him.

* It is usually asserted that he arrived in Paris on the 19th October. In his *Époques de ma Vie* he writes, "Parti pour l'école de Paris le 30 Octobre, 1784." See also MASSON, *Napoléon Inconnu*, i. p. 87.

Bonaparte was a free scholar, and those whose parents paid for their education looked down on the *boursiers*. He was also very short of funds. His father, still struggling to recover the Odone estate from the Jesuits, was in the depth of difficulties, and to aggravate his distress, began to suffer from his internal malady. To add a climax to the family embarrassments, Jerome was born in November, two months after Napoleon had come to Paris. In the beginning of 1785, Charles Buonaparte went to Montpellier to seek advice on his malady; there he became worse rapidly, and died on February 24th, kindly attended to by Madame Permon, his wife's great friend, and mother of Laura, afterwards Madame Junot, then Duchess of Abrantes, to whose memoirs we owe so much. Charles Buonaparte, a victim to the unscrupulousness and greed of the Jesuits, had been driven into antagonism, not only to this order, but to Christianity itself, which it parodied. But when death approached, he turned to the ministrations of religion. "Hitherto, he had been anything but devout; he had amused himself with some anti-religious poems, but now he could not find priests enough in Montpellier to satisfy him."*

The blow to the family was terrible. It at once ruined all Joseph's prospects, and he returned from his school at Aix with Uncle Fesch, and rejoined his mother. Lucien was now at Brienne, and Madame Lætitia, with hardly any means at her disposal, had four children to support; Louis, Pauline, Caroline, and Jerome.

We have not many authorities to which to look for an account of Napoleon during this Parisian stage of his career; indeed, we have but one, and that one is open to grave objection. Madame Junot was at this period quite a child; moreover, it is not possible to reconcile dates so as to allow for her knowledge of Napoleon in Paris at this period. It was in the house of Madame, her mother, that Charles Buonaparte died, on February 24th, 1785. Mme. Junot says that Napoleon had been a year at school before she and her mother had arrived in Paris. Consequently, it can hardly have been much before September, 1785, that the Permons arrived in the capital, and Napoleon left Paris on the 30th of the next month. According to the lively writer of the *Mémoires*, Buonaparte frequently visited her mother, and went with her to see his sister at Saint Cyr, and he spent a week in their house.

Mme. Junot's account is so interesting and so obviously a genuine reminiscence, that part of it shall be quoted:—

"My mother's first care on arriving in Paris was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the Military School of Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year. My uncle, Demetrius, had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town; 'and truly,' said my uncle, 'he had all the appearance of a raw importation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping and staring at everything he saw.

* *Mémorial*, ed. London, 1823, i. 118; AN TOMMARCHI, i. 259. On the other hand, Las Cases says, "At the moment of death he was angered against Fesch, who, already a priest, had come in surplice and stole to assist him in his last moments. He entreated him to suffer him to die in peace." But he had as confessor, the Abbé Pradier, and received the last sacraments from the Abbé Coustou, curate of S. Denis, at Montpellier.

He would have been an excellent subject for sharpeners, if he had had anything worth taking.' My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though he was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a coffee-house. He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. 'I fear,' added he, 'that this young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me, he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the Military School.'

"A few days afterwards my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observation, even if made in his favour, and I am convinced that it is to this incontrollable irritability that he owed his reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood, and sullen in his youth. My father, who was acquainted with almost all the heads of the military school, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect right), Napoleon spent once a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the *Quai Conti*, I cannot help looking up at a garret-window at the left angle of the house, on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it. The two young men were nearly of the same age; my brother perhaps had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte; but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection. This repellent conduct on the part of Napoleon was most offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper and the amenity and grace of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his talents. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavoured to discover the cause. 'I believe,' said Albert one day to my mother, 'that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation.' 'But,' exclaimed my mother, 'his situation is not dependent; and I trust you have not made him feel that he is not quite at home while he stays here.'

"'Albert is wrong in this matter,' said my father, who happened to be present. 'Napoleon suffers on account of his pride, but it is a pride not to be censured. He knows you; he knows, too, that your family and his are, in Corsica, equal with regard to fortune. He is the son of Lætitia Bonaparte, and Albert is yours. I believe that you are in a measure related; now he cannot easily reconcile all this with the difference in the education he receives gratis in the Military School, separated from his family, and deprived of those attentions which he sees are lavishly bestowed upon our children.' 'But you are describing envy, not pride,' replied my mother. 'No, there is a great difference between envy and the feelings by which this young man is disturbed; and I fancy I know the human heart well enough to understand the working of his. He suffers, and perhaps more keenly in our house than elsewhere.'

"I am convinced that Napoleon long retained the recollections of the painful humiliation he had suffered at the Military School of Paris. He certainly was no favourite there. Several of the heads of the establishment, who were acquainted with my father, assured him that young Napoleon Bonaparte possessed a temper which it was not possible to render sociable. He was dissatisfied with everything, and expressed his dissatisfaction in a way that could not but be disagreeable to his elders, who regarded him as an ill-tempered wrong-headed youth. His conduct accelerated his departure from the college: his removal was unanimously urged. He obtained a sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery, and he went to Grenoble, Valence, Auxerre, &c., before he returned to Paris.

“Previous to his departure, he came to pass some time at our house. My sister was then at her convent, but she frequently came home while Napoleon was with us. I well recollect that on the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as vain as young men are on such occasions. There was one part of his dress that presented a very ludicrous appearance—his boots. They were so high and wide that his little thin legs seemed buried in their amplitude. Young people are always ready to observe anything ridiculous; as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room, we burst into a fit of laughter. At that early age, as well as in after life, Bonaparte could not relish a joke; and when now he found himself the object of mirth, he grew very angry. My sister, who was some years older than myself, told him that since he wore a sword, he should be gallant to ladies, and instead of being irritated should bear their jokes good-humouredly. ‘You!—you are nothing but a child—a little *pensionnaire*,’ said Napoleon in a tone of contempt. Cecile, who was twelve or thirteen years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by replying to Bonaparte, ‘And you are nothing but a Puss-in-Boots.’

“This excited a general laugh among all present, except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had sufficient tact to perceive that he had best be silent when personalities were introduced, and his adversary was a woman.

“Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it; and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject, he got a little toy made, and gave it as a present to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, in the character of a footman running before the carriage of the Marquis de Carabas. It was very well made, and must have been rather expensive to him, considering his straitened finances. He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale of ‘Puss in Boots,’ which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as a token of his remembrance. ‘O, Napoleon,’ said my mother, ‘if you had merely given the toy to Loulou, it would have been all very well; but the tale for Cecile shows that you are still offended with her.’ He gave his word to the contrary; but I think, with my mother, that some feeling of resentment was still rankling in his mind.”

At the Military College in Paris, Bonaparte met and quarrelled with Philippeaux, who was two years older than himself, and was also his senior in the school. A mutual antipathy took possession of their breasts, and the serjeant-major placed himself between them in class to impose quiet on them, but came in for kicks from both, aimed under the table at each other. Why they hated each other is not known. It was Philippeaux who at Acre arrested Napoleon in his march through Syria, and forced him to retire. Had he not been carried off by the plague two days after, he would have pursued his old school adversary, and have possibly destroyed his army, and cut short his career.

We can see in Napoleon’s character at this period an intensification of discontent; his mind was less turned to the emancipation of his country than to his own grievances. That he was in a false position, a poor lad put among rich youths, made him bitter at heart against those who were prosperous. Although M. de Permon would not allow that what soured his temper was envy, there can be little question that such was the passion that gnawed at his heart. Pride

there was, justifiable, because he was aware of his abilities; but a noble pride that bore itself with dignity it was not. Yet in his pain, and humiliation, and poverty, would it not be expecting the heroism of a Christian to look for other conduct? And of Christianity the narrow and dull monks at Brienne had taught him almost nothing.

M. de Marbeuf, his patron, was in failing health; Bonaparte was a needy subaltern on £30 a year, with £5 lodging money, and £8 as a royal bounty accorded him as an old pupil of Brienne. In the ordinary course of events, he would become a captain after fifteen years' service, and after another fifteen might look to retire on a modest pension. A poor prospect to one who felt in himself ambition to be a hero. In his seared heart, oppressed with the dulness of the outlook, all the elements were gathered to kindle into a conflagration that would destroy the existing *régime*, so as to bare a path black with ashes, over which he might make for himself a career to something great—he knew not what.

IV

THE ARTILLERY LIEUTENANT

(OCTOBER 30, 1785—SEPTEMBER 15, 1786)

ON October 30th, 1785, Napoleon left Paris for his regiment of La Fère, then quartered at Valence. When there, he would have to remain three



THE ARTILLERY LIEUTENANT.
From an ideal portrait by Philippoteaux.

months before receiving his patent as Sub-lieutenant of Artillery. To reach his destination was an expense he could not meet, save by walking from Lyons.

The prospect before the young man was not very promising—after fifteen years to become a captain, and after fifteen more to retire with the Cross of St. Louis. But the present offered, at all events, the charm of novelty. He would be his own master, living in his own hired lodgings, feeding and clothing himself—all on about £45 in English money.

On reaching Valence he looked out a modest lodging, and found a room in the house of an old Mademoiselle Bou, and he went for his meals to the tavern of the "Three

Pigeons." He subscribed to a library, and settled down to his books.

It would be hard to find in France a duller city than that in which Napoleon was quartered. It lies on the left bank of the Rhone, that flows broad and turbid between the arches of the bridge connecting it with the village of S.

Peray, dominated by a bold scarp of sandstone cliff on which stands the Castle of Crussol.

The left bank, on which lies Valence, is flat and uninteresting; the houses, constructed and carved in sandstone, are crumbling to decay. The cathedral is ancient, inconsiderable, and unfinished. There was but one thing that could attract the interest of Napoleon in this dreary, sleepy place, a miniature fortress erected by Vauban on the further bank of the Rhone, with bastions, curtains, glacis, portcullis, and that is but a toy, which he would look at, curl his lip, and never visit again.



BONAPARTE AT VALENCE.
From a painting by F. Flameng.

Having in Valence nothing to interest him, not inclined to be a garrison officer, beating the pavement to kill time, to use the expression employed to Fesch, he turned to books. And in books he found food to kindle his discontent to a flame, and excite him to great actions—of destruction first, before he came to construction.

The age was one of political, religious, and social ferment. The writings of Voltaire, Montesquieu, the Encyclopedists, the Abbé Raynal, and of Rousseau, were in all hands, and republican opinions wafted across the Atlantic on the wings of the western breeze, were inhaled by all lungs, eager for a regeneration of the decrepit old world. The daughters of France longed, like those of Pelias, to cut up their father, cast him into the cauldron of revolution, in hopes of seeing him arise in rejuvenescence. It was a period of political experiments.

For some time those about the Throne had seen that the State was worm-eaten, that even if the growing debt were wiped away, it would not be possible to stifle the discontent that spoke through a thousand mouths. The rich, the noble, the cultured, scoffed at religion and belauded liberty, and jested over the scandals that should have made them blush. What was bandied about at table in the salon, was carried by the servants to the kitchen, became the one topic of the coffee-houses. The attempts at reform made by Turgot and Necker were not sufficiently drastic; or were too ill-supported to postpone the day of account; or served no other purpose than to reveal the weakness of the props that maintained the tottering edifice. As the day of the dissolution of all things drew nigh, parties became accentuated. Those who would lose by change clung desperately to their privileges and benefices. Those who had nothing to lose, were busy making pockets in which to stow the plunder that would soon be theirs. A few noble spirits saw that change of a very radical description must ensue, and hoped to carry it through without bloodshed, and to renovate the State without a preliminary stage of anarchy.

The cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, had spread, and the heavens were black with wind and rain.

In the heart of Napoleon, in epitome, were gathered—the general discontent, the desire for change, envy and hatred of the successful, impatience to acquire by force what had belonged to others by right of birth. Through a volcanic upheaval and a rending of the social strata alone could such hope be realised.

It was one of the limitations of Napoleon's genius, that it could only find scope on a clear field. His mental force and fertility lay in the planning and executing of structures complete in themselves; he could not adapt what he found, and he could no more carry out the plans of another than he could entrust his own to the execution of another. Had not the conflagration of the Revolution cleared the ground, his genius would have died within him, undeveloped.

At Brienne, whilst still a child, Napoleon's favourite study had been Cæsar's *Gallic Wars* and Plutarch's *Lives*. In the pages of Cæsar he had read of the great Gallic heroes who had succumbed before the invader—Vercingetorix, Lucterius, and Drappes—and had compared them with his Corsican heroes—Sampiero, Gaffieri, and Paoli. The pen of Plutarch had described great men, actuated by the noblest passions, carving out their destinies with their swords. These were all food for a boy's enthusiastic and combustible imagination. Now that Napoleon had reached the threshold of manhood, he examined into the causes of the evils that abounded, dug to the roots of the weeds that occupied the field and smothered the good grain.

Three manuscripts of Napoleon, belonging to this period, have been preserved. One, written on the anniversary of the birth of Paoli, 26th April, 1786, is a rodomontade, full of patriotism, and very youthful in style. Here is a passage from it:—

“You modern effeminate, who nearly all languish in soft slavery, these heroes are too exalted above your cowardly souls. Consider the picture of the

young Leonardo, martyr to his country and to paternal love. What manner of death closed thy heroic career in the spring of thy years? A cord. Ye mountaineers, who hath troubled your happiness? Ye peaceable and virtuous men whose days flowed smoothly in the bosom of your country, what barbarian tyrant has destroyed your habitations?"— and so on. A tirade against the French invaders of Corsica.

Another composition of this period is a refutation of one Antoine Jacques Roustan, an evangelical pastor, who had criticised the works of Rousseau. This is dated "9th May, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon." It is a confused, abusive, savage philippic.

*Je suis très humble
Bonaparte fils
cadet gentilhomme
à l'école royale militaire de
Paris.*

SIGNATURE OF BONAPARTE IN 1785.

"Votré très humble Buonaparte fils cadet gentilhomme à l'école royale militaire de Paris."

On the 3rd of May, he wrote a curious monologue, of which some paragraphs deserve quotation:—

"Always alone in the midst of men, I come home to dream in solitude, and to deliver myself up to my melancholy in all its acuteness. At the dawn of my life I had some hopes of living long. For six or seven years I have been away from my country. What pleasures would I not feel at the end of four months, if I could see again my compatriots and my kinsfolk! Judging by the tender sensations produced by the remembrance of the pleasures of childhood, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? What madness, then, drives me to seek self-destruction? As one must die—why not kill oneself? If I were more than sixty years old, I would respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and wait in patience till Nature had finished her course, but as I begin to feel misfortunes, and that nothing pleases me, why should I endure days void of prosperity? How cowardly, vile, grovelling, men are! What shall I see when I reach home? My compatriots charged with chains, yet kissing the hand that oppresses them. They are no longer the brave Corsicans whom a hero animated by his virtues, foes to tyrants, to luxury, to vile courtiers. . . . Frenchmen! not content with having taken from us that liberty we cherished, you have also corrupted our morals. The picture of my country as it is, and my inability to change it, are a new motive to make me fly from an earth where I am forced by my duty to praise those men whom Virtue bids me hate. When the fate of one's country is sealed, the good citizen should die.

"If I had but one man to destroy in order to deliver my compatriots, I would start to accomplish that work at once. I would plunge the avenging sword of my country, and of violated laws, in the bosom of the tyrant. Life is a burden to me, because I can taste no pleasure, and all is pain to me. It is a

burden to me, because the men among whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as distinct from mine as the brightness of the moon differs from that of the sun. I cannot accordingly live in the sole manner which can make life supportable, whence it is that I feel disgust at everything."

Here we have the same passionate devotion to Corsica, the same hatred of France, a craving after pleasures that are beyond his reach, vanity, and desire to strike an attitude before his fellow-citizens: strange phantasmagoria arising, some of which were to govern him till he had accomplished more than the wildest of his dreams had pictured. On the 20th September, the Comte de Marbeuf, the constant patron of Napoleon, died at Bastia, and the family affairs of the Bonapartes assumed a gloomy aspect. Napoleon's great-uncle, Lucien, who had acted as guardian of the family, had fallen dangerously ill, and the steward of Madame Lætitia's little property refused to pay the rents for 1786. In most Lives of Napoleon, it is asserted that he went with his regiment, 21st September, to Douai, but this is impossible, as in his *Époques de ma Vie* he notes, "Left Valence for my holiday at Ajaccio, on the 1st September, 1786."

Just before leaving for his home, to take the holiday to which he was entitled, he was sent with his regiment to Lyons to quell a disturbance there, but this was on the 12th August, and he cannot have remained long in the place. Indeed, when the regiment arrived, the need for it had ceased. Lyons had returned to quietude. If we wish to understand the mind of Napoleon when at Valence, we cannot do better than read the three compositions he produced at this period, and if we desire to describe him at this time, we cannot do so more concisely than in the words of M. Masson: "La Corse et Rousseau, voilà tout le Bonaparte de 86."

V

A HOLIDAY

(SEPTEMBER 15, 1786—JUNE 1, 1788)

NAPOLEON had received permission to return home on furlough, from the first day of September, 1786, for nine months. He reached home on the 15th of the month. His mother had not seen him for seven years and nine months. He had left her a child, he returned a man. The fractious, violent-tempered child had become a young officer, with a large head, powdered hair, with a keen eye into which fire leaped when the name of Paoli was mentioned, but which melted into inexpressible gentleness at the sight of his mother and brothers and sisters, and the delicate mouth wreathed into the sweetest and most winning of smiles. He spoke in short sentences, except when haranguing, and then he involved himself in wonderful periods of bombast and extravagant sentiment. He was the first Corsican who had passed through the Military Schools and donned the King's livery; and he strutted in self-consciousness before his former comrades who had romped with him in the streets and played at knuckle-bones on the church steps.

Joseph was without situation, Lucien was at Brienne, but sick of military routine, and desiring to enter a seminary and submit to the still more severe routine that would fit him to become a priest. Elise (Marianne) was at school with the nuns at S. Cyr. Louis was nine years old. Pauline, a coquettish, lively little girl, nearly seven. Caroline, a tall girl, with a strong will and dogged temper, was five, and Jerome, the pet of the family, was a child of three.

Great-uncle Lucien, laid up with gout, could not attend to the affairs of the family, and Uncle Fesch, the abbé, was the confidant of all these little people, a good-natured, irresolute man with very little brains. Under these circumstances, the firm conduct of Napoleon was necessary; all the money concerns of the family were at sixes and sevens, the steward complained that rents were in arrear, and that the years had been so bad that there was nothing to be raised. Mother Lætitia did not know how to add up a column in the accounts, and Uncle Lucien could not hobble out to see whether the statements of the steward were true. Joseph Fesch was so amiable, that he was talked over by anyone who took the trouble to befool him. Napoleon was somewhat disconcerted to find that the Ajaccians had lost their enthusiasm for Paoli, or had

laid it aside, and were disposed to reap what advantages they could from the French occupation; the gouty uncle alone in the family retained his old patriotic fire, and, in the furies of pain, stormed against the Gallic conquerors. To him Napoleon went, and read over the pages of his Corsican History—a work which contained no original material, was enriched by no study of the national archives, which contained a ha'porth of fact to an intolerable amount of windy declamation. As to the Signora Lætitia, she knew how to keep him in wholesome fear of herself. To this period belongs an extraordinary story, told by Napoleon himself, extraordinary only because of the period to which it belongs, when he was, if born as asserted, seventeen years old. One day he and his little sister Pauline mimicked their grandmother, who was walking down the street before them. She turned, saw what they were doing, and at once went to their mother and complained. Madame Lætitia held strict views as to the respect due to elders, and as Pauline was young and her skirts were short, she made short work with her, and sent the child tingling and crying to bed. She then sought to administer the same chastisement to her officer son. But his military accoutrements and garments presented an obstacle, and Napoleon would not meet her desire half-way by accommodating himself to receive the chastisement.

So the day passed, and the night, and Napoleon, on the morrow, believed the matter was at an end, especially as his mother made no further allusions to it. But, towards evening, Signora Lætitia addressed him: "Quick, Napoleon! You are invited to dine with the Governor." The young lieutenant, delighted, ran upstairs to his room, and divested himself of his everyday garments. His mother seized the opportunity, rushed in, shut the door, and administered the deserved punishment with the flat of her hand. Napoleon told this story in Elba, and it is not possible to accommodate it to any earlier year.

His leave of absence terminated on the 16th May, but he procured medical certificates that he was in a delicate condition of health, and asked for a prolongation of his furlough, and this was granted for five months—to the 1st November.

As he was anxious to obtain some favour for his mother from Government, Bonaparte embarked, on September 12th, 1787, with the intention of going to Paris, and he reached the capital in October.

He applied for a further extension of his leave, and, without having succeeded in gaining what he had sought in Paris, he returned to Corsica, which he reached on the first day of the year 1788, where he found his mother in such difficulties that she could not even keep a servant, and had to do everything in the house, and for her four children under age, with her own hands. Joseph was away at Pisa. Napoleon remained in Corsica till the 1st June, 1788.

Whilst at Ajaccio, Napoleon associated with the French officers quartered there; and one of them, M. de Renain, has left an interesting notice of him at this period of his life.*

* *Souvenirs d'un Officier Royaliste*, par M. de R., p. 117.

“In 1788, M. Buonaparte, lately appointed lieutenant of artillery, arrived in Corsica on his furlough. He was our comrade, and he often dined with us, with one after another. He was younger than myself. He entered the corps two years after me. I do not recollect his personal appearance at all, still less his character, and his manner was so dry and sententious for his age, and for a French officer, that I never thought of making a friend of him. My knowledge was too limited with regard to ancient and modern governments, for me to be able to discuss with him such matters, which formed the staple of his conversation. Moreover, when he dined with me in my turn, which happened four or five times in the year, I went off after the meal to the café, and left him at loggerheads with one of our captains, much more capable of defending himself against this doughty champion than myself. My comrades, like myself, lost patience with what we considered ridiculous stuff and pedantry. Nor did we concern ourselves with his dictatorial tone, till one day, when in the heat of argument over the rights of nations in general, and his own in particular, he launched out with such vehemence that we fell into amazement, especially when he was speaking of the (Corsican) States Assembly, which it was proposed to convoke, but which M. de Barrin endeavoured to delay, he broke out with the remark that it was a surprising thing that M. de Barrin should dream of depriving them of their liberty to discuss their own affairs, and then in a menacing tone he added, ‘M. de Barrin does not know the Corsicans. He will come to see of what they are capable.’ This sentiment thus escaping him gave us an insight into his mind. One of our comrades replied sharply, ‘And pray, would you employ your sword against the representatives of the King?’ To this he made no answer. We parted with coolness, and this was the last time he did me the honour of dining with me.”

It was high time for him to return to his regiment. He had the pleasure of seeing his brother Joseph, who returned from Italy, and on the 1st June Napoleon departed for Auxonne, where his regiment had been in garrison since the preceding December.

VI

AUXONNE

(JUNE, 1788—SEPTEMBER 15, 1789)

AMONG the papers of Napoleon relating to the period of his holiday in Corsica, is a scheme, drawn up with his own hand, for obtaining prolongation of furlough. It is entitled, "The manner in which to get a holiday," and begins:—

"When one is enjoying one's vacation, and desires to obtain a summer extension, on the plea of health, it is necessary to get a doctor and a surgeon to draw up some sort of certificate, before the time designed, to state that your health does not admit of your rejoining your regiment. Remember that this must be on stamped paper, and that it must be countersigned by the judge and the commandant of the place; and then you must address the Minister of War in the following manner," &c.

As the sequel will show, there never seems to have been any difficulty in Corsica to obtain any sort of certificate that was desired. The Buonaparte family had relatives in office and in medicine ever willing to oblige a kinsman.

At Auxonne, when Napoleon rejoined his regiment after a vacation of one year, eight months and a half, he was lodged in the barracks. His regiment was commanded by Du Teil, who played an important part in the military life of Napoleon, and whom he remembered in his will.

At Auxonne he schemed a work on "Royal Authority," and of this the proposed programme was as follows:—

"The work will open with some general ideas on the origin and growth of the right of King in the minds of men. Military government favours it. The work will then enter into details on the usurped authority enjoyed by the Kings in the twelve realms of Europe. There are very few Kings who do not deserve to be dethroned."

When we consider that this was the undertaking of a young officer of nineteen, who had been brought up, fed, and clothed at the King's expense, was serving in a royal regiment, and under oath of allegiance to him—that, moreover, at this very time, his brother Lucien and his sister Marianne were being maintained by the royal bounty, and that his mother was applying for the same privileges for her son Louis—the thesis implies a considerable amount of moral

blindness and ingratitude. However, this work was never carried out to completion, it remained in sketch only.

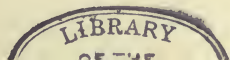
Now was the eventful moment of the meeting of the States General, of the oath taken in the Tennis Court at Versailles, rapidly followed by the union of the nobility and the clergy with the Tiers État, the taking of the Bastille, the flight of the Princes, the nomination of Bailly to be Mayor of Paris, the formation of the National Guard under Lafayette, the adoption of the Tricolor, and the famous night of the 4th August, the *Saint-Barthélemy des privilèges*. All these events succeeded each other in less than six weeks.

What was taking place in Paris created great excitement in Auxonne. Napoleon did not associate with his fellow-officers, but with citizens opposed to the Court, and desirous of putting an end to all privilege, and with them poured forth the resentment of his soul, bred by the slights to which he had been subjected. He became ill. He wrote to his mother: "I have here no other resource save work. I dress myself only once a week, and since I was ill I sleep very little. This is really dreadful. I go to bed at ten only, and am up again at four in the morning. I take but one meal a day—at three. That suits my health." Nevertheless, what with the excitement into which he was thrown, and his low diet, he had a relapse of low fever, and he applied for another leave of absence, which was granted him, from the 15th of September, 1789, to the 15th March, 1790. Before he left, however, disturbances broke out at Auxonne, both in the town among the rabble, and among the garrison.

The mob rose on July 19th and 20th, and wrecked the houses of the tax-gatherers, broke down the toll-bars and destroyed the toll-houses. The strong-boxes of the tax-gatherers were plundered and their account books torn up. The military looked on with indifference or secret sympathy. On the 16th August, insubordination showed itself in the regiment of La Fère itself. The soldiers surrounded the house of the Colonel, and demanded the payment into their own hands of the money paid by the Government for their food, which was managed by a committee of officers, who published no account of their receipts and expenses, and the soldiers believed that some of the money was embezzled. The Colonel was constrained to borrow of the merchants in the town the sum demanded, and satisfy the insurgents, who drank what they had received, and reeled about the streets insulting and molesting all who passed, roared "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and then fell drunk into the gutters.

During the year and three months spent at Auxonne, Bonaparte must have worked very hard, as a great mass of MSS. remains to testify to the amount of his reading and to the activity of his pen at that time. As to the passion that animated him—it was patriotism for the little island in which he was born.

"He undertook to write its history," says Masson, "not to win academic glory, nor to gain some favour by a flattering dedication to a Minister, but because he desired to brand with hot iron the oppressors of his country. What he desired to write was the apology for his nation, and to fling a pamphlet in the face of their conquerors. All the history piled up by him has no other end but to show that his nation was ever free, and deserved to become so once more.



His object was to show his compatriots what they were, and what they ought to be; to call the attention of philosophers and writers to this little corner of the earth, one moment famous, and then forgotten." And again, "French at heart he was not. How could he be? Everything in him was Corsican. He thought of, dreamed of Corsica, and of that alone. He had for that isle the passion of an exiled child, thrown in on itself, who communicates its secret to none, and who sometimes dies of this great and terrible love."

His literary work whilst at Auxonne took three directions. First, he laboured hard at the principles of artillery, at the history of ordnance, and on methods of using cannon and bombs to best advantage; on all these subjects he collected information and wrote.

Secondly, he studied history greedily, and jotted down notes upon it, and on geography in relation to history.

Thirdly, and mainly, he devoted himself to the *History of Corsica*.

There can hardly be a doubt entertained that he regarded himself as a hostage for Corsica in France, and that the energy with which he occupied himself with matters concerning his profession, was in the hope that the day would come when he would be able to point his cannon against France.

VII

AJACCIO AND BASTIA

(SEPTEMBER 30, 1789—JANUARY 31, 1791)

THE tremendous agitation that shook France had scarcely rippled the smooth surface of life in Corsica. In the island there subsisted none of the grievances of the old *régime*. Those who esteemed themselves to be nobles had no privileges worth consideration, and hardly cared to protest that they were other than commoners. There was but a single wrong under which the Corsicans groaned, and that was the French domination. There was difference of opinion in the island—one party desired the entire liberation of the island, and looked to Paoli as its head; the other, under the disreputable attorney Salicetti, aimed at retention of the union with France, mainly as it opened to them a wider field than the little island for making themselves careers, and, what they desired most of all, fortunes.

Salicetti was the delegate, along with Colonna, for the Third Estate in Corsica at the National Assembly, and Buttafuoco and Peretti were delegates for the nobility and clergy. Arena, an attorney who had embezzled thirty thousand livres from the public treasury, was another; a more respectable leader was Pozzo di Borgo, a man of substance and position at Ajaccio.

Paoli was still in London, along with other of the patriots who had resisted the annexation of their country by France. To him Napoleon had written from Auxonne on June 12th, a letter full of enthusiasm.

“GENERAL,—You left our island, and with you disappeared the hope of happiness; slavery was the price of our submission. Overwhelmed by the triple chain of the soldier, the legist, and the tax-gatherer, our compatriots beheld themselves despised—despised by those who have got the administration into their hands. Is not this the worst torture that a man of feeling can endure? Did the unhappy Peruvians, when submitting to the sword of the rapacious Spaniard, endure greater disgrace? Traitors to this country, sordid souls, corrupted by base love of gain, have circulated calumnies against the National Government and against your person, in order to justify themselves. When I read these my blood boiled, and I am resolved to disperse these vapours, these children of ignorance. A long-continued study of the French language, much study and observation, enable me to hope that I may be successful.” Then he went on to offer his services as advocate with his pen for the cause of Paoli.

From London, Paoli wrote encouragingly to the Corsicans, but warned them that it was in vain for them to think of entire liberation from France, for that would certainly entail their falling under the iron sway of their old tormentors—the Genoese; and he proposed that the island should be constituted a Republic, governed by its own laws under the protection of France. But this suggestion approved itself neither to Salicetti nor to Bonaparte. To the former it did not promise sufficient opportunity for the exercise of his restless and rapacious ambition; to the latter, it conceded too much to the arch-enemy, France. No sooner was Napoleon in Ajaccio than he began to agitate, and almost at once the town, which hitherto had been tranquil, was thrown into ferment. He formed a Revolutionary Committee—one of those terrible hotbeds of riot, rapine, and murder—he introduced the Revolution, and began, unauthorised, to organise a National Guard.

The French commandant De Barrin, and the patriot Gaffieri, sent troops to Ajaccio, and disarmed the populace. Napoleon and his revolutionary friends were reduced to sending an appeal to the National Assembly at Paris. He had associated with himself his great-uncle, Lucien Bonaparte; also Fesch, his mother's half-brother; they drew up the memorial, which is dated Ajaccio, October 31, 1789.

But Bonaparte was not the man to submit. Bastia, and not Ajaccio, was the capital, and there the decisive blow must be struck. He hastened thither, and proceeded to distribute among the citizen patriots tricolored cockades, which he had ordered from Leghorn. Then he headed a deputation to the Governor, and demanded that he should adopt the national cockade. De Barrin refused, a riot broke out, and he was constrained to yield.

This first success emboldened Napoleon to attempt another stroke. Whilst launching on De Barrin one deputation after another, to insist on his authorising the assembly of the Militia, he took every step to form the National Guard, without the French Governor having any idea of his design. De Barrin refused his consent to the demands of the deputations, and then suddenly one morning was surprised to see the streets full of the patriots of Bastia fully armed, and marching to the church of S. Giovanni to be enrolled. The Governor called out the garrison, and ordered the cannons of the citadel to be pointed on "those beggars of Italians who were setting him at defiance," and companies of cuirassiers and grenadiers marched upon the church; whereupon Napoleon's newly-formed body of Militia issued from the building. Shots were fired; two French soldiers were killed, two wounded, an officer received a bullet in his groin. On the other side several Bastians, among them two children, were wounded.

M. de Barrin now hurried to the scene, and was so intimidated that he consented to whatever was demanded; he even signed an order to the Commandant of Artillery in the citadel to deliver up six hundred guns to the self-constituted National Guard. The officers in command of the fortress hesitated to obey, whereupon the Bastians broke in, pillaged the citadel, armed themselves, and insisted that they should garrison the fortress concurrently with the French soldiers. When tranquillity was restored, the Governor ordered Napoleon to

leave Bastia, and this he did; not a little uncertain how his high-handed conduct would be regarded by the National Assembly and by his military superiors.* A letter was at once drawn up by some of his party at Bastia to the Deputies Salicetti and Colonna, describing the events, and putting their own colour on them.

When the position of Corsica came under discussion in the National Assembly, a decree of incorporation with France was pronounced on November 30th, mainly through the instrumentality of Mirabeau. It was couched in these terms :—

“The Island of Corsica is declared a portion of the French empire; its inhabitants shall be governed by the same constitution as are other Frenchmen, and from this present the King is requested to forward the decrees of the National Assembly to the Isle of Corsica.”

As along with this an amnesty was granted to such as had taken part in the war of freedom, Paoli left London and hastened home, his heart full of thankfulness and anticipations of a reign of justice and peace.

The decree of the 30th November greatly modified Paoli's views. It granted to Corsica all that he desired for her; but this moderate opinion was not shared by Napoleon Bonaparte, who still aimed at the complete detachment of Corsica from France.

On his return to Ajaccio, Bonaparte was actively engaged in organising the Municipal Guard there, as at Bastia, and with some anxiety he awaited tidings as to the manner in which the Assembly had received the news of his high-handed proceedings at Bastia. Happily for him, the Assembly was too fully engaged with other matters to concern itself about the vagaries of an Artillery Lieutenant.

Shortly after his return, the new Municipal Council was elected, and to it his brother Joseph had been appointed Secretary. The Mayor, Jean Jerome Levie, was entirely of Bonaparte's way of thinking.

Supported by the Common Council, Napoleon now endeavoured to effect the expulsion of all the French officials from Ajaccio, and having stirred up a riot, he succeeded in arresting and imprisoning three of them, one a major of the artillery.†

The military occupied the citadel, and attempts were made, but in vain, to obtain their co-operation. M. de la Ferandière, the Governor, threatened to fire on the town unless the officers were released. Napoleon was in favour of resistance, and of attacking the citadel, but the Municipality, cowed by the determined attitude of the Governor, merely protested.

That Napoleon kept his eye on the citadel as commanding Ajaccio, and, perhaps, also the whole island, the sequel will show. It was certainly an astounding piece of effrontery for a young lieutenant on sick leave, wearing the

* The authority for this is DE RENAIN, *Souvenirs d'un Officier Royaliste*. Paris, 1824, ii. 45.

† Näsica endeavours to clear Napoleon of having been the instigator, but see on this BÖHTLINGK, *Napoleon Bonaparte seine Jugend u. sein Emporkommen*. Jean, 1877, p. 145 seq.

royal uniform, to arrest his superior officers, and attempt to storm a citadel held by the troops of his King.

In autumn, 1790, an election took place at the Convent of Orezza, to choose the departmental and district councils. Napoleon went to Orezza along with Joseph, his brother, and whilst the latter was admiring the beautiful mountain scenery through which they passed, the eye and mind of Napoleon, as his brother Joseph tells us in his *Memoirs*, were engaged in noting the strategic advantages offered by the country, no doubt with a view to the great war of emancipation from France which he had at heart.

At Orezza, the veteran Paoli was unanimously elected President, and Salicetti Procureur Syndic Général. Napoleon himself did not seek office; he occupied the time that the electors spent at Orezza, in going about among the mountaineers to gain their confidence, to cast among them hopes of emancipation, and to lay the foundations of military organisation.

On his return to Ajaccio, Napoleon set to work upon a violent diatribe against Buttafuoco, the representative of the nobility of the National Assembly. He was already becoming alienated from Paoli, whose prudence and moderation he supposed as due to senility.

His leave of absence was up on the 15th of October, 1790. He had obtained a prolongation of this leave on the plea that his "shattered health necessitated his taking a course of the waters of Orezza." It is needless to say that these waters had not been drunk by him, he had been otherwise engaged,—stirring up revolution, drilling the guard he had raised, and attempting to get hold of the citadel of his native town; acts not consistent with a condition of "shattered health." He had found a medical man and functionaries interested in his political projects to furnish him with the requisite testimonials; and now, to excuse his stay in Ajaccio for nearly four months after he was bound to return to his regiment, he provided himself with other equally false certificates to the effect that he had made attempts on two several occasions to return, but had been driven back by storm.

VIII

AUXONNE AND VALENCE

(FEBRUARY 1,* 1791—AUGUST 30, 1791)

BONAPARTE, on his return to France, took with him his brother Louis. On the 12th he was at Auxonne, and on the 16th wrote to a merchant, James, friend of his brother Joseph. The letter may be quoted to show how incorrect was his French, and also how careless he was about truth, as about stops:—

“ Si je suis passé à Châlons, sans m’être procuré le plaisir de vous *voir* . . . c’est que je n’ai été instruit de votre séjour qu’au moment *que je* montait en voiture je me suis vu nécessité *a* remettre à la première occasion *a* *maquitter* de la commission de mon frère, qui espère venir lui-même *lannée* prochaine député à l’Assemblée Nationale, *renouveler* votre *connaissance* en *attendant* je me flatte que vous *voudriez* bien vous *resouvenir* de moi. Le frère de votre ami doit un peu être le votre, c’est avec ces *sentiment*, monsieur, mes *respect* à monsieur votre père, &c.”

The assertion that his brother Joseph expected to be returned as Deputy to the Assembly was a piece of idle brag, as Joseph would be disqualified, not having attained the legal age at which he could be elected.

At Auxonne the Colonel accepted Napoleon’s excuses for not being at his post when his leave terminated, and kindly antedated his return to his post, and so he happily escaped the consequences of his act of indiscipline.

At Auxonne he resumed his old habits of solitude and literary work. “ He occupied in the military *pavillon* a room almost bare, with no more furniture than a mean bed without curtains, a table placed in the embrasure of a window, laden with books and papers, and two chairs. His brother Louis lay on a bad mattress in the adjoining cabinet.”

The two brothers were hard pressed to live on the poor pay of the elder—a hundred livres per month. Twenty years after, when this same Louis, to whom he had given the crown of Holland, deserted his post, Napoleon said to the Duke of Vicenza:—

“ God knows at the cost of what privations I found means to send money to pay my brother’s schooling. Do you know how I managed? By never

* About February 1. A letter from Serve is dated February 8.

entering a *café*, never going into society; by eating dry bread, and brushing my own clothes, so that they might last the longer. I lived like a bear, in a little room, with books for my only friends; and when, thanks to my abstinence, I had saved up a few crowns, then I rushed off to a bookseller's shop and visited his coveted shelves. . . . These were the joys, the debaucheries of my youth. When quite a little lad I had been initiated into the inconveniences and privations of a large family. My father and mother had a hard time of it with eight children."*

A letter written to his brother Joseph on Easter Day (24th April, 1791) shows us how fond and proud of his little brother Napoleon was. He writes:—

"Louis studies hard, and learns to write French; I teach him mathematics and geography. He is reading history. He will make a fine fellow. All the women in the country are in love with him. He has acquired a little French style, and is dapper and nimble. He goes into society, salutes gracefully, asks the customary questions with gravity and dignity, like a little man of thirty. I have no difficulty in seeing that he will turn out the best of us four. Certainly none of us have had such a good education as he. You will not find that he has made much progress in writing, but, then, so far his master has only taught him how to nib his pens and to write large-hand copies. You will be better pleased with his spelling. He is a charming fellow, working hard by inclination, as well as through self-respect and the sound sentiment wherewith he is animated."†

Whilst at Auxonne, Bonaparte got his letter to Buttafuoco printed, and he sent copies to Paoli, who answered somewhat coldly. The latter did not relish the vulgar abuse heaped on the head of the representative. Napoleon asked Paoli to forward to him documents relative to the history of Corsica, to assist him in his great literary undertaking. Paoli declined courteously. Then Napoleon induced his brother Joseph to apply to the venerable hero for these documents, but Paoli again refused. He wrote to Joseph:—

"I have read your brother's pamphlet. It would have produced a greater impression if written with less partiality. I have other things to think of, just now, than fumbling after manuscripts, and getting them copied out. Besides I am not well."

In fact, Paoli mistrusted Napoleon's judgment, and rightly felt that he was neither old enough, nor sufficiently master of his subject, to be the historian of Corsica.

This was the beginning of an estrangement between Napoleon and the veteran. The young officer was wounded in his self-esteem, and angry with his hero for not welcoming him as a belligerent in the same cause.

Napoleon does not seem to have been happy at Auxonne. His poverty and his foreign extraction alienated the other officers from him, but not to anything like the extent that did his political views, his scornful demeanour, and his

* The authority for this is Mme. Charlotte de Sor, *Napoléon en Belgique et en Hollande*, 1811, Paris, 1839. Though the statement is not improbable, yet the authority is not wholly trustworthy.

† MASSON, *Napoléon Inconnu*, ii. 203.

bitter tongue. Bourgoing says that one day, in a discussion with some of them, he so exasperated them that they flung him into the turbid river.

In the same year he wrote: "At Valence I have met with very resolute people, patriotic soldiers, and aristocratic officers. However, there are exceptions even among the latter. As for the women, they are all royally inclined."

But Napoleon did not come to Valence till the 16th June, 1791. His old acquaintances were dead or dispersed. He at once became a member of the Revolutionary Club, wherein he could pour forth incendiary speeches, whilst wearing the King's uniform.

At Valence he returned to his old lodgings with Mademoiselle Bou, who took a kindly and motherly interest in little Louis. Eight years after (1799), when Napoleon was returning from Egypt, he passed through Valence, saw and recognised the old woman, greeted her affectionately, and presented her with a cashmere shawl and a silver compass, which are now preserved in the town museum. But before this he had found employment for her brother, and he did not lose sight of him when all went well with himself.

At Valence he made acquaintance with Montalivet, whom in after years he called to high positions. When First Consul, Bonaparte sent for him and offered him the prefecture of La Manche. When they met on this occasion, Napoleon overwhelmed him with questions about Valence and the people there. How was it with a good *limonadière* in the town, at whose place they were wont to take coffee? When Montalivet answered that the old woman was still alive, "Ah!" said the First Consul, "I fear I never paid exactly for all my cups of coffee taken at her expense. Here are fifty louis d'or, send them to her from me."

From the moment of his arrival again in Valence, Napoleon became an active member of the Republican Club, of which he was President, Librarian, and Secretary.* On the death of Mirabeau, 1st April, 1791, a solemn commemoration of the departed was made by the Club, and Napoleon harangued therein. The officers of his regiment could not view his restless polemics without mistrust, but his democratic principles gained him the confidence of the soldiers. Political events were succeeding each other with the utmost rapidity. Hardly had the news of the flight and arrest of the Royal Family reached Valence before the Club was convoked to sit in judgment on them, to pass resolutions amidst a storm of windy declamation and disloyal invective. The tidings had provoked the utmost excitement and indignation against the authors of this military plot. On the 3rd July, 1791, the deputies of twenty-two democratic societies, from the departments of Isère, Drôme, and Ardèche, met on the field of the Union, at Valence, and with the banner of three colours waved before them, they marched to the Cathedral, where the Bishop said Mass, and then they proceeded to take the oath to the Assembly. Napoleon signed his adhesion on the 6th. On the 14th, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the public official ceremony took place. On the field an altar had been erected, to

* Napoleon's writing, afterwards so illegible, was not so much so at this time. Masson gives several examples. He affected illegibility later to disguise his bad spelling.

receive the bishop, the clergy, and the secular authorities. The artillery regiment and the National Guard formed a great square about it, and outside this was an enormous crowd. At 11 o'clock the Grand Vicar and a citizeness took the oath; then the Bishop said mass. After the ecclesiastical function was over, the military officers grouped themselves at the foot of the altar, and a member of the Municipal Council read the oath: "We swear to be faithful to the Nation, to the Law, and to the King; to maintain with all our might the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, and accepted by the King; and to remain united to all Frenchmen by the indissoluble bonds of fraternity." Then all the citizens raised their hands, and repeated the words "We swear!" That done, the officers returned to their corps, read over the oath aloud, and took the oath from the soldiers, with raised hand. During intervals the cannon boomed, and the bands played *Ça ira*. The oath was next taken by the clergy, and a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in conclusion. In the evening there was a great banquet of officers and citizens, at which Bonaparte proposed the toast of the patriots of the town of Auxonne.

A like solemnity had taken place throughout France. The idea that the foreign powers were combining against France, with the object of crushing out of her the nascent spirit of freedom, united all classes.

An artillery officer, the Baron Poisson, thus describes the feeling of the time:—

"Everywhere the thought of foreign intervention to reduce the country under the yoke of former despotism created the liveliest indignation. The clubs, the public gardens, the streets, rang with the voices of orators, who evoked the recollections of Sparta and Athens before a quivering audience. They recalled Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ. Under the empire of these ideas, four thousand youths from the schools and universities, spontaneously united, came to ask of the National Assembly authorisation to let them die in defence of their country. . . . Civil militia offered the regiments new flags, to replace those that the colonels had carried off to Coblenz."

Under the influence of this fiery enthusiasm, Napoleon wrote to the Commissary Naudin, "The southern blood runs through my veins with the rapidity of the Rhone; pardon me if you find it difficult to read my scrawl."

Valence was, for him, too far from the centre of combustion. He wished to go to Paris, and take his place among, and harangue from the tribune of, the Jacobins. In a fever of excitement he wrote to his great-uncle Lucien:—

"Send me three hundred francs, that sum will suffice to carry me to Paris. There, at least, one can push to the forefront, there surmount all obstacles. All assures me that I shall succeed. Will you bar the road to success for the sake of a hundred crowns?"

On the 27th of July he wrote to Naudin:—

"Will there be war? I doubt it for these reasons. Europe is divided between sovereigns who command men, and those who command oxen and horses. The first perfectly understand what the Revolution means. They are frightened, and would willingly make pecuniary sacrifices to extinguish it, but

dare not lift the mask lest the fire should catch their houses. That is the condition of affairs in England, in Holland, &c.

“As to those sovereigns who command horses, they cannot understand the principles of a constitution. They despise it, believing it to be a chaos of incoherent ideas which must ruin the Frank empire. To hear them talk one would believe that your brave compatriots were about to cut each other’s throats, so as to purify the earth with their blood, and cleanse it of the crimes committed against the king, and then to bow their heads lower than before under a mitred despot, under a cloistered fakir, above all, under those brigands of parchment (the lawyers). These latter will do nothing but quietly await the outbreak of civil war, which, according to them, or their stupid ministers, is inevitable.”

With the prospect of war before it, the National Assembly placed all the regiments on a war footing, and called out the National Guard. By a decree of the 20th August, five divisions, to be entitled the Army of Observation, were sent to the frontier to keep it from Dunkerque to Basle. And, in order to give to this army a unity which it did not possess, Deputies were despatched as Commissaries extraordinary, to direct its operations. To put an end to the desertions, and to ascertain which officers were to be relied on, and which were not, all furloughs were stopped. Just before this, however, Napoleon had asked for another leave of absence, which had been refused by his commanding officer, who disliked him for his advanced opinions. Then he appealed to the Inspector, the Baron Duteil, and obtained from him permission to return to Corsica for three months, during which time he was not to draw any pay, and he was to return to Valence on the last day of the year. He was, however, without means to pay for the journey, and he wrote to his great-uncle to send him six crowns, which he alleged his mother owed him. He probably received nothing from home, for, on the 24th July, he borrowed 180 livres of the quartermaster of his regiment, again 90 livres on the 26th August, and a further sum of 106 livres was borrowed on the following day. Then, attended by the faithful Louis, he departed for Corsica.

IX

CORSICA AGAIN

(SEPTEMBER 6, 1791—MAY 2, 1792)

AFTER an absence from home of six months, Bonaparte was back again in Corsica, in time to assist at the elections for the Legislative Assembly, which took place at Corte at the end of September. Joseph had desired to be elected Deputy, but this fell through; he was, however, appointed member of the Directory of the Department.

Paoli and the sober heads did not relish the fiery, revolutionary zeal of the Bonaparte family, and endeavoured to keep them out of power. The violence of Lucien's language, the audacity shown by Napoleon in his attempt on the citadel of Bastia, and fears of the prospect opening before France, if the wildest demagogues got the upper hand, made all the prudent and moderate in the island withdraw from association with the Bonapartes.

In October Napoleon's great-uncle Lucien, the Archdeacon and head of the family, and manager of their small property, died on the mattress in which he had put away what little could be saved. He died with the prophetic words on his lips, "Tu poi, Napoleon, sarai un uomo."

As soon as he was dead, the great-nephews fumbled in the mattress, drew out the little store of coin, and proceeded to speculate with it. The time for speculation was come, and the money arrived opportunely. The Crown and Church domains had been confiscated, and were being sold; and, as no one in Corsica had money, they were disposed of at ridiculous prices. The Bonapartes bought some of them with the stuffing of the Archdeacon's bed.

On the death of great-uncle Lucien, on October 15th, Napoleon became the acting head of the family.

"There was no disputing with him," said Lucien. "He became angry at the least comment on what he did, and flew into a passion at the smallest opposition. Even Joseph did not dare to answer his brother."*

The condition of affairs in Corsica had considerably deteriorated during the absence of Napoleon, owing to causes entirely unconnected with his presence. Volney, Director of Agriculture and Commerce in the Island of Corsica, sent a report to the Government that gave a lively picture of the disorder. He stayed

* *Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino*, London, 1818.

with the Bonapartes, and was much in the society of Napoleon when in the island ; and the latter wrote, on February 17th, 1792 :—

“ He wishes to establish himself in my house, and pass his life tranquilly in the bosom of a free people, on a fertile soil, where spring is perpetual.”

At the celebration of the 14th July the oath of allegiance “ to the Nation, the Law, and the King ” had been imposed on the clergy ; but the Pope would not allow of their taking this oath, and such as did were regarded with suspicion by the bigots.

At Bastia a new bishop had been consecrated who had taken the oaths. The monks and friars goaded on the people to riot ; they fell on him, and almost tore him to pieces. He managed to escape into the house of Arena, who shipped him off for Italy. The garrison in the citadel had looked on with indifference. In other places the people broke out into riot, and rejected the ministrations of the priests who had taken the oath.

The election for the officers of the Municipal Guard was about to take place. One of the lieutenant-colonels might have the rank of captain in the regular army. Moreover, a lieutenant in the latter was eligible as adjutant-major, but as that only, and then would receive the brevet title and pay of captain. Bonaparte aimed, however, at being chosen Lieutenant-Colonel, for the sake of both the pay, and the power it would give him. But his furlough was running to an end. He applied for an extension, but received no reply. In fact, his Commandant had no power to extend it ; for the National Assembly had ordered that every officer on leave should return by the 25th December, and that a general review should then be held in every garrison, from the general officers down to the privates. This review was to be held in the presence of the Commissaries of War, and the Municipal Officers, and “ every officer absent from his corps or his post at the said review, and who is unable to justify his conduct by the production of a leave granted, shall be held to have forfeited his place by the fact of his absence, shall be debarred from offering any claims for pension, however long may have been his service.”

The order was peremptory ; and, moreover, Bonaparte’s regiment was ordered to the frontier. He remained in Corsica, and coolly wrote to the Commissioner (17th February, 1792) :—

“ Unforeseen circumstances have obliged me to remain in Corsica longer than the duties of my employment exacted. I feel it is so, yet I have nothing therewith to reproach myself. I am justified by having duties more dear and sacred to attend to.

“ To-day, finding myself less engaged, I should like to join, but await your advice. How was I classed in the review of January 1st ? Has someone been appointed in my place, and, if so, what steps shall I take ?

“ I do not think there is any use in your communicating my letter to the gentlemen of my regiment. It all depends on you to expedite my journey. I will start on the receipt of your letter.”

He calculated that his known Jacobin opinions would cause his breach of discipline to be overlooked. The order had been issued because of the numerous

desertions of noble officers, who escaped over the frontier, or retired from the service, dissatisfied with the political complexion of affairs. This had become vastly inconvenient. It was necessary for the Government to know on what officers it could depend, and also to fill up the vacancies with promptitude.

An application had been made to the War Minister, De Narbonne, for permission to nominate Bonaparte as adjutant-major, and to this he had consented on the 14th January, 1792, not knowing at the time that the young lieutenant had not returned at the end of his leave and attended the obligatory review. But in fact, Bonaparte was aiming at something higher than adjutant-major. Feeling a little uneasy, he again wrote to the Commissioner Sucey, who was married to the sister of the Abbé Tardivon, whom Napoleon had known on his first sojourn at Valence. He had sent his former letter on the 17th February. This was written on the 29th of the same month :—

“ In difficult circumstances, the post of honour for a Corsican is in his own country. With this idea, my friends have insisted on my remaining among them ; but as I do not like to play fast and loose with my duty, I had a thought of sending in my resignation. However, the general officer of the department found a *mezzo termine* conciliating all, by offering me a place in the volunteer battalion as adjutant-major ; this commission will delay the gratification of renewing our acquaintance, but I hope for a short time only, all being well.

“ You have, sir, absolutely neglected me, for I have had no news from you for some time. . . . If you will give yourself the pains of thinking of an old friend, you will tell me something of your position. In the present situation of affairs, if your nation loses courage, she is done for.*

“ If you have maintained any relations with Saint-Étienne [factory of arms] I pray you to order for me a pair of pistols, double barrelled, about seven or eight inches long, and with a calibre of twenty-two to twenty-four ; as to price, say seven or eight louis in *assignats* of five livres.”

The coolness of this letter to the Government Commissary with the troops, from a young fellow of twenty-three who had disobeyed the orders of the Assembly, and was, in fact, struck off the roll of his regiment, is astounding. Moreover, his letter contained a deliberate untruth. He had not been offered the adjutant-majorship ; he had made a pretence of applying for it whilst aiming at the higher office.

There were four battalions of Volunteers to be formed in Corsica in accordance with the decree of August 4th, 1791 ; and previous to the election Napoleon went with Volney about the island and among the mountains, making himself known to the volunteers and putting them through their drill. The inhabitants of the towns were not enthusiastic for service, and allowed the battalions to be filled with men from the country, the men among whom Napoleon had been seeking popularity. The newly-enrolled volunteers were to assemble at Ajaccio, and proceed at once to the election of the officers for their battalion, and the three Commissioners, Muratti, Grimaldi, and Quenza, were to arrive and superintend the election. Muratti was favourable to Peretti de Levie, and Peraldi was

* In this letter to Sucey, he let slip an unguarded expression, which allowed to be perceived what lay at the bottom of his heart. In speaking of France, he used the term “ *votre nation*.”

the candidate put forward by Paoli; Grimaldi was allied to the Fesch family, and could be counted on; Quenza was indifferent so long as his brother, one of the candidates, was elected for one of the two places of Lieutenant-Colonel, and this the Bonapartes promised to secure for him. Most fortunately for Napoleon, through the death of his great-uncle, the family was at this moment comparatively flush of money.

The manner in which Bonaparte secured his election was characteristic of the man—full of daring expedients and dissimulations. As Lanfrey well observes relative to it:—

“This short episode explains his entire life. It proves that none of the good or bad qualities of a man reveal themselves in after life without having given some indications of their existence at an earlier stage in his career. Characters are not the creation of sudden explosions, but some of their qualities lie latent, unobserved, till the occasion arrives for them to break into light. It is only by the most arbitrary of fictions that certain historians have pretended to show us successive characters appearing in one and the same man.”

The account of the transaction we are about to relate comes to us on the authority of Nasica, an old Corsican magistrate, who collected his material on the spot, and from such as had been associated with Napoleon in these early days. His testimony as to this incident is the less to be mistrusted, as he was unable to see in it other than an instance of the “sentiments of honour, virtue, and liberty profoundly graven in the heart” of his hero. A plain Englishman judges of these matters otherwise than an Italian.

According to the directions received from Paris, the National Guard was to be raised throughout the island, and the officers were to be chosen by popular election. Bonaparte saw at once that this raising of a Corsican body of volunteers would place the towns at the mercy of the country, which had very different aspirations.

There were other candidates for the Lieutenant-Colonelships; Pozzo di Borgo and Peraldi were the favourites among the substantial citizens of Ajaccio.

In the face of the difficulties attending his candidature, Napoleon exerted himself to the utmost. He bribed, cajoled, threatened, and brought all his family influence to bear on the voters. The parties came to personalities. Peraldi turned the small, lean, conceited lieutenant into ridicule. Ridicule was what Bonaparte never could endure. The very mention of the name of Peraldi rendered him livid with rage.

The town was divided into two camps, ready to come to blows, so fierce was party spirit.

Bonaparte had resolved on his plan—to have Quenza elected in the first place, and himself in the second. That was securing two of the three Commissioners. To assure the victory it was necessary to suppress the third, Muratti.

On their arrival in Ajaccio, the delegates installed themselves in the houses of their respective friends; Muratti with the Peraldis, Grimaldi with the Fesch

family, and Quenza in the Ramolino house. For a moment Bonaparte was discouraged, indecisive, and extremely irritable. At length he resolved on a bold stroke. If matters were suffered to take their course, his enemies would gain the upper hand, and he would be unable to justify his conduct in having neglected to return to his regiment. After some consideration, he resolved on playing a trump card. It was a dangerous one to play, but he staked everything on its success. In the evening, when the Peraldi family were at supper, the door was violently struck, opened, and armed men entered. Muratti, alarmed for his safety, fled the room. He was pursued, taken, and conducted as a prisoner to Bonaparte's house. Napoleon awaited him with intense anxiety; but, on his appearance, put on an expression of joy and affection, and embraced him, with an assurance that what had been done was done in the name of Liberty and for the assurance of the freedom of the election. "It has been my desire," said he, "that you should be free, absolutely free; and you were under restraint in the hands of Peraldi."

The Commissary was so confounded at these high-handed proceedings, and so cowed by the resolution of the young officer, that he was afraid to protest, and allowed himself to be retained in Bonaparte's house.

Next day the election took place, and Napoleon received most suffrages. Pozzo di Borgo mounted the tribune to protest against Bonaparte's conduct; he was attacked, thrown down, beaten, and kicked. He owed his life to the interposition of Bonaparte, who had no wish that his adherents should proceed to such extremities as would necessitate an investigation.

On the 10th April, with incredible coolness, he wrote to the paymaster of his regiment for his arrears of pay up to date, and received a curt answer to the effect that he had been struck off the roll. And, be it remembered, his candidature and tenure of the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Municipal Guard was illegal, were he still in the regular army, and only a lieutenant therein.

Napoleon had now a battalion under his orders, and he hoped to accomplish what he had failed to achieve before, the capture of the citadel of Ajaccio. It was arranged that his brother Joseph and his uncle Fesch should stir up a broil by demanding that the decrees of the Assembly, relative to the displacement of the *insermentés* clergy, should be carried out, and that this should serve as an excuse for Napoleon to interfere with his volunteers. These were mountaineers, entirely out of sympathy with the townsfolk, and completely gained by their young commander, who, having just inherited his uncle's patrimony, had for the moment money in his purse.

During the religious ceremonies of Easter a quarrel was fomented; Napoleon at once descended into the town, and occupied two strategic points that commanded it. A few shots were exchanged, and a few persons killed.

Napoleon called on Colonel Maillard, who commanded in the citadel, to admit his men within the walls. He refused to do so. Meanwhile, the Common Council, alarmed at the threats of the mountaineers, ordered Napoleon to evacuate his posts. He declined to obey, on the pretence that the councillors were acting under compulsion. Napoleon began to cut off supplies from the

town. The Commandant ordered the cannon of the citadel to be directed against the National Guard, but his men refused to obey. Napoleon was quite prepared to proceed to extremities, but the arrival on the scene of the Commissaries of the Department prevented him so doing, and he was constrained to withdraw his troops.

At once, with his usual effrontery, he wrote an exculpation of his conduct, addressed to the Commissaries, in which he ingeniously perverted the facts, and called on them to exercise vigorous justice in the punishment of the Common Council, on whose shoulders lay the blame of the transaction. He sent a similar explanation to the War Minister, and to the Legislative Assembly; Colonel Maillard's report on the affair also reached the War Office, happily for Napoleon, at a moment when the Minister was overwhelmed with work, owing to the declaration of war with Austria.

It was on the 8th July only that the Minister found time to answer Colonel Maillard. He strongly condemned the conduct of "M. Bonaparte," and would have sent him before a court-martial, had not a recent law removed such cases to a civil tribunal.

The position of Bonaparte in Corsica had become difficult. At Ajaccio he had stirred up many enemies. He could not return to Valence, where he would be arrested as a deserter. He resolved on going to Paris, and trying what he could do there to get himself reinstated, or, at all events, to explain away his very compromising conduct at Easter. Moreover, the war with Austria had made an opening in France that it was unwise for him to neglect. He accordingly started from Bastia on the 2nd May, 1792, a month before the reply of the Minister of War, De Grave, had been received at Ajaccio; and he carried with him the usual budget of certificates, to explain and justify his absence from his regiment at the review of January 1st, 1792.

X

THE SUMMER OF '92

(MAY 28—SEPTEMBER 7, 1792)

BONAPARTE reached Paris at a time when everything was in agitation, when no ear was open to listen to his explanations, and no one cared about the petty disorders in far-away Corsica. The Ministers of War had succeeded each other with such rapidity that none had found time to attend to such matters as concerned Napoleon. Narbonne had been succeeded by De Grave, who had commented on Bonaparte's conduct as deserving of being brought before a court-martial. But De Grave was now gone, and was succeeded, on the 9th May, by Servan, who disappeared on the 29th June. Then six Ministers of War succeeded up to the 21st of August. All brains were occupied with the war; all men were in commotion from the Assembly to the dregs of the people. The news from the frontier, the desertions of their posts by the officers, the attitude of the military chiefs, served to excite the fears and passions of the delegates and of the mob. Nothing was spoken of but treasons and plots.

We have now again the assistance of Bourrienne, who met his old school comrade in the capital and renewed friendship with him.

"In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte, and our college intimacy was renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was lying heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three who have little money and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than myself. Every day we conceived some new project or other. . . . At the same time he was soliciting employment at the War Office, and I at the Office of Foreign Affairs. I was, for the moment, the most fortunate. Whilst we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived."

An armed rabble, under the leadership of the brewer Santerre, broke into the Tuileries, surrounding the royal family in their private apartments, and demanded the restoration of the recently dismissed Ministry—that composed of the Girondists. The rabble for the most part, however, did not know what they wanted except money and bread. Ragged and dirty women were led by the handsome harlot, Théroigne de Méricourt. The riot was, in fact, deliberately organised. Men in rags, yet whose white hands and shirts of the finest linen

pointed them out as of superior rank, wore hats on which symbols for recognition were indicated with white chalk.

The King was subjected to the grossest indignities. The *sans-culottes* forced him to put a red cap of liberty on his head, and drink to the health of the nation out of a dirty bottle, thrust into his face by a man in tatters. Outside the palace, Members of the Assembly, and Girondist journalists, mingled in the crowd, and mocked at the insults offered to the King.

Where was Bonaparte all this while, who had been fed, clothed, educated by the King's bounty, and who had sworn allegiance to him, and to maintain his honour? Bourrienne shall tell us:—

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

When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head, he could no longer suppress his indignation. ‘*Che coglione,*’ he loudly exclaimed. ‘Why have they let in all that rabble? They should sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough.’

“When we sat down to dinner, for which I paid, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unsuppressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 10th of August soon arrived.”

Ambition was not dead in Napoleon—it slumbered. In the existing condition of affairs he could see no direction in which to show what was in him. Everything in Paris was in confusion. Ministers of War had succeeded each other in rapid succession in five months, as already said.



BONAPARTE AT THE TUILERIES.
From a lithograph by Charlet.

On the 17th July, the Common Council of Marseilles addressed the National Assembly, demanding the deposition of the King. Then a rabble started from Marseilles, on a march to Paris, to insist on the execution of this demand. On the 30th July, this rabble, reduced to 500 men, entered Paris, resolved to storm the Tuileries. The execution of this plan was postponed to the 10th August. The events of that terrible day are well known. It opened with Danton haranguing the Cordeliers, "Let the tocsin sound the last hour of kings, and the first hour of vengeance and the liberty of the people. To arms, and *ça ira!*"

The King and the Royal Family appeared before the Assembly. The Tuileries was invaded by the rabble, and were cleared by the gallantry of the Swiss Guard. Then the King forbade that they should fire on the people; they were disarmed and massacred. The Princess Elizabeth, that morning early, had called the Queen to look at the lurid redness of the sky as the sun rose. It was to see the dawn for the last time, save through bars of a prison; and the threatening sky foretold their approaching death.

On the memorable 10th August, Napoleon seems to have penetrated with the rabble into the Tuileries, for, at S. Helena, he spoke of what had taken place there as an eye-witness:—

"Never," said he, "did any of my battlefields produce on me such an impression of masses of corpses as did the quantities of fallen Swiss; whether it was that the narrow dimensions in which they lay made their numbers more conspicuous, or whether it was that this was my first experience of the kind, I cannot say. . . . I ran about into all the taverns in the neighbourhood. Everywhere I found great excitement, anger in all hearts, manifest on all faces, although the frequenters of the taverns by no means belonged to the lowest rabble. I suppose those whom I saw were accustomed to meet in these taverns, for I observed that, although I wore nothing remarkable, a good deal of attention was directed towards me, and many hostile and suspicious eyes watched me, as one unknown, and, therefore, one to be mistrusted. Very possibly because my features were more composed than the rest."

None of Napoleon's letters at this time show that he was in any concern about having been struck off the list of officers. He was well aware that owing to the desertions, that were on so large a scale, his neglect of appearing at the roll-call would be regarded with leniency. Indeed, two-thirds of the officers had forsaken their posts. He sent his budget of certificates to the Committee of Artillery, and the Committee advised the Ministry of War to accept his explanation, and restore him to his position. It did more than this. On the 10th July, he was advised that he was not only restored, but advanced to being a Captain of Artillery, and that he could reckon on his pay as such from February 6th, 1792. His brevet was forwarded to him on August 30th, and his appointment was to the 4th Regiment of Artillery, of which the staff was at Grenoble. Four companies were on the Var, two in Corsica, two at Perpignan, and one at Briançon. Savoy and Nice were to be invaded, as war had been declared against the King of Piedmont and Sardinia.

As to the matter of the riot of April, his self-justification was not deemed satisfactory, or the account of it forwarded by M. de Maillard received more credence. Forty-eight hours after the same minister, Lajard, had re-established Napoleon in his military employ, and had advanced him a grade, he wrote to the commandant at Ajaccio that "MM. de Quenza and Bonaparte were infinitely reprehensible for their conduct, and there can be no disguising the fact that they encouraged all the disorders and excesses of the troops they commanded." He added, "If the faults committed had been purely military, I should not have hesitated to take orders from the King to have those two officers court-martialled, as well as all those mixed up in the same affair; but the cognizance of such affairs having been exclusively reserved by the new laws to the common tribunals . . . I have been able to do no more than refer the matter to the Minister of Justice."

Such a decision put Napoleon out of all concern. A civil trial was out of question, and the matter was dropped.

Meantime Lucien was causing trouble in the family. This eminently disagreeable, and inordinately conceited youth, thought he had the mission to be a firebrand, and his brothers in Corsica could not keep him in order; he had written a violent pamphlet, which he desired to circulate. He would not listen to the advice of Joseph and Louis to suppress it; and they, with difficulty, induced him to submit it to Napoleon, who wrote to him—

"I have read your proclamation. It is worth naught. It is too stuffed with words, too poor in ideas. You strive after pathos. That is not the style in which to speak to the people. They have more sense than you suppose. Your rodomontade will do more harm than good."

This did not please Lucien. Napoleon again wrote to him urging moderation.

Lucien was a poor creature. He wrote a letter to Joseph on the 24th of June, which exhibits the man throughout his life—consumed by vanity, querulous, perverse, impracticable.

As soon as Napoleon was reinstated in the army, and advanced a grade, it was his duty to join his regiment and present himself at headquarters. But his eye was still on Corsica, and the events of the 10th August made it an imperious necessity for him to protect his sister at S. Cyr.

On the 7th August the decree had been issued closing the royal schools, and an additional article, specially applying to that of S. Louis, was passed on the 16th. His sister Elise was, therefore, turned out of her *pensionnat* at S. Cyr. It was necessary for someone to take charge of her, and to receive the money for the journey back to Corsica; accordingly, Napoleon and Elise (Marianne) both applied to the Municipality to furnish the travelling expenses. The letter of Elise is worth giving, as it shows that she had learned no spelling in the convent; that of her brother was also full of blunders, though not quite so gross as hers.

“*I a'y l'honneur de faire observer a MM. les Administrateurs que n'ayant jamais connus d'autres pères que mon frère, sy ses affaires l'obligoiet à partir sans qu'il ne mamneat avec luy, je me trouveroie dans une impossibilité absolue devacuer la maison de Saint-Cyr.*”

Accordingly, an allowance of 352 livres was granted, and on the 2nd September, 1792, Napoleon removed his sister from the school, and took her to his lodgings at the Hôtel des Patriotes Hollandais, and to his little eating-house, where he paid six sous for a dish. Marianne was now sixteen; she was lean, with a big head, pale olive complexion, abundant hair, a firm jaw, and a determined mouth. She had a will like that of her brother, enormous ambition not yet manifest, and strong passions also dormant.

Napoleon could not possibly leave his sister unprotected in Paris, and to find her own way home; and his duty to his sister was paramount. He accordingly sought and obtained authorisation to take her to her mother, after which he was to join the colours. He started at once. It would be a satisfaction for him to be able to reappear in Ajaccio whitewashed before the Peraldis and Colonel Maillard. He wrote to the quartermaster of his regiment at Grenoble, to send him the arrears of pay to which he was now entitled, under cover to a merchant at Marseilles.*

On the 15th of September, Napoleon embarked at Marseilles with his sister for Ajaccio.

The events of the summer spent in Paris had produced a very decided effect on the mind of Napoleon. Hitherto he had looked on liberty, equality, and fraternity as principles of sacred character, to be adhered to with tenacity, and for which a man should be ready gladly to shed his blood. He had suffered too much and too long under the *ancien régime*, as it affected the minds and dispositions of his fellow students and brother officers, not to adopt the principles of the Revolution with an enthusiasm which leaped out of mortified pride, and was armed with personal resentment. With his mind charged with the theories of Rousseau, he had believed in the People as the one spring of power, authority, law—impeccable and infallible. But in Paris he had seen the People in action, he had recognised in it the hyæna, and with a voice, when not cruel, then like the bray of an ass. He had envied the privileged class, now he turned with scorn and disgust from the proletariat; owing to his innate love of order, he could not view the excesses of a popular triumph without repugnance. At the same time he had regarded the feebleness of the King with contempt rather than pity. Lafayette, the idol of the Constitutionalists, he had seen desert his army that he might return to Paris to meddle with its political movements, and had curled his lip at him as an incompetent fool.

Bonaparte left Paris with no feeling of respect for one party more than another. His convictions, and they had been convictions, were dead. But one generous impulse moved his heart, and made his pulse beat, and that was still the one predominant passion for the liberation of his native isle, one he had

* He received, in fact, 918.10 in cash, and 112.10 in assignats.

imbibed with his nurse's milk, one that had fired his childish imagination, one that had grown with his reading for the *History of Corsica*, and had been intensified by acquaintance with Paoli. He would have to consider the various forces blindly struggling in France against each other: they were all to him now equally indifferent, equally profane, but he would use them to further his own ends—the liberation of Corsica. It was with this idea inspiring him, that he returned to his native island in the vintage season of 1792, when the peaceful harvest of the grape was being gathered in to the songs of the peasantry—and the air was scented with the must, a pleasant exchange after the carnage of Paris, and the howls of a blood-drunk mob.

XI

THE ATTEMPT ON SARDINIA

(SEPTEMBER 17, 1792—FEBRUARY 28, 1793)

WHEN Napoleon arrived in Corsica, it was his intention at once to resume command of the battalion of Volunteers. Paoli was by no means pleased to see him back again. This veteran hero was at the time all-powerful in Corsica. Not only was he President of the Departmental Directory, Commandant of the National Guard, he was also Lieutenant-General in the 23rd Military Division. But he had a dangerous and unscrupulous adversary in Salicetti, who, with the two Arenas, had been dipping their hands into the treasury, and transferring the public money to their own pockets. Paoli had incurred their resentment by his remonstrance.

Napoleon's vanity had been wounded by Paoli, who had not made as much of him as the young and ambitious officer had expected. Paoli had found fault with his letter to Buttafuoco, had declined to assist him in his *History of Corsica*, and had shown mistrust of him and his family because of their advanced Republicanism, that ran on all fours with the worst form of excess in Paris, with which Paoli had no sympathy.

Bonaparte himself had been disillusioned. He was disgusted with the Jacobins, and despised the rabble. But he had his future to push. If Paoli would not welcome him, he would join hands with Salicetti. He knew what an unworthy creature this man was, and that he was in implacable antagonism with the old hero. Nevertheless, Napoleon secretly came to terms with him.

Bonaparte was summoned to Corte to give an account of himself. His place in command of the fourth battalion had been taken from him; the officers now in command were De Rocca and Grimaldi. A stormy interview ensued, and Paoli, who was President of the Council, reproached Napoleon for insubordination, and warned him that he was treading a slippery path. His regiment of Artillery was in campaign. Why did he not rejoin it? If he considered himself as officer over the Volunteers, then his proper place was at Corte, and not at Ajaccio. These rebukes irritated Napoleon to such an extent that he answered the aged Paoli with insolence, he charged him with intriguing against the interests of the nation, and menaced him, unless he were reinstated, with appeal against his decision to headquarters.* His language was so violent, that Paoli

* The authority for this interview is Nasia.

ordered him to withdraw. Casabianca was general in command of the troops in Corsica; he also remonstrated with the headstrong Artillery captain, but in vain; Joseph, his brother, raised his feeble voice, but was not listened to. Bonaparte knew that he could rely on Salicetti, whose term of office, as Procureur Général, came to an end in the autumn, and who was returning to Paris as Delegate to the National Convention — and Salicetti, a Jacobin, thoroughly unscrupulous, had undertaken to push with the Government the execution of a scheme Napoleon had formed for an attack on Sardinia.* The advantages were obvious. The occupation of the sister island would cripple Savoy, which drew thence its ablest soldiers, and it would give to France the command of the Mediterranean.

With respect to this period in the career of Napoleon, we are unhappily without material which enables us, with any certainty, to determine what were his plans. Had he entirely abandoned the thought of making Corsica independent, the ambition of his life up to this point, and thrown himself wholly into the faction of Salicetti, which aimed at retaining Corsica as a portion of France? That is precisely what we cannot decide, from lack of documents which should disclose the condition of his mind at the time.

It seems incredible that he should have at once wholly deserted his ideal plan of freeing Corsica, and of being the instrument of its liberation. One can hardly suppose that he voluntarily united with a man and a party he despised; the revulsion is too complete. It seems more probable that he played with Salicetti, and that, whilst pretending to further his views and to defeat the plans of Paoli, he intended, by means of a bold stroke, to place himself in such a position of power, that he would hold the fate of his native island in his own hands. Paoli was old; he belonged to the past. He had not the daring that was necessary; he did not understand the forces with which he had to contend.

It must be clearly understood that this is conjecture. The conduct of Napoleon at this time is a riddle. It bears the appearance of the gradual sacrifice of honesty and of principle to expediency and self-interest. As to the Sardinian expedition, it is not difficult to understand what *may* have been his object, undisclosed, probably, to anyone, certainly not divulged to Paoli. In race, in aspirations, the Sardinians were one with the Corsicans, from whom they were separated by the Straits of Bonifacio alone. Sardinia was more than double the size of Corsica, and was occupied by a population more than three times as numerous. Bonaparte saw clearly enough that Corsica alone would be unable to hold her own against France, in the event of a rupture, but combined with Sardinia, her chances would be greatly increased. Moreover, the moment was propitious. France was engaged in war with Austria, Prussia, and Piedmont, and was threatened with a European Coalition, whilst its heart was a prey to factions flying at each other's throats.

The expedition having been determined on, the command of the naval operations was committed to Admiral Truguet, then stationed at Toulon, and

* That this was Napoleon's scheme, debated secretly with Salicetti, is most probable. Salicetti produced it immediately on his arrival in Paris; and he and Napoleon were at the time in close alliance.

Paoli was ordered to furnish troops from Corsica for the expedition. Six thousand ruffians from Marseilles, the scum of the population, ardent Republicans, without discipline, without an idea of obedience, mortally afraid of hurting themselves, but panting like wild beasts to injure and devour others, were drafted and despatched to Corsica, where they were to unite with the battalions of native Volunteers there assembled, and a descent on Sardinia was to be effected in two places simultaneously. The Marseillais arrived at Ajaccio on the 15th December. Lucien Bonaparte, in his memoirs, describes the enthusiasm with which he and other Jacobins welcomed these "patriots;" but the excesses committed by them soon cooled this ardour for fraternisation. The Marseillais considered that they had come to Corsica to guillotine aristocrats and hang priests. They quarrelled with their hosts, the Militia had to be called out to restrain them and force them back into the transports. Then the authorities of Ajaccio drew up a remonstrance, which was forwarded to their representatives in Paris. The result of the expedition was failure, absolute and discreditable.*

The season was late. On account of the hostilities that had broken out between the Marseillais and the Corsican National Guard, it was not possible to send them together in the same fleet; they would have shot each other down. Accordingly, the Marseillais and troops of the line were sent in Admiral Truguet's fleet to bombard Cagliari, and the Volunteers were to deliver an attack on the Island of Sta. Magdalena. But, in order that this diversion should succeed, it was necessary that there should be coincidence in the blows delivered. The troops and transports; however, did not arrive before Cagliari earlier than Feb. 14th, on account of the gales which had dispersed the fleet. Then the Marseillais cut-throats mutinied, and clamoured to be taken back to France. No remonstrance was of any avail, and Casabianca, the commander, was forced to yield. At the same time, the 42nd Regiment, which had been quartered for nine years in Corsica, also mutinied and demanded to be sent home.

The expedition against Cagliari had failed, the same fate attended that against the Isle of Sta. Magdalena, in which Napoleon was engaged. Paoli had had the organisation of the latter, and he had entered on it with no desire for its success. He had appointed his nephew, Colonna-Cesari, to command it, and had written to him:—

"Remember, Cesari, that Sardinia is our natural ally; that, on all occasions of need, she has assisted us with food and munitions of war; that the King of Piedmont has ever been friendly to the Corsicans and their cause. Do what you can to make this miserable expedition end in smoke."

These instructions were carried out in their entirety. It was a vexation to Napoleon that the expedition had not been entrusted to him. In a sulk and fit of spleen, he would have held back, but was constrained to take part in the attempt. Munitions and food were lacking, money was not forthcoming. One

* Bonaparte seems to have again meditated the capture of the citadel at Ajaccio, from which the garrison had been almost wholly drafted, but he could not get men together to attempt it.

difficulty sprang up after another, and it was only on the 20th February, 1793, that the expedition started from Bonifacio for the island of Magdalena. A calm ensued, which delayed it two days, and then the vessels entered the channel which separated this island from that of San Stephano. The Sardinian batteries began to play, and one man was killed and another wounded. The troops were disembarked, and succeeded in taking the little fort of San Stephano, which contained three pieces of cannon. Then, in order to bombard the town of Magdalena, the siege pieces were disembarked and placed in



BONAPARTE IN SAN STEPHANO.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

position. At this juncture the sailors on board the ships mutinied, and the ships withdrew, whereupon the troops on shore were seized with panic. With difficulty the sailors could be persuaded to re-ship the soldiers; in the haste of evacuation, Napoleon was forced to spike his guns, and cast his mortars into the sea. Thus ended the first act of this egregious and ignominious failure.*

Such is the story of this expedition. The apparently inexplicable conduct of Bonaparte can be explained only by allowing in him, at this period, that double dealing of which he was afterwards so fond. He wished to introduce the Revolution into Corsica, and he desired to hold in touch with those at the head of the Revolution in Paris. The first would enable him to keep himself

* At S. Helena, Napoleon spoke of the expedition as purposeless. That was, because it had failed, he endeavoured to discredit it.

to the fore in his native island, by the second he hoped to take advantage of any opening offered by the war, or by the internal convulsions in France. For this double object he needed a policy and an ally; the former was to keep him prominent before the eyes of the Corsicans, and yet was to be one acceptable in Paris; the latter would maintain him in touch with the Paris Revolutionists, and yet be acceptable in Corsica.

The Sardinian expedition and the attorney Salicetti fulfilled these qualifications in a way that shows the early development of his consummate ingenuity, in the use of men and measures to further his own ends. The expedition may be considered as a first step, either towards the coveted independence of Corsica or towards the coveted aggrandisement of France. The extreme views of Salicetti would explain Bonaparte's connection with him to those who were dissatisfied with the attorney's patriotism, while in Corsica they would excuse an alliance with him which might be of the utmost value in Paris.

If this be correct, then we have in this incident an early appearance of his faculty of keeping several apparently irreconcilable plans going at once, a feat of political jugglery in which he became, later, such an expert. It was the first step towards a final rupture with Paoli.

As Corsica lacked nothing in the way of liberty, what Salicetti desired for it was no more than the liberty of erecting the guillotine there, and sending to it those who were personal enemies, and such as had objected to his peculations. It was a moral degradation to strike hands with such a man. It is hard to believe that Napoleon had so rapidly sunk in his moral sense, and therewith in his self-respect, as to have contracted a real friendship with Salicetti, and to have veered completely round in his views, because of piqued vanity. It is more probable that he used Salicetti for the attainment of his own ends—these being patriotic but kept secret from Paoli, in whose energy and ability he had lost confidence.

XII

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST PAOLI

(FEBRUARY 28—JUNE 11, 1793)

THE second act of the Sardinian expedition consisted in a storm of mutual recrimination, in which everyone engaged endeavoured to shift the blame for the discreditable *fiasco* on the shoulders of someone else.

The failure of the enterprise probably disappointed Bonaparte grievously, but we have no means of judging of his views and feelings at this period. He was, indeed, in correspondence with Salicetti in Paris, but probably all his letters disappeared, or were destroyed, on the occasion of this "patriot's" proscription and flight from Paris. Nasica informs us that Bonaparte made himself very active, travelled through the island and noted the strategic points that demanded defence, and reported thereon to the Ministry. He did not intermit his activity in the Revolutionary Clubs. Lucien was at Corte, watching Paoli, Joseph was in the Departmental Council, and Napoleon had secured many adherents among the National Volunteers.

On disembarking at Bonifacio, he and his comrades-in-arms had heard of the condemnation and death of Louis XVI., of the declaration of war with England, as also that the Convention had despatched a Commissioner Extraordinary to the island, had ordered the suppression of the four battalions of the National Volunteers, and the remodelling of the force under officers to be nominated by the Provisional Executive Council.

The tidings of the murder of the King caused great uneasiness in Corsica. The islanders had never been oppressed by the feudalism which had sat, in France, like the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of the people, and had plucked to itself all the fruits of the earth. The Corsicans looked with horror on the bloody reprisals which had attended the fall of the Old Order. They were without social and political hatreds, and when the Revolutionary Tribunals began to scrape together information and invite accusations against such citizens as were in prosperous circumstances, or by fortune of birth were noble, and to send them under the knife, then they could not master their indignation. They had tasted something of the *sans-culottes*, the ruffians who had invaded the Tuileries, forced the red cap on to the King's head, and had massacred the guard, and they did not like them. Paoli made no secret of his indignation at the execution of the King, and the September abominations. But he made no

attempt to rouse the people. Joseph, in his *Memoirs*, exonerates him from this. "Paoli," says he, "found that he had accomplished a complete revolution against France, without having desired it, without having prepared for it, almost without being aware of it." *

At Ajaccio the confusion was extreme, disunion flagrant, and civil war latent; and this was, in fact, the condition throughout the island. Parties were disorganised. The Clericals and Royalists began to gravitate towards the Paolists; whereas the most fiery spirits, those who had nothing to lose, looked to France. By all the feelings of his youth, Napoleon was tied to Paoli. In his mind he saw the dignity, the transparent honesty of the aged hero, and he saw likewise that all those of substantial means, of position, and of moderate opinions, held to him firmly. But Paoli had wounded the pride of the young captain, and he had allied himself with Arena and Salicetti.

If Napoleon were to throw himself into the Paolist party he could not effect much; he would be eclipsed by the splendour of the old chief. He considered that it would be more to his personal advantage to make himself a career, leaning on the support of Salicetti; at the same time, however, he behaved with caution, and carefully disguised from the venerable hero the steps he was taking. For the purpose of throwing dust in his eyes, he visited him at Corte, and endeavoured to persuade him that he was in complete agreement with his views. Yet all this while a blow was being prepared to crush the old man. At the stormy interview in October, 1792, the young artillery officer had threatened Paoli with a deputation to the Convention denouncing him, and this threat was actually put in execution, but with secrecy.

The club of which Napoleon was the soul despatched a deputation, on the 27th January, 1793, with Lucien Bonaparte and Sémonville at the head, to Marseilles, to denounce Paoli to the Jacobin Clubs there, and then to proceed to Paris for the same purpose. This denunciation was calculated to bring the white head of the old defender of his country under the knife of the guillotine. What must have been the searing of Napoleon's conscience when he not only lent himself to this, but instigated such an infamous proceeding!

Lucien gives an account, in his *Memoirs*, of the progress made by the deputation.

Lucien was not yet eighteen years old, and yet he was commissioned to call down the vengeance of the National Convention on the venerable hero of nearly seventy, the greatest man Corsica had ever produced!

Lucien says: "My vanity was so excited, when we reached the haven of Marseilles, that I did all in my power to attract on myself the eyes of the crowd assembled to see us disembark. We hardly rested, and went on at once to the club. The members, wearing the red cap of the Jacobins on their heads, sat in a large, dimly-lighted hall. The tribunes were filled with noisy women. As soon as the President had announced that a deputation of Corsican patriots had arrived bearing important despatches, then a lull ensued, and I was appointed to occupy the tribune and speak, before I had thought what I had to say. I cried

* *Mém. du roi Joseph*, i. 51.

out that the Corsican nation was betrayed, and that we had come to entreat help of our brothers. Not knowing at the time of the flight of my family, I felt no personal animosity against Paoli, and I was willing to spare him; but the applause I received grew with the vehemence of my words. . . . Carried away by the approval of the audience, I said whatever came uppermost, and would serve to excite their applause. I entreated for speedy assistance; I described Paoli as having misused the popular confidence, and as one who had returned to his native Corsica only in order to hand it over to the English. . . . I did not spare these latter in my declamation. I found it touched the audience where most sensitive, and I made my great point therewith. I was smothered with embraces, and overwhelmed with compliments. The crowd would hardly allow me to descend from the tribune. I spoke for two hours in rambling fashion. One demand followed another. My speech was to be printed. A delegation was to be sent to the Governor of the Department; a deputation of three members of the club to attend us to the Jacobins of Paris, there to denounce the treachery, and demand revenge—all these proposals were voted unanimously. My comrades from Ajaccio were, at heart, little disposed to go to Paris, but I resolved to travel thither with the three deputies from Marseilles."

However, next day this wretched boy went to see the guillotine in full operation at Marseilles—chop! chop! chop! all day, and heads falling!—and his desire to proceed to Paris was so sensibly abated, that, he tells us, he allowed the deputation to proceed without him, and sneaked back to his mother by the next sailing vessel for Corsica. The deputation arrived in Paris on the 5th February, 1793.

Salicetti was uneasy. He knew what combustible material existed in Corsica, and how that an attempt to bring Paoli before the tribunal of blood in Paris would throw the entire island into revolt. He advised caution and half-measures, and then that he himself should be sent into Corsica to allay the ferment of minds, and deal with the great man in such a manner as to reduce his power of resistance.

The first step taken was the suppression of the National Volunteers, of which Paoli was Commander-in-Chief, and the reconstruction of the force under leaders on whom more reliance could be placed. Accordingly a Commissioner, Lacombe Saint-Michel, was sent to Corsica to see to the execution of this decree. He disembarked at Bastia on the 17th February, 1793, and was very ill received. The new force was to be united with the Army of Italy under Biron, who was at Lyons. The latter received orders to summon Paoli to the mainland, and he sent a man-of-war to Corsica to bring Paoli to France. The latter declined to go on board. He alleged his age and infirm health as excuses for declining the invitation.

The irritation in the island increased, and Lacombe returned to Toulon for further instructions. Eight days after Salicetti arrived there, and had consultation with him. He and his fellow-Commissioner Delcher decided to take with them the Vermandois regiment, and with this they disembarked at San Fiorenzo on the 5th April.

In the meantime General Biron had informed the Minister of War that Paoli had refused to enter the trap opened for him. At the same time arrived an

address from the Marseillais, who had so disgraced themselves in the expedition to Sardinia. In this address they threw the entire blame of the failure on Paoli, who, they said, had treasonably done everything in his power to frustrate the objects of the undertaking. To the Marseillais some of the Corsican Volunteers under Arena added their accusations against the great man.

The Convention decreed that "the Commissioners were authorised, if they saw fit, to arrest Paoli, and to send him, along with Pozzo di Borgo, Procureur-Général of the Department, before the Convention."

The news of this decree reached Bastia on the 17th April. It produced stupor at Corte, and an explosion of fury throughout the island.

Royalists and Clericals made common cause at once with the Independents. On the 18th the Mayor of Calvi and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the third battalion of Volunteers took up arms, and attacked the French troops in garrison. The same thing took place at Isola, Rossa, and Porta a' Ampugnani. At Ajaccio, in the club of the Moderates, Peraldi proposed an address to the Convention, in which he indignantly defended Paoli. In the Revolutionary Club Bonaparte also drew up one.

He was playing such a double game that neither party trusted him. Paoli wrote on May 13th :—

"The behaviour of Bonaparte is too puzzling to be unravelled. He would have me believe that he is acting independently of the will of Salicetti, to whose violence all disorders are attributable, which has provoked such jealousies, and has endangered the tranquillity of the Department."*

And yet Lacombe had actually issued a warrant for his apprehension, believing him to be a dangerous partisan of the Independents.†

In after times those who have written laudatory biographies and histories of Napoleon have had some difficulty in dealing with his tortuous conduct at this period, and they have taken refuge in the explanation that he was driven into opposition to Paoli by the latter having entered into correspondence with the English, for the purpose of delivering up the island to them. Indeed, at S. Helena Napoleon himself made this assertion. But there is no evidence whatever that this was Paoli's intention at the time, much less that he had taken steps in that direction. No scrap of correspondence has been produced to substantiate the charge.

Now only did Bonaparte throw in his lot openly with Salicetti and the French party. No principle was involved. He was breaking with his past; he set himself in opposition to the man whom he had idolised, and he took the side of the French whom he had hated with a deadly animosity. And for what end? His own personal advancement. We can find no other.

Joseph was now made by him to pass into the service of Salicetti, and become his secretary, just a fortnight after he had drawn up the protest to the Convention in favour of Paoli. Napoleon obtained from the Commissioners his

* QUITERA, *Arch. st. Ital.*, xi. 533.

† *Biographical Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Republic*, London, 1797.

own appointment as Inspector-General of Artillery in Corsica; and on the morrow he made his fourth attempt to capture the citadel of Ajaccio.

The *Vengeur* was a vessel belonging to Truguet's squadron, designed for the Sardinian expedition, which had run aground in the bay of Ajaccio. Her cannon had been brought ashore, and were on the quay. As Bonaparte was appointed inspector of artillery, he sent word to the commandant of the citadel that he purposed removing the cannon within the walls of the fortress. As the pieces of ordnance were very heavy, this would require a considerable number of men to be employed for the transport; and it was on this he reckoned. His intention was, when the drawbridge was lowered, to leave a cannon upon it, so that it could not be raised, and then to seize on the castle. But the commandant of the battalion refused his concurrence without written orders from Paoli. What was to be done? He proposed first to raise a barricade of sand-bags during the night before the gates of the citadel, to bring up his cannon, and blow in the gates. However, he was unable to persuade those conspiring with him to support him in so daring an attempt, and then bribery and promises were tried with the garrison. But promises were mistrusted, and of money Bonaparte had but little to dispose, consequently the undertaking was abandoned.

It was not possible that this audacious attempt should remain secret, and when it was bruited about, the exasperation against the young captain was great. He had sent his brother Louis on a secret message to Toulon; Joseph was already with Salicetti. Paoli sent him peremptory orders to come to Corte, and explain the meaning of his ambiguous conduct, and of his meditated attack on the citadel.

At Ajaccio his position was no longer tenable. His life was in danger. He was obliged to fly, in disguise of a sailor, in a fishing boat to Bastia, which he reached on the 10th May.

Next day he formed a new plan of attack on his native town. This consisted in bringing into it some detachments of a Swiss regiment then quartered at Bastia, under pretext that they were under orders to embark for France. Whilst they were in the town, two frigates, stationed at San Fiorenzo, were to enter the bay and prepare for action. By means of the Swiss troops in the town, and the cannon of the frigates, he hoped to intimidate the citizens, and force the garrison of the citadel to capitulate. Lacombe and Salicetti approved of the measure, with certain modifications, and the former wrote to the Minister of War: "The citizens of Ajaccio are for us, but are oppressed by a Corsican garrison, and dread a descent from the interior. Lieutenant-Colonel Quenza, commandant at Bonifacio, has given a seditious order, and has laid his hand on the military chest. We have ordered his arrest."

On the 22nd, Lacombe, Bonaparte, and Salicetti embarked at San Fiorenzo; the little squadron consisted of a frigate, a corvette, two gunboats, and some transports, the latter filled with detachments of infantry and gendarmerie, an artillery train and some volunteers. They were to arrive at night before Ajaccio, and take the citadel by a *coup de main*. The sending of the troops by

land was deemed likely to arouse the suspicions of the Ajaccians, who might refuse to receive them. A storm came on and dispersed the flotilla, which did not reach its destination for six days. In the meantime, Paoli had got wind of what was intended, and large numbers of armed peasants were poured into the town, and the guns of the citadel prepared to fire. Orders were sent for the arrest of the Bonaparte family and the accomplices of Napoleon. But forewarned, Madame Bonaparte escaped on the night of the 23rd May, with Louis, Marianne, and Pauline, and the Abbé Fesch. Jerome and Caroline were left in concealment with their maternal aunt.

When on the 29th the vessels of Lacombe and Bonaparte appeared off Ajaccio, no salvo of artillery welcomed them. A detachment of grenadiers and gendarmes, and four pieces of artillery were landed at Orbitello, and Bonaparte,

with his volunteers, disembarked in the island of Sanguinario, where he was received with discharges of firearms, and only owed his safety to the arrival of Lacombe with supports. The attempt had utterly failed, and during the night the detachments were re-embarked, and the squadron returned discouraged and discomfited.

At Calvi Napoleon met his mother and brother and sisters. The news that came in on all sides was most discouraging. The whole island had risen at the call of Paoli.

A council of war was held on



ARRIVAL OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY IN FRANCE.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

the 5th June at Bastia, and it was decided that Salicetti and Delcher should return to France and appeal for assistance, carrying with them a long, badly-spelt tirade against Paoli from the pen of Bonaparte, together with a scheme drawn out for the reconquest of his native island by French arms—a reconquest which would entail, as he well knew, the erection of the guillotine in every town, and the deluging of his native soil with the blood, not only of those who fought for their independence, but of those who merely desired it, of women, and old men and boys. And his design and hope was to be given the command of the foreign troops—cut-throats from Marseilles perhaps—who were to reduce Corsica to subjection.

Having sent off his memorial as to the best means for reconquering his native island, Bonaparte thought it high time to leave the land which was burning under his feet, and place himself near those who might entrust to him the execution of his plans.

On the 11th June, 1793, with his mother and brothers and sisters, he quitted his native land.

“What a flight it was,” says Captain Bingham. “One exile became Emperor of France and King of Italy; another reigned first at Naples, then at Madrid; Lucien became Prince of Canino; Louis sat on the throne of Holland; Marianne became Grand Duchess of Tuscany; Pauline, a Princess; and Abbé Fesch, a Cardinal.”* Of the children left behind, Caroline was destined to sit on the throne of Naples, and Jerome was the future King of Westphalia.

When Napoleon landed at Toulon, a revolution had taken place within him of a very different nature from that which had broken out in Corsica.

No noble ideal remained before his eyes. He had nothing to look to, nothing for which to work, to scheme, but his own advancement.

He had dissociated himself from honest men, and had linked his fortunes with such creatures as Salicetti and the Arenas, whom he despised, and whom he could never forgive for having been forced into association with himself. Such a tie brought with it a moral taint.

He had seen what those were in Paris who held the power, what the force was which drove on France from one horror to another. He had lost all sympathy with the Revolution. And he had united with the agents of this destructive force against his country, against the man whom he had adored, and in boyish generosity had longed to imitate. An idol may forfeit all right to be worshipped. It may prove like Serapis, to be full of rottenness. But this was not the case with Paoli. From this moment he had lost his faith in man, because he had forfeited his own self-respect.

The bitterness with which he pursued Salicetti in after times, and brought Arena to death on a false charge, was due to this galling consciousness that in throwing himself into their arms he had been untrue to his better self.

We see in the episode of his last venture in Corsica the change that was taking place in Bonaparte. He put off his boyish enthusiasm, and put on the calculating cunning of an old man. Noble aims expired in his soul, which thenceforth was filled with nothing higher than self-seeking.

* *Letters and Despatches of the First Napoleon.* London, 1884, i. 30.



XIII

LE SOUPER DE BEAUCAIRE

(JUNE 26—JULY 29, 1793)

THE little party, when it landed on the quay at Toulon, was received with enthusiasm. They were regarded as martyrs to the cause of Liberty, and the Convention decreed that they should be indemnified for their losses, at the public cost. They took good care to exaggerate these losses, and represent themselves as the wealthiest persons in all Corsica;* accordingly they were placed beyond the reach of absolute want. Madame Bonaparte received seventy-five francs per month, and forty-five for each of the children under the age of fifteen, and a lump sum of fifty francs for each recipient, to enable her to start housekeeping. As to those above the age of fifteen, they were left to shift for themselves. But this was not sufficient to support all. Napoleon was looked on with mistrust from his erratic conduct, as a captain of artillery who did not go to his regiment, and his brothers felt no inclination to enter the army. Their ambition was to have a finger in the contracting for, or administration of, the military supplies; a business that allowed of much speculation, and the rapid accumulation of wealth. But there were too many equally ambitious to engage in this course, for them readily and at once to find suitable places, and much time was expended in running about and getting nothing.

Salicetti had provided Napoleon with one of those convenient and easily-obtainable certificates that he employed so frequently, and this certificate was to the effect that the Deputy had retained Bonaparte in the island on urgent business, and that it was through his orders that he had not returned to his post of duty at the expiration of his furlough. Of course, Salicetti had no legal right to detain him, and, in point of fact, had not done so; but, at this period, the army had gone through complete reorganisation, resulting in considerable displacement of officers, changes in the regiments, and general confusion in the War Department; so that there was little chance of Napoleon being called to account for his absence; and a turbulent and influential Deputy, such as Salicetti, was dangerous to cross; consequently, although the superior officers might

* "Cette famille, composée de dix personnes . . . jouissent d'une fortune le plus considérable du département"—the statement of the friendly procureur syndic of Ajaccio. This was more than an exaggeration. It was untrue. The document is in the *Mémoires de Joseph*, i. 52.

look askance at the captain who regularly drew his pay and neglected his duties, yet they did not venture to court-martial him as he deserved.

The Jacobins were supreme at Paris, and throughout France. On the 10th March, the Revolutionary Tribunal had been created, freed from all legal restraint, that it might do its work of butchery more expeditiously.

On the 6th April, came the call into existence of the Committee of Public Safety. The destruction of the Girondins was resolved on, and the guillotine was put in requisition on their behalf. Then the Committee of Public Safety was invested with despotic power over the lives and fortunes of all Frenchmen; and the true reign of terror began.

In face of the anarchy and danger to all property, and the certainty that no life was secure, all who had anything to lose, and any cause to apprehend accusation, resolved on resistance. Throughout the South this feeling was strong, but those who were prepared and willing to resist had no leaders, no rallying points, no concerted plan of operations; they were not agreed as to what form of government was wanted. The consequence was that opposition failed; the Departments returned to submission, one by one, and the only serious head made was at Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, and Toulon.

The Revolutionary Committees were declared the judges of the persons liable to arrest; there was hardly a village without such a committee, and every member of one received from government three francs *per diem*. Consequently, the idle and the needy were enlisted on the side of the Terrorists, against the industrious and the respectable.

An army was assembled to bring into submission and terribly chastise the few cities that resisted the Convention.

Napoleon was engaged in the reduction of Avignon. It has been pretended that his management of the artillery assured the capture of the town, but this is one of the fables of later growth; there is no evidence that such was the case. Salicetti, Ricord, and Robespierre the younger, arrived on the scene of action, and, through the Corsican deputy, Bonaparte obtained introduction to the other two.

From Avignon, on the 28th July, Napoleon went to Beaucaire.

This is a town on the right bank of the Rhone, opposite the ancient and venerable Tarascon. It owes both its importance and life to the fact that it is situated at the mouth of the Canal of Beaucaire, which joins the Canal du Midi, and thus connects the Rhone and the Garonne. It is dominated by an extensive castle, and contains some picturesque houses and churches. It may be divided into the mediæval town and the modern; the latter the focus of the great fair that takes place every year, and which galvanises the otherwise sleepy town into ephemeral life. This fair is to Provence what that of Novgorod is to Russia, a meeting-place of the merchants of East and West, the place of exchange of the produce and manufactures of the centre of France and the shores of the Atlantic, with those of Italy and the alluvial banks of the Gulf of Lyons.

Napoleon, perhaps, met at Beaucaire, in the little inn where he stayed, some

merchants from the South, and had with them an argument or altercation. On this he based a dialogue, which he entitled *Le Souper de Beaucaire*, in which are represented a citizen of Nimes, a manufacturer of Montpellier, a native of Marseilles, and a soldier—himself—discussing the political condition of affairs that then agitated the South.

The pamphlet is addressed to the reactionaries of Marseilles. It had, therefore, a political aim, and was written to advise submission to the party in power, and dissuade from all attempt at opposition. Nevertheless, Napoleon was cautious not to so commit himself as to allow a chance of this production



LE SOUPER DE BEAUCAIRE.
From a painting by Leconte de Nohy.

being used against him in the event—very improbable—of the reactionaries and moderates getting the upper hand. But it is more than that. It is a work of self-justification. The author exposes the reasons which had in fact induced him, in Corsica, to throw in his lot with the Jacobins against Paoli and the Independents. For in Provence the same thing was taking place which had begun in Corsica. He may have felt some twinges of conscience which needed to be allayed, and he sought in this pamphlet not so much to convince the Marseillais as to satisfy himself.

“In the *Souper de Beaucaire*,” says Lanfrey, “one sees his ideas expressed in a style remarkable only for its italicisms, but which becomes singularly decided and precise when dealing with military matters. One discerns in it,

under an apparent freedom of expression, great caution, which allows of no handle against the author, even in the mention of events just passed.

“The argument on which the author leans with greatest weight is that which had most deeply impressed his own mind, and shows clearly what had decided for him the question between the Mountain and the Gironde”—and, we may add, between Paoli and the Convention. “This was *success*. The argument employed is no other than that eternal sophism, by the assistance of which every act of violence has been justified by investing it with the plea that it is done in a patriotic cause.”

In an argument such as that conducted at Beaucaire, over principles which had ranged men in arms against each other, it is really startling to see how entirely the question of principle is set aside, and the sole motive for taking action is—probability of success. That side is right, or rather—for right is ignored—is to be adhered to which has the great certainty of success on its side. Inevitable fate is the supreme law to which all must bow, in the world of action, and, by implication, in the moral sphere as well. The sanction of an act is its success.

We can now understand why Bonaparte made such a complete change of face in Corsica. He did not ask whether the islanders were right in attempting to establish their independence; the question of right had nothing to do with it. But the determining question was—Were they likely to succeed?

Bonaparte had, in the background of his conscience, at the base of his conceptions, the idea of God—but how God worked and revealed Himself was not clear to him. The rights of man proceeded from the Maker of man. But his confidence in these rights was gone. Power, not right, was the manifestation of God in the world. Therefore the strongest was the ruler by Divine Right. This theory, thenceforth, never was upset in him, it governed him, it inspired his actions and sanctified them. To speak, to write against him when he was the manifestation of infinite Power, was blasphemy; to resist him, sacrilege. When, in after years, he made a concordat with the Papacy, he never for a moment inquired, even thought to inquire, whether Catholicism were *true*, he saw it was a power, and because a power, he respected it, as of divine right in the world, just as when in Egypt he respected and conformed to Moham-medanism.

As he had made a *volte face* in his conduct with respect to Corsica, so had he made a moral *volte face*, he had taken up as a principle of action that doctrine which hitherto he had combated. When Clovis stepped into the baptismal water, S. Remigius thus addressed him, “Bow thy head, Sicambrian; adore what thou hast burned; burn what thou hast adored.” Such was the transformation effected in the disposition of Napoleon, under the teaching of such creatures as Salicetti and Arena, but most of all of his own mind.

In the *Souper de Beaucaire* the doctrine is not enunciated baldly, but it underlies the whole argument; and the same continued to govern his conduct throughout his marvellous career.

The question naturally arises at this point in the history of Napoleon, Had

he at this time such a strong confidence in his abilities, as to foresee what he would do, when the opportunity came? On this it is safe to trust his own words. At S. Helena he said: "Vendémiaire et Montenotte ne me portèrent pas encore à me croire un homme supérieur; ce n'est qu'après Lodi qu'il me vint dans l'idée que je pouvais bien devenir, après tout, un acteur décisif sur notre scène politique. Alors naquit la première étincelle de la haute ambition."

XIV

TOULON

(SEPTEMBER, 1793—MARCH, 1794)

BONAPARTE was at Nice in the middle of June, 1793; he rejoined his regiment, a portion of which was quartered on the frontiers of Italy, and he was given the supervision of the batteries along the coast, now rendered necessary for the protection of France against the English fleet stationed in the Mediterranean. He had, however, gone to Avignon to assist in the siege there, and shortly after he showed his *Souper de Beaucaire* to Salicetti, Gasparin, and the other Deputies and Commissioners who were with the army sent to reduce the insurrection in Provence. They were so pleased with it, that they ordered its publication at the cost of the Treasury. It was issued in August, by Tournal, of Avignon. If we may trust Barras, the money to pay for the printing was sent to Bonaparte, who pocketed it; and the widow of the publisher had to apply to have the debt discharged after Napoleon was Emperor.*

Owing to the favour of Gasparin and Salicetti, berths were now found for Napoleon's brothers. Uncle Fesch threw off his cassock, and was attached to the Commissariat of the army of the Alps; Lucien obtained the same favour, and was planted at S. Maximin. For Joseph a still better place was found; he was appointed War Commissioner of the First Class at Marseilles. By law none could be thus appointed unless in the army, and not below the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. But this was a small difficulty to a family that manufactured false certificates to suit its convenience. Napoleon passed on his certificate of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Corsican Volunteers to Joseph, and thereby got the situation for his brother. Owing to the mystification about their births, and both having been baptised under the name of Nabalone, this was easily done.†

Ten years later, when Napoleon desired to have his brother Joseph appointed Colonel, he had the following certificate drawn up, relative to his services.

* *Memoirs of Barras* (Eng. ed.), 1895, i. 143.

† The appointment was in these terms: "The representatives of the people . . . seeing the circumstances and necessities of the army destined to reduce the rebels of the South (*du midy—sic*), order that Joseph Buonaparte, now Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry, shall be appointed Commissary of War of the First Class." Salicetti, who signed this, knew the truth of the matter, but he wished to assist the Bonapartes.

“Pupil of Artillery in 1768.

Officer on Staff in 1792.

Adjutant of Battalion in 1793.

Member of the Legislative Corps in the year V. (1796.)

Colonel of the 4th Regiment of the Line.

Engaged in the Campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and slightly wounded at the Siege of Toulon.”

Nearly every statement was false. It was Napoleon, and not Joseph, who had been a pupil of the Artillery, and the latter had never been adjutant at all, not having been in the army. In 1792 he was in the oil trade; after that secretary to Salicetti. He never showed his nose at the siege of Toulon, and it was Napoleon, not he, who was there slightly wounded. Had any inquiry been made into the matter, the baptismal certificates, or rather false copies of them, were ready to hand, to deceive the examiners.

At Marseilles Joseph made the acquaintance of the soap-boiler Clary; indeed, he and Napoleon were billeted on him, on their first official visit to Marseilles. Clary had two daughters, Julie and Désirée, both destined to be Queens, one to marry Joseph Bonaparte, the other to be the wife of Bernadotte.

A mixed multitude of soldiers and revolutionary cut-throats, under the command of the painter Carteaux, after having dyed their hands in the blood of six thousand of their countrymen, whom they had massacred at Lyons (Oct. 9, 1793), invested Toulon, which had shut its gates against the Revolutionary army, and had thrown open its port to the English. The town was crowded with refugees from Marseilles and Lyons, with Constitutionals, Moderates, Reactionaries, Royalists, and its bastions were occupied by a mixed multitude of defenders, Sardinians, Spaniards, French, and English, united in nothing save in common hatred of the monsters who trampled France under their feet.

The investing army was divided into two corps, separated by a rocky ridge the Faron. On the west was the ravine of S. Antoine; further west that of Ollioules, where Carteaux established his headquarters. The investing army was composed in part of troops detached from the Army of Italy, in large measure of volunteers who had been set at liberty by the taking of Lyons, and it was further swelled with the Marseillais ruffians, animated by hopes of murder and plunder in the city which they were confident must speedily surrender.

Carteaux, the Commander-in-Chief, was ignorant of the first principles of military science, and he erected batteries to shell the English fleet, with care to place them beyond the reach of the guns of the enemy, but they proved to be too distant to do any injury.*

* “Carteaux had a pretentious wife who liked to have a finger in matters of administration, not to say of war. According to not a few military men . . . it was Madame Carteaux who drew up the orders of the day, and went so far, either out of sheer impudence or *naïveté*, as to sign them ‘Femme Carteaux.’”—BARRAS, *Memoirs*, i. 143.

Breveté de la convention

Tu travailles avec beaucoup d'hommes
sans fatigue inutile. j'en ai vu passer
400 hommes pour travailler le ravin tout le
soir quatre points de jour la chemise bien
faite

je vais faire passer 2 pièces de canon
sur la gauche au poste le plus avancé.

Le général Garner ne fait avancer
les postes qu'à gauche sur le chemin de gauche
jusqu'à la plaine je tui donnerai deux nouvelles
pièces de quatre

Le Commandant de l'artillerie
Bonaparte

P. S. 200 hommes de ces 400 vont au
parc prendre des outils les
autres sont donnés

au général Carteaux

The siege had begun in September; it dragged on through October. Behind and above the commanding General stood the Commissioners of the Convention, Salicetti, Albitte, Barras, and Gasparin, all as ignorant of the art of warfare as the General ex-painter. There was organisation neither in the host nor in the commissariat. The most necessary materials of war were deficient, and food ran short. Every man had his plan that was infallible, and every man saw that the plan of his fellow was doomed to failure.

In the midst of this confusion, Bonaparte arrived at Toulon, and was presented by Salicetti to Carteaux, who at once took the young artillery officer over his batteries, and was much incensed when Napoleon pointed out the rudimentary errors he had committed.

Whilst Carteaux was wasting ammunition by firing into the sea, or at such a distance from the works of the fortress as not to reach them, the division of Lapoype, with the Commissioners Barras and Fréron attending to its movements, had achieved a success; it had attacked and captured Mount Faron, but had been driven from it again, and Lapoype contented himself with opening trenches before Fort La Malue, which occupied one part of the bay, of which L'Aiguillette was the other. The capture of either of these forts would command the harbour.

The Commissioners, satisfied that the painter was incompetent to conduct a siege, dismissed him, and appointed Doppet, a doctor, in his place. He was nominated on the 26th September; but, as he proved as inefficient as the painter, was dismissed after a month's trial; and Dugommier, an old officer, was then placed in command; then on the 25th November a council of war was held, at which the Representatives Barras, Ricord, Robespierre the younger, Fréron, and Salicetti were present. Through the influence of the Commissioners, Bonaparte had already been invested with the command of the artillery.

A commander-in-chief was placed at great disadvantage, as he was obliged to convince the Commissioners of the advisability of a measure before he was allowed to adopt it. These men ordered Dugommier to completely invest the town, but this would have required an army of 60,000 men, and that at his disposal did not number more than 25,000. If he extended his line, he left himself open to have it attacked and broken through at any point. Those officers who knew anything about their profession saw the impossibility of executing the order, but experience told them how dangerous it was for a general to dispute the plans of the terrible Committee. They knew, moreover, that if they failed to carry out measures, which their common sense told them were impossible of fulfilment, they would have to pay for it with their heads.

Bonaparte drew up a memorial expressing his views, and sent it to the Minister of War; and in a second Council of War his plans were approved, and he was given full liberty to carry them into execution.

In the meantime he had used all his energies to bring some order into the management of supplies. He had collected from Marseilles, Lyons, and

Grenoble, the cannons and other munitions of war that were indispensable, had reorganised all the services with incredible activity, and had obtained such an influence over all with whom he was brought into contact, that they regarded him as practically the director of all the operations.

In compliance with the instructions of Napoleon, the whole force of the besiegers was directed against the English redoubt erected by Lord Mulgrave, who was in command of the garrison, on the Aiguillette, and, after a long cannonade, an attempt to carry it by assault was made on the morning of



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTERY.

From a water-colour drawing of the period.

December 17th. The troops of the Convention were driven back, and Dugommier, who headed the attempt, gave over all for lost. But fresh troops were rapidly brought up in support, another onslaught was attempted, and succeeded in overpowering the Spanish soldiers, to whom a portion of the line was entrusted, whereupon the assailants broke in, turned the flank of the English detachment, and cut down three hundred of them.

The possession of this fort rendered the further maintenance of the exterior defences of Toulon impracticable. Its effect was at once recognised by the English commander, and during the night the whole of the allied troops were withdrawn from the promontory into the city.

Meanwhile another attack had been made, under the direction of Napoleon, on the rocky heights of Faron; which were carried, and the mountain was occupied by the Republicans, who hoisted the tricolor flag.

The garrison still consisted of above ten thousand men, and the fortifications of the town itself were as yet uninjured; but the harbour was commanded and swept by the guns of the Republican army from l'Aiguillette and Faron. Sir Samuel Hood, in command of the English squadron, strongly urged the necessity of making an attempt to recover the points that had been lost; but he was overruled, and it was resolved to evacuate the place.

When the citizens of Toulon became aware of this decision they were filled with dismay. They knew but too well what fate was in store for them if left to the hands of their remorseless fellow-countrymen. Accordingly the quays were crowded with terror-stricken men and women entreating to be carried on board, whilst already the shot from Napoleon's batteries tore lanes among them, or his shells exploded in their midst. With difficulty, as many as could be accommodated were placed in boats and conveyed to the ships, of which there were several in the harbour that had belonged to the French. Fourteen thousand were thus rescued; but Napoleon directed shot and shell among the boats, sinking some, and drowning the unhappy and innocent persons who were flying from their homes.

The prisoners now broke their chains and added to the horror, as they burst into the deserted houses, robbing and firing and murdering where resistance was offered. Next day, the troops of the Convention entered the town. During the ensuing days some hundreds of the inhabitants who had not escaped were swept together into an open place, and without any form of trial were shot. Salicetti wrote exultingly: "The town is on fire, and offers a hideous spectacle; most of the inhabitants have escaped. Those who remain will serve to appease the manes of our brave brothers who fought with such valour."* Fouché, Napoleon's future Head of Police, who had hastened to Toulon from Lyons, wrote to Collot d'Herbois in Paris, "Farewell, my friend. Tears of joy stream over my cheeks, and flood my soul. We have but one way in which to celebrate our victory. We have this evening sent 213 rebels under the fire of our lightning." "We must guillotine others," said Barras, "to save ourselves from being guillotined." In addition to these, by mistake, the entering soldiers massacred two hundred Jacobins, who advanced to welcome their approach. Executions went on for several days, and numbers of the hapless remnant perished by sword or guillotine. But even this did not satisfy the Convention. On the motion of Barrière, it was decreed that the name of Toulon should be blotted out, and a Commission, consisting of Barras, Fréron, and the younger Robespierre, was ordered to continue the slaughter. Such as were able bought their lives. One old merchant of eighty-four offered all his wealth, save eight hundred thousand livres, but the judge, coveting the whole, sent him to the scaffold, and confiscated his entire property.

* *Moniteur*, *Nivose* 5, an. 2 (Dec. 25, 1793), a Christmas Day salutation from those who had dethroned God.

“When I beheld this old man executed,” said Napoleon, long after at S. Helena, “I felt as if the end of the world were at hand.”

According to Marmont, Napoleon was averse to this butchery, and endeavoured to save some of those accused. This is possible enough. He was not bloodthirsty; he disliked useless slaughter, and so long as the end were attained, was content to be generous, and inclined to mercy. But he had joined brotherhood with monsters, he had forwarded their work, and could not escape responsibility for their acts. In his *Souper de Beaucaire*, he had expressed with



THE SIEGE OF TOULON.

From a drawing by Job.

remarkable decision his repugnance to the system of butchery practised by the Convention, and then being carried out to an appalling extent in Provence.

That his heart was already seared, we may judge from an anecdote given by Mme. Bourrienne, which her husband extracted from her notes:—

“One day, after our second return from Germany, which was in May, 1795, we met Bonaparte. I recollect that a few days after, he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity, which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us that, being before Toulon, when he commanded the Artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to Bonaparte, and with tears entreated that

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

Bonaparte acted in accordance with his duty in not allowing himself to be swayed by the tears of the wife, but this does not excuse the manner in which he related the incident. Napoleon was not, he never was, cruel, but he was callous.

During the siege of Toulon, Barras made acquaintance with the young engineer captain. He found him with a bundle of his *Souper de Beaucaire* under his arm, distributing copies right and left among the officers and men. Barras says:—

"I was struck with his activity from the time we first came together, while his attention to his military duties impressed me favourably. Friendships are quickly formed in a life of dangers shared together, hence I lost no time in granting all the young Corsican's requests, both in matters personal, and those important to the service. . . . Soon admitted to my table, he was always placed at my side. The world in general is inclined to kindness, even to a certain admiration, towards a man of frail physique, who displays more strength than Nature seems to have granted him. His soul appeared superior to his body. Independently of this, the real reason—one about which I do not wish to make any mystery—which attracted me towards this young artillery lieutenant, was this. It was that not merely had he the merit of courageous activity—that perpetual motion and physical agitation which began in that little, low-statured man at the head, and extended to the last extremities; but it was that I saw in him a striking resemblance to one of the most famous, not to say *the* most famous, of the Revolutionists who flitted across the Revolutionary stage—I mean Marat."†

Barras does not mean that there was likeness in face and figure, but that the same restless activity, combined with indomitable resolution, existed in both.

When Toulon was taken, and the guillotine was at work, a grand dinner was given to Generals and Representatives of the People; the Republicans of the town, galley-slaves included.‡ Soldiers and patriots, citizens and *sans-culottes*, sat down together, but the Commissioners ordered that they themselves should be regaled at a table apart from the rabble.

During the siege of Toulon Napoleon formed another friendship—one that

* BOURRIENNE, *Mem.* i. 31. .

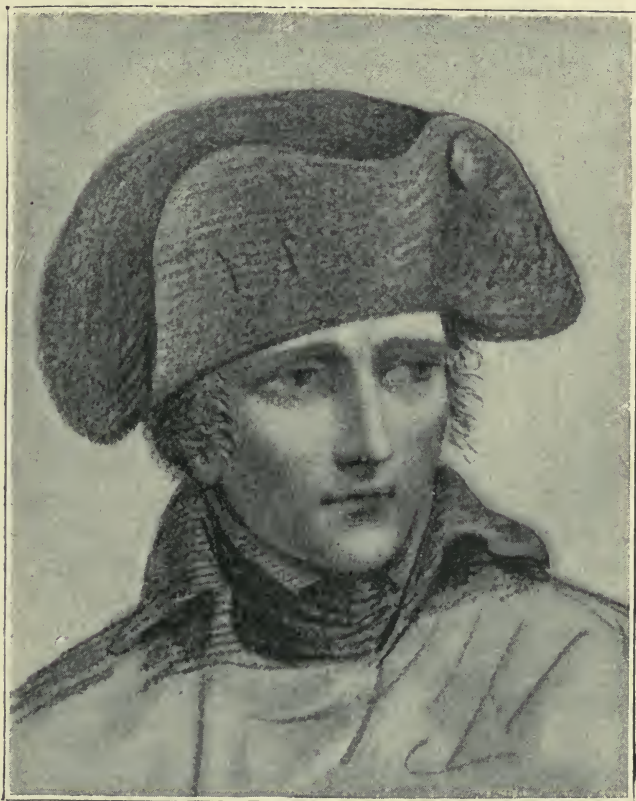
† BARRAS, *Mem.* i. 146. Though referring to the English edition, I have had to condense and recast the translation, which is not of the best; but Barras' style is confused; in literal English it is simply unintelligible.

‡ The Commissioners were reported to have asserted that these were "the only respectable persons in the town."

was to last unimpaired till death. Here it was that he made acquaintance with Junot, then a common grenadier.

During a heavy cannonade, Bonaparte, having occasion to dictate a despatch, called out for someone who would write it, his own hand being illegible. Junot stepped out of the ranks, and whilst penning the despatch, a shot struck the ground close to his side and covered both with dust.

"This is fortunate, sir," observed the young grenadier, laughing, "I was in want of sand."



THE YOUNG ARTILLERY OFFICER.

From an ideal portrait attributed to Prud'hon.

"You are a fine fellow," said Bonaparte, "how can I serve you?"

"Give me promotion; I will not disgrace it."

He was immediately made a sergeant; not long afterwards he obtained a commission; in 1796 he was nominated aide-de-camp to his benefactor who, under the Empire, created him Duke of Abrantes. This fair-haired, tender-hearted man, risen from the ranks, married Mademoiselle Permon, to whom we owe such precious notices of the early life of Napoleon.

The taking of Toulon brought Napoleon into notice for the first time. Dugommier, in a letter, reported: "This young officer deserves attention, for,

into whichever side he may throw himself, he is certainly destined to bring great weight into the balance."

In reward for his services, he was advanced to be General of Brigade (16th Feb., 1794).

In order to obtain his appointment, Napoleon was obliged to answer a series of questions, when again he took advantage of the confusion produced by the baptismal registers. He now represented himself as aged twenty-five, which was true enough if he were born at Corte in 1768, but not true if born at Ajaccio in 1769. He put himself down as "not noble," *i.e.* not of gentle birth. As Corsica was in full insurrection, he knew that it was not possible to obtain genuine transcripts of the registers, nor, in the general hurry of events, had those in the military department time to examine closely into this matter. Moreover, Louis, though aged only fifteen years and five months, was appointed by Salicetti, in the name of his colleagues, and without his informing them of it, to be Adjutant-Major in the Artillery. However, the Bureau of the Artillery plucked up courage to refuse their ratification of this extraordinary nomination, and, instead, sent the boy to school at Châlons, "As he could not be eligible, not having belonged to the Artillery corps." A little later Louis, like his brothers, pretended to have been in the army, and to have received wounds. But that was a family habit, and, as Jung says, the Bonapartes might very justly have taken as their motto, "Tout pour arriver, ou pour se débarrasser de qui vous gêne."

Lucien, who was at S. Maximin, collecting stores for the army, and not forgetting his own interest in so doing, called himself Lucien-Brutus Bonaparte.* He had fallen in love with a tavern-keeper's daughter, named Christine Boyer, whom he afterwards married. Uncle Fesch, the future cardinal, was engaged in counting sacks of flour and peas for transport to the army; Elise was a handsome girl of seventeen; Pauline was nearly fourteen, Caroline approaching twelve, and Jerome was nine years old.

Napoleon, having charge of the defences of the south coast, very narrowly escaped with his life. "The Tarpeian rock was rather dangerously near to that of the Capitol."

On his arrival at Marseilles, his keen military eye saw what points of vantage required fortifying or strengthening; and he wrote to the Ministry on January 4th, 1794, to say that he was about to reconstruct, and furnish with cannon, one of the forts which dominated the town. The proposal created a ferment in Marseilles. There was a general protest, "The old bastilles are to be set up again, and cannon levelled against the citizens of the Republic."

Napoleon and General Lapoype were summoned to answer this charge at the bar of the Convention. The latter alone appeared, the former ran away to Toulon, and hid himself behind Salicetti, who undertook his defence. Thanks to his protector, the storm passed over his head without injuring him.

Toulon was the starting-point of Napoleon's fortunes. There for the first time he had an opportunity of showing that he was possessed of military

* Barras says he made himself marked by his blasphemies and his profanities.

talent. There he laid himself out to win the regard of men likely afterwards to be to him of inestimable service. He was a stranger, a foreigner in France, he spoke the language badly, he spelled it villainously. He had no relations by blood with anyone there, except his own family that lived on State alms. He had his career to make, and to make that he must control his temper, and condescend to obsequiousness towards those in power.

Barras tells how he paid court, not to him only, with profound bows, "almost genuflexions," but how he "pursued Mme. Ricord [wife of another Commissioner] with all kinds of attentions, picking up her gloves, handing her her fan, holding with profound respect her bridle and stirrup when she mounted her horse, accompanying her in her walks hat in hand."*

But what imposed more than this obsequiousness was the evidence of ability and aptitude in the young officer. The Commissioners were men whom it was worth his while to gain. Robespierre was brother of the man shortly to rise to dictatorship. Fréron played an important part at the time of the Directory; Barras was afterwards the leading spirit in the *coups d'état* of the 13th Vendémiaire and of the 18th Brumaire. This piece of "Jacobin carrion," as Macaulay terms him, had the skill to gain the saddle throughout the long tenure of the Directory. But quite as important to Bonaparte as the confidence of these political leaders, was the affection and respect of many young men of energy and ability, which he managed to win. In the midst of the general incompetence, he alone seemed to know what he was about, and to have a clear view as to how the end was to be gained. When he pleased, Napoleon was able to fascinate those with whom he was brought in contact; his intellectual powers imposed, his real kindness, his sweet smile, won hearts. And at this time an exile from his home, his father's house burnt by an angry mob, his name branded along with that of Buttafuoco, he craved for friendship, and he sought it by exercising self-control, and by exerting all his powers of fascination. The young men whom he then won were destined to rise in the army to high stations, and to form about him a constellation of very zealous and devoted supporters.

From the point of view of the development of his character, the siege and capture of Toulon also had its importance. He had occasion at length to shake off the despondency that had weighed on him from childhood, and had soured his life. But the siege did more than that. Hitherto he had blustered about the rights of man, and the obligations of equality and freedom, long after he had ceased to believe in them. Mere "club-speeches," translated into action, meant general massacre.

However he might have desired the welfare of his native isle, he had been a main instrument in urging it to revolt, and only when he saw that revolt would be unsuccessful did he turn his coat, and adopt as principle that submission to France against which he had hitherto contended. And now he saw plainly enough that there was every probability of Corsica sharing the fate of Toulon, Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles. Nevertheless, instead of turning his energies,

* BARRAS, i. 161.

his abilities, to its protection, he was ready to devote them to its enemies, with the end of making his once loved island into a butcher's shambles.

There seem to have been three periods in the early life of Napoleon, and he passed from one to another on a gradual but steady descent. The first was that of honest boyish enthusiasms, invigorated by personal ambition; this latter gradually became the predominant factor, and it exacted of him the sacrifice of one ennobling enthusiasm after another. First Paoli, then his profession, lastly Corsica, were thrown overboard. Thus lightened, he was ready for the second period, in which ambition was degraded into self-seeking, and enthusiasm into cant. His one remaining faith was in the power of reason, his only veneration was for success; but, like all idols that men raise in the place of higher things, these failed him when put to the test. His common sense told him that the policy of the Revolutionists of '93 was unreasonable, and that success on these lines was impossible; but his opportunism demanded one last sacrifice, and that, perhaps, the bitterest of all. He had already been false to what he knew to be right, now he was false to what he knew to be reasonable.

No longer believing in the principles of the Revolution, he put his sword at the service of the extreme faction; and now had dyed the blade in innocent blood. He did not relish wholesale murder, he loathed it: he looked on it as worse than a crime—a mistake; but the masters whom he served exacted it, and made of him their minister. After he had cut lanes through the trembling fugitives on the quay with his shot, and sunk boatloads of them, women and children, with his shell, as they attempted to creep past l'Aiguillette to escape to the English transports; and after he had opened the gates of Toulon to the Commissioners to fusillade and guillotine the inhabitants, and stood cringing, hat in hand before them, asking to be invited to sit at their table, then—his heart had gone through a bath that had hardened it. After his fight with the dragon, Siegfried dipped himself in the blood, and his skin became as horn, invulnerable to every weapon, and now the blood of these Toulon victims was run over the conscience of the young officer, and wherever it went turned it dead.

“One grows quickly old on battle-fields,” he said somewhat later. He might have added—“Conscience becomes quickly numb when one fights for principles in which one has no belief.”

XV

UNDER ARREST

(APRIL 1—SEPTEMBER 14, 1794)

WHILST the Convention was engaged in putting down the rising in Provence, Lacombe-Saint-Michel had been holding out in Corsica, against an entire island in revolt. Bastia, San Fiorenzo, and Calvi were still occupied by French troops; but on February 17th, 1794, the English took San Fiorenzo, and then presented themselves before Bastia, in which was General Lacombe.

The Convention had no fleet; what it had possessed at Toulon had been burnt or carried off by the English. Those Corsicans who belonged to the French party complained bitterly that their compatriots—Salicetti, Multedo, and Bonaparte—were doing nothing for them. This was not altogether true; but until the rising in the South was suppressed, the Convention could do nothing for the island.

Lacombe escaped from Bastia to use his influence to hasten relief. On the 10th of May he was at Toulon. There he met Salicetti and Multedo. Lacombe had heard in Corsica a good deal concerning Napoleon, that had greatly modified his views concerning him. He had learned what a double game he had played, and he disbelieved in his sincerity. This opinion he communicated to Salicetti. On the 24th May a small expedition departed, consisting of seven vessels, and Lacombe and Salicetti were on board with four thousand men, commanded by Cervoni and I. Arena. Owing to the new-bred mistrust of Napoleon, he was excluded from having any share in the expedition. But on that very day Bastia had capitulated to Nelson, and the squadron returned in discouragement to Toulon.

On the 18th June, at a National Assembly gathered at Corte, the Corsicans erected their island into a kingdom, with a liberal and popular constitution, under English protection, and the Viceroy appointed was not Paoli, but Sir Gilbert Elliot. Indeed, Paoli immediately received an invitation—which was, in fact, a command—to visit England. The intention of Great Britain was to make her power predominant in Corsica, and to render it a base of operations against the south of France. On the 1st August Calvi fell.

The Convention saw that the recovery of the island would be a difficult matter, in the face of England, with her preponderating naval power in the

Mediterranean. At the same time, it was well aware that an attempt must be made to dislodge the English.

For this purpose the assistance or acquisition of Genoa was important. Genoa was a Republic in name only; it was governed by an oligarchy, and the troops were mercenaries. Genoa equally dreaded offending France or the Allies. The latter, disregarding her neutrality, passed troops to the frontier over her roads, and through her territories, and an English vessel snatched a French frigate from out of the bay of Genoa, under the cannons of her forts. This afforded the Convention all excuse necessary for complaint and threat. The Genoese, in alarm, hastened to conclude a treaty with France, which Robespierre saw clearly enough would not be of long duration. The *chargé d'affaires* at Genoa, Tilly, was instructed to observe well the condition of the Republic, and the means whereby its territory could best be entered and the city taken. Accordingly, on the 22nd December, 1793, Tilly sent a letter, in which he entered into details as to the scheme he proposed for the capture of Genoa.

The Army of Italy, and that of the Alps, were stretched the length of the frontier—from the Alps of Dauphiné to the Gulf of Lyons.

On the 1st April, 1794, Bonaparte was at Nice; he had received orders from General Dumerbion, commander of the Army of Italy, and from Robespierre the younger, Commissioner with it, to join his regiment and enter into the campaign, which was to open on the 4th. The army consisted, in all, of 66,000 men; but of these 46,000 were absorbed, in part in the protection of the coast and in garrisoning the fortified towns, and six thousand were under Arena and Cervoni at Toulon, ready to depart for Bastia. Masséna was governor of divisions on the frontier. Dumerbion, Commander-in-Chief, was old and infirm. Very little—indeed, nothing—had hitherto been done. The Army of Italy had been engaged, for many months, at the feet of the Maritime Alps, in attempting to dislodge the troops of Savoy from the fortresses that commanded the passes into Italy. The headquarters were at Nice. The troops were badly served with munitions, clothing, and food. The officers, afraid of the guillotine, should they encounter disaster, attempted nothing in any way precarious.

On the 6th April the army was put in motion, divided into three columns. That under Masséna crossed the frontier, beat the small force of Austrians and Piedmontese that held the road, occupied Oneglia, and, doubling back, ascending the valley of the Sura, turned the position of Saorgio, held by the Allies, who were menaced in front by Dumerbion. The Piedmontese garrison, alarmed lest their retreat should be cut off, escaped over the Col de Tende. Then, Dumerbion, satisfied with a campaign that had lasted a month, returned to Nice.

Salicetti had accompanied Arena and Cervoni to Toulon, consequently the younger Robespierre and Ricord were the only Commissioners with the Army of Italy in quality of Commissioners. Napoleon left no stone unturned to ingratiate himself with the brother of the all-powerful Dictator. His superior

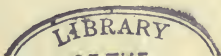
genius imposed on the Deputy; and Robespierre believed that he had secured a creature who would blindly obey his direction, whereas, in fact, his feebler mind was dominated by that of Napoleon. It is said that Bonaparte used his influence to check the proscriptions from being carried out in the South, and that he thereby earned the gratitude of those who felt they stood in jeopardy of their lives. But there is no contemporary evidence that this was so.

The army was full of Corsicans. The events in the island had led to the flight of all the exalted and fiery spirits, over whom Napoleon had exercised a paramount influence at Ajaccio, and they gathered around their old political leader. The fall of Calvi, and the separation of Corsica from France, had produced profound irritation. The Committee of Public Safety declared all Corsicans to be "traitors, factious intriguers, robbers. The ingratitude of this perfidious nation is at its climax; they know anarchy alone, and their chiefs love only despotism. It is to be desired that the Departments of the South should be purged of that vile *canaille*, that we may no longer have these muddy souls before our eyes." But Napoleon clung to the younger Robespierre. Tilly, *chargé d'affaires* of France in Genoa, wrote to Buchot, Commissary of Foreign Affairs, "General Bonaparte is the favourite and intimate counsellor of the younger Robespierre"; and the latter wrote to his brother, "To the number of patriots I add the name of the citizen Bonaparte, General-in-Chief of the Artillery, who is of extraordinary merit. . . . He is a Corsican, he can only offer the guarantee of a man of that nation who has resisted the seductions of Paoli, and whose estates have been ravaged by this traitor." (5th April, 1794.) The sister of the Robespierres in after years wrote: "Bonaparte, at that time, was a republican—I would even say he was one of the Mountain; at least, he produced that impression on me, when I was at Nice, by the way in which he viewed things."

In June, Maximilien Robespierre began again to consider what was to be done about Genoa. He wrote to Buchot on the 16th: "The Genoese Government employs all kinds of perfidious means to vex the French Republic. Some decided measures must be taken with it, to impress on it a sense of fear. Instead of flattering it, we must enforce on it the necessity of exhibiting in a conspicuous manner its respect for the Republic and its armies."

The English fleet menaced cutting off all communications by sea with Genoa, and the way by land was intercepted by Piedmontese and Austrian troops. Napoleon was now entrusted with a commission to Genoa, from Ricord and the younger Robespierre. He was to go ostensibly to remonstrate with the Genoese Government relative to several small matters of complaint. At the same time, he received secret instructions to make observations on the strength of Savona and the fortifications of Genoa; to get some idea as to what amount of artillery the Genoese had at their command, and to see what would be the most convenient route for a French army to take with the object of capturing Genoa.

Bonaparte arrived in Genoa on the night of the 15th July. He remained there only until the 21st, and was in Nice again on the 28th. He was in high



spirits; he thought he saw his way to a *coup de main* on the most serene Republic.

But he had not been back in Nice many days before tidings reached him which filled him with the utmost consternation.

Maximilien Robespierre had gathered the reins of government into his own hands, and removed such as had hitherto worked with him, but who had equal ambition and abilities. The Girondins had been swept away, and then he proceeded to rid himself of the redoubtable Danton and of the Hébertists. The next blow was to be levelled against Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varenes, Tallien, Fouché, Fréron, Barras, and the rest of Danton's tail. The situation was much like that under Domitian, when those around the tyrant, finding their names inscribed on his tablets, conspired against him for their own salvation. The Committee of Public Safety had arrested a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and had found in his pocket a list of proscriptions traced by the hand of Robespierre, and this contained the names of several of the Committee, as well as other Deputies, suspected of adhering to the Orleans faction.

On the 8th Thermidor, after a flourish before the Convention, on his own disinterestedness and patriotism, Robespierre broke into accusation against those of his colleagues whom he had resolved to destroy. On the following day Couthon inveighed against them as well, and insisted that for the health of the body-politic, its gangrened members should be cut off. At these words, many voices rose to interrupt the orator, and those menaced, Tallien, Fréron, and Billaud, denounced Robespierre as desiring to establish a dictatorship. The majority, in fear for their own necks, combined; the younger Robespierre—who had been summoned by his brother to Paris—the infamous Couthon, Saint Just, and Henriot, were united in the charge and were condemned. On the 10th Thermidor, these men, with sixteen other members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and of the Municipality, were executed. On the morrow seventy-one other members of the Municipality met with the same fate. The Reign of Terror was at an end; that is to say, in name. The men who had brought about the fall of Robespierre were equally criminal, equally dyed in blood, and had not the one redeeming merit of Maximilien Robespierre—incorruptibility. The victims crowded in the dungeons were released, the scaffolds were overthrown, and the assassins arrested in their turn. However, when the attempt was made to bring them to justice, invincible obstacles arose; their judges were too deeply incriminated to dare to send them to their well-merited fate. Napoleon had been intimately allied with the younger Robespierre, and the death on the scaffold of the brothers made his position precarious. His fears were great, and the panic among the agents and instruments of Robespierre was acute. The Representative Ricord and his wife took to their heels, and hid themselves at Grasse. Haller was at Genoa; not thinking himself safe there, he escaped into Switzerland. Tilly was seized in Genoa, conveyed to Paris, and thrown into prison. Joseph Bonaparte had fixed the 1st August for his marriage with Julie Clary. It was hurried through without any rejoicings. Salicetti, Albitte, and Laporte, who were with the Army of the Alps, turned

against Napoleon. On the 6th August they denounced him to the Committee of Public Safety as an intimate of Robespierre and Ricord, and as involved in a treasonable expedition to Genoa.

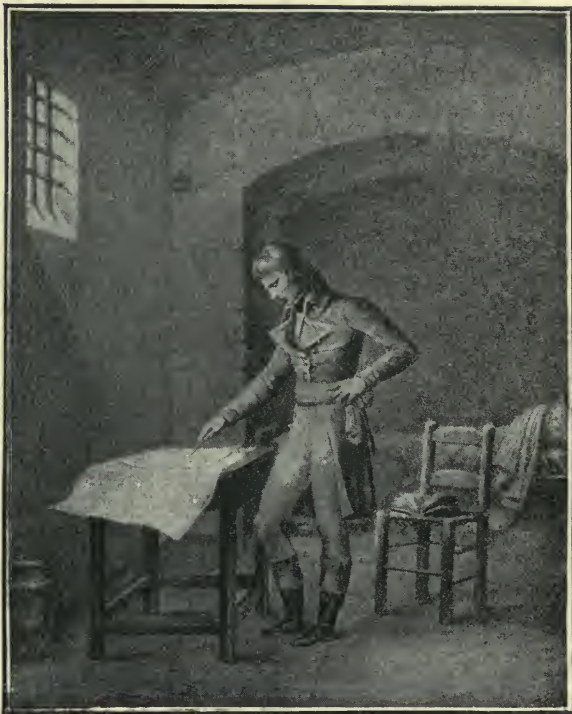
But the day before this Napoleon had written a letter to Tilly, which closed with the words: "I have been slightly affected by the catastrophe which has overtaken Robespierre the younger, whom I loved and believed to be honest; but, even if he had been my father, I would have stabbed him myself, if he had aspired to tyranny."

A strange letter this! Bonaparte renounces Robespierre, as he had renounced Paoli and Buttafuoco. There are strong reasons for suspecting that the letter was not written at the date affixed to it, but was purposely antedated. Its object was conspicuous. He knew that Tilly's papers would be seized, and he hoped that this letter might be produced, if need be, to show how slight had been his intimacy with the lost man.

On the same day that the Commissioners denounced Bonaparte, they signed the order provisionally suspending him from his functions, and placing him under arrest. On the 10th August, an officer and ten men presented themselves at Napoleon's lodgings, and took charge of him; he was escorted to Nice, and on the 12th committed to Fort Carré, and his papers were placed under seal.

Fortunately for himself, Salicetti had been dissociated for a while from the younger Robespierre and Ricord, and his jealousy and irritation had arisen against Bonaparte, because the young general had planned the invasion of Italy by the advance of the Army of Italy, at the expense of that of the Alps. This had caused considerable feeling in the latter army, and especially in the breasts of the Commissioners attached to it, who regarded those with the Army of Italy as assuming a superior power and dictation to which they were not entitled.

The arrest of Napoleon and the denunciation were due to an ebullition of that spite, but not only so. Salicetti and Albitte were desirous of clearing



BONAPARTE UNDER ARREST.
From a drawing by Weber.

themselves of appearance of sympathy with the fallen dictator by sending complaints against one of his brother's creatures.

The news that Bonaparte was arrested, and was likely to be sent to Paris to be tried by the Committee of Public Safety, had produced a lively agitation among the young officers of the Army of Italy, who had attached themselves to his fortunes. They formed a plan to deliver him by force, and to escape with him to Genoa. The chief of those in this conspiracy were Junot and Marmont. The former sent him a letter by one of the guard with the offer.

Napoleon answered: "I see a strong proof of your friendship, my dear Junot, in the proposition you make me, and I trust you feel convinced that the friendly sentiments that I have long entertained for you remain unabated. Men may be unjust towards me, but it is enough for me to know that I am innocent. My conscience is the tribunal before which I try my conduct. That conscience is calm when I question it. Do not, therefore, stir in this business. You will only compromise me."

However, as Marmont, in his *Memoirs*, tells us, he set heaven and earth in movement to effect his release. He might rebut the charge of treasonable conduct at Genoa by producing his papers of instructions, but these instructions were suspiciously vague.

He set himself in feverish excitement to pen a memorial to Salicetti and Albitte in assertion of his innocence, rather than as an argument against the charges brought against him. This document is written in very different style from his revolutionary rhapsodies; it is concise, couched in peremptory terms—to the point, like his military despatches. It was written in his prison, on the 12th of August.

"To the Representatives Albitte and Salicetti.

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

"Thus I am cashiered before I am judged, judged before I have been heard.

"In a Revolutionary State there are two classes, the suspected and the patriots.

"When the first are accused, measures are adopted against them for the sake of public security.

"When the second are oppressed, it is a blow to Liberty. There is no justification for arbitrary judgment.

"To declare a patriot suspected is to deprive him of what he most values—confidence and esteem.

"In which class am I placed?

"Since the commencement of the Revolution, have I not invariably held to its principles?

"Have I not contended without intermission against its domestic enemies and the foreign foe?

"I sacrificed home, property, everything, for the Republic.

"I have served with distinction at Toulon and in Italy.

"On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy, my conduct was that of one who looks to principles only.

"My claim to the title of patriot is, therefore, indisputable.

"Why then am I declared suspected, unheard, eight days after I learned the tyrant's death?

"I am suspected, my papers sealed.

"The reverse of this course ought to have been adopted. My papers should have been sealed, first of all; then I should have been called on for an explanation; lastly, if there seemed reason for it, declared suspected.

"I am required to go to Paris as one suspected. It will be presumed that the order was drawn up by the representatives on accurate information. I shall be judged with the bias a man of that class merits.

"Though a patriot, and an innocent and calumniated man, yet I cannot appeal against the measures adopted by the Committee.

"If those men charge me with having committed a crime, I have no appeal.

"Salicetti, you know me. Have you ever, during the last five years, seen in me aught that could give ground for suspicion?

"Albitte, you do not know me. You have received no proof against me, have not heard me; but you know what calumny may effect.

"Must I be numbered among the enemies of my country? Is a general who is useless to be recklessly sacrificed?

"Hear me. Destroy the oppression that overwhelms me. Restore me to the esteem of the patriots.

"Then, next hour, if my enemies desire my life, let them take it. I have often shown how little I value it. Only the thought of how I may be useful to my country gives it any value in my eyes."

Inquiries were made, and as no positive grounds for the charge were forthcoming, on the 3rd Fructidor (20th August, 1794) the Representatives drew up a decree, stating that, after a careful examination of General Bonaparte's papers, and of the orders he had received relative to his mission to Genoa, they saw nothing to justify any suspicion of his conduct; and that, taking into consideration the advantage that might accrue to the Republic from the military talents of the said General Bonaparte, it was resolved that he should be provisionally set at liberty.

Mme. Junot, in her *Memoirs*, on her brother's information, says that Salicetti became thoughtful and silent on examination of the papers of Napoleon, and would not allow him, though his secretary, to look at them.

The explanation of the release seems to be this. Salicetti and Albitte knew nothing of the scheme for the capture of Genoa which Napoleon had proposed to the Ministry of War, and which he urged strongly on the younger Robespierre. Consequently the expedition to Genoa was to them inexplicable. But when Napoleon's papers were overhauled this scheme of his was seen, and Salicetti saw that the visit to Genoa was preparatory to the execution of a concerted plan. When he and Albitte understood this, and Salicetti's first alarm relative to himself was abated, they readily consented to his release.

That his arrest must have had an effect on Napoleon's opinions is probable. He had felt in his own person what others had endured during the tyrannous rule of his friends, the Champions of Liberty, the mouthers of Patriotism and of Equality. They, less fortunate than he, but equally guiltless, had perished

on the guillotine or under a fusillade. He had escaped by accident. Salicetti he never forgave. Was it likely that he should relish the principles under which his arrest had been made possible?

He had seen among the popular leaders everyone ready to sacrifice a friend, an ally, who stood in his way, who in the smallest degree embarrassed him. He had now experienced this in his own person, in that he was denounced by the man to whom he had looked up, with whom he had walked, who had used him in Corsica and in France as a willing tool, his countryman, his friend, and political ally; and yet, at the breath of danger, the man had been ready to cast him to the wolves, careless of every consideration save his own safety. It deepened in the young man's heart the conviction that there was nothing in the world worth fighting for, caring for, aiming at, but self-advancement. Principles were not, duty was non-existent. The supreme, the only law was that of self-interest. Every man was his own god, imposing on him an ethic code, and that code was summed up in one word—self-seeking.

XVI

UNDER A CLOUD

(FEBRUARY—SEPTEMBER 17, 1795)

ALTHOUGH Napoleon had been liberated, and reinstated in his grade as General, yet he had not recovered his place as Surveyor of the Coast and Director of its Defences, for his situation had immediately been given to another. He was consequently unemployed, and fell into low spirits.

Although released, he was regarded askance and avoided, even by his countrymen. The tide ran so strong against all who had been associated with Robespierre, and so strong was the execration of "the Terror," that Napoleon, who had compromised himself, inevitably suffered from the reaction.

The Committee of Public Safety was resolved on making a serious attempt to recover Corsica, and a portion of the Army of Italy was detailed for the purpose, under the command of General Mouret. The command of the artillery was given to Bonaparte. The representatives, Salicetti, Ritter, and Lacombe, were to accompany the expedition.

The squadron prepared to convey the troops to Corsica consisted of thirteen vessels of the line, and some transports. The men were not embarked till the 17th February, 1795. "Their enthusiasm, and their being accustomed to conquest," wrote the General in command, "will enable him to plant the tree of liberty" again in Corsica, now oppressed by the English tyrants.

Bonaparte had displayed extraordinary energy, and was confident of success. Junot, his aide-de-camp, was appointed captain of hussars. On the 18th January, the young General wrote joyously to the Commissary of War, Deschamps, an old acquaintance, "I have received your letter too late to be able to employ you in this maritime expedition; write to me, however, if you are still set on it, and I will try my best to get you employed. Count on my friendship, and be sure that I will seize with the greatest eagerness on every occasion to be useful to you."

Not for an instant was the conscience of Napoleon troubled with the thought of serving against his native island, of bringing it under subjection, and erecting the guillotine in the squares of its towns.

The house of the Bonapartes had been wrecked and burnt by the mob, their property confiscated; and with the true spirit of Corsican Vendetta, Napoleon burned to avenge his personal and family wrongs on all those who had in any

way been compromised in this act of popular resentment, whether as actors therein, or as sympathisers and leaders in the movement for the emancipation of Corsica.

During the winter of 1794-5, Madame Bonaparte and her children had settled into very pleasant quarters in the *Maison Carrée*, near Antibes. Louis, thanks to the interest made by Napoleon, though only sixteen, had been appointed to be lieutenant of Artillery. The usual false statements and certificates had been made, and produced to show that Louis had been in active service during two years, and that he had been frequently wounded. The scratch Napoleon had received at Toulon had been served up already—it had been passed on to Joseph, had got him his brevet of colonel, and now it was passed on to Louis to obtain for him his lieutenancy. As to the boy's active service, it had been a bit of schooling at Châlons, nothing more.

On the 3rd March, 1795, the staff embarked with orders to seek the English fleet and beat it, and then to land the troops in Corsica.

The English squadron, under Lord Hotham, was at Leghorn at the time, unaware of the destination of the French expedition. The French succeeded in capturing the *Berwick*, of seventy-four guns, in the Gulf of San Fiorenzo, by surrounding and surprising her. But the British admiral was not long in taking his revenge. On the 7th March he sailed from Leghorn with thirteen line-of-battle ships, and fell in with the French squadron on the 13th. By a skilful manœuvre he succeeded in cutting off two ships of the line, the *Caïra* and the *Vengeur*, which fell into the hands of the British; and the remainder of the fleet, after a sharp action, beat a retreat, and took refuge under the guns of the forts of the Isles of Hyères and the Gulf of S. Juan. The troops on the transports were at once disembarked and sent to rejoin the Army of Italy. The attempt upon Corsica was abandoned.

Napoleon had been brought face to face with the English, and had been foiled by them, and that in his darling scheme. This probably had something to do with the sowing in his heart the seeds of that hatred of England, which became in him in later years a dominant passion.

For some time the Government had looked on the Army of Italy with suspicion. Many of the officers were Corsicans, and the Commissioners of the Convention, Salicetti, Multedo, and Casabianca, were of the same nation. The Corsicans were never liked, always regarded with mistrust, and now it was resolved to separate these islanders, and disperse them over the country, to prevent the possibility of political combination. In pursuance of this design, to his profound astonishment and indignation, Napoleon found himself transferred to the Army of La Vendée. He was required to leave the Army of Italy, in which he had won his first successes, and all his friends and intimates among his brother officers, and instead of fighting against a foreign enemy, was to be employed in mowing down with grape the insurgent peasantry who fought for the Lilies against the Tricolor. Angry, resentful, determined not to accept the position given him, he hastened to Paris, to obtain by his representations a withdrawal of the obnoxious order.

But this was not the only misfortune that now came upon the Bonapartes. Joseph's appointment as Commissary of War was cancelled, for his antecedents had been looked into a little more narrowly, and his qualification for it disallowed, as he had never been a colonel in the army, nor wounded in active service.

On the 2nd May, 1795, Napoleon left Marseilles for Paris. He had sold his horses and his carriage; he took with him his brother Louis, Junot, and Marmont. He felt angry, reckless, resentful, and at the same time despondent. On reaching the capital he wrote to Joseph:—

"I feel like a person on the eve of a battle, and that it is nonsense to take any thought for the morrow, when death may overtake me at any moment. Everything tempts me to brave destiny, and if this continues, my friend, I shall end by not getting out of the way of the carriages as they pass. This sometimes astonishes my reason, but such is the sensation produced by the moral spectacle of this country, and the doctrine of chances."

No good report of him had gone before to Paris. Indeed his recall from the Army of Italy had been the work of Lacombe, who thoroughly appreciated his tricky nature, and utterly mistrusted him. He had written on the 27th March to Pille, Secretary of the Commission of War: "I entreat you to give orders to the General of Brigade, Bonaparte, to go immediately to the Army of the West, there to take command of the Artillery." Schérer, who had succeeded Dumerbion in the command of the Army of Italy, reported of him, "He is a General of Artillery, of which branch of the service he possesses a thorough knowledge, but for promotion he has too much ambition, and is too given to intrigue."

On his removal to Paris, Colonel Jung has some weighty words to say that merit quotation:—

"Of knowledge he had plenty. On this head, his superiority to his colleagues was incontestable. He had the faculty for forming his conceptions clearly. He saw things in their *ensemble*. His letters, and his historical, social, and religious studies had furnished him with ideas on all subjects. These ideas, it is true, were still somewhat confused; but the germ, powerful and original, was in him. As to practical knowledge, in this he was superior to every other officer. For six years he had been mixed up in all the cabals of Ajaccio. He had made exceptional study of civil war. As to morality, he did not even understand the value of the word. Where could he have learned it? For one moment he had the instinct of generous self-devotion—that was when he was in contact with those fiery patriots out of whom came the Convention—I should rather say, when he was under the spell of Paoli. "For one instant he knew how to obey, he who was insubordination from head to toe. The energy of that Colossus, the Committee of Public Safety, had imposed on him. But with the fall of his protectors, this opinion of what was just disappeared. Scepticism gained supremacy in that withered heart. From this moment, in fact, the military career was destined to become in his eyes a business, more or less lucrative, more or less glorious, according as he used it to his own advantage. Such was now General Bonaparte, a living synthesis of good and evil, a monstrous bacillus, ready, when in suitable surroundings, to develop to full extent."

Almost immediately on arriving in Paris, Napoleon called on Aubry, then in the Committee of Public Safety, and in charge of the direction of Military Affairs. Having himself failed, Bonaparte next engaged a friend to intercede for him with Aubry; and followed him to the Ministry of War, where he remained in the ante-chamber, whilst his friend was closeted with the Minister. There was but a feeble partition between the apartments, and he heard Aubry exclaim, "Is it you, Monsieur, whose misfortunes and whose loathing for anarchy are well known, who now venture to solicit a favour for a man who would be the prop of the Terrorists if only the occasion were given him?"*

Napoleon had put up in Paris at a shabby house, called "L'Hôtel de la Liberté," situated in the Rue du Mail, afterwards called by the name of Aboukir, in honour of one of his victories. Here he renewed acquaintance with Bourrienne and Madame Permon, the mother of the lively girl afterwards the wife of Junot, so that we have their assistance in helping us to picture him at this period of discouragement.

The whole Bonaparte family was affected by the fall of Robespierre. Napoleon had lost his appointment, so had Joseph, and now Louis was also struck off the rôle as lieutenant, notwithstanding the wounds lent him by his brother, and was ordered peremptorily to go back to school at Châlons. Lucien, on account of his violence in behalf of the Mountain, was arrested, and thrown into prison. This mean, conceited, spiteful fellow, "badly shaped, with legs and arms formed like those of a spider, small, short-sighted, always with a grin on his face," wrote in abject terror to Chiappe, the Delegate, "I have been imprisoned on the order of the Municipality of S. Maximin, where I was member of the Committee. . . . Citizen Representative, at every moment we are in terror of a renewal of massacres in the prisons. Without money, I see my wife and daughter unhappy, divested of all. . . . Oh! save me from death! save a citizen, a father, a husband, an unfortunate son, and one who is not guilty! In the silence of night, may my pale shadow wander around you and melt you to pity," and so on.† This whine comes from one of the most savage and remorseless of denouncers of his fellow men in the Jacobin Clubs. Chiappe could do nothing. But the Bonaparte family held together like bees. Napoleon was at Paris; he flew to Barras and Fréron, and obtained the release of his brother. He did more, he entreated for a consulship to be given to his brother Joseph, and it is somewhat amusing to see the account of his services produced to warrant his nomination. There is nothing in that now about Joseph's military career and his wounds.

For himself, Napoleon had received preceptory orders to join the Army of the West, in the capacity of a General of Infantry, but go he would not. He procured a certificate from a complaisant doctor to state that he was ill. But that did not suffice. To obtain permission to absent himself from the army, he was bound to appear before the Council of Health, and this, precisely, was what he would not do, because he was not really ill.

* The friend seems to have been Barras. See his *Memoirs*, i. 312.

† Dated 21st July, 1795, from the prison at Aix.

As he could not move Aubry, he was resolved to remain in Paris until after the 4th of August, when Aubry would be out of office.

In the meantime he was indefatigable in his efforts to get his past services recognised, and to obtain indemnification for losses. He applied for 2640 livres for his expenses in coming to Paris from Nice, in obedience to the order transferring him to the Army of the West. He had come, by the way, from Marseilles only. He asked to be indemnified for his horses that he had sold—but there was something suspicious about this demand, and the Commission refused it, because it was not shown that he had sold his horses, or proved that he had any to sell.

Napoleon had good reason to expect a change, and he was encouraged in his expectations by Salicetti. Whether the latter had engaged him in the conspiracy that broke out on the 1st Prairial, against the Thermidorians, is uncertain.

The want of bread in Paris was felt severely. The allowance to the people had been reduced to two ounces per individual. At the same time, it was noised abroad that the Committee of Public Safety had secured nearly three million quintals of corn. The starving populace concluded that the speculators among the Ministry were reaping a rich harvest to themselves out of the public distress; that the bakers were also holding back flour. Their stomachs were empty, not because France was at war, and convoys were arrested, not because the Terror had paralysed activity in the fields at home, but because the Government, the middle classes, the merchants, were in league against them. To get their stomachs filled, they must send to the gallows the bourgeoisie, as they had sent the noblesse previously.

Accordingly all was prepared for a riot, an attack on the Convention, and the trial, condemnation, and execution of the Thermidorians who had dethroned and destroyed Robespierre.

It was more than suspected that the Government proposed the destruction of the Constitution of 1793. Already, on the 12th Germinal, a prelude had been played, but had been suppressed. The revolt broke out on the 1st Prairial (May 20th). The mob, yelling for bread and the Constitution of '93, marched on the Tuileries, and broke into the Hall of Convention. Women invaded the tribune. The representative Ferrand was shot, cut to pieces, and his head hoisted on a pike. The mob seemed to have carried the day, when the troops of the Convention arrived, and dispersed them at the point of the bayonet. At once the Representatives resumed their places on the benches of the Assembly, and decreed the arrest of fourteen of their number—members of the Mountain. The riot continued till the 4th, and then the victory of the Thermidorians was complete.

Goujon had well stated the case during the confusion. "If the people do not kill us to-day, our colleagues will cut our throats to-morrow."

The Deputies compromised in the insurrection were delivered over to a military commission, except Albitte, who had fled, Salicetti,* who concealed

* Salicetti's name was not on the first list, but he knew so well that he would be involved in proscription, that he fled, and, in cowardly fashion, concealed himself in the house of M. Permon, and refused to leave it.

himself in the house of Mme. Permon, and one or two others. The popular clubs were closed, and eight thousand rioters were thrown into chains. The old Terrorists, become Thermidorians, hastened to smother in blood the voices of those who had been associated with them in their previous career of crime.

Mme. Junot writes :—

“ There was greater reason to dread the issue of this day [1st Prairial] than that of the 14th of July, the 6th of October, or the 10th of August. The animosity of the people was not directed against a castle or a court, but against everything that stood above the grade of the lowest rung of society. This it was that saved France, as well as the Convention. All those who had anything to lose united into corps, which were superior to unorganised masses, acting without plan, and apparently unled.

“ Whilst the most frightful scenes were enacting in the Convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited the result in fearful anxiety. Towards evening, my brother, whom we had not seen during the whole day, came home to get something to eat; he was almost famished, not having tasted food since the morning. Disorder still raged, mingled with the beating of drums. My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast before General Bonaparte arrived to make a similar demand upon our hospitality. He contented himself with what my brother had left, and, while eating, told us the news of the day. It was appalling. My brother had informed us of but a part. He did not know of the assassination of the unfortunate Ferrand, whose body had been cut almost piecemeal. ‘ They took his head,’ said Bonaparte, ‘ and presented it to poor Boissy d’Anglas, and the shock of this fiend-like act was almost death to the president in his chair. Truly,’ added he, ‘ if we continue thus to sully our revolution, it will be a disgrace to be a Frenchman. . . . Have you seen Salicetti during the last few days?’ he asked, after a moment’s silence; ‘ they say he is implicated. It is likewise suspected that Romine is compromised. He is a worthy man, and a staunch republican. As to Salicetti!’ Here Bonaparte paused, struck his brow with his hand, contracted his eyebrows, and his whole frame seemed agitated. In a voice trembling with emotion, he continued, ‘ Salicetti has injured me greatly. He threw a cloud over the bright dawn of my youth, he blighted my hopes of glory! However, I bear him no ill-will.’ My brother was about to defend Salicetti [he was his secretary]. ‘ Cease, Permon, cease,’ exclaimed Bonaparte; ‘ that man, I tell you, has been my evil genius. I may forgive, but to forget is another matter.’ While speaking, Bonaparte appeared abstracted.

“ On the 21st May, my mother expected a party of friends to dinner. She was to leave Paris in a few days for Bordeaux. Bonaparte was one of the company invited to dine with us that day. It was six o’clock; one of the guests had arrived, and my mother was sitting in the drawing-room conversing with him, when Mariette came and whispered to her that there was somebody in her chamber, who wished to speak with her alone. My mother immediately rose and went to her chamber, and beheld near the window a man, half concealed by the curtain. It was Salicetti, pale as death; his lips were as white as his teeth, and his dark eyes appeared to flash fire. ‘ I am proscribed,’ he said to my mother, in breathless haste; ‘ which is the same thing as condemned to death. Madame Permon, I hope you will save me.’

“ My mother took Salicetti by the hand, and conducted him into the next room, which was my bedchamber. Several persons were now assembled in

the drawing-room, and she thought she heard the voice of Bonaparte. She was ready to faint with terror. 'Salicetti,' she said, 'all that I can grant, you may command; but there is one thing more dear to me than life, and that is the safety of my children. By concealing you for a few hours I shall not save you, and I only bring my head to the scaffold, and endanger the lives of my children.'

"At this moment the chamber door opened, and my mother ran towards the person who was about to enter. It was my brother; he came to inquire why dinner was delayed. 'All the company has arrived,' he said, 'except Bonaparte, who has sent an apology.' My mother clasped her hands, and raised them to heaven."

Salicetti insisted on throwing himself on the Permon family. M. Permon was away at Bordeaux. As the family was going to join him, he proposed to travel in disguise with them.

"Next morning, about 11 o'clock, we received a visit from General Bonaparte, and as the scene which then ensued made a greater impression on me than almost any event of my life, I will describe it minutely. Bonaparte was at that time attired in the costume he wore almost ever after. He had on a grey greatcoat, very plainly made, buttoned up to the chin, and round hat, which was either drawn over his forehead so as almost to conceal his eyes, or stuck upon the back of his head so that it appeared about to fall off, and a black cravat, very clumsily tied. At that period, indeed, nobody, either man or woman, paid any great attention to elegance of appearances, and I must confess that Bonaparte's costume did not then appear so shabby as it now does on reflection. He brought with him a bunch of violets, which he presented to my mother. This piece of gallantry was so extraordinary on his part, that we could not help smiling at it. He replied, and smiled also; 'I suppose I make but a sorry *cavaliere servente*.' After some conversation he said, 'Well, Mme. Permon, Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest.' 'What,' said my mother, 'is Salicetti arrested?'

"How! do you not know that he has been proscribed? I supposed you must have known of it, as it was in your house he was concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" cried my mother. 'My dear Napoleon, you are mad. But, indeed, before I entered on such a scheme I should have had a house to call my own. I beseech you, general, repeat this joke nowhere else—it endangers our lives.'

"Bonaparte rose from his seat, advanced slowly towards my mother, and crossing his arms, fixed his eyes on her for some time in silence. My mother did not flinch beneath his eagle glance. 'Madame Permon,' he said, 'Salicetti is concealed in your house.' 'And by what right,' replied my mother with unshaken firmness, 'should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance.' 'My dear Madame Permon, you may well ask by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to a lone woman, who might be compromised by receiving him, is an act to which no consideration should have driven him. You are an excellent woman, and Salicetti is a villain; you could not close your doors against him, of that he was aware, and yet he is ready to compromise your safety and that of your child. I never liked him, now I despise him.'**"

* Greatly condensed from the *Memoirs* of Mme. Junot.

Mme. Permon succeeded in smuggling Salicetti out of Paris, disguised as a valet. At Croix de Berny, a postillion presented the lady with a letter. It was from Napoleon:—

“I never like to be thought a dupe. I should seem such in your eyes if I did not tell you that I knew of Salicetti’s place of concealment, more than twenty days ago. You may recollect, Madame Permon, what I said to you on the first of Prairial. I was almost morally sure of it then, I know it now for a certainty.

“You see then, Salicetti, that I might have returned you the ill you did to me. In so doing I should have revenged myself; as for you, you injured me when I had not offended you. Which of us stands in a preferable position? I might have taken my revenge, but I did not. Perhaps you will say that your benefactress was your safeguard. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, your life would have been sacred to me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may learn to cherish better sentiments for your country. Concerning your name my lips are closed.”

Napoleon’s leave to be absent from the Army of the West expired on the 15th May, but he had applied for further extension of leave to the 14th July, which was accorded, then he demanded another extension, which was not granted. He continued to besiege the War Office with applications, with schemes and suggestions, and he cultivated the society of such men of influence as he met at the house of Barras.

At this time, very out of pocket and out of hope, he seems to have meditated marrying Désirée Clary, the rich soap-boiler’s daughter, and he wrote to his brother Joseph, who had married her sister Julie, to favour his suit.

The condition of affairs in Paris was desperate. Under Robespierre there had been unity of action in the conduct of government, but now France was ruled by sixteen independent Committees. The assignats had fallen in value, and daily were falling lower. A gold louis was worth 750 paper francs. The dearth of bread was felt by all classes. Madame Bourrienne speaks of her being able to procure white bread, but that had it been known, it might have cost her her head.

Mme. Junot gives a description of his appearance at this time, which merits quotation:—

“At this period of his life Bonaparte was decidedly ugly; he afterwards underwent a total change. I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him, but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into fulness of face, and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh; his features, which were sharp and angular, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable. The mode of dressing the hair was then simple; for the young fashionables (*les muscadins*), whom he used to rail at so loudly at the time, wore their hair very long. But he was very careless of his personal appearance; and his hair, which was ill-combed and badly powdered, gave him

the look of a sloven. His little hands, too, underwent a great metamorphosis : when I first saw him they were thin, long, and dark ; but he was subsequently vain of them, and with reason."

Although discouraged for the time, Napoleon did not lose confidence in himself. Already we see indications of his belief that Destiny had in store something for him.

One evening Junot confided to him that he loved Pauline, Napoleon's sister, and, as an inducement to Bonaparte to give consent, told him that on his father's death he would come in for 20,000 francs. "That is all very well," said Napoleon, "but your father wears well, and meantime you have but your lieutenant's pay. You cannot marry at present. You must wait. We shall perhaps see better days, my friend. Yes! we shall have them, even should I have to go to seek them in another quarter of the world."

Speaking of Salicetti one day to Madame Permon, he said, "That man sought to ruin me, but my star prevented him. However, I must not boast of my star, for who knows what may be my fate?"

Madame Junot says, "I shall never forget the expression of his face as he uttered these words."

What he said to Junot shows that already he was turning his expectation to the East. We shall see his schemes taking that direction very decidedly a few months later.

It was not to be wondered at that he could not laugh at the jests of an actor in a comedy, and that the platitudes of conversation in a box at the opera wearied him. His eager, restless mind was elsewhere, with the Army of the Alps, now commanded by Kellermann, or that of Italy, which co-operated with it, under Schérer.

At the end of July, Doulcet Pontécoulant was appointed Minister of War, in the place of Aubry, and at once Napoleon's hopes rose. The Army of Italy was not only unsuccessful in gaining ground, it had actually been obliged to recede. Doulcet sought for someone who understood the topography of the frontier, who could advise as to what should be done. Boissy-d'Anglas, his colleague, at once mentioned Napoleon, and described his qualifications. Doulcet sent for him. Napoleon came to the office, and not only answered readily every question put to him, but detailed a plan of campaign which embraced not only the invasion of Lombardy, but a march through Tyrol into Austria.

"General," the astonished Minister said, "your ideas are as dazzling as they are bold, but they must be leisurely considered. Take time and draw up an account of what you propose, to have it submitted to the Committee."

"Time!" repeated Bonaparte; "my plan is ready, and in half an hour I will draw it out. Give me a couple of sheets of paper and a pen."

No sooner said than done. But his handwriting was an illegible scrawl. Next day he brought a copy in the writing of Junot. The success of his scheme depended on boldness and rapidity. The peace with Spain and Prussia, he argued, allowed of a concentration of troops against Austria. The

Army of the Rhine would act in concert with that of Italy. It would pass through South Germany, whilst that of Italy stormed the passes of Tyrol, and they would join hands under the walls of Vienna. Every difficulty with the King of Sardinia would be set aside by offering him an indemnity in Italy for the loss of Nice and Savoy. By this means, the rear of the advancing army would be secured.*

This brilliant scheme was debated and sent to Kellermann and Schérer for approval. The former replied that it was the dream of a madman; the second advised that the man who had proposed such a scheme should be sent to execute it. A year later, and this madman did carry out his plan, to the astonishment of the world at large, and in particular of the two generals who had rejected it.

Doulcet now placed Napoleon in the topographical department. The latter seized on his opportunities to enter into relation with the various armies and troops serving the Republic, and he was likewise brought into association with many of the members of the Government.

It was not possible to displace Kellermann and Schérer, and put this young officer in their room. Napoleon himself could not expect it. His ambition again took the direction of the East.

On the 5th of August, Bonaparte addressed a memorial to the Committee of Public Safety, in which he set forth his services; but, with his wonted inexactness, he stated that he had been appointed officer of artillery in 1782, whereas he received that appointment only at the end of 1784. He pretended that he had served under the colours for seventeen years; in reality the years had been twelve. He attributed to himself the successes of the campaign in 1794. This, by the way, is done likewise by serious historians. But it is hardly possible to allow this claim, as he did not reach Nice till the moment when operations had begun, on a plan already drawn up.† The Committee referred the appeal to the War Office, which at once pointed out the inaccuracies.

On the 16th August, Napoleon received a peremptory order to join his corps. "If," so terminated the order, "your condition of health prevents you from undergoing the fatigue of active service, inform me of the fact, and I will ask the Committee to replace you." On the reception of this document, Bonaparte rushed off to Barras, Fréron, and other friends, and for the moment the blow was averted.

His mind turned to the East as the only opening for his ambition. He

* *Souvenirs du Comte de Pontécoulant*, Paris, 1861, i. 325.

† What Barras says is possibly the truth. There was friction between Dumberbion, the General in command, and the Commissioners who went with the army. The General, at a council of war, produced a fictitious scheme of campaign; and Bonaparte at once went off to the Commissioners with it, and reported it, with his objections to it. The next day Dumberbion produced his real plan, and so unmasked Bonaparte. It must, however, be admitted that the plan was very much like one of those executed afterwards, with such brilliant success, by Napoleon, and very far superior to anything we can suppose to have come from a general who was incapable of following up a success that had been gained.

said to Barras, "I must find employment at all costs; if I cannot obtain service here, I will tender myself as artilleryman at Constantinople."

But long before this he had thought of the East. Lucien, in his *Memoirs*, relates how that when he was in Corsica he had thought of going to India, and of serving under the English there; he had even persuaded Lucien to agree to go with him. Advancement in the English service, he said, was quicker than in the French. Moreover, in the East all things were possible.

On the 15th September, the Committee of Public Safety ordered that "General Bonaparte, formerly requisitioned to serve under the orders of the Committee, be struck off the active list, in consequence of his refusal to repair to the post assigned to him." This was the second time that insubordination had brought the same humiliation on him.

He does not seem to have concerned himself greatly about the matter. In his letter to his brother Joseph he does not mention it, and merely says that there is no more talk of his going to Constantinople.

The reason why he bore the stroke so easily was that he saw that a storm was brewing, which must inevitably break within a few weeks; and for this he prepared, by courting the favour of the principal representatives of all parties.

We may conclude this chapter with a portrait of Napoleon at this period, resembling that already given by Mme. Junot, but drawn in greater detail. It comes from Stendhal (M. H. Beyle), in 1810 inspector of the imperial palaces. He had it from a lady who knew Napoleon intimately at this period of his life.

"He was the leanest and oddest object I ever cast my eyes on. According to the fashion of the time, he wore immense 'dog's ears,' which fell to his shoulders. The singular and often sombre look of an Italian does not harmonise well with this prodigality of hair. Instead of giving one the idea of being a man of genius, he struck me as one whom it would not be pleasant to meet in the evening near a wood. The dress of General Bonaparte was not reassuring. The redingote he wore was so frayed that it gave him a poverty-stricken look, and I could hardly believe at first that this man was a general. But I soon perceived that he was a man of ability or an oddity. I used to think him something like J. J. Rousseau, as in the portrait by Latour. When I had seen this general with the odd name three or four times, I learned to excuse his exaggerated 'dog's ears.' I thought of a countryman who despises the fashions, and who yet may have some good points. Young Bonaparte had a striking appearance, and his face lighted up when he spoke. If he had not been so thin as to look sickly, one might have noticed that his features were full of delicacy. His mouth especially had a contour full of grace. A painter, a pupil of David, whom I met at the house of N., told me that his features were Greek in outline, and this made me observe him more closely. Some months later, after the Revolution of Vendémiaire, we learned that the General had been presented to Mme. Tallien, then the queen of fashion, and that she had been struck by his appearance. We were not surprised. The fact is, that in order that he should be favourably judged, he needed to be dressed less wretchedly. I remember that the General spoke very well of the siege of Toulon, anyhow, in a manner to interest and carry one away with him. He

talked much, and became animated in so doing ; but, on certain days, he did not break out of a gloomy silence. It was said that he was very poor, and was as proud as a Scotchman ; he refused to go as General to La Vendée, and to quit the artillery. ' That is my arm,' he said, and this made us girls laugh, not understanding how that artillery and cannons could be spoken of as a weapon like a sword. . . . He had none of the appearance of a soldier—no bluster, brag, nor roughness. I think, now, that one might have read in the lines of his delicate mouth, so finely moulded, that he despised danger, and that danger did not put him in a passion."

XVII

THE 13TH VENDÉMIAIRE

(OCTOBER 4—25, 1795)

THE reaction against the Jacobins, in favour of constitutional measures and security of property, had grown in strength. The leaders of the Convention no longer inspired confidence. The terrible centralisation of power about the Green Table alarmed all France. The men in authority were Barras, Tallien, Fréron, precisely those who had previously set the guillotine in active play. Fréron had been one of the contributors to the ferocious journal conducted by Marat, and had written some of its most violent articles. Tallien had been one of the extreme of the Mountain; he had been President of the Assembly on the day of the execution of Louis XVI. He had been sent into the west of France to hunt out and butcher the *suspects*, and had executed his commission without compunction. At Bordeaux, in 1793, he had found the most beautiful woman of the time, Madame Cabarrus, in prison, had fallen in love with her, released her, and made her his wife. Barras had been associated with the butcheries at Toulon and Marseilles, was devoid of principle; he defrauded the Treasury, and at a period when morals were corrupt as in the worst days of Rome, took a lead in shameless licentiousness.

All France was weary of the confusion in the finances, the shiftings in the Government, the uncertainty as to the future. It did not want to have back the Bourbons, but it wanted respectable men at the head of government, and security for life and property. The Convention had drawn up a new Constitution, the third in four years. The Radical Constitution of 1793 had pushed Republican principles to their last consequences. Of its 377 articles, twenty-two had been devoted to the rights of man, and nine only to his duties.

"Hitherto," said Boissy d'Anglas, "the efforts of France have been directed solely to destroy. At present, when we are neither silenced by the cries of demagogues, nor by the oppression of tyrants, we must turn to our advantage the crimes of the Monarchy, the errors of the Assembly, the horrors of the Decemviral tyranny, and the calamities caused by Anarchy. Absolute equality is a chimera. Property alone attaches the citizen to his country; all who are

to have a share in the legislation should be possessed of some independent income. All Frenchmen are citizens, but domestic service, pauperism, the non-payment of taxes must debar the majority from exercising their rights." Accordingly a property qualification for the right of exercise of franchise was one of the provisions of the new Constitution.

"It is time," said Tallien, "that there should cease to be a division among Frenchmen into the classes of oppressors and oppressed." Precisely, but, as all perceived, the men who offered to effect this annealing process were not to be trusted with the task.

The privilege of electing members for the Legislature was taken by the new Constitution from the great body of electors, and was given to the Electoral Colleges. The legislative power was divided between two councils, that of Five Hundred and that of the Ancients, the latter being the superior house, passing or rejecting the laws that were sent up to them from below. The age qualification for admission to the Lower House was thirty; to the Upper, forty. The executive power devolved on a Directory, composed of five members. The Directors had the disposal of the armies and of the finances, named the functionaries, and conducted the negotiations with the Foreign Powers. They were in relation with the Councils through six responsible Ministers, destined to replace the twelve executive committees of the Committee of Public Safety. The Directory was to renew itself by the annual replacement of one of its members. Finally, as the members of the Convention were uneasy for themselves, knowing that those who fell out of the seat of office were sacrificed by those who ascended that seat, they provided that two-thirds of the existing Convention should retain their place in the new Councils, and that the electors should fill up only the third.

The bourgeois of Paris had discovered that they were as certainly menaced by the Have-nots as had been the aristocracy. They were entirely averse from ultra-democratic principles, but had no desire whatever to see the Monarchy restored along with its abuses. There was, however, a large drifting mass of the old noblesse in the country and the capital, which threw its weight into whatever movement was initiated against the Government. This mass was made up of the needy and desperate scions of old families that had filled all offices in the State under the ancient *régime*, and had alone the right to officer the army. These men were impatient to recover their privileges, and were too blind or infatuated to see that what had been blown to bits was impossible of reconstruction. They were, for the most part, young, energetic, and daring, whereas the bourgeoisie was timid and inert.

The new Constitution pleased neither the Moderates nor the Reactionaries, and the provision relative to the retention of their seats by two-thirds of the representatives was peculiarly distasteful to both, as it postponed the day of change.

But not only were the concealed Royalists and the Moderate Republicans dissatisfied with the Convention and its new Constitution, but so also was the rabble of Have-nots, which resented its exclusion from the poll.

The Constitution, when submitted to the electors of France, was accepted, together with the riders of the 5th and 13th Fructidor relative to the renewal of the Councils, and that by large majorities. But not so in Paris—there the Constitution of the year III. was voted, but the riders were rejected. Paris, it was evident, was about to become a scene of renewed riot. The electoral sections of Paris were united in resolve to disperse the Convention. They could rely on the Municipal Guard. The Convention was likened to the Long Parliament that had brought Charles I. to the block; and it was hoped by the reactionaries that some Monk would arise to clear the way for a restoration. The Moderates did not relish the prospect of retaining regicides in the Directory, invested with despotic power for at least five years.

On the other hand, the Conventionals were in alarm for themselves. They lost no time in submitting the new Constitution to the soldiery, and when it was unanimously accepted by them, they knew that they could reckon upon their support. As to the Royalists, the Conventionals did not greatly fear them; but the force and fury of the extreme Jacobins was, to them, alarming. When it came to the appointment of a general to the regular troops, a difficulty arose. They were uncertain in whom to repose confidence. The ex-painter Carteaux was, indeed, too much compromised not to be counted on by the Conventionals, but he was incapable as a general. Menon, for lack of a better, was allowed to remain in command. He was sent to disperse the electoral bodies assembled in the Théâtre Français under the protection of the Municipal Guard, but, instead of using force, he entered into negotiations. This took place on the evening of the 12th Vendémiaire (4th October). At eleven at night the Convention displaced Menon, and transferred the command of the troops to Barras, and Barras looked to Bonaparte as one in whom he could place reliance. Compromised by his relations with Robespierre, the young man must necessarily desire to revenge himself on the Moderates, who had, for six months, pursued him with so much animosity. Interest and revenge combined to attach him to the Convention. Moreover, this afforded him the only chance of escaping from the consequences of his dismissal.

On the 11th, Bonaparte had received a note from Barras, bidding him present himself at his house on the morrow, before noon. Napoleon had no hesitation in going, and measures had already been concocted between them before the stormy and agitated night of the 12th. By that date all had been arranged between Barras and the young General whom he introduced to the Convention.

According to Bonaparte's own account, he found the Deputies in a panic. They expected to be attacked on the morrow. His advice was asked. His answer was compressed into one word—"Guns."

The proposal so alarmed them that the rest of the night was spent without their coming to any decision. Then, towards morning, the whole conduct of affairs was put by these incapables into Bonaparte's hands, with entreaties that he would not use force.

"Are you going to wait," he asked contemptuously, "until the people give

you permission to fire upon them? I am committed in this matter. You have appointed me to defend you; it is right that you should allow me to do so in my own way." "After that," as Napoleon said later, "I left those lawyers to stultify themselves with words, I put my troops in motion."*

The National Guard, with the sections, amounted to 30,000 men, but was without artillery, whereas the regulars had at their disposal fifty pieces.

Of the importance of the step taken by the Conventionals in invoking military aid, they had no conception. Now, for the first time in the course of the Revolutionary drama, the standing army had been called upon to decide in a political crisis; and a young and ambitious officer had been allowed to see what he could achieve in a Republic, if he had behind him a body of regulars on whom he could rely.

As soon as Napoleon was placed in command, Barras fell into the background; and the early morning was spent by Bonaparte in making his dispositions. When day broke, the Tuileries, in which sat the Convention, had been transformed into a fortress. The cannon had been brought into Paris by Murat during the night.

As soon as day broke on the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795), the National Guard and the members of the sections marched from all quarters upon the Tuileries, with the purpose of dissolving and dispersing the Convention, and were not a little surprised and disconcerted to see the cannon pointed, and soldiers drawn up, ready to receive them with a round of grape. Nevertheless, the Conventionals, from the windows of the Tuileries, contemplated with even greater dismay the dense masses of their opponents rolling up every street—a rising flood, threatening to engulf them. Like the weaklings they were, they desired a compromise, and pleaded with Bonaparte not to proceed to extremities. If Napoleon could have had his own way he would have opened fire at once. But the insurgents, cowed by the exhibition of force in front, drew back to consider what should be done; and the Delegates in his rear were quaking, and seeking gaps in the ranks of their defenders through which they might slink home.

The day passed in inaction.

The National Guard and the regulars showed indications of fraternisation. If this took place the Convention was lost, and Napoleon's chance was gone. Accounts differ as to which side began the conflict. The decision was in Bonaparte's hand. Unless the Convention succeeded in a signal manner, and utterly quelled the insurrection, his fate was sealed. A compromise would be effected by the sacrifice of himself. He was well aware of this. The situation to him was fast becoming not merely critical, but ridiculous. At half-past four he mounted his horse. A shot was fired. He issued orders that the streets should be cleared; and the roar of cannon and the screams of the wounded were the response.

"It is wrongly stated," said Bonaparte at S. Helena, "that the action was

* MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, *Memoirs* (English ed.), i. 146.

begun with blank cartridge. That would have served only to encourage the sections, and would have endangered the troops. It is, however, true that, after victory was assured, powder alone was employed."

Next day, a few salvos of artillery sufficed to disperse the knot of insurgents who ventured to rally. "All is over," wrote Napoleon to Joseph; "luck was with us. . . . We killed a great number, and lost on our side thirty men killed, and sixty wounded. We have disarmed the sections, and all is quiet. As usual, I was not hurt. Happiness is mine. My salutations to Desirée and to Julie."



THE 13TH VENDÉMAIRE.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

After this *coup d'état*, it was inevitable that the elections should be in favour of the Opposition. The Convention was creating for itself privilege, and maintaining itself by violence. As the electors manifested their ill-will, the Conventional spirit was driven further, at each renewal of the Councils, out of the Legislative into the Executive body. The two-thirds who remained on their benches, in their exasperation at the opposition manifested by the country, and desirous, above all, of conciliating the Jacobins, appointed five regicides to form the Directory—Barras, Carnot, Rewbell, Letourneur, and Lareveillère-Lépaux. The Legislative body renewed itself by one-third every year, whereas the Directory was renewed every fifth year. The result was a foregone conclusion—inevitable, if the electors remained in the same temper; the time was not far distant when the Directory would be at war with the

Councils, and as these bodies had no means of exercising control, the one over the other, legally, it was also inevitable that the arm of the soldier, now called in for the first time to maintain the Convention, would be summoned to decide the conflict that was in prospect between them.

It would be doing the ambitious young General an injustice to suppose that he had not the shrewdness to see this; but he saw more than this—that the road to a military despotism was surely prepared. The man who could gain the confidence of the soldiery, the general who could inspire them with enthusiasm for himself, would be able at any time to enact the part of a Cromwell. Both Barras and Napoleon were desirous of shifting on to each other the odium of having shed the blood of their fellow Frenchmen, on the 13th Vendémiaire. Accordingly, Barras threw the whole responsibility upon his young *protégé*. In a speech before the Convention on the 18th, he demanded that Bonaparte should be reinstated in his grade, and should be given the command of the Army of the Interior; and he said with emphasis: "The well-considered, the prompt military arrangements, whereby the Convention was saved on the 13th, were due entirely to Bonaparte." The latter, on his side, drew up a report of the events which he intended for publication. In it his own part in the affair is slurred over, and the directions attributed to Barras, and the execution to Generals Verdier, Brune, and Duvergier.

On the 20th Vendémiaire, he was re-established in the artillery, and named Second Commandant of the Army of the Interior. On the 24th he demanded the provisional brevet of General of Division, and ten days after, on the 4th Brumaire, that is to say, on the day on which the National Convention held its last session, in which Barras resigned his Command-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior, Bonaparte replaced him, and received the confirmation of his title as General of Division.

Napoleon at once, with that characteristic zeal for the advancement of his family which forms so delightful a feature in his character, hastened to make his brothers share in his good fortune. Having removed from his mean lodgings to the house of the General in Command, in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, he wrote to Joseph, "I have here house, table, and carriage, all at your disposal,"* and he applied for a Consulship to be given to this brother. He removed Louis from school at Châlons, and again had him appointed lieutenant, and made him his aide-de-camp; for Lucien he obtained the lucrative place of Commissary of War to the Army of the North. Uncle Fesch was summoned to Paris to act as his secretary.

All at once, the indigent Corsican General, who had been under a cloud, had emerged into sunshine. He who had not known where to look for a friend, was now intimate with every member of the Government. He who could obtain no place for himself was able to instal his relatives and friends in comfortable berths.

* He wrote to him on Dec. 4, "I have received 400,000 livres for you." Whence did he get this? Joseph was not as yet appointed to any Consulship.

Some days after the 13th Vendémiaire, Vandamme said to him, "I believe the day will arrive when you will have cause to repent having fired on Frenchmen."

"Bah!" answered Bonaparte, "I have only set my seal upon France."*

It was true, and the seal was set in blood.

* *Secret Memoirs*, Lond. 1815 (by CHARLES DORIS).

XVIII

JOSEPHINE

(OCTOBER 26, 1795—MARCH 9, 1796)

THE sudden rise of Napoleon to the Command of the Army of the Interior, at once exposed a man, whom no one had considered before the 13th Vendémiaire, to become an object of envy and observation. His nationality, his inability to speak French without accent, and that accent peculiarly disagreeable and smacking of vulgarity, his bad spelling, his uncouthness in society, his past also, his intimacy with the Robespierres, his advanced opinions, his irregularities of service, his compromised character in Corsica, about which Lacombe had a good deal of curious information to communicate, his knavery in the matter of false certificates and applications for indemnification for horses he had already disposed of—these were now matters much discussed, and discussed with that gall which overflows whenever one, who was yesterday nobody, is suddenly advanced to wealth and position. Bonaparte was aware of this, and to conceal his bad spelling, began to make his writing illegible, and, to disguise his dialect, spoke as little as possible. He was now a good deal in society—such society as was gathered about Barras, one of beautiful women, with the loosest of morals, but with the charm and ease of the old *régime*. He was uncomfortable in it, ambitious to attract attention to himself, to push his way, but ignorant how to make his personality other than ridiculous.

Instinctively he felt that the ground under his feet was on fire. With his pride wounded by the smiles and whispers which his *gaucheries* provoked, he desired to get away from uncongenial surroundings, which fascinated at the same time that they frightened him, or to find the means of adoption into the charmed circle.

On October the 6th, he had sent his love to Désirée Clary for the last time. He no longer required her dower. He soon saw that he must look elsewhere for a wife—he must find one who would gain for him respect in that brilliant society that dazzled him.

After the 13th Vendémiaire he abandoned, at all events for a time, the scheme of seeking his fortunes in the East, and turned his eyes on Italy. He had not studied the life of Cæsar in vain. If that had taught him anything, it had taught him that the road to a dictatorship was to be gained through



PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE AT THIS PERIOD.
By Guérin.



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victories in a country outside the Republic, and an absolute control obtained over an army through those victories.

The events of the 13th Vendémiaire had relieved him from his pecuniary embarrassments, and this change in his circumstances was beginning already to make a corresponding change in his appearance.

Barras, a Count from Provence, fond of pomp and luxury, kept horses, equipages, mistresses, maintained some state, formed a little court, presided over by the beautiful Madame Tallien, sultana-in-chief of his seraglio, affecting the airs, refinement, and exclusiveness of that which had been swept away by the Revolution. Into this circle Bonaparte was hardly admitted; the beautiful women that formed it disliked his gloomy brow and ungracious manners. The only family of position that cared to allow him to sit at its table was that of De Permon, but the widow Permon was in reduced circumstances.

The Parisians, weary of the shadow of death which had so long hung over the capital, and the scent of blood that was wafted on every breeze, shut their eyes to the misery that still prevailed, the poor dying of starvation in the garrets, and in their volatile mood broke out into a flutter of fashion and glitter of display. Napoleon endeavoured to make display as well.

“The modest cabriolet was converted into a superb equipage, and the man himself was no longer the same. But the friends of his youth were still received when they made their morning calls. They were invited to grand *déjeuners*, which were sometimes attended by ladies; and, among others, by the beautiful Madame Tallien and her friend, the amiable Madame de Beauharnais, to whom Bonaparte had begun to pay attention. ‘In the month of February, 1796, my husband,’ writes Madame Bourrienne, ‘was arrested at seven in the morning by a party of men, armed with muskets, on the charge of being a returned emigrant. He was torn from his wife and child, only six months old, and was barely allowed time to dress himself. . . . I and his friends ran about everywhere, trying to find somebody to rescue him, and, among the rest, Bonaparte was appealed to. It was with great difficulty he could be seen. I told him what had happened to my husband, whose life was at stake. He appeared to feel very little for the situation of his friend, but determined to write to Merlin, the Minister of Justice.’”

It is painful to learn that Napoleon made no further effort to save the friend who had maintained him in his days of poverty, and that the escape of Bourrienne from the guillotine was in no way due to his interference, but to the humanity of the judge, Lemaire, before whom he was brought.*

As Madame Bourrienne mentions, Bonaparte at this time began to lay siege to the heart of Josephine de Beauharnais, widow of the Marquis de Beauharnais, whose head had fallen on the scaffold.

Marie-Josèphe-Rose de Tascher de la Pagerie was born on the 23rd June, 1763, in Martinique, where her father was harbour-master, and owned a little property. She came to France at the age of fifteen, and married the Viscount Alexandre de Beauharnais in 1779. After their marriage the young couple went to Paris, where their son Eugène, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, was born

* *Memoirs of Bourrienne*, i. 32-3.

in 1780. In April, 1783, she became the mother of that very charming but sad woman, who was to be known in history as Queen Hortense.

The young couple did not agree. There were domestic storms, and they separated. Josephine went back to Martinique, but on the death of her father in 1790 returned to France. Her husband, who had been a zealous Republican, and commanded the Army of the Rhine, was denounced and arrested in 1794. He was executed on the 23rd July. Josephine had also been imprisoned on the 20th April in the same year. She owed her release to the citizenne Cabarrus, who had won the affections of Tallien; and she became her fast friend, and shared with her the equivocal, or more than equivocal, favours of Barras. She could not equal Mme. Tallien in beauty; her features were irregular, she had teeth "like cloves," but carefully concealed them as much as possible. Her not very abundant hair was chestnut, her skin olive, she had a delicately-formed mouth, very soft, beautiful eyes, with a somewhat dreamy expression in them, and long lashes. But her great charm lay in her perfect gracefulness of form and ease of motion. Her voice, moreover, was so musical, that long after, when Empress, the servants in the Tuileries would halt in the corridors to listen to its melody. She had a winning manner and a kindly heart. She was very averse to strong emotion; sorrows with her were transient. Her feelings were shallow. Tears lay very near the surface, and were easily dried, as they were easily produced. Later on, after she had interceded for the life of the Duc d'Enghien and had failed, she put her concern quickly aside, and began to trifle in her garden. "Owing to her natural levity and fickleness," says Mme. de Rémusat, "she excessively disliked painful or lasting impressions. Her feelings were quick, but extraordinarily evanescent."

Méneval, successor of Bourrienne as secretary to Napoleon, says:—

"She was irresistibly attractive. Her beauty was not regular, but she had grace more beautiful than beauty, according to La Fontaine. She had the soft *abandon*, the supple and elegant movements, and the graceful carelessness of the Creoles. Her temper was always the same. She was kind, affable, and indulgent with everyone, without difference of persons. She had neither superiority of mind nor much learning, but her exquisite politeness, her full acquaintance with society, with the Court, and with their innocent artifices, made her always know precisely the best thing to do or say."*

When Talleyrand was asked about her, "Avait elle de l'esprit?" he answered, "Elle s'en passait supérieurement bien."†

Poor Josephine! Her name disarms comment on her frailties, so deep and tender is the feeling with which she inspires all who consider her as the wife of Napoleon, and pity her for her divorce. Recently the memoirs of the vilest of men, Paul Barras, have been given to the world, in which he pours forth what may certainly be put down as malignant calumny against a weak and wronged woman. We know that this coquettish and frivolous soul did not pass unscathed through such a period as that of the Terror and the

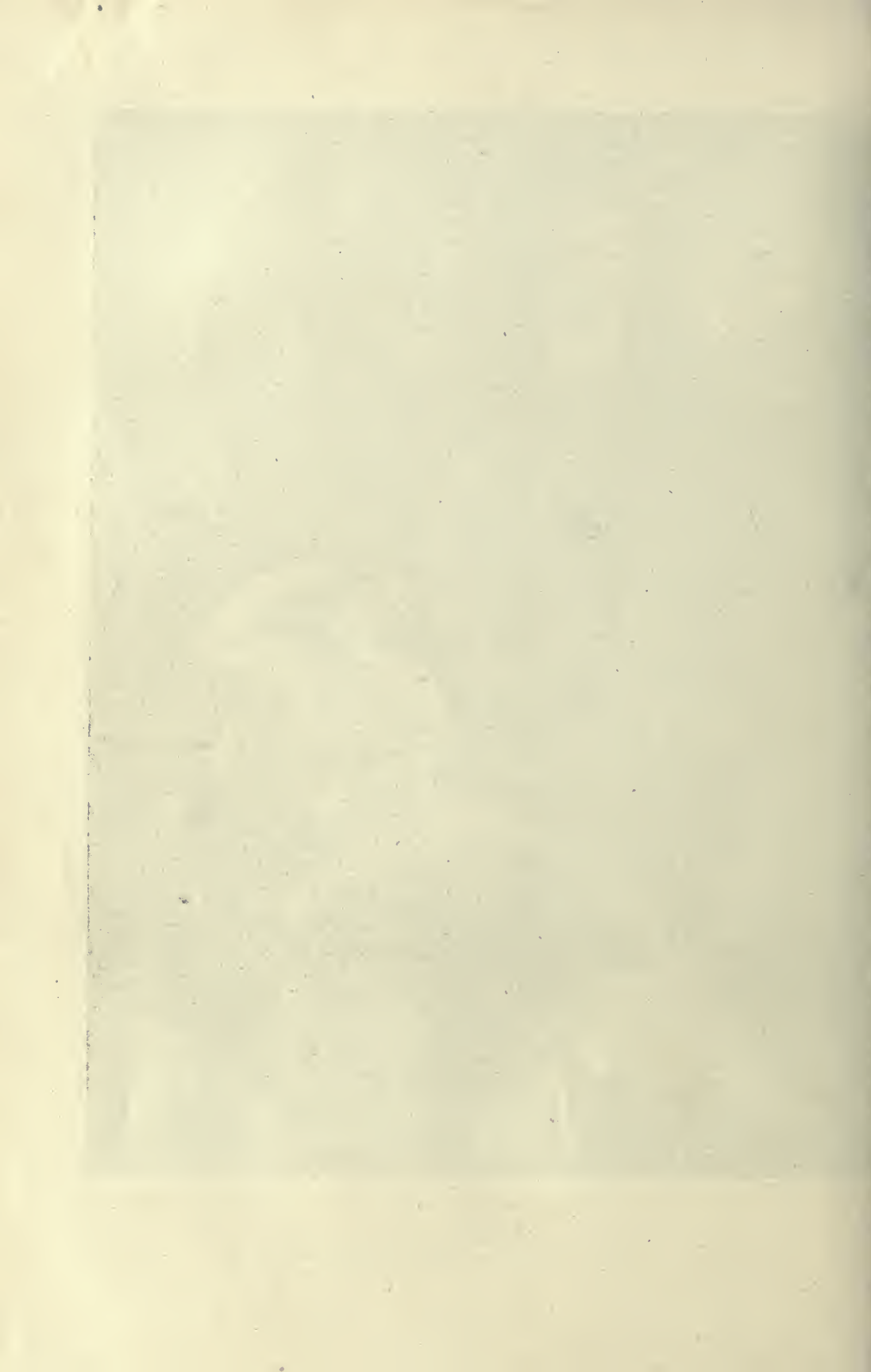
* MÉNEVAL, *Napoleon et Marie Louise*, Brux. 1843, i. 227.

† *Diary of Henry Greville*, Lond. 1883.



JOSEPHINE AT MALMAISON.

By Prud'hon.



Directorate, when]morality was at its lowest ebb; but out of that troubled and muddy past she emerged to be the true and blameless wife of the First Consul and of the Emperor, and to win the heart of all France.

Several versions exist relative to the causes that drew Bonaparte and Madame de Beauharnais together. The fable is very generally told that after the disarmament of the Sections, young Eugène Beauharnais came to Napoleon to entreat for the sword of his father that had been confiscated. Bonaparte favoured the story, and it is possible there may have been some shadow of truth in it; but it is very improbable, as the friend of Barras would most assuredly have been free from the domiciliary visits of the police after the 13th Vendémiaire. At S. Helena, Bonaparte told another story that has more of likelihood in it.

“I saw my wife for the first time at Barras’ house, that woman who exercised so great an influence on my life, and whose memory will always be dear to me.

“I was not insensible to the charms of women, but up to this time they had not spoiled me; and my character rendered me extremely shy in their company. Madame de Beauharnais was the first who reassured me. She addressed many flattering remarks to me, relative to my military talents, one day when

I was seated near her. This bit of praise intoxicated me; I addressed myself continually to her; I followed her about everywhere. I became passionately fond of her, and it was known in our society long before I dared to tell her of it.

“My feelings were talked about. Barras spoke to me on the matter. I had no reason to deny it. ‘Very well,’ said he, ‘you must marry Madame Beauharnais. You have a rank and talents to carry you on; but you are isolated, without personal fortune, and without relations. You must marry, that will give you *aplomb*. Madame Beauharnais is agreeable and lively, but she is a widow. That is nothing nowadays when women play no part. They must marry to have any value. You are a man of character, you will make



THE FIRST INTERVIEW BETWEEN BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.
From a painting by Gervex.

your career. You visit her; do you wish me to negotiate the matter for you? I awaited the reply with anxiety. It was favourable; Madame de Beauharnais gave me her hand."

It was precisely because Josephine was at all points the contrast to Napoleon, that she exercised so great a power over his heart. He had never associated with ladies of culture and refinement of manner, except only with Madame Permon, and she did not invite him to her table to meet her aristocratic lady friends. His own mother was uneducated, and though a good woman, eminently unpolished. His brother Lucien's wife was not able even to sign her name in the marriage register. The soap-boiler's daughters were amiable nonentities. For the first time he was brought within the halo of culture, and it bewildered and bewitched him.



PORTRAIT OF JOSEPHINE.

From a coloured engraving by Bonneville.



PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE.

From a coloured engraving by Bonneville.

The marriage was civilly contracted on the 9th March, 1796.* Tallien and Barras were the witnesses. On the ring which Bonaparte placed on his bride's finger was the fatalistic inscription, "Au Destin."

It has been said by many that Napoleon's marriage was provoked by his ambition, or it is allowed that though he really was attracted to Josephine, yet that the main incentive was ambition—the desire to have the command of the Army of Italy, which Barras had promised to give him as a marriage portion.

That Bonaparte was really madly in love with Josephine, is clear enough from his passionate letters to her when on his Italian campaign, that have been published.

"In this volume," says Georges Dury, "are to be found the authentic letters of Bonaparte to the woman he has just married. I will content myself with asking any candid man who has read them, if it was not the truest, the deepest love which dictated, between battles, these beautiful and burning pages to the man who wrote them? True, Bonaparte may have later entertained doubts,


* It really seemed impossible morally for the Bonapartes to tell the truth about their ages. Napoleon, Joseph, and Lucien all gave themselves out at their respective marriages to have been born at the same place, Ajaccio, and in the same year, 1768. Josephine also gave herself out as younger by ten years than she really was.

suspicious, as to Josephine's virtue. And, indeed, it must be confessed that the indiscretions of this most charming, but also most frivolous, of women, furnished matter enough for grievous discoveries. Look at her portrait by Isabey, which dates precisely from this period. The bird-like head, all dishevelled, expresses coquetry, thoughtlessness, an undefinable frailty and inconstancy, characteristic perhaps even then, as it had been in the past, of her virtue. It is none the less a certainty that Bonaparte believed in her, and loved her ardently and blindly; that passion alone made him wish for and resolve upon this marriage; and that, if anyone calculated in this affair, if it be absolutely necessary to suppose that calculation existed, it would be Josephine; at all events it was not the man of genius desperately smitten, smitten 'like a fool; who was dying with love at the feet of this pretty doll.* And the charms and grace of Josephine—that languid grace of the rose whose bloom is beginning to fade—so entirely took possession of Napoleon, that it never wholly left his soul. Through all the crises of his tragic existence, in spite of weariness, acts of infidelity, divorce, his second marriage, in spite of all, Napoleon would love this woman unto death.”†

* *Memoirs of Barras*, 1895, ii. xvi.

† *Ibid.* ii. xiv.

*Supers made que tu aimais la bonté de son coeur qui
 m'aime et que tu aimes à ce que tu m'aimes
 j'ai été fort amant de servir la France et grand polé
 Ma femme d'inde et j'ay son bonté de la
 de mon puto bonté
 de mon*



LETTER FROM BONAPARTE TO JOSEPHINE.

XIX

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

(MARCH 10—NOVEMBER, 1796)

NAPOLEON'S honeymoon lasted just forty-eight hours, and during the greater portion of it he was engaged with maps and letters; then he hastened to Nice to assume the command of the Army of Italy.

This army, under Schérer—a general capable of winning a battle, but not of reaping the fruits of victory—had fought and defeated the allied troops of Sardinia and Austria at Loano, on November 24th, 1795, and had then retired to hibernate in the Alps. There it sat, shivering, starving, inactive.



MEDALLION OF BONAPARTE.
By Boizot.

The administration of the army was in confusion. The soldiers were not paid, were ill-fed, and barely clothed. The Commissioners engaged on the Commissariat sought to fill their own pockets at the cost of the soldiers. And those at the head of the State—Barras and his fellows—were too unscrupulous themselves not to wink at their dishonesties.

Schérer was discouraged, and entreated to be allowed to send in his resignation. The Directors in Paris were at their wits' end, and in their difficulty, turned to Bonaparte, who knew both what had to be done, and how to do it. "Les cinq Sires" were anxious to be rid of the man who had assisted them on the 13th Vendémiaire, who alarmed them by his indefatigable activity, and by his assumption of the airs of a protector. Not one of them had the wit to discern that by committing the Army of Italy into his hands, they were furnishing him with the weapon wherewith he might terrorise and finally disperse them.

Schérer was allowed to resign, and Bonaparte was put in his place.

The Directory was aware that they had entrusted great power to a man who was headstrong and resolute; they accordingly adopted measures to place checks on him, and to reserve to themselves supreme control over the army; and they let him understand that with them lay all authority to make peace, and even an armistice. A few days before he left Paris, they furnished him with detailed instructions relative to the plan of the campaign in which he was about to engage; they had indeed used his suggestions which had been previously submitted to the War Office, but had not followed them implicitly. He was enjoined to cross the Maritime Alps, and to separate the forces of Sardinia from those of Austria, as he had proposed; but then, instead of forcing Piedmont to sue for peace, he was to provoke war with Genoa, by wresting from that Republic certain portions of its territory, and then to push on through Lombardy, strike at Milan, and throw the Austrians behind the Adige. The plan was as injudicious as it was impracticable. He was, in fact, required to needlessly exasperate and drive into war a State in his rear, with a second State in the same position, humbled but unreduced, to join hands and cut his communications. Napoleon was well aware of the absurdity of the instructions given him, and resolved not to carry them out where inconvenient.

The entire military system in France had gone through a radical renovation, mainly under the direction of Dubois de Crancé; and this renovation had been imposed on it by circumstances—by the coalition of the European powers against the Republic, its menacing attitude, and by the defection of the officers who had emigrated. Under the old system there was no unity of direction or of action. The Convention suppressed all the ancient denominations of Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, *Maréchal-de-camp*, Lieutenant-General, and Marshal of France, and replaced them by those of Head of Battalion or Squadron, Chief of Brigade, General of Division, or General-in-Chief. It organised its armies into Demi-Brigades, Brigades, and Divisions. Every corps d'armée was composed of two divisions, and every division of two brigades.

“The Greeks,” said Saint-Just, “conquered by the phalanx, the Romans by the legion, and the French will be victorious through the demi-brigade.”

On the 16th August, 1793, the famous decree had been passed that called all Frenchmen into the ranks:—

“The French people declare, by the organ of their representatives, that they will rise in a body in defence of their liberty, their constitution, and to deliver their territory from invasion. . . . The young will go into battle; the married men will forge arms, and transport the material of war; the women will make tents, clothing, and will serve in the hospitals; the children will make lint; the old men will be carried out into public places to excite the courage of the warriors, and to preach hatred of Kings and the unity of the Republic.”

But this was not all. On the 26th, the Committee of Public Safety had been created, to give unity of direction to the vast force that had been brought into existence. This consisted eventually of nine members, under them twelve commissions, amongst which was that of war. At the bottom was the entire

nation, from whence to draw supplies of men and material; at the top the Committee of Nine; between them the simplest and most effective of mechanism; and, as agents to watch the operation of the machine, Commissioners, delegated from the Convention, with every army, two to observe the army in the field, and two to have surveillance over the fortified places and garrisons, with power to see to everything, assure supplies, attend to essentials, and see to the execution of details.*

Formerly every staff had its own collection of maps and memoirs, relative to the topography of the country with which it was engaged; hence, vast confusion as the various staffs shifted their fields of operation. Now was formed one central *dépôt* of maps and plans for army and navy. Formerly hereditary rank, title, court favour, had determined promotion. Now any man, so long as he had the requisite ability, was capable of rising to the highest rank in the army. And what men there were that rose out of the cauldron of war! Bernadotte, the saddler's son; Murat issued from a little public-house; Augereau, the child of a domestic servant; Masséna, the Jewish waif and stray.

The armies of France in 1795 numbered 531,253 men. The infantry of the line comprised a hundred demi-brigades of three battalions each, each of the latter consisting of nine companies. All this host was divided into nine armies.

At the moment when Bonaparte took the command of that of Italy, this army consisted of a nominal force of 60,282 men; but, what with the sick and the garrison troops, the effective force was reduced to 37,775 men.

As head of his staff Napoleon had Berthier, son of a surveyor, eminently qualified to understand the value of topographical features, and a ready and expert hand at making maps. As aides-de-camp, his trusty friends Junot and Marmont, his brother Louis, also Joachim and Léonard.

The army which Schérer had been incapable of appreciating, because it was hungry, shoeless, and in rags, was precisely fitted, by the ordeal of privation it had undergone, to serve the purpose designed for it. It had been toughened by hard experience; it had been tried against the enemy, and had been successful. The structure given it by the new organisation endowed it with a mobility not possessed by the armies under the old system, such as those of Savoy and Austria. The generals of the latter were governed by ancient doctrines as to how to move, how to conduct hostilities, as to what was legitimate warfare and what was not. They were, moreover, bound hand and foot by their own governments, allowed to take no step till it had been debated and sanctioned at Vienna and Turin; consequently unable to seize on an opportunity when one presented itself, that is, supposing they had the ability to see when such opportunities arose. Later, Bonaparte wrote of them:—

“My military successes are great; but, then, how has the Emperor been served? His soldiers are good and brave, though heavy, and not active, com-

* JUNG (Th.), *Bonaparte et son Temps*, Paris, 1880, vol. iii., and more fully in his *L'Armée et la Révolution*; Dubois-Crancé, 1884.

pared with ours. But what officers! They are simply detestable! The generals who have been opposed to me were inept. Beaulieu knew nothing of the localities in Italy; Würmsers was deaf, and so slow, that he never could do anything; Alvinzi was impotent. They have been accused of having been gained by me. That is untrue; I never attempted anything of the kind. But what was true, as I can prove, was that not one of these generals had got a staff in which several of the principals were not sold to me. Consequently, I not only saw all their plans, but knew all their projects, and I upset them while still under discussion."

Moreover, there were mutual jealousies between the Sardinian and the Austrian commanders, as well as between their troops; and, more than that, the officers in each army were full of resentment the one against the other, because they saw men of rank, with empty skulls, thrust over their heads, not for their merit, but because titled.

In the French army officers and soldiers were profoundly attached to Republican institutions, not because they had thought them out, but because they felt that they had passed out of an oppressive atmosphere into the breezy freshness of liberty, in which they could fill their lungs. They had suffered for the Republic; they had seen all Europe leagued against it, and they were resolved, heart and soul, from the first general to the least drummer-boy, not to allow the foreigners to dictate to them how they were to be governed.

This is the description given of the army by a Royalist agent:—

"The discipline is severe and precise; punishments are rigorous. Subordination carried to an extreme, so great is the distance between the officer and the soldier when in service. All that is said about the familiarity of the latter with his officer is untrue. Out of the ranks he speaks freely of his officers. The French soldier is prompt to grumble. He taxes Bonaparte with being a thief and a *coquin*. But the same soldier will obey him blindly to-morrow, because in the first place he esteems his personal bravery; and secondly, he believes him to be a very clever general, and he knows, moreover, that he must perish or obey, for the general will have no scruple in dealing promptly with a man neglectful of his duty or guilty of treason. Thus, although he may abuse him, he will not allow anyone else to do so; he will curse him, but not suffer another to do that. Then, again, Bonaparte has succeeded in inspiring them with a sovereign contempt for their enemies, and this serves to duplicate their courage."*

A second great advantage possessed by Bonaparte, was that he knew the ground on which he was to fight. This knowledge he had acquired when he was on his way back to Nice from Genoa; he had then given it special attention with a view to future military operations. This knowledge he shared with the Sardinian General, and the Austrian opposed to him. But some men see a thing every day, and learn nothing from it, whereas another at a glance, on a hasty visit, grasps all the situations and learns everything of the topography that he desires to know. There was a third advantage Bonaparte

* Letter of the Comte d'Antraigues in JUNG, iii. 151.

enjoyed over those opposed to him. The French army had been sifted and resifted, till every officer who was not a thorough Republican had been sifted out. It was about to enter Italy, that had long groaned under feudal and ecclesiastical bondage. The ferment in France had cast its spores into the north of Italy, and the number of those who desired revolution therein was great. At Bazaluno, in Cortona, on the feast of Corpus Christi, the citizens and peasants adopted the tricolor cockade, and marched about shouting, "Long live liberty!" An eye-witness describes the condition of Piedmont at this moment. "The King of Sardinia has no money for the war. The people at Turin are afraid of the Austrian troops. The latter patrol the streets, and break up every knot of three or four persons. Spies are everywhere, in the cafés and gardens, the promenades and eating-houses. Every day some of the citizens are being seized and imprisoned, and no more is heard of them. The peasants in the country, in spite of the sermons of the priests against the French, show impatience at their slavery and misery. The desertion among both Austrian and Piedmontese troops is continual. Even the officers are not paid."*

Consequently, Napoleon found no difficulty in bribing officers among the enemy, to furnish him with information, and he was sure everywhere of being welcomed by the peasantry as a deliverer. Such, accordingly, were the conditions under which the campaign in Italy was begun by Napoleon. The same conditions had existed before, but Schérer had been incapable of understanding and availing himself of them. The day after Bonaparte had been appointed to the command, he called the Directors together, and said to them: "I require 800,000 livres in specie for the start, and to cover the first success. I will conquer or perish. If for a moment I can get a footing on the enemy's territory, from that moment I will not demand of you another crown for my army."

And to this the Directory had consented. The army was to feed, clothe, and pay itself at the cost of the Italians. This had been Wallenstein's system in the Thirty Years' War, to which the Emperor Francis had given a reluctant consent in a moment of desperation. It was that upon which the representatives of Liberty, the advocates of Equality and Fraternity, agreed, and which Napoleon was to pursue throughout Europe for eighteen years. In a word, this invasion, under the idea of emancipating the people of Italy from tyranny, was to be a marauding expedition like that of the Black Prince, when he ravaged Guyenne from Bordeaux to Toulouse.

On the 26th March, 1796, Bonaparte arrived at Nice. He was occupied for two and a half months in the reorganisation of the army. On the day after his arrival, he issued a significant proclamation which appealed to the worst appetites of the soldiers, but which was in accordance with the agreement he had made with the Directory.

"Soldiers! you are naked, ill-fed. The Government owes you much, but cannot pay you. Your patience, and the courage you have exhibited, do you credit, but gain you no advantage, get you no glory. I will conduct

* Despatch, 18th June, 1793, in JUNG, iii. 315.

you into the most fertile plains in the world, where you will find large cities and rich provinces. There you will acquire honour, glory, riches. Soldiers of the Army of Italy, will you lack the requisite courage?"

If ever there was an incentive to plunder, this was one. It was frank. The hypocritical assurance that the invasion was one for the sake of giving liberty to the slaves of despotism, was reserved to be addressed to the Italians.

The character given to this war in Italy was different altogether from that of those in which the Republic had been hitherto engaged. The motive force was changed. The one dominating idea which had given to the Revolution its

moral consistency, and had endowed it with titanic, irresistible power, had been a moral one—it had been that of Nationality. Throughout the Middle Ages, France had been an aggregation of provinces, loosely compacted, ravaged by internecine war, each under its feudal sovereign, each with its parliament, and its several rights and usages. For three hundred years the English had been masters of Aquitaine, which had lived apart from the current of French culture, and without participation in the national life. Other provinces had been in fitful union with the heart of the realm. Although, under Louis XIV., the Crown had become



BONAPARTE.

A drawing by Hennequin, engraved by Tassaert.

supreme, it had obtained its supremacy by crushing the provincial activities to death, instead of uniting them into one organism. The condition of the provinces under the Crown had become one of suspended vitality. But the Revolution had brought all France into one body, and sent streams of electrical vigour through every portion.

The wars conducted by the Republic had been in pursuit of this end. Because in Belgium the French tongue was spoken, and because to Nice and Savoy there were no natural barriers, therefore the Republic had insisted on their incorporation into France. If it had invaded Holland, this had been with no purpose of permanent occupation and annexation. But now it was to be otherwise. Italy was to be entered, as a rich land to be despoiled, and peace was to be purchased with Austria and Sardinia by partitioning up its soil, and giving them portions as indemnifications for the annexed provinces of Belgium and Savoy.

The arrival of the young, comparatively inexperienced, Corsican General in the army, to take command, somewhat disconcerted the older and approved Generals of Division, Masséna, Augereau, Laharpe, and Serrurier ; but any inclination to dispute his ability and authority was taken from them at once, when they saw the energy and the skill with which he set to work to put that army on a war footing ; and, after the first battle, they became his enthusiastic followers. The political situation was singularly favourable. Peace had been concluded with Spain ; consequently the Army of the Pyrenees was at liberty, and from it that on the frontier of Italy could be reinforced. Peace had also been made with Prussia, which enabled the Army of the Rhine to fall with all its weight on South Germany, and force its way over the tableland where springs the Danube, into Austria itself. There were, in fact, two armies stationed on the German frontier, that of Jourdan at Düsseldorf, and that at Strassburg under Moreau ; and both were at liberty to co-operate with Napoleon, by distracting the attention of Austria, and diverting her troops from the plains of Lombardy to the head waters of the Danube.

In Italy, the Austrians and the Sardinians were not acting in concert. The Piedmontese Government was jealous of the Austrians, because Savoy and Austria were rivals for supremacy in Lombardy.

The Austrian forces were under Beaulieu ; those of the Sardinians under Colli. The two generals were aware of each other's incapacity, but not of their own. Their troops were extended from the sea to the northern frontier of Piedmont, guarding the passes.

On the 27th March, Napoleon was with his army. On the 10th April he had begun operations. On the 12th he met Beaulieu, and won the battle of Montenotte ; then, in a series of engagements, he beat the Piedmontese and Austrians—the former, on the 13th, at Millesimo ; the latter, on the 15th, at Dego. In five days he had rammed his army, as a wedge, between them, had driven the Sardinians back for the protection of Turin, and the Austrians to guard the approaches to Milan.

The instructions Bonaparte had received required him to neglect the Piedmontese, and follow the retreating Austrians, so as not to allow the latter to recover from the first staggering blows dealt them ; but for personal reasons he deemed it advisable to disregard these instructions, to turn at once on the Piedmontese, and drive them back under the walls of Turin. On the 21st April he defeated Colli at Mondovi, took from him 2,000 prisoners, eight cannon, and eleven standards.

The feeble king, in a paroxysm of alarm, shut his ears to all considerations of honour and expediency, and hastened to arrange terms for an armistice with the conqueror, who was expressly forbidden by his Government to conclude one.

Napoleon had neither heavy cannon nor siege train for the reduction of Turin, or any of the fortresses of Piedmont ; the allied armies were superior in number to the French. "The King of Sardinia," said Napoleon, "had still a great number of fortresses left ; and, in spite of the victories which had been

gained, the slightest check, one caprice of fortune, would have undone everything."

Bonaparte then assumed that air of bluster and menace, which afterwards so often served him in good stead. He threatened to deliver over the capital to pillage, unless an armistice were at once concluded. Three fortresses were surrendered to him, and an open passage was afforded him for further proceedings against Austria. On the 27th April, this base surrender was effected at Cherasco.

Two days before this Napoleon had issued one of those stirring proclamations to the army, wherewith he was so often to rouse them to prodigies of valour.

"Soldiers!—In fifteen days you have gained six victories, captured twenty-one standards, fifty-five guns, several strong places, conquered the richest portion of Piedmont. You have made 15,000 prisoners, and have killed or wounded 10,000 men.*

"Hitherto you have fought among barren rocks, which bear witness to your courage, but which are useless to our country. To-day you equal by your services the armies of Holland and of the Rhine. Devoid of everything, you have supplied yourselves with all requisites. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, accomplished forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. . . . To-day you are amply furnished with all necessaries. The magazines captured from the enemy are numerous, the siege and field-pieces have arrived. . . . I promise you the conquest of Italy, but on one condition. You must swear to protect the people you deliver, and repress the horrible pillage in which scoundrels have indulged. Without that you will not be liberators, but a pestilence; and your victories, your courage, your success, and the blood of your brothers who have perished, will be lost, as well as honour and glory."

That he had exceeded his powers, directly contravened the express orders of the Directory, Bonaparte was well aware; he could justify his action to himself and his army by the obvious advantages he had gained.

He despatched Junot with twenty-one standards captured from the enemy, to present them to the Directory. He wrote to his brother Joseph to hurry to Paris, and allay any alarm that might have arisen there at his high-handed conduct.

But the news of his victories, and the rapidity with which they had been gained, had fired the combustible French imagination, and pleaded for him better than could his brother Joseph. The fever of enthusiasm which had caught the army, communicated itself to the people. Every morning the *Moniteur* published tidings of some victory, or Bonaparte's estimate of the enormous spoil that was to be gathered out of the rich plains and overflowing treasuries of Italy. Even the Directors, men of no note, some of them vulgar adventurers, the only man among them with a smack of respectability being Carnot, were dazzled with the successes of Bonaparte, if a little afraid as to whither they might lead.

* No reliance can be placed on the numbers given by Bonaparte in his proclamations, bulletins, or private letters.

Junot was followed by Murat, drawing along the roads the cannon that had been captured. The Directory, with an empty treasury, with their assignats treated almost as waste paper, were eager to dip their trembling fingers into the precious metal that promised to flow in from Italy: the silver Madonnas that could be melted up, the Municipal plate, the gorgeous work of Benvenuto Cellini, that could be turned into coin, the bursting money-bags of the Lombard bankers, the Ecclesiastical and Monastic hoards!

Napoleon had repressed brigandage, after allowing his soldiers to slake their first thirst for pillage. For indiscriminate plunder, he had substituted enforced contributions. Mondovi was required to pay a million, Piacenza, Modena, Parma, their many millions. Rich Genoa was to be put into the oil-press. And the soldiery were to be shod and clothed, as well as paid, out of the land they oppressed. All this was offered to France, that was almost without a metal currency.

But the Directory was unwilling to allow Napoleon the free hand he had begun to use. It concluded, indeed, the peace with Sardinia, the advantage of which was obvious to the dullest intellect, but it reiterated its orders to the General, for the future to conclude no armistices, but to leave all such negotiations to the Commissioners.

It gave orders that Kellermann, who was in command of the Army of the Alps, should cross into the plains of Lombardy, and make Milan his headquarters. Bonaparte was to turn aside, secure Leghorn, and subjugate Modena, Parma, Rome, and Naples. In other words, the command in Italy was to be divided between himself and Kellermann, who was designed by the suspicious Directory to serve as a clog on his ambition; and the Civil Commissioners were enjoined to watch the proceedings of both, and to conduct all political negotiations.

Bonaparte received this communication at Lodi, just as he had carried the bridge, and had driven the Austrians in headlong flight out of the Milanais to take refuge behind the walls of Mantua. This was on the 10th of May. He had already forced the Grand Duke of Parma to capitulate, and pay two millions in silver, and furnish 1600 artillery horses, besides vast supplies of corn and provisions. He had moved with as great celerity against the Austrians, as against the Austrians and Sardinians combined. This second act in the drama had lasted fifteen days. He had marched on the 1st May. The Po was passed at Piacenza on the 7th; the Adda at Lodi on the 10th, on the 15th he entered Milan.

The express orders of the Directory, revealing its mistrust, and hampering his freedom of action, filled Napoleon with anger, which, however, he did not dare to exhibit. He wrote from Lodi to Carnot on the day before his entry into Milan:—

“On the reception of the letter from the Directory your intentions were executed, and the Milanais is ours. I shall shortly march so as to carry out your views relative to Leghorn and Rome. That will not take long.

“I have written to the Directory on the subject of dividing the army.

I swear that I have had only the interest of my country in view. Besides, you will always find me straightforward. If people seek to injure me in your opinion, my answer is to be read in my heart and conscience.

"Kellermann may be able to command an army as well as myself, but I think that to link together Kellermann and myself in Italy would be to sacrifice everything. I cannot willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe.

"I hold that one bad general is worth more than two good ones. War is like government, a thing of tact. I do not choose to be trammelled. I have begun with some glory, I desire to continue worthy of you."

The Directors gave way.

Meanwhile the Armies of the Sambre and the Meuse as well as that of the Rhine were doing nothing. The inaction of Jourdan and of Moreau was commented on in Paris, and contrasted with the energy of Bonaparte. The public was all with the latter. To the urgency of his representations, Napoleon added the argument of a bribe. He forwarded a list of pictures, vases, and manuscripts, which he had selected to be sent to Paris from the towns he had entered or laid under contribution. He sent this notice to the Directory: "I have forwarded to Tortona at least 2,000,000 francs in jewellery and silver ingots. Then we shall levy 20,000,000 francs upon the country, which is one of the richest in the world."

The Government found itself greatly embarrassed. It was forced to give way in the matter of the division of the army, or risk Napoleon throwing up his command, or appealing to public opinion against it. And the Directors knew that their tenure was insecure. Moreover, events moved with such rapidity as to take away their breath.

Madame Junot, in a few words, describes the situation:—

"The Army of Italy surprised us every day by the prodigies communicated in its bulletins. The Directory, which disliked General Bonaparte, would fain have thrown a veil over the glories of the young hero, but the country which he had saved from an Austrian invasion, the soldiers whom he led to victory, had thousands of voices to proclaim it, and the only resource left to the ridiculous government, wherewith we had been silly enough to saddle ourselves, was to abuse him whom it would gladly have thrown down after it had exalted him."



BONAPARTE.

From an engraving by Marcelli del Giobilti.

The Republican Government was feeling what was felt at Carthage, and by the Roman Senate, when they had at the head of their armies men not utterly commonplace, and when they dreaded every victory gained over the national enemy as a blow levelled against themselves.

The Republican party in Northern Italy had been excited to enthusiasm by the prospect of liberty, equality, and fraternity, promised them by the French: but when the invasion resulted in grinding exaction; when the country saw itself pillaged of its art-treasures, its churches robbed of their shrines, every family made to surrender its little savings, the peasantry forced to give up their horses, oxen, wagons, corn, then they were roused to exasperation, and outbreaks of violence took place. This was the case at Pavia, where the oppression had been most tyrannous, and it had resulted in the murder of some Frenchmen. Napoleon resolved on inflicting so signal a chastisement as would paralyse disaffection. He ordered that the magistrates should be shot, the city given over to pillage, and the unhappy peasants be hunted down over the plain and killed like vermin.

Having quelled this rising, Napoleon next violated the Venetian territory, and occupied Verona and Brescia.

The remnant of the Austrian army was in Mantua, and Beaulieu had cut the sluices and flooded the low land about it. The line of the Adige was in the hands of the French.

A siege of Mantua was not to be thought of at that season, when the plain bred malaria. He left the enclosed Austrians to the ravages of low fever, and turned his attention to the partial execution of the task imposed on him by the Directory. Austria was rapidly collecting reinforcements for the relief of Mantua, and Napoleon prepared to meet these levies. He could not venture on an invasion of Tyrol till this fastness had fallen.

During the pause that ensued he entered into negotiation with the States in Italy to the south. Already, on the 5th June, he had concluded a treaty with Naples, whereby the Neapolitan cavalry, which had fought under the command of Beaulieu, was handed over to him. The fleet was detached from that of England, and Naples undertook to maintain neutrality. The States that intervened were now left at his mercy. He at once despatched his adjutant (Murat) to Genoa, to order the dismissal of the Austrian ambassador. To the Directory he wrote:—

“If your intention is to wring 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 francs from Venice, I have arranged for a rupture in a way which will facilitate matters.

“From the conversation I have had with the envoy of the Pope, it appears to me that he has had orders to offer us contributions. Would you like me, then, to accept from the Pope, in exchange for an armistice, 25,000,000 francs in money, 5,000,000 francs in merchandise, 300 pictures and statues, and manuscripts in proportion?”

Whilst thus writing, he spoke freely to Prince Belmonte Pignatelli, and asked him if he thought “he was fighting for those scamps of lawyers,” as he designated the Directory.

He made a hasty descent on Leghorn, secured it, then met the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, and brought him to submission.

On the 21st June, Napoleon wrote to the Directory:—

“Italy is to-day entirely French. With an army of moderate dimensions, we have to face all emergencies—to hold the German armies in check, to besiege forts, to protect our rear, to overcome Genoa; Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples; we must be in force everywhere. Military, political, and financial unity is therefore necessary. Here, one must burn and shoot in order to establish terror, and there one must pretend not to see because the time has not arrived for action.”



BONAPARTE IN ITALY.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

An agent was appointed to sweep together whatever was worth collecting. He was to follow the French army, gathering and transmitting to France objects of art. Catalogues of the collections in towns about to be occupied were demanded. The eyes of the conquerors looked covetously even on the woods of the Romagna and of Naples. And all this pillage went on under the pretence of emancipation of the people from tyranny.

“A strange period,” says Lanfrey, “in which such was the confusion of ideas, that rapacity spoke the language of patriotism, and patriotism that of rapacity, and the two got so confused, that it would be hard to say which sentiment prevailed.”

Liberty had become a cant term, and liberal expressions were used in speech with no fixed and appropriate signification applied to them. The

original ideas associated with them had become upset in the progress of the Revolution. They were employed by men of all opinions, as cover to the most sordid and selfish motives, and to gloss the basest actions.

No sooner was the treaty with the Pope concluded, than Napoleon hastened back to the Mincio. It was his great hope to obtain the surrender of Mantua before the arrival of the new Austrian armies. But the place was too strong, and his attempts to storm it failed.

On the 29th July, General Würmser, at the head of 50,000 men, descended from the mountains. There were three passes into Italy, that from Trent to Bassano, through the valley of the Sugana; that down the Adige to Verona; and that from Arco and Riva along the north-westerly shore of the Lago di Garda to Salo, and thence to Brescia.

The Austrian general divided his forces into three columns. He ordered Quasdanovich, with twenty thousand men, to skirt the lake to Salo, whilst he himself descended the Adige in two columns, one on each bank of that river. Considering that the relief of Mantua was urgent, Würmser resolved on pressing on thither, whilst his left column occupied Verona.

In the first conflicts the Imperialists were successful. They drove in the troops opposed to them, broke the lines of communication of the French, and the Republican forces were menaced with being surrounded and cut to pieces. The danger was extreme, and none realised it so completely as did Napoleon.

For the first time he summoned a council of war. All the officers, save Augereau, were for immediate retreat behind the line of the Po. Brescia was already in the hands of Quasdanovich. Masséna had been driven from the plateau of Rivoli, where he had stood across Würmser's road, and that general was already on his way to Mantua.

Now occurred one of those rare instances of indecision and paralysis of the brain and will in Napoleon that were, perhaps, the consequence of over-tension.

The night drew on, and he had come to no resolution. At two o'clock in the morning he summoned a second council of war, and declared that he had decided to retreat.

But now his generals again disagreed with him. The precious moments for a backward movement were gone. Retreat was almost cut off; and they ventured to rebuke him for his lack of resolution. Then Augereau, in his bold, boastful fashion, stepped up to Bonaparte, took him by the button-hole, and said, "I seek only your advantage. Here we must fight, and I guarantee a victory. Moreover," and he set his cap firmly on his head, "if it goes against us, that can only be when Augereau is dead."

When Bonaparte saw that all were against him, he exclaimed, "I will have nothing to do with the matter. I go!" and flung out of the room.

"But who will command us?" called Augereau after him. "You," answered Napoleon, and disappeared. Among the Generals of Division Kilmaine was the eldest, and as he professed his readiness to act under

Augereau, and the others agreed to do the same, Augereau took the supreme command.*

But the die was cast, and Napoleon recovered his self-possession; and as to fight was necessary, his resolution was speedily formed.

He sent orders to Serrurier, in command before Mantua, to spike the guns, throw the stores into the lagoon, and, with the utmost precipitation, rejoin the main army. This was performed with the rapidity enjoined; and when Würmser reached Mantua, to his surprise, he found no forces before the fortifications to dispute the ground with him.

Bonaparte's army was by no means able to match itself with the entire Imperialist host, but was sufficient to engage each column separately, and this Napoleon now did. He flung himself against Quasdanovich (1st August, 1796), arrested his advance, retook Brescia, and threw him back into the mountains. On hearing of this, Würmser left Milan, to come to the assistance of Quasdanovich, and in order to effect a junction with him, unduly extended his line. The French Commander-in-Chief saw the error at once, and fell on him with all his weight, and broke the centre.

The battles of Lonato, Castiglione, and Medola decided the fate of this great Austrian army. Würmser retreated to Roveredo, having lost nearly 20,000 men and sixty pieces of cannon, and, what was more serious, with an army dispirited and demoralised.

For three weeks Würmser was engaged in reorganising and recruiting his forces; and when he was again at the head of 50,000 men, he resolved on once more taking the initiative.

Würmser was but a second-class general; but he was further hampered by being required to carry out a scheme of campaign devised for him at a distance by the Aulic Council. Napoleon had broken with such restraints, and this alone gave him an advantage.

The result of the September campaign was as disastrous as the first. Würmser was defeated at Bassano by Masséna, and was obliged to throw himself into Mantua.

In November another Imperialist General, Alvinzi, a man of third-rate abilities, and equally hampered by a cut-and-dried scheme prepared in Vienna, was despatched to the relief of Würmser, at the head of a third army. After some successes on the plateau of Rivoli and at Caldiero (Nov. 11th), he pushed forward, forcing the French to retreat, and as, in retiring, they faced the army of Alvinzi, they exposed themselves in rear to sorties from Mantua.

The weather was rainy, the soldiers were discouraged. Even Bonaparte lost heart.

But though in danger, his resources were not at an end. On the night of November 14th, he hastily and in secret left his position in face of the enemy, descended the Adige to Rusco, crossed the river, and, on a narrow causeway, traversed the marshes, and turned the flank of the enemy, whose

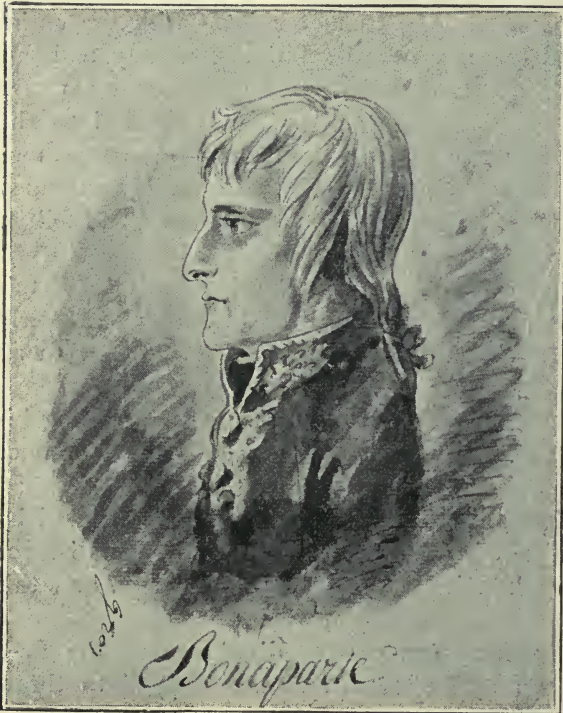
* Appendix to the *Mémoires de Masséna*, 1850. We strongly suspect that this scene has been overcoloured.

numbers availed nothing. At the bridge of Arcola, over the little stream of the Alpone, the most desperate engagement took place; it was the focus of the battle. Bonaparte knew that if he lost, his army would be annihilated, as Davidovich was hastening up with reinforcements. His future and the fate of Italy depended on success. The bridge was swept by a storm of balls. Snatching the tricolor flag, he rushed forward, preceded only by his young aide-de-camp, Muiron, who covered his body, and fell at his feet. Electrified by his example, the grenadiers, who had fallen back, returned to the charge, and the enemy was repulsed.

During this bloody battle of seventy-two hours, Napoleon exposed himself to death like a common soldier. This feat of arms, which arrested the imagination of the world, created the utmost admiration in France, and pictures representing the Victor at Arcola, flag in hand, leading the grenadiers over the bridge, were multiplied.

On the 19th November, Bonaparte wrote to the Directory:—

“The battle of Arcola has decided the fate of Italy. Mantua cannot hold out a fortnight. Send me the promised reinforcements, and I promise in six weeks to have constrained the Emperor to sue for peace.”



Profile sketch by Gros.

His expectations were not fulfilled as speedily as he calculated. Mantua did not surrender till the 19th January, 1787, and peace was not concluded with the Emperor till four months later.

Meanwhile, the efforts of France elsewhere had not been successful. The attempt on Ireland had broken down. Jourdan and Moreau in Germany had been badly beaten by the Archduke Charles. Only in Italy were the arms of the Republic wreathed with laurels, and Napoleon had gained his great successes by his political craft as much as by his military abilities. He had detached Naples from England; without striking a blow, Corsica had been recovered. The English fleet, deprived of the assistance of the Neapolitan fleet, as of that of Spain, and of all base of operations, had been unable to maintain the mastery of the Mediterranean. Piedmont had been detached from the Austrian alliance, and from Italy a stream of silver



BONAPARTE ON THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLA.

After the picture by Gros.



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

had been diverted into the French Treasury, languishing for the precious metal.

But the efforts of the armies of the East had not been without advantage. They had detained in Germany the flower of the Austrian army, so that the troops sent into Italy had consisted mainly of raw recruits, and of Tyrolese, who, like the Highlanders that followed Prince Charles Edward, lost their energy and courage when they were out of their native mountains. Moreover, the abortive attempt at an invasion of England had recalled the Mediterranean fleet for the defence of our own shores.

Thus, in spite of failures in these several undertakings, great advantages were gained through them, but these were overlooked by the French people, who were rendered blind with exultation over the triumphs of Napoleon in the plains of Northern Italy, and to him alone all the credit of success was attributed.

Great and conspicuous as were the abilities of Bonaparte, yet his achievements were in a measure only due to his abilities; they were occasioned in large part by the wretchedness of the material he set himself to overthrow. Kléber well said in his notes: "Turenne acquired glory because he was brought face to face with Montecuculli, the greatest general of his century. Bonaparte gained his celebrity by fighting all the most imbecile generals the House of Austria could scrape together and launch against him."*

* Les Carnets du Général Kléber, unpublished, in the Archives of the Ministry of War. This passage is quoted from them in the *Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*, new ed., 1895, p. 162.



CROQUIS BY DAVID.

XX

THE CISPADANE REPUBLIC

(OCTOBER, 1796—FEBRUARY, 1797)

IN the preceding chapter the rapid sequence of events in Northern Italy has been traced. In this chapter we will look at some of the methods adopted by Napoleon towards the States of Italy, the Directory, and his army.

In his dealings with the Directory, and with the Italian people, he employed a duplicity which is only excusable on the plea that he had a native love for crooked ways, and a Southern insensibility to the merits of truth.

To cajole, to delude by false assurances, and to cast promises to the winds when the observance was inconvenient, to sow mistrust among allies, such were methods which, to an Italian mind, constitute statecraft. The principles of chivalry, honour, the sacredness of a promise, were beyond the range of Bonaparte's moral conception. They were regarded by him as extravagances of sentiment, tolerable in novels but impossible in real life.

Napoleon's character is difficult of comprehension to the English, because so antipathetic. The latter has not been trained or distorted, in the schools of Macchiavelli and Liguori, from the broad course of truth and honour. But Bonaparte's character was true to itself always, though possibly to that alone; and though the scene changes, and the stage widens, he plays the same part in the same way, with the same instruments, whether in Corsica, France, or Europe; whether with Paoli, Salicetti, Talleyrand, or Kosciusko.

It may be asked whether he had any definite object before his eye during the Italian campaign. He had abandoned the thought of playing a leading

part in Corsica, for that field was too contracted to serve his ambition. Had he any other in view?

His self-exaltation to the army at the expense of the Directory, his resolute rejection of the interference of the latter, his creation of a republic in North Italy, which should look to him and not to Paris, all seem to point to an intention of conquering France through Italy. He had not read Cæsar in vain. Meantime, he laboured at forming the Army of Italy into a serviceable and devoted tool, to be to him what his legions had been to Cæsar. And to this end he devoted his attention. It was characteristic of Napoleon, throughout his career, that he was a man of two or more plans, and he employed the tempered weapon in his hand to carry out whatever plan seemed to him at the moment to be feasible. Consequently, the East still gleamed before him, he saw also that Italy was possible of consolidation into one Empire, and that in France at any moment he could play the part of Cromwell.

In Italy, the predominant power to be broken was Austria, that occupied Milan and Mantua, that had an Austrian prince in Tuscany, and was closely allied with Naples. In the division of the Spanish monarchy, Naples had fallen to the lot of the Austrian House, but had been handed over in 1735 to a Spanish master, the first of the line of Neapolitan Bourbons. But the Queen, a woman of energy and resolute character, was a daughter of Maria Theresa, and, exercising a predominant control over the weak mind of her husband, threw all the force of the Two Sicilies on the side opposed to France.

Consequently, it was essential to Napoleon, whatever his ulterior objects might be, to break the Imperial power.

Not less important was it for him to emancipate himself from the control of the Directory. After his first success he had concluded an armistice with the King of Sardinia, without having been empowered so to do, and, indeed, in direct contravention of his instructions. In the sequel he went further. He was aware that every success gained attached his army more closely to him, increased his popularity and power in France, and weakened the Directors correspondingly.

The Government in France was not desirous of protracting the war. All it sought was, in the first place, to obtain a slice of North Italy, which it might give to Austria as compensation for Belgium, and in the second, to put an end to the Papal rule, as Rome was the centre of every plot formed by the emigrants, and had its agents everywhere in the priests.

To limit Napoleon's independence of action, and assert its paramount authority, the Directory sent a Commissioner, Clarke, to Bonaparte, with alternative conditions in his pocket, that were to be presented to the Emperor, with whom he alone was authorised to treat for peace.

The arrival of Clarke caused Napoleon great annoyance, and he took no pains to disguise it. Clarke was hampered and set aside, and found himself powerless to exercise his functions, reduced to a cipher; and Bonaparte insisted on acting independently.

The French Government was impatient for peace, and Clarke proposed

to conclude an armistice of three months, in order to facilitate negotiations through Paris; but this did not meet the views of the General, and he opposed it. Then Clarke produced his instructions from the Government, which were precise on the point. Napoleon rudely rejected them. "If you come here to obey me," said he, "then I am willing to receive you, but if not, pack home to those who sent you, and the sooner the better." The Commissioner had no force at his back to enable him to compel obedience, and remained silent. Indeed, 'so completely was he overawed by the commanding genius and resolute manner of Napoleon, that he himself wrote to the Directory: "It is indispensable that the General-in-Chief should conduct all the diplomatic operations in Italy."

The Directors were forced to give way so far as to order that Clarke was to enter into no negotiations, without first submitting the conditions to the General, but even this concession was unpalatable, and was disregarded by the imperious head of the army. Without authority from the Directory, he deposed the Duke of Modena, and having annexed Bologna, Ferrara, and Reggio to the duchy, he gave them a constitution, and organised them into a Cispadane Republic.

His dealings with the Pope were independent of the Directory, and significant. The five rulers in Paris were fanatics, and determined on making short work with the head of the Roman Catholic Church, and breaking up the nest of anti-republican propagandism under the shadow of S. Peter's. But Bonaparte was aware that a reaction in favour of Christianity and Catholicism was setting in, in France, and he saw that the Spiritual Power was a fact not to be ignored, and which might be useful if conciliated.

It was in vain that, in France, Sundays and Holidays had been abolished, and the week altered. The new-fashioned religion of Humanity was derided. The persecutions to which the Catholic Church had been subjected had intensified faith, which previously had been vague, and had united its members in a common enthusiasm. Even the most convinced adherents of the Republic were constrained to admit that the religious revolution had largely failed, and that the wisest course to be adopted would be to make some arrangement with the Papacy for the re-establishment of religion. This was urged on political grounds, because it was pointed out that France, in its struggle with England, could reckon on no sympathy, no help, from Ireland, so long as she persecuted and despoiled Rome.

Napoleon had no personal religious convictions, but he respected power wherever lodged, and he was alive to the advantage to himself if he were able to pose as a friend of religion and a protector of the Pope. This would not only conciliate to him all the priesthood in Italy, but attach to him as well a large and growing party in France.

Accordingly he assumed a peculiar attitude towards the Holy See. He professed the most profound respect for the head of Christendom, and his personal desire for the preservation of the Catholic Church, which he declared was likely to reconquer the world when purified of some of its corruptions.

But he was an instrument of an unbelieving, antagonistic Republic. He was commissioned to plunder and bleed. If he did this, it was because he was powerless to evade the obligations laid on him by his superiors. But he solemnly assured the Pope and the clergy that they might rely on him to execute his commission in the most conciliatory manner possible.

To the Directory he wrote: "The influence of Rome is incalculable; it was a great mistake to quarrel with that power."

He lost no occasion to speak flattering words of the piety and spotless lives of the prelates of Italy, and to contrast them with the conduct of the abbés of France before the Revolution.

He distinguished sharply between the spiritual position of the Pope and his position as a temporal prince. For the Pope, as head of the Church, he exhibited deference, but to his temporal claims he paid no regard.

On the 1st February, 1797, Bonaparte issued a proclamation as justification of his march into the States of the Church. He met with no serious opposition. He forbore from entering Rome. He somewhat ostentatiously spared the Pope that humiliation, and thereby earned his gratitude. He signed a Convention with the Holy See at Tolentino, on the 19th of February, without regard to the Commissioners or the Directory. The Pope was to pay in all 30,000,000 liras, and the so-called Legations of the Church, Bologna, Ferrara, and Reggio, were made over to France, and the citadel of Ancona was to be occupied by Republican troops.*

This peace, signed by Napoleon, was by no means relished by the Directors, who had desired the complete annihilation of the Papacy. But they were becoming daily more aware of the mistake they had made in giving Bonaparte the facilities for making himself a Cæsar. They complained of his absorbing their powers, but complained in vain.

But he did more than absorb power; he took to himself, also, the spoils of the lands overrun. At first, he sent money to Paris, but the glittering, coveted coin soon ceased to flow, and was replaced by cases of statuary, pictures, and by promises.

The Directors complained about this also. Napoleon was ready with his explanation and excuse. The Commissioners they appointed had absorbed the specie.

In February, 1797, Napoleon seized on Loretto, but the greater part of the treasure had been already removed; nevertheless, he obtained seven million francs, which he did not remit to the Directory, but sent them instead the black doll there worshipped. The dearth of money in Paris was not relieved. The Directory was distracted. All attempts to give the assignats the value of metal were unavailing. In the treasury, the ebb was so low that neither officials nor

* In his letter of 10th February, 1797, this is what he asserts was obtained. Five days after he wrote to state it was but 1,000,000. From the Pope was extracted 15,000,000 fr., to be paid within one month; 30,000,000 more were to be paid within three months; horses and cattle were to be furnished to an immense amount; and the Vatican was to be again plundered of statues, paintings, and rare manuscripts. As Napoleon wrote to the Directory, "We have now all that is beautiful in Italy, except a few objects that remain at Turin and Naples"—19th February, 1797.

troops could be paid. This financial famine had been the means of placing Bonaparte in position as Commander-in-Chief. He had undertaken to make Italy supply and pay his troops. He was ordered to send to Paris forthwith everything that could be turned to money, to sell Church estates, and all the domains confiscated, and forward the sums thus obtained. He was to impose contributions on Lombardy, Piedmont, Parma, Modena, Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, and the States of the Church, and pour these vast sums into the empty treasury. But, instead of doing so, he emptied all into the army chest, and only the overflow reached Paris. On the 17th October, 1796, he did indeed send 20,000,000 francs to the Directory, and furnished Kellermann, in command of the Army of the Alps, with 700,000 fr. ; and 2,000,000 he despatched to the Army of the Rhine. He had sent a million to be expended on the fleet at Toulon, and was highly incensed when the Directors diverted the sum into another channel. He had no intention of enriching "ces gredins"—those scrubs, as he contemptuously called the heads of the Government in France, and he devoted the money extorted from the countries overrun, for the enrichment of his own soldiers, and for the equipment of a fleet at Toulon, and a flotilla at Ancona.

To the repeated complaints of the Directory, not satisfied with marbles and canvases, he had but one answer to give—that their Agents and Commissioners absorbed the spoils.

On the 12th October, 1796, Bonaparte wrote of his Army Contractors and Administrators:—

"Since I arrived at Milan I have waged war with the swindlers. I have had several tried and punished ; others I denounce. In making this declaration of war, a thousand voices will be raised against me. If two months ago I wished to be Duke of Milan, to-day I desire to be King of Italy. As long as my strength lasts, and I enjoy your confidence, I shall show the swindlers no more pity than the Austrians. The Company Flachat is a nest of robbers without money and without morality. . . . You, no doubt, calculated that your Administrators would rob, but that they would exhibit some sense of shame in so doing. They plunder in a manner so flagrant and impudent, that if I had a month of spare time, I would shoot every one. I never cease having them arrested and tried by court-martial ; it is a regular fair here, where everything is for sale. . . . Thévenin is a robber ; he is insolent in his luxury. Have him arrested, and keep him six months in prison ; he is able to pay a war tax of 500,000 francs."

On the 6th January, 1797, he wrote to the Directory : "Everyone is venal. The army consumes five times as much as is necessary, because the store-keepers give false receipts, and share with the Commissioners of War. The principal Italian *actrices* are kept by the officials of the French army ; luxury, depravity, malversation are at their height."

There were other excuses—the contributions were not paid in, the confiscated lands could not be sold—the banks did not forward the money paid into them. Even the Leghorn contribution of 40,000,000 did not reach the itching fingers of Barras and Company. Napoleon charged the bankers

Flachat with having embezzled it. They were tried by court-martial and acquitted. The firm could show that they had not received the money Napoleon asserted had been paid. Afterwards, under the Empire, it was found advisable to destroy the report of this trial, with the evidence thereat produced.*

Napoleon's next step was to set aside the two Commissioners and the Paymaster-General, Denniée, an eminently honest man, and to entrust the management of the funds, wrung from the overrun territories, to an arch-scoundrel, whom he had himself denounced as a "rogue"—the Swiss, Haller; a man who, he said, "had only come into the country to steal."

Nevertheless he made this rogue his confidant, and Haller had to give account of what he received and what he disbursed to none save Napoleon.

In the autumn of 1796, the Commissioners did venture to investigate the accounts, when they discovered that a sum of five million francs was unaccounted for.† After that, no more accounts were transmitted to Paris. When the thirty million francs were paid by the Pope, in the spring of 1797, Napoleon kept the entire sum for his army chest.

Bonaparte was resolved that the spoil of the land should enrich his soldiers. He knew that money sent to Paris would be pocketed by the Directors, and his soldiers had earned their reward with their blood. Moreover, he was creating Military Corps of Poles, who flocked to him across the Alps, and was raising and organising bodies of Italian Volunteers. Notwithstanding losses in battle, Napoleon's army swelled. On the 8th May, 1796, there were at headquarters at Piacenza, 46,378 men. In October the number had risen to 78,000 men. On the 20th April, 1797, at Treviso, he had 79,364 men; and including those in garrisons in Italy, as many as 141,220 men.

The Army of Italy was personally devoted to him. The soldiers serving under him contrasted their condition with that of their brothers-in-arms under Kellermann, who were inactive and unpaid in the Alps, and those under Moreau and Jourdan, who had been defeated and thrown back. Their young leader led them invariably to victory. "Italy shall be your prey," had been his promise, and he had kept his word. The Directory had first let slip the power, and now the profit was gone as well; both were in the hands of the new Cæsar.

Whether, at this time, Napoleon had in view the assumption of a Dictatorship in Italy, the acquisition of an imperial crown as Cæsar, is very doubtful. He did little to conciliate the Italians. Not only were they unmercifully fleeced, but they were deluded with hypocritical professions; and it suffices to place side by side his proclamations to the people and his letters to the Directory, written at the same time, to show how recklessly he used assurances

* In November, 1796, a month after his charge made against the bankers Flachat, he sent a peremptory order to Faypoult, the French Minister at Genoa, to pay in all money received from contributions and sale of lands, to his army chest, and not to expedite it to Paris; so also, all the Leghorn contribution was to be delivered to him, and not sent to the Directory.

† Letter of N. B. to the Directory, of 12 October, 1796.

which he had no intention of fulfilling, and which events must show the Italians were used merely to deceive them.

The Italian patriot, Ugo Foscolo, had believed in the protestations of Napoleon, had refused to open his eyes to facts; it was not till after reading the Treaty of Campo-Formio that his faith in Bonaparte, as the liberator of his country, failed, and then, throwing it down, he cried, "Finis Italiae!"



XXI

LEOBEN AND CAMPO-FORMIO

(JANUARY—OCTOBER 18, 1797)

A FOURTH Imperial army had been formed, and poured through the ravines of Tyrol, to burst on the resolute and compact body of men commanded by Bonaparte in the plain, and to overwhelm it.

Again it met with defeat, and was driven back into the Alps, in the battle of the Plateau of Rivoli. It had been composed in part of volunteers raised in Vienna, who marched under a banner embroidered by the hands of the Empress herself, and of troops raised in the recently acquired Polish provinces. The army numbered fifty thousand. The battle raged from the 19th to the 27th Nivose, and though contested with great valour, was lost through the incapacity of Alvinzi, who allowed himself on this occasion to be as completely out-generaled as at Arcola. The shattered remnants of his host retreated to the mountains, and the fortress of Mantua surrendered to the French on the 14th Pluviose (2nd February, 1797).

The war in Italy seemed terminated. The march of two columns towards the gorge of the Apennines had forced the Court of Rome to conclude peace with France. But when Bonaparte flattered himself that he could give repose to his soldiers, he learned that the Aulic Council, believing that it had no other general capable of resisting him except the Archduke Charles, had transferred him from the army defending the Rhine and Danube to that which had been mismanaged by Alvinzi. This necessitated immediate preparation to renew the struggle. Some divisions of the Army of the Rhine, under Bernadotte, were sent to strengthen that under Napoleon.

The Archduke Charles found himself in command of a demoralised and dispirited remnant, very inferior in number to the army opposed to him. He demanded reinforcements, but at least a couple of weeks would elapse before they arrived. At Paris the Directory was impatient for peace.

The command of the Army of the Sambre and Meuse had been taken from Jourdan and committed to Hoche, a very able general, and entirely relied on by the Democrats. Moreau, at the head of the Army on the Upper Rhine, was ordered, along with Hoche, to advance towards Vienna, so as to co-operate with Napoleon in Italy. The latter was uneasy. Unless he took precipitate action, and brought the campaign to an end before Hoche and Moreau had

effected great things, he would share laurels with them. There was something worse to be feared. He dreaded lest the supreme command should be transferred from him—whom the Directory regarded with mistrust—to Hoche, on whom it could rely. He thereupon resolved to risk all in a forward movement before the armies of the Rhine had begun the campaign. If he succeeded—then the peace he would conclude would be due to himself alone. If, however, he succeeded not only in driving back the Archduke—of that he was certain—but of pushing on to the gates of Vienna, then he would place himself in a most precarious position. Drawn into the hereditary States—there a population, enthusiastically devoted to the Emperor, would be sure to rise *en masse*, and attack the Republican army on their flanks and rear; he would also have behind him the ravines of Tyrol, Carniola, and Styria, covered with sharpshooters, and still further in the rear, the Venetian Republic—which, though neutral, had been harassed and pillaged past endurance—and the other Italian States only waiting for a reverse to rise against the common foe.

If he had considered the advantage of France, then certainly he would have awaited the advance of Hoche and Moreau, and not have run the tremendous risk of an advance on Vienna unsupported. A peace concluded at the gates of Vienna, with the three French armies united—victorious along the lines of their march—would have been at the dictation of France. But this did not suit the interests of Napoleon; and he took the forward step.

After defeating the Archduke, in the month of March, on the Tagliamento, he advanced; thereupon the Archduke retreated slowly, and in admirable order, towards Vienna, in the hopes of receiving reinforcements from the capital and from Hungary. General Landen was driving back the French detachments on the Upper Adige, and was almost on the verge of the plains of Lombardy. The Archduke was full of hope. Bonaparte, on the other hand, was anxious; but disguising this feeling, and suddenly pretending to deplore the horrors of war, and to be desirous, merely for humanity's sake, for a peace, he wrote a flattering "philosophical" letter, as he called it, to the Archduke, calling him the Saviour of Germany, and representing the English—"the shopkeepers on the Thames"—as those alone concerned in the continuation of the war. (31st March.)

The Archduke referred him for an answer to Vienna. Bonaparte was now at Judenburg, in Upper Styria, about eight days' march from Vienna.

It was the weakness of this plan of invasion by the valleys of the Danube and Po which, later, lost Italy to the Directory, and it would have ruined Napoleon had he not now made peace. The Alps acted as a barrier between the two invading armies, and served as a covered way for the advance of a defending force between them, to threaten their flank or to cut their communications. This was also the reason of Kellermann's apparent inactivity in Napoleon's rear. Moreover, Napoleon's line of communication between Nice and Genoa was, in places, within range of hostile cruisers. This made him solicitous about the fleet.

Knowing how important for his safety was the forward march of the army



THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI.
After the picture by Philippoteaux.

of the Sambre and Meuse, and of that of the Rhine, he at once sent money to them, as he did also to that of the Alps, and a large sum to Toulon for the fleet.

At the same time, in order to protect his rear, his agents were engaged in stirring up a revolution in the State of Venice, and his officers in charge of detachments quartered there were enjoined not to quell the disorders, nor to suffer the Venetian Government to do so. By this means he hoped not only to paralyse that State, but also to furnish an excuse for the great act of treachery he was meditating with regard to it.

On the 7th April Bonaparte consented to an armistice with the Austrians, and announced this fact to the Directory. "Our other armies," he said, "have not yet passed the Rhine, and we are within twenty leagues of Vienna; the Army of Italy is, therefore, exposed alone to the efforts of one of the first powers of Europe. The Venetians are arousing the peasants, bringing their priests into the field, and setting in motion the whole mechanism of their antiquated Government." The fact really was, that the demagogues, stirred up by his agents, were clamouring against the oligarchy of the few families of the Golden Book. At the same time great exasperation was felt at the outrages committed by the French soldiers quartered in a neutral State, and the peasants in places rose in retaliation. On the 9th April Bonaparte wrote to the Doge of Venice, threatening war unless the armed peasants were disbanded.

"Do you think," he asked, "that because I am in the heart of Germany I am powerless to cause the first nation in the universe to be respected?"

Junot was the bearer of this missive to the Doge. In some instances French soldiers had been killed, but, as Bonaparte himself wrote on a former occasion to the Directory, "it was necessary to exaggerate the assassinations committed against our troops." (July 20th, 1796.) To General Kilmaine he sent orders to fall unexpectedly on some village where the insurgents were not in force, and to burn it, and to arrest all the Venetian senators and nobles.

In Vienna great was the consternation at the advance of Napoleon, and a strong party urged that peace should be concluded. The armistice was accordingly taken advantage of for coming to terms, and a preliminary agreement was signed at Leoben on the 18th April. By a secret article, it was arranged that Austria was to receive the neutral state of Venice, in compensation for the loss of Lombardy. Immediately the news of this important treaty was despatched by Bonaparte, not only to the Directory, but also to Generals Hoche and Moreau. The former had crossed the Rhine at Neuwied, driven back the Austrians at Heddersdorf, and was on the point of cutting off their retreat, and capturing the whole army, when a courier brought him the tidings of the signature of the preliminaries, and arrested him in the midst of his successes.

The army of Moreau, led by Dessaix, had also crossed the Rhine below Strassburg, and had driven the Austrians before it through the Black Forest. It also was obliged to withdraw, without accomplishing more, for the same

reason. By this means Napoleon had reaped the glory, but it was at the expense of France.

Again he had transgressed his authority. Clarke was the authorised Commissioner, entrusted with the arrangement of armistices and of treaties. Bonaparte had left him behind at Milan.

The General wrote to the Directory to ask confirmation of the treaty, knowing very well that it could not refuse.

Napoleon now hastened back to Italy to pick a quarrel with Venice, so as to carry out the secret agreement with Austria. The excuse was afforded by an unfortunate accident. A French vessel, against harbour rules, had moored near the gunpowder magazine of Lido. The captain, called Langier, refused to listen to the remonstrances of the commandant of the port, and that officer opened fire. Langier and a few men were killed. This gave Napoleon the excuse he desired. He called on the Venetian Government to dismiss the British Ambassador, to deliver up the British merchandise in the magazines, and to pay 70,000,000 francs. He further ordered all Venetian ships in Leghorn and Ancona to be seized.

The Democrats in the State were set in motion by the agents of Napoleon. They rose in insurrection against the Doge and the nobles, set up the tree of liberty in the Square of S. Mark, roused the people to rebellion in Bergamo, Brescia, and other towns; and got possession of the castles. Napoleon encouraged them with the hopes that by means of a revolution they would obtain a free, democratic republican Government, composed of delegates and representatives of the people. Then, under the pretence of keeping order, he introduced troops into Venice, and next, in plainer words, told the Doge and the Senate that the people must have a new Constitution, and demanded their resignation. Overawed, they obeyed. Bonaparte then took possession of the arsenal and docks, with all their stores, and all ships of war; a provisional Government of the required democratic form was set up, and the Radicals danced round the tree of liberty in their red caps, singing "*Ça ira*," believing that what had been promised them was given in good faith, and without the smallest foreboding that they and their country had already been signed away to the Austrian Emperor. At the same time, Genoa was democratised and affiliated. The Senate of the Republic had endeavoured to remain neutral, but had secretly co-operated with the French. The King of Piedmont cast covetous eyes on Genoa, and the thought to indemnify him therewith, as Austria was indemnified with Venice, suggested itself to the mind of Napoleon.

The manner in which the old Republic of Venice had been treated was not allowed to pass without comment from the nobler spirits in France; but the odium it provoked injured the Republican Directors, while the advantages that were purchased by the transaction were ascribed to Bonaparte.

The summer was spent by Napoleon at the chateau of Montebello, near Milan, that was situated sufficiently high to be healthy, and which commanded a beautiful view over the Lombard plains. There he maintained considerable state; he had his body-guard, and imposed a strict etiquette on all who sur-

rounded him. He no longer received his aides-de-camp at his table ; he dined, as it were, in public, after the manner of the French kings. His saloons were constantly filled by the great nobles and other distinguished men of Italy who sought an introduction. Josephine was there as Queen in his little Court, his uncle Fesch had arrived, his lovely sister Pauline, and his brothers Joseph and Louis.

Bourrienne, who came to him at Leoben, says, "I no longer addressed him as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. His position placed too great a social distance between him and me not to make me feel the necessity of fashioning my demeanour accordingly."



ALLEGORICAL ENGRAVING OF THE PERIOD.

Representing the humiliation of Austria, and the exaltation of Bonaparte.

Miot de Melito* gives us a glimpse of the working of Napoleon's mind at the time. Napoleon spoke often to him very plainly. "What I have accomplished," said he, one day, "up to the present is nothing. I am only at the commencement of my career. Do you think that I have triumphed in Italy for the honour and glory of the lawyers of the Directory, for Carnot and for Barras? Do you think that this is done in order to found a Republic? What an idea! A Republic of 30,000,000 souls, with our habits and our vices! Where would be the possibility? It is a chimera with which the French are enamoured, but which will pass away, like many another. They require glory, and their vanity must be satisfied; they have no conception of liberty. Look at the army! The victories we have gained have restored to the French soldier his true character. I am everything to him. Let the Directory endeavour to deprive me of my command, and it will see who

* *Mémoires*, Paris, 1858.

is master. The nation requires a chief who has acquired glory, and not theories and phrases. Give them playthings, and they will be content to be led anywhere."

The delay over the conclusion of the peace, of which only the preliminaries had been arranged at Leoben, irritated him. Although agreed as to the spoliation of their neighbours, each side desired to gain rather more than the other allowed. Accordingly, on both sides, reinforcements were sent to the armies, and preparations were made to renew the contest should a rupture ensue.

At length Napoleon, impatient to have the matter settled, when in conference with the Austrian plenipotentiary, flung down a costly porcelain vase, and dashed it into pieces, exclaiming, "I will break your monarchy, like this vase."

The treaty of Campo-Formio was signed on the following day (18th October, 1797). The Directory, on the 29th of September, had forbidden the cession of Venice to Austria; but Napoleon was strong enough to disregard his instructions.

Whatever may have been Bonaparte's feelings towards the Directory when he took the command of the Army of Italy, a year and a half of campaign and of victory in the field, of success in political combinations, had ended in his entertaining for the Government a sense of profound contempt, which he made no scruple to exhibit by his independent conduct, and which he expressed to his confidants. He believed that spies were employed by the Directory to watch him, and report on his proceedings. He was convinced that General Clarke had secret instructions to this effect, and was instructed to arrest him if an opportunity offered for so doing. Whether he would be able to bell the cat, had not perhaps entered into the consideration of the Directors.

For whom, then, for what, was Bonaparte fighting? Not for France. Public opinion, though dazzled at his victories, was against the prosecution of the war, and the acquisition of tutelage over Italy. Not for the five "gredins" tricked up in Francis I.'s costume—hat, pantaloons, and lace, seated on rush-bottomed chairs, at a three-legged table, dictating the affairs of France. Not for any principle. He had ceased to believe in those which had swept France like a hurricane, and, in proclaiming "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," had laid all men low, and rendered the country bankrupt. Not for the Italian people; he despised them as unworthy of freedom; he professed in all Italy he had encountered but two *men*.* He fought, negotiated, concluded peace, extorted contributions for his own advancement, to serve his own interests; but in which direction his ambition was to look, that was not as yet clear to himself.

* "Good God," said he, "how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two, Dandolo and Melzi." *Ibid.*, 57.

To Talleyrand he wrote, on 7th October, 1797: "You little know these people here. They do not deserve 40,000 Frenchmen being killed for them. You imagine that liberty can make an enervated, superstitious, pantaloons-like, and cowardly nation accomplish great things. You desire me to do miracles. I do not know how to work them."

XXII

THE 18TH FRUCTIDOR

(SEPTEMBER 4, 1797)

THAT a moment would arrive when the legislative and the executive powers would be in conflict was inevitable. Siéyès saw that when the Constitution of III. was being elaborated, and he drew back from participation. The body of Five Hundred had been composed of two-thirds of the Convention. In the spring of 1797, one-third of the Representatives of the people was required to withdraw, and one of the Directors had also to relinquish office.

France, in the meantime, had become impatient at having regicides at the head of its Government—men, moreover, without principle. There was no guarantee as to the future. The country was exhausted by wars—glorious indeed, but bringing to France no particular advantage; on the other hand, involving her in responsibilities that might be irksome, and provoking further military operations.

The violent measures adopted by the Convention, in order to obtain for themselves places in the new Councils, had not been forgotten or forgiven, and there was no prospect of those who stepped out being re-elected. The Directory trembled at the prospect opening before them. They had to contend against the Anarchists, the Constitutionalists, and the Royalists. The first had already broken out in the conspiracy of Babœuf on the 12th Fructidor (the night of the 10th–11th September), and had been crushed by the soldiery; the Constitutionals assembled in the club of the Rue Clichy, and murmured against the despotic measures adopted by the Directory. Behind them, sometimes co-operating with them, was the body of those inclined for a restoration of Royalty. On the 9th April, 1797, the fears of the Directory were stimulated by the result of the elections. In Paris, in Lyons, and in Marseilles, the people had chosen as their representatives men opposed to the Directory, and ready to favour a return to Monarchy.

General Pichegru was elected President of the Legislative Council, by 387 voices against 57, and Pichegru was known to be opposed to Democratic despotism; what was not known was, that he was in correspondence with the Bourbons. His recognised moderation had been the cause of his having hitherto been refused a command of troops.

In the Directory a different condition of affairs existed. Letourneur had stepped out, and his place had been filled by Barthélemy, a mild old man, who had been ambassador at Basle. There was already a schism in the executive. Carnot disliked and objected to the unconstitutional proceedings of Barras and his tail—Rewbell and Lareveillère. The gulf between them widened daily, as the majority interfered with the liberty of the Press, sharpened the laws against emigrants, and tampered with the freedom of the elections.

The Moderates, who preponderated in the Legislative Council of Five Hundred, and who unquestionably represented the feeling of the people of France, were Republicans, desirous of preserving all those advantages gained by the Revolution, at the same time resolved that the country should be governed by constitutional methods, and not be plunged into wars at the will of an ambitious general, be involved in alliances and responsibilities without being consulted, and be ruled by irresponsible Dictators. These latter were seriously alarmed for themselves. In the event of a restoration of the Monarchy, their heads were certain to fall, as they were all regicides; neither had they any desire to be called to account by the representatives of the people for their conduct, which was but too culpable not to be impeached.

The strain was much like that on the 13th Vendémiaire; and it was obvious to Barras and his two followers that to hold their position they must have recourse to the same method as before—call the military arm to their aid. The decision must be made by the sword.

The Royalists and the Constitutionals trusted in Pichegru and in Moreau. The former was in secret correspondence with the exiled royalists; the latter was a man of moderation, and not likely to forgive the guillotining of his father.

On the other hand, Hoche was a man of fiery radicalism, and of unquestionable ability. Barras knew that he could rely on Napoleon, but he was also shrewd enough to perceive the personal ambition of the successful commander of the Army of Italy. There was nothing to be feared from Hoche; and he summoned him to his aid. A curious passage in the *Histoire Secrète du Directoire*, attributed to Fabre de l'Aude, shows how that already a true estimate was being formed of the character of Napoleon by men of observation and intelligence. The author was one day about this time in conversation with the poet, Joseph Chenier, when he expressed the wish that France might see Bonaparte, Pichegru, Carnot, and two others as Directors; then, said he, the Republic would be looked after properly. Chenier laughed and replied, "The first two would begin by strangling the others, and then would proceed to eat each other up."

"What is your opinion of the young Corsican?" asked Fabre. "He will stroke the Republic," answered the poet, "till she shuts her eyes, and then he will bind her fast in chains. I have observed him closely. He has the look, the movement, the way of speech of a tyrant; the Timoleon who would free us of him would deserve well of his country." "And what do you think of Pichegru?" asked Fabre next. "He," answered Chenier, "has not got the

resolution to usurp the mastery; he will work for the old gentlemen who are over us. Bonaparte will exploit the country to his own advantage; Pichegru sell it to the highest bidder."

That Pichegru was scheming the restoration of the Monarchy, no one knew better than Bonaparte, who had intercepted a correspondence between him and the Royalist agent, the Count D'Entraigues; but, characteristically, he did not reveal this to the Directory, but allowed matters to take their course, hoping that the conflict in Paris might thereby reach a head, and he would be called in to decide between the parties.

On the 23rd June, the discontent among the Constitutional Party found open expression, when the delegate Dumolard stood up, and in the Council of Five Hundred demanded an explanation of the conduct of the Directory in the matter of Italy, and the negotiations with Austria.

Dumolard was a man of moderation, and he had more than once praised Bonaparte. Even now, he said that he did not ascend the tribune to blame the General, but to interpellate the Directors.

Dumolard was followed by Doulcet, to whom Bonaparte owed his promotion; and he, whilst approving the principles advocated by Dumolard, cast blame on the Directors, and not on Napoleon. When the report of this interpellation reached the General in Italy, it threw him into a paroxysm of fury, real or simulated, although he had absolutely nothing to complain of. But he would not lose the chance offered of giving a push to the rotten Directory. It was his object at this moment to precipitate its fall, whilst his victories were still fresh. With his own hand he wrote:—

"This motion, printed by order of the Assembly, it is evident, is issued against me. I was entitled, after having five times concluded peace, and given the death-blow to the coalition, if not to civic triumphs, at least to live tranquilly under the protection of the first magistrates of the Republic. At present I find myself ill-treated, persecuted, and disparaged by every shameful means which their policy brings to the aid of persecution. I would have been indifferent to everything except the species of opprobrium with which the first magistrates of the Republic endeavour to overwhelm me. After having deserved well of my country by my very last act, I am not bound to endure to hear myself accused in a manner as absurd as it is atrocious. I had not expected that a manifesto, signed by emigrants paid by England, should obtain more credit with the Council of Five Hundred than the evidence of eighty thousand men, than mine. . . . If only base men, who are dead to the feeling of patriotism and national glory, had spoken of me thus, I would not have complained. I would have disregarded it; but I have a right to complain of the degradation to which the first magistrates of the Republic reduce those who have aggrandised the French name and carried it to so high a pitch of glory. Citizens, Directors, I wish to live in tranquillity, if the poignards of Clichy will allow me to live. You have employed me in negotiations. I am not very fit to conduct them."

This precious letter deserves close attention. It is in marked contrast with the extreme temperance with which Dumolard had spoken, and the forbearance with which he had treated Bonaparte. All that the Deputy had demanded was

the constitutional right of the Assembly to exercise its legitimate control over the foreign policy of the Government. He objected, as he had a right to object, to wars being engaged in, and treaties being concluded by irresponsible Generals, without the country being allowed to judge whether the wars were just, and whether the terms agreed to, on the conclusion of a peace, were advantageous and honourable. The weight of the condemnation fell on the Directory. Yet Napoleon launched forth in angry rebuke of the Directors, as though they were responsible for the interpellation. He resented all comment on his actions and criticism of his conduct, in a national, representative Assembly. In his wrath he requested his recall, but tacked to his request a significant threat.

The pretence that the Club of Clichy threatened his life with daggers was nonsense; but in his irritation he knew no moderation, and he actually despatched a stiletto with his letter, as a specimen of the weapons wherewith his life was menaced. As he often said, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this step he now took.

He called on the Government to suppress the reactionary journals that dared to criticise his conduct, to break the presses, and to tolerate only such newspapers as were officially inspired.

The crisis neared. One side or other would appeal to arms; the Directory to maintain its supremacy, or the Constitutionals to upset it.

The latter party was, unhappily, clogged with the Royalists, who commanded no sympathy among the soldiers or the peasantry.

The latter were afraid of losing the domains they had secured; the former were opposed to a Royalist restoration, because the young officers had no inclination to see themselves displaced to make way for noble *émigrés*.

Aware of their danger, the Directory sounded the army. It was illegal, according to the Constitution, to call on the soldiers to debate on political matters, but they took occasion of the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille (July 14th) as a means of exciting their political and partisan feelings. The commanders of the armies on the Rhine, on the Meuse, in the Alps, and in Italy were invited to pronounce for the Directory, and asked if they could be relied on in the event of a struggle.

Moreau gave an evasive reply; Hoche was ready; so also was Napoleon. The latter issued the following address to his soldiers:—

“To-day is the anniversary of the 14th July. You see before you the names of your comrades who have fallen on the field of honour, for the liberty of your country. They have furnished you with a brilliant example. You owe yourselves entirely to the Republic, to the welfare of thirty millions of Frenchmen, and to the glory of that name which has received new lustre by your victories.

“Soldiers, I know that you are deeply affected at the misfortunes that threaten your country; but your country is in no real danger. The same men who triumphed over a coalition of Europe exist still. Mountains separate us from France; *but, if needful, you will cross them with the rapidity of an eagle, to support the Constitution, and to protect the Republican Government.*

“Soldiers, the Government watches over the sanctuary of the laws. The Royalists, as soon as they show themselves, will cease to exist. Do not be alarmed; let us swear by the manes of the heroes who fell beside us in the struggle for liberty; let us swear on our new standards—Implacable war to the enemies of the Republic and of the Constitution.”

There is in this address a cool effrontery and a deliberate perversion of facts which are almost amusing. It exhibits the manner in which Napoleon had adopted the Republican cant to pervert truths. It was illegality, interference with Constitutional rights, that had made the Directory obnoxious to the French people.

The generals under Napoleon drew up addresses to the Government, to which they invited the soldiers to subscribe. The most violent of these was that of General Augereau, who threatened at once to march to Paris at the head of his troops.

This announcement aroused the greatest excitement in the capital. It was a declaration of civil war; and it was because he was afraid of the Frankenstein he had created that Barras deemed it expedient to call to his aid the less ambitious and less dreaded Hoche. The then Minister of War was dismissed, and Hoche appointed in his room. At the head of a portion of his troops, Hoche entered Paris on the 17th July, under the colour of proceeding to the coast to attempt an invasion of England. But as he passed through the streets, he was saluted with cries of “We are being surrounded—besieged by cannon and by troops.” The Directory was intimidated. Barras thought he had been too precipitate, that the moment for striking with effect was not arrived, and he hastily cancelled the orders he had given and bade the soldiers withdraw (28th July). With bitterness in his heart, wounded and deceived, Hoche withdrew to his camp on the Rhine, there suddenly and mysteriously to die.* The death of Hoche, and the apathy of Moreau, left Barras no other resource than to appeal to Napoleon. If the conqueror of Italy was to assist him, it must be with more circumspection and less display.

Bonaparte had, in the meanwhile, sent his aide-de-camp, Lavallette, to Paris, to inform him how matters stood.

Carnot and Barras had come to an open quarrel over the rickety table in the Council of the Ancients. “There is not a flea on your whole body which is not justified in spitting in your face!” was the elegant exclamation of the latter. “I despise your insults,” answered Carnot, “but the day will come when I shall give you a suitable reply.” Barras was determined that *that* day should not arrive. “I will kill him!” he exclaimed to his colleagues.

Lavallette goes on to say:—

“The house of Barras was open to me. All his speeches breathed hatred and vengeance. A month before the catastrophe took place it was secretly resolved to make it terrible, and the victims were all marked out. My position and my duty forbade my taking any part in the contest, but I wrote the truth

* Accusations of poison were made against the Royalists and against Napoleon; they were wholly unfounded. The Directory ordered a post-mortem examination, which revealed nothing.

to General Bonaparte. I observed to him that he would tarnish his glory if he gave any support to acts of violence, which the situation of the Government did not make necessary; that nobody would pardon him if he joined the Directory in their plan to overthrow the Constitution and Liberty; that proscriptions were about to take place against the National Representatives, and against citizens whose virtues made them worthy of respect; that punishments would be inflicted without trial; and that the hatred resulting from such measures would extend, not only to the Directory, but to the whole system of Republican Government. Besides, it was by no means certain that the party that was to be proscribed really desired the return of the Bourbons."*

Barras was uneasy when he found that the agent of Bonaparte wrote letters in cipher to his master; and he became more so when Napoleon, in his correspondence, avoided all allusion to the interior situation of France, and then for six weeks ceased to write.

The letters of Lavallette had made him hesitate. He deemed it advisable not himself to appear on the scene, but to control the results by means of his agents; and for this purpose he employed two of very different character and calibre—the vain firebrand Augereau, daring, but devoid of brains, and the cold and cautious Bernadotte. The success of the Directory was essential to Bonaparte; but he desired to avoid being again associated with a street fight, in which he would have to blow Frenchmen into eternity with a whiff of grape. This he would leave to Augereau, on whom all the blame of failure and unpopularity of success might be cast. To assist Barras, he sent him three million francs. He also despatched money to the several armies, and to the fleet. This was a notice to the soldiers and sailors, to whom it was that they must look to find the pay that the Government was incapable of furnishing.

As Colonel Jung happily says, Barras accomplished the 13th Vendémiaire with Bonaparte, Bonaparte accomplished the 18th Fructidor with Barras, in preparation for the 18th Brumaire, which he was about to undertake and carry through without Barras. "For the apprentice of Ajaccio, the 18th Fructidor was a *coup d'essai*, a sort of political sounding."†

Barras had money, supplied by Bonaparte, and he had troops. Detachments of troops were secretly introduced into Paris, and placed under the command of Augereau, who rode about in splendid regimentals, glittering with diamonds, the spoil of the shrines of Italy, announcing that he had come to kill all Royalists.

The Legislature, alarmed, decreed the immediate arming of the National Guard, and that Pichegru should place himself at their head. But whilst he hesitated, Augereau put some grape and canister into his guns, and, with twelve thousand men and forty pieces of artillery, surrounded the Tuileries. Eight hundred Grenadiers of the Guard were under arms behind the rails to defend the Legislative bodies, but they had been gained with the money forwarded by Napoleon. Pichegru and above sixty other members of the

* *Memoirs of Lavallette* (English ed., 1831), i. 253.

† JUNG, iii. 178.

Legislature were thrown into the Temple. Carnot and Barthélemy were ejected from the Directory, and their places filled with Merlin de Douai, a timid, submissive lawyer, and Francois de Neufchâteau, a scribbler of sentimental verses.

The arrested Deputies, and the editors, proprietors, and writers of forty-two journals, without trial, were despatched to perish in the swamps of Cayenne.

On the 1st Vendémiaire the Directors and the Ministers, and all the constituted authorities, marched to the Champ de Mars to celebrate the New Year, according to the Revolutionary Calendar; and Barras, standing at the altar of La Patrie, harangued the multitude on the great triumph that had been won over the enemies of the Government.

The *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor owed its success to Bonaparte, who had pulled all the threads, and had supplied men and means to make it successful, without in any way showing his hand. It was as important to him as to the three Directors. It had swept aside all those likely to criticise his action, but he was perfectly aware that the Directors he had sustained eyed him with suspicion.

So long as Hoche lived, they had another to whom to turn; but the opportune death of Hoche left Napoleon in undisturbed mastery. The five gentlemen dressed up in theatrical cloaks, with round caps on their heads, and rosettes on their pumps, who figured at the head of the Government, Bonaparte knew served as a mere stop-gap, till it suited his convenience to turn them out.

The Constitution of the Year III. was rotten, and inspired no regard. It would be hard to say whether the Directory inspired more contempt or dislike.

Barras was afraid of his young *protégé*, and would gladly have been rid of him had it been possible. Meanwhile, Talleyrand, who had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, with insight as to the person with whom the power lay, had begun a correspondence with the conqueror of Italy.

After the 18th Fructidor, Augereau, who had made himself useful, but was now troublesome, was dismissed to take the command of the Army of the Rhine and Moselle, where he blustered and bragged that he was a better man than Bonaparte.

As Barras and his confederates felt that the ground under their feet was rocking, they knew of no other means for retaining their position, than by distracting public attention from themselves by foreign war. A condition of war allowed of much independence of action to themselves, and had this additional advantage, that it kept generals and soldiers employed at a distance; and so long as an army maintained itself at the expense of a country overrun, there was no immediate occasion for bringing hostilities to an end.

The Directors accordingly wrote to Napoleon to break off negotiations with Austria; but to this he paid no attention, and he signed the Treaty of Campo-Formio against their orders.

Bourrienne, who was with Napoleon at the time as his secretary, says—

“At this period Napoleon was still swayed with the impulse of the age. He thought of nothing but Representative Governments. Often has he said to me, ‘I should like the era of such to be dated from my time.’”

But his acts belie his words.

That he flourished such phrases as had become popular is certain. They still told on the soldiery, they had effect on the population of Italy. But that other thoughts were in his mind would appear from the question put to General Dupuis, “*Que feriez-vous, si je me faisais roi d’Italie?*” To which Dupuis answered, “*Je vous tuerais de ma main.*”

XXIII
IN PARIS

(OCTOBER 17, 1797—MAY 4, 1798)

THE peace articles between France and Austria had been signed at Campo-Formio, on the 17th October. The Emperor ceded to France all the Netherlands, and the left bank of the Rhine, with Mayence, the great outpost and bulwark of Germany. He gave up, nominally to the people of North Italy, but virtually to the French, all that he had held in Lombardy; he acknowledged the independence of the Milanese and Mantuan States, under their new name of the Cisalpine Republic; and he consented that the French Republic should have the Ionian Islands, which then belonged to Venice, together with the Venetian possessions in Albania. On the other hand, the French Republic handed over Venice, with its territory in Italy as far as the Adige, together with Istria and Dalmatia. But the provinces between the Adige and the Adda were to be incorporated into the Cisalpine Republic; Modena, and the Papal provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Faenza, and Rimini were also annexed to this North Italian Republic.



BUST BY THORWALDSEN.

The treaty of Campo-Formio had been concluded in all haste by Napoleon, against the orders received by him from the Directory, and only a few hours before a second courier from Paris was due with more emphatic condemnation of his agreement to give up Venetia to the Emperor. But if the Government in Paris was dissatisfied, so also was Thugut, the Imperial Prime Minister, who had been overborne by the determination of the populace, the nobility, and the Court to have peace at any price. He saw that this was no enduring peace, that it was cobbled up to suit Napoleon's convenience, and that it would be torn to shreds so soon as he saw an opportunity for renewing the conflict.

The peace of Campo-Formio was a necessity to Napoleon. The Alps were

putting on their winter caps, and snow and short days would impede operations against Austria. He had gained a foothold on the Adriatic, and was now turning a wistful eye on Malta. He had formed the design of an Oriental campaign, in order to outflank Austria, and nip Germany between France on one side and a victorious army of the East on the other. To facilitate the execution of this scheme, he had devoted much attention to the formation of a navy. That he might obtain leave to carry it out, it was necessary for him to visit Paris.

On the 13th September, he wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs: "Why should we not seize on the island of Malta? Admiral Brueys might anchor there and take it. Four hundred knights and a regiment of five hundred men alone constitute the garrison of Valetta. The inhabitants are favourable to us, and are sick of their knights. With the isle of S. Peter in our possession, ceded us by the King of Sardinia, with Malta, Corfu, &c., we shall be masters of the Mediterranean. If, upon making peace with England, we are obliged to cede the Cape of Good Hope, it will be necessary for us to secure Egypt. To armies such as ours, indifferent to all religions—to that of the Mahomedan, the Copt, the Arab, and to Idolatry—we can respect one like another."

Napoleon was aware that he had everything in the hollow of his hand. Pichegru was in exile, Moreau in disgrace, Hoche was dead. He was without a rival, save the braggart Augereau, and he took the first opportunity after his return to Paris to have him sent to kick his heels at Perpignan. The Directory was discredited. The army was devoted to him, and the people of France were looking towards him as one who might give them a stable and respectable Government.

As was the way with him when he had a scheme in his head and was prepared to act energetically, he feigned lassitude, sickness, a longing for repose, and distaste for honours.

On the 25th September, he wrote: "I beg you will replace me, and accept my resignation. . . . My health, which is greatly shattered, demands repose and tranquillity. Too long has great power been lodged in my hands."

On October 1st: "The arrangements I make at this moment constitute the last service I can render to my country. My health is entirely broken. I can hardly mount my horse. I need two years' repose."

On the 10th October, when the treaty of Campo-Formio was virtually concluded, he assured the Directory that nothing now remained for him but to take hold of the plough of Cincinnatus, and set an example how a man should respect the Government, and do all in his power to set aside the danger of a military despotism—the rock on which so many Republics had been wrecked.

Nothing, however, was further from his thoughts than retirement from the scene. He was, at the time, in private correspondence with Talleyrand and Siéyès relative to a new Constitution. He drew out his scheme, and submitted it to them for consideration. In preparing for his return to Paris, Napoleon had two ends in view—alternative plans; the one, if the aspect of affairs in France proved such as promised success, then at once to upset the Directory.

If, however, the time for such a bold venture had not arrived, then to prosecute his Oriental scheme, and urge the Directory to give him a free hand to occupy Egypt and push East, either with the object of attacking England through India, or else of circumventing the head of the Mediterranean, and crushing the Ottoman Empire.

On the eve of his departure from Italy, Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the Cisalpine Republic he had called into existence, stuffed with commonplaces about freedom and popular representation, the overthrow of tyrannies, and the consecration of the will of the people. At the same time, he took measures to place his own creatures in the administration.

Simultaneously, also, he advised his brother Joseph, who was representative of the French Republic at Rome, to use underhand means to stir up revolution both there and in Naples, so as to provide an excuse for interference, and the overthrow of the Papal sovereignty and the Neapolitan kingdom.

On the 17th October he wrote to Talleyrand: "Our Government must destroy the English Monarchy, or expect itself to be destroyed by these intriguing and enterprising islanders. The present moment offers a capital opportunity. Let us concentrate all our efforts on the navy, and annihilate England. That done, Europe is at our feet."

To the Directory he wrote, on the 5th November: "For an expedition against England we require—1st, good naval officers; 2nd, a great army, well commanded; 3rd, an intelligent and determined general-in-chief; 4th, thirty million francs in ready money. . . . Although I truly need repose, yet I shall not refuse, as far as possible, to sacrifice myself for my country."

As Napoleon said, the opportunity for an invasion of England was come. She was without an ally, the fleet was in mutiny, the Bank had suspended cash payments; moreover, rebellion was simmering in Ireland.

An invasion of Great Britain was determined on, Bonaparte appointed in command, and the cream of the Army of Italy was drafted to form that of England.

On his way through Switzerland, Napoleon arrested and imprisoned the banker Bontemps, who had assisted Carnot to escape proscription. Bonaparte owed much to Carnot; he had been for long on terms of friendship with him, and had so completely hoodwinked him up to the eve of the 18th Fructidor, that the Director even then believed him trustworthy. Napoleon passed through Nyon, where he was hiding, and Carnot illumined his windows. "I was so positive," wrote he in his *Mémoires*, "that Bonaparte had not taken any part in my banishment, that I was on the point of writing to ask for an interview, and I only refrained through fear of compromising him." He was afterwards convinced that, if Bonaparte had known he was there, he would have seized on him and deported him, without compunction, to the swamps of Cayenne.

At Lausanne, Napoleon received the ovation of the democratic party, and prepared for a rising in the Canton of Vaud against the sovereignty of the Bernese.

Bonaparte reached Paris on the 5th December, and took up his lodging in a

small house in the Rue Chantreine, that belonged to Josephine. On his arrival, he was immediately visited by Barras. The head officials of the Department of the Seine inquired when it would be convenient for the General to receive them, and he at once forestalled them by visiting them himself. He exhibited the same urbanity by calling on all functionaries, down to the Juges de Paix. The *Moniteur* praised his simplicity, modesty, graciousness of address. He drove about in a carriage drawn by a pair of horses, and without retinue; and he somewhat ostentatiously showed himself engaged on the flower beds in his little garden.



"LE GÉNÉRAL DE LA GRANDE NATION."
Unfinished profile by David.

At Montebello, he had surrounded himself with royal state; at Paris, he exhibited himself as a plain citizen, and avoided every kind of display.

On the 10th December, a great festival was celebrated to commemorate the conclusion of Peace. The Court of the Luxembourg was transformed into an amphitheatre; at one extremity was erected the altar of La Patrie, on which were grouped statues of Liberty, Peace, and Equality; and it was adorned with the standards captured in Italy. Behind it were fifty thrones for the Ancients and the Ministers, who attended rigged out in their fantastic costumes.

The festival began with a chorale that was interrupted

by a roar of applause as the Victor of Italy appeared, small, sallow-faced, and looking what he affected to be—out of health.

All rose and removed their hats, handkerchiefs were waved, incense was thrown into the standing braziers, and Talleyrand, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, stepped forward to welcome the General. He did so in a fulsome address, in which he lauded Napoleon as the Champion of Liberty, the breaker of the chains imposed by tyranny, and withal a stoic hero, who had no love for pomp and reward, but delighted in study, in art, and in living in obscurity.

Bonaparte answered:—

"Citizens, Directors:—The French people, to be free, was constrained to conquer Kings. To obtain a Constitution founded on reason, it had to conquer the prejudices of eighteen centuries. The Constitution of the year III. and

yourselves have overcome all these impediments. Religion, Feudalism, Royalty for twenty centuries have ruled Europe in succession; but the epoch of Constitutionalism dates from the conclusion of the Peace recently signed.

"It has been your good fortune to organise a mighty nation, so that its territory extends to those frontiers Nature has herself planted.

"You have done more. The two finest portions of Europe (the Netherlands and Italy), the nurseries of Art, Science, and great men, inspired with the fairest hopes, will see the genius of Freedom rise out of the graves of their ancestors. These are two pedestals on which the fate of two mighty nations rests.

"I have the honour to hand over to you the terms of Peace signed by His Majesty the Emperor, at Campo-Formio. Peace assures the freedom, the weal, and the fame of the Republic.

"So soon as the good fortune of the French people shall be based on the best organised laws, then all Europe will be free."

The last paragraph was the only one of real significance. It contained a hint that he did not consider the Constitution of the year III. as final.

When the applause that echoed this address had died away, Barras rose, and in a pompous address, after enumerating Napoleon's exploits, and comparing him to Socrates, to Cæsar, and to Pompey, said: "Go and chain up that gigantic freebooter who oppresses the seas. Go and chastise in London outrages that have been left too long unpunished. Numerous votaries of liberty await you there."

Notwithstanding this ovation, Bonaparte was aware of the mistrust he inspired. Augereau had plainly told the Directory that the little Corsican was ambitious, and was no sincere friend to Democratic ideas. His own countryman, Arena, had not only accused him to the Directors of having "stolen twenty millions in Italy," but had added, "Liberty has no greater foe to fear than Bonaparte." Treacherous himself, Napoleon suspected treachery in others. He despised and hated the Directory, and purposed upsetting it; he knew very well that the Directors hated him, and would like to be rid of him.

He endeavoured to have himself appointed to the Directory, but was confronted with the rule which forbade any man being made Director under the age of forty. After vain attempts to get the law modified in his favour, Bonaparte was obliged to abandon this hope; and then he turned his attention more vigorously than before to the scheme of an invasion of England, and, if that were not possible, then to an occupation of Egypt.

He did not much appreciate the incense offered him by the people of Paris. "Bah!" said he. "The mob would crowd as thick to see me on my way to the scaffold."

To Bourrienne he said:—"Europe is a mole-hill. It is only in the East that great empires and revolutions are possible, where there are six hundred millions of men."

Madame Junot records a conversation, or rather gives a summary of several that her brother Albert had, at this time, with Bonaparte, relating to his designs. After a visit to Napoleon, Albert de Permon said to his mother:—

"I can plainly see that his great spirit stifles in the contracted space to which these needy Directors wish to confine it. It demands a free flight in infinite

space. If he remains here, it will be his death. This morning he said to me, 'Paris weighs me down like a cloak of lead!' and then began pacing his room. 'And yet,' replied Albert, 'never did grateful country hail one of its sons more cordially. The moment you appear, the streets, the promenades, the theatres ring with shouts of *Vive Bonaparte!* The people love you, General.'

"While my brother thus spoke," says Mme. Junot, "Bonaparte looked steadily at him. He stood motionless, his hands crossed behind him, and his whole countenance expressing attention mingled with interest. He then resumed his walk with a pensive look. 'What think you of the East, Permon?' he abruptly asked. 'Your father destined you for the diplomatic line. You speak modern Greek?' Albert nodded assent. 'And Arabic?' Albert answered in the negative, adding that he could learn to speak it in a month.

"'Indeed! well, in that case, I——' here Bonaparte paused, as if fearful of having committed himself. He nevertheless reverted to the subject a moment afterwards, and asked Albert if he had been at M. de Talleyrand's ball. 'That was a delightful fête . . . it was more magnificent than our royal entertainments of old. The Directory ought not thus to forget its Republican origin. There is affectation in such pomp displayed before those who can upset it. *I represent the Army,*' added Bonaparte, '*yes, I represent the Army, and the Directors know now whether or not the Army is a powerful factor in France.*'

"Albert told Bonaparte that it was generally believed that the projected expedition was destined against England. The smile that now played about Napoleon's lips had so strange, so incomprehensible an expression, that Albert could not tell what to make of it. 'England!' said Bonaparte, 'so you think we are going to attack it at last! The Parisians are not mistaken; it is indeed to humble that saucy nation we are arming. Yes—war with England for ever, to its utter destruction!'"

Bonaparte started for the north coast, to examine the preparations made for the descent upon the English coast. He questioned the pilots and sailors, collected information relative to the marine strength of Great Britain, examined into the condition of the French fleet, and returned to Paris to report that nothing was ready or would be for months to come, and that he was not disposed to risk the fate of France on such an uncertain throw.

Actually, Bonaparte had no desire to make a direct attack on our island. His imagination was fired with the idea of an Oriental Empire, and his way to that was through Egypt.

To accompany him, Napoleon collected his best officers who had served him in Italy, and the pick of the soldiers as well. He gathered together besides a body of scientific men, who would not merely collect material for the profit of the learned, but would be able to advise on the development of the industries and resources of the land he was about to invade.

A further reason actuated Bonaparte in urging on the expedition to Egypt, in addition to the chimerical scheme of founding an Oriental Empire. He wished to be out of France for a while; the pear was not ripe, as he said. The Directory was discredited, but the country was not ready to rise with acclamation, if he attempted to overthrow it. His best chance was to go to a distance, add to the splendour of his name, and leave the Directory to stultify itself.

Inevitably, with time, it would go to pieces; it would be injudicious to precipitate its fall, and he desired to be dissociated from it when it fell.

Nor did he desire to be associated with any one of the parties, then watching each other, ready to fly at each other's throats, Anarchists, Royalists, Constitutionals, whilst the great mass of the people cared only for tranquillity and the pursuit of material advantages. This was manifest in Paris, and it was predominant in the country.*

Before leaving Italy he had said to Miot de Melito:—"I can no longer obey. I have tasted the pleasures of command, and I cannot renounce it. If I cannot be master, I shall quit France."†

At Brienne, Napoleon had been a diligent student of English history. He was ready to play the part of a Cromwell, but not of a Monk. One day his uncle, Fesch, found him reading the life of the great Protector, and asked him what he thought of the usurper.

"Cromwell," he replied, "is fine—but incomplete."

"How so?" asked Fesch, and looked at the volume.

"It is not of the book I speak," answered he hastily, "but of the man."‡

On the eve of starting, an incident almost changed the purpose of Bonaparte. At Vienna, the French Ambassador, Bernadotte, had been insulted by the city mob. Bonaparte rushed before the Directory, and demanded that the affront should be resented, and asked to be sent to the Congress of Rastadt to demand redress. The Directory nominated another instead. Then he declared that, under the circumstances, he would not leave Europe; he would send in his resignation. "Do so, sign it, you have need of repose," said Rewbell,§ and extended to him the pen. Merlin snatched it away. Bonaparte withdrew in a fury. On the morrow Barras urged him to depart as quickly as possible. "Believe me," said he, "I give you the best advice possible."

On the 3rd May, 1798, Napoleon started for Toulon, taking his wife with him as far as that port. At the last moment he again hesitated. He felt that the Directory was so lost in public confidence, that he was inclined—as Mathieu Dumas tells us in his *Mémoires*—to turn back and overthrow it. But the sight of the fleet, admirably ordered, and under the command of the great Admirals, Brueys, Gantheaume, Villeneuve, and Decrès, the enthusiasm of the troops, the hopes of his generals, the ardour of the *savants* he took with him, roused again in his imagination the dreams of Oriental conquest, and he postponed the attempt to a more suitable occasion.

* "Paris veut de la tranquillité, il est actuellement plus facile d'en obtenir de la soumission que de l'enthousiasme." *Rapport du Bureau central des Dép. de la Seine*, March 12, 1798.

† MIOT, *Mém.* i. 184.

‡ *Secret Mem.*, by C. DORIS, 1815.

§ According to another account it was La Réveillère-Lépeaux.

THE FAMILY BONAPARTE IN 1797

AT this time the author of the curious *Secret Memoirs, by one who never quitted Napoleon for fifteen years*, was connected with him.

He says, "I must confess that I was by no means prepossessed with his exterior. I had formed to myself the most engaging portrait of the conqueror of Italy. I was surprised, even humiliated, to find him a man of a very ordinary cast. His deportment had nothing in it that was striking; his physiognomy had neither the fire nor the dignity of a hero; his manner was devoid of ease, and had a strong tincture of his cold, dry, and laconic mode of speech. Taken altogether, he inspired neither confidence nor respect; the principal feeling he inspired was a desire to get out of his presence as quickly as might be. His severe and disdainful glance indicated the man who commands, but not him who is to be admired.

"First impressions have always a stronger influence on a young man than on one who is older. The unfavourable impression produced on me by Bonaparte made a sudden revolution in my wishes with regard to the profession I thought of embracing, and I desired the relation who was my patron not to speak to the General in my behalf. At this time I was introduced to M. d'Harved the elder, who had been much acquainted with Bonaparte both at Brienne and at the Military School in Paris. I communicated to him the impression produced on me by first sight of the celebrated Corsican, and he said frankly to me: 'You, who are young, judge of men by their outward appearance, and, in so doing, resemble the multitude. But, mark me, think otherwise of Bonaparte; this man, be assured, will create a new era in the world. I will say more—if Europe were not now full of his name, Asia would for two years have resounded with it. Bonaparte,' continued M. d'Harved, 'is born to command mankind. He knows it; he is but too impressed with the conviction. His first successes have augmented and confirmed it. Perhaps he may not have all the qualities for realising his ambitious views, but he conceives that he has them, and that is enough. He knows not how to make himself beloved, but he does know how to make himself obeyed. In the part he now plays, and in those he probably will play, these two qualities will make his fortune. His air, coldly concentrated, and his unabated moroseness, have established him in the mind of the vulgar as a superior being. The emulation not to be as others, and to impose laws on others, was planted in his very being. At Brienne, at the Military School of Paris, as a sub-lieutenant, he thought the same, and he will never think otherwise. If he did not command men, he would hector his servant-maid. He believes himself superior to all men, and values others very little.

"If France has chanced to be the theatre of his *début*, it is because the

opportunity there first presented itself to him. An ardent thirst for domination made him a cosmopolitan from his earliest years. His true country will ever be that in which he will acquire the greatest power. To him the banks of the Seine and the shores of the Bosphorus are alike indifferent."

We may here add a few details relative to the family Bonaparte, which had thriven with the rising star of Napoleon.

Joseph had been appointed, as we have seen, representative of the French Republic at Rome, where he remained till the riot broke out, which led to the death of General Duphot. Joseph, accompanied by his wife and family, had arrived in Rome on August 31st, 1797, and lodged in a new hotel on the Piazza di Spagna, but afterwards moved into a splendid official residence in the Corsini Palace. He had in his suite Eugène Beauharnais, a youth of seventeen, and General Duphot, who was only seven-and-twenty, and was engaged to be married to Desirée Clary, sister of Joseph's wife, Julie, which latter Barras describes as ugly and pimpled. Joseph had received special instructions from his brother to foment insurrection. He did not esteem the quality of the Roman patriots, for he wrote to Napoleon: "They think like Brutus, talk like women, and act like children." The riot he was encouraging secretly broke out on the 27th December, and in it Duphot was shot.

Desirée Clary was not inconsolable: she hid her tears eight months after the murder of her lover behind a wedding veil, when she married Bernadotte (Aug. 16th, 1798).

Lucien Bonaparte, the ex-Brutus, had been appointed Commissioner of War to the Army of the North. There were several reasons why Napoleon did not want him near himself. He was a bad-tempered, inordinately vain, and perverse man, and could not endure to witness his brother's success. His wife, Christine, was uneducated. Hardly was he with the Army of the North before he quarrelled with the other officials, had to leave, and came to his brother at Milan, where he was not very cordially received, and ordered not to visit Paris, as he proposed. He disobeyed, and Napoleon wrote to Carnot to have him despatched to Corsica. He was accordingly sent to Ajaccio. There, Lucien succeeded in getting himself elected Deputy to the Five Hundred. As he was



MEDALLION OF BONAPARTE.
By David.

born in 1775, he was not of age for admission into the Council, and it would seem probable that he made use of the false certificate of birth which he had employed for his marriage, and which gave him the requisite age of twenty-five instead of twenty-two. How he got his election acknowledged is hard to say, but it was not challenged, and he was in Paris at the beginning of 1798.

Louis Bonaparte had been appointed captain in 1796, and was aide-de-camp to his brother Napoleon. He was then aged eighteen. He had been but three and a half months at the Military School, Châlons, and when, at the Bureau of Artillery, his request for promotion was refused, he appealed to the Directory, with a statement of services, which was characteristic of the way in which the Bonapartes systematically made false statements. He gave his date of birth wrong—5th Sept., 1776, whereas he was really born on the 2nd Sept., 1778; he pretended that he had become adjutant of an artillery regiment on the 28th Frimaire, in the year I. (18th December, 1792); lieutenant on the 4th Brumaire, in the year III. (25th October, 1794); aide-de-camp 22nd Brumaire, IV. (12th November, 1795); that he had served in four campaigns; had been at the taking of Toulon; also in the military campaigns in Italy. And this wonderful document was attested by three certificates, authenticating the statements, nearly all of which were false. However, he obtained his promotion, and accompanied his brother to Egypt.

Lætitia Bonaparte had remained at Marseilles till May, 1795, when she went to Italy, and there, for the first time, met Josephine. She afterwards went with Joseph to Rome, and after the affair of Duphot, left for Corsica, taking along with her the youngest daughter Caroline. Elise was married on May 5th, 1797, to a Corsican, Paschal Bacciochi, a good fiddler.

Pauline had been in love with Fréron, and he with her. He was a fop, good-looking, but with infamous antecedents. As long as convenient, and whilst Napoleon wanted the help of Fréron, he favoured the suit, but no sooner had he his foot in the stirrup, than he insisted on the engagement being broken off. Napoleon took Pauline to Italy, where she was retained, alongside of Josephine, to cool her passion. Her love-letters have been preserved, and show considerable ardour in that shallow mind. This is a sample: "Ti amo sempre, e passionatissimamente, per sempre ti amo, o bell' idol mio, sei cuore mio, tenero amico, ti amo, amo, amo, si amatissimo amante." He was unworthy of her love—this blood-stained, scurrilous *petit maître*.

Josephine received as tender letters from Napoleon, but she did not return his love with the same ardour. "Too creole, too nonchalant, too accustomed to the thousand nothings of Paris life, and to the sweets of her little nest in the Rue Chantreine, to resolve to take a decision, Josephine contented herself with piling up these burning letters in her writing-desk, and she put off to the morrow the answer so greatly desired. And, it must be admitted, this ardour frightened her more than it attracted her."*

Napoleon had been very impatient because she did not go to him in Italy;

* JUNG, iii. 237.

he became jealous, and believed she had formed an attachment in Paris ; he even wrote to Carnot that he held this to be the case. However, after a while she did go to Italy, and was well content to reign as a queen in Montebello, amidst a glittering court. But she had been attended into Italy by the young Captain Hippolyte Charles, of the staff of General Leclerc, and a flirtation sprang up between them, that was continued in a flickering, trifling manner all the time she was in Italy, and later was the occasion of a quarrel with her husband.



XXV

EGYPT

(1798)

THE eyes of France had been turned covetously upon Egypt from the time of Philip the Fair, to whom his minister, Pierre de Blois, had proposed the conquest. But the Hundred Years' War, and the religious broils, had occupied the attention and exhausted the energies of the Crown, and nothing had been done to acquire it.

The most valuable colonies possessed by the French in America and India, had been wrested from them by the English, who, except for a short interval during the previous war, had assumed and maintained the dominion of the seas.

Choiseul, the minister of Louis XV., had advised the annexation of Egypt, as the surest way of reaching India, and it was with an eye to this that Corsica had been purchased from the Genoese. The French people had felt keenly the humiliation of their losses in the East and West, and this feeling had been one of the factors in the revolt against the Bourbon dynasty.

The long-desired opportunity seemed to have arrived. The English fleet had been withdrawn from the Mediterranean to guard the Channel, whilst a portion blockaded the Spanish navy in Cadiz. The Turks had no fleet. Those of Genoa and Venice were incorporated into that of France, which had been formed under the eye of Napoleon.

Given a fair wind and a smooth sea, in a few days the transports would land the invading host at Alexandria.

Napoleon kept counsel to the last. When he had persuaded the Directory to an attack on England through Egypt, they also were discreet enough not to allow the scheme to transpire, so that the English were in complete ignorance of the destination of the fleet collected at Toulon, and the troops massed there. It was believed by the Ministry in London, that the object of the French was to relieve Cadiz and liberate the Spanish fleet, then to sail north, and unite with the fleet at Brest, for a descent upon England and Ireland.

As already intimated, Napoleon selected the cream of the troops and officers who had served under him in Italy. But when Dessaix, who was to accompany the expedition, heard of the destination of the army, all he said was, "The project is good, if practicable."

Napoleon would not hear of objections, nor entertain doubts. To the Directors he promised, "No sooner shall I be master of Egypt and the master of Palestine, than England will be glad to give you a first-class ship for a sack of corn."*

And yet—such an undertaking was reckless, and it is surprising that a Government composed of able men should have sanctioned it.

Napoleon proposed withdrawing from France 40,000 of her best troops and generals, and carrying them into an unknown African region, into the midst of lagoons and deserts, which had consumed a French host in the 13th century; and that at a moment when a Congress was sitting to settle the peace of Europe; when Switzerland had been invaded, Rome occupied; when the Home Government comprised five ambitious men envious of each other, and in constant antagonism, without any support in the country, the head of no party, hated and despised by all. Anarchy threatened in France; and on the frontiers Europe was but waiting an opportunity to rise against and overwhelm the enemy of the common order, and the disturber of peace.

Bonaparte, for his part, knew how tottering was the position of the Directory, how feeble were the armies on the frontiers, how many elements of con-

fusion were seething in the heart of France. But it was precisely for this reason that he was desirous of being out of France. Whilst he reaped laurels, and his name rang in the ears of Europe, of the world, and he dazzled all eyes by his victories, he would allow France to feel her impotence without him, let her become a prey to revolution once more; then when he returned, having conquered an Oriental Empire, he would be hailed by all as Dictator and despotic head of France, to save her from her own factious children, and to maintain her name high among those of the nations. He frankly confessed this as



BUST OF BONAPARTE.
By Houdon, in the Museum at Dijon.

* LAVALLETTE, ii.

one of his objects, in his *Memoirs*, written at S. Helena. "That he might become master of France, it was necessary that the Directory should meet with reverses during his absence, and that his return should restore victory to our banners."

) One thing only was wanting, and that was money for the expedition. It was for this purpose that the French invaded Switzerland, and for this Rome was occupied and pillaged to the last lira. Of the Swiss expedition, Napoleon himself said, "Another motive, not less influential in the decisions of the Directory, was the millions of Berne, which it coveted." Berthier, sent to Rome, wrote to his General-in-Chief, admitting that the invasion was fiscal rather than political. "In sending me to Rome, you make me Treasurer of the English expedition. I shall use my best endeavours to fill the chest." Haller, the unprincipled Swiss, was commissioned to find supplies for the expedition to Egypt. At Berne, Brunne, who commanded, succeeded in laying his hand on over 16,000,000 francs in coin and in ingots, 7,000,000 in arms and ammunition, and 18,000,000 in requisitions of other sorts. Of this a portion was at once despatched to Toulon. "Such," says Lanfrey, "was now the work on which the Republican armies were employed—armies so well known at first for their disinterestedness, their nobleness, and their integrity. Two years of war in Italy had sufficed to operate this change."*

On the 12th April, 1798, the Directory signed the articles relative to the expedition to Egypt; but they were kept secret, as it was pre-eminently important that the destination of the army should not be known to the English. The army was to be entitled that of Egypt. It was to comprise that previously called the Army of England, and was to be supplemented by such divisions as could be spared from Italy; Malta was to be taken, and Egypt; and the isthmus of Suez was to be cut through. Brunne was to succeed Berthier in Italy, and Lannes to take Brunne's place in Switzerland.

On the 17th April, Bonaparte wrote to Vice-Admiral Brueys at Toulon: "On the first decade of Florial, I shall be on board your ship. Have a good bed prepared for me, as for a man who will be sea-sick throughout the voyage. . . . You are the only person to whom I have announced my coming to Toulon, so do not speak of it."

On May 3rd, Napoleon left Paris. On the eve of his embarkation he reviewed the troops, and addressed them an allocution:—

"Soldiers," said he, "it is now two years since I took command of you. At that time you were on the Riviera of Genoa, in the greatest misery, lacking everything, having even sold your watches to furnish yourselves with food. I promised to put an end to your miseries. I led you into Italy. There you had everything. Did I not keep my word? Learn, then, that you have not yet done enough for your country, and that your country has not yet done enough for you. I am about to lead you into a land where by your exploits you will surpass those which have hitherto astounded your admirers, and you will render your country such services as she has the right to expect of an army of invincibles. I promise to each soldier, on his return from this expedition, that he will have enough to buy six arpents (over six acres) of land each."†

* *Hist. de Napoléon*, 1869, i. 360. † "Six acres and a cow," the first offer of this sort to cupidity.

This appeal to cupidity was a little too plainly worded, and the *Moniteur*, two days later, published a revised edition, and pretended that the first "was not sufficiently reflected over, nor sufficiently dignified to be the work of the conqueror of Italy." If, however, we compare it with the address made to the army when he first took command, we do not see any reason to doubt its genuineness. The French fleet of transports sailed on May 19th. The English, still convinced that all the preparations made at Toulon were for a descent on England, contented themselves with guarding the Straits of Gibraltar, and left an inconsiderable squadron, under Nelson, to blockade Toulon. A continuance of gales drove the English fleet to take shelter behind Sardinia, and the French took the opportunity to sail out of Toulon. This fleet was joined at Malta by contingents from Ajaccio and Civita-Vecchia, and consisted of 13 men-of-war, 14 frigates, 72 corvettes, and 500 transports, manned with 10,000 sailors, and conveying 25,000 soldiers.

A singular spectacle that of the quarter-deck of the Admiral's ship, *L'Orient*, on which were gathered not only the best generals of the French Republican armies, but also the pick of her scientific men. Bonaparte was (officially) only twenty-nine, but he was the sun around which this constellation circled. He usually held the lead in the conversations, or rather alone spoke, as an oracle; and his language, poetical, animated, full of images, seemed, as he neared Egypt, to assume that Oriental tint which thenceforth coloured his official bulletins. He spoke of Hannibal and the campaigns of Rome and Carthage, passed in review the great captains of ancient and modern times; and his epic accounts, in which his memory did not always support history, told in mid-Mediterranean under the starry sky, as the ship threw up phosphorescent waves in passing through the water, gave to the expedition something of the legendary romance of the voyage of the Argonauts.

The imagination of the soldiers was roused. They sought to lighten the tedium of the voyage by acting little dramas, the plot of which consisted in an Arab father who maltreated his lovely daughter, a black-eyed houri, sparkling with jewels, and her arms encircled with bangles. A young French soldier arrives, chastises the inhuman parent, and carries off the lovely maiden, who pours all her treasures of gold and jewels into his cap.

On the 9th of June the fleet arrived before Malta. The Knights of the Order might well have defended the island, but the French among them had been worked upon and bribed. Hompesch, the Grand Master, a weak old man, was bullied and terrified by these traitors. He capitulated on the 11th, instead of manning the works of La Valetta, which might have defied the whole French fleet and army for months, whereas every moment was precious to them, and they were full of apprehension, knowing that the British fleet was not far off. "On my word," said General Caffarelli, "it is as well that there is someone in the place to open the gates to us, for without that we should never have got in." After plundering the churches and the chests of the Knights, and carrying off no inconsiderable amount of gold and silver, Bonaparte re-embarked on the

19th for Egypt, leaving General Vaubois and a garrison to take care of Malta. As the French fleet sailed by the Island of Candia, it passed close to the English fleet, but without being seen by it; for a thick haze favoured the invaders, and thus prevented their annihilation, and the destruction and captivity of all the troops, and of Bonaparte himself, by Nelson.



NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.
From a lithograph by Raffet.

On the 29th of June the French came in sight of Alexandria; and on the following day the troops landed within three miles of that city without opposition, but with such haste and confusion, produced by the dread lest Nelson should be upon them, that a considerable number were drowned.

The town of Alexandria was easily taken; and then the march to Cairo was begun across the desert. Some idea of this may be gathered from the description in Napoleon's own *Memoirs*, dictated at S. Helena:—

“As the Hebrews, wandering in the wilderness, complained and angrily asked Moses for the onions and feshpots of Egypt, so did the French soldiers

constantly request the luxury of Italy. In vain were they assured that the country was the most fertile in the world, that it was even superior to Lombardy; how were they to be persuaded of this when they could get neither bread nor wine? We encamped among immense quantities of wheat, but there was neither mill nor oven in the country. The biscuit brought from Alexandria had long been exhausted; the soldiers were even reduced to bruise the wheat between two stones and to make cakes, which they baked under the ashes. Many parched their wheat in a pan, after which they boiled it. This was the best way to use the grain; but after all, it was not bread. The apprehension of the soldiers increased daily, and rose to such a pitch that a great number of them said there was no great city of Cairo; and that the place bearing that name was like Damanhour, an assemblage of mere huts, destitute of everything that could render life agreeable. To such a melancholy condition of mind had they brought themselves, that two dragoons threw themselves, completely clothed, into the Nile, where they were drowned. It is nevertheless true that, though there was neither bread nor wine, the resources which were procured, with wheat, lentils, meat, and sometimes pigeons, furnished the army with food of some kind. But the evil was in the ferment of mind. The officers complained more loudly than the men, because the comparison was proportionately more disadvantageous to them. In Egypt they found neither the comfortable quarters, the good table, nor the luxury of Italy. The General-in-Chief, wishing to set an example, used to bivouac in the midst of the army, and in the least commodious spots. No one had either tent or conveniences; the dinner of Napoleon and his staff consisted of a dish of lentils. The soldiers passed the evenings in political conversations, discussions, and complaints. 'For what purpose are we come here?' said some; 'the Directory has sent us into transportation.' 'Caffarelli,' said others, 'is the Agent that has been employed to deceive the General-in-Chief. . . .' Of Caffarelli they said further, in allusion to his wooden leg, 'He laughs at all our troubles; he has one foot in France.'

Bonaparte had hoped to arouse the spirit of the natives against the Mamelukes. He issued proclamation after proclamation in Arabic. Of this a specimen will suffice:—

"We are the true Mussulmans. Is it not we who have destroyed the Pope, who had incited to war against the Mussulmans? Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta, because these fools thought that God willed that they should fight against the Mussulmans? Thrice happy those who join us. They will prosper in fortune and rank. Happy they who remain neutral. They will have time to consider, and will in the end side with us. But woe! thrice woe! to those who arm for the Mamelukes, and fight against us! There is no place of hope for them. They shall perish!" (July 2nd.)

Before leaving Alexandria, he had given instructions to Admiral Broueys what to do with the fleet. He was either (1) to enter the harbour of Alexandria; or, if that was not possible, (2) to anchor in the roads of Aboukir; and (3), in the event of this not proving a suitable shelter, to sail for Corfu.

The first of these alternatives was impossible of execution. The entrance into the harbour was narrow and shallow; and even if it were possible to enter it, to get out again would not be practicable, as a single English man-of-war would have sufficed to blockade the entrance, and hold the entire fleet entrapped. In Aboukir, however, the Admiral hoped to extend his line,

and protect one flank with a land battery. Before sailing for Corfu he would have to be provisioned, and Napoleon undertook to send what was requisite, but failed to do so.

Lavallette details an interview he had with the Admiral on the 21st of July. Brueys complained to him :—

“When General Bonaparte left Alexandria to penetrate into the desert, he gave me the choice to enter the old port of Alexandria, or to go with the fleet to Corfu, after having landed all the goods and provisions of the army. Since that moment I have received no account whatever from the army nor its leader. . . . It is quite impossible for me to leave the coasts of Egypt before I receive accounts from the army. Can I set off and enter a port of Europe without having any satisfactory news to give to France and her Government? If, what I scarcely think is possible, General Bonaparte were to encounter insurmountable obstacles, and be obliged to turn back, would it not be a criminal action on my part to deprive him of the only means of retreat left at my disposal?”

On the 1st of August the English fleet was signalled.

Nelson had no sooner discovered the enemy, of whom he had been in search for seven weeks, than he prepared for engagement.

Nelson's plan was at once formed. Where an enemy's ship could swing, there was room for a British one to anchor; and he resolved to pierce the line, and station his vessels on the inside of the French line. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed—

“If we succeed, what will the world say?”

“There is no *if* in the case,” answered Nelson. “That we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a different question.”

The result of the battle is well known. Of the thirteen French ships of the line, eight surrendered, one—the flagship—had blown up, two escaped at the time, but were afterwards captured, and two ran aground. The French fleet was no more.

Meanwhile Napoleon had reached and entered Cairo, on the 24th July, after a series of engagements with the Mamelukes, in a campaign of twenty days. The day after he wrote to his brother Joseph :—

“You will see in the public papers the bulletins of the battles and conquest of Egypt, which were sufficiently contested to add another wreath to the laurels of this army. Egypt is richer than any country in the world in corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. But the people are in a state of utter barbarism. We cannot procure money even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months. I recommend my interests to your care. I have a great deal of domestic affliction, for the veil has been entirely raised. You alone upon earth remain to me; your friendship is very dear. . . . It is a sad position when one has all one's affections centred in one heart. Engage a country house, to be ready for me on my arrival, either near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I mean to pass the winter in solitude, for I am tired of human nature. . . . Glory is insipid at twenty-nine years of age. I have exhausted everything, and it remains for me only to become egotistical.”

The reason for this despondent letter is not far to seek. Napoleon's family disliked Josephine, whose levity and relaxed morals were not to their taste. Bourrienne relates a story of Junot having indiscreetly informed the General-in-Chief of one of Josephine's escapades ; but he puts this later in the desert of Syria, near Messondiah. There is an inaccuracy as to the date or place where the communication was made. From the above letter, it would appear that Napoleon was already disturbed in mind as to the conduct of his wife ; so that it is probable he had already received more than a hint relative to her conduct.

Lavallette tells the story of how the news of the destruction of the fleet reached Napoleon.

"It was at Salahieh that the General-in-Chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news was brought to him by an aide-de-camp of General Kléber. The officer's horse being unable to go any farther, he had written some particulars in an open letter, which I found in the hands of a peasant to whom he had entrusted it. I read the letter, and advancing towards the General-in-Chief, I begged him to withdraw for a moment from the group of staff-officers which surrounded him. I then gave him the note. When he had read it, he said to me, 'You know its contents ; keep the secret.'

"We returned to Belbeys, where we found breakfast on table. Everybody was in good spirits, particularly the troops, who had retaken the spoil of the caravan from the Mamelukes. Then . . . all on a sudden, while breakfasting, the General-in-Chief said to his guests : 'It seems you like this country. That is lucky, for we have now no fleet to carry us back to Europe.' He then acquainted them with the particulars of the battle of the Nile, and they were listened to with much earnestness as the General related them. Everyone soon appeared reconciled to the event, and nobody talked any more about it."

Napoleon was the less concerned about the disaster, as he had no intention— notwithstanding what he wrote to Joseph about a country house in Burgundy—of returning to Europe. On the other hand, he was in need of reinforcements, and he was troubled at the difficulty in obtaining them. The 30,000 men he had brought to Egypt had been intended for conquest of the land, and to hold it. But the number was insufficient. They could not dream of return till their places were filled by others. Bonaparte, however, required them all, and reinforcements as well. His tried soldiers would be the kernel of his Army of the East, which, sooner or later, was to advance on India, or skirt the Eastern Mediterranean, and, passing through Asia Minor, fall on Turkey, and capture Constantinople.

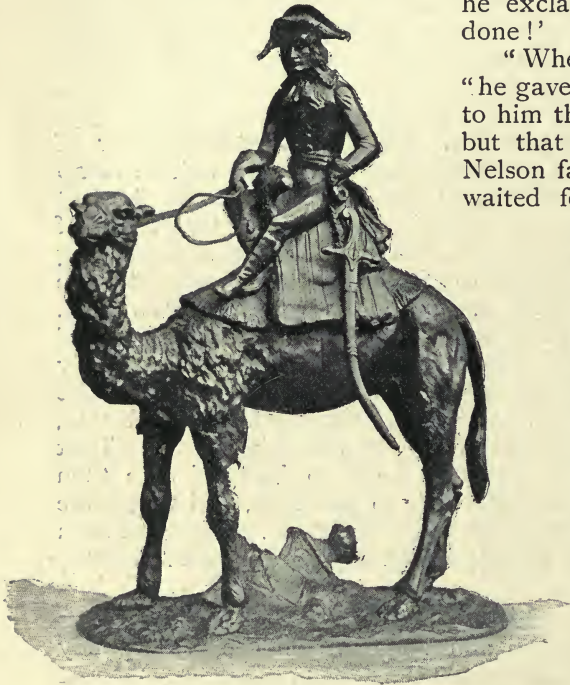
Egypt had not fulfilled his anticipations, and the soldiers were disgusted. "They thought," says Bourrienne, "of their country, of their relations, of their amours, of the opera." To dispel the mental *ennui* that took possession of every heart, Napoleon wrote for—"1st, a company of actors ; 2nd, a company of dancers ; 3rd, some dealers in marionettes, at least three or four ; 4th, a hundred Frenchwomen ; 5th, the wives of all the men employed in the corps."

With respect to the loss of the French fleet, he set to work at once to cast

all the blame of the disaster on Admiral Brueys,* who had been killed in the action, and could not make answer for himself.

As Bourrienne says, "Bonaparte had sent a bad squadron into the midst of the English fleets. It was a piece of good luck that he reached Egypt. His fleet was lost, which was an eventuality he should have foreseen as more than probable . . . but as it was essential that Bonaparte should experience no reverse of fortune, he said, 'If I had been listened to, the squadron would not have perished.' In the hearing of his officers, he exclaimed, 'Oh, Brueys, what have you done!'

"When alone with me," says Bourrienne, "he gave free vent to his emotion. I observed to him that the disaster was doubtless great; but that it would have been irreparable had Nelson fallen in with us at Malta, or had he waited for us four-and-twenty hours before Alexandria, or in the open sea. 'Any one of these events,' said I, 'which were not only possible, but probable, would have deprived us of every resource. We are blockaded here, but we have provisions and money. Let us wait patiently to see what the Directory will do for us.' 'The Directory!' exclaimed he angrily; 'the Directory is composed of a set of scoundrels! They envy and hate me, and would gladly let me perish here. Besides, you see how dissatisfied the whole army is; not a man is willing to stay.'"[†]



BRONZE STATUETTE OF BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.
In the possession of Prince Victor Bonaparte.

In Cairo Bonaparte pursued the same policy initiated at Alexandria, that of endeavouring to conciliate the Egyptians by the affectation

of being their liberator from the Mameluke yoke, and of being a champion of Mohammedanism. He had the banner of the Sultan hoisted alongside the tricolor; he pretended that he was acting in concert with the Commander of the Faithful; he united in the celebration of the birthday of the Prophet; and entered into discussion with the Imâms as to the mode of becoming a Mussulman.

That he really did contemplate becoming a Moslem is rendered probable, if we may trust Madame de Rémusat's report of a conversation held with him at Boulogne:—

"After all, circumstances might have induced me to turn Mussulman . . . but I would have reached the Euphrates first. A change of religion, inexcusable for the sake of private interests, becomes legitimate where immense

* In a long despatch to the Directory, 29th August, 1798.

† *Mémoires*, i. 147.

political results are involved. Henry IV. was right in saying, 'Paris is well worth a mass.' Do you think the Empire of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of the whole of Asia, were not worth a turban and loose trousers?"

He made great efforts to attach the sheikhs to him. He assembled them, and held out to them the anticipation of an Arab domination over Egypt, now that the power of the Mamelukes was broken. But at the same time, he assured the Pasha that he was labouring to bring the country under the effective rule of the Sultan. To give the sheikhs a proof of his good intentions, he constituted at Cairo a sort of municipal body, under the title of Divan, and ordered that similar divans should be formed in all the provinces; and that they should send their deputies to Cairo. His rule in the town was mild yet firm. The administration of justice was left to the Cadies.

Nevertheless, the people were not deceived, and throughout Egypt, wherever his troops went, they were resisted. The oppressed fellah, as well as the oppressing Mameluke, united against the common foe. The correspondence of Napoleon at this time contains page after page of letters and orders for the burning of villages, for summary executions, for the securing of hostages, for making severe examples. In Cairo alone, heads fell at the rate of from five to twenty-one a day.*

In Cairo, a revolt broke out on the 21st October, and lasted three days, and in it General Dupuy perished. It was repressed with a severity that savoured of Oriental ideas. Fifty Frenchmen had fallen in this outbreak. From 2,000 to 2,500 insurgents were massacred in revenge. Bonaparte wrote on the morrow to General Bon:—"Be so good as to order the commandant to cut the throats of all the prisoners taken with arms in their hands; they must be conveyed to-night to the bank of the Nile, and their headless trunks thrown into the river." To General Regnier, he wrote on the 27th:—"Every night we cut off thirty heads, and a good many of those of the chiefs. . . . Punish the Arab tribes that have revolted. The best way to chastise the revolted villages is to capture the Sheikh-el-Baled, and cut off his head." To General Lanusse, the



BONAPARTE AND THE PASHA OF CAIRO.
From a coloured engraving of the period.

* Letter to Menou, 30th July, 1798. "Les Turcs ne peuvent se conduire que par la plus grande sévérité; tous les jours je fais couper cinq ou six têtes dans les rues de Caire. Nous avons du ménager jusqu'à présent pour détruire cette réputation de fureur qui nous précédait; aujourd'hui, au contraire, il faut prendre le ton qui convient pour que les peuples obéissent; et obéir, pour eux, c'est craindre."

same day :—"Try and get hold of the chiefs, and cut their heads off." Among those executed were a good many women.

A large number of peasants in the neighbourhood of Cairo, who had taken part in the revolt, were decapitated; and one morning a string of donkeys, laden with sacks, and escorted by soldiers, halted in the middle of the great square. When a crowd was assembled, the sacks were opened, and the multitude saw, with horror and affright, the heads of the butchered fellaheen roll to the ground.

The following is from the Order of the Day, for December 8th, 1798 :—"When a village revolts, in order to punish it, the General in command of the district must seize on all the children between the ages of twelve and sixteen; a list of these must be sent to the General-in-Chief, who will give orders respecting their ulterior destination. When a village deserves to be burned, care should be taken to carry off all the children."

"Such," says Lanfrey, "was the reality of those brilliant dreams which fixed and dazzled the eyes of the world. If our security demanded such hecatombs, what are we to think of the enterprise which rendered them necessary? Which were nearest akin to the traditions of ancient barbarism—these poor fellahs, who allowed themselves to be butchered, in their effort to drive away the strangers, whom they held to be foes of their country and their faith; or this young ambitious man, who brought amidst them civilization under the forms of violence and deception, and who, to add one additional step to his pedestal, had led so many men to death or ruin?"*

The suppression of this revolt drew from Napoleon one of the remarkable proclamations, which show the manner in which he endeavoured to impress the Oriental mind by accommodating his phrases to its peculiar ideas.

"Sheikhs, Ulemas, Imâms! Teach the people that those who become my enemies, will have no refuge in this world, or the next. Is there anyone so blind as not to see that I am the Man of Destiny? Make the people understand, that from the beginning of time it was so ordained, that after I have destroyed the enemies of Islam, and triumphed over the Cross, I should come from the remote parts of the West to accomplish my predestined task. Explain to them that my coming was foretold in twenty passages of the Koran. I could demand a reckoning from each one of you, of the most secret thoughts of his soul, since to me everything is known, but the day will come when all shall know whence my commission is derived, and that human efforts cannot prevail against me."

But this was not a mere accommodation to Oriental hyperbole, an appeal to the terrors of the people, it was the expression of Napoleon's own conviction.

In a moment of ill-humour after the insurrection, Napoleon said to Kléber : "It is all over. Never will a European be able to give them laws for any time. I wish I were two thousand leagues off." But the discouragement was momentary; to his intimates he said, as he made preparations for advance into Syria, "It would be a curious spectacle indeed to see, eighteen hundred

* *Hist. de Napoléon*, i. 387.

years after Christ, a little citizen of Corsica become King of Egypt and Jerusalem." *

According to the author who records this, it was at this time only that Kléber's eyes were opened to the fact that Bonaparte's object in the Egyptian expedition was not the advantage of France, but his own advancement. He had used the excuse of injury to be done to England, in order to prevail upon the Directors to give him the army, and furnish him with the means for a campaign in the East, but, in his own mind, he aimed at nothing more nor less than the establishment for himself of an Oriental Empire.

* *Secret Memoirs*, 1815, p. 12.

XXVI

SYRIA

(FEBRUARY 11—OCTOBER 8, 1799)

THE project of an expedition to Syria had been in the mind of Napoleon before he left France, but it was then his purpose to enter Syria only in the event of the Sublime Porte declining to be hoodwinked into believing that the invasion of Egypt was undertaken in the interests of Turkey. Bonaparte did his utmost to disarm the suspicions of the Sultan; he entreated Talleyrand, the master of intrigue and deception, to undertake a mission to Constantinople, for the purpose of allaying his alarms and securing his co-operation.

Should this latter be obtained, then Napoleon resolved on forming a fleet in the Red Sea and attempting the conquest of India. In connection with this project, he entered into correspondence with the Shah of Persia, and with Tippoo Sahib. But Turkey was not so easily duped; it entered into alliance with Russia, captured Corfu, and collected two large armies, one in Rhodes, and the other at Acre, which were to unite and expel the French from the basin of the Nile. It was at the choice of Napoleon either to await the shock of this united host in Egypt, or to meet and annihilate them separately; and this latter was the alternative he chose. The Rhodes expedition was not ready to sail; he hoped to scatter that collecting under Djezzar Pasha, at Acre, after the leisurely fashion of Orientals, and by a rapid movement to defeat them in detail.

On February 10th, 1799, he wrote to the Directory:—

“I am having a corvette built at Suez, and I have a flotilla of five despatch boats cruising in the Red Sea. . . . Ibrahim Pasha and other Pashas threaten to invade Egypt. I start in an hour to meet them. We shall have to pass nine days in a desert, without grass or water. I have collected a sufficient number of camels, and hope we shall want for nothing. . . . In the operation I am undertaking I have three objects in view. 1st, to ensure the conquest of Egypt by constructing a strong fort beyond the desert, &c.; 2nd, to force the Porte to give explanations; 3rd, to deprive the English cruisers of the supplies they draw from Syria.

“I am accompanied in this expedition by the Mollah, who, after the Mufti of Constantinople, is the most revered man in the Mussulman Empire. . . . The Ramazan, which commenced yesterday, was celebrated by me with great pomp. I performed the same functions that the Pasha used to perform.”

On February 27th he wrote to Dessaix, whom he left in Egypt:—

“We have crossed seventy leagues of desert, which is exceedingly fatiguing; we had brackish water, and often none at all. We ate dogs, donkeys, and camels. There has been a horrible wind blowing for the last three days, and it is pouring with rain. The sky is overcast, and the climate resembles that of Paris.”

This was written from Gaza; but he had not reached this place without having first to take El-Arish. Here the Turkish garrison were allowed to depart in the direction of Damascus, after having sworn on the Koran not to bear arms against the French for a twelvemonth. Gaza fell without a struggle. It was found to contain large stores.

On the 4th March Bonaparte reached Jaffa. On the 7th it was taken by storm, and given up to all the horrors of a sack. During five hours the carnage continued. Not only were the soldiers in arms cut down, but those of the citizens as well who offered resistance to the plunder of their houses and the violation of their wives.

The garrison had consisted of 4000, composed mostly of Albanians and Arnauts. They retreated into a caravanserai, where they cried out that they were willing to surrender, on condition that their lives were spared. This Beauharnais and Croisier, Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, promised, whereupon the men surrendered.

Bourrienne says:—

“The aides-de-camp brought them to our camp in two divisions, one consisting of about 2500 men, and the other of about 1500. I was walking with General Bonaparte in front of his tent, when he beheld this mass of men approaching: and, before he even saw his aides-de-camp, he said to me, in a tone of profound sorrow, ‘What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them? ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why in the devil's name have they served me this trick?’

“After their arrival, and the explanations which the General-in-Chief demanded, and listened to with anger, Eugène (Beauharnais) and Croisier received the most severe reprimand for their conduct.*

“But the surrender was accomplished. Four thousand men were there. The two aides-de-camp observed that he had directed them to restrain the carnage. ‘Yes, doubtless,’ replied the General-in-Chief with great warmth, ‘as to women and children and old men—all the peaceable inhabitants; but not with respect to armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?’ These words were pronounced in the most angry tone.

“The prisoners were then ordered to sit down, and were placed, without any order, in front of the tents, their hands tied behind their backs. A sombre determination was depicted on their countenances. We gave them a little biscuit and bread, squeezed out of the already scanty supply for the army.”

* Croisier fell before Acre. He had passed his word to the unfortunate men that their lives should be spared, and they were nevertheless massacred. He deliberately exposed himself to death at Acre. As Bourrienne says, “Life had become insupportable to him since that affair at Jaffa.”

The question as to what was to be done was debated for three days, and then Napoleon issued the order to have all shot. "Faire fusiller, en prenant ses précautions de manière qu'il n'en échappe aucun." (9th March, 1799.)

"Many of the unfortunate creatures composing the smaller division, which was fired on close to the sea-coast, at some distance from the other column, succeeded in swimming to some reefs of rocks out of reach of musket-shot. The soldiers rested their muskets on the sand, and, to induce the prisoners to return, employed the Egyptian signs of reconciliation in use in the country. They came back; but as they advanced they were killed, and disappeared among the waves.

"I confine myself to those details of this act of dreadful necessity of which I was an eye-witness. Others who, like myself, saw it, have fortunately spared me the recital of the sanguinary result. This atrocious scene, when I think of it, still makes me shudder, as it did on the day I beheld it; and I would wish it were possible for me to forget it, rather than be compelled to describe it. All the horrors imagination can conceive, relative to that day of blood, would fall short of the reality.

"I have related the truth, the whole truth. I was present at *all* the discussions, *all* the conferences, *all* the deliberations. I had not, as may be supposed, a deliberative voice; but I am bound to declare that the situation of the army, the scarcity of food, our small numerical strength, in the midst of a country where every individual was an enemy, would have induced me to vote in the affirmative of the proposition which was carried into effect, if I had had a vote to give. It was necessary to be on the spot in order to understand the horrible necessity which existed."*

Napoleon justified his order afterwards at S. Helena. He then pretended that the number put to death was not so great, and that several of them were men who had been in El-Arish, and had broken their *parole*. But no such statement appears in his orders at the time, and it is clearly an afterthought. A second excuse he then alleged was that he sent a flag of truce into the town before it was attacked, and that the head of the bearer was struck off. This was true; but though it might justify, and would justify, the execution of the commanding officer, it would not that of the entire garrison. A much better plea was the necessity of the case. The French army was short of food, although in Gaza provisions seem to have been obtained; but Bourrienne may be safely relied on when he assures us that food was scarce. Again, the French army was too small to be able to spare sufficient men to guard the prisoners, and they had no vessels in which to send them to Egypt or France. And yet, it may be asked, what harm could 3000 unarmed foreigners have done to Napoleon, if turned loose in the desert? Under the circumstances, Napoleon would possibly have been justified, had not the word of honour been passed assuring them their lives. The war was unjust; and one wrong always carries others in its womb.

The war was not being carried on with humanity, notwithstanding Napoleon's profession of clemency, and of having come to be the emancipator of the people. To Murat he wrote on the 11th January, 1799, "Kill all the

* BOURRIENNE, i. 177.

men you cannot take as prisoners." On the 20th, to Berthier, with directions for Murat how to deal with a hostile body of Arabs: "Carry off their camels, women, children, old men, convey them to Cairo, and kill every one whom you cannot take." No exception from this indiscriminate slaughter was to be made for women and children.

With the curious disregard of truth—one may go further, incapacity for speaking the truth at any time—that characterised Napoleon, on the same day he wrote to Djézzar Pasha, that he had "treated those of his troops which had trusted to his mercy" with great "generosity." "In a few days I shall march upon S. Jean d'Acre. Since God has given me the victory, I wish to follow His example, and to be clement and merciful, not only towards the common people, but towards the great."

Napoleon now marched on S. Jean d'Acre, and laid siege to it on the 19th March. He hoped, in spite of the strong fortifications of the place, and its excellent roads, to be able to take it in a few days, as he had El-Arish and Gaza. But he was vastly mistaken. Djézzar Pasha's guns were served partly by French engineer officers—among them an old school comrade of Bonaparte—and partly by English naval officers and sailors. Captain Sir Sidney Smith had landed the latter.

The English naval officer brought two ships of the line close inshore, to harass the besiegers with their fire. Sidney Smith was fully alive to the importance of Acre as the key to Asia Minor, and he used his utmost endeavours to stimulate Djézzar to resistance. But the massacre at Jaffa had taken from the Mussulman defenders every thought of surrender. Moreover, the English captain had happily intercepted the French transport which was conveying the siege train. Consequently, when the French army arrived before the fortifications, it was reduced to battering the walls with field-pieces, and obliged to use the cannon-balls discharged against them by the enemy.

The garrison was further encouraged by the news that an army of 25,000 men, under Abdallah Pasha, was marching to their aid from Damascus. But Bonaparte also knew of this, sent a detachment against it, and completely routed it in the battle of Mount Tabor.

After spending sixty days before the place, making seven or eight assaults, and losing 3000 men, Bonaparte, baffled, was forced to retire. A more terrible enemy than the contingent from Damascus had come to the aid of the besieged. The French army had brought with it the seeds of the plague, which now began to ravage the investing army.

On the 17th May, retreat was decided on. Rage and disappointment were in Napoleon's heart. This little heap of stones, as he called Acre, had marred his destiny. As he said to Las Cases, at S. Helena :—

"Once possessed of Acre, the army would have gone to Damascus and the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Armenians would have joined us. The provinces of the Ottoman Empire which speak Arabic were ready for a change, and were only waiting for a war. . . . With 100,000 men on the banks of the Euphrates, I might have gone to Constantinople or to

India; I might have changed the face of the world. I should have founded an Empire in the East, and the destinies of France would have run a different course."

"A grain of sand," he was wont to say bitterly, "had upset all his projects."

"At Saint Jean d'Acrc," said he to his brother Lucien, "I missed my destiny." And to Madame de Rémusat he said, "The seductions of Oriental conquest turned me away from the thoughts of Europe more than I could have believed possible. But my imagination died at Saint Jean d'Acrc."

Bourrienne tells us how Napoleon had formed gigantic plans, which, walking every evening in the open, he confided to his secretary.

"Bourrienne," said he on the 9th May, "I see that this wretched place has cost me a number of men, and wasted much time. But things are too far advanced for me not to make a last effort. If I succeed, as I expect, I shall find in the town the Pasha's treasures, and arms for 30,000 men. I will stir up and arm the people of Syria. I shall march upon Damascus and Aleppo. On advancing into the country, the discontented will fly to my standard, and swell my army. I will announce to the people the abolition of servitude, and of the tyrannical government of the Pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with large masses of soldiers. I shall overturn the Turkish Empire, and found in the East a new and grand Empire, which will fix my place in the records of posterity. Perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople, or by Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria."

Bourrienne adds:—"As soon as I returned to my tent, I committed to paper this conversation, which was then quite fresh in my memory, and I may venture to say that every word I put down is correct."

Napoleon had always disliked the English, but we may attribute to this date the implacable, the ravening hatred of the British which took possession of his heart. For it was emphatically England which had stood in his way, and prevented him from accomplishing that object on which his mind had been set from boyhood.

The condition of affairs in his army now left him no alternative but to abandon the siege and withdraw.

On the 17th May, retreat was decided on, and a long train of the wounded and sick took the lead for Jaffa, on the way to Lower Egypt.

Bitter though the disappointment was to Bonaparte, humiliating to his pride, yet he was not the man to acknowledge the check he had received. In his bulletins, in his reports to the Directory, in his letters to the generals left in Egypt, even in his proclamation to the discomfited and retreating troops, he assumed the tone of a victor.

To the Directory he wrote:—"The season is too far advanced; the end I had in view has been accomplished (!!). My presence is required in Egypt. I placed a battery of twenty-four guns so as to destroy the palace of Djezzar, and the principal monuments in the town. . . . Having reduced Acre to a heap of stones, I shall recross the desert, so as to be ready to receive any Turkish or European army which may attempt to land. . . . Since crossing the desert I have lost 500 men killed, and 1000 wounded. The enemy has lost 15,000."

It is hardly necessary to say that this despatch contains a string of falsehoods.

To the troops he announced:—"A few days more and you would have captured the Pasha in the very middle of his palace; but at this season, the capture of Acre would not be worth the loss of some days, besides, the gallant fellows who would have perished are wanted for more essential operations."

General Dommartin was ordered to throw some of his guns into the sea at dead of night. Junot was ordered to burn all the mills on the river Jordan, and to sell or destroy all the corn.

To the Divan at Cairo he announced that he had levelled the palace of Djezzar with the dust; that the Pasha was grievously wounded; that the inhabitants of the town had fled to the ships; and so on.

Bourrienne, his secretary, admits that he blushed to have to write such falsehoods, and ventured to remonstrate with Napoleon, who answered him, "My dear fellow, you are a simpleton; you do not understand business."

The treatment of the country through which the army retreated was only justifiable on the supposition that pursuit was likely. The miseries inflicted on the country and on the troops are graphically described by Bourrienne.

"A most intolerable thirst, the total want of water, an excessive heat, and a fatiguing march over burning sandhills quite disheartened the men, and made every generous sentiment give way to feelings of the grossest selfishness and most shocking indifference. I saw officers, with their limbs amputated, thrown off litters, whose removal in that way had been ordered, and who had themselves given money to recompense the bearers. I saw the amputated, the wounded, the infected—or those only suspected of infection—deserted and left to themselves. The march was illumined by torches, employed for setting fire to the little towns, villages, and hamlets which lay in the route, and the rich crops with which the land was then covered. The whole country was in a blaze. Those who were ordered to preside at this work of destruction seemed eager to spread desolation on every side, as if they could thereby avenge themselves for their reverses, and find in such dreadful havoc an alleviation of their sufferings. We were constantly surrounded by plunderers, incendiaries, and the dying, who, stretched on the sides of the road, implored assistance in a feeble voice, saying, 'I am not infected, I am only wounded'; and to convince those whom they addressed, they reopened their old wounds, or inflicted on themselves fresh ones. Still nobody attended to them. The sun, which shone in an unclouded sky in all its brightness, was often darkened by our conflagrations. On our right lay the sea; on our left, and behind us, the desert made by ourselves; before were the privations and sufferings which awaited us. Such was our true position."

Tentoura was reached on the 20th May. The condition of affairs was so bad, the number of sick so great, that Bonaparte gave orders that all the horses and mules should be given up to the wounded and the sick. "Scarcely had I returned" (from giving this order), says Bourrienne, "when Vigogne, the General-in-Chief's groom, entered, and, raising his hand to his cap, said, 'General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?'"

In the state of excitement in which Bonaparte was, this question irritated

him so violently that, raising his whip, he gave the man a severe blow on the head (Lavallette says across the body), saying in a terrible voice, "Everyone must go on foot, you rascal—I the first! Do you not know the order? Be off." At this place the remains of the heavy artillery were lost in the sands. Jaffa was entered on the 24th of May, and there the dispirited army rested till the 28th.

The fortifications were blown up, and then it was deliberated what was to be done with the sick, above all, those infected with the plague. Two stories are told relative to the hospital at Jaffa; one by those who have laboured in the canonization of Napoleon, the other, by his detractors. It will be well to take the latter first.

On the arrangements being settled for departure from Jaffa, provision was made for the removal of the wounded. But it was doubtful what should be done with those stricken with the plague. Recovery from this frightful malady was almost impossible. A few hours, and death relieved the sufferers. More-



SABRE WORN BY BONAPARTE DURING THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.

From the collection of Prince Victor.

over, contact with the plague-patients was believed almost certainly to convey infection. For this reason, no one cared to touch the latter; and when the horses were surrendered to the sick, the officers stipulated that none sick of this disorder should be placed on their saddles. The story goes that Napoleon ordered all the plague-patients to be given opium, to hasten their death. This has been regarded as a monstrous crime, and the number of those thus poisoned has been exaggerated. Now the facts seem to have been these. Under the circumstances, knowing that the Turks were in pursuit, the suggestion of opium being administered was raised.

Bourrienne says that near Mount Carmel, three soldiers, who had been left behind, sick of the plague, in a convent, had been put to death, with savage inhumanity, by the Turks. It was therefore certain that those abandoned in the hospital would be similarly treated. The Turks, the natives, were maddened to fury by the destruction wrought on the towns and harvests. No mercy was to be expected from them. It would therefore have been not only justifiable, but a real mercy, to accelerate by opium the death of the patients. But a difficulty presented itself. The apothecary appointed to bring stores of drugs with the army, instead of doing so, had laden his camels with goods—dainties, which he designed selling to the soldiers and officers, and thereby reaping to himself a

large profit. Consequently, there was not opium for the purpose to be had, and the purpose of administering it was frustrated. However, the very fact of the mooting of this project sufficed to set the story rolling, and to convert the suggestion into an accomplished fact. According to the account circulated in Europe, 500 sick soldiers were removed by opium. Actually there were not so many plague-patients in hospital, though there were certainly more than Napoleon pretended at S. Helena, when he said that there were only seven. What is certain is that when Sir Sidney Smith arrived, after the evacuation of Jaffa, he found some of the sick of the plague still alive. We may fairly conclude that, had Napoleon ordered the administration of opium, he would have been justified in so doing, but that actually no such order was given.

The other story is to this effect. It is due to Savary (Duc de Rovigo), who, it must be remembered, was not in the Syrian campaign, but was at the time aide-de-camp to Dessaix in Egypt, and his account is due either to hearsay or to imagination.

He says, "The hospital contained many soldiers who were in a state bordering upon madness, much more owing to the terror which the malady inspired than to the intensity of the pain. General Bonaparte determined to restore them to their proper energy. He paid them a visit, reproached them for giving way to dejection, and yielding to chimerical fears; and in order to convince them, by the most obvious proof, that their apprehensions were groundless, he desired that the bleeding tumour of one of the soldiers should be uncovered before him, and pressed it with his own hand. This act of heroism restored confidence to the sick, who no longer thought their case desperate. Each recruited his remaining strength, and prepared to quit a place which, but a moment before, he had expected never to leave. A grenadier, upon whom the plague had made greater ravages, could hardly raise himself in bed. The General, perceiving this, addressed him in a few encouraging words. 'You are right, General,' replied the warrior, 'your grenadiers are not made to die in a hospital.' Affected at the courage displayed by these unfortunate men, who were exhausted by uneasiness of mind no less than by the complaint, General Bonaparte would not quit them until he saw them all placed upon camels, and other means of transport at the disposal of the army."

Then follows the story of the order for all to surrender their horses, and of his groom, against whom, according to Savary, he merely "dashed a threatening look."

Now the writer's narrative cannot be trusted. In the first place, he was not present. In the next, he is quite wrong in saying that all the plague-patients were removed; they were left in the lazaretto, and there found by Sir Sidney Smith dead and lingering. And, thirdly, the order for the horses to be employed was given on the way between Acre and Jaffa. From Jaffa the wounded were despatched in ships, or carried in litters with the army. But what tells still more heavily against Savary's story is that it is uncorroborated by Lavallette, who was aide-de-camp with Bonaparte at the time, and is contradicted by the account of Bourrienne, an eye-witness of the whole transaction.

Lavallette does not say that Bonaparte went into the hospital at all. He was himself sent by the General-in-Chief to visit this lazaretto, and report on the condition of the men there :—

“I found five or six soldiers lying beneath the trees ; when they saw me, they cried out, ‘ Pray, commander, take us with you. We are still able to bear the march.’ But all symptoms of the plague were already evident. Not one of them could rise, and I was obliged to leave them, for no soldier would have lent them his aid. I went and made my report to General Bonaparte, who was walking on the sea-shore. He listened to me without stopping ; and then we came on a young cavalry soldier, who also asked to be taken with us, and who succeeded in rising from the ground. The General, touched with compassion, ordered one of his guides to give his horse to the sick man. But neither the authority of the General, nor the fear of punishment, was sufficient to enforce obedience. . . . As for the poor soldiers I mentioned, it is to be hoped that they died in the course of the night, so as to have escaped the cruel death the Arabs prepared for all who fell into their hands.”

Bourrienne’s account is this : “Bonaparte walked quickly through the rooms, tapping the yellow top of his boot with a whip he held in his hand. As he passed along with hasty steps, he repeated these words : ‘ The fortifications are destroyed. Fortune was against me at S. Jean d’Acre. I must return to Egypt to preserve it from the enemy, who will soon be there. In a few hours the Turks will be here. Let those who have strength enough rise, and come along with us. They shall be carried on litters and horses.’ ”

There were scarcely sixty cases of plague in the hospital ; and accounts giving a greater number are exaggerated. The perfect silence, complete dejection, and general stupor of the patients announced their approaching end. To carry them away in the state in which they were, would evidently have been the inoculation of the rest of the army with the plague.

The army continued its retreat, burdened with 1800 sick, borne in litters. In the official account written by Berthier, at the dictation of the Commander-in-Chief, it is stated : “The *wounded* were removed by sea and by land.” Bourrienne repudiates the story as told by Savary. It may be remarked that not a word is said in the official record about the infected, not a word of the visit to the hospital, or the touching of the plague-patients with impunity. In no official report is anything said about the matter. Why this silence ? Bonaparte was not the man to conceal a fact which would have afforded him so excellent and so allowable a text for talking about his fortune. The story, accordingly, of Bonaparte in the hospital encouraging the soldiers, touching their sores, as told by Savary, is as purely mythical as that of his having poisoned five hundred patients with opium. Nevertheless, it has proved a favourite subject for artists.

The little army arrived at Cairo on the 14th June, after a harassing march of twenty-five days. “Bonaparte preceded his entry into the capital of Egypt, by one of those lying bulletins which only imposed on fools” (Bourrienne). He entered it in triumph, making great display of prisoners taken, and of standards captured. Having heard that the Turks had concluded an alliance with

the Russians, he issued the following proclamation, to the Divan at Cairo, on the 21st July:—

“There is no other God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet.

“To the Divan of Cairo. . . . May the grace of the Prophet be on you!

“I write to inform you that . . . eighty vessels have presented themselves before Alexandria, but having been warmly received have anchored at Aboukir, and are disembarking troops. My intention is, when they are all disembarked, to attack them, to kill all who refuse to surrender, and to grant the rest life in order to bring them here as prisoners, which will be a fine sight for Cairo.

“Those who brought this fleet here hoped to join the Arabs and Mamelukes in pillaging and devastating Egypt. There are on board this fleet Russians who hold in horror those who believe in the unity of God, because, according to their lies, they believe in three gods. But they will soon perceive that the number of gods does not constitute force, and that there is only one, the Father of Victory, clement and merciful, always fighting for the good, and confounding the machinations of the wicked; and He, in His wisdom, decided that I should come to Egypt to change the state of affairs, and to substitute a *régime* of order and justice for one of devastation. In thus acting, He gives a proof of His omnipotence, for what those who believe in the Trinity were never able to accomplish, that we have done, who believe that a single God governs the world.”

There would be something ludicrous, if it were not revolting, in the manner in which Napoleon posed as a good Mussulman in Egypt, and yet hoped, in Syria, to rally around him all Christians against the crescent. Not less disagreeable is it to compare the laudation of his clemency with his actual conduct in murdering, burning, carrying away children, and indiscriminate plundering.

It was a fact that the Turkish army that had been collected at Rhodes had disembarked at Aboukir. Napoleon now hastened to meet it, and with his usual ability, by a determined onslaught, utterly crushed and annihilated the host of 18,000 men who had landed; 10,000 perished by shot, bayonet, and in the sea, into which they threw themselves in the hopes of reaching their ships.

Satisfactory as was this result, it was doubly so in that it was obtained at Aboukir, and Bonaparte might flatter himself that by his success there, he had wiped out the stain of the destruction of the French fleet by Nelson.

Napoleon had now at last received news of what had taken place in Europe. For months nearly all communication had been cut off between France and the Army of Egypt, by the activity of the English cruisers. But in the interim stormy events had occurred:

England had managed to form a second coalition, into which all the powers, with the exception of Spain and Portugal, had entered. Austria had her past humiliation to retrieve, Germany desired to recover the Rhenish German-speaking provinces. Russia, as well, had entered into the alliance, and promised to send 60,000 men to act with the Austrians. The invasion of Rome and Switzerland had excited widespread indignation. The Ionian Islands had been snatched from France. In March, 1799, Jourdan was defeated and driven over the Rhine by the Archduke Charles; and the Austrian generals, Bellegarde and Hotze, had thrown the French across the S. Gothard, and poured

into Switzerland. Schérer, in Upper Italy, had been forced to retreat behind the Mincio; he was replaced by Moreau, who was also defeated. In the Cisalpine Republic the people had risen in insurrection against the French. Suwarrow invested Mantua, took Brescia and Peschiera, and entered Milan. In June, Macdonald was defeated in the stubbornly-fought battle of Trebia, with a loss of 12,000 men. In August, Joubert, who had succeeded Moreau and Macdonald, was beaten on the field of Novi by Suwarrow, and was himself slain.

In Holland, Sir Ralph Abercromby had captured the Dutch fleet.



FRANCE RECALLING BONAPARTE FROM EGYPT.

After Appiani.

Masséna held his own in Switzerland. The conscription had been raised throughout France. A driblet only of news had come to Napoleon from France; now the worst tidings were fully confirmed. He hesitated not a moment. His presence in France could alone enable him to secure his supremacy, and the present was the suitable moment, when the arms of the Republic were meeting with disaster, and he was wearing the fresh laurels won at Aboukir. He trusted, moreover, by his presence, and with his address, to be able to dispel any unfavourable rumours that might circulate relative to the reverses in Syria.

With his usual dissimulation, he gave out that he was going on an expedition to examine the Delta of the Nile, while he was making secret preparations for crossing to France. To Kléber was committed the command of the remainder of the Army of Egypt. No more glory was to be gained there. It

would be hard, without fresh troops and supplies, to hold the ground already won. He authorised Kléber to treat with the Porte for the evacuation, "should he lose fifteen hundred men with plague."

Kléber was most indignant. "I am ignorant," he said to him, "what projects you meditate, but you are not calm as usual. I do not seek to penetrate your design. I must, however, flatter myself that it is not your intention to abandon the remnant of an army which you alone have brought hither."

"One would suppose, according to what you say," replied Bonaparte, "that I was the sole author of this expedition; you do more, you seem to lay to my charge the misfortunes that have befallen our army."

"I know you too well not to believe that you are the author of the project," replied Kléber, "and I am too sincere not to avow my opinion. As to accusing you alone, I do not forget that the Directory was to blame in having, with so much facility, furnished you with the means of carrying it into execution."

The General-in-Chief quitted him, purple with anger.*

From Alexandria, on the 22nd August, he wrote to Kléber: "The General Kléber is ordered to assume the command-in-chief of the Army of the East, the Government having summoned me home"—an untruth. In a proclamation to the Divan, at Cairo, he announced his departure "to place himself at the head of his squadron," and promised to be back in two or three months.

In a couple of Venetian frigates he departed along with his staff—Lannes, Murat, Berthier, Marmont, Andréossy, Duroc, Bessières, Lavallette—men on whom he could implicitly rely for assistance in that which he meditated. It was high time for him to return to France, and upset the Directory, before France had come to know how great had been his failure in Egypt.

Napoleon arrived at Fréjus on October the 8th, after having interrupted his voyage for a few days at Ajaccio.

In concluding this chapter, it may be suitable to say a few words relative to the feeling of Bonaparte towards human misery, and the shedding of blood.

Cruel he never was, but callous. In dealing with men, or peoples *en masse*, he showed indifference to the suffering he caused, and the lives he sacrificed. But when brought face to face with individuals in anguish and menaced with death, he was amenable to lively sentiments of pity. I have seen persons who could look on with hardly any sensation of horror at a shipwreck, when they were on a cliff, and those perishing were visible only as specks; yet these same would be in the utmost agitation and qualms of compassion when a poodle was drowning. It was something like this with Napoleon. His humanity depended on the point of view from which he contemplated the event. In Egypt, in Syria, lives were sacrificed with the utmost disregard, and devastation was carried on with wantonness. Yet he was capable of doing kind things, and of interference to save lives. When he reached Toulon, on his way to Egypt, he heard that the law for the execution of returned *émigrés* was being enforced with rigour; and that recently an old man, upwards of eighty, had been shot. Indignant at this

* *Secret Memoirs*, p. 13.

barbarity, he dictated the following letter to the Commissioners who were there directing these executions :—

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

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

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

“ I therefore exhort you, citizens, whenever the law brings to your tribunals women and old men, to declare that in the field of battle you have respected the women and old men of your enemies. The officer who signs a sentence against a person incapable of bearing arms is a coward.”

Nevertheless, but a few months later we find him treating the Egyptian villagers, who were suspected of being in revolt, with like barbarity; executing old and young, carrying off children, and having the heads of women struck off as well as those of men.

One day, when a boy of fourteen, some one was making a panegyric upon the Vicomte de Turenne, when the young Corsican was present. A lady in company observed, “ Yes, he may have been a great man; but I should have admired him more if he had not laid the Palatinate waste with fire and sword.”

“ What did that matter,” answered Bonaparte eagerly, “ if it was necessary to his glory? ”*

This answer, at an early age, gives us the clue to his feelings in the matter of humanity. He could be pitiful and merciful, where his own interests were not concerned. He could condemn in others what he allowed himself. The standard by which all was judged, as admirable or not, was a selfish one. Everything was justified which concerned the carrying out of that which he willed.

* *Secret Memoirs of N. B.*, 1815.

XXVII

THE 18TH BRUMAIRE

(OCTOBER 16—NOVEMBER 10, 1799)

MADAME JUNOT, in her *Memoirs*, gives us a graphic picture of the reception in the Permon family of the news of the landing of Napoleon:—

“On the evening of the 9th October my mother had a few friends with her. We were all seated at a large round table playing at *loto-dauphin*, a game of which my mother was very fond. Suddenly a cabriolet drove up to the door, a young gentleman jumped out of it, and in a minute was at the top of the staircase. It was my brother Albert.

“‘Guess what news I bring?’ said he. As we were all in high spirits, and his countenance bespoke him to be so too, all sorts of absurd guesses were made, at which Albert repeatedly shook his head. ‘Nonsense!’ said my mother, taking up the bag containing the little balls. ‘If there were a change in the Government of the Republic you could not make it a matter of greater importance.’ ‘Well, mother,’ replied Albert seriously, ‘what you say now in jest may possibly be realised. Bonaparte is in France!’

“When my brother uttered these last words the whole party seemed struck motionless, as if by a magic wand. My mother, who had just drawn a ball out of the bag, held her little hand raised in the air, and, the bag having fallen down, the balls were rolling about the carpet in every direction, without exciting the notice of anybody. Everyone sat as if petrified.”

It was the same with the Directory. They let fall the orb of government. All France held its breath, conscious that a moment of complete change, an epoch in the destiny of France, was heralded by the landing of Napoleon at Fréjus.

Bonaparte at once sent a courier to announce his having set foot on French soil, and his approaching entry into Paris. Then, lest an attempt should be made to stay him, he altered his indicated course, and came by a way unexpected.

Paris was swarming with plots and conspiracies. France was in revolt against the Directory, impatient at the endless revolutions—eight in seven years; and it cried out for another, which might give rest to a wearied land.

The elections of May, 1799, had been against the Government. With almost one voice, France had imputed the disasters of the preceding year to the mismanagement of the Directory. They had banished the only great

General they had, because jealous of him, in the hopes that the desert or the plague would relieve them of him for ever.

The Councils of Five Hundred and of the Ancients found, to their delight, that their silent opposition was now so strengthened by the accession of such a majority as enabled them to act and to speak; but they were in no degree in favour of a military *coup d'état*.

The first step taken by the Opposition was to replace Rewbell by Siéyès; Treilhard, Merlin, and Laréveillère-Lepeaux by Gohier, Moulin, and Roger-Ducos, men of no ability, but of some integrity. Bernadotte was appointed Minister of War.

Meanwhile the Jacobins had raised their head, and looked for a return to the principles of Robespierre. They formed themselves into a club, which met at the Manège. They could reckon on two generals, Jourdan and Augereau. The Moderates leaned on Bernadotte and Moreau. Siéyès and Barras had founded great hopes on Joubert, and had sent him into Italy, to acquire there the necessary amount of laurels, but he had fallen at Novi.

When Siéyès heard of the landing of Napoleon, he threatened to have him shot as a deserter; but he stood alone. The Directory was itself a prey to party feeling.

Barras—who, in the crust of general mediocrity which had formed over the simmering pot, had maintained some sort of supremacy—had now forfeited the last remnants of respect.

Gohier was a dull, honest man, and Moulin a general without influence over the soldiers.

Siéyès, with a new Constitution in his pocket, was impatient to upset that of the year III., that he might air his plan of political organization.

Such was the condition of affairs in Paris when the news arrived that Napoleon had landed at Fréjus.

The Directory was aghast. They consulted, quarrelled, and parted.

Napoleon's journey through France was one long triumphal progress.

“All along the road,” says Bourrienne, “at Aix, at Lyons, in every town and village, he was received as at Fréjus, with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy. Only those who witnessed his triumphal journey can form any notion of it; and it required no great discernment to foresee something like the 18th Brumaire.

“The provinces, a prey to anarchy and civil war, were continually threatened with foreign invasion. Almost all the south presented the melancholy spectacle of one vast arena of conflicting factions. The nation groaned beneath the yoke of tyrannical laws; despotism was systematically established; the law of hostages struck a blow at personal liberty, and forced loans menaced every man's property. The generality of citizens had declared themselves against a plutarchy devoid of power, justice, and morality, and which had become the sport of faction. Disorder was general; but in the provinces abuses were felt more sensibly than elsewhere. In great cities it was found easier to elude the hand of despotism and oppression.

“A change so earnestly desired could not fail to be realised, and to be received with transport. The majority of the French people longed to be relieved from

the situation in which they stood. There were two dangers to cope with— anarchy and the Bourbons. Everyone felt the urgent and indispensable necessity of concentrating the power of the Government in a single hand ; at the same time maintaining those institutions which the spirit of the age demanded, and which had been so dearly purchased, and which France seemed now about to lose. The country looked for a man who was capable of restoring her to tranquillity ; but as yet no such man had appeared."

Siéyès, who saw that it was absolutely impossible to avoid another Revolution, and was anxious to preserve France from again falling into the hands of the Jacobins, and equally desirous of delivering it from the Bourbons, applied to Bernadotte and to General Marbot to aid him, but met with no satisfactory response, whereupon Marbot was relieved of the command of the 17th Division in Paris, and ordered to depart for Italy.

I may be allowed here to repeat what has already been said relative to the weariness with which France regarded the Republic, and the desire she entertained for a firm and respectable Government. France was indifferent as to its form, so long as it guaranteed to the country those real advantages won by the Revolution. Taken all in all, the people were reluctant to have the Bourbons back. The King had just issued the articles of

the programme he proposed realising on his return to power, and they were such as no Frenchmen, except fools, would desire carried out. He claimed to restore the royal prerogative in all its ancient and offensive supremacy, and promised on no account to sanction the sale of the national estates. Now tens of thousands of peasants were interested in this question. They had become possessed of the confiscated estates of the Church and of the Nobility ; and they had acquired independence which they were unwilling to exchange for vassalage.



THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.
From a composition of Dubroca.

The crowd of officials everywhere had an interest as well in the permanence of the Republic, for with the restoration of the Royal family, there would come an influx of *émigrés*, all demanding to be put into office, and to make room for them the Republican holders would be thrust out. The army to a man was against the Bourbons. It was purged of its noblemen in command, its officers had risen from the ranks, or had gained the confidence of the military by having led them to victory, furnished them with plunder, or shared in their reverses and privations. The clergy and all who were led by them were divided into two camps. The Sermentés had organised a National Church, with its rearranged dioceses, governed by bishops who had remained in France, or others consecrated by them in place of such as had run away. On the other hand were the Insermentés, backed by the Pope, who abhorred and anathematised the newly-formed National Church.

Bourrienne goes on to say, "Among the schemes which Bonaparte was incessantly revolving in his mind, may undoubtedly be ranked the project of attaining the head of the French Government; but it would be a mistake to suppose that, on his return from Egypt, he had formed any fixed plan. There was always something vague in his ambitious aspirations; and he was, if I may so express myself, fond of building castles in the air. The current of events was in accordance with his wishes, and it may truly be said that the whole French nation smoothed the way for Bonaparte that led to power. Certainly the unanimous plaudits and universal joy which accompanied him along a journey of more than two hundred leagues, must have induced him to regard as a national mission that step which was at first prompted merely by his wish of meddling with the affairs of the Republic.

"The spontaneous burst of popular feeling, unordered and unpaid for, loudly proclaimed the grievances of the people, and their hope that the man of victory would become their deliverer. The general enthusiasm excited by the return of the conqueror of Egypt delighted him to a degree which I cannot express, and was, as he has often assured me, a powerful stimulus in urging him to the object to which the wishes of France seemed to direct him."

There was absolutely no other man to put his hand to the helm, and avert complete shipwreck. If Napoleon felt, as he did, that all France cried out to him to come to its assistance, just as all England cried out for William of Orange to relieve it of the cruel and incompetent James, it would have been criminal in him to have shrunk back and refused the mission offered him. If blame attached to Bonaparte, it is not for having accepted the power opportunity offered him, but for the use he made of it to smother the popular voice, and hamper popular representation.

A Republic has been found hitherto inevitably to throw up a rank crop of mediocre men; it grows them as weeds, it smothers genius; and Napoleon, indeed all France, saw that the country was governed only by vulgar minds, bent on plundering the public, and careless for the general interest. The real power was in the hands of the army, which had determined two *coups d'état* already. Bonaparte may have said to himself that it were well to acknowledge this frankly, and so avoid the petty jealousies and intrigues which made the civil governors seek to relieve themselves of every general who was other than

mediocre, and dread every military success lest it should invest a successful general with popularity, and inspire him with ambition. Yet France was at this time in no immediate danger from invasion; and the Revolution was righting itself by degrees. The army had already twice been used with wholesome effect in checking too swift a reaction. Napoleon, returning under false pretences of foreign conquest, took a base advantage of the weakness which preceded the birth of a new *régime*.

On reaching Paris, Bonaparte entered into relations with all parties. With the Directory he had but to adopt his favourite military tactic of driving a wedge into the midst, and then falling on each portion separately. The Jacobins inspired him with most distrust. He had posed as one of them—been the friend of the younger Robespierre; he therefore enjoyed a certain prestige among them. His brother Lucien had been a fiery and noisy orator in their clubs, and he had been left by Napoleon in Paris, to maintain relations with them. Lucien had been elected President of the Council of the Five Hundred, in compliment to his name rather than to his abilities. Napoleon was very desirous to disarm the suspicions of the club of the Manège, and inspire confidence in him among men who, he was well aware, would scruple at nothing. He never shook himself free of dread of the Jacobins, whom he knew so well. Later, he gave an instance of this, by appointing one to office who had figured at the tribune frequently. The arch-treasurer remonstrated. "I know that what you say is true," answered Bonaparte. "The man is a savage beast, but this dignity shall be his gag. When the wolf has his throat stuffed, he can no longer bite."

He also entered into correspondence with the Royalists, and dangled illusive hopes before their eyes, so as to obtain their neutrality, if not their adhesion. He was careful not to write these letters himself, nor to sign them.

He entered at once into conference with the generals who were in Paris. Moreau hesitated. Napoleon presented him with a splendid sword, and induced him to shut his eyes to what passed before him. Bernadotte was not to be won. He offered his sword to the Directory, but the Directory were in bewilderment. Napoleon was already in the midst of them, thrusting them apart. To Gohier he addressed himself, and warned him against Siéyès, who he said was meditating treason, scheming to invite a Brunswick prince to take the control of affairs. He treated Siéyès with marked insolence,* so as to deceive Gohier, and entered into league with the former against Gohier. Barras he had won through his terrors. At last he wrung from all the Directors, but two, a resignation of their office; then snatched a decree from the Council of the Ancients that the session of the two councils should be transferred, for the morrow, to S. Cloud, and that the command of the division of the army stationed in Paris, of the National Guard, and of the Guard of the Legislative body should be conferred on himself. The plea offered for

* It is said by Marbot that Siéyès had written to Napoleon in Egypt to advise him to return and effect a *coup d'état*.

these extraordinary decrees was that a revolution was imminent, and the freedom and security of the Assembly were in jeopardy.

On the 17th Brumaire (9th November), he made all dispositions necessary with the troops, and assured himself that they would follow him and obey his orders. On the 18th (10th November) he went to S. Cloud, attended by a brilliant staff.

Moreau, who performed a blundering part throughout the business, had been constituted gaoler of the two members of the Directory who were not in the plot, or had been overawed. Gohier was made secure in a very simple manner; he was locked into his bedroom.



BONAPARTE AT SAINT CLOUD.

Drawn by C. Minnet, engraved by Helmann.

The scenes in the House of the Ancients, and in that of the Five Hundred, have been often described, and we have such descriptions from several who were present. I will take Bourrienne's, for he was close to Napoleon at the time.

“The sitting of the Ancients, under the presidency of Lemercier, commenced at one o'clock. A warm discussion ensued upon the situation of affairs, the resignation of the members of the Directory, and the immediate election of others. Great heat and agitation prevailed during the debate. Intelligence was every minute carried to Bonaparte of what was going forward, and he determined to enter the hall and take part in the discussion. He entered in a hasty and angry way, which did not give me a favourable foreboding of what he was about to say. We passed through a narrow passage to the centre of the hall; our backs were turned to the door. Bonaparte had



THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

By Bouchot.



the President to his right. He could not see him full in the face. I was close to the General, on his right. Berthier was on his left.

"All the speeches which have been subsequently passed off as having been delivered by Bonaparte, on this occasion, differ from each other; as well they may, for he delivered none to the Ancients, unless his confused conversation with the President, which was alike devoid of dignity and sense, is to be called a speech. He talked of his 'brothers in arms,' and the 'frankness of a soldier.' The questions of the President followed each other rapidly; they were clear; but it is impossible to conceive anything more confused and worse delivered than the ambiguous and perplexed replies of Bonaparte. He faltered without end of 'volcanoes, secret agitation, victories, a violated constitution.' He blamed the proceedings of the 18th Fructidor, of which he was the first promoter, and the most powerful supporter. He pretended to be ignorant of everything, until the Council of the Ancients had called him to the aid of his country. Then came 'Cæsar, Cromwell—tyrant!' and he several times repeated, 'I have nothing more to say to you!' though, in fact, he had said nothing. He alleged that he had been called to assume the supreme authority, on his return from Italy, by the desire of the nation, and afterwards by his comrades in arms. Next followed the words, 'Liberty—equality!' though it was evident he had not come to S. Cloud for the sake of either. No sooner did he utter these words, than a member of the Ancients, interrupting him, exclaimed, 'You forget the Constitution!' His countenance at once lighted up; yet nothing could be distinguished but 'the 18th Fructidor—the 30th Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I will disclose all! I will resign my power when the dangers shall have passed away which now threaten the Republic.'

"Bonaparte, believing all his assertions to be admitted as proved, assumed a little more confidence, and accused the two Directors, Barras and Moulins, 'of having proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object was to oppose all men professing liberal ideas.' At these words, the falsehood of which was obvious, a great tumult arose in the hall. A general committee was loudly called for to hear these disclosures. 'No, no!' exclaimed others; 'no general committee! Conspirators have been denounced; it is right that France should know all.'

"Bonaparte was then required to enter into the particulars of his accusation against Barras and Moulins, and of the proposals which had been made to him. 'You must no longer conceal anything.'

"Embarrassed by these interruptions and interrogatories, Bonaparte believed that he was completely lost. Instead of giving fresh explanation of what he had said, he began to make fresh accusations; and against whom? The Council of the Five Hundred, who, he said, wished for 'scaffolds, revolutionary committees, and a complete overthrow of everything.' Violent murmurs arose, and his language became more and more incoherent and inconsequent. He addressed himself at one moment to the representatives of the people, who were overcome with astonishment; at another, to the military in the courtyard, who could not hear him. Then by an unaccountable transition, he spoke of the thunderbolts of war, and added, that he was attended by the god of War, and the god of Fortune.

"The President, with great calmness, told him that he saw absolutely nothing upon which the Council could deliberate; that there was vagueness in all he said. 'Explain yourself. Reveal this plot which you say you were urged to join.'

"Bonaparte repeated the same things. But only such as were present can

have any conception of his manner. There was not the slightest connection in what he stammered forth.

"Perceiving the bad effect produced on the Assembly by this disconnected babble, as well as the confusion of Bonaparte, I said, in a low voice, pulling him gently by the skirt of his coat, 'Withdraw, General; you know not what you are saying.' I made signs to Berthier, who was on his left, to second me in persuading him to leave the hall; and all at once, after having stammered out a few words more, he turned round, exclaiming, 'Let those who love me follow me!' The sentinels at the door offered no opposition to his passing. The person who went before him quietly drew aside the tapestry, which concealed the door, and General Bonaparte leaped upon his horse, which stood in the courtyard. It is hard to say what would have happened if, on seeing the General retire, the President had said, 'Grenadiers, let no one pass.' Instead of sleeping next day at the Luxembourg, he would, I am convinced, have ended his career on the Place de la Revolution.

"The scene which occurred without was very different from that which passed within. Bonaparte had scarcely reached the courtyard and mounted his horse, when cries of 'Vive Bonaparte!' resounded on all sides. He had yet to brave the Council of Five Hundred, which was far more excited than the Council of the Ancients. Everything was in dreadful uncertainty; but it was too late to draw back. We had staked already too heavily. The game was desperate, and everything was to be ventured.

"Our apprehensions were not without foundation. In the Council of Five Hundred agitation was at its height. It had been resolved to announce to the Directory the installation of the Councils, and to inquire of the Council of the Ancients their reason for resolving on this extraordinary convocation. But the Directory no longer existed. Siéyès and Roger-Ducos had joined Bonaparte. Gohier and Moulins were prisoners in the Luxembourg, in the custody of General Moreau;* and at the very moment when the Council of the Five Hundred had drawn up a message to the Directory, the Council of the Ancients transmitted to them the resignation of Barras, which was immediately read by Lucien Bonaparte, who was President of the Council of the Five Hundred.

"This letter occasioned a great sensation, and a question was mooted, whether such a retirement was legal. At that moment Bonaparte appeared, followed by a party of grenadiers, who remained at the entrance of the hall. I did not accompany him to the Council of the Five Hundred."

It was obvious, even to Bonaparte, that if the Council of the Ancients, the majority of which had obeyed him blindly the day before, had shown its resolve not to be browbeaten and misused, he could have less forbearance and submission to expect from that of the Five Hundred. And on entering the Orangery in which the Council was assembled, it was evident to him that the greatest exasperation prevailed, and that the Council was likely to proceed to declaring him an outlaw—that terrible sentence which had lost Robespierre. He was met with cries of "Down with the Tyrant!" "Long live the Republic!" "Vive la Constitution!" "Outlaw the Dictator!" One shouted, "Is this the fruit of your victories?"

* This was a skilful movement on the part of Bonaparte; he compromised the wavering Moreau by making him hold these two Directors in arrest, and Moreau, with the pedantry of an inferior mind, submitted to the order of Bonaparte, because the latter had been legally invested the day before with the command, and was therefore his superior officer.

In face of this tumult, Bonaparte lost all presence of mind. The Deputies left their seats, surrounded him, thrust him back; some laid hold of his collar and shook him, whilst they reproached him with treason. Bonaparte turned pale, and fainted in the arms of his grenadiers, who drew him out of the conservatory. Augereau, who had followed him reluctantly, said aside, with irony in his tone, "Here you are in a pretty quandary!"

Outside, Bonaparte went to the railing, where Siéyès was seated in a carriage, to which were harnessed six horses, ready to start at full gallop, should the *coup* fail. "Do they want to outlaw you?" sneered Siéyès. "Then outlaw them yourself."

Bonaparte recovered his presence of mind, hastened to the chamber where his staff, thirty in number, was assembled, and found them much discouraged. He had a whip in his hand, which he smote on the table, exclaiming, "We must put an end to this." Then he went forth, and all followed.

In the courtyard was a regiment of infantry just arrived from Paris. Napoleon mounted his horse, harangued them, rode to the grand staircase, dismounted, and ascended the stairs.

Everything was done to stir the soldiers to action. Serrurier declared that in the Council an attempt had been made to assassinate the Commander-in-Chief.

Meanwhile, within the hall the tumult waxed more furious. The members shouted that Lucien, the President, should declare his brother an outlaw. Lucien tried to make himself heard, but was interrupted by shouts of "Bonaparte has tarnished his glory! He is a disgrace to the Republic!" and new cries for a sentence of outlawry. At this moment Lucien was master of the situation. But for him, Napoleon's career would have been closed at this point, as was that of Robespierre. Lucien, unable to make himself heard, sent for an escort of grenadiers for his protection, and to enforce order. They entered just as Lucien had resigned the Presidency, and cast off his robes. The grenadiers rescued him from the hands of the incensed Deputies, and carried him outside.

A moment had arrived that was eminently critical. In another minute the Council would have replaced Lucien, and the sentence would have been pronounced. But Lucien was alive to the danger, and equal to the occasion. He sprang on his brother's horse, and addressed the soldiers. He represented himself as the President of the Council of Five Hundred, who appealed to them to protect the liberties of the Assembly, menaced by a minority full of violence, that were in the pay of England.

"I declare to you that these brigands have risen in revolt against the Council of the Ancients, and have dared to talk of outlawing the General, who is charged with the execution of its decree, as if the word *outlaw* was still to be regarded as the death-warrant of those most beloved by the country.

"In the name of the people of France, who for so many years have been the sport of terrorism, I consign to you the charge of rescuing the majority of the representatives, so that, delivered from stiletos by your bayonets, they may deliberate on the fate of the Republic.

“General, and you, soldiers, and you, citizens, you will acknowledge, as legislators of France, none but such as rally round me. As for those who remain in the Orangery, let force expel them. They are not the representatives of the people, but of the poignard.”

Notwithstanding the cries of “*Vive Bonaparte!*” which followed this audacious harangue, the troops still hesitated. Lucien then drew his sword, exclaiming, “I swear that I will stab my own brother to the heart, if he ever



THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

After a contemporary English engraving.

attempt anything against the liberties of Frenchmen.” This bit of melodrama succeeded; hesitation vanished; and at a signal given by Bonaparte, Murat, at the head of his grenadiers, rushed into the hall, in which the jabbering and confusion was like that of a parrot-house. The sight of the glittering bayonets was enough for the Five Hundred, and they dispersed, creeping under benches, hiding under baize-covered tables, and making their exit by windows and doors.

The *coup d'état*, which had nearly failed through the blundering of Napoleon, had succeeded through the presence of mind of Lucien.

That same night Bonaparte issued a proclamation to the people, which almost surpassed the address of his brother in its falsification of facts.

19th Brumaire, 11 o'clock p.m.

"Frenchmen! On my return to France, I found division reigning amongst the authorities. They agreed on a single point only, that the Constitution was half dead, and was unable to protect liberty.

"Each party in turn came to me, confided to me its designs, and requested my support. I refused to be the man of a party.

"The Council of the Ancients appealed to me. I answered their appeal. A plan of general restoration had been concerted by men whom the nation regard as the champions of liberty, equality, and property. This plan required calm and free deliberation. The Ancients resolved, therefore, the removal of the legislative bodies to S. Cloud. They placed at my disposal the force necessary to secure their independence. I was bound, by duty to my fellow-citizens, to our soldiers, to the national glory, to accept the command.

"The Councils assembled at S. Cloud. Republican troops guaranteed safety from without, but assassins created terror within. Members of the Council of Five Hundred, armed with daggers and pistols, spread threats of death within. . . . Then the boldest orators were disconcerted, and the inutility of submitting salutary propositions to discussion was made evident.

"I proceeded, filled with indignation and grief, to the Council of the Ancients. I besought them to carry their noble designs into execution. . . . I presented myself before the Council of Five Hundred, alone, unarmed, my head uncovered. . . . The stilettos which had menaced the Deputies were instantly raised against their deliverer. Twenty assassins rushed upon me, and aimed at my breast. The grenadiers, whom I had left at the door, ran forward and placed themselves between me and the assassins. One of these brave men had his clothes pierced by a stiletto. They bore me off.

"At the same moment, cries of 'Outlaw him!' were raised against the defender of the law. It was the horrid cry of the assassins against the power invoked to repress them."

Next follows an account of the clearing of the Orangery, which is fairly correct. Then comes the peroration.

"Frenchmen, you recognise in this conduct the zeal of a soldier of liberty, of a citizen devoted to the Republic. Conservative, tutelary, and liberal ideas resumed their authority upon the dispersion of the factions, who, in rendering themselves the most odious of men, did not cease to be the most contemptible."

The scene, as described by Bonaparte in this travesty, has been often painted. But the poignards and pistols are pure fiction. Bourrienne was not in the conservatory at the time, but he says that he does not believe in them, "because Bonaparte never mentioned a word of it to me, either on the way home, or when I was with him in his chamber. Neither did he say anything on the subject to his wife."

Eugène Beauharnais, in his *Memoirs*, says that he was present, and saw no daggers raised against Napoleon. No eye-witness has been produced who could say that what Bonaparte asserted in his manifesto was true. Thibeauudeau stoutly denied it. Lavallette, indeed, says that one of the grenadiers received a thrust from a dagger, which penetrated his coat, and that Arena, the Corsican Deputy, was designated as the person who used the weapon. But he was no eye-witness, and he says, "Having left France a few days after the 18th

Brumaire, I could obtain no particulars of the affair." The fact seems to have been that Arena had been paring his nails when Bonaparte entered, and that he kept his penknife in hand, and spoke flourishing it.

But it was a convenient fable, and was improved upon. The grenadier, Thomas Thomé, who had a bit of his collar torn in the medley, was transformed into a hero, who had interposed his body between the dagger and his General; and at a review Josephine weepingly embraced and thanked him for having saved her husband's life; and he was advanced to be a captain.



THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED DISPERSED.

From a contemporary engraving.

In the evening, at nine o'clock, Lucien assembled thirty of the Five Hundred, some bought over, others cowed, and they assumed the title of the majority of the Council. They decreed that Bonaparte had deserved well of his country, and that a provisional Government should be constituted, to consist of three Consuls, Bonaparte, Siéyès, and Ducos, and of two Committees of twenty-five members each, formed out of the two Councils, to assist the Consuls in the work of reorganisation. The sessions of the Councils were prorogued till the 1st Ventose (20th February, 1800), and sixty-two representatives, who had opposed the *coup d'état*, were deposed from their places. To this exclusion was added another list, a few days later, of men peculiarly obnoxious to Napoleon's policy, who were to be deported from France.

The three Consuls then took the oath before this figment of an assembly, Napoleon first of all, "To maintain inviolable fidelity to legality, liberty, and

the representative system." After which Lucien felicitated the Council on the work it had achieved.

"Representatives of the people," he said, "French liberty was born in the Tennis Court at Versailles. Since that immortal day it has dragged out its existence athwart weakness, inconsequence, and the convulsive sicknesses of infancy. To-day it has assumed the virile vesture. Hardly have you enthroned it in the confidence and love of the French, before the smile of peace and prosperity breaks upon its lips. Representatives of the people, listen to the sublime cry of posterity. If liberty was born at Versailles, in the Jeu de Paume, it was consolidated in the Orangery at S. Cloud."

Verily there is no effrontery equal to that assumed by falsehood.

Madame de Rémusat certainly expresses the truth as to the attitude of France at this moment.

"All classes, outraged and disgusted by the horrors of the Revolution, and grateful to the consular Government, which preserved us from a Jacobite reaction, hailed its coming into power as a new era for the country. Generally speaking, nobody in France wanted anything except quiet, the right to free exercise of the intellect, the cultivation of private virtues, and the reparation, by degrees, of those losses of fortune which were common to all.

"When I remember the dreams which I cherished at that time, the recollection makes me sick at heart. To use a simile of Bonaparte's, I looked at all things through a gilded veil, which makes them bright and sparkling.

"'Little by little,' said he, 'this veil thickens as we advance in life, until all is nearly black.' Alas! he himself soon stained with blood that gilded veil through which France had gladly contemplated him."*

The people of France said of this new *coup d'état*, "It is only another turning over of the Dungheap!"

But the people is not gifted with perspicuity. It did not perceive that, by the 18th Brumaire, it had given to itself a master more terrible in his exaction of blood than was Robespierre.

* *Memoirs*, i. 69.

XXVIII

THE FAMILY BONAPARTE IN 1799

IT has been said of Talleyrand that he would have sold his soul to the devil for gold, but in so doing would have cheated the Evil One, who, for his gold, would have received dirt. The same, with far greater truth, might have been asserted of Barras. His contemporaries, with rare unanimity, speak of him as infamous; but one might have thought there was some misapprehension. However, the man has left his own *Memoirs*, and thereby set a seal to the consensus of opinion, that described him as the vilest of men. As such he has depicted himself.

It is not possible to read without disgust his account of the relations in which he stood to Josephine, and of the marriage of Napoleon. It must unhappily be admitted that Josephine was of no unblemished character; that her easy, creole nature—at a time when religion had been swept away, and moral restraints were unregarded—allowed itself full swing in a corrupt and godless society. But it is absolutely impossible to believe Barras's statement that Napoleon took her to wife with his eyes open to her tarnished reputation.

If the foul and spiteful narrative of Barras be attentively considered, it seems tolerably certain that Bonaparte was deceived as to her character; and in the matter of his marriage he shows in his best colours.

The pages of Barras relative to Josephine will not bear quotation, nor is it necessary to do so. Josephine, though married to the Vicomte de Beauharnais, had not been regarded as admissible at Court, not being qualified thereto by her birth. Beauharnais was a beautiful dancer, and an agreeable man, and he was received at Versailles and the Tuileries. He neglected his wife, and they separated by mutual consent. When imprisoned, and expecting his death, he wrote to her, expressing *fraternal* regard. She seems to have contracted an intimacy with a man of colour. Madame Junot says that she married this man; but this does not seem to have been the case. When in prison, she formed an attachment for Hoche; and, after that, for an Alsatian groom of the stables, named Vanakre; and finally shared, with Madame Tallien, the favour of Barras.

As already said, she was a good many years older than Napoleon. She was full of the ease, grace, and charm of the old *régime*, and though not tinged with black blood, she had the *dolce far niente* of the creole. Bonaparte had never

associated with any ladies except Madame de Permon, and he fell completely under the fascination of the widow Beauharnais, and Josephine maintained this power over him to the last. It may be said with confidence, that she was the only woman he ever truly loved, and that he loved her to the end. That he had heard some of the stories told about Josephine—or Rose, as she was then called—is possible; if so, he had too much generosity of mind, and respect for her, to believe them. Barras says—and in this may speak the truth—that Josephine, finding that some malicious person had told her young admirer of the relation in which she stood to the Director, forestalled the explosion, by complaining to Napoleon of some impertinent and offensive words addressed to her by Barras, and threw herself on his protection. With the chivalry of an honourable man, and in full conviction of her innocence, he married her, and gave himself a right to use his arm in her defence.

Barras will not allow that there was any chivalry in Bonaparte, but through all the disguise, misstatement, and exaggeration of his tale, the chivalry, the generosity of Napoleon's conduct gleam forth. Josephine had mortal enemies in his mother and brothers. They knew what her antecedents were, and they had desired for the head of the family a union with someone with an unblemished past. Junot, as aide-de-camp to the General, saw a good deal of Josephine, and disliked her. He had been commissioned to conduct her to Toulon, and on the journey she had allowed him to see the worst side of her character.

But although Josephine had this tainted record, her errors were due to an easy-going, pleasure-loving, frivolous nature, and not to any viciousness of mind. Even Barras allows this. And when she married Napoleon all that was coarse and base in her gave way before the love that gradually mastered her, and sublimated her entire character. Strong in mind and firm in resolution she never was; but affection, kindly disposition, graceful courtesy, and generous emotions—these were qualities that could not be denied her.

If I am not greatly in error, Bonaparte's relations with Josephine materially affected his estimate of mankind. He married her, believing her to be what he wished her to be; and then discovered what he ought to have learned before taking that step; next, her conduct for the first two years after marriage unhappily confirmed him in the low estimate he had formed, when it was too late to draw back. He had long ceased to believe in principles. Josephine taught him to disbelieve in persons.

By all accounts he loved her passionately. His letters to her from Italy show this. She simulated the love in return which she did not feel. He accepted this affectation of affection as sterling coin, and then discovered, with a shock, how he had been duped.

When he was in Egypt, Junot thought it advisable to tell him of Josephine's misconduct, or reported misconduct. Napoleon was furious, and talked of divorce; his friends with difficulty restrained him from publishing his dishonour, which was, in fact, unproved.

But he himself was far from immaculate. In Egypt, he had fallen in love

with Pauline Fourés, the wife of an infantry lieutenant. To get rid of the husband, he despatched him to France with letters to the Directory, but Fourés was taken by Sir Sidney Smith, who, much to Napoleon's disgust, returned him to the General. Mme. Fourés was a native of Carcassonne; her father was a gentleman and her mother a cook. She was fair-haired, pretty, saucy, agreeable, but was unpolished in mind and manner. She followed her husband to Egypt dressed in male attire. When there, she attracted Bonaparte's attention, and he made her his mistress. "Bonaparte," says Bourrienne, "wished to have a child by Madame Fourés, but this wish was not realised." Upon the unexpected reappearance of the lieutenant there was some discomfiture, but the wife appealed to the Commissary-General, who to oblige her and Napoleon, pronounced a divorce. When Napoleon quitted Egypt he left her behind. Kléber, who was in command, treated her with cold contempt, and as she was divorced from her husband, and Bonaparte had left her no money, she was reduced to great straits.

When Napoleon arrived in France, and the tidings reached Paris, Josephine set off to meet him, along with Louis, who had been sent home with despatches from Egypt. Unhappily, she missed her husband, owing to his having taken a different route from that which he announced he would follow.

Madame Junot, in her *Memoirs*, says:—

"Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether guilty, or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. . . . Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault, at this juncture, in neglecting to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin. . . . Bonaparte, on his arrival in Paris, found his house abandoned; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home, and its desertion by its mistress, was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. M. de Bourrienne says that, for some days after Josephine's return, Bonaparte treated her with extreme coldness. Why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return Bonaparte refused to see her, and indeed did not see her? It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her so long retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. In the delicate negotiation it was policy not to bring any other person into play. . . . (therefore she chose the children). It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say something without the possibility of a reply. Now Bonaparte could not, with any degree of propriety, explain to such children as Eugène and Hortense, the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument wherewith to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, 'Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart!'

"The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the

two children at length introduced their mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture."

But his disappointment in Josephine was not the sole cause of Napoleon's loss of faith in mankind. A man may upset his reliance on other men by being false to his own convictions, by being treacherous to his own friends. Now Bonaparte, as we have seen, had behaved with extraordinary duplicity towards the ideal hero of his youth, Paoli, and he did not behave in an honourable manner towards any man with whom he was brought into relationship, when it suited his convenience to throw him over. I lay no stress on his change of political opinion. All France had swung from extremity of Radicalism to strong Conservatism. When Marbot says that experience of the Revolution produced in him the impression that such upheavals throw the commonplace men into power, and that he had learned "to abhor all that tended to democracy, so convinced was he that the masses are blind, and that the worst government of all is that of the People," he repeats what everyone said and thought in France in 1799. Napoleon had gone through the same phase of disenchantment.

But a very different matter from change of opinion was his treatment of persons. There is no moral cowardice in changing political opinions according to evidence which tends to upset and alter those once entertained, but there is moral cowardice in laying blame on innocent persons for errors committed by oneself; and such moral cowardice inevitably produces moral deterioration.

Now Bonaparte had begun, when in Italy, to shift the blame for not sending home money—the spoil of Italy—on others, at the time that he was appropriating vast sums for himself, and lodging them with bankers under fictitious names; but he did not encounter any serious disasters till he was in Egypt, and then he began a mean system of charging failures upon those who were guiltless, so as to relieve himself from responsibility. In the matter of Aboukir, Admiral Brueys had indeed failed to act on the instructions received by him from Bonaparte, and he therefore deserved the blame that attached to his memory. Had he taken up the position indicated by Bonaparte behind the island, it would have been impregnable. Kléber had been loyal, brave, and wise, in Egypt. No sooner had the assassin's dagger relieved Bonaparte of the risk of being answered, than he made Kléber responsible for all the disasters of the Egyptian campaign. Later on, when he was too powerful to fear contradiction, Napoleon boldly accused of error, of neglect, of treachery, men who were his own generals and marshals; knowing well that they could not, dared not, contradict him. This it was which alienated so many of them from him.

No man can act in such a manner without injury to himself. If he sees his own heart to be full of treachery and falsehood, he becomes a sceptic with regard to other men. "Faites que doit et devienne que pourra" was never a maxim with this shifty and subtle mind. But we must never forget, when inclined to judge this moral scepticism in Napoleon, that it was bred, in part,

by his disappointment in Josephine, the woman in whom he had believed, and to whom he had given up his whole heart. There is no reason to suppose that he knew of her past story. He did not move in the society that could have enlightened him as to it.

Josephine has won our pity, and even recovered some of our respect; but it seems to me that she, who might have developed in Napoleon those high and generous emotions which were in him, failed to do so, and extinguished them for ever.

Bourrienne says, "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 was wont frequently to repeat, 'There are two levers for moving men—interest and fear.' . . . 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. As long as I continue 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 as 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."

Bonaparte had certainly a justification for his contempt for mankind. The Revolution had brought to the surface a fungous growth of absolutely unprincipled scoundrels, who mouthed patriotic and liberal sentiments, and who had no other ambition than to get together money, or secure power for themselves.

Although Napoleon may have said that he did not love his brothers, his actions showed the contrary. It is, in fact, a bright trait in his character that he manifested the greatest consideration for the welfare of his family. Unless we attribute this to his pride, we must allow affection. But he was doubtless actuated by mixed motives in all he did for his brothers and sisters. There was family tenderness, but there was personal pride as well. When he was a poor lieutenant at Valence, he underwent privations that he might further the education of Louis; and his first solicitude, on his return from Italy, was to establish his brothers well in Paris.

Some little account of his family may here be given, and we will begin with his mother.

"Madame Bonaparte," says Mme. Junot, "was of a lofty and elevated character. A widow at an early age, in a country where the head of the family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to call up all the energy of her character. She was gifted with that delicacy of perception which distinguishes Corsicans, but in her this quality did not degenerate into hypocrisy, as in some of her children. Indeed, she was habitually candid. She evinced firmness in certain circumstances, but in others extravagant obstinacy. This was obvious in a number of the systematic triflings which composed the great part of her life.

"She was very ignorant—not only of our literature, but of that of her own country. She had, however, some knowledge of the usual forms of society, of which she had seen a little in the course of her acquaintance with M. de Marbeuf, and other distinguished men, who visited much at her house at the time of the occupation of Corsica. But this slight knowledge of the world was to her rather a source of inconvenience than of advantage, inasmuch as it put her in constant dread of committing some blunder. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity when elevated to her new situation. She was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior; she was possessed of much good sense, but of little shrewdness or knowledge of the world.

"She was a very good mother, and her children, with one exception, were good to her in turn. They treated her with every respect, and showed her assiduous attention. Lucien and Joseph were particularly attached to her. As for Napoleon, he was not so respectful and attentive to his mother as his brothers were. Madame Bacciochi (Marianne Elise) evinced no particular regard for her mother. But for whom did she ever show regard? I always thought her the most disagreeable woman I had ever met."

The same writer says of Joseph the eldest (?) son: "Of all Bonaparte's brothers none have been so erroneously judged, and that universally, as Joseph. . . . He is one of the most admirable men that can be met with. He is good-natured, intelligent, a student of literature, fond of retirement. Much has been said relative to the weak conduct of Joseph at Naples and in Spain. I know not what he did, or what he could have done at Naples; but I do know that in Spain he could do no better, because he went there against his inclination. Joseph is handsome, very like the Princess Pauline. They both have the same delicate features, the same winning smile, the same kind look.

"Madame Joseph (Marie Julie Clary) is an angel of goodness. . . . Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. . . . Her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of everybody."

To Napoleon, Joseph showed the truest fraternal love when his brother was in indigent circumstances, which he was able to do, with the money he had by his wife. He was an amiable, luxurious man, without abilities. In 1799, he published a little novel, entitled *Moina*, but it showed no talent. It was well said of Joseph, that in him was the material for making a good legitimate king, but none of the stuff out of which a new dynasty can be formed.

He had been given a position as army contractor by Napoleon, on false certificates, and in 1804 he obtained for him an appointment under Soult, as Colonel of the 4th Regiment, also upon false statements, hardly necessary at a time when a word from him would have sufficed. He wrote to Soult on the 14th April, 1804: "I send you my brother Joseph; during the first campaigns of the Revolution he served as major," he accompanied this with a commission, stating that Joseph had been artillery cadet, 1768, staff officer in 1793, chef de bataillon in the same year, that he had been present in the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and that he had been wounded at the siege of Toulon. All these statements were absolutely false.

But that was not enough. In a message to the Senate on the 18th April, he had the impudence to declare, what probably everyone knew was a lie: "Having already served under my eyes during the first campaign in this war, and having

given proofs of courage, and a taste for a career of arms, I have appointed the citizen, Joseph Bonaparte, Colonel of the 4th Regiment."

Lucien is thus described by Mme. Junot: "In 1797, he might be about twenty-two years of age; he was tall, ill-shaped, having limbs like those of a daddy-longlegs, and a small head, which, with his tall stature, would have made him unlike his brothers, had not his physiognomy attested their common parentage. Lucien was very near-sighted, which made him half shut his eyes and stoop his head. This defect would have given him an unpleasing air, if his smile, always in harmony with his features, had not imparted something agreeable to his countenance. Thus, though he was rather plain, he pleased generally."

Lucien's republicanism was probably sincere, and though he strenuously took his brother's part in the overthrow of the Directory, and the expulsion of the Council of the Five Hundred, yet it is likely that he then had no idea of the reactionary measures that Napoleon intended to introduce, and when Lucien saw that his brother was bent on the reintroduction of absolutism, he remonstrated with him. Lucien married a small innkeeper's daughter at S. Maximin. Her name was Christine Boyer. When Napoleon heard of the marriage, he was very angry, and declared that he would never see the wife, and never meet his brother again. However, when Lucien was elected President of the Council of Five Hundred, Napoleon thought him too important a personage for him to harbour further resentment.

"Madame Lucien was tall, well shaped, slender, and had in her figure and carriage that native grace and ease which are imparted by the air and sky of the South; her complexion was dark, she was pitted with the small-pox; her eyes were not large, and her nose was rather broad and flat. In spite of all this she was pleasing, because her look was kind, her smile sweet, as well as her voice. She was graceful, and good as an angel." In another place, Madame Junot says: "She had in her a profusion of kindness, affection, and love. I knew her, and no sooner knew than loved her. Subsequently, when I have seen her surrounded by the halo of maternal love, new treasures of tenderness manifested themselves in her, and constrained me to love her more and more."

If Lucien, as a child of the Republic, had imbibed ardent democratic sentiments, he had also that rapacity which not infrequently goes along with the same, and his character is stained by his greed for money, howsoever obtained. We will pass over Louis and Jerome, as they had not at this time done much to show what their characters were; Louis had, indeed, accompanied Napoleon in the Italian and Egyptian campaigns; and had been sent home during the latter with despatches. At college he had expressed strong anti-Republican sentiments.

The eldest of the sisters of Napoleon was Elise, married to a M. Bacciochi. She considered herself superior in every respect to her husband, whom she treated contemptuously, and insulted him daily, before company. She had imbibed from her brother Lucien a taste for arts, and was fond of literary society, but had neither the mental capacity nor acuteness to figure respectably in the society she so assiduously cultivated. Bacciochi was, indeed, of a noble Corsican family; but nobility meant there no more than that his family did not

belong to the class of peasants or shopkeepers. It was, in fact, in every way on a social level with that of the Bonapartes. Napoleon refused consent to the marriage, which, however, was promoted by her mother. Elise, to her ill-treatment of her husband, added infidelity. One of the least objectionable anecdotes told of her relates to an amour she had with a strolling player. When tired of him, she obtained for him the dignity of Baron, and the Prefecture of Leman.

Ida Saint-Elma thus describes her: "Elise was not beautiful. Small, spare, almost lean, she nevertheless had in her person certain agreeable features, and she had imagination and tact to make her a very seductive woman. Her distinguished figure gave her the air of being well built, for there was grace in all her movements, mingled with dignity. She had small feet. Her hands were like those of her brother. The most beautiful black eyes animated her countenance, and she knew how to use them so as to command or to please. Of all her brothers and sisters, none more nearly resembled Napoleon than his sister Elise. She had a lively, prompt, and penetrating wit, an ardent imagination, strength of mind, and the instinct of grandeur."*

Pauline, the second sister, and the loveliest of all, had many admirers. Junot first fell in love with her; then Fréron and she went madly in love with each other. Bonaparte did what was the right thing, in refusing to allow his sister to marry a fellow who was not only a regicide, but had directed the executions at Marseilles. Barras says that the real bar to the union was that Fréron's legitimate wife turned up inopportunistly. It is possible enough that such a wife did appear, but this was not the cause of the engagement being broken off. That was the strong distaste Napoleon had for an alliance with a blood-stained ruffian such as Fréron. He loathed such men. He had seen enough of them, when he was himself one of Robespierre's party, to know that they were as mean, vile, and treacherous, as they were cruel.

Pauline married General Leclerc, a man she never liked.

Pauline was not one to feel anything acutely, except being badly dressed. It was she who, when asked whether she did not feel uncomfortable when she sat naked to be modelled by Canova, answered, "Oh, dear me, no! The room was warmed." Leclerc was appointed to head an expedition to S. Domingo, and she refused to accompany him; then, by command of her brother, she was forcibly carried on board, and thus compelled to go. To her great joy, Leclerc fell a victim to the climate, and the beautiful widow returned to the dissipation of Paris, where her conduct was such as to provoke great scandal.

Mme. Junot says of Pauline: "We saw more of her than of any other of the family. She came every day to my mother, who was very fond of her, and petted her, by passing over with more indulgence than her mother the thousand-and-one whims which were bred, gratified, and abandoned in a day. She was fresh on her arrival at Paris from Milan; but this freshness was of short duration. By the time she had lived a year in Paris, she began to be a very different person from the Paulette of Milan."

* *Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*. Ida Saint-Elma was an actress, who lived with Moreau as his wife, had a brief connection with Napoleon, and was desperately in love with Ney, with whom she lived for a while. She marched in male attire in the Russian campaign. She was appointed by Napoleon companion and reader to his sister Elise. A new edition of her curious autobiography has been recently published.

In another place, Madame Junot gives a delightful picture and anecdote of her.

“Bonaparte had just departed for Egypt; and the different members of his family, bright with the reflection of the glory he had cast upon them during his brief stay in Paris, had already commenced their noviciate of royalty. Madame Leclerc, who had a taste for absolute power, was nothing loth to unite the influence of her brother's reputation to that of her own beauty. That beauty, indeed, appeared so perfect that nobody thought of disputing it. As her dominion as yet consisted only of her beauty, she spared no pains to make the most of it, and in this she succeeded, when she did not, as unfortunately too often happened, display the airs of an insufferably spoiled child. One evening, my mother gave a ball at her residence. . . . Madame Leclerc informed us that she had prepared for the occasion a dress which, to use her own expression, she expected would immortalise her. . . . Only those who knew Madame Leclerc can form any idea of the impression she produced on entering my mother's drawing-room. The head-dress consisted of *bandelettes* of a very soft, fine kind of fur, of a striped pattern. These *bandelettes* were surmounted by bunches of grapes in gold. She was a faithful copy of a Bacchante, such as are seen in antique statues or cameos; and, in truth, the form of Madame Leclerc's head, and the classic regularity of her features, emboldened her to attempt an imitation which would have been hazardous in most women. Her robe, of exquisitely fine Indian muslin, had a deep bordering of gold; the pattern was of grapes and vine-leaves. With this she wore a tunic of the purest Greek form, with a bordering similar to her dress, which displayed her fine figure to advantage. This tunic was confined on the shoulders by cameos of great value. The sleeves, which were very short, were lightly gathered on small bands, which were also fastened with cameos. Her girdle, which was placed below her bosom, as is seen in the Greek statues, consisted of a gold band, the clasp of which was a superbly cut antique stone. She entered the drawing-room without her gloves, displaying her beautiful round arms, which were adorned with bracelets formed of gold and cameos. It is impossible to describe the effect her appearance produced. Her entrance seemed absolutely to illumine the room. The perfect harmony in every part of the beautiful whole elicited a buzz of admiration, which was not complimentary to the other ladies present. . . . They whispered, loud enough to be heard by Paulette, that such an imprudent display was exceedingly unbecoming in a woman who had been almost in starvation only three years before. But their expressions of feminine spite were speedily drowned by the outspoken admiration of the other sex.

“The beauty of Madame de Contades was now entirely eclipsed, and she found herself abandoned by her circle of admirers. ‘Give me your arm,’ she said to a gentleman near her; and next moment the Diana-like figure of Madame de Contades was seen sailing across the drawing-room, and advancing towards Madame Leclerc.

“The latter had withdrawn to my mother's boudoir, because, she said, the heat of the drawing-room made her ill; though I believe the true reason was, that a long sofa in the boudoir afforded her the opportunity of displaying her graceful figure and attitudes to the best advantage.

“This manœuvre, however, proved unlucky. The room was small, and brilliantly lighted; and as Madame Leclerc reclined upon the sofa, a stream of light descended full on her head.

“Madame de Contades looked at her attentively, and, instead of making any ill-natured observations, she first admired the dress, then the figure, lastly the

face. Then, turning to the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning, she exclaimed, 'Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how unfortunate that such a pretty woman should be deformed! Observe the enormous ears which disfigure her head! There can be no harm in advising a woman to have her ears shorn off.'

"All eyes were now turned towards Madame Leclerc's head. In truth, Nature must have been in one of her most capricious moods when she placed two such ears on the right and left of a charming face. They were merely pieces of thin, white cartilage, almost without a curve; but this cartilage was not enormous, only ugly.

"The result of this little scene was that Pauline burst into tears, and, on a plea of indisposition, retired."

The third sister of Napoleon, Caroline, was born on March 26th, 1782. She was ambitious, had more ability than her sisters, and was, what her sisters were not, respectable in her morals. She was married by Napoleon to Murat.

Madame Junot writes of her:—

"Caroline Bonaparte was a very pretty girl, fresh as a rose; not to be compared, for regularity of features, with Madame Leclerc, though more pleasing, perhaps, by the expression of her countenance and the brilliancy of her complexion, but by no means possessing the perfection of figure which distinguished her elder sister. Her head was disproportionately large, her bust was too short, her shoulders were too round, and her hips too projecting; but her feet, her hands, and her arms were models, and her skin resembled white satin seen through pink glass; her teeth were very fine, as were those of all the Bonapartes; her hair was light, but in no way remarkable. As a young girl, Caroline was charming. When her mother first brought her to Paris, in 1798, her beauty was in all its rosy freshness. I have never seen her appear to so much advantage since. Magnificence did not become her; brocade did not hang well upon her figure; and one feared to see her delicate complexion fade under the weight of diamonds and rubies. . . . Caroline Bonaparte married with a reputation as pure and fresh as her complexion and the roses of her cheeks."

"She has the head of Cromwell on the shoulders of a pretty woman," said Talleyrand.

Her pride and ambition were intense. She could not quite forgive her husband for being a little taverner's son; and she bitterly resented having to address the soap-boiler's daughter as "Your Majesty," when Joseph was made King of Spain.

Napoleon is related then to have said mischievously to her:—

"Caroline, one would really suppose, from your haughtiness, that I had deprived you of your succession to the throne of the late King, your father."

There were points in the characters of all the brothers and sisters that were united in Napoleon. He had the love of art and literature that distinguished Joseph and Lucien, the stubbornness of the latter, the shiftiness of Jerome, the pride of Caroline, and the moral laxity of Jerome and Pauline.



NAPOLEON NOMINATED FIRST CONSUL.
By Appiani.

XXIX

THE CONSULATE

(1800)

THE Jacobins, the Moderates, the Royalists, had all hoped that Napoleon would have pulled the nuts out of the fire for them on the 18th Brumaire, and all were equally disappointed. The Jacobins, who had given a hand to Bonaparte, had lifted into the saddle a man who was resolved to put the bit in their mouths. The Constitutionals were speedily to discover that he aimed at the destruction of every element of Constitutionalism; and the Royalists to learn that they had indefinitely postponed the chances of a Bourbon restoration. As George Cadoudal said later: "In striving to enthrone a King, we have exceeded our expectations, we have given to France an Emperor."

The daring, irreverent soldier, who had no thought of confining his energies to the military department, as the civilians who worked with him had fondly hoped, took up the Constitutional scheme of Siéyès, clipped and altered it, until it was no longer recognisable. The author, Siéyès, was dismissed, Roger-Ducos followed him, and three Consuls were elected to serve for ten years. Of these, naturally, Bonaparte was the first, and his coadjutors were Cambacérès and Lebrun, but all prerogative centred in the First Consul.

The Constitution of Siéyès pleased Bonaparte in some of its provisions. The suppression of the popular suffrage, or, rather, the rendering it powerless, by means of the lists of notabilities, was an ingenious and practical scheme that he readily adopted.

As finally promulgated on the 24th December, the Constitution of the year VIII. established three Consuls, or a First Consul, and two who were inferior,

and had a deliberative voice, while the Chief Consul exercised the supreme power. He alone had the executive and legislative initiative, for the Council of State charged with drawing up of laws was named by him, except the Court of Cassation and the Juges de Paix. At the same time he was in command of the army. The whole of France was covered with a network of officials, all deriving jurisdiction from the Chief Consul, and looking to him for their salaries. After the Consuls came a Senate, composed of eighty members, appointed for life, and enjoying high salaries, all nominated by the Consuls. Next came a Legislative Body, of three hundred members, one-fifth of whom were to be annually renewed. Lastly, a Tribunate was instituted, of a hundred members. The Legislative and Tribunate bodies were selected by the Senate, out of the lists of candidates presented by the electoral colleges. Popular representation was maimed, but in such a manner as to escape the observation of the people. Every person above the age of twenty-one, born and residing in France, was declared to be a citizen, but certain exceptions were made. The citizens of each arrondissement chose a certain number by their suffrages—a tenth. Those thus elected were alone eligible to official situations in this circle. The citizens in this first list again elected a tenth of their number, for each department, and such as were thus chosen were alone eligible for departmental situations. The citizens chosen by this second list again elected a tenth of their number, which formed the body alone capable of furnishing candidates for national offices.

By this means a bureaucracy was formed of six thousand persons alone eligible to public offices, and of functionaries of a lower grade, as prefects and departmental judges.

The nominations came from the Consuls, and all members of the Legislature received payment from the Government; those of the Senate were recipients of 25,000 francs a year, those of the Tribunate received 15,000 francs, and those of the Legislative body 10,000 francs per annum.

When a bill had been considered behind closed doors by the Senate, it was submitted to the Tribunes, who debated on it in public, but did not vote, and then the Legislative Body received the bill, and voted thereon without debate.

The whole of the executive and legislative power was thus practically placed in the hands of one man. "What would you have," said Bonaparte, when excusing the exorbitant powers assumed by him as First Consul; "Siéyès had placed shadows everywhere, a shadow of legislative power, a shadow of government; it was necessary to place substance somewhere, and, on my word, I placed it there."

Later on he said: "I was convinced that France could not exist except under a monarchical form of government; but the circumstances of the time were such that it was really thought necessary, and perhaps it really was so—to



THE THREE CONSULS.
A silver medal by Gatteaux.

disguise the supreme power of the President." Or, as he more brutally put it another time, "In the end you must come to the government of boots and spurs."

When the Constitution of the year VIII. was presented to the French, it was accompanied by a proclamation that declared its incomparable advantages, as "founded on the true principles of representative government, on the sacred rights of property, of liberty, and of equality; it guaranteed the rights of citizens, and the interests of the State." And it concluded with the peroration: "Citizens, the Revolution is rooted in the principles out of which it sprang. It is now complete."

Thus was reached the final stage of the long struggle between Executive and Legislative. Their relations were now much as they had been under Louis XVI. in '89.

The Constitution was accepted almost unanimously. It seemed to the electors to afford them a guarantee that they had come to an end of a nightmare of blood, and that they might now hope for a purification of the corruption bred in every part of the Republican Administration.

The first necessity of Napoleon was money. He found in the Treasury but 137,000 francs, the finances were in confusion, and the Administration heavily in debt.

"Bourrienne," said the First Consul, "can you imagine anything more pitiable than the system of finance of the Directors? Can it be doubted for a moment that the principal agents of authority daily committed the most fraudulent speculations? What venality! What disorder! What wastefulness! everything put up for sale: places, provisions, clothing, and the military, all were disposed of. Have they not actually consumed 75,000,000 francs (£480,000) in advance? And then, look at the scandalous fortunes accumulated, all the malversations of which they have been guilty."

To meet immediate necessities he obtained a loan of twelve millions from the bankers of Paris; and then looked over the frontier to see what might be done by squeezing such States as were too feeble to resist the attempt.

First came Genoa. "The signors of Genoa," said he to Talleyrand, "have already paid a good deal, but the shopkeepers have not been overcharged. Let the Minister of Finance understand . . . that General Masséna will be empowered to raise a contribution from the principal merchants, as he has done in Switzerland." (18th December, 1799.)

Next came Holland. French troops had been sent there to protect the young Republic of Batavia from England; not that Holland had solicited assistance, it had been imposed on her. The great bulk of these were now removed and sent into La Vendée to quell the rising there, but Holland was required still to find money for their support and their pay, as when in the land, and the pretence was that they had been sent to defend the line of the Rhine. More than that, Flushing had been occupied by French troops on the invasion of the Low Countries, and Napoleon refused to restore it under less than £1,600,000; and he further demanded of the Amsterdam merchants a loan of about £400,000. (8th March, 1800.)



THE FIRST CONSUL AT MALMAISON.

By J. B. Isabey.



Then came the turn of Hamburg, which had surrendered to the English a couple of Irish traitors who had first taken refuge in France. For this, the free town was summoned to pay from £16,000 to £24,000. The Hanseatic town was constrained to submit, but the money never went into the Treasury. A portion was employed for the discharge of Josephine's debts to her milliner, saddler, and dressmaker; another portion to pay for her summer residence of Malmaison, and the rest was dispersed in presents.

Next to feel the pressure of the First Consul's hand were Switzerland and Portugal. The former was, however, so exhausted that little could be drained from it. "If it be true," he wrote to Talleyrand, "that between eight and nine millions of francs can be drawn from Portugal, that will be of great importance, for this sum employed on the Army of Italy will give us thirty more probabilities of success over a hundred." (13th January, 1801.)

This process of putting foreign States into the oil-press was a continuation of the method adopted when Napoleon had entered Italy; but it was now carried further. Italy had been constrained to pay the cost of the army that invaded it; now one State had to furnish part of the expenses of a campaign carried on against another, with which it had no quarrel.

The task of reorganising the finances was one to which Bonaparte most seriously directed his attention. The unblushing peculations practised by all officials and contractors, under the Republic had been notorious, and till this cancer was removed the confidence of the nation in the First Consul could not be rendered complete. He accordingly set to work to expose, and to force to disgorge, the worst offenders, to thrust them from their situations, and to supply their places with men of probity. To secure such men, he was ready to accept Royalists and Constitutionals, and even an honest Jacobin, if one such could be found.

The system of revolutionary finance had been paralysed by the reckless over-issue of paper money; and this, combined with the greed of the bankers and contractors, had brought the finances into a pitiable condition. To restore order and confidence, Bonaparte called in the help of two expert financiers of great probity, Gaudin and Mollien. The Bank of France was created as a private establishment, under the surveillance of the State, the issue of paper was limited, and its value fixed by law. By degrees public confidence returned, and the finances were placed on a stable footing. So in all departments, the energy, the resolution of Bonaparte produced good effects; as in the army he had chosen able men to be his officers, so did he also in every department of the State.

He impressed on all his agents a holy terror of his person. "C'est un diable," said Beugnot. His paramount ability brought into place, and galvanized into utility, men who had hitherto been nullities. As Roederer said, "Men, hitherto judged to be incapables, became all at once useful. On the other hand, men who had been supposed to be of prime necessity in the State, were reduced to uselessness, and all ambitious spirits were forced to be content to strive to gain a reflection of his glory."

Napoleon had a difficult part to play in the face of the several factions in

Paris, but he played it with consummate address. To the Royalists he pointed out that the Jacobins were still powerful and active, and were plotting for a revival of the Reign of Terror. To the Jacobins he addressed himself in another tone. He magnified to them the extent to which the counter-revolution was working, and the number of adherents it had throughout the west and south of France; and thus he got each of these mutually antagonistic factions to support him as a means of holding down the other. The Constitutionals, moreover, welcomed him as having introduced an element of strength and permanence into the Republic, which saved it from succumbing to the intrigues of Jacobins and Royalists, and assured them that, with a strong hand, he would hold both down.

France was weary of war, and Napoleon, who knew that to establish himself permanently he must have war, contrived, cleverly enough, to obtain what he desired, whilst throwing the onus of provoking war on others. In defiance of all international etiquette, he wrote personally to the King of England and to the Emperor, making great profession of desire for tranquillity, and inviting a consideration of terms of peace.

But the Austrian Government could not endure its humiliation. That of England could not believe in the stability of the new Constitution, and it declined to treat with the First Consul unless he would abandon the system of unprovoked aggression from which Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and Egypt had suffered. It mistrusted the velvet glove, and saw that it concealed an iron hand.

The character and position of Bonaparte precluded the hope of an honourable and lasting peace. In treating with him, the most that could be expected was a hollow truce of some twelve or eighteen months' duration.

Napoleon had gained all he desired in throwing on his adversaries the odium of recommencing the war; he could pose before France as one who had sought peace and had met with a rebuff, insulting to the majority of the French people.

In Italy, Masséna the Jew—his real name was Manasseh—commanded the French troops in occupation, and there “behaved in such a way,” as Miot de Melito informs us, “that the French troops, left without pay in the midst of the immense riches which he appropriated, revolted, and refused to recognise his authority. His pilferings, his shameless avidity, tarnished the laurels with which he had covered himself.” But he was an able general, and Napoleon needed him. He sent him instructions to fall back on and hold Genoa, till relieved.

In command of the Army of the Rhine was Moreau, an able general also, and upright. He was to hold in check the Austrian army under Kray, which occupied the elevated tableland of the Black Forest. In Italy, the Austrians, 117,000 strong, were commanded by Melas, and threatened to sweep the French, 25,000 in number, into the sea.

Napoleon rapidly organised an army of reserve in such a manner, dispersed through the country, that its existence was unsuspected by the enemy. By his

cunning he entirely deceived the enemy as to its size, and as to his intentions. He announced Dijon as place of assembly of the army of reserve, and actually collected there but a few battalions of raw conscripts ; whilst the real force was gathered elsewhere. As soon as this army was ready, he brought it together at Lausanne. In the meantime, Moreau had beaten Kray in five engagements, and had driven him back upon Ulm, with the loss of 30,000 men. If he had been permitted, he would have pushed on to the gates of Vienna. But this was not what Bonaparte purposed. He and he alone was to reap the fruits of victory. He therefore ordered Moreau to detach 25,000 men from his army to join the army of the reserve, which he himself commanded, and to keep Kray amused, but on no account to extend operations beyond the right bank of the Danube.

On the 13th May, 1800, the First Consul appeared at Lausanne, and prepared to march over the S. Bernard Pass, so as to fall on the rear of Melas, who had not the remotest idea that an army was in movement in Switzerland, with the greatest general of the day at its head, ready to swoop down upon him.

The passage of the great S. Bernard was attended with difficulty. The cannons were dismounted, put into the hollowed trunks of trees, and dragged by the soldiers ; the carriages were taken to pieces, and conveyed over the mountain on the backs of mules, or, hung upon poles, were borne on men's shoulders.

On the 16th May, Bonaparte's vanguard, under Lannes, descended the Alps into the beautiful valley of Aosta, closely followed by the other divisions. On the 17th, Lannes drove in a detachment of Austrians, who were as much astonished at the appearance of the French in that quarter as if the enemy had descended from the clouds.

On the 2nd of June, Bonaparte entered Milan without any opposition. On the 5th of June, after the soldiers had eaten their boots, and the leather of their knapsacks, Masséna surrendered Genoa ; but more than a week before that, Melas, made aware of the arrival of Bonaparte at the head of an army in the plains of North Italy, divided his forces, and leaving a portion to mask Genoa, faced round, and marched to meet him. An encounter took place at Marengo, on the 4th of June, and Napoleon had his centre broken, and would have been completely routed but for the opportune arrival of Dessaix, who had been despatched by him to reconnoitre in the direction of Novi, and of Kellermann at the head of 500 heavy cavalry. Dessaix fell, shot through the heart. The Austrians were thrown into a panic that resulted in a complete rout.

Baron Melas lacked ability and firmness. After his defeat, when he came to negotiate, it seemed as if his eighty-four years had reduced him to second childhood. By the armistice concluded on the 16th June, the Austrians surrendered Piedmont and the Genoese territory, with all their fortresses, including Alessandria, which might have stood a long siege, and the impregnable Genoa, which had only opened its gates to the Austrians eleven days before. The French were to keep Lombardy as far as the river Oglio. In return for these sacrifices, Melas was allowed to withdraw his forces to the line of Mantua and the Mincio.



BONAPARTE AT MARENGO.

From a contemporary engraving.

It will be advisable to look a little closer at the conduct of Napoleon at this period, as it is singularly characteristic. In the first place, he had no legal right to the command of the army.

As he himself admitted: "The principles of the Constitution did not allow the First Consul to undertake the command." He got over this difficulty by an equivocation. The law did not forbid his presence, and he appointed Berthier nominal Commander-in-Chief. The plan he had formed was to separate the two Austrian armies of Melas and Kray, and fall on the rear of the former, so as to force him to abandon the siege of Genoa, and relieve Masséna. He might have effected this latter purpose, as in '96, by an advance along the coast road and the passes of the Maritime Alps; but this would not serve his purpose of striking a great *coup de théâtre*, to surprise the imagination of Europe. He accordingly crossed the Great S. Bernard, whilst two other divisions surmounted the Little S. Bernard and the S. Gothard. The labours and perils of this passage have been magnified, so as to enhance the wonder, that the world might applaud. Then, on reaching the Italian plains, instead of hastening to the relief of Masséna, he loitered at Milan for a fortnight. He had despatched an aide-de-camp to Masséna on the 20th May, to promise him immediate help, yet, instead of marching directly to his assistance, he turned aside to Milan, where he was received with an ovation, and wasted precious time listening to concerts. Not only were the gallant French soldiers in Genoa starving, but the population of the town were dying in thousands. Masséna did not surrender till it was impossible for him to hold out another day, and

till he believed that the army marching to his relief had been beaten. Afterwards, to palliate his inactivity, Napoleon gave circulation to a number of charges against the gallant general, and threw on him the blame of the surrender. Bonaparte no doubt had calculated on Melas at once abandoning Genoa to protect his communications. Genoa had served his purpose in detaining Melas whilst he crossed the Alps. But for this he might have been beaten in detail, as Alvinzi had been. When too late to be of any use, then, and then only, did Bonaparte march against Melas. He disposed his troops in masterly fashion at Stradella, and awaited Melas there from the 10th to the 12th of



BATTLE OF MARENGO.
From an engraving by Chaffard.

June, a prey to the greatest uneasiness, as he did not know where the Austrians were. Then he abandoned his position, which was almost impregnable, and advanced into the plain along the road to Alessandria. Still uncertain where Melas was, he detached Dessaix with a flying column in the direction of Novi. Dessaix could not find the Austrians there, and hearing firing in the direction of Marengo, returned, and arrived to retrieve the day, which was lost; the French centre was broken, and the troops in flight. At the same time, Kellermann, seeing the flank of the Hungarian Grenadiers exposed, on his own initiative flung himself upon it with his heavy dragoons, and the day was won; for the Austrian army, drawn up in columns on the roads for the pursuit, could not deploy in time, and Melas was in his tent at the rear, writing despatches announcing his victory.

The whole disposition of the French troops had been so bad, the day was such a succession of surprises, that Bonaparte only won it by accident. Afterwards he destroyed the bulletins and reports sent in relative to the battle of Marengo, lest his own faulty generalship should be disclosed. Dessaix had fallen; he could therefore afford to praise him; but Kellermann's services he recognized coldly.*

That same evening he said privately to Bourrienne, "Little Kellermann made a lucky charge. He did it at just the right moment." However, when that officer approached the First Consul, Bonaparte merely said, "You made a pretty good charge." Then, turning to Bessières, who commanded the Horse Grenadiers, he said, "The Guard has covered itself with glory," though, in fact, this body did not charge at Marengo till nightfall, when the success of the day had been decided by Kellermann.† The latter was greatly mortified.

The fact seems to have been that Marengo was so nearly a crushing defeat, that Napoleon could not afford to allow to be generally known how his mistakes had been retrieved by others. As he cast blame for all disasters on other men, so he arrogated to himself the merit of every success.

Moreau also was treated with injustice. When he was on the eve of finishing the campaign by the capture of Ulm, and an advance on Vienna through Bavaria, Napoleon deprived him of a quarter of his army, and peremptorily forbade advance. Later he endeavoured to deprive him of the recognition due to his merits by blame for not having followed up his successes by the taking of Augsburg and the occupation of Munich, contrary to the express orders given by himself. And when at Hohenlinden Moreau completely defeated the Imperial army, Bonaparte spitefully criticised his tactics, and attributed his success to one of the accidents of war.

"Napoleon wrote reflections on this battle," says Lanfrey, "to which it is hard to give a name. If the word jealousy—which contemporaries did not hesitate to pronounce on this occasion—must be withheld, on the ground that he was superior to the need of fearing anyone, it is not possible to deny that his critiques were dictated by the most miserable and the meanest animosity. The man whom Europe considered his rival, and whom the two campaigns of 1800 placed in the first rank of illustrious captains, was treated by him as a backward pupil."

Henceforth Bonaparte eyed Moreau with dislike; and, although for a while obliged to exhibit some respect, he waited but for an opportunity to arise which would enable him to crush his rival. For the purpose of separating Moreau from the troops he had led, and who adored him, he sent the latter to S. Domingo, under his brother-in-law General Leclerc, where the yellow fever swept them off in great numbers.

Macdonald was another who excited the envy of Bonaparte, because in mid-

* Savary denies that this movement was on Kellermann's initiative. He says that it was ordered by Napoleon, when Dessaix sent to him to entreat support.

† "During his reign," says Lanfrey, "he thrice recast his bulletin, so as to modify it, in view of what history would say. In these three relations, preserved to us in the *Mémorial de la Guerre*, he contradicts and contravenes his own statements at every point."

winter he crossed the Splügen in storms of snow, an undertaking incomparably greater than the passage of the Great S. Bernard in fine weather, in summer, and unopposed. Bonaparte wrote:—

“The crossing of the Splügen presented, without doubt, difficulties; but winter is not the season of the year in which such operations are conducted with most difficulty. The snow is then firm, the weather settled, and there is nothing to fear from avalanches.”

He left out of count the short days and the bitter nights, and that Macdonald had contested the passage against an enemy in the midst of snowstorms.

Kléber was another whom Napoleon disliked, and the dislike was mutual. During the siege of Acre, Kléber said to Bourrienne, “That little scoundrel Bonaparte, who is no higher than my boot, will enslave France.”

Napoleon left Kléber in Egypt to maintain the conquest, when he was aware that no further glory was to be won there. Kléber said that he once heard Bonaparte remark, “I don’t want men of genius in the army,” and Kléber added, “He said that because he feared such.”

“Is Bonaparte loved? How could he be, when he loved none? But he thought to supply the place of love by forming his creatures by advances and presents.”*

Bernadotte he particularly disliked, because he refused him assistance on the 18th Brumaire. Bourrienne says:—

“He looked out for every opportunity 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 he might be made responsible.”

Augereau, Berthier, Bessières, Junot, Masséna, Lannes, Kellermann, Suchet, were dashing soldiers, or careful tacticians without extraordinary ability, and

* *Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*, p. 162.



BONAPARTE AND THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.
Portrait by Bouillon.

without daring ambition. But Moreau was nearer equality in strategy, and only his inferior in resolution and tenacity of purpose. Him Napoleon really feared. He could not allow him to gain too many successes, lest the army should be divided in its partiality.

Among the generals of a second class, ready blindly to follow him and glitter with his reflected light, Napoleon was ready enough to dispense favours, and was careful to encourage affection.

An instance of the real love he inspired in such men shall be given. It was after the failure of the pretended attempt of Ceracchi and Arena on the life of



THE REVIEW.

Drawn by Isabey and C. Vernet, and engraved by Mécou.

the First Consul, when at the Opera. Junot came to the house of Madame Permon, to give her an account of the conspiracy, and of its failure.

“ He informed her that Ceracchi and Arena—the one actuated by Republican fanaticism, the other by vengeance—had taken measures to assassinate Bonaparte. As General Junot proceeded in his account his voice became stronger, his language more emphatic; every word was a thought, and every thought came from his heart. In painting Bonaparte such as he daily saw him, his masculine and sonorous voice assumed a tone of sweetness—it was melody; but when he proceeded to speak of those men who, to satisfy their vengeance or senseless wishes, would assassinate him who was at that moment charged with the future of France, his voice failed, broken by sobs, and leaning his head upon my mother’s pillow, he wept like a child. Then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he went to seat himself in the most obscure corner of the room.” *

* *Mem. of Mme. Junot*, i. 356.

Moreover, Napoleon took special pains to ingratiate himself into the favour of the soldiers. Bourrienne says, he was never perfectly happy anywhere, save on a battle-field; and soldiers were the tool wherewith he carved out a place for himself. Consequently it was to his interest that the tool should cut well, and adapt itself to his hand.

Every fifth day—the week was still of ten days—the First Consul had a review, or parade, in the Court of the Tuileries; and all the regiments in France were sent up alternately to Paris to be reviewed by Bonaparte, so that they were all brought under his influence.

“Sometimes he galloped along the ranks, but this was rarely. He never, indeed, sat his horse, unless the troops had already passed in review, and he was satisfied that nothing was wanting. Even then he would address a few questions to two or three soldiers casually selected. But generally, after having ridden along the ranks on his white horse, ‘Le Désiré,’ he would alight, and converse with all his field officers, and with nearly all the subalterns and soldiers. His solicitude was extended to the most minute particulars—the food, the dress, and everything that could be necessary to the soldier or useful to the man divided his attention with the evolutions. He encouraged the men to speak to him without restraint. ‘Conceal from me none of your wants,’ he would say to them; ‘suppress no complaints you may have to make of your superiors. I am here to do justice to all, and the weaker party is especially entitled to my protection.’

“Such a system was not only attended with immediately beneficial results, but was adroitly adapted to answer a general and not less useful purpose. The army and its chief thus became inseparably united, and in the person of that chief the army beheld the French nation.”*

A soldier of the 32nd demi-brigade having written to Bonaparte, reminding him of his services, his wounds, &c., received the following reply:—

“To the gallant Léon! I have received your letter, my gallant comrade: You are the bravest grenadier in the army, now that the gallant Benezette is dead. You received one of the hundred sabres which I distributed to the army. All the soldiers admitted that you were the model of the regiment. I greatly wish to see you. I love you as my own son.”

Such a letter would circulate; it would inspire the soldiers with enthusiasm for the great general who called them gallant comrades, and declared that he loved them as his children. And such an expression was not an empty one. By his acts, Napoleon showed that he earnestly did seek the well-being of his soldiers. Nor was the sentiment feigned. It was the expression of his sincerest feeling.

This was not the case when Napoleon cajoled men whom he mistrusted, such as Moreau. He could and did flatter them, but it was to gain them; or if he could not gain them, to lull them to security, till the opportunity came when he could break and throw them aside.

When Moreau arrived in Paris in October—this was before Hohenlinden—he went at once, without even changing his boots, into the presence of the First

* *Ibid.*, 446.

Consul. Napoleon was at the moment inspecting some inlaid pistols, purchased as a present for the King of Spain. They were set with diamonds. Directly the First Consul saw Moreau, he said, "These weapons come *à propos*," presenting them to the General of the Army on the Danube. "Citizen Moreau will do me the favour to accept them as a mark of the esteem of the French nation." Then, turning to Lucien, he added, "Citizen Minister, have some of the battles of General Moreau engraved on the pistols, but not all; we must leave some room for diamonds." Shortly after that, Bonaparte proposed that Moreau should marry his sister Pauline; the General declined the honour. Such a union implied that he was to surrender his principles and become a satellite about Napoleon. But the present of the pistols was significant. It meant—"Take my sister, sell yourself wholly to me for the diamonds wherewith I can besprinkle you, or a duel *à l'outrance*." Moreau accepted the latter alternative, and was defeated.



XXX

THE FIRST STEP TO THE THRONE

(1800)

THE first step openly taken to the re-establishment of Royalty, was in February, 1800, when Bonaparte transferred his residence to the Tuileries. He was a little doubtful how this move would be viewed; accordingly, he determined to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians with a splendid ceremony, and befoul them with an ovation to Washington whilst making this advance. Washington had died on December 14, 1799, and Napoleon seized on this event for the purpose of a grand demonstration of Republican sympathy, during which he might transfer his lodging to the palace of Royalty.

Bourrienne says: "Bonaparte did not feel much concerned at the death of Washington; 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 that 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 proper orator was found, it was M. de Fontanes, and he prepared a funeral harangue, which was calculated, at the expense of the memory of Washington, to exalt the glories of the First Consul.

The ceremonial took place in the Church of the Invalides, which had been converted into a Temple of Mars, and where the place of the Crucified was occupied by a statue of the god of War. A national mourning for Washington was instituted to last for a week of ten days, and on its conclusion, Napoleon took up his residence in the palace of the kings. For a few weeks his brother Consuls were also accommodated with rooms therein, and then were bidden remove quietly to their private lodgings.

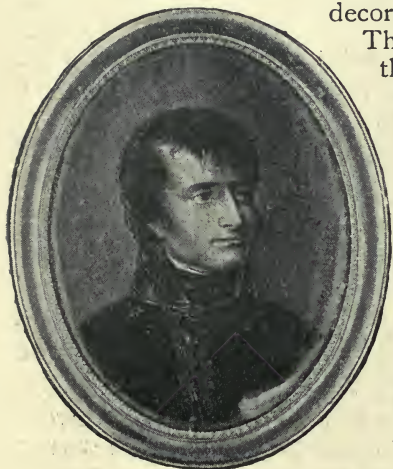
Bourrienne, his secretary, says: "It was resolved that Bonaparte should inhabit the Tuileries. Still, great prudence was necessary, to avoid the quicksands which surrounded him. He therefore employed great precaution in

dealing with the susceptibilities of the Republicans, taking care to inure them gradually to the temperature of absolute power. He advanced with firm step, but never neglected any artifice by which to conceal his designs."

The preparation of the palace had been conducted in such a manner as not to provoke comment. It was true that some caps of liberty were effaced, and trees of liberty cut down by order of Napoleon, but he had the halls decorated in a grave and unostentatious manner.

Mme. Junot says: "Madame Bonaparte occupied the whole ground-floor of the Tuileries. Her apartments were furnished tastefully, but without luxury; the great reception-salon was hung with yellow draperies; the movable furniture was damask, the fringes of silk, and the wood mahogany. No gold was to be seen. The other rooms were not more richly decorated; all was new and elegant, but no more.

The larger assemblies were held upstairs. As yet there was neither chamberlain nor prefect of the palace; an old Councillor of State, formerly Minister of the Interior, M. de Benezeck, was charged with the internal administration of the palace, which was at first a little difficult to introduce among what remained of genuine republicanism. The functions of M. de Benezeck embraced those afterwards divided between the Grand Chamberlain and the Master of the Ceremonies. The *maitre d'hôtel* and ushers performed the subaltern offices, and the aides-de-camp supplied the place of chamberlains."



SNUFFBOX.

By Isabey.

Bequeathed by Napoleon to his son.

On the day following that on which Napoleon had removed to the Tuileries, he said to Bourrienne, "You see what it is to have one's mind set on anything. Yesterday passed well.

Do not imagine that all those who came to flatter me were sincere. Certainly they were not; but the joy of the people was genuine. They know what is right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion, the price of the funds—on the 11th Brumaire at 11 francs, on the 12th at 16, and to-day at 21. In such a state of things I may let the Jacobins prate as they like. But let them not talk too loudly, either!"

Then—"To be at the Tuileries is not all. We must stay here. Who, in Heaven's name, has not already inhabited this palace? Ruffians, Conventionalists. From those windows yonder I saw the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried off. Be assured, they will not come here again."

There was a presentation of ambassadors, described by Benjamin Constant in his *Mémoires* :—

"At eight in the evening, the apartments of Madame Bonaparte, which were situated on the ground-floor, overlooking the gardens, were crowded with company. There was a dazzling display of splendid dresses, feathers, diamonds, &c. So numerous was the throng that it was found necessary to throw open

Madame Bonaparte's bed-chamber, the two drawing-rooms being very small.

"When, after considerable embarrassment and trouble, the company were arranged, Madame Bonaparte was announced, and she entered, conducted by M. de Talleyrand. She wore a dress of white muslin, with short sleeves, a pearl necklace, and her hair was simply braided, and confined by a tortoise-shell comb. The buzz of admiration which greeted her on her entrance must have been exceedingly gratifying to her; she never, I think, looked more graceful.

"M. de Talleyrand, still holding Madame Bonaparte by the hand, presented her to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, one after another, not introducing them by name, but designating them by the Courts they represented. He then conducted her round the two drawing-rooms. They had not gone above half round the second room when the First Consul entered, without being announced. He was dressed in a very plain uniform coat, white cashmere pantaloons, and top-boots. Round his waist he wore a tri-coloured silk scarf, with a fringe to correspond, and he carried his hat in his hand. Amidst the embroidered coats, cordons, and jewels of the ambassadors and foreign dignitaries, Bonaparte's costume appeared no less singular than the contrast presented by the simple elegance of Josephine's dress compared with the splendour of the ladies around her."

Bonaparte now settled the costume to be worn by the Consuls, Ministers, and different bodies of the State. Ever since the fall of the Monarchy, velvet had been abolished as a symbol of royalty.

Bonaparte reintroduced it, and alleged, as a reason, that he desired to encourage the manufactures of Lyons.

"It was," says Bourrienne, "his constant aim to efface the Republic, even in merest trifles, and to prepare matters so that all externals of a monarchy having been reintroduced there would remain but a word to be changed."

On the 27th Nivose, a decree was published, suppressing all journals printed in Paris, with the exception of thirteen, as being "in the hands of the enemies of the Republic," and those tolerated were cautioned not to insert any articles "against the Sovereignty of the People."

Masquerades were again permitted. Bonaparte was glad to encourage the old amusements, as a means of diverting the attention of the people from his ambitious plans and stealthy advances. So also the Opera balls were again begun. As Bonaparte said—"Whilst the people of Paris are chatting about all this, they do not babble politics, and that is what I want. Let them dance and amuse themselves so long as they do not thrust their noses into the councils of the Government."



NAPOLEON.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

A far more important step was taken in the repeal of the law against emigrants, so far as affected those who had not taken up arms against the Republic. He was desirous of bringing back to France the old noblesse, and of cajoling it into forming a Court around himself and Josephine. He trusted that so long as they had the substance of a Court, they would forget who formed the centre of it. But with regard to the Royalist party, still in arms in La Vendée, he resolved to crush it with the utmost rigour. On the 5th January he wrote to General Hédonville, Commander-in-Chief of the army engaged in suppressing the Royalists:—

“You are invested with full power; act as freely as if you were in the heart of Germany. Let minor interests and personal considerations disappear in presence of the necessity of stamping out the rebellion. It is useless to hold courts-martial. The Consuls opine that all rebels taken in arms should be summarily executed. . . . No matter what accusations are brought against you, the Government will support you; your military action will be examined by a man who is accustomed to severe and energetic measures. . . . It will be well to burn down two or three large villages. Experience has taught us that this is the most humane way of proceeding. Weakness is inhumanity.”

General Hédonville, not having shown himself sufficiently ferocious, was superseded by General Brunne. In the first instructions issued to the latter, he was ordered to burn some large villages in Morbihan. “It is only by rendering war terrible,” said Bonaparte, “that the inhabitants will be induced to shake off their apathy, and unite against the brigands” (*i.e.* Royalists). At the same time hints were to be disseminated that Napoleon was desirous of restoring the monarchy, and great indulgence was to be shown to the priests. Those who were to be cruelly dealt with were poor peasants, but to all returning nobles great favour was to be shown, and every effort was employed to win them over to the side of the First Consul.

A serious proceeding was the institution of a secret police, an organised body of political spies. The police who had charge of the public welfare were under Fouché; this secret body was placed, at first, under Duroc and Mouncey, and then under Davoust and Junot. Josephine intensely disliked the system. Bonaparte himself was dissatisfied with its working, but he would not abandon the scheme. Every part of his administration was pervaded by spies—they obtained a footing about all the principal personages of State, they penetrated into families, they were placed in foreign Courts. This band Bonaparte called his Telegraphic Company, and they spied even on the proceedings of Fouché and his General Police. The number of these dangerous stipendiaries amounted in March, 1803, to three thousand six hundred and ninety-two.*

This intolerable system grew out of the institution, in the days of the Terror, of every citizen being entitled to spy on his fellow, and of the clubs being organised bodies of accusers of political crimes. Napoleon adopted the principle, reduced it to a system, and enveloped the proceedings of his agents in secrecy.

Bonaparte had seen that in the Republic there was no source of honour.

* *Secret Memoirs*, p. 94.

Decrees had indeed been passed in commendation of certain individuals as having deserved well of their country; but those so commended were often the basest of mankind. The functionaries under the Convention and the Directory had worked for nothing save themselves. Robespierre, finding that this was universal, and unable to inspire any noble sentiment, sought to check the corruption by fear, and sent the worst speculators to the guillotine. The speculators combined against him, and destroyed him. Thenceforth the rapacity of all office-holders, from the highest to the lowest, was unrestrained.

To rectify this, Bonaparte instituted honourable rewards—rings, swords, guns, and trumpets of honour. The names of those who received these distinctions were to be engraved on tables of marble, in the Temple of Mars. These honours were at first accorded exclusively to men in military service. But this was the preliminary stage to the institution of the Legion of Honour, the cross of which was to be so coveted by men of all branches of the service.

An important stride towards the attainment of that which Napoleon had in view was taken, when he set to work to conciliate the Church. He perfectly recognised the power of the Christian Church, and he saw how strong was the recoil from infidelity.

If he could withdraw the clergy from their allegiance to the House of Bourbon, they would largely influence their flocks, and reconcile them to his autocracy. He had already begun this.

Pope Pius VI. had been removed from Rome by the French in 1799, and hustled from place to place by order of the Directory; placed for a while in the citadel of Turin, he was then conveyed over Mont Genève to Briançon. Thence the official who received him sent to headquarters a formal receipt, couched in these terms: "Reçu—un Pape, en fort mauvais état." He was transferred to Valence, where he died, August 29th, 1799.

In February, 1800, the First Consul had ordered the translation of the Pope's body, with great solemnity, to Rome. On the 17th of that month it arrived in the Eternal City; and on the following day a grand funeral mass was sung in the presence of the new Pontiff, Pius VII., and of many high functionaries, conspicuous among whom was the Minister of the French Republic, which two years before had invaded Rome, and had driven Pius VI. into exile.



BONAPARTE.

After Philips. Engraved by C. Turner.

Napoleon had an account of this funeral printed in French, and distributed broadcast in Brittany, La Vendée, and wherever the peasantry were strong in their adhesion to Catholicism.

When he was in Milan, after having crossed the Great S. Bernard, he took vast pains to conciliate the clergy. He published a manifesto, in which he declared the sentiments of profound respect with which he regarded the Holy Father, and the sincerity of his attachment to the Catholic faith. He assembled the priests of Milan, and reminded them of the protection he had afforded them on a former occasion. He assured them that his faith was the same as theirs, and that he was persuaded that no other religion could secure happiness and good government. He undertook to punish, even with death, anyone who should insult that religion or their sacred persons. He had disapproved of all that had been done against religion when he was a simple agent of the Government. "Modern philosophers," he added, "have tried to persuade France that the Catholic religion is the implacable enemy of every democratic system, and of every Republican Government. Hence the cruel persecution of religion and its ministers by the French Republic. . . . Experience has undeceived the French, and has convinced them that the Catholic religion is better adapted than any other to divers forms of government, and is peculiarly favourable to republican institutions."

In a bulletin of the Army of Italy of the 4th June, he announced that "a *Te Deum* had been chanted in the cathedral of Milan, in honour of the happy delivery of Italy from heretics and infidels. . . . Even the priests were discontented at seeing English heretics and infidel Mussulmans profane the territory of holy Italy."

And all this just a year after he had boasted in Egypt that he had destroyed the Pope, overthrown the cross, and that he was one with the Mussulmans in fighting for the unity of Allah against those who, "by their lies," proclaimed the Trinity. And, moreover, a few days after this, he appointed Abdallah Menou, his one general who had abjured Christianity and become a Mussulman, to be a governor in "holy Italy."

In July, 1800, he wrote to the prefect of La Vendée to send delegates of his department to Paris. "And if there are priests among them, send them to me in preference to others, for I esteem and love priests who are good Frenchmen, and know how to defend their country against the eternal enemies of France, those wicked English heretics." His object was clear enough. By means of the priests whom he hoped to gain, he trusted to reconcile the Catholic Vendéens to his rule. And, indeed, he ventured soon after, in a Council of State, to frankly declare: "With my préfets, my gendarmes, and my priests, I shall be able to do just what I like."

He made preparations for the Concordat. He had already his consecration by a Pope in view, and that was to him essential, as giving him the only divine sanction he could appeal to against the legitimate aspirant to the crown.

But he used his wonted subtlety in this matter also. To the Catholics he showed himself as one eager to bring the country back into allegiance to the

Church; but to the freethinkers he held very different language. He represented to them the power of the Church, and the great advantage it would be for the State to exercise control over it. "This is only religious vaccination," said he to Cabanis; "in fifty years we shall have expelled religion altogether out of France." And to La Fayette he said, "I shall put the priests down lower than they were when you left them. A bishop will be only too grateful to be invited to dine with a préfet. . . . Will it not be something to get the Pöpe and the clergy to declare against the legitimacy of the Bourbons?" To which the friend of Washington, with great shrewdness, answered: "*Allons, général*, confess your true aims; you want to have the little phial of holy oil broken on your own head."*

* LA FAYETTE, *Mes rapports avec Le Premier Consul, en Mémoires, Correspondance, et Manuscrits*, Brux. 1837-8.

IN THE TUILERIES

IN a celebrated passage, Tacitus divides the life of Tiberius into epochs, and gives us the characteristics of the man in each of these. In the life of Bonaparte the epochs were very marked, and their distinction was indicated by a change in his personal appearance. To the first belongs the meagre and sour youth, when he was "Puss in Boots," an inveterate grumbler, and a bitter Jacobin. He had then the lean and hungry look of a conspirator. He wore his hair long, his cheeks were hollow, his tongue spiteful.

After the 13th Vendémiaire he entered on his second stage, which was that of dissimulation, a preparation for a *volte-face* in sentiments. He had lost faith in principles. Men of principle he called idealists.

"The word *idéologue* 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 regarded them as dreamers. According to him, they looked for power in institutions. He had no idea of any power except in direct force. All benevolent men, seeking the amelioration of humanity, were regarded by Bonaparte as dangerous, because their maxims and principles were diametrically opposed to the harsh and arbitrary system he had adopted. He always said that men were only to be governed by fear and interest."*

In Italy he wore his hair long, but had it cut in Egypt. His features were becoming more set, and his expression more reposeful.

He had suspected his own talents before the 13th Vendémiaire; before the 18th Brumaire he knew them. With this latter day Napoleon entered on his third epoch, that of consolidation of his position, and of centralisation of all power in himself.

Bourrienne thus describes his personal appearance at this time:—

"His finely-shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to canvas; 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

* BOURRIENNE, i. 331 (*condensed*).

self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretensions to that advantage were not so well founded as those on the score of his hands.

"When walking, either alone or in company with anyone, in his apartments or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He gave an involuntary shrug to 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. . . . When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion and lean on it. . . . His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours. While in it he was continually turning on the hot water to raise the temperature; so that I, who read to him at the time, was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour, that I could not see to read."

Madame de Rémusat says:—

"Bonaparte rose at no fixed hours, but ordinarily at 7 o'clock. When he awoke in the night, he sometimes began to wash, or he bathed, or ate. His awakening was generally melancholy, and appeared painful. Not infrequently he had convulsive spasms in the stomach, which made him vomit. Sometimes he seemed to be much disquieted by such attacks, as if he dreaded being poisoned; and then there was great difficulty to prevent him increasing this tendency by trying all he could to excite vomiting."*



THE FIRST CONSUL.
From a picture by Greuze.

This fear of attempts on his life was very present with him. Before the 18th Brumaire, when he dined with the Councils, at a banquet given in his honour, he would not eat of the meats prepared. On the 18th Brumaire, in the courtyard of S. Cloud, he never remained stationary for a moment, but moved about in zigzag fashion, lest he should be picked off by a shot from one of the windows. At Malmaison, he confined his walks to within the circle guarded by the police, lest an attempt should be made to poignard him. He was constantly on the look out for the daggers of the Jacobins, whom he well knew to be capable of anything. Most absurdly, he gave credit to the notion that the English Government hired assassins to remove him. In the field he thought he bore a charmed

* *Memoirs*, ii. 335.

life, but not when at Paris. After the assassination of the Emperor, Paul I., his alarm on this score rose to a panic, and he actually indited to Talleyrand the following words to be addressed to the English Government:—"As to the small number of assassins who are actively employed in the interior, at the instigation of England, they were little to be dreaded, and the English Government must not calculate hopefully on their assistance."*

"Bonaparte entertained a profound dislike," says Bourrienne, "of the sanguinary men of the Revolution, and especially of the regicides. He felt, as a painful burden, 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 Cambacérès, pinching his 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 Cambacérès, and was usually the only reply of the Second Consul."

This horror of the Jacobins was due to his fear lest they should endeavour to compass his destruction, and he knew that to them all modes were indifferent. It was through this dread of the dagger, that he was so much afraid of giving *tête-à-tête* audiences, and insisted on a second person being present.

The Jacobins were not the sole object of this dread. "It is curious," says Bourrienne, "that amidst all the anxieties of war and government, the fear of the Bourbons incessantly pursued him, and the Faubourg S. Germain was to him always a threatening phantom."

The besetting idea that England not only connived at the plots of the Bourbons to obtain his assassination, but even provided means, men, and money for such a crime, could not be got out of his head. The Corsican, with his inherited notions that the stiletto was the proper means whereby wrongs were to be righted, did not think such methods beneath the honour of a great nation and a responsible Government. It was in vain for Lord Hawkesbury indignantly to repudiate such a charge; Napoleon believed that he was justified in returning to it, and the base Fouché did his utmost to foster this notion, and stir almost to frenzy his master's fear of the assassin. By his agents, he managed to obtain copies of the correspondence of Drake, the English agent at the Court of Munich, and of Spencer, who acted in the same capacity in that at Stuttgart, and he persisted in believing that this correspondence proved such connivance of the Ministry with plots for murder, though no one else could see any incriminating passages in the letters published. On them he wrote to Dessolles, commanding in Hanover (8th March, 1804), "Nothing can equal the intense stupidity of this plot, if it be not its wickedness. The human heart is an abyss which deceives calculation, and cannot be fathomed by the most penetrating genius."

To Talleyrand he wrote on May 30th, 1804:—"The French Government is authorised to consider all the representatives of the British Cabinet as agents

* Bonaparte to Talleyrand, 28th May, 1801.

of plot and war. The most noble profession, which enjoys a kind of sanctity, and which is surrounded by the veneration of men, is for the British Cabinet merely a veil to cover plots, crimes, and subversions! An ambassador is a minister of conciliation; his duty is always a holy duty founded upon morality; and the British Cabinet says he is an instrument of war, who has a right to do anything, provided he does nothing against the country by which he is accredited. . . . The English Government has often given proofs of political ferocity, now it behaves with folly and imbecility."



ATTEMPT OF THE 3RD NIVÔSE.

From a lithograph.

Yet his own agents were everywhere engaged in the violation of every right, in arresting on neutral territory, in copying secret despatches, in bribing ministers, and in stirring up revolutionary movements.

He was incapable of understanding the feeling of a nation roused against his encroachments, and violation of its rights and liberties. Opposition he attributed to the venality of the Courts and the stupidity of the people, the former bought by English gold, the latter hoodwinked to support those they ought to despise and resist.

The first attempt at assassination was attributed to Caracoli and the Corsican Arena, but it was never brought home to them, and many believed that it was a plot manufactured by the police. Then the police discovered a sort of infernal machine, at the workshop of a man named Chevalier, but no evidence was forthcoming to show that it was designed to destroy the First Consul, though Chevalier was unable to prove that it had any honest purpose. The attempt which created greatest noise was that which produced an explosion

whilst the First Consul was on the way to the Opera, which killed four persons and wounded sixty. This was on the 3rd Nivôse (27th December, 1800). The man who had charge of it was injured, and his depositions were taken down. It seems to have been devised by a very few. Napoleon was filled with rage, and in a paroxysm of fear declared, in reply to a deputation of the Council of State to congratulate him on his escape, "This is not a plot of nobles, of Chouans, nor of priests; but it is that of the Septembrists,* those scoundrels, covered with crime, who form a battalion in square marching against every successive Government. . . . Some means must be found to execute prompt justice upon them."

Fouché, head of the police, and an old Terrorist, endeavoured as much as possible to screen his Jacobin allies, and he produced evidence that this plot was the work of Chouans. Nevertheless, Napoleon grasped the occasion to get rid of the principal Jacobins, and such enemies of his encroachments as he dared to lay hands on. Caracolli and Arena were executed, then Chevalier and four accomplices; after that a hundred and thirty dangerous men were sentenced to be deported—"Not because they had been taken dagger in hand, but because they were universally known to be capable of urging on or partaking in such a crime." All but two died in the places whither they were transported.

There can be little question that the bulk of Frenchmen were heartily glad that punishment should have fallen on the men who had stained the French soil with innocent blood, and that their deportation was regarded as a guarantee against further revolution.

Although the Peace of Lunéville had been concluded, Bonaparte had no desire for a prolonged state of tranquillity. All he needed was sufficient time to consolidate his position.

He said to Bourrienne:—

"A great reputation is a great noise; the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, nations, all fall; but the noise continues and resounds in after ages. . . . My power 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."

Bourrienne remarks, "This was then, and probably always continued to be, 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 continually advancing. 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.'"

To return to his personal appearance and manner, the author of the *Secret Memoirs* says of this period:—

"At the time that I knew him only as a general, his haughtiness, his disdain, his contempt for others, were perceptible through even his most trifling

* Those engaged in the massacres in the prisons in September, 1792.

actions. But no sooner did he become Consul, than the expression of his countenance was enlivened, his voice became less harsh, his eye mild, and his manner much less repulsive. Did he confer a favour, or promote anyone to an office, it was done with courtesy, often with the addition of some obliging expression. The beauties of language were little familiar to him; he was a stranger to those brilliant obscurities, those neat inversions, so necessary to statesmen, who do not always express what they ought to say, but what they wish others to understand. To remedy this dearth of oratorical power, he formed a dictionary of chosen words and phrases, which he used according to the time, place, person, or circumstances. . . . Bonaparte was born a despot, the passion of domineering over men and crushing them was innate in him. Men and circumstances fed that passion, but even without such stimulants, he would never have been a good prince. Master of a school, or upon a throne, chief of a squadron, or a corporal on guard, at Paris or in Kamschatka, everywhere he would have been a tyrant.*

When Bonaparte was in good humour, his usual tokens of favour were a pinch of the ear, or a rap on the head, and he addressed those he was with as "fools," "simpletons," "blockheads." To women he was not much more polite. To one he would remark on the redness of her elbows, to another on the ugliness of her head-dress, and ask another how long she was going to appear in his presence in the same gown. One day, after he became Emperor, he said to the Duchesse de Chevreuse, in the presence of a large company, "What red hair you have got!" "Sire," answered the lady, "it may be so, but this is the first time a gentleman has ever told me so."

Napoleon shortly after banished her to Tours, because she declined to become maid-of-honour to his sister-in-law, the soap-boiler's daughter.

Bonaparte had wrested Tuscany from the House of Austria, and constituted a Kingdom of Etruria, which he had given to the Spanish Infante of Parma with the title of King of Etruria. He and his bride were bidden to come to Paris, where Napoleon desired to display himself as the giver of crowns. As Madame de Staël wittily said, "He made an essay with this royal lamb, before bidding a King wait in his ante-chamber." The poor prince was feeble-minded; and Napoleon was rejoiced to have it in his power to show off a degenerate Bourbon to the jeers of the people.†

Great festivities were given in Paris in honour of the young couple. At the theatre, where *Œdipus* was being performed, a sentence of Philoctetes was rapturously applauded:—"J'ai fait des souverains, et n'ai pas voulu l'être." The First Consul was manifestly pleased at the application. The ephemeral kingdom lasted scarcely six years. The King died in 1803, and in 1807 the Queen was expelled from her throne by him who had constructed it for her.

The production of the imbecile King, under the patronage of the First Consul, was a more successful *coup* than was that attempted by a pamphlet, drawn up by M. de Fontaines, corrected by Napoleon, and issued from the office of Lucien, who was Minister of the Interior. The pamphlet was entitled,

* *Secret Memoirs*, 86, 89.

† The poor, amiable, foolish Prince, was Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, and was married to the Infanta of Spain, Maria Louisa, third daughter of Charles IV.

A Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, and the drift of it was the advantage of an hereditary monarchy. But the appearance of the *brochure* was premature, and met with general disapproval; so that Napoleon was obliged to disavow it, cast the blame on his brother Lucien, and send him into Spain on a diplomatic mission. Lucien was in ill-humour over this. The pamphlet could not have appeared without his sanction, and yet he professed that the cause of his dismissal was due to the staunchness of his Republicanism, and to his disapproval of the manner in which Napoleon was gathering into his own hand all the reins of government.

Malmaison, though a charming country residence, did not now seem to Bonaparte sufficiently palatial for him as First Consul, and he obtained as his summer residence Saint Cloud, over the repair of which 600,000 francs was expended; and the furniture to prepare it for his residence was taken from the national museums of Paris and Versailles, the tapestry came from the Gobelins and Beauvais.

At one time, Napoleon had been proud of his being a member of the Institute, and had flourished his title to that honour before those of his military position. Now he ceased to relish it.

“Do you not think,” said he one day to his secretary, “that there is something mean and humiliating in the words, ‘I have the honour, my dear colleague, to be’? I am tired of it.”

XXXII

THE SECOND STEP TO THE THRONE

(1801-2)

BONAPARTE, as already intimated, had resolved on a reconciliation with the Church, with the view of securing an ally. He had himself some sort of religious belief, but it was of the shallowest, and confined to a recognition of the Deity. "My reason," said he, "makes me incredulous respecting many things; but the impressions of my childhood and early youth throw me into uncertainty." Bourrienne says, "He readily yielded assent to 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?' He had, however, no belief in the immortality of the soul. The only immortality he thought of was fame. 'The salvation of my soul!' he once exclaimed. 'With me, immortality is the recollection one leaves in the memory of man. That idea prompts to great actions. It would be better for a man never to have lived, than to leave behind him no traces of his existence.'"

At a time when a multitude of the luxurious abbés, who had enjoyed titles and revenues, but had done no work for the Church, had fled the country, the parish priests had struggled against the prevailing infidelity, and had maintained the lamp of divine truth, had ministered the sacraments, and, as soon as it was possible, had reopened the churches. Some bishops had remained with their flocks, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution. As soon as the storm of the Reign of Terror was over, they set diligently to work to reorganise the Church in France, with full recognition of her old Gallican liberties. They had reconstituted fifty dioceses, and filled them with prelates zealous and able to distinguish between their religious and political duty. In the year V., four years before the Concordat, out of 40,000 parishes, 32,214 had their churches reopened, and priests serving them; and 4,571 were asking for clergy to minister at their re-erected altars.* The Constitutional Church, as it was called, was active, pious, and independent of political parties. It held its

* GREGOIRE: *Essai hist. sur les libertés de l'église Gallicane*; also *Mémoires de Grégoire*, Paris, 1840, i. p. 107.

councils, which assembled and passed salutary canons. The revived Gallican Church rejected all fees for the ministration of sacraments.

The independence of this Church was regarded with jealousy by the Pope, who dreaded, above all things, the resurrection of Gallican independence. Moreover, all the runaway abbés who returned clamoured for reinstatement.

Pius VI. anathematised the reformed Church as heretical, contrary to Catholic dogma, sacrilegious, and schismatical. He threw himself heart and soul into the cause of that wretched ancient *régime* which had consumed France like

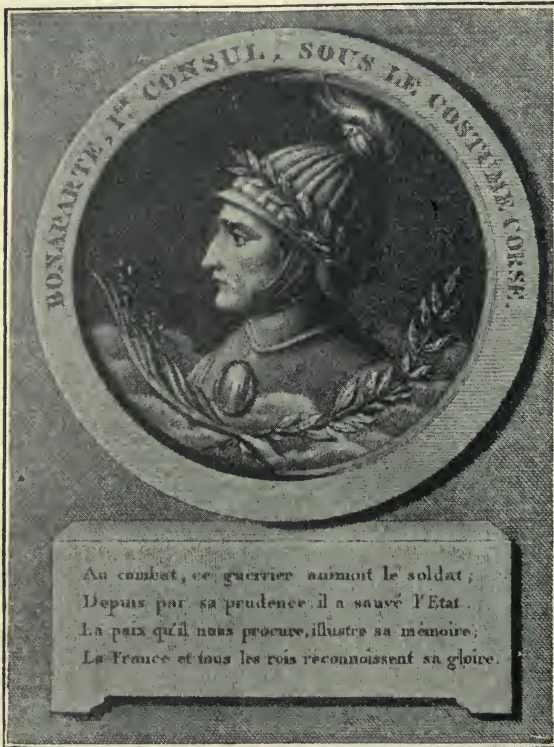
a cancer. "The restoration of the old system," he wrote, "is the sole object of my thoughts and desires." The ex-bishops wrote pastorals to the clergy and to the faithful, forbidding them to hold communion with the constitutional prelates and clergy, forbidding burials to those who had received sacraments at their hands, and declaring marriages performed by them to be null and void.

The oath, which interfered in no way with religion or the sacerdotal character, was twisted by designing hands into a sort of abjuration of the Christian faith, which, it was pretended, the Assembly had imposed on the clergy. The non-jurors declared that those who took it were apostates, Judases, worse than Mohammedans. Every nerve was strained to rouse the

peasantry, and goad the women into resistance. "These clergy," says the Marquis de Ferrières in his *Mémoires*, "refuse to listen to any arrangement, and, by their culpable intrigues, shut the way to all conciliation; sacrificing the Catholic religion to an insensate obstinacy, and to a condemnable attachment to riches."

As an instance of the spirit of the papalist clergy, may be instanced the occasion of the consecration of several bishops at S. Sulpice in Paris. The non-jurors sent a footman, dressed in ecclesiastical garb, to present himself for ordination, hoping thereby to turn the ceremony into ridicule. The trick was discovered, and the *laquais* turned out of the church.

The Catholics of France were divided; in some places the Constitutionals were most numerous, in others the non-jurors. Thus, in France, there existed



BONAPARTE IN CORSICAN COSTUME.

From a drawing by Vigny, engraved by Benoist.

side by side two Churches, holding the same faith, exercising the same apostolic ministry, celebrating the same sacraments, and using the same ritual.

Napoleon might have accepted an alliance with the Constitutional Church but he, as well as the Pope, viewed it with suspicion, because of the manly independence of the clergy in it. He accordingly entered into negotiation with Pius VII. towards a settlement of the religious question. In his notes dictated to Montholon, Napoleon gives his reasons plainly enough. He says that his object was "to attach the clergy to the new order of things, and to break the last thread by which the old dynasty communicated with the country." This result would not be obtained by an alliance with the Constitutional clergy, but it would be a master-stroke for him to bring over to his side those who had worked as much for the Bourbons as for the cause of religion.

In his conversation with Las Cases he was still more explicit. After considering the various courses he might have adopted, he said that he had to choose between Catholicism and Protestantism, and he added, "At the time, my inclinations urged me to the latter." But, as he said, "I thought I should sooner reach the grand result with Catholicism. For, outside of France, Catholicism retained the Pope, and with my influence and my forces in Italy, I did not despair, sooner or later, by one means or another, of having him under my absolute control. Then, what an influence would have been mine! What a lever in my hands wherewith to move the world!" Passing thence to ulterior projects, and to that thought which lay at the bottom of his gigantic and unrealisable schemes, he said: "If I had returned a victor from Moscow, I would have induced the Pope no longer to regret his temporalities, I would have erected him into an idol; he would have lived alongside of me. Paris would have become the capital of the Christian world, and I would have governed the religious world as well as the world of politics. That would have been an additional means of drawing together all the parts of the empire, and of keeping all outside in peace. My Councils would have represented all Christendom, and the Popes would have been merely the Presidents. I would have opened and closed the Assemblies, have approved and published their decisions, as did Constantine and Charlemagne."*

Cardinal Consalvi was sent by the Pope to Paris to arrange matters. He arrived in June, 1801, and was bullied and cajoled. He was ready to sanction a great deal, if only the germ of independence in the Gallican Church could be trodden out; and the object he and the Pope had at heart was, not so much to restore the Catholic Church as to destroy that which was Gallican, with all its liberties, and the energetic life which its liberty fostered.

In July, 1801, the Concordat was signed, but it was not proclaimed till the April of 1802; whereupon a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at Notre-Dame, on Sunday, the 11th of April.

Bourrienne describes the function:—"The crowd was immense. . . . It is unquestionably true that a great number of the persons present at the ceremony expressed, in their countenance and gestures, a feeling of impatience and displeasure, rather than of satisfaction, or of reverence for the place in which they were. Here and there murmurs arose expressive of discontent. The whispering,

* *Mémorial de Las Cases.* Ed. Brux., 1848.

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 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



SIGNATURE OF THE CONCORDAT.

From a drawing by Gérard.

passed their lives in camps, had oftener entered a church in Italy to carry off a painting than to hear mass. . . . On the road from the Tuileries to Notre-Dame, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage as soon as they saw they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. 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 millions of men who have perished in pulling down what you are setting up.' Bonaparte was much displeased at this remark."

During the negotiations with the Pope, Bonaparte one day said to his

secretary, "In every country religion is useful to the Government, and those who govern ought to avail themselves of it to influence mankind. In Egypt I was a Mohammedan, in France I am a Catholic. The policy of the religion of a State should be entirely in the hands of the Sovereign. Many people have urged me to found a Gallican Church, and make myself its head; but they do not know France. If they did, they would be aware that the majority would not like a rupture with Rome."

All the Constitutional and the *émigrés* bishops received a Papal brief, enjoining them to resign their functions; and Napoleon, who by the Concordat held in his hands the nomination to the archbishoprics and bishoprics of France, was prepared to enforce the command. They therefore, for the most part, obeyed, the Constitutionals not without a protest.

The institution of the Legion of Honour excited much more opposition than the Concordat. It was thought to be a recurrence to aristocratic distinctions, which had been abolished by the Revolution. It required all the pressure that the First Consul could bring to bear on the three great bodies of the State to get them to pass it, and then he secured only a narrow majority.

As Napoleon observed, "Vanity is the ruling principle of the French; it was that which lay at the bottom of all the convulsions of the Revolution. It was the sight of the nobility enjoying privileges and distinctions to which they could not aspire, which filled the Third Estate with inextinguishable and natural animosity."

But the conferring of the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour was not the constitution of an hereditary caste; it was the honouring of individuals; and it was open to the humblest of citizens to aspire to it. It set before men something more noble than money-making, and that at the public expense.

The opposition that Bonaparte had met with, in the Tribunate especially, made him very irritated with that body, and he resolved to silence its voice.



THE FIRST CONSUL.
From a drawing by Géhotte.

According to the Constitution, the members of the Tribune and Legislative Body were renewed in a fifth of their number every year, but there was no provision as to who were to pass out each year. It had hitherto been determined by lot; but Napoleon seized on the opportunity to nominate those who were to leave. In the Tribune and Legislative Body, there were from fifteen to twenty on whom he could not reckon, and these he now eliminated from the two assemblies, and the Senate nominated, in their room, men who were creatures of the First Consul, fifteen generals or superior officers, and twenty-five functionaries. By this means, every vestige of representative government disappeared from these institutions; and they became servile bodies, ready to enregister the decrees of the First Consul, like the adulatory Senate of Rome under the Cæsars.

The Peace of Amiens had been signed on the 27th March, 1802, by Joseph Bonaparte and Lord Cornwallis. England retained Ceylon and Trinidad, other conquered colonies were to be restored to France and Holland; Malta, which had been captured by the British, was to be made over to a reconstituted order of Knights. Burning questions were passed over, running sores veiled. It was obvious to all who chose to consider the condition of affairs on the Continent, that this peace did no more than afford a breathing-time for the combatants to prepare for a death-grapple. Napoleon saw this clearer than anyone; but it suited his purpose to posture as a peace-maker. France, like England, was weary of war, it was satisfied with the glory achieved by its arms; it fondly believed that its Chief Consul was likewise content. But with Bonaparte, no step was taken without intention of a further advance.

The Treaty of Peace concluded at Amiens was not presented at once to the Legislative Body; its presentation was purposely delayed.

When finally it was produced, amidst a great flourish of trumpets, and glossed over with representations that gave to it a colour it did not really possess, it was proposed in the Tribune "that to General Bonaparte should be accorded a distinguishing testimony of the national gratitude." The proposal was at once carried, and Siméon, at the head of a deputation, appeared before the First Consul with the vote. He replied that he required no recompense but the affection of his fellow-citizens. Life was dear to him only because of the services he could render to his country, and death would be to him without bitterness if happiness was as secured to the Republic as was its glory.

The terms of the vote were somewhat vague, and Napoleon did not relish them. The Senate, not to be behindhand, voted that he should be invested with the Consulship for ten years beyond the original ten, to which it was at first limited.

When this was carried, and Bonaparte learned the form this "testimonial of national gratitude" had assumed, he was very angry. He treated the offer as an insult. Cambacérès had tried hard to get the Senate to vote for a Consulship for life; but this they were disinclined to grant. "They will, perhaps, make wry faces," said Napoleon, "but they must come to it at last."

With a sudden affectation of diffidence, he pretended that he could not

accept the honour that was being pressed on him, unless it were the wish of the people. "The interests of my glory and happiness," said he, "would seem to have indicated that the close of my public life should synchronise with the establishment of peace in the world. But the glory and happiness of the citizen must give way 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 on condition that the voice of the people commands what your suffrage authorises."

Many did not read between the lines that he was dissatisfied with what was offered, and desired something more; but this was speedily made plain to the Council, and they obsequiously agreed that the proposition to be submitted to a *plébiscite* was to be, whether Napoleon should be invested with the Consulship for life, with power to nominate his successor.

Accordingly on the 11th May, 1802, the *Moniteur* announced that registers would be opened in all the Mairies, in the offices of Justice, to receive the votes of the people on the question, "Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be elected Consul for life?"

The result of this appeal was announced by a *Senatus Consultum*, on August 2. It appeared that out of 3,557,885 citizens who had voted,

3,368,259 votes were in the affirmative. And the rapid rise of that barometer, the Funds, when the result was declared, showed that the nation felt confidence in the man it invested with such power, to whom, as Napoleon himself said, it had offered a blank cheque. The Funds, which had been as low as eight before the 18th Brumaire, rose to sixteen directly after, and then leaped to fifty-two.

With such evidence as that, he was not to blame; he might well conceive that the national instinct had fixed on him, as the only man capable of giving peace and prosperity to France.

And had Napoleon, on his elevation to the Consulate for life, turned his



THE FIRST CONSUL.

By Boilly.

attention primarily to internal organisation on a sound basis—that of representative government—he would for ever have been esteemed as the greatest benefactor France had seen. And surely, to have lifted his country into ease, and given her rest from her enemies round about, to have consolidated the institutions, the foundations of which had been already laid, would have been sufficient for a man of generous aspirations. But, unfortunately for France, for Europe, for himself, he was devoured by the fever of an evil ambition. He had used the Peace of Amiens as a means for obtaining the Consulship for life. No sooner was he invested with this, than he proceeded to kick over the stool.

XXXIII

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

(1803)

HATRED of England had been for some time growing to a frenzy in the breast of Bonaparte. England had stood in the way at Acre, and had diverted him from the accomplishment of his fondest and grandest conception. "My projects, my dreams," said he to Junot one day bitterly, in reference to his Syrian campaign, "England destroyed them all." England had broken up the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, and cut his communications with France. England had recently defeated the relics of his army in Egypt, had forced it to capitulate; and Egypt, the corner-stone of his Empire of the World, was lost. Malta, that was all-important for supremacy in the Mediterranean, had been taken as well. England harboured, and, as he insultingly proclaimed, paid, the assassins deputed—so his police informed him, and he believed—to take his life by dagger, poison, or infernal machine. And England finally harboured the writers of pamphlets, and editors of papers, and designers of caricatures, that maligned, exposed, ridiculed him.

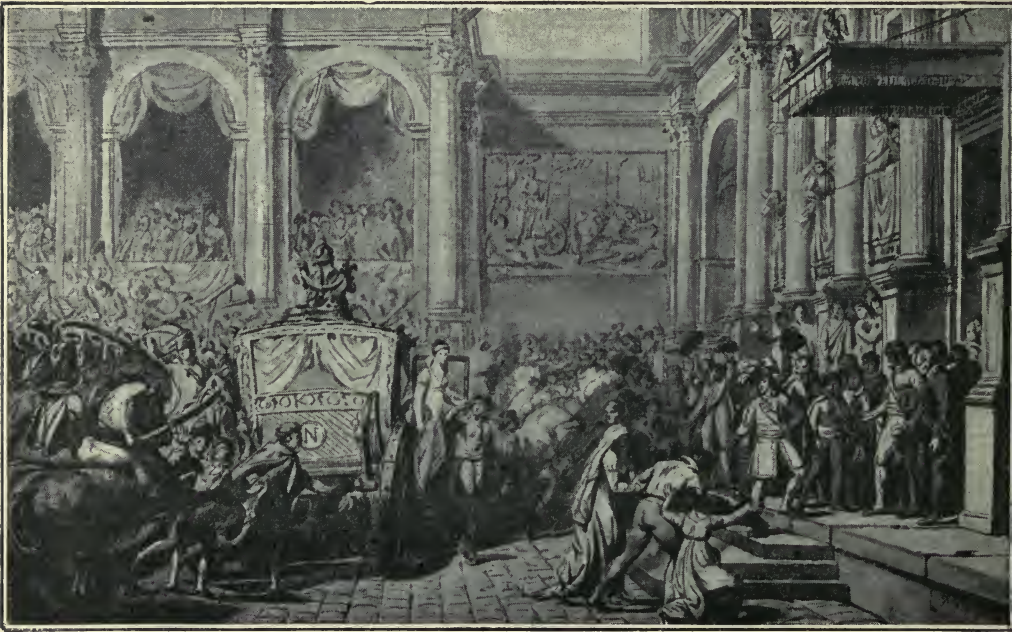
He had strangled the Press in France. Of the thirteen newspapers licensed after the 18th Brumaire, five had since been throttled.* Now he savagely insisted that the Press should be silenced in England as well, as far as it treated of him and France, whilst he poured forth unrestrained abuse of Great Britain, through the channel of his own organ, the *Moniteur*.

In England, the Ministry of Mr. Addington was in possession, seeking by all means to stave off war, ready to make the utmost compromise consistent with the national honour. In June, 1802, about two months after the signature of the Treaty of Amiens, Merry, the *chargé d'affaires* in Paris, notified the Government that the First Consul was again complaining of the attacks to which he was subjected on the part of the English Press. Napoleon then required of Otto, his Minister at the Court in London, to demand that (1) the English Government should adopt the most effectual measures to put a stop to the unbecoming and seditious publications, with which newspapers and pamphlets printed in England were filled; (2) that the *émigrés* living in Jersey,

* No book was allowed to be published till it had been seven days in the hands of the police. The play of *Edward in Scotland* was banished the boards, because it mentioned the exile of John Balliol, and this might be thought to refer to the Bourbons.

who were believed to send over batches of these publications to France, should be expelled the island; (3) that George Cadoudal and other Vendéens should be transported to Canada; (4) that the Bourbon Princes should be ordered to leave the British Isles; (5) that all such *émigrés* as wore orders and decorations belonging to the old French dynasty should also be driven out of the British Empire. These extravagant demands were tantamount to ordering the English Government to abandon the Constitution, by the sacrifice of its main props, the liberty of the Press, and the privilege of *habeas corpus*.

Lord Hawkesbury, Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied in a courteous note that this was not possible for the Government to grant; but pointed out that it



THE FIRST CONSUL AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.
From a drawing by David.

was open to them to prosecute the principal offenders, if they transgressed what was tolerable in their attacks, and that the French Government had it in its power to stop the circulation of the objectionable papers in France. It agreed to send Cadoudal to Canada, but declined otherwise to transgress the laws of hospitality accorded to refugees.

Then Bonaparte demanded the instant evacuation of Malta, Alexandria, and the Cape, according to the terms of the Treaty of Amiens, whilst himself transgressing its spirit by riveting the chains with which he held down Switzerland, and the letter as well by continuing to occupy Holland. The English Government immediately sent orders for the evacuation of the three places named, and this evacuation was in process of execution when, through the violence of Napoleon, the rupture was precipitated, and he lost the advantages he would have gained by the delay of a few weeks.

The rupture was provoked first by the publication in the *Moniteur* of the report of Colonel Sebastiani on the condition of the defences of the fortified places in Egypt and Syria, and of the state of the English forces there. It was stuffed with insinuations of the most offensive character.

Finally, in an interview with Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, Bonaparte flew into a violent passion, poured forth a torrent of abuse, and Lord Whitworth at one moment believed that the First Consul was about to strike him in the face. This led to the presentation of an ultimatum, which, not being accepted, the English ambassador asked for his passports and withdrew. This was on the 12th May, and the French ambassador embarked at Dover on the 18th.

On the 22nd, Napoleon ordered the arrest of all English, between the ages of eighteen and sixty years, then travelling in France. Madame Junot, in her *Memoirs*, gives a graphic account of the condition of excitement in which Bonaparte was at the time.

Junot was then Governor of Paris. He was sent for by the First Consul in the middle of the night, who put the order into his hands requiring the execution of the unprecedented measure.

His eyes flashed fire; his whole figure was trembling with agitation.

"Junot," said he, "you must, before an hour elapses, take measures so that all the English, without one single exception, shall be arrested. The prisons will hold them; they must be seized." And, with these words, he struck the table violently with his fist.

"This measure," said Napoleon, "must be executed at seven in the evening. I am resolved that in the obscurest theatre, or the lowest *restaurant* in Paris, not an Englishman shall this night be seen."

Junot in vain attempted remonstrance. He pointed out that such an order would cover with ignominy all concerned in the execution. Bonaparte refused to listen.

Under this decree, above ten thousand English travellers and merchants were at once incarcerated, and many did not escape for eleven years.

The *Annual Register* says hereon, "The Great Consul, like a politic shepherd, continues removing the pen of his bleating English flock from spot to spot, well knowing that the soil will everywhere be enriched by their temporary residence."



ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING MENACED.

From a caricature by Gillray.

The infamy of the proceeding was the greater in that, only a few days before, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs had given the English in Paris an assurance that they would be permitted to leave the realm unmolested. Napoleon's own account of this proceeding, as given to Las Cases, is deserving of notice.

"The more novel the act was, the more flagrant the injustice committed, the more it answered my purpose. The clamour it raised was universal, and, all the English addressed themselves to me. I referred them to their own Government, telling them that their fate depended on it alone."

It is probable that the order was issued in one of those unreasoning bursts of fury to which he was liable, and in which he often gave the most sanguinary or outrageous orders, which, happily, those about him on those occasions as often failed to execute, or delayed executing, till his judgment had recovered sway. When, however, one of these orders had been carried out, his pride forbade its withdrawal, and made him seek justification for his conduct.

Such an excuse has been offered for the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, but it will not hold.

The circumstances are well known. Napoleon had been led by spies to believe that the young Duke, then on Baden territory, was acting in concert with Pichegru and other conspirators. Fouché had been dismissed from office, and was out of favour with Napoleon. He was anxious to recover his lost position, and for this purpose set his agents industriously to work to manufacture a plot. Material was abundant; and, by means of *agents provocateurs*, he succeeded in drawing on a certain number of Royalists to conspire to enter France from England, and there agitate for the Bourbon cause. They landed on the French coast on January 16th, 1804, and made their way to Paris.

Fouché had led them to believe that Moreau would join them. The Duke of Enghien, son of the Duc de Bourbon, and a lineal descendant of the great Condé, was at this time at the château of Eltenheim, in the territories of the Duke of Baden, where he amused himself with hunting. He had been privately married to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, to whom he was passionately attached. The gallant character of the Prince, his military reputation, had made him a favourite with many officers and men in the army. His name, as the last scion of the family of the great Condé, gave him prestige.

Napoleon was determined to make a signal example, when told of the plot of Pichegru, Cadoudal, and his fellows, and when Fouché, trading on his nervous terrors, assured him that "the air was full of daggers."

To accomplish this, he ordered the arrest of the young Duke, though on neutral territory, and that he should be brought to Paris.

Cambacérés, the Second Consul, who saw that such a violation of neutral territory and the meditated execution of the Prince, would create a great revulsion of feeling against Napoleon, earnestly entreated him to forbear proceeding to extremes, but was cut short with a bitter scoff, "You have *become* singularly chary of the blood of the Bourbons," an allusion to Cambacérés having voted for the death of Louis XVI.

The Duke was captured, conveyed to Strasburg, and intelligence telegraphed to Napoleon, who ordered that he should at once be brought to the capital.

"I am resolved," said Bonaparte, "to put an end to these conspiracies. If the emigrants will conspire, I will cause them to be shot. I am told that there are some of them concealed in the hotel of M. de Cobentzell" (the Austrian Minister). "I do not believe it. If it were so, I would shoot Cobentzell along with them. The Bourbons must be taught that they are not, with impunity, to sport with life. Such matters are not child's play."



BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL.

After Nadet.

This belief in being surrounded by assassins, this constant terror lest he should be attacked by them, was a remarkable feature in Bonaparte's mental condition. It resembles the ever-present fear of Nero, and is, in certain cases, an indication of derangement. There were no plots to assassinate him, except that one with the infernal machine. All the rest were inventions of Fouché, who had discovered how timorous his master was. Akin to this dread of assassination was the nervous mistrust with which he treated even his most devoted friends.

When Josephine heard of the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien, she interceded for him personally, but in vain.

"In politics," said Napoleon to her, "a death destined to give repose is not a crime. The orders have been given. There is no possibility of retreat."

Bonaparte, indeed, as soon as he heard that the Prince had been secured, had sent orders that he should be conveyed to Vincennes, and lodged in the castle. His aide-de-camp was, at the same time, sent to the Governor of Paris, with instructions to summon a special Council of War, consisting of seven members, and Murat was ordered to execute the purpose of his brother-in-law.

To his brother Joseph he spoke on the matter with cold-blooded candour :—

“I cannot repent of my decision with regard to the Duc d’Enghien. This was the only means I had of leaving no doubt as to my real intentions, and of annihilating the hopes of the partisans of the Bourbons. Then I cannot conceal the fact that I shall never be tranquil on the throne so long as a single Bourbon exists, and this Bourbon is one the less. It is what remains of the blood of the great Condé, the last heir of the finest name of that house. He was young, brilliant, brave, and consequently my most redoubtable enemy. The sacrifice was necessary to my safety and grandeur. . . . Not only if what I have done were still to be done, would I do it again, but if I had an opportunity to-morrow of getting rid of the last two scions of that family” (the two sons of the Duc d’Artois), “I would not allow it to escape.”

The circumstances of the murder are too well known to be entered into here—how the Governor of Vincennes was required to dig a grave before the Duke was brought to trial; how that no evidence was produced against the accused, but a hasty form of trial hurried through in the night, and sentence pronounced and executed forthwith in the moat of the castle by lantern light, while Savory stood on the bank looking on, to make sure that the execution was completed.

“When about to make himself Emperor,” says Madame de Staël, “Napoleon deemed it necessary, on the one hand, to dissipate the apprehensions of the Revolutionary party as to the return of the Bourbons; and to prove, on the other, to the Royalists, that when they attached themselves to him, they broke finally with the ancient dynasty. It was to accomplish that double object that he committed the murder of a prince of the blood, the Duke d’Enghien.”

He was preparing to have himself proclaimed Emperor, and, before doing so, sought to gratify the Jacobins. That may have been one reason, but it is more probable that it was an act of insensate panic.

That some of his Ministers were eager for the murder can scarce be doubted, from the precipitation with which the order was carried out. This was not always the case. When he wished to shoot such an unimportant personage as the Prince of Hatzfeld, in Berlin, in 1806, those around the Emperor were resolved it should not be done. Certainly Savary, and, above all, Talleyrand, were determined to have the Duke killed, as a necessary step to the Imperial crown. Talleyrand was visiting, that same night, at the house of Madame de Laval, listlessly reclining in an arm-chair. He took out his watch, and, without showing any emotion, said, “At this moment the last of the Condés has ceased to exist!” Three days after he gave a ball, and when he was asked why, if he disapproved of the murder, he did not resign his post, his laconic answer was, “Because the First Consul committed a crime, that is no reason why I should commit a folly.”

The conspiracy in which George Cadoudal, Pichegru, and the Polignacs were engaged, or asserted to be engaged, was largely got up by Fouché. Pichegru was found garrotted in prison. It was asserted that he had committed suicide, which was improbable. He was resolved to speak out very plainly when summoned before the tribunal. It was whispered that Napoleon had sent four of his Mamelukes, brought out of Egypt, to strangle him. An Englishman who was implicated, Captain Wright, was also found a few days later in prison with his throat cut, and this also was asserted to have been a case of suicide. There is not evidence sufficient to enable a judgment to be formed as to how Pichegru came by his death. In an open court, the examination of Pichegru would have revealed the entire innocence of the Duc d'Enghien, and that would have been inconvenient. Moreover, he was in possession of important secrets, relative to the 13th Vendémiaire and the 18th Fructidor, that deeply concerned the First Consul, and which, if made public, might have injured him in the minds of the people. Pichegru had been so imprudent as to say in England that, if he found an opportunity of speaking in public on his return to France, he would make use of these facts; and this had been reported to Bonaparte. When Napoleon gave orders for his arrest, he had said, "If he resist, kill him!"

When Talleyrand was asked what he thought of the death, he drily replied, "It was very sudden, but very opportune."

The pretence was made by the police that George Cadoudal intended to assassinate the First Consul. This he strictly and positively denied. He and the others in the plot did indeed desire a Bourbon restoration, and intended working for it, but not with a poignard. Twenty of the conspirators were sentenced to death, but the execution was only accomplished on twelve. The gentlemen had their sentence commuted to imprisonment. Desperate attempts were made to implicate Moreau in the conspiracy, but no evidence worth a rush was forthcoming.

He was arrested, and put on his trial. One of the principal witnesses relied on was Picot, the valet of Cadoudal. His evidence was drawn from him by torture. But on trial, he recanted, and held up his hands, covered with bruises from the thumbscrew. Although the jury had been suspended, and the bench of judges packed with men aware that Bonaparte was determined on the destruction of Moreau, and although they had been solemnly assured that Bonaparte would pardon him, if they returned a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to death, still the majority refused to find Moreau guilty of the crimes imputed to him, but unproved. Clavier, one of the judges, when told that the First Consul would pardon the accused, if condemned, answered, "Yes; but who will pardon us?" In the end, a compromise was agreed to, and Moreau was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

When this was communicated to Napoleon, he flew into a passion—a passion which makes one doubt the assertion that he would have spared his rival had he been condemned to death. A few days later, when Lacombe, one of the judges who had long maintained the innocence of Moreau, presented himself at the Tuileries with his colleagues, Bonaparte advanced towards him,

and violently exclaimed, "How dare you sully my palace with your presence?"

What Napoleon required rather than the life of Moreau, was that a stigma of treason to his country should attach to his name, and so destroy his popularity with the army, and the impotent conclusion of the trial hardly succeeded in doing what he desired.

The sentence was changed into one of banishment, and Moreau left France.

Jealous of Moreau's abilities, Napoleon was not: he knew him to be able, but lacking in energy; but jealous of the favour in which he stood with the soldiers, and the respect with which he was regarded by the officers, that he certainly was.

Having spoken of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and the supposed suicide of Pichegru, it may be as well here to mention some other cases of mysterious deaths, of which Napoleon is believed to have been guilty. As already mentioned, Captain Wright, who had disembarked three Royalist refugees in France, was taken. Napoleon at once, without a particle of evidence, concluded that these were assassins in the pay of the British Government. He wrote from Ostend on the 14th August, 1804, to Talleyrand, "We have obtained the proof (!!) that he was placed at the disposal of Lord Hawkesbury by the Admiralty, which had no idea of the duty he was intended for; gallant officers like the Lords of the Admiralty would not have suffered the English Navy to be thus dishonoured. We are convinced that this dishonourable act is the personal affair of this officer Wright and of Lord Hawkesbury, who himself drew £40,000 out of the Treasury as the price of this crime. . . . It is for posterity to affix the brand of infamy on Lord Hawkesbury and those cowards who have adopted assassination and crime as a means of war."

Wright was found with his throat cut in prison, and the razor which had cut it folded at his side. He had been heard the night before playing his flute, and was cheerful, anticipating his exchange. The gravest doubts remain as to the possibility of this having been a case of suicide. It seems likely that he was put to death in prison, because no evidence sufficient to convict him was producible, although Napoleon was firmly convinced of his guilt.

The extraordinary, and to this day mysterious, disappearance of Mr. Bathurst was, at the time, attributed to Napoleon, who carried off Sir G. Rumbold from Hamburg, and confined him in the Temple. Bathurst had been sent on a secret embassy from the English Government to the Court of the Emperor Francis, early in 1809. Napoleon was extremely anxious to ascertain what communications were passing between Vienna and London, and on the way back from the Austrian capital, as he neared the Hanoverian frontier, then occupied by the French, Bathurst was spirited away, and was never seen or heard of again. The case of Villeneuve is more compromising. After the battle of Trafalgar, which he had lost, he was landed at Morlaix, and proceeded on his way to Paris, in order to demand that a court-martial should be held on his conduct. He had engaged the English against his judgment, and solely because obliged to do so by express written orders from Napoleon.

On reaching Rennes, he was found in his room stabbed in six places. Two of the wounds were mortal; so that if this were a case of suicide, Villeneuve must have stabbed himself at least once after having received a mortal blow, and then have thrown the dagger away, as it was picked up at a distance from his body. It was pretended that a letter was found on the table, in which he bade farewell to his wife, and announced his purpose of destroying himself, but the widow could never obtain a sight of this letter, and no traces of the original have ever been found. A strong suspicion existed that Napoleon had ordered the assassination, lest at a court-martial Villeneuve should produce his order, and so reveal that Napoleon himself was to blame for the disaster of Trafalgar. On the very day of the Admiral's death, a letter from the Emperor to Decrès ordered, "Send Admiral Villeneuve home, with orders to remain quietly in Provence until his exchange can be effected." This letter is in itself suspicious. It is inconsistent with the character of Napoleon's communications after a disaster. It shows no resentment at all, and it makes no mention of the court-martial which the Admiral demanded. The letter looks suspiciously like an attempt made to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

The Peace of Amiens having been torn up, Bonaparte directed all his thoughts to the prosecution of the war with England.

"All who had an opportunity of closely studying the character of Napoleon knew," says Mme. Junot, "that the predominating desire of his mind was the humiliation of England. It was his constant object; and during the fourteen years of his power, during which I was able to observe his actions and their motives, I knew his determination to be firmly fixed upon affording to France the glory of conquering a rival who never engaged upon equal terms; and all his measures had reference to the same end."

The loss of Egypt to him was a most bitter disappointment.

Napoleon's resentment against England partook of the vendetta spirit of his Corsican compatriots. To punish England—to cripple, if not to crush her—became to him a sacred duty, and to that he devoted the rest of his days of power. He had resolved on a rupture, whilst engaged in discussing the terms of peace; but he needed time to prepare the minds of the French for a fresh launch into warfare.

France had but just acquired tranquillity, and was tasting its advantages. To ruffle the calm, to let loose the dogs of war, to increase taxation, would be eminently unpopular. Therefore it was necessary for Napoleon to provoke a war fever in those who had but one desire—to be allowed to enjoy the sweets of peace.

To lash the French into fury, such as consumed himself, was his first undertaking. Violent, abusive articles appeared in the papers—fictitious letters from correspondents in England, but actually written in Paris—describing the weakness of the British Empire, the contests of parties equally balanced, the tyranny exercised by the nobility over the poor, and by the Protestants over the Catholics in Ireland. Absurd charges against England, such as having flung

plague-infected bales of goods on the French coast, were seriously published. The incompetence of the English generals, the inefficiency of her armies, the incapacity of her Ministers, and the insanity of her King, were all dilated on, so as to induce such as read these journals to believe that the conquest of England would be easy.

Then the legion of officials was set to work to stimulate enthusiasm for war. All the organs of public opinion had been silenced, all the channels had been choked by means of which the truth could reach the ears of Frenchmen. Centralization had placed in the hands of the First Consul the thread by means of which he set the whole vast organisation of the Bureau in motion throughout the land.

And now might be seen an immediate result of the Concordat. The bishops had become the religious *préfets* of Bonaparte. A circular addressed to them on 7th June, 1803, ordered that prayers should be offered up in all churches that the French arms might be successful in the war against the King of England, "who violated the faith of treaties, in refusing to surrender Malta to the Order of S. John of Jerusalem." Napoleon trusted to the shortness of the memory of the bishops; he hoped that they had forgotten that it was he who had snatched Malta from the hands of the Order of Knights.

Many of the bishops thus addressed, as refugees had been given an asylum in England, and more than that, had been allowed each an income of £250; they had been accorded the kindest and most generous hospitality during ten years. This was all forgotten now, and they preached a Holy War against the heretics, who withheld the rock of Malta from the Church.

Next came invitations to contributions for the war. The Senate, from their salaries, undertook to provide a ship, and the Communes were expected voluntarily to furnish men and money. Napoleon was afraid to impose too onerous a burden on the French; he therefore had recourse to his old plan of forcing other and feeble States to pay for it.

The unhappy Cisalpine Republic was constrained to grant an annual subsidy of over 100,000,000 francs.

As soon as war was declared, Napoleon occupied Hanover, on the pretext of its dynastic connexion with England; and forced it to supply 3000 horses, and maintain 30,000 French soldiers.

Naples was at peace with France; it had concluded a treaty. French troops were, however, ordered to enter the kingdom, garrison fortresses, and demand that a large body of men should be equipped and paid by the King of Naples, and furnished for the prosecution of the war.

Holland would have been but too grateful to have escaped further exaction. It had been cruelly drained under the excuse of protection. It was now required to furnish five men-of-war, five frigates, 100 gunboats, carrying from three to four hundred cannon, 250 flat-bottomed boats, and several hundred vessels of transport. Such was the financial exhaustion of the Batavian Republic that Bonaparte knew it was useless to exact of it any more coin.

Switzerland, also protected by France—against no enemy menacing it—was

a poor country, and could supply but little money; it possessed, however, hardy men, and by a convention, signed at Freiburg on the 27th September, 1803, Switzerland was required to furnish an army of 16,000 men, and a reserve of 4000 in addition. It was further stipulated that in the event of an attack by England on French territory, the contingent should be increased to 28,000 men.

Next in turn came Spain and Portugal. The former was obliged to pay 6,000,000 francs per month, and the latter 16,000,000 annually during the war.

The conduct of Bonaparte with regard to Spain deserves a few more words, as it exhibits that brutality—there is no other word for it—with which he systematically treated the weak. The poor King was mentally deficient, and ruled by the Prince of the Peace, who carried on an intrigue with the Queen. Napoleon sent two letters to Spain—one to be delivered into the hands of the King himself, the other to the Spanish Ministry—for the purpose of disclosing the rumoured shame of the King, and denouncing the relations of the favourite and the Queen. These two abominable letters were to be delivered in the event of the subsidy demanded for the conduct of the war being refused. Copies of both were exhibited to the Prince of the Peace.

The note to the Ministry said, “that the French, who had placed the Bourbons on the throne of Spain, would be very well able to find their way to Madrid, to drive thence . . . this favourite, who had reached a position of favour unheard of in modern history, by the most criminal of means.”

That to the King was not less explicit. Bonaparte bade him “open his eyes on the gulf that gaped below his throne. All Europe was afflicted as well as disgusted to contemplate the sort of dethronement to which the Prince of the Peace had subjected his Majesty.”

“He,” continued Napoleon, “is the veritable King of Spain, and I foresee with pain that I shall be forced to make war against this new king. May your Majesty remount your throne, and drive away a man who, by degrees, has laid hold of the royal power, whilst retaining all the base passions of his character, who has existed only by his vices, and has been dominated solely by his avarice.”

These letters were to be flourished before the eyes of the Prince of the



KING GEORGE III. AND BONAPARTE.

From a caricature by Gillray.

Peace as a threat that, unless the requisite supplies were granted, they should be delivered to those to whom addressed.

The same absence of refinement of feeling made Napoleon exult over the derangement of George III:

He inserted in the *Moniteur* an article breathing his wrath against England:—"You had once, in Europe, the reputation of being a prudent nation, but you have degenerated. All you say inspires nothing but contempt and pity. . . . The state of malady in which is your King has communicated itself to the entire nation. . . . As for your King, he has to exercise his troops on horseback, so as to arouse some of that military ardour and that experience which he has acquired on so many battle-fields."

"Why are we at war?" was his answer to an English pamphlet that angered him. "Because the English have no one to guide their politics but a crazy King, and for First Minister an old woman."

Knowing that the wealth of Great Britain reposed on her commerce, he formed the extravagant design of killing her commerce by shutting against her all the ports of Europe. To carry out such a plan demanded a despotic control over all the States of Europe, which he did not possess; but it was to realise this method of revenge that he precipitated himself into the Continental wars that led to his ruin.

As he traversed the north of France, to inspect the preparations made for the projected descent upon England, he passed, at Amiens, under a triumphal arch, on which was inscribed—"The Road to England." What Lanfrey says thereon is too striking not to be quoted:—

"This was, in truth, the road that Bonaparte had just entered on in declaring war. This was the road he was never more to quit; the road that he would continue to follow unconsciously, when he entered as a conqueror into Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow. It was destined to be much longer than he anticipated, and it would be made illustrious by miracles unnumbered. But at the end of this triumphal avenue, if his eye could have pierced the darkness of the future, he would have beheld with horror, not the triumph he anticipated, but the motionless *Bellerophon* awaiting its guest."*

* *Hist. de Napoleon I.* 1868, iii. 20.



DOLLS MADE AT NÜRNBERG.

XXXIV

THE THRONE

(DECEMBER 2, 1804)

IN the alcoholic condition in which France was at the declaration of war with England, Napoleon saw that the time was come when he could take the final step, and mount the Imperial Throne. The title of King he could not assume; it was associated with too many recollections. But that of Emperor was justified by the history of Rome, where the Republic had led to the Empire, by much the same series of stages as in France. The title of Emperor was, moreover, one gratifying to the soldiery; it savoured of military domination.

This time Napoleon made none of those feints wherewith he had disguised his ambition when he sought the Consulship for life. Negotiations on the project went on for a month between the Government and the Senate. The formal proposition was entrusted to the Tribune, which had been deprived of nearly all its independence, but was the only body that possessed a shadow of popular representation. On the 25th April, 1804, the motion was made in the Tribune that the head of the State should be entitled Emperor.

In the Council of State the motion was carried by a majority of 20 to 7, and in the Tribune there was but one dissentient voice.

Bonaparte might now have exclaimed with Tiberius, "O homines ad servitutem parati." From all sides flowed in congratulatory addresses, petitions; every form of adulation was adopted.

The answer of the First Consul was delayed a month, that he might feel the pulse of French opinion. Only from a few conscientious Republicans did any

murmurs rise. The people generally welcomed the prospect of a stable Government, even though it signified an autocracy more crushing, more despotic, than that of even Louis XIV.—than that of any king or emperor then in Europe.

The answer of Napoleon was characteristic. He knew the people well enough to be aware that, so long as they were given the chaff of words, they would allow him to withdraw the grain of power from their hands. Words which were to him but counters, were still to them coin. His actions were in complete contrast with his speech; and he employed the popular phraseology as the means of veiling his acts, whilst killing all that the popular phraseology meant. When he expelled the deputies of the Council of Five Hundred, he called it "opening the era of Representative Governments"; and now, when formulating an autocracy, he called it "the consolidation of all the advantages secured by the Revolution, and purchased by the death of so many millions of brave men, who died for the people's rights."

An appeal was made to the people, as in the instance of his acceptance of the Consulship for life. Registers were opened in every commune, and 3,521,675 votes were recorded for his acceptance of the purple, against only 2,569.

"History," says Alison, "has recorded no example of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty; no instance of a nation so joyfully taking refuge in the stillness of despotism."

Lavallette most truly says, "It was the secret wish of all those whose ambition looked for favours which a Republic was unable to bestow."*

The vast mass of the people did not know Napoleon personally; they were unaware of his ambition, that was insatiable; did not dream that he had not at heart the desire for that peace about which he professed himself so solicitous. And they saw in a dynasty a prospect of stability, and in Napoleon, a child of the Revolution, security against return to the abuses and burdens swept away by the Revolution.

The Senate had declared Napoleon Emperor of the French on May 18th, subject to the ratification of the decree by the people, and Bonaparte had acknowledged the proffered imperial dignity in these words:—

"I accept the title which you believe to be useful to the glory of the nation. I hope that France will never repent the honours she has accorded to my family. In any case, my spirit will have ceased to be with my descendants on the day in which they lose the love and confidence of the Great Nation."

The name of Bonaparte, used hitherto by the First Consul, was now laid aside for the Christian name, after the wont of sovereigns. He proceeded at once to flatter and secure his generals by creating eighteen of them Marshals of the Empire. The two Consuls, who made their bow and withdrew, were constituted Arch-Chancellor and Arch-Treasurer, and were to be addressed as Serene Highnesses. The two brothers of the Emperor, who by their docility had not incurred his anger, that is to say Joseph and Louis, were to be entitled Grand Elector and Grand Constable, and to be addressed as Imperial Highnesses. His sisters were to be Princesses, but his mother only Madame Mère. The

* *Memoirs*, ii. 31.



THE EMPEROR PRONOUNCING THE CONSTITUTIONAL OATH ON THE GOSPELS, IN THE NAVE OF NOTRE-DAME.

From a sepia drawing by Isabey and Fontaine.



Ministers were to be addressed as Excellencies. Talleyrand was created Grand Chamberlain. There were ladies-in-waiting, and pages, and grooms of the chamber, a grand marshal of the palace, a grand squire, a grand master of the ceremonies :—

“For,” says Lanfrey, with cruel wit, “never is there felt to be more need of prodigality of grandeur in title than when there is pettiness in the things themselves. But, indeed, all these men, from the master to the valet, might puff themselves out in their purple and their liveries : all savoured of parody, borrowed plumes, the tinsel and spangles of a theatrical representation, of a carnival scene. It was not possible to forget, behind these travesties of courtiers, the parvenu, the Jacobin, the Terrorist, the regicide, who had won all they now had of power, influence, and riches, by fighting against such titles, dignities, and privileges as they now laid hold of with so much effrontery. It was not possible to forget that they had on their hands the stain of the blood of those who had preceded them in these functions ; that they had enriched themselves on their spoils ; that the world had rung with their declamations against royalty and aristocracy. On the other hand, it was not possible to forget that the old *noblesse*, bought at a price, and now the humble courtiers of their former proscribers, despised, from the depth of their hearts, a usurpation on which they seemed to exercise their revenge by imposing on it all that was ridiculous in a superannuated etiquette. Neither length of time, nor tradition, nor popular superstition lent any prestige to this herd of renegades from all *régimes* ; and it is asking too much of history to expect her to take a serious tone over such contemptible buffoonery.”

But where there is a Court there must be state, there must be order ; and to ensure both there must be functionaries. It was the misfortune, not the fault of Napoleon, that he had to make his Court up of patchwork. When once launched on a course of ceremonial, the work went on merrily.

“Whoever,” says Madame de Staël, “could suggest an additional piece of etiquette from the older time, propose an additional reverence, a new mode of knocking at the door of an ante-chamber, a more ceremonious method of presenting a petition, or folding a letter, was received as if he had been a benefactor of the human race. The code of Imperial etiquette is the most remarkable authentic record of human baseness that has been treasured up by history.”

But the mere accordance of the title of Emperor by the Senate and people of France did not suffice. Napoleon could not call himself “Emperor by the grace of God” till he had received the sacred unction, the token that the election by the people was ratified by Heaven. The representative of the Bourbons might entitle himself Louis XVIII., but he could exhibit no popular or religious sanction to sovereignty over the French people. But if he, the chosen of the nation, were anointed and crowned, and that by the Head of the Catholic Church, then indeed he felt that he would have a right which could not be shaken, though it might be disputed. Accordingly, he entered into negotiations with Pope Pius VII., to induce him to come to Paris, there to consecrate him.

He had another reason. Europe was still shuddering at the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien. If he could persuade the Pope to come to his coronation, that would, in the eyes of the world, be absolution for the crime.

Napoleon had talked the matter of his coronation over with Lannes, who said to him, "If I were in your Majesty's place, I would leave the Vicar of Christ to sit quietly in his chair, and would do whatever I wish at home, by my own authority. We live no longer in times when the holy oil is an article of faith."

"That," replied Bonaparte, "is reasoning like a soldier; but do you forget that there are five-and-twenty millions to whom I am to give laws, of whom at least eighteen millions consist of fools, pedants, and old women, who would not believe me to be a legitimate Sovereign, if the unction of the Lord did not rest on me? In a case so peremptory, we must not neglect to dazzle the eyes of the many. Splendour always prevents reflection."

"I feel as you do," answered the General; "but what if you should meet with a refusal?"

"What do you say—a refusal? The Pope dares not refuse. The good things of this world touch him as nearly as do those of heaven. I know Pius VII. I took his measure during the Concordat. Great promises on certain points, and great honours shown him on the road and at Paris, will be sufficient to bring hither that holy man."*

As the scruples of the Pope multiplied, and his hesitation became greater, De Cacault, the French Ambassador at Rome, was ordered to demand his passports, unless the difficulties were made to disappear by a given date. This so frightened the Holy Father and his advisers, that they pocketed their scruples, and abandoned the attempt to exact definite promises to adhere to certain conditions, to obtain which the scruples had been produced and paraded.

And yet there was a certain amount of sincerity leavening the hypocrisy of the negotiation. The Pope had read Bonaparte's proclamation in Egypt, in which he boasted of having overthrown both the Vicar of Christ and the Cross of the Crucified. He knew that Napoleon was guilty of the blood of the last of the Condés. He held in reverence the rights or claims of legitimate dynasties. But he possessed largely the ecclesiastical temperament so akin to the feminine—that craves after the exercise of petty revenges, and is greedy of power. The Pope had long harboured acute jealousy of the Constitutionals who had been made bishops after the signature of the Concordat, and resentment against the *assermentés* who had been left unmolested to minister at their parish altars. He had hoped to obtain from Napoleon, as the price of his consent to break the phial of oil on his head, that these men would be delivered over to them, that he might wreak on them his spite for having dared to act independently. Moreover, he hankered after the so-called Legations—Ancona, Bologna, &c.—that had been detached from the Papal States, and he even daringly aspired to recover Avignon and Carpentras.

Although Napoleon was profuse in expression of respect, there was a suspicious vagueness about his promises that could not deceive a Court in which the arts of dissimulation and evasion were carried to Oriental perfection. But if the promises were vague, the menaces were articulate enough, and finally the Pope yielded, thinking it his best policy to throw himself on the generosity of his terrible master, and trusting to his own powers of persuasion.

* *Secret Memoirs*, p. 225.

When, finally, after the assurance of great concessions had been dangled before his eyes, Pius VII. did give way, then he announced that he did so "for the good and utility of religion"; with certain niggling stipulations, as that Madame Talleyrand was not to be presented to him, and that papal etiquette should be strictly observed towards him in France.

A serious hitch occurred when the oath of the Emperor came under consideration. Napoleon was to promise "to respect, and cause to be respected, the laws of the Concordat, and maintain liberty of worship." This was objected to on the part of the Pope as inconsistent with the Roman faith, which is essentially and radically intolerant. Talleyrand got over this difficulty by explaining that civil toleration only was meant. Then the Pope insisted on the religious consecration of Napoleon's union with Josephine. To this Bonaparte consented, on condition that the ceremony was performed privately. When finally the poor Pope approached Paris, the Emperor purposely met him, as by chance, in hunting costume, at Fontainebleau, surrounded by his Mamelukes and hounds. The two potentates embraced, and then entered a carriage simultaneously by opposite doors; Napoleon seated himself on the right side, as that of honour. This was but the first of a series of annoyances to which the Pope had to submit during his stay in Paris. In his heart, Bonaparte despised the man, who, to gratify his ecclesiastical rancour, and satisfy his greed of power, threw over the Bourbons.

Great preparations were made for the ceremony, which was to take place in Notre-Dame. A Master of the Ceremonies was imported from Turin, and Madame Campan was taken from her school to furbish up her memory, and detail all the little trifles of regal etiquette she could recollect as flourishing under the old *régime*. Isabey, the artist, was ordered to design the dresses, and make seven paintings representing the principal ceremonies of the coronation, by which all who took part therein might learn where to stand, and how to conduct themselves. How to do this when about a hundred were to be engaged in the function, and in the space of eight days allowed him, was impossible. But Napoleon was not the man to accept an excuse.

"Isabey was saved by his inspiration full of resource. He ran to a toy-shop, ordered a host of dolls about two inches high; he designed their dresses, had them rigged up into princes and princesses, into marshals, ministers, grand officials, pages, and heralds of arms, and all was done in two days. Fontaine, the architect, forewarned, had executed a plan in relief of Notre-Dame on a corresponding scale.

"Thirty-six hours after his visit to Saint Cloud, Isabey arrived at Fontainebleau, where was the Emperor, who, on seeing him, exclaimed, 'You have brought the pictures, eh?' 'Better than that, sire,' answered Isabey. Then he revealed his plan, constructed his theatre, and disposed his personages on the points numbered beforehand, like the squares of a chessboard.

"Napoleon was so delighted with the invention of the artist, that he summoned Josephine, the ladies of the palace, and all the officers who were to be in attendance. Then all proceeded to a rehearsal of the consecration, and each performer learned the place he was to occupy, and the part he was to play."*

* *J. B. Isabey, sa vie et ses œuvres*, par E. TAIGNY.

Only one of the ceremonies, more complicated than the rest, required actual personal rehearsal. This took place in the gallery of Diana at the Tuileries, by means of a plan traced in white chalk on the floor. Isabey had used his utmost taste in dressing the dolls, and by his address and talent saved the whole thing from being ridiculous.

A curious letter from Napoleon to Josephine has been preserved, written directly he saw that the title of Emperor was going to be given him, in which he instructs her that she is to comport herself with dignity.

“I have to acquaint you, madam and dear wife, that France is on the eve of acquitting herself of her debt of gratitude to me. In a few days, your husband will be proclaimed Emperor of the French. Begin then, from to-day, to assume the grandeur of that illustrious rank which I intend that you shall share with me. If the throne, on which you will soon be seated, is become, by my victories, the first throne in the world, let me have the sweet satisfaction of hearing that you are deserving of holding a rank with the first princesses in the universe. Prepare the people of your household for the new order of things. The Empress of the French ought no longer to be Madame Bonaparte, much less the wife of the First Consul.”

Poor, gentle Josephine! There was no necessity for this underbred Corsican upstart to give her directions how she should conduct herself. Her innate grace and natural refinement, together with the polish of her manner, fitted her to shine in any Court. At the time of his becoming Emperor, she was unhappy. She could not shake off the horror of mind caused by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and this produced a restraint in her manner towards her husband which he did not fail to perceive, but which he could only account for as awe, inspired by himself in his new dignity, and as in accord with the *haut ton* that it became Imperial Majesties to affect.

The announcement of the approaching ceremony produced a commotion in the Imperial Court. The Bonapartes had hoped at first that Josephine would take no other part than that of spectator; but when they learned that she also was to be crowned, and above all, that the sisters of Napoleon were destined to act as train-bearers, then the effervescence in the hearts of Mme. Joseph, Mme. Murat, Mme. Borghese, and Mme. Bacciocchi, caused an explosion so violent as to frighten Napoleon. Joseph, in particular, was vastly indignant; he protested his rights, his dignity, as though he were a Prince descended from a long line of royal ancestors. Things went so far that, in a stormy interview, Napoleon asked him whether he purposed declaring war on him; and when Louis also strutted and protested, Napoleon took him by the shoulders, and turned him out of the room.

However, Talleyrand was called in, and succeeded in effecting an arrangement, whereby the new Imperial Highnesses agreed to touch the mantle of their sister-in-law, and make-believe they were holding the train, in return for which their own mantles were to be sustained by ladies of honour.

At last the grand day arrived, the 2nd December, 1804; and in the morning the salons of the Tuileries were crowded with those who were to attend in the

pageant, dressed out, like actors, in a strange jumble of costumes, from the period of Louis XIII. to that of Louis XVI. Napoleon flourished about in red velvet, and striding into the midst of a knot of ladies gorgeously adorned, with all the delight of a child over a masquerade, exclaimed, "Ladies, you owe it to me that you are all so smart."

Outside, the weather was dry and cold; and the Pope was kept shivering for an hour in Notre-Dame, whilst Napoleon was enjoying the spectacle, at the Tuileries, of the actors in the performance belonging to his suite parade in



ARRIVAL AT NOTRE-DAME.

From a sepia drawing by Isabey.

their new costumes. The procession of carriages started; and when Napoleon and Josephine entered their state-coach, by mistake they took the place with their backs to the horses, and did not find out their error till the carriage began to roll forward. As the grand procession moved through the crowded streets, the people remained cold and impassive. One voice only was raised, to shout "Point d'Empereur!" Bonaparte, however, was satisfied at the resignation of the populace, and he said in Duroc's ear, "The game is won." He had not reckoned on enthusiasm, and he did without it.

On entering the church, the unfortunate mantle of Josephine almost caused a fresh scandal. Her sisters-in-law held the train with such indifference, that the velvet, catching in a pile carpet, arrested her steps as though she were

gripped by a hand and held back. Napoleon had to turn on them, and rate them well, before they consented to raise it sufficiently to enable the Empress to proceed.

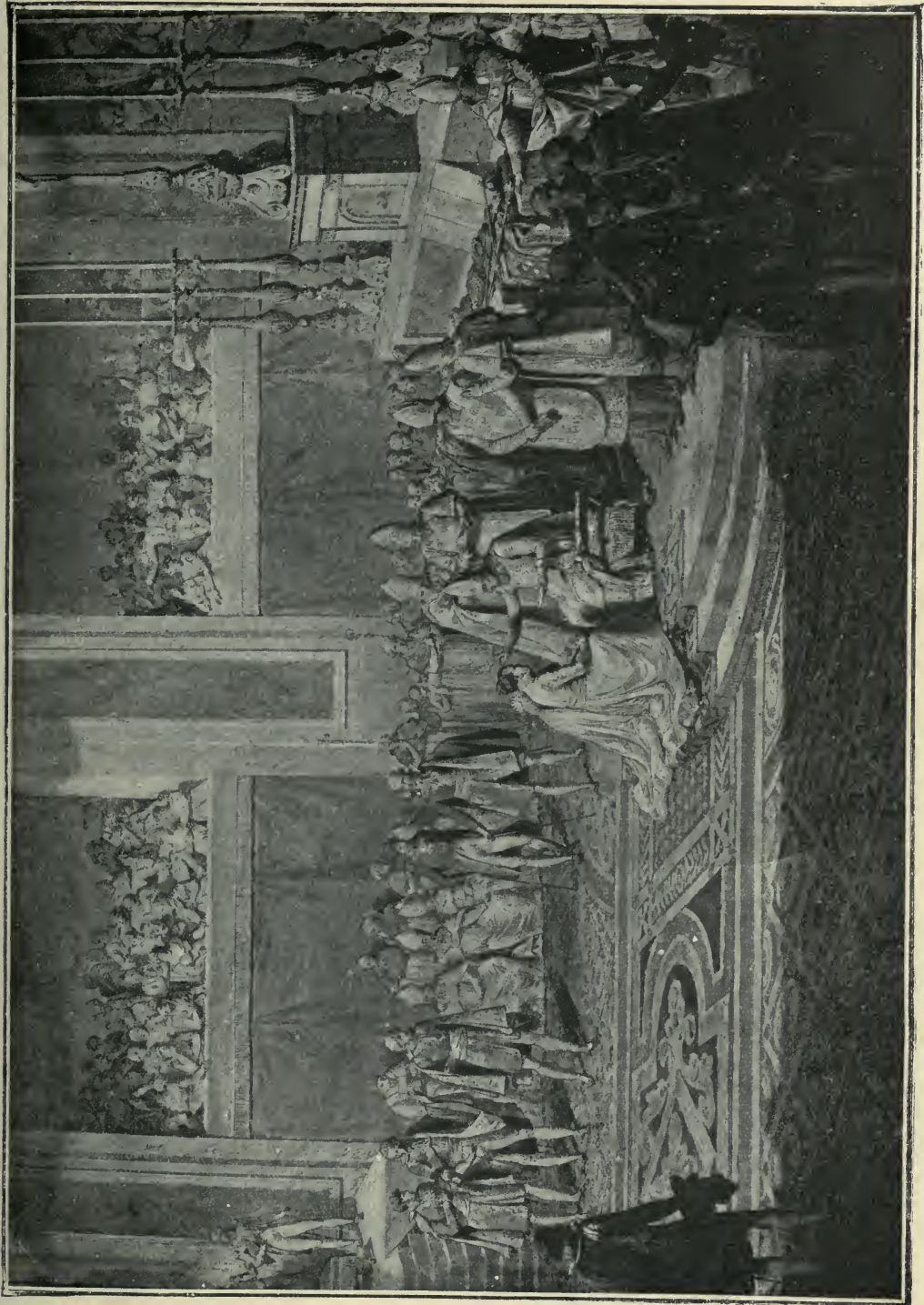
The account of the Coronation cannot be better given than from the pen of that most delightful of all writers of memoirs, Madame Junot.

“The day appointed for the ceremony was the 2nd December, 1804.

“Who that saw Notre-Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the walls hung with ancient tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France, assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the Sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the Senators, the Councillors of State, the Tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy, in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—altogether presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

“The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was commenced. His holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it. But, as if by the special favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession, without being, as they anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

“On his arrival at Notre-Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the Guards; but I could observe no difference; and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him, and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of the anointing the Holy Father delivered the impressive prayer, which concluded with these words, ‘Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of Thy grace and benediction on Thy servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our



THE CORONATION IN NOTRE-DAME.

From a series of drawings by the artist.



unworthiness, we this day anoint Emperor in Thy name.' Napoleon listened to the prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the crown of Charlemagne, from the altar, Napoleon seized it, and placed it on his own head. At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on rendered him perfectly handsome.*

"When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne, and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Elise, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head. Indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg S. Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears, which she could not suppress, fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to heaven, or, rather, to Napoleon—both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed, with a peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable. After receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress. When the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds. He put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again,



PENCIL SKETCH OF JOSEPHINE.

By David.

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* This act of self-coronation dreadfully disconcerted the Pope. He complained of it as an infringement of the prescribed ceremonial, and a violation of his rights. But Napoleon was right. He was ready to receive unction for the office, a token of sacramental grace accorded to perform its duties, but not to receive the crown from the Pope, who had no right to confer it. That crown was conferred on him by the people of France, and he, as their representative, crowned himself. The Pope could in no way be regarded as the representative of the French people.

as if to promise her she should wear it lightly and gracefully. My position enabled me, fortunately, to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

"This part of the ceremony ended, the Emperor descended from the altar to return to his throne, while the magnificent *Vivat* was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose eagle eye had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognised me in the little corner which I occupied. He fixed his eye upon me, and I cannot attempt to describe the

thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections—that he thought of the Rue des Filles de S. Thomas, of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house, and the ride in the carriage with my mother, when, returning from S. Cyr, he exclaimed, '*Oh ! si j'étais maître.*'

"When I saw the Emperor a few days afterwards he said, 'Why did you wear a black velvet dress at the coronation? Was it a sign of mourning?' 'Oh, sire!' I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me, as if he would scan my inmost thoughts. 'But tell me, why did you make choice of that sombre,

almost sinister colour?' 'Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my dress was richly embroidered with gold, and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was anything unsuitable in my dress, not being one of the ladies whose situations required them to appear in full court costume.' 'Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach? Are you, like certain other ladies, angry because you have not been appointed *dames du palais*? I do not like sulkiness and ill-humour.'"

An incident or two relative to the coronation may be added. As Napoleon, wearing the imperial crown, neared his brothers, he said to Joseph, "What would father have said, had he seen this day?"

Quarrels about right to the succession to the Crown broke out in the family



THE CORONATION.

From an engraving of the period.



NAPOLEON IN CORONATION ROBES.

From the portrait by Lefèvre.



One day, when Bonaparte had his little nephew Napoleon, the son of Louis, on his knees, he said, "Do you know, little fellow, that you may be a king some day?" "And Achille?" hastily inquired Murat, anxious about his own son, also a nephew. "Oh, Achille," answered Bonaparte, "he will be a great soldier." Then to the little Napoleon, "Mind, my poor child, if you value your life, *do not accept invitations to dinner with your cousins.*"*

Presently the Marshals began to quarrel as to precedence, and to argue their claims before the Emperor.



THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

Drawn by Nodet.

"I think," said Madame de Rémusat, "you must have stamped your foot on France, and said, 'Let all the vanities arise out of the soil.' 'That is true,' answered the Emperor; 'but it is fortunate that the French are to be ruled through their vanity.'"†

The noble picture of David, representing the coronation of Josephine by Napoleon, is not only a grand composition, but it is a treasury of portraiture of the important actors in that scene. It is not altogether accurate, as Madame Mère is represented as looking on. This was done by express order of Bonaparte. In reality, his mother was, at the time, in Italy with Lucien. She strongly disapproved of the assumption of royalty.

* MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, *Mem.* i. 220.

† *Ibid.*, 72.

After the coronation, Pius VII. lingered on for some months, waiting and hoping to receive what he had calculated on gaining as the price of submission. At last he had to leave, eating out his heart with bitterness of disappointment, carrying away a Sèvres dinner service, and some pieces of Gobelins tapestry, but without having put his foot on the Constitutionals, or having recovered an acre of the Legations.



PROFILE OF NAPOLEON.

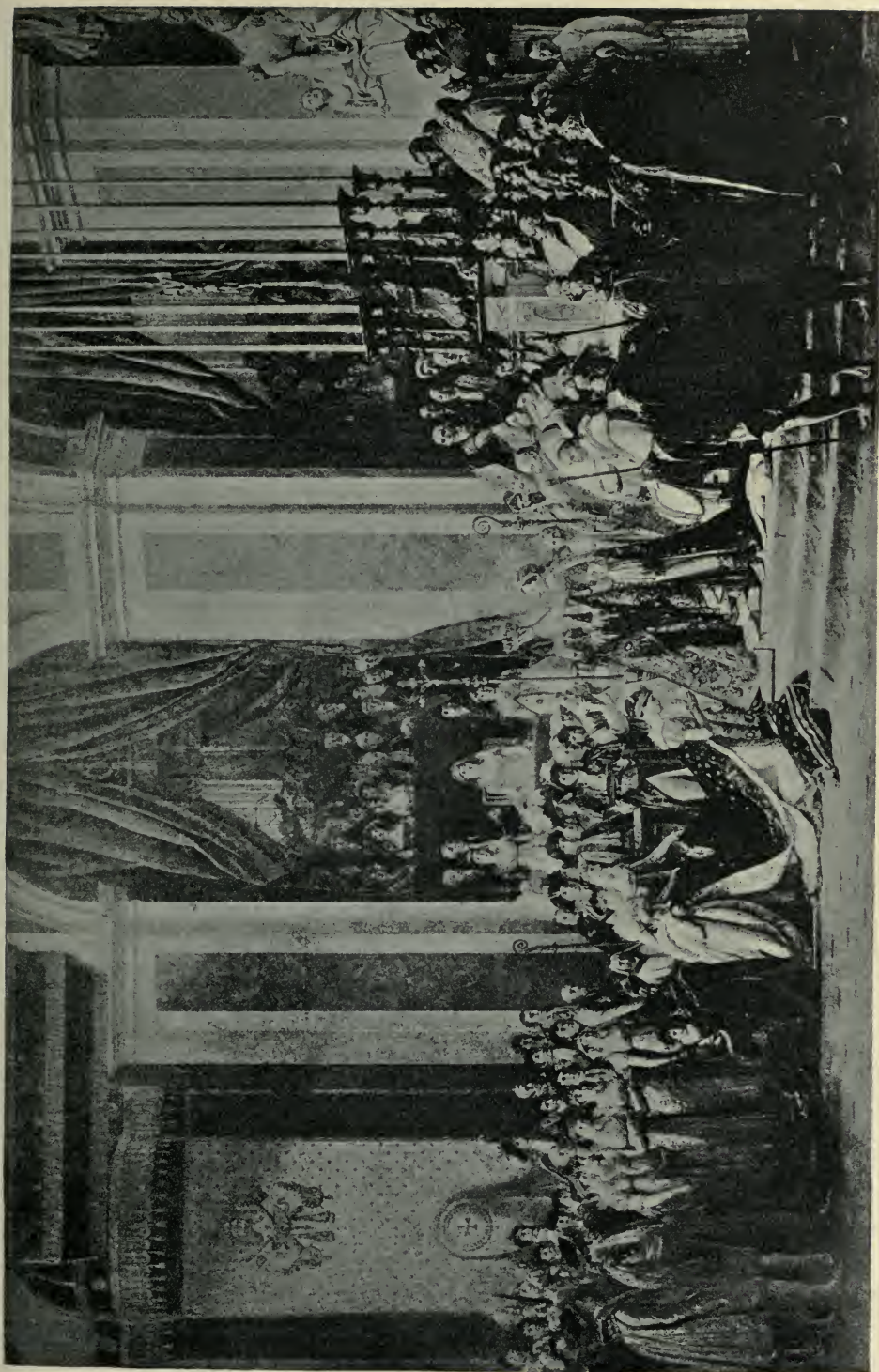
Drawn during Mass in the Tuilleries.

But he had done the right thing, though it was done from the meanest of motives. If the voice of the nation can decide—and what else is to decide?—on who is to be its ruler, then the Bourbon dynasty was swept away, and the Corsican adventurer was chosen by the people unanimously in its place. “The powers that be are ordained of God,” said the apostle. Acting upon this maxim, when the Merovingian sluggard kings had lost all political significance, Zachary, the Pope, had made no scruple to crown Pepin, the Palace Mayor, who held the real power. And when the Carolingians became degenerate, Hughues-Capet was accepted by the nation in place of Charles of Lorraine, the representative of the Carolingians, and was consecrated by Adalbero, Archbishop of Rheims.

There were consequently both Scriptural authority and ecclesiastical precedent to justify the course taken by the Pope, as well as common sense, which, probably, was the element in the question the least considered.

Fouché unquestionably spoke what all France felt, when he said to Bourrienne in 1805:—

“I have no preference for one form of government over another. Forms signify nothing. The first object of the Revolution was not the overthrow of the Bourbons, but the reform of abuses and the destruction of privileges. However, when it was discovered that Louis XVI. had neither firmness to refuse what he did not wish to grant, nor good faith to grant what his weakness



THE CORONATION,
By David.



had led him to promise, it was evident that the Bourbons could no longer reign over France. You know everything that passed up to the 18th Brumaire, and after. We all perceived that a Republic could not exist in France; the question, therefore, was to ensure the perpetual removal of the Bourbons; and I believe the only means for so doing was to transfer the inheritance of their throne to another family." And he might have added, as had been done in the case of the Merovingians and of the Carolingians. "The history of France justified such a change."

XXXV

AUSTERLITZ

(1805)

FOR a considerable time the project of an invasion of England had occupied Napoleon's mind ; and not only had he thought it out in all its details, but he had set all departments in operation for the preparation requisite. Large numbers of troops had been concentrated at Boulogne, and all the docks were engaged, both in France and in Holland, in the preparation of flat-bottomed boats, suitable—or supposed to be suitable—for the transport of troops, cannon, and horses to the English coast. Further, the fleet in Brest under Admiral Gantheaume, and that at Toulon under Villeneuve, were instructed to combine, after certain evolutions intended to distract English counsels and dissipate the English fleet ; and to cover the transport of the French army from Boulogne to the Kentish shore. Not only were vessels of various kinds being constructed in the dockyards on the coast, but also up the rivers ; stores of every description were collected at Boulogne, and spies had been employed in England and Ireland to examine and report on the defences of Great Britain, and to recommend the places most suitable for effecting a landing.

But there were difficulties in the way which embarrassed Napoleon.

His flat-bottomed transports could be used only when the sea was calm : even a swell was sufficient to capsize them when laden. And in the event of a suitable calm season being obtained, the currents in the Channel were so strong, that they would inevitably sweep his flotilla along with them. To counteract the currents, which had troubled Cæsar in his descent on the coast, a capful of wind was requisite, so that sails could be spread.

But there was another difficulty in the way ; Gantheaume was blockaded in Brest, and although Villeneuve had succeeded in escaping the English cruisers, and had thrust through the Straits of Gibraltar, he was unable to relieve the fleet cooped up in Brest, nor was he able to make his way into the Channel. Without the protection of his fleet the passage could not be adventured.

Shortly after the coronation of Napoleon, the Legion of Honour was perfected as an institution. It was divided into cohorts, to each of which officers were appointed, and it was transformed into a knightly order. It was decided that the legionaries should carry at the buttonhole a moiré ribbon,

of the colour of fire, to which should be attached a double star in silver and enamel, representing the effigy of the Emperor, with the superscription, *Honneur et Patrie*. The double star of commandants and the officers of cohorts was to be in gold. The grand officers of the Legion were to carry the badge attached to a cordon passing from right to left, together with the star at the buttonhole.

A grand distribution of the decoration was made by the Emperor, at the Hôtel des Invalides. Moreover, the flags of the regiments, inscribed with their victories, and surmounted by eagles, were also distributed by him, and this



THE EMPEROR.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

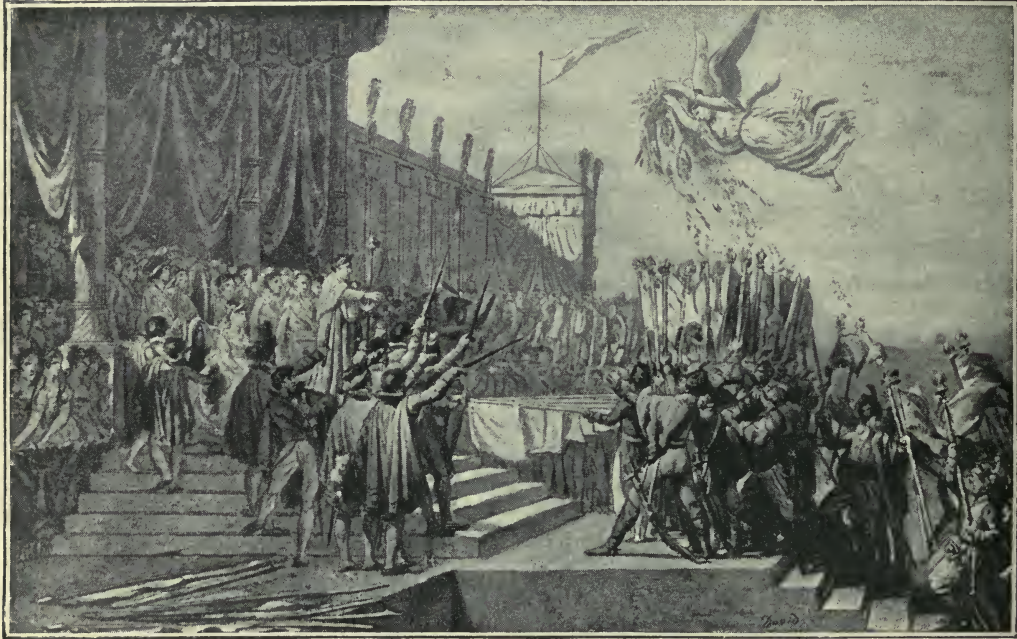
forms the subject of one of David's pictures. In the original painting, a figure of Fame was introduced in the sky, scattering laurels; but to this allegorical treatment Napoleon, with good judgment, objected, and it was omitted from the picture when completed. As a work of art, it is certainly inferior to David's picture of the Coronation. The attitude of the Marshals flourishing their batons is theatrical and grotesque.

Bonaparte then went to the camp at Boulogne, where he also distributed honours, on the 15th August, his official birthday.

Madame Junot, who was present, gives a graphic description of the scene:—

“Near the Tour d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners that had been taken from the enemies of France. On the steps of the throne were ranged

the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire, whom Napoleon had selected from amongst the most distinguished military commanders. On the throne was placed the ancient chair known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I. was also brought into requisition. In a valley cut by the hands of Nature there were stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in *échelon*. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in an amphitheatre, and could be seen from the sea, the waves of which broke against the Tour d'Ordre, or rather the foot of the hill on which it was erected. In front of the men was the throne, which was reached by a few steps. There was seated, in all the



THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE EAGLES.

From a drawing by David.

splendour of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by shot and stained with blood formed an appropriate canopy. Though the day was fair, the wind blew with extreme violence, so that the trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels then cruising in the straits.

“The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each Legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the throne, and after receiving the cross and ribbon from the Emperor’s hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. When Napoleon presented the cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt, there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory. It was five o’clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the Minister of the Marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase.

Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his dignity of Marshal, now and then looked through the glass; and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that something was expected. At length the Minister of the Marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor; and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence, that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne. All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne from the different neighbouring ports and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of the 15th of August as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats stationed in the port of Boulogne, in the sight of the English vessels which were cruising in the straits; while, at the same time, he distributed to his troops rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

“But the satisfaction of Napoleon was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla had run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people at the seaside, who hastened to their assistance, excited much alarm. The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening, as it did, in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne, and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water’s edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening, a grand dinner took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o’clock, just as dinner was served for the soldiers, under tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This augmented the Emperor’s ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.”

It was now alone that Napoleon began to realise that the descent on England was much more difficult of operation, and attended with more risk than he had anticipated. This had been obvious to Decrès for some time, as well as to others connected with the organisation of the flotilla; but they had been afraid to urge their opinion on the Emperor, who was stubbornly set on the execution of his plan. But now one difficulty after another started up. He found that those combined actions, which he could skilfully carry out on dry land, were subject to various contingencies, when he had to do with the sea, that rendered them less certain. Gantheaume could not get out of Brest. Villeneuve, whilst attempting to double Cape Finisterre, encountered the English fleet, under Sir Robert Calder, when a fog prevented an action, then commenced, from ending in the entire rout of the combined French and Spanish fleets. Villeneuve, feeling his inequality, rapidly retreated to Ferrol, and then Corunna. When Napoleon received the news, he was furious. He then only perceived that with such a fleet as France possessed, the invasion of England was impossible. Daru, his private secretary, describes the effect of the news on the Emperor:—

“Daru found him transported with rage; walking up and down the room with hurried steps, and only breaking a stern silence by broken exclamations

of 'What a navy! What sacrifices for nothing! What an admiral! All hope is gone. Villeneuve, instead of entering the Channel, has taken refuge in Ferrol. It is all over; he will be blockaded there.'

Napoleon, at once, with the mental agility that was such a distinguishing feature of his faculties, altered the whole plan of his campaign, and resolved to fall on Austria and Russia, in the place of England. Nor were the soldiers disinclined for a change of face. Whenever the British cruisers had allowed a little sea-room, the Emperor had embarked soldiers for a sail or row in their flat-bottomed boats along the coast, to accustom them to the sea. They suffered extremely, and returned with cadaverous faces, ashen lips, and a rooted horror of the waves.

Je compte passer le Rhin le 5 Vendémiaire. Je ne m'arrêterai pas que ne sois sur l'Inn, ou plus loin. Je me confie à votre bravoure et à vos talents. Gagnez-moi des victoires.—NAPOLEON.

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In Europe the feeling had gathered ground that the ambition of Napoleon was unrestrained. On the 26th May, he had been crowned King of Italy, in the Cathedral of Milan, or, to be more exact, had, as at Notre-Dame, crowned himself. In defiance of the provisions of the Treaty of Lunéville, which guaranteed the independence of Genoa, he proceeded to annex that Republic to the French Empire (9th June). He then transformed the Republic of Lucca into a principality for his sister Elise, and her Corsican husband, Bacciocchi, to be held as a fief under the French Imperial crown. A coalition had been entered into between England, Austria, Russia, and Sweden. Prussia remained neutral, tantalised by the hopes of securing Hanover, the prize offered her by Napoleon.

There was great want of money in France; but Bonaparte remedied this deficiency by seizing on 50,000,000-francs of the deposits in the National Bank, which his own laws had declared to be sacred and inalienable. This deed, which utterly destroyed public credit for a time, created many malcontents, and, in combination with other causes of dissatisfaction, would have led

to a revolution at home, if Napoleon had not proved victorious abroad. The Imperial throne was, as yet, new and unsteady, and any serious reverse would almost certainly have overthrown it. Such was the opinion of Fouché, who knew better than any man what was the public mind. "We must have splendid victories, and plenty of glory to dazzle the Parisians," said the Minister of Police to the Emperor, "or all will be lost, and everything be upset that we have done." "You will be responsible for the tranquillity and loyalty of France during my absence," said Napoleon. "Willingly," answered the ex-Jacobin; "but you must gain great victories, and send us good bulletins to put in the *Moniteur*."

Austria was ill-prepared for war. Her best general, the Archduke Charles, with her best troops, was in Italy. In Germany, she had the incompetent Mack, whose measure Nelson had taken at Naples, and whom he styled a "four-carriage general," because unable to move about unaccompanied by his luxuries. The Russians were slowly advancing, but could not unite with the Austrians for many weeks. Vienna was unprotected save by Mack, and his troops were marching from the Inn to the Danube, looking towards Strasburg, whence he was convinced an attack would come.

Napoleon knew the disposition of all the troops, and the designs of all the generals of the enemy. By Fouché's advice he had entered into close relations with the German Jews, who had connexions and relations everywhere, and were ready to do anything, and betray anyone for money. By their means, through their agents, every movement made or contemplated by the Austrians was known at French headquarters; the secrets of the Cabinet of Vienna itself were revealed; and there appears to have been scarcely one *état-major*, or general staff, but had its spy or spies, traitor or traitors, sold to France.

So long as Napoleon had been concentrating all his forces and material for a descent on England, the *Moniteur* had been allowed to attack the Austrian empire, and the Russian as well, with the greatest rancour, but directly he had made up his mind to a sudden *volte-face*, the tone of the Government organ altered, and expressed the desire for peace that animated both the Emperor and the French people. "We must assume," he wrote to Talleyrand on the 25th August, "an attitude not of boldness, but of pusillanimity, in order that I may gain time to make my preparations." To Eugène Beauharnais, whom he had left as Viceroy of Italy, he gave instructions on the 6th September, 1805, to "speak of peace, but prepare for war."

The further to disguise his purpose, he continued to reside at Boulogne, and pursue his preparations against England. Meanwhile, he was transferring his troops rapidly, but with the utmost caution, towards the German frontier. He had an army at his command of nearly 200,000 men, whereas, at the time, there were only 80,000 to oppose him. His object was to cut off the retreat of Mack before the Russians had arrived on the scene. The shortest way led through Hesse and the north of Baden and Würtemberg; and by this means he could unite with the army of occupation of Hanover under Bernadotte, and that of Holland under Marmont, who would meet him at Mayence.

Napoleon at once entered into secret negotiation with the Elector of Bavaria, and sent him a letter full of promises of accession of territory if he would be an ally. An offensive and defensive alliance was entered into with Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Württemberg, which were to furnish him with contingents. Soult, Davoust, Ney, Lannes, and Murat were entrusted with the command of the five great columns that were rapidly marching from Boulogne.

Mack, making quite sure that an attack must come from the Rhine, and



PASSAGE OF THE RHINE.

After an allegorical composition by Ingres.

through the Black Forest, took possession of Ulm, Meiningen, and the line of the Iller and Upper Danube, where he fortified himself with great care.

Meanwhile the seven columns swiftly advanced in separate lines. Bernadotte, coming from Hanover, without scruple violated Prussian neutrality by crossing Anspach, and united with the Bavarians in the rear of Mack. Soult crossed the Rhine at Spire, and directed his march upon Augsburg, in Mack's rear. Davoust, Vandamme, and Marmont, who had entered Germany from different points considerably to the northward of Mack's position, turned his right wing, and gave the hand to Soult at Augsburg.

What is especially astounding in the story is, that no news of the march of

the enemy reached the Austrian general; and he was completely taken by surprise, when it was too late for him to escape from his position.

Mack lost his head. On the 20th October he agreed to evacuate Ulm, and give up his army.

On that morning the Austrians, to the number of 26,000,* came out of Ulm, and defiled before Bonaparte. The infantry then threw down their arms at the back of the fosse; the cavalry dismounted, and delivered up arms and horses; whilst Napoleon looked on, humming an opera air.

A very few days later he received intelligence that somewhat damped his pride. It was that of the destruction of his fleet and that of the Spaniards at Trafalgar, which happened on the 21st of October, on the day after Mack's



THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.
After Gérard.

surrender. It clouded his triumph, and for a while depressed his spirits. "I cannot be everywhere," was his peevish remark.

The way to Vienna was now open, and Napoleon entered it on the 13th November. On the 7th the Emperor Francis had escaped from his capital into Moravia.

The decisive battle of the campaign was fought at Austerlitz, on the anniversary of the coronation of Napoleon in Notre-Dame.

"The night before the battle the Emperor directed Junot, Duroc, and Berthier to put on their cloaks and follow him, as he was going round to see that all was arranged as he wished. It was eleven o'clock; the bivouac fires were surrounded by soldiers, among whom there were many of the brave Guards, who were afterwards nicknamed the *groguards* (grumblers). It was the 1st December, and the weather was very severe, but none cared for that. They were singing and talking, and many of them were engaged in recounting the splendid victories of Italy and of Egypt. The Emperor, wrapped up in

* Napoleon in his bulletins, of course, gives false numbers. He makes them 50,000 men, even 80,000.

his *redingote grise*, passed along unperceived behind the groups, in which were hearts devoted, not only to him and his glory, but to the glory of our arms. He listened to their conversation, smiled, and seemed greatly affected. Suddenly he passed a bivouac the fire of which, gleaming full in his face, discovered him. 'The Emperor!' exclaimed the whole group; '*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*' responded the next. Along the whole line, in the bivouacs and under the tents, the cry of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' passed from mouth to mouth, and rent the air. The fires were immediately deserted, for the soldiers rushed forward to behold their beloved chief. They took the straw from their beds, and, lighting it, made torches, with which they illumined the gloom of the night, still shouting '*Vive l'Empereur!*' with that heartfelt enthusiasm which neither authority, seduction, nor corruption can ever repress.

"Napoleon was moved. 'Enough, lads! enough of this!' he said. But this proof of attachment afforded him the liveliest pleasure, and his heart responded to it.

"'Ah! you seek glory!' exclaimed an old soldier, with moustachios which seemed not to have been cut since the first passage of the Alps. 'Well, to-morrow the good soldiers of the Guard will purchase it to crown your anniversary!' 'What are you growling about under those thick moustachios?' said the Emperor, approaching the old grenadier with one of those smiles which in him were so captivating. The grenadier, like most of his comrades, held in his hand a torch of straw, whose light revealed his swarthy, scarred face, the expression of which was at that moment most remarkable. His eyes were filled with tears, while a smile of joy at sight of the Emperor was playing on his hard but manly features. The Emperor repeated his question. 'Faith, my General, that is, *Sire*,' replied the soldier, 'I only say that we will thrash those rascals of Russians, that is, if you desire it, for discipline before everything. So *Vive l'Empereur!*' and then fresh shouts conveyed to the Russians their death-warrant, for troops so animated could never be subdued.*

In the morning Napoleon was on horseback long before daylight. Thick fogs hung over the plains and the heights on which the Allies were encamped. The sun could hardly break through the vapours, but hung, as a red and lurid ball, in the east. Bonaparte galloped along the line, shouting, "Soldiers, we must complete this campaign with a thunderbolt!" And the soldiers waved their caps, and shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur! vive le jour de sa fête!*"

Napoleon had taken advantage of the light on the preceding day to observe the position of the Allies under the Russian General Kutusoff, and he had seen that the lines were unduly extended. "By to-morrow evening that army will be mine!" he said with confidence, and the event showed that he had calculated aright.

The day ended in a complete defeat of the allied forces of the Austrians and Russians. In a lying bulletin Napoleon represented the French loss, in killed and wounded, at about 2500 men, but in reality it was double that number. At ten o'clock in the evening the conqueror issued one of his grandiloquent proclamations to the army.

"Soldiers," he said, "your Emperor must speak with you before night, and express his satisfaction with all those who have had the good fortune to fight in this memorable battle. Soldiers! you are the first warriors in the world! The

* Madame JUNOT, *Memoirs*, ii. 460.



THE EMPEROR.

From a drawing by Vigneux.



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memory of this day will be eternal. So long as history and the world will exist, it will be repeated, after millions of centuries, that in the plains of Austerlitz an army bought by the gold of England, a Russian army of 76,000 men, has been destroyed by you. The miserable remnants of that army, in which the mercantile spirit of a despicable nation had placed its last hopes, are in flight. It is not four months since your Emperor said to you at Boulogne, 'We are going to march to annihilate a coalition plotted by the gold and intrigues of England'; and now the result is the destruction of 300,000 men in the campaign of Ulm, and of the forces of two great monarchs. . . . Soldiers, I am satisfied with you. An army of 100,000 men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, has been cut to pieces and dispersed."

The exaggeration employed is grotesque; but the French soldiers were not disposed to be critical; nor were the public, who devoured the equally mendacious bulletins sent to the *Moniteur*, in a position to check the numbers which the Emperor represented as opposed to, and annihilated by him.

The battle of Austerlitz was disastrous, though not as disastrous as represented. The Russians lost 12,000 men, and retired in good order. The coalition was not destroyed. Another Russian army was on its way; the Archdukes Charles and John were within a few days' march, and were approaching on Bonaparte's flank; and the Hungarians were rising *en masse*. More than this, the financial condition of France was at the moment desperate. Had the Emperor Francis but prolonged the struggle for two months, France would have been bankrupt.

This national bankruptcy was only averted by the victory of Austerlitz, by the weak despair of Francis, and by the immense war indemnity which Napoleon forced him to pay, and which was turned into the exhausted exchequer.

Unhappily, the heart of the Emperor Francis failed him, and Prince John of Lichtenstein, perhaps sold to the French, exercised great influence over his mind. Francis despatched the Prince to Napoleon; and he, seemingly without a struggle, agreed to give up far more than Bonaparte could have gained in two or three successful campaigns. Lichtenstein, after this interview, returned to his master loaded with compliments; and on the following day the Emperor Francis had a personal interview with Bonaparte, at the headquarters of the latter, by an old mill where his bivouac fire was lighted. The Austrian Emperor saluted Napoleon with "Sir—and brother." "I receive you," said the Corsican, "in the only place which I have inhabited for the last two months." "You have made such good use of that habitation," said Francis, "that it should be grateful to you."

What passed further between the representative of an ancient dynasty and the founder of a new one that was not to last, is known only from what Napoleon chose to reveal, and no reliance whatever can be placed on his words.

He pretended that the Emperor of Austria said to him, "France was justified in her quarrel with England. . . . The English are a set of

shopkeepers, who set the Continent on fire, in order to secure to themselves the commerce of the world." The words are too much an echo of his own furious declamation against Great Britain, to be believed to have fallen from the lips of the Austrian Emperor.

A treaty was concluded at Presburg, on the 27th December, 1805, by virtue of which Bonaparte was recognised as King of Italy; the Republic of Venice was detached from Austria, and united to his Italian Kingdom; the



INTERVIEW BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND FRANCIS II. AFTER THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

From a painting by Gros.

Electors of Würtemberg and Bavaria, as allies of France and traitors to the national cause, were to be created Kings; the Duke of Baden, in reward for his having taken in good part the kidnapping and murder of the Duc d'Enghien, was to be elevated to be a Grand-Duke; and these three States were to be enlarged at the expense of Austria. Istria and Dalmatia were ceded. She agreed to pay a war indemnity of 140,000,000 francs. Gallant and loyal Tyrol was severed from the Crown of Austria, and handed over to Bavaria; and Napoleon was constituted "Protector" of a Confederation of the Rhine, comprising all the Western States of Germany.

There were other secret arrangements, which were speedily carried into

effect. Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, Josephine's son, was given Augusta Amelia, daughter of the King of Bavaria ; and Stephanie Beauharnais, Eugène's cousin, was united to the son and heir of the Grand-Duke of Baden. Jerome Bonaparte was to take to wife a daughter of the Elector of Würtemberg. Such were the first royal alliances negotiated, the prelude to others, in which the blood of the Corsican petty attorney's children was to be mixed with that of the most ancient and princely families in Europe.

XXXVI

NEW FEUDALISM

NAPOLEON hastened back to Paris, which he reached on the 26th January, 1806. He had received disquieting news from the capital. A financial crash impended, the inevitable result of the enormous drain on the metal currency caused by the preparations for the descent on England, and the stagnation of all trade and commerce, save such as was connected with military works.

Napoleon arrived late in the night; and without undressing and going to bed, he at once sent for the Minister of Finance, and remained closeted with him till morning. At eleven o'clock next day, the Council of Finance was assembled, and M. de Marbois, the Minister, was dismissed—an honest and capable man; but Napoleon was resolved to make a scapegoat, and he threw the blame of mismanagement on Marbois, and on the company of Ouvrard and Vanlerbergh, which had advanced money to the Treasury, and had taken contracts for the supply of munitions for the army. These money-lenders were imprisoned and ruined; and Napoleon endeavoured to divert the public suspicion from his own reckless expenditure, and to turn the stream of popular indignation upon those who were, in fact, called into existence by the strained condition of the finances, and upon the Minister who had been driven to desperate expedients to meet the expenditure always exceeding the revenue.

On his return to Paris, the crisis was already past, for the victory of Austerlitz and the Peace of Presburg had revived the confidence of the French, and Napoleon was able to pay 85,000,000 francs into the depleted Treasury.

He drew up a report on the condition of the Empire, calculated to dazzle imagination, and stimulate hope for the future. Everything that had been accomplished was painted in glowing colours, successes exaggerated, achievements represented in the most promising aspect. This document concluded with a rapid survey of the advantages derived by France from the dissolution of the several coalitions which had been broken by the Emperor.

“The first coalition, concluded by the Treaty of Campo-Formio, gave to the Republic the frontier of the Rhine, and the States now forming the kingdom of Italy; the second invested it with Piedmont; the third united to its federal system Venice and Naples. Let England be now convinced of its impotence, and not attempt a fourth coalition. The House of Naples has irrevocably lost its dominions; Russia owes the escape of its army solely to

the capitulation which our generosity awarded; the Italian Peninsula, as a whole, forms a part of the great Empire. The Emperor has guaranteed, as supreme Chief, the Sovereigns and Constitutions which compose its several parts."

The disaster of Trafalgar was alluded to by the Emperor in these evasive terms: "The tempests have made us lose some vessels after a combat imprudently engaged in." He could afford to use these words, as the real facts were not allowed to be published, and leaked into France only through stray copies of foreign papers surreptitiously brought over.

The return of Napoleon to Paris was commemorated by the column in the Place Vendôme, composed of five hundred Austrian cannon; it was on the model of the pillar of Trajan at Rome; and was surmounted by a statue of the Emperor. In a spiral band encircling the column, was a series of groups representing the victories of Napoleon, from the raising of the camp at Boulogne to the entry of the Imperial Guard into Paris on January 27th, 1806, in eighty bas-reliefs. The statue at the summit, by Chaudet, showed the Emperor in Roman habit, chlamys and cothurnus, holding a winged figure of Victory in his left hand.

After the Austrian campaign, Naples had been invaded and occupied by French troops, to the number of fifty thousand, under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, and on the 15th February, Naples saw its future sovereign enter within its walls. On April 14th, Napoleon, by decree, created his brother King of the Two Sicilies. At the same time, the Venetian States were definitely annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. "The interests of our Crown," said Napoleon, "and the tranquillity of the Continent of Europe, require that we should secure in a stable and definite manner the fate of the people of Naples and Sicily, fallen into our power by the right of conquest, and forming part of the grand empire."



JOSEPH, KING OF NAPLES.
From a painting by Lefèvre.

To Miot de Melito, Napoleon wrote on the last day of January, 1806:—

"You are going to rejoin my brother (Joseph). You will tell him that I have made him King of Naples, and that nothing will be changed as regards his relations with France. But impress upon him that the least hesitation, the slightest wavering, will ruin him entirely. I have another person in my mind who will replace him should he refuse. I shall call that other Napoleon, and he shall be my son. It was the conduct of my brother at the Coronation, and his refusal to accept the Crown of Italy, which made me call Eugène my son. I am determined to give the same title to another should he oblige me. At present all feelings of affection yield to State reasons. I recognise as relations only those who serve me. My fortune is not attached to the name of Bonaparte, but to that of Napoleon. It is with my fingers and my pen that

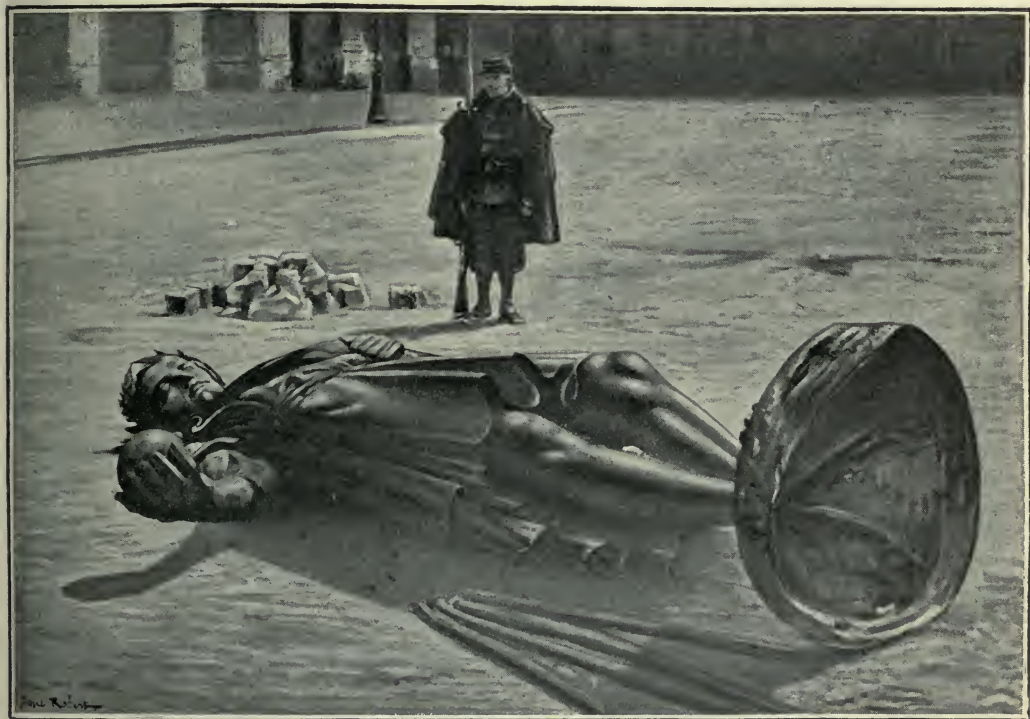
I make children. To-day, I can love only such as I esteem. Joseph must forget all our ties of childhood. Let him make himself esteemed! Let him acquire glory. Let him have a leg broken in battle! Then I shall respect him. Let him give up his old notions. Let him not dread fatigue. Look at me; the campaign I have just terminated, the movement, the excitement, have made me stout. I believe that if all the kings of Europe were to combine against me, I should have a ridiculous paunch.

"I offer my brother a fine opportunity. Let him govern his new States wisely and firmly. . . . I can endure to have no relations in obscurity. Those who do not rise with me shall no longer form part of my family. I am creating a family of kings, or rather of viceroys, for the King of Italy, the King of Naples, and others, will all be included in a Federative system. However, I am willing to forget what two of my brothers have done against me; let Lucien abandon his wife, and I will give him a kingdom. As for Jerome, he has partially repaired his faults. But I shall never permit the wife of Lucien to seat herself by my side."

At the same time that Joseph was made king, Berthier was elevated to be Prince of Neufchatel.

Talleyrand was then created Prince of Benevento, and General Bernadotte, son of a poor saddler at Pau, in the south of France, in turn became Prince of Pontecorvo. This was not because Napoleon liked Bernadotte; on the contrary, he hated him, but because his wife was the sister of that of Joseph, a daughter of the soap-boiler. "You understand," he wrote to the King of Naples, "in giving the title of duke and prince to Bernadotte, it is through consideration for your wife, for there are several generals who have served me better, and who are more devoted to me than he. But I thought it suitable that the brother-in-law of the Queen of Naples should hold a distinguished rank." Then Cambacérès was created Duke of Parma, and Le Brun, Duke of Piacenza. Napoleon now married his sister, Pauline, widow of General Leclerc, to Prince Borghese, whereby, as she exultingly said, she became "a real princess," and received the Duchy of Guastalla. His sister Elise was created Princess of Lucca Piombino; and Murat, who had married Napoleon's sister, Caroline, was made Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves. Marshal Soult was given the Duchy of Dalmatia; that of Istria was conferred on Marshal Bessières; that of Friuli was given to his favourite aide-de-camp and Grand Marshal of the palace, Duroc; and that of Cadore, to Champagny, formerly an officer in the navy, but now one of Bonaparte's favourite diplomatists. The Duchy of Belluno was granted to Marshal Victor, that of Conegliano to Marshal Moncey, that of Treviso to Mortier, that of Feltri to General Clarke, that of Vicenza to Caulaincourt, that of Bassano to the Secretary-Minister-of-State Maret; and Savary, who had superintended the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, was elevated to be Duke of Rovigo. Henceforth Murat, the son of a petty innkeeper, whose mother was wont to go out charing at a franc a day, never signed his name but as "Joachim, Grand Duke of Berg"; and Berthier, son of a poor and obscure officer, signed, "Alexander, Prince of Neufchatel," just as the Czar signed, "Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias."

Fouché, the scoundrelly Minister of Police, was created Duke of Otranto; the paladin Lannes became Duke of Montebello; the Jew Masséna was raised to be Duke of Rivoli; and Augereau to be Duke of Castiglione. With some of these titles territories were granted as military fiefs; where not, pensions were drawn from the conquered or tributary countries. Thus the Kingdom of Naples and that of Italy were taxed to an enormous extent; and Hanover was made to contribute more than £90,000 sterling per annum to keep up the state and dignity of these plebeian upstarts.



THE 19TH MAY, 1871.

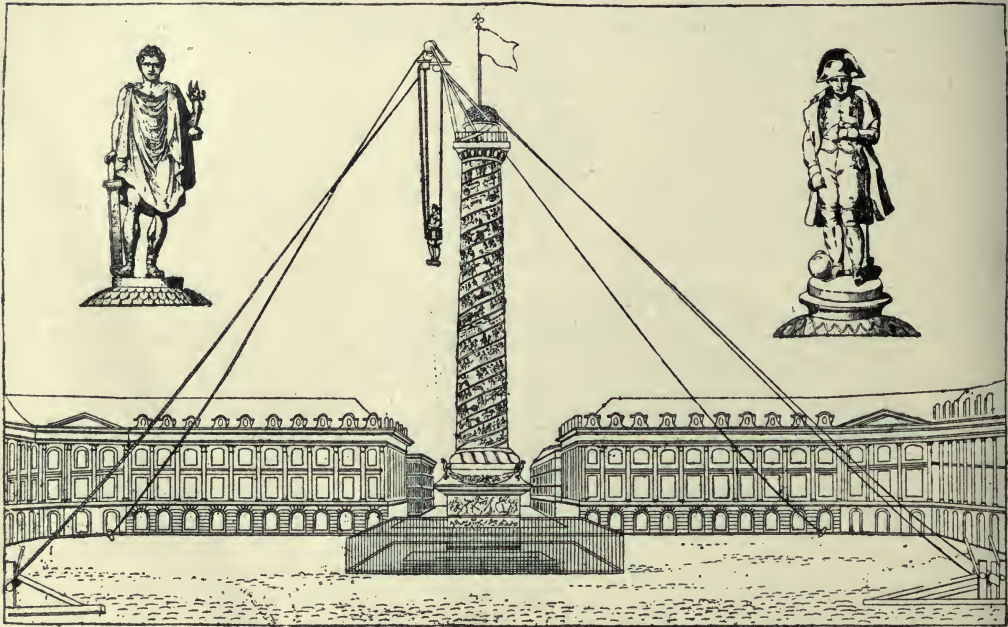
From a painting by Paul Robert.

All the members of the Senate, indiscriminately, were ennobled, and given the title and status of Count. No satirist could have surpassed the farcical scene that ensued. Cambacérès, in announcing the Emperor's beneficence and magnanimity, exclaimed, "Senators, you are no longer plebeians, or simple citizens. The statute which I hold in my hand confers on you the majestic title of Count!"

Half of these conscript fathers were men who had been rabid Jacobins, had mouthed and postured as adherents to the principle of equality, and had denounced titles and distinctions; nevertheless, they roared out their applause, and their excitement and delight became frenzied, when they further learned that their titles would be hereditary.

A note in the handwriting of Napoleon in 1807 shows that it was his intention to have thirty dukes established in Paris, each with at least £4000 a year, to shed lustre on the throne; also [sixty counts, with £2000 a year; and four hundred barons, with at least £200 a year each. The dukes and the counts were to be given money to enable them to purchase residences worthy of their titles and the state they were expected to keep up.

With Lucien, Napoleon had much trouble. He had fallen into disfavour after Napoleon became First Consul for life, because he endeavoured to press his advice on his elder brother, and somewhat freely boasted of the services he had rendered on the 18th Brumaire. Then Lucien entered into an intrigue



THE VENDÔME COLUMN, 6TH APRIL, 1814.

With the statues by Chaudet and Seurre.

with Madame Jouberton, the wife of a stockbroker, who divorced her, whereupon Lucien married the woman. Napoleon in vain endeavoured to induce him to break the connection, and marry a princess. If he would do this, he offered to provide him with a throne. To Lucien's credit, he refused. He shared with his mother the opinion that this reign of Napoleon was ephemeral.

Having failed to get Lucien to take a crown, Napoleon asked him to let him have his daughter, Charlotte, to dispose of to the Prince of the Asturias. To this Lucien consented, and Charlotte was sent to Paris. But Napoleon was fond of peeping into private letters, and he read those addressed by his niece to her father, and discovering therein strictures on his roturier court, on the manners of his new dukes and duchesses, and on the prevailing laxity of morals, he sent her precipitately home.

From Milan, on December 17th, 1807, Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph relative to Lucien:—

“I saw Lucien at Mantua. I think he promised to send me his eldest daughter. This young person must be in Paris in January. Lucien, who appeared to be swayed by conflicting feelings, had not the strength of mind to come to a decision. I did all I could to persuade him to employ his talents for me and for his country. If he wishes to send me his daughter, she must start without delay, and he must send me a declaration placing her entirely at my disposal. . . . The interests of Lucien’s family will be provided for. A divorce from Madame Jouberton once pronounced, and Lucien established in a foreign country (*i.e.* as King), he will be at liberty to live on terms of intimacy with Madame Jouberton, but not in France; nor must he reside with her as if she were a princess and his wife. Madame Jouberton shall have a high title conferred upon her at Naples or elsewhere. Politics alone influence me in this matter. I have no desire to meddle with the tastes and passions of Lucien.”

That Lucien was not actuated by Republican opinions, as he pretended, is clear from his after-conduct, in buying of the Pope the title of Prince of Canino.

The abbey of S. Denis had been the place of sepulture of the Kings of France. Their bodies had been torn from their tombs by the sans-culottes, and dispersed. Napoleon now restored the church, reorganised the chapter, and converted the minster into a place of sepulture for the new Imperial dynasty. As yet, indeed, he had no dead Bonapartes to lay in it; but he prepared chapels for such as were to come, three close by the spaces occupied by the tombs of the French kings of the first, second, and third race; and the fourth chapel was to contain his own tomb, and those of the emperors, his successors.

The thought of Charlemagne was before him now, as had previously been that of Alexander, and it was in imitation of Charlemagne that he created his military fiefs. But that was not his sole reason.

“I felt my isolated position,” said Napoleon later, to explain this creation of a new order of kings, princes, and dukes, “and I threw out on all sides of me anchors of safety into the ocean by which I was surrounded. Where could I so reasonably look for support as among my own relations? Could I expect as much from strangers?”

The elevation of Louis Bonaparte to the throne of Holland followed not long after.

A few words may be said here about Madame Mère at this period. As already said, she was not present at the coronation of Napoleon, being at Rome at the time with Lucien. Silvagni says, in his interesting book on the Court and Society of Rome in the 18th and 19th centuries:—

“Madame Lætitia was tall, with a fair complexion, and black hair, which she wore curled upon her forehead; her eyes were dark, and rather small, her figure lithe and graceful, her hands and feet thin and well shaped; her countenance regular and dignified. She had partially lost the forefinger

of her right hand through an unsuccessful operation, which made writing difficult to her. She knew nothing of either French or Italian literature, and still spoke the Corsican dialect, while her acquaintance with the French language was below mediocrity. Finding she could not reconcile the two brothers, Napoleon and Lucien, she preferred, like a good mother, to follow the less fortunate into exile.

"Madame Lætitia was a very superior woman, who kept herself aloof from politics, could hold her tongue, was prudent in her dealings with her daughters-in-law, and good and discreet in all her ways. She received very little, and saw very few people. . . . Napoleon had always the greatest respect for his mother, and treated her most liberally. He gave her the château of Pont-sur-Seine. Here it was that Madame Mère held her little court; but so quietly and economically, that she never spent her million francs of revenue. The Emperor, who liked to see his relations and great officials spend the incomes he had awarded them, remarked to her one day, 'Madame Lætitia, I wish I could see you get through your million per annum.' 'I will spend it,' she replied, 'on condition that you give me two.'"*

In fact, Madame Lætitia never could be brought to believe that the sudden elevation of her son would last; and she saved money against the evil day, which her good sense told her must inevitably come on her and the rest of the family.

Jerome Bonaparte got into a scrape by marrying a good-looking American young woman, Elizabeth Patterson, of Scoto-Irish descent. On the 20th of April, 1804, Decrès, French Minister of Marine, by order of the First Consul, directed M. Pichon, Consul-General of France in New York, not to advance any money on the order of citizen Jerome.

"Jerome has received orders, in his capacity of Lieutenant of the Fleet, to return to France by the first French frigate that leaves; and the execution of this order, on which the First Consul insists in the most positive manner, can alone regain him his affection. But what the First Consul has prescribed for me, above everything, is to order you to prohibit all captains of French vessels from receiving on board the young person with whom the citizen Jerome has connected himself, it being his intention that she shall by no means come into France, and his will that, should she arrive, she be not suffered to land, but be sent immediately back to the United States." †

"Jerome is wrong," wrote Napoleon to Decrès, "to fancy that he will find in me affection that will yield to his weakness. Sole fabricator of my destiny, I owe nothing to my brothers. In what I have done for glory, they have found means to reap for themselves an abundant harvest; but they must not, on that account, abandon the field when there is something still to be reaped. They must not leave me isolated, and deprived of the aid and services which I have a right to expect of them. If I completely abandon him (Lucien) who in maturer years has thought proper to withdraw himself from my direction, what has Jerome to expect? So young yet, and only known by his forgetfulness of his duties, assuredly if he does nothing for me, I see in it the decree of fate which has determined that I ought to do nothing for him." On one condition alone would Napoleon forgive his brother. "I will receive Jerome

* SILVAGNI: *La Corte e la Società Romana nei secoli xviii et xix*, 1887, iii. c. 41.

† *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*, 1879, p. 25.

if, leaving in America the young person in question, he shall come hither to associate himself with my fortunes. Should he bring her along with him, she shall not put foot on the territory of France."*

Jerome was obliged to return to France, and he parted from his giddy-headed young wife with vows of eternal fidelity, which, to her great disgust, he did not observe. Her empty head was filled with ambition, and the rest of her life was consumed with mortification that she had not become a Queen.

Jerome was made of inferior stuff to Lucien, and he speedily agreed to repudiate his wife, who had nothing but beauty to commend her, and to place his fortunes unreservedly in the Emperor's hands. But now a new difficulty arose. Pope Pius VII. had been fretting over his disappointment at not being paid with the Legations, for his complaisance at the coronation; and when Napoleon applied to him to pronounce the marriage of his brother and Elizabeth Patterson void, he took a malicious pleasure in refusing to do so. The Court of Rome is sufficiently unscrupulous about marriage matters.† We may be quite sure that no moral scruple touched the Pope. According to the decree of the Council of Trent, a canonical excuse for the dissolution of a marriage had been provided, if the alliance had been conducted in a clandestine manner. But such a decree could only take effect where the decisions of the Council had been formally published; and the Pope, instead of taking the broad ground that what God had joined together no man might put asunder, with the characteristic subtlety of a pettifogging mind, alleged that the most scrupulous examination having failed to discover that the decrees of the Council had been promulgated in the United States, it was not possible for him to annul the marriage; and with equally characteristic cant, declared that to pronounce the desired dissolution would be "to render himself culpable of an abominable abuse of authority before the tribunal of God."‡

Napoleon found his own Council of State more compliant than the Pope; and on the ground that the marriage was contracted when Jerome was



JEROME.
From a portrait by Kinson.

* *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*, 1879, p. 26.

† As in the many cases in which she allows uncles to marry nieces; a recent instance was that of the Duc d'Aosta, 1888; and in which she annuls marriages, as that of Monacho-Hamilton, 1880.

‡ Pius VII. to Napoleon, June, 1808. The hypocrisy of the refusal was revolting. No such scruple was felt by the same Pope Pius in dissolving the marriage of the Duc de Berri, performed in 1806 in England, where the decrees of the Council of Trent had never been published. There was so little ground for annulling this marriage, that the daughters of the Duke and of Madame Brown were made Countesses by Louis XVIII., and were declared legitimate by Pius VII. But where his mean spite dictated his conduct, there his refusal was cloaked with the excuse that to annul Jerome's marriage would be "an abominable abuse before the throne of God." Such hypocrisy makes the gorge rise.

under age, and without the consent of his guardian, it was declared null and void.

At the conclusion of the Peace of Tilsit, July, 1807, Napoleon informed Jerome that the members of the Imperial family were required to form alliances which would support his throne. Jerome had been accorded the throne of Westphalia, which was formed out of the territories of the Grand Duke of Hesse, of that of Brunswick, together with certain Prussian Provinces (18th August, 1807); and on the preceding 12th August he was married to Frederica Catherina, daughter of the newly-created King of Württemberg, but not till two unsuccessful attempts had already been made to obtain for him an alliance with other Princesses. In Westphalia he launched forth into the most licentious excesses, and made himself generally abhorred by all classes.*

Napoleon did not answer the Pope by letter till after Austerlitz; but he showed Pius that he was not inclined to treat his scruples with consideration. He occupied Ancona with a detachment, under Saint Cyr, without troubling himself to announce this infraction of territorial rights to the Papal Government.

When the coast of Holland had been menaced by the English and Swedes, during the campaign in Austria, Napoleon had sent his brother Louis with an army to its assistance. This army took up its position on the frontiers of Westphalia. Immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Louis hastened to congratulate his brother, then on his way to Paris, and encountered him at Strasburg. Napoleon received him very coldly. "What has made you leave Holland?" he asked. Louis replied that it was generally reported that Napoleon had determined to erect the Batavian Republic into a Monarchy. "These rumours," said he, "are not pleasing to this free and independent people; and I do not like to hear them myself."†

Louis, whose honesty and disinterestedness are beyond suspicion, was no more consulted in the matter than were Joseph and Jerome. As Lanfrey points out, this reluctance of the brothers of Napoleon to submit to be what he pleased to make of them, shows that they had little confidence in him. "There entered into their scruples at least as much mistrust towards so exacting a master, as mistrust of fortune."

"Napoleon," says Louis, in the *Memoirs* he dictated, "informed him that his wishes were not to be considered in this matter, but as a subject he was bound to obey. Louis considered that he could be constrained by force; and that as the Emperor was absolutely determined in the matter, it might happen to him as to Joseph, who, having refused Italy, was forced upon Naples. However, he made a final attempt; he wrote to his brother that he felt how necessary it was that the brothers of the Emperor should depart out of France, and that he would like to be appointed Governor of Genoa or Piedmont."

Louis was recognised King of Holland on the 5th of June, 1806. Holland sent her ambassadors on the occasion; the Court was at St. Cloud, where the

* *Geheime Geschichte des Westphälischen Hofes zu Cassel*, S. Petersburg, 1814.

† *Documents hist. sur la Hollande, par le roi Louis*, Lond. 1821.

Emperor presented to them his nephew, the son of Louis and Hortense. The child, then five years old, thinking to show off his acquirements, began at once to recite La Fontaine's fable of "The Frogs asking Jupiter for a King." Whether true, or *ben trovato*, the story circulated, and made Napoleon at the time vastly angry.*

Louis resigned himself to be king over the frogs and marshes, and during his reign lost his little son. He was a good and kind man, and did his utmost to alleviate the sufferings of his subjects, and to rule with equity.

At Naples Joseph had not an easy time of it: he was desirous, as was Louis, of winning the love of his subjects, but was allowed very little liberty by his imperious as well as imperial brother. He was taken to task for every token of mildness he exhibited, and was goaded on to acts of violence.

"My brother," wrote Napoleon to Joseph on March 8th, 1806, "I see that in one of your proclamations you promise not to levy any war contributions, and that the soldiers are not to exact meals from their hosts. It is not by cajoling people that you win them, and it is not by such measures that you will be able to recompense your army. Lay a contribution of thirty million francs on the kingdom of Naples, remount your cavalry and artillery, &c. It would be too ridiculous if the conquest of Naples were not to procure the well-being of my army. . . . Masséna should be settled at Naples, with the title of prince, and a large revenue."

Only six days before, he had written to Joseph complaining that this Jew was a thief, and that he had stolen *three* million francs; and four days later he wrote:—

"Advise Masséna to give back the *six* million francs he has taken. The only way he has of saving himself is to restore them quickly. . . . There is too much brigandage. Have Saint Cyr watched. The details of their embezzlements are incredible; I learned them from the Austrian, who blushed at them."

"My brother," he wrote on the 22nd April, 1806, "I see with pleasure that you have burned an insurgent village. I presume that you allowed the soldiers to pillage it. That is the way in which villages which revolt should be treated."

His treatment of brothers, uncles, relatives, was rough and humiliating. Cardinal Fesch, his mother's half-brother, he treated with scant courtesy. Thus he wrote to him (30th January, 1806):—

"I have found your reflections on Cardinal Ruffo very mean and puerile. You behave like a woman in Rome. You meddle with things which you do not understand."



LOUIS.

From a portrait by Lefèvre.

* Madame JUNOT, *Memoirs*, ii. 506.

All the Bonaparte family resembled the mother in face, but Napoleon was most like his father, a sufficient answer to the offensive suggestion that he was in reality the son of M. de Marbeuf. There was absolutely nothing to give colour to this scandal, saving the fact that Marbeuf had shown kindness to the boy, had placed him in Brienne, and furnished him with pocket-money. We can sympathise with Napoleon in his outbursts of fury when he saw such slanders against the honour of his mother in the pamphlets that issued from the London press, and were smuggled into France.

“The great difference in the figures of the sons and daughters of the Bonaparte family,” says Madame Junot, “while their countenances were so similar, was very extraordinary. Their heads possessed the same type, the same features, the same eyes, the same expression (always excepting that of the Emperor); beyond this nothing could be more unlike. The brothers were very dissimilar. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and the King of Holland, were all three perfectly well made, though small; while the persons of the Prince of Canino (Lucien) and the King of Westphalia were as much in contrast with them and with each other as their sisters. The King of Westphalia’s head and shoulders resembled those of the Princess Caroline; and the Prince of Canino, much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibited the same want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany (Elise). There was one point of general resemblance, one countenance, that of Madame Mère, in which all her eight children might be recognised, not only in feature, but in the peculiar expression of each.”*



PAULINE.

From a painting by Lefèvre.

“Pauline was of medium height, of a marvellous pink and white complexion, with sparkling eyes, black hair, a Grecian profile, and such a perfectly-formed body, that she sat as a nude model to Canova, and may be admired in the Villa Borghese at Rome, under the semblance of Venus Victrix. Before Napoleon made Prince Borghese Governor of Piedmont, he had conferred the title of Duchess of Guastalla on his sister. When she was made aware of this, Pauline went to her brother, and the following conversation ensued:—

“‘Where is Guastalla, my good little brother? Is it a large town, with a fine palace, and many subjects?’ ‘Guastalla is a village, a small place in the states of Parma and Piacenza,’ replied Napoleon shortly. ‘A village!’ cried the Princess, throwing herself down in an easy chair. ‘You treat me very shabbily, brother. And what would you have me do there?’ ‘What you like.’ ‘What I like!’ and she began to cry. ‘Annonciade (Caroline) is a Grand Duchess, and she is younger than I am. Why should she have more than I? She has a kingdom, she has ministers. Napoleon, I warn you, I will scratch out your eyes if I am not better treated! And my poor Camille, why don’t you do something for him?’ ‘He is an imbecile.’ ‘That is true; but what does that matter?’ Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and the upshot of the matter was that Camille Borghese was created Governor of Piedmont.

* Madame JUNOT, *Memoirs*, ii. 506.

“Prince Borghese had no qualities, either physical or moral, likely to please his wife. Even when he tried to do so, he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous. One evening, at a ball at Murat’s house, he presented himself dressed as a Tyrolean *girl*, with his beard projecting below his mask; and he went about, thus arrayed, kissing the ladies one after another.”*

That there was pride in Napoleon, in thus endeavouring to found a dynasty of princes, is likely enough. The reason he gave afterwards is, however, more near the truth. He felt himself a new man, isolated, in Europe, and was conscious that the princely and noble families despised him as a parvenu. He hoped, by giving titles to those connected with him by blood or interest, to create a new royal dynasty and a new aristocracy, which might by its power, its abilities, and its character, do more than rival that which was mediæval and exhausted, and crumbling away. And who can deny that, beside such creatures as filled the thrones of Spain, Portugal, Naples, Parma—even beside the German Princes of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Hesse—his marshals shone out as planets, full of manhood, generosity, and public spirit?

The Jacobins and old Revolutionists who had survived that process by which Revolution, like Saturn, devours its own children, grumbled in their garrets and cellars. Lucien Bonaparte, out of favour, and soured, protested the purity of his democratic principles. The ancient *noblesse* of the Faubourg S. Germain sneered; but this new aristocracy had the money, favour, influence, and patronage. The parvenus could afford to laugh. The royal and imperial houses reigning in Europe writhed; and yet, beaten and brought to the dust, were forced to give their blood to mingle with that of the Corsican adventurer and his followers.

There lurked in the heart of Napoleon a feverish craving to be doing something more than had been done, to exalt himself to a stage higher than he had already reached, and this was never allayed. Partly in jest, but mainly in earnest, he said:—

“I came into the world too late. There is nothing more to be done that is truly grand. I admit that my career has been fine, that I have paved for myself a royal road; but consider the difference between now and antiquity! Alexander, after having conquered Asia, announced himself to be the son of Jupiter, and all the Orient believed him, except Aristotle and a few pedants of Athens. But if I were to proclaim myself the son of the Eternal Father, and were to proceed to give Him thanks in solemn state, there would not be a single fishwife who would not hiss me on my way. People are now too enlightened. There is no great thing more to be done.”

* SILVAGNI, *op. cit.*, iii. c. 41.

XXXVII

JENA

(1806)

PRUSSIA had maintained neutrality throughout the conflicts with Austria, and Napoleon had played on her covetousness and her fears; but the time had now come when, Austria being humbled, it was his intention to force Prussia to her knees.

He had already violated her territory with impunity. He now insisted on Prussia entering into the Prohibitory League, which was to inaugurate the continental blockade of English merchandise. She was required to renounce the Margravate of Bayreuth, to recognise all the changes that had been effected in Italy, and to engage to close the mouths of the Elbe and Weser against English commerce—a clause which practically involved war with England.

The position of Prussia was embarrassing. A fortnight before the capitulation of Ulm, she had signed a convention with England, Russia, and Austria, engaging herself to mediate between France and the Allies; and in the event of Napoleon rejecting her offers, to join the Coalition. But the aspect of affairs was completely altered by the result of the battle; and Prussia was unable to refuse the offer made by Napoleon, which was tantamount to a command, to surrender Anspach and Neufchatel, and to annex Hanover.

By this skilful manœuvre, Prussia was forced into hostility with England—a position she did not relish, but could not avoid. To accept Hanover at a moment when she was expecting subsidies from England was, as Fox afterwards described her conduct, “the union of everything contemptible in cowardice with everything that was odious in rapacity.”

The answer of England was the prompt seizure of five hundred merchant vessels sailing under the Prussian flag.

Pitt was dead, and was succeeded by Fox, on whom Napoleon had exercised much personal influence. He believed, now that Fox was at the head of the Government in England, he would be equally prone to being cajoled. It was Napoleon's great desire to detach England from the Northern Coalition, so that he might crush Prussia and humble Russia separately; after which he would have a clear field for trying conclusions with Great Britain.

He accordingly opened negotiations with Fox, with the avowed object of peace. The initiation of the diplomatic correspondence began with a

pretended plot to assassinate the Emperor, that had been got up by Fouché for the purpose. An *agent provocateur* of Fouché had proposed to Fox to murder Napoleon. Fox, believing this to be a genuine conspiracy, sent information of it to Talleyrand, and this led to a complimentary exchange of letters, that opened up the way to a correspondence relative to the basis of a treaty. Lord Yarmouth was sent over to France as English plenipotentiary: the discussion was protracted; Lord Yarmouth was replaced by Lord Lauderdale, but the correspondence led to no results so far as England was concerned, as Bonaparte made it a *sine qua non* that the alliance with Russia should be abandoned. Napoleon having already granted Hanover to Prussia, proposed now to take it away and give it back to England, and hinted that the old free commercial Republics—Hamburg, Lübeck, Brémen—over which he had not even the questionable right of conquest, should be handed over to England like dead stock, or bales of goods.

Such proposals ought to have been met by an indignant rebuke and a cessation of conferences; they proved, as Spencer Perceval afterwards declared

SIGNATURE AT THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1806.

in the House of Commons, that no negotiations with the Emperor could be entered into without contamination; but Fox, deceived by his admiration for Napoleon, and blind to his duplicity, persevered in the path he had chosen.

As Bourrienne said: "Bonaparte might have been induced, from the high esteem he felt for Fox, to make concessions from which he would before have recoiled. But there were two obstacles, I may say insurmountable ones. The first was the conviction, on the part of England, that any peace which might be made would be only a truce, and that Bonaparte would never relinquish seriously his desire of universal dominion. Moreover, it was believed that Napoleon had formed the design of invading England. Had he been able to do so, it would have been less with the view of striking a blow at her commerce and destroying her maritime power, than of annihilating the liberty of the Press, which he had extinguished in his own dominions. The spectacle of a free people, separated by only six leagues of sea, was, according to him, a seductive example to the French, especially to those among them who bent unwillingly under his yoke."

In the meanwhile, Napoleon had resolved on the formation of a powerful Confederacy in Germany, in the interests of France against Prussia and Austria. The scheme was based on the Rhein-Bund, formed in 1658, when a number of German Imperial Estates united with Louis XIV., to open the way into Germany for French influence. But the conditions of the present

Confederacy were not laid down with such consideration as before, and Bonaparte took no trouble to keep up the delusion, fostered in 1658, that the members of the Bund had obtained great advantages from France. He did not trouble himself to enter into correspondence with, and consult the wishes of any of the Princes concerned; he simply laid down his scheme for a union, and insisted on their submission. The publication took place on the 17th July, 1806. Sixteen Princes, alarmed and overawed, agreed to leave the German Imperial Confederation, which they were no longer able to hold together, and bound themselves to place at the disposal of the Emperor Napoleon, their Protector, 100,000 men for every war on the mainland in which he engaged. In return, a number of small Principalities were "mediatised," and these territories annexed to the larger subsisting kingdoms and grand-duchies. The Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Elector-Primate Von Dahlberg, the Elector of Baden, the Grand-Duke of Berg and Cleves (Murat), the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, and ten other petty Sovereign Princes, were thenceforth to be detached for ever from the German Empire, and to be united in a distinct Confederation, to be guided by its own Diet, and to be under the immediate influence of Napoleon. All these German States were to be bound to one another and to France by an alliance offensive and defensive.

The imitation of Charlemagne had advanced a stage. Bonaparte had now under his control the whole of the West of Europe. As emperor and king, he was absolute master of France and Italy; as mediator, he was master of Switzerland; as protector, he held in his grasp a considerable portion of Germany; Naples and Holland he governed through his two brothers; Spain had been reduced to passive and abject submission, and had already been engaged by him to subjugate Portugal.

The formation of the Rhein-Bund greatly alarmed Prussia, and when she learned that Napoleon, after having given her Hanover, had offered its restoration to England, and even the annexation of the Hanseatic Towns, exasperation became intense.

In the degradation of Germany, nothing so irritated and offended the national spirit, now only beginning to wake up, as the formation of the Grand Duchy of Berg and Cleves, and the nomination to it of that mountebank, Murat, who spent 27,000 francs in four months, over his feathers,* and who with his ape-like affectations was repugnant to the grave German taste.

On August 6th, the Emperor Francis resigned the Imperial Crown of Germany, and declared that the ancient Imperial Confederation was at an end. The malicious delight of all the friends of France in the Fatherland was extraordinary, but the vast majority of the nation remained mute and cold. Wherever a token of patriotic feeling manifested itself, in a cry of pain, or indignation, Napoleon took measures to silence it. None were allowed to tell the Germans that they had once been a great people, and that they might be so again, if they would be true to themselves and seek regeneration in the practice of the old German virtues.

* Madame JUNOT, *Memoirs*, iii. 23.

Among the patriotic writers of this time who exercised enormous influence in rousing the national feelings, were Gentz and Arndt. The former was a hireling, and a man without a character, but he was able to write, and he did so, in reproof of the degeneracy of his age. Arndt was a man of superior type. During the war of 1805, he published the first part of his *Spirit of the Times*, in which, in vehement words, he appealed to the German conscience. "A man," wrote he, "is rarely so noble that he can endure foreign bondage and contempt without becoming bad—a nation can *never* do so." An anonymous pamphlet appeared at Anspach, entitled *Germany in its Deepest Humiliation*, and it exhorted the Germans to self-reproach over the degeneration of the nation under French despotism. Palm was a bookseller of Nürnberg, a free town, recently ceded to Bavaria, and one over which France had no legitimate authority, though, at the time, it was momentarily occupied by French troops. Palm had, like all his brethren in the trade, committed the crime, not of publishing, but of selling, *Germany in its Deepest Humiliation*. Napoleon was unable to answer the tract otherwise than by violent means. And as in his letters to Joseph he recommended cold lead as an infallible means of calming patriotic zeal in the Neapolitans, he supposed that the same dose would suit the German constitution.

Palm was arrested, and condemned to be shot, along with three other booksellers, who happily succeeded in effecting their escape. The sentence was executed on Palm.

The murder of this unfortunate man created the liveliest indignation throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and was peculiarly calculated to rouse the German mind, so given to literature, and which considered the liberty of the press essential to its own intellectual life.

Napoleon had not intended that Prussia should have heard of the offer of Hanover and the Hanse Towns made by him to Great Britain; but the Prussian ambassador, Lucchesini, got word of it, and communicated the proposed traffic to the King.

Napoleon had his spies in the Berlin Court, and they at once informed him that his treachery had been reported. He hastened to give a flat denial to it. Not only did he order Laforest, the French ambassador, to deny the existence of such a negotiation, but he was bidden swear to the King of Prussia that the only reason why peace had not been concluded with England was because he was resolute not to concede Hanover to England. He moreover wrote to Talleyrand (2d August), "Let Laforest be convinced that this is so," in the hopes that the French ambassador might be better able thereby to deceive the King. At the same time Laforest was instructed to blacken the character of Lucchesini, and do all in his power to make him lose credit with the Prussian Cabinet—"This miserable, imbecile pantaloon, this false and base Lucchesini, with his ridiculous information!" (8th August).

But Prussia was no longer to be hoodwinked. The spirit of the people was roused, and the alliance with Russia was drawn tighter. The formation of the Rhenish Confederacy caused real alarm; and the exclusion of English

goods, and the stopping of all colonial produce from entering the ports, became irksome to the people, interfering with the comforts and necessities of every householder. Moreover, all confidence in the sincerity of Napoleon in making alliances was at an end. Duplicity was a part of his policy. He dealt with peoples, cities, provinces, nations, in the most arbitrary manner, transferring them from one ruler to another, as suited his momentary interest, and without consulting the interests and wishes of the people themselves. He had offered to give away the Hanse Towns. He had deceived England by promising not to require Sicily for the kingdom of Naples; he had offered to detach the Balearic Islands from his ally Spain; he deceived Holland, for which he had procured the restoration of her colonies, the Cape and Ceylon, and then had thrown them over as indifferent. He had given Venice to Austria, then taken it away again. At one moment he had been zealous for the integrity of the Turkish Empire, then trafficked with portions of it, on which not a French soldier had set foot.

In opposition to the Confederacy of the Rhine, Prussia endeavoured to negotiate a Nord-Bund, but at once encountered difficulties raised by Napoleon, who menaced Saxony and Hesse in the event of their entering into this alliance; and thus it became obvious to all clear heads in Prussia that, if they desired to maintain national independence, this must be done by the sword. The King was wavering in his opinion, and afraid of war, at the time when Napoleon was massing troops on the frontiers, and pouring military munitions into the depots behind them.

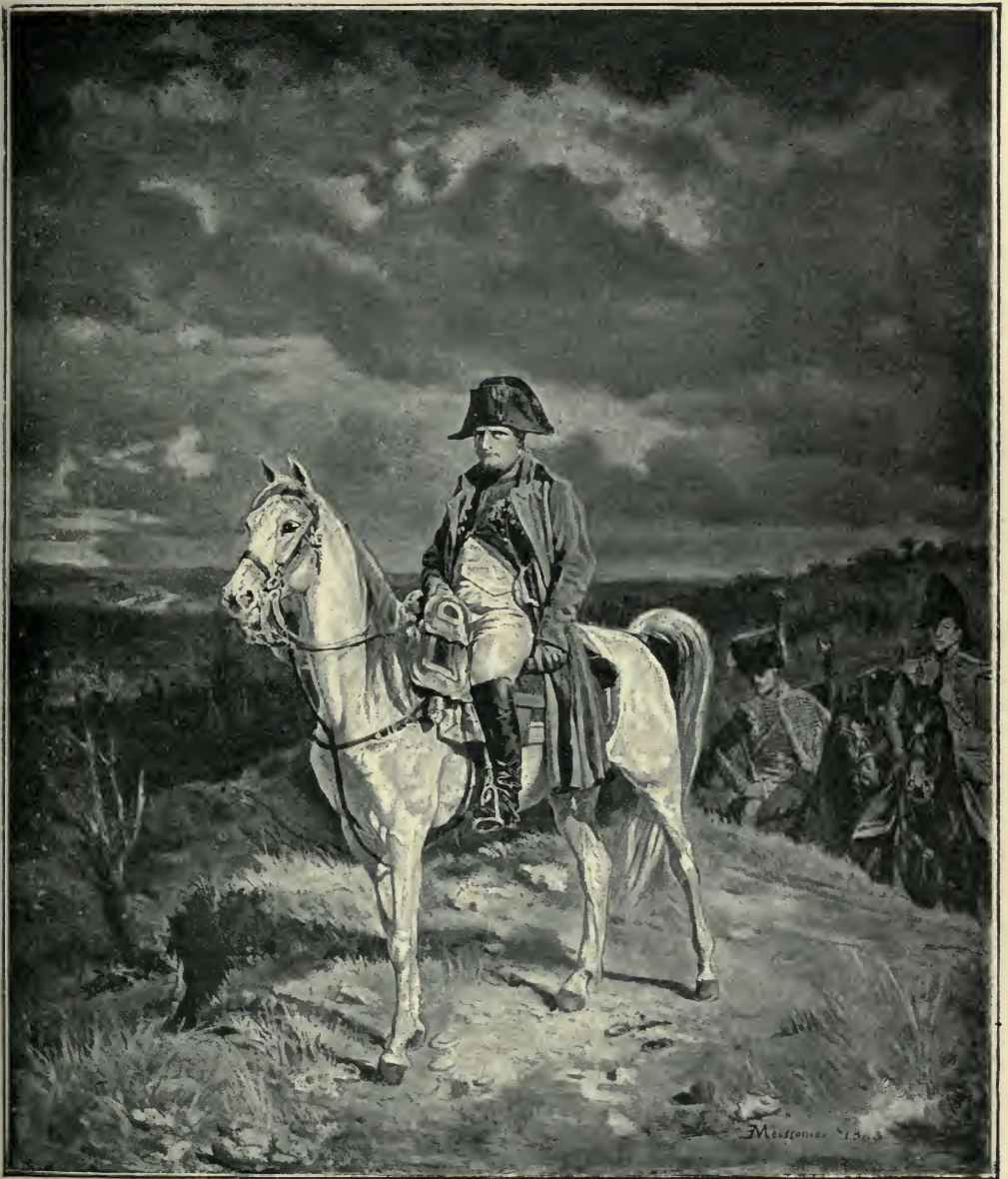
The Prussian patriots endeavoured to stir the King to energy, and detach him from his old advisers. Stein drew out a plan of reform; and in September, 1806, the war party entreated Frederick William III. to dismiss the ministers under whom Prussia had endured such degradation. But the King refused, and all remained on the old footing; whilst Napoleon pushed on his preparations on such a scale, that it seemed as if he purposed something more than the crushing of Prussia.

The *Moniteur* was instructed to issue insulting articles on Prussia, and to sneer at her as a secondary power.

By the Treaty of Presburg, all the French *corps* ought to have evacuated Germany. Instead of this, a part of the victorious army, which had fought at Austerlitz had been left beyond the Rhine, to preside over the new Confederacy, or to live at free quarters in the rich Hanse Towns. And now Napoleon was concentrating his forces upon the frontier.

At the beginning of September he collected his great captains around him in Paris—Sault, Augereau, and Bernadotte, who had been serving in Germany, and Murat, who had been residing in his Grand Duchy of Berg—and consulted with them as to the best means of opening and conducting a campaign against Prussia, so as to render it rapid and decisive, like his last campaign against Austria.

At last the Prussian Ministry prepared an ultimatum, requiring that the French troops should be withdrawn, in accordance with the Treaty of Presburg,



THE EMPEROR.

By Meissonier.



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that the Northern Confederacy should be acknowledged, and that various points of contention between Prussia and France should be submitted to arbitration.

Napoleon answered in the haughtiest tone of defiance, that for Prussia to provoke the enmity of France was as senseless as to pretend to withstand the waves of the ocean. On the 25th September, before receiving his ultimatum, he had already left Paris, and was on the Rhine, prepared to commence operations. In August the troops of the Rhein-Bund had occupied the Thuringian frontier, and the French host had been got ready to march. He was in Bamberg when, on the 6th October, he received the Prussian ultimatum, and war was declared on the 8th.

Napoleon brought into the field a force numerically superior to the Prussian army. His French veterans were in admirable discipline. He was the first general of the age, and under him were commanders of first-rate abilities. As he advanced, he had on his flanks none but friendly States; in his rear was an immense force in disciplined troops. On the other hand, Prussia was unprepared; it had raw levies, who had not smelt powder; old generals, brought up under Frederick the Great, and wholly unacquainted with the tactics of war as revolutionised by Napoleon. No ally had been gained save half-hearted Saxony, which would have stood aloof, and allowed Prussia to be destroyed, as in the preceding autumn Prussia had stood aloof when Austria was at a death-grapple with the invader, had not Prince Hohenlohe been sent into the country at the head of a division of the Prussian army. No sufficiency of stores had been collected, no plan of campaign formed, no provision for rallying-places made in case of disaster; and, incredible as it may seem, nothing was done to occupy the ravines of the Thuringian mountains, by means of which, in separate columns, the French army must enter Saxe Weimar. Nothing had been done to arm and provision the fortresses on the Elbe, no provision made for recruiting the army with fresh supplies of men. In a word, the only chance for Prussia lay in a pitched battle and decisive success. In the event of a reverse, disaster of the most overwhelming nature was inevitable.

The battles of Auerstädt and of Jena, that ensued, resulted as might have been anticipated. To make their situation more hopeless, the Prussians allowed themselves to be caught whilst executing an intricate counter-march; and, to still further aggravate the evil, divided their forces when they ought to have been concentrated, and allowed the enemy to occupy the position they ought never to have left unguarded. The stress of the battle was at Auerstädt, where Davoust was opposed to the centre and right wing of the Prussians; whereas at Jena Napoleon fought the left wing only, under Prince Hohenlohe. But, according to his invariable usage, he claimed all the merit to himself; reported the battle as that of Jena, and gave but a grudging acknowledgment to the great achievement of Davoust at Auerstädt. In his bulletins he did his utmost to disguise the fact that he had exposed Davoust, with an isolated corps, to extreme peril. This marshal had to contend against the greater portion of the Prussian army, whereas the Emperor crushed only the weakest

portion, with double the number of men at his disposal. Napoleon inverted the parts in his bulletins: the brave Davoust with 30,000 defeated the King with 60,000; Napoleon pretended that he himself had 80,000 men opposed to him, whereas there were but 40,000. He made of the battle of Auerstädt a secondary episode of the battle of Jena, whereas it was in fact the capital and decisive event.

It was during the battle that an incident occurred, immortalised by the brush of Horace Vernet. The Guards had not been brought into action, and were impatient. Napoleon had seen his wings menaced by the cavalry of Blücher, and was galloping forward to order the front rows to form into squares. As he passed through the Guards a voice called, "En avant!" "Who said that?" asked the Emperor, abruptly turning and reining in his horse. "Let him who spoke learn to wait till he has won thirty battles before giving his advice." The story has probably been magnified out of a small incident.

Immediately after the battle, which had ended in the utter rout and demoralisation of the enemy, Napoleon expanded his army like a fan, and sent it throughout the kingdom of Prussia, to sweep away the flying remnants of the enemy, and to take the fortified towns. The King of Prussia fled over the frontier, and left to his generals to rally the dispersed troops. Saxony hastened to conclude peace with the conqueror.

On the 15th October, Napoleon imposed a contribution of 150,000,000 francs on all the Prussian provinces this side of the Vistula, and ordered the confiscation of all English goods found in the northern towns. Eight days after the battle, he detached the Prussian provinces on the left bank of the Elbe, and incorporated them in the French empire, together with the principalities of the Hessian Electoral House and of the Prince of Orange, brother-in-law of the King. On the 27th October, Napoleon entered Berlin, where he showed the deep-rooted contempt and hatred he bore for all that was Prussian. He spared the Berlinese no humiliation. He had the figure of Victory removed from the Brandenburg gate; he carried off the sword of Frederick the Great from his tomb, on which it had lain, and sent it to the Invalides at Paris. He drove the gallant regiment of Gendarmes along "Under the Linden" in rags, like a herd of cattle, and he refused to allow the body of the Duke of Brunswick, who had been opposed to him on the field of Auerstädt, to be taken to the ancestral mausoleum. On the field of Rossbach, he destroyed a column erected to commemorate the well-known victory of the Prussians over the French, and sent it as a trophy to Paris. On entering Berlin, the magistrates presented him with the keys of the city; they were conducted by Prince Hatzfeld, to whom the King of Prussia had entrusted the civil government. Napoleon received them with rudeness. He ordered the Prince out of his presence. "Don't you present yourself before me," he said, "I do not require your services; retire, go to your own property." Then he sharply catechised Count Neale relative to a letter by his daughter, which had been intercepted, and which contained patriotic sentiments. "The good people of Berlin,"



THE BATTLE OF ENA, 1806.
After the picture by Meissonier.



exclaimed he, "suffer through the war that those have brought on them who have elected to run away. I intend to reduce the nobility of the Court to such a low state that they will be forced to go about begging their bread."*

Next day, he proceeded to put this menace in execution, by laying his hand on the same Prince Hatzfeld. He had intercepted a letter of his, reporting to the King, his master, the entry of the French into the capital. Napoleon chose this as an occasion for charging him with being a spy, and ordered him to instant execution. The proceeding was such a violation of the laws of civilised peoples, that Berthier, Duroc, and Rapp interfered, but found Napoleon inflexible in his resolution. The generals were determined not to allow this execution to take place; they concealed the Prince, and between them contrived a little scene, in which the Princess and her children were to plead with the conqueror for the life of husband and father. By this time, Napoleon had been convinced that it would be advisable to yield, and he pardoned Prince Hatzfeld. This has furnished painters with a subject which is entitled, "The Clemency of Napoleon."

But perhaps the worst incident of this period is the inditing of virulent and scurrilous charges against Queen Louise, the wife of King Frederick William. It was not the way with Bonaparte to spare women, any more than men, who opposed him. He had written concerning the Queen of Naples: "Fling from her throne this criminal woman, who, with such shamelessness, has violated all that is regarded as sacred among men." Now he launched forth into invective against Queen Louise, who had used her best endeavour to stir the sluggish mind of her husband to oppose French aggression. He found that she was looked up to and followed by the generous minds in the nation; she was the soul of the national party. It was therefore his object to destroy her influence and reputation, and to do this, he devoted as much energy to the dirty work as though he was endeavouring to break the centre of an opposing army. After having described her as a person "sufficiently pretty, but with little wit," he endeavoured to stir minds up against her, as the sole author of this calamitous war. "She who had been accustomed to devote herself to the grave occupations of the toilette," had forced herself into political life, "meddled with affairs of State, influenced the King, scattered everywhere the fire which consumes her heart." And the reason for this was that she was fascinated by the charms of the young Emperor of Russia. There was an engraving of a picture by Dähling, that represented the parting of the Emperor and the King at the coffin of Frederick the Great, in the presence of Louise. Napoleon, in his bulletin (17th), describes this:—

"On one side is the good-looking Emperor of Russia, near him the Queen on the other side, the King, who places his hand on the tomb of the Great Frederick. The Queen, draped in a shawl, something like the London pictures of Lady Hamilton, places her hand on her heart, and seems to be ogling the Emperor of Russia. The shade of Frederick would be indignant at such a scandalous scene."

* All this insolence he relates in his 21st bulletin.

Afraid lest this allusion should not be fully understood, Napoleon returned to it in his next bulletin:

"All the Prussians attribute the misfortunes of their country to the visit of the Emperor Alexander. The change which, from that moment, took place in the mind of the Queen, who was formerly a timid and modest woman, and then became turbulent and warlike, was a sudden révolution: All people admit that the Queen is the author of the misfortunes which the Prussian nation endures. One hears on all sides how she turned about after that fatal interview with the Emperor Alexander. . . . We have actually found the portrait of the Emperor of Russia in the apartment of the Queen at Potsdam, and this portrait he gave her."

On these offensive bulletins of Napoleon, Lanfrey justly remarks: "The gaps in the moral organisation of Napoleon, as here instanced, are equivalent to a lack of intelligence; for if he wounded the most delicate scruples of the human conscience, the cause lay in his own heart. He was vastly in error in treating other men as though they had been divested of all sentiments of honour and morality, as he was himself. He did not perceive that these vile insinuations, directed against a fugitive and disarmed woman by a man who stood at the head of 500,000 soldiers, missed their mark, and were calculated, not only to excite the disgust of all elevated souls, but even to revolt the most commonplace minds."*

This brutality to Queen Louise has been excused on the grounds of political necessity: but Bonaparte was by a nature a bully, and had all a bully's meanness.

On a smaller scale, he had shown the same brutality, the same lack of delicate feeling, when Junot introduced to him his young bride. Then he said to her, "I suppose you have heard of the harem your husband kept in Egypt?" Mme. Junot tells a worse story than that of his treatment of her. But he behaved to the ladies of his Court, and even the wives of his personal friends, of men who would, and did, lay down their lives for him, with as little consideration as he showed to Queen Louise. But we must, in judging him, deal leniently, in remembering that in his youth he had not been associated with ladies; and he looked on all women in the same light as Corsican peasantesses, and petty attorneys' wives.

From Berlin Napoleon issued that decree which was to carry into effect the chimerical scheme on which he had set his heart, since he had abandoned the prospect of an invasion of England. He proposed to ruin her, by closing all ports against her merchandise. This decree was issued on November 26th, 1806. It forbade the importation of English wares, and ordered the confiscation of all such as were already in the country, the imprisonment of every English subject, and the confiscation of his goods. Napoleon fondly thought by this means to destroy the commercial prosperity of England. But England was able to hold out against the blow, which recoiled on the trade of Germany. The decree of Napoleon provoked more astonishment on the Continent than indignation, and men began to doubt whether he were not drunk with

* LANFREY, iii. 501.

success, and blind to the fact that this continental blockade was not possible unless every avenue of trade were stopped; and such was not the case, so long as Austria and Russia were open to English commerce, and officials in every port ready to connive at smuggling; nay, more, with those at the head of the State unwilling to have the blockade enforced. This was the case with Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, who would not execute the decree, and



“ON NE PASSE PAS.”

From a lithograph by Charlet.

was sharply reprimanded for his neglect by the Emperor. But Napoleon himself found it impossible rigorously to maintain it. He was obliged to sign numerous *permits*, to allow of the introduction of English goods that were essentially necessary to the army. An instance in point was when he imposed on Hamburg a contribution for the Grand Army of 50,000 cloaks, 16,000 coats, and 200,000 boots. There were no manufacturers of cloth in Hamburg, nor was there leather; consequently the requisite cloth and leather had to be purchased in London, and introduced from England.* Officials grew rich by taking bribes to allow prohibited goods to pass. In 1811, when Murat was

* BOURRIENNE, ii. 385.

King of Naples, and the continental system was applied there, the troops round his extensive line of sea-coast carried on an active trade with Sicilian and English smugglers. To such an extent was this carried, that the officers embarked in large commercial operations, going shares with the custom-house. There was a Count on Murat's staff, very noble, but very poor. After making several vain attempts to set him up in the world, the King told him one day he would give him the command of all the troops round the Gulf of Salerno; adding that the devil was in it, if he could not make a fortune in such a



THE EMPEROR IN PRUSSIA.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

smuggling district in a couple of years. The Count took the hint, and did make a fortune.

As Bourrienne justly observes, the continental system of blockade of English goods resolved itself into nothing more nor less than one of fraud and pillage.

“At Hamburg, under Davoust's government, a poor man had well-nigh been shot for having smuggled a loaf of sugar for the use of his family, while at the same moment Napoleon was signing a licence for the importation of a million sugar-loaves. Smuggling on a small scale was punished with death, whilst the Government carried it on extensively.”

But not only was its execution impossible ; by raising the cost of colonial produce, brought round through the Baltic ports of Russia, and through Trieste, it caused privation to the poor, and discomfort to the rich, and served to nurture in all hearts a sense of resentment against the man who imposed this restraint on trade.

Napoleon required the civil authorities of the Prussian provinces to take an oath of fidelity to him—a step wholly unprecedented, and one that clearly indicated his intention of annexing Prussia to the Empire. In North Germany, the National cause seemed lost. No army, nothing remained to the King but that portion of his realm which was beyond the Vistula. The principal generals had fallen at Jena, or afterwards had given up their swords. One man alone came forward with schemes of regeneration—Baron Stein—but the King refused to hear him. “You are,” wrote he on the 4th January, 1807, “a perverse, stubborn, stiffnecked, and disobedient servant of the State, who, relying on his talents, instead of looking to the good of the State, is led by his caprices, passions, and personal vindictiveness.” Yet Stein was the man through whom Prussia was to be revived. Another there was, Blücher, now on parole at Bremen, who foresaw that the valley of death must lead to a resurrection, and he said to Bourrienne, “You may depend upon it, when once a nation is resolved to shake off a humiliating yoke, it will succeed. I rely confidently on the future, because I foresee that fortune will not ever follow your Emperor. The more he enslaves the nations, the more terrible will be the reaction, when they break their chains.”

XXXVIII

THE CAMPAIGN IN POLAND

(WINTER OF 1806-7)

NAPOLEON stayed long enough in Berlin to permit a deputation from the French Senate to arrive, and congratulate him on his successes. It was received between lines of grenadiers, each holding a standard captured from the enemy.

The deputation ventured to hint to the conqueror that France was sighing for peace, and that some uneasiness was felt lest he should carry his arms beyond the Oder. The Emperor received this communication with a very bad grace.

So far from regarding this remonstrance, Napoleon at once prepared for a Polish campaign. He prepared for it in a characteristic manner, by rousing to fanaticism the national feeling of the Poles, and allowing them to believe that he was coming to be their liberator from the powers which had partitioned their kingdom.

The old hero Kosciuszko was living quietly at Fontainebleau. As his name was a power in Poland, a manifesto was drawn up, addressed to his countrymen, exciting them to rise and welcome the French as their deliverers, and he was requested to put his name to it. But Kosciuszko had seen enough of Bonaparte to be sure that he purposed employing the Poles as a catspaw for his own interest only, and he refused his signature, saying that he would not be an instrument in deceiving his countrymen with hopes he did not himself entertain. In spite of this refusal, Napoleon ordered the proclamation to be printed in the *Moniteur*, with Kosciuszko's signature attached.

On the 1st of November, when he was preparing to pour his Grand Army into Poland, he made General Dombrowski issue this proclamation, together with other addresses, wherein the Polish nation was told that Kosciuszko was hastening to fight with them for the liberation of their country, under the protection of the Emperor of the French. The few who were aware of the fraud perpetrated kept the secret. The Poles were worked into a fever of enthusiasm, and welcomed the advancing French columns with joy.

All Prussian Poland was in a blaze; and the Russians, who had advanced into these provinces with the design of crossing the Vistula, and succouring the

King of Prussia, found themselves surrounded by a hostile population, that was pouring its manhood into the enemy's camp. So many volunteers arrived at headquarters, that, as early as the 16th of November, Dombrowski had formed of them four regiments.

This blind enthusiasm was at its height when the Emperor arrived at Posen. He received deputations and addresses from the credulous patriots, all entreating him to restore to their country its ancient independence.

Some of the nobles, however, held back. They remembered how badly Napoleon had treated the Republics of Venice, Batavia, Switzerland; and they demanded some guarantee that he would give them what they desired before compromising themselves with Russia and Austria.

Murat, whose ambition was to become King of Poland, in vain solicited a public declaration of the intentions of the Emperor.

Napoleon wrote to Andréossy, his ambassador at Vienna, to calm the uneasiness there felt at the agitation, which had spread into Austrian Poland:—

“If the Emperor, feeling the difficulty of keeping hold on Austrian Poland in the midst of these movements, would like to have, as an indemnity for it, a portion of Silesia, Napoleon will be ready to entertain such an idea.”

The object of this insidious proposition was to produce a rupture between Austria and the Allies—Prussia, England, and Russia. But the Court of Vienna received the proposal coldly.

On the 12th December, Napoleon issued one of those singular bulletins which might mean much or little, and which was calculated to stimulate hope, but committed him to nothing:—

“The love of country, that national sentiment, has not only been preserved in the heart of the Polish people, but it has been strengthened by misfortune. Their first passion, their strongest desire, is to become again a nation. The richest among them quit their châteaux, to come and demand, with loud cries, the re-establishment of the kingdom, and to offer their sons, their fortunes, their influence. This spectacle is truly touching. Already have they everywhere resumed their ancient costume, their ancient customs. Will the throne of Poland be re-established? Will this great nation recover its existence and its independence? From the bottom of the grave will it rise again to a new life? God alone, who holds in His hands the issues of all things, is the arbiter of this grand political problem; but certainly there never was an event more memorable, and more deserving of interest.”

The Emperor entered Warsaw on the 1st January, 1807. Most of the private reports which had been received gave accounts of the discouragement of the troops. Food was scarce, the weather bad, the condition of the roads intolerable. The French were uneasy at being thrust forward in mid-winter towards the snowy plains of Russia. The artillery could hardly be dragged through the deep mud. Talleyrand had been summoned from Paris by the Emperor, and his carriage stuck fast. “Ah, bah!” said a soldier on seeing him deep in mire, “why does he come with his diplomacy to such a devil of a country as this?”

The Emperor issued the following proclamation to the soldiers on the anniversary of Austerlitz:—

“Soldiers,—It is a year, this very hour, since you were on the field of Austerlitz, when the Prussian battalions fled in disorder, or surrendered their arms. Next day proposals of peace were talked of, but were deceptive. No sooner had the Russians escaped from the disasters of the third Coalition than they contrived a fourth. But the ally on whom they founded their main hope is no more. His capital, his fortresses, his magazines, his arsenals, 280 flags, and 700 field-pieces, have fallen into our power. The Oder, the Wartha, the wastes of Poland, and the inclemency of the season, have not for a moment retarded your progress. You have braved all, surmounted all. The Russians have in vain endeavoured to defend the capital of illustrious Poland. The French eagle hovers over the Vistula. . . . Soldiers, we will not lay down our arms until a general peace has secured the power of our allies, and restored to us our colonies and our freedom of trade. . . . Why should the Russians have the right to oppose destiny, and thwart our just designs? They and we are still the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz.”

Bourrienne gives an interesting picture of the manner in which Napoleon dictated his proclamations, and of the effect produced by them:—

“When Bonaparte dictated these—and how many have I written from his dictation!—he was for the moment inspired, and he evinced all the excitement which distinguishes the Italian improvisors. To follow him, it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. When I have read over to him what he has dictated, I have often known him to smile triumphantly at the effect which he expected some particular phrase would produce. In general, his proclamations turned on three distinct points—(1) Praising his soldiers for what they had done; (2) pointing out to them what they had yet to do; and (3) abusing his enemies. The proclamation to which I have just now alluded was circulated profusely through Germany, and it is impossible to conceive the effect it produced on the whole army. The corps stationed in the rear burned to pass, by forced marches, the space which still separated them from headquarters; and those who were near the Emperor forgot their fatigues and privations and were only anxious to encounter the enemy. Frequently they could not understand what Napoleon said in these proclamations; but no matter for that, they would have followed him cheerfully, barefooted, and without provisions. Such was the enthusiasm, or rather the fanaticism, which Napoleon could inspire among his troops when he thought proper to *rouse* them, as he termed it.”*

On the 11th December, while the columns of the Grand Army crossed the Vistula, Napoleon signed an advantageous peace with the Elector of Saxony, whereby that prince was elevated to royal degree, and, in return, sent his army to join the oppressor in his march against the Russians.

The Emperor had not neglected to stir up a diversion against Russia at Constantinople. His ambassador at the Porte, Sebastiani, had induced the Sultan to forbid the Russian vessels entrance to the Bosphorus, and to make pretensions on Walachia and Moldavia. The result was that war had broken out between Russia and Turkey, and a Russian army, originally designed for the Polish frontier, was diverted to these principalities. Napoleon was vastly

* BOURRIENNE, ii. 372.

pleased at this success; he wrote to the Sultan, Selim, on the 11th November: "Recover confidence. Destiny has resolved on the continuance of your empire; I am commissioned to save it, and I place to your account all my victories." As though to give a more irrevocable character to these engagements, he inserted them in his messages to the Senate, and he pointed out how great would be the disgrace of abandoning Turkey, and what dangers would ensue therefrom to civilised Europe.

At the same time he sent a mission to the Shah of Persia, to engage him to march against the Russians by the Caucasus.



"MON EMPEREUR, C'EST LA PLUS CUITE."

From a lithograph by Raffet.

The severity of the climate, and the frightful state of the roads in Poland, the sleet and snow, the ice and cutting winds, would not induce the Emperor to forego a winter campaign. He was well aware that the enemy was worse provisioned than his own army. He desired, moreover, by a blow to break and scatter the army of Bennigsen in front of him, before the Poles had opened their eyes to the hollowness of his professions.

The Russians under Bennigsen retired due north, in the direction of the Niemen, as if intending to cross that river, and draw the enemy into the wide country beyond. But this wise design was abandoned, and Bennigsen halted at Pultusk, at the distance of only a few days' march from Warsaw, and there a bloody battle was fought on the 26th of December, 1806. The Russians

were attacked by the divisions of Lannes and Davoust, and by the French Guards, the pick of Bonaparte's army. They gallantly repelled the attacks made on their centre and on their left, and cut to pieces the French on their right. The French lost nearly 8000 men killed and wounded, and the Russian loss was estimated at 5000. In the darkness of the night, the French began their retreat to the Vistula; Bonaparte returned to Warsaw with his Guards, and the army was put into winter quarters. The Russians also retired to Ostrolenka, where Bennigsen was joined by Prince Galitzin. The critical



“APRÈS VOUS, SIRE !”

From a lithograph by Charlet.

situation of the King of Prussia, cooped up in Königsberg, with only a few thousand men, and threatened by the divisions of Ney and Bernadotte, did not allow Bennigsen to take long repose. He resumed offensive operations with great spirit, and forced the French from their winter quarters into the field—a field covered with ice and snow, and swept by pitiless winds.

In a proclamation to the army issued on the 30th of January, 1807, Napoleon announced an approaching victory as the result of his forward movement :—

“The Russians are drawn on by that fatality which constantly dogs the counsels of our enemies. They go to war with Turkey at the moment when



EYLAU. NAPOLEON PASSING OVER THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

After the picture by Gros.

we are on their frontiers. They break up their winter quarters and rush on their conquerors to experience fresh defeats. As it must be so, let us leave our repose, which damages our reputation, and let them fly before our eagles, scared beyond the Niemen. We will pass the rest of the winter in the beautiful land of Old Prussia, and our enemies will have only themselves to reproach for the disasters they will suffer."

He had good cause to be confident. England had been slow in answering the appeals of the Emperor of Russia for men and money, and Bennigsen's forces were short of clothing, muskets, and ammunition. Napoleon had taken pains to secure the services of the Jews who swarmed in Poland. They spied on the movements of the enemy, they swept the country for provisions, which they brought to the French camp, whilst the Russians starved, and Bennigsen, through the misplaced parsimony of the English Government, the poverty of the Russian treasury, and the fraud of the commissariat officers, was unable to compete in the Jew market with the golden napoleons lavished by the French.

The French, moreover, greatly outnumbered the Russians. They had in the field at least 85,000 men, to oppose 75,000 Russians and Prussians.

The desperate and sanguinary battle of Eylau began at daybreak on the 8th February. Half-starved, half-naked as they were, the Russian infantry fought heroically; and their artillery shattered the column of Augereau, and beat back Marshal Soult, who had advanced to the attack, preceded by 150 pieces of artillery. A snowstorm was raging at the time, and so thick was the snow in the air, that the French columns did not perceive that the Cossacks were upon them on one flank, and the whole Russian right on the other, until touched by the Cossack lances; and then they broke and fled in confusion, pursued by the Cossacks, who speared them. Of a corps of 16,000 men, only 1500 escaped. The fugitives rushed into Eylau, where the Emperor was standing in the churchyard, and he narrowly escaped being captured.

The Imperial Guard was ordered up, and broke the Russian centre, which, however, did not fall into confusion, but allowed the Cuirassiers to pass through, then closed, and the French Cuirassiers were cut to pieces. Twelve French eagles were taken, and fourteen pieces of cannon; but the balance was somewhat redressed by Davoust on the French right, who turned the Russian left. At this moment the Prussians arrived, and restored the fortunes of the day. Night came on, leaving the Russians practically masters of the field; and had Bennigsen been able to pursue his advantage, the result would have been the total rout of the French. But his men were without ammunition or food, and to the surprise and satisfaction of the French, he retreated.

The loss on both sides had been enormous; no reliance can be placed on the numbers of killed and wounded given by Napoleon,* but his loss cannot have been under 30,000 men, killed and wounded.

The best testimony as to the real effect of the battle of Eylau was borne

* On the same day he wrote to Cambacérès, in Paris, that the French losses amounted to 3,000 killed and 1,500 wounded; and to Daru, at Thorn, "You say that there are only 5,000 wounded in the hospital. There must be more; I counted from 7,000 to 8,000." According to the heads of the corps, the number was 12,000.

by Bonaparte himself. It was usual with him to at once follow up a victory ; but after Eylau he remained inactive for eight days ; and instead of sending an arrogant message to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, he wrote one of a courteous nature to Frederick William, containing proposals for peace, which he despatched by General Bertrand, who was instructed to throw the Poles overboard. "Let the General allow it to be seen that as to Poland, since the Emperor has come to know it, he sets no value on it at all." *

Frederick William, however, refused to accede to any peace in which Russia was not included. On the 19th February, Napoleon evacuated Eylau, and retreated to the Vistula.

The fate of Napoleon at this period hung on a thread. Had Austria joined the Coalition after Eylau, instead of offering to mediate, and had not Russia, with strange infatuation, chosen this time for war with Turkey, and had England furnished the subsidies she had promised, the career of Napoleon in the morasses of Poland, away from his base, would have been cut short, and Europe would have been saved years of bloodshed.

The rest of the winter was spent in entertainments at Warsaw, where the Emperor fell under the fascinations of a beautiful Polish Countess. Savary says :—

"The Emperor and all the French officers paid their tribute of admiration to the charms of the fair Poles. There was one whose powerful fascinations made a deep impression on the Emperor's heart. He conceived an ardent affection for her, which she cordially returned. She received with pride the homage of a conquest which was the consummation of her happiness. It is needless to name her.† The rumour of this *liaison* reached Josephine, and made her uneasy. She begged to be allowed to come to Warsaw. Napoleon answered, 'Be gay, content, live happily. I love you, think of you, desire you—but don't come.'"

Again, on May 10th, 1807, Napoleon wrote to his wife, "I know nothing of the ladies you say correspond with me. I love only my good, pouting, capricious Josephine, who knows how to pick a quarrel with the good grace she exhibits in all she does ; for she is always amiable, except when she is jealous, and then she is the very devil. But to return to those ladies. If I were to notice any of them, I should like them to be rosebuds ; and none of them fulfil that condition."

In spite of lying bulletins,‡ the truth that at Eylau the French army had met with disaster could not wholly be concealed from the people. Private letters, and the Russian account, transmitted through English papers, reached Paris, and much alarm was felt lest the Austrians should declare themselves, and cut the communication of the Grand Army with France. Unhappily for

* *Instructions*, 13th February, 1807.

† *Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo*, iii. 26. Her name was Walewska. The fruit of this *liaison* was the Count Alexander Florian Joseph Colonna Walewska, who filled several high posts under the Second Empire.

‡ In Bernadotte's baggage, which fell into the hands of the Russians, was found evidence of the manner in which false bulletins were manufactured. Along with the official despatches of all the actions in the campaign, which were to be published, were private despatches for Napoleon's eye only, giving the facts as they really occurred.



NAPOLEON DECORATING A RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

From a painting by Debret.



the peace of Europe, the Austrians remained neutral. England was likewise inert; there was no Pitt now at the head of the Ministry.

The general gloom in France was increased by the demand made by Napoleon, on March 26th, for a fresh conscription of 80,000 men; this was the third levy which had been called for since the Prussian War began. The three conscriptions supplied no less than 240,000 men in seven months, and the call for the third was a plain indication of the ravages caused by war. The number of young men who reached the age of eighteen annually in France was estimated at 200,000; consequently in half a year more than an entire annual generation had been swept up, and carried off to lay their bones in the East of Europe, fighting for nothing national, solely to satisfy the caprice of one man.

By the month of June Bonaparte had 200,000 men on the Vistula, and between that river and the Niemen.

On the 14th June the decisive battle of Friedland was fought but a few miles distant from Eylau, and on the anniversary of Marengo. The battle was won by the concentration of the French artillery upon one point, whereas Bennigsen had scattered his along his line. At the outset success seemed to favour the Russians. Their Imperial Guard drove in the division of Ney, and shook that of Dupont. The battle was hardly contested, and the losses of the French so great, that Napoleon was unable to pursue his success, and complete the overthrow of a beaten enemy.

Even after the reverse at Friedland, steadiness and fortitude on the part of the Czar, with no extraordinary exertion on that of his allies, would have retrieved the disaster, and would probably have resulted in the complete defeat of Napoleon, who viewed with alarm the assembling of an Austrian army on the Bohemian frontier, and whose soldiers, undeceived by his proclamations, saw that battle with Russians meant something very different from that with Austrians and Italians.

But Alexander was discouraged. His officers murmured at having to make such sacrifices on account of the King of Prussia. Above all, he was angry with Great Britain, which had left him in the lurch. He thought he had done enough for Prussia; and, without consulting Frederick William, he proposed an armistice, to which the French Emperor eagerly consented.

By the prospect of obtaining Finland from Sweden, and of being allowed a free hand in the Balkan Peninsula, the Czar allowed himself to be cajoled into a French alliance. Not till Alexander and Napoleon had agreed to an offensive and defensive alliance against England was the deceived King of Prussia informed of his fate.

On the eve of Austerlitz, Napoleon had suggested to Prince Dolgorouki that Russia should expand at the cost of her neighbours, but the Emperor Alexander had rejected the suggestion. The only neighbour of whom he coveted aught was Turkey. But now the aspect of affairs was changed.

“The fortune of his adversary had grown with every obstacle opposed to him, and because of them. Nothing had held its ground against him, neither old systems nor modern ideas. Pitt had died of a broken heart; Fox, whom

he had hoodwinked, was dead; the Prussian monarchy had been ground to powder in one day; in France all opposition had ceased. Rights, liberties, virtue, genius, everything, had been twisted, turned aside, and had failed. Was not this a token of Destiny, a proof that this domination without precedent was of the force of Nature, and would it not be better to share with it, than to be lost in braving it?"*

The interview between the two Emperors took place at Tilsit, on a raft in the midst of the river Memel. On this was constructed a room, elegantly decorated, having two doors opposite each other. The roof was surmounted by two weathercocks, one displaying the Russian eagle, the other that of France.

The two Sovereigns embarked at the same moment; but Napoleon, having the best rowers, reached the raft first, and, passing through the room, stationed himself at the edge of the raft to receive the Czar. A salute of a hundred guns was fired the moment Alexander arrived where Napoleon was awaiting him.

Napoleon was a master of the art of cajolery, and from the moment that he met Alexander he completely won him. "I hate the English," said the Czar, "just as much as you hate them."

"If that be so," replied Napoleon, "then peace is soon made."

The folly of the vacillating English Government had indeed so angered the Autocrat of the Russias, as to throw him into the arms of the French Emperor.

This first interview lasted two hours; and Alexander was so fascinated by the terrible Conqueror of Europe, that he was ready to have the town of Tilsit neutralised, that they might be enabled to meet the oftener.

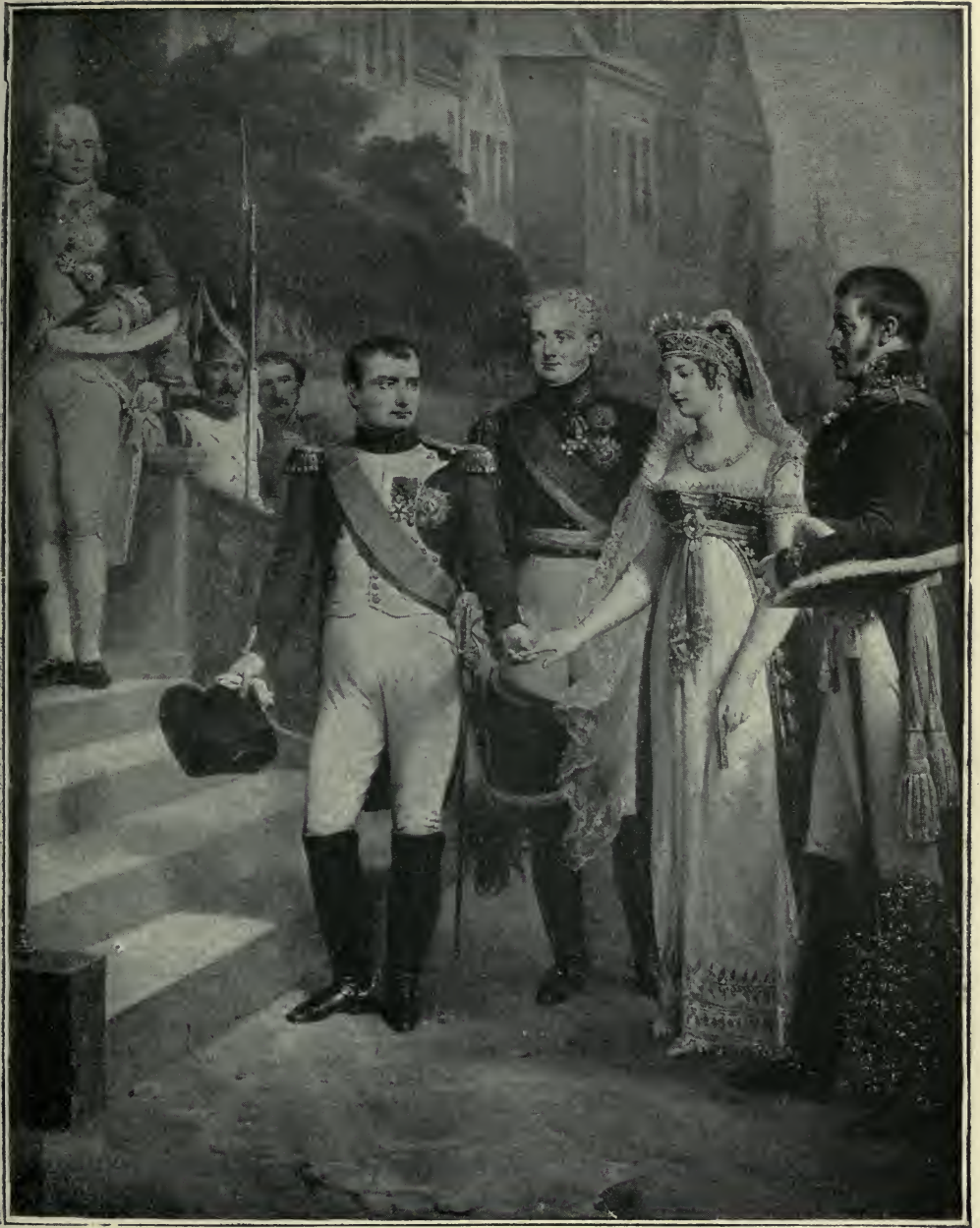
Meanwhile the humbled King of Prussia and his Queen were lodged in a mill in the suburbs, and it was not till after the two Emperors had settled the preliminaries that Frederick William was admitted to their company, and with sad countenance, but sadder heart, learned that his kingdom was reduced to Old Prussia, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and Silesia. Moreover, Napoleon insisted that it should be registered in the treaty that he made these concessions solely out of consideration for the Czar Alexander. This was to inflict humiliation after defeat.

Out of the portion of Prussia on the left bank of the Elbe the kingdom of Westphalia was to be formed for Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest of the brothers, and the scapegrace; and neither the supplications of the Prussian Monarch nor the entreaty of his beautiful Queen could induce him to modify his resolution.

Napoleon treated her with scant politeness. Macaulay, in comparing Napoleon and Cæsar, said truly of the latter, that he was a perfect gentleman. Napoleon had not a particle of the element of a gentleman in him. As Talleyrand put it, "'Twas a sad pity that so great a man had been so ill-bred."

As the price of peace with Alexander, Napoleon at once cast overboard his pledges to Turkey. He had sworn not to make peace without the latter, and

* LANFREY, iv. 117.



NAPOLEON RECEIVING QUEEN LOUISE AT TILSIT.

From a painting by Gosse.



to maintain its integrity ; now he professed his willingness for Alexander to take possession of Moldavia and Walachia, and, should Turkey resist, to assist him, and divide the European realms of the Sultan between Russia and France.

Poland was also abandoned, but not with the same completeness. He erected a Grand Duchy of Warsaw out of the Prussian portion of Poland, which he gave to the King of Saxony.

But the Peace of Tilsit was aimed chiefly against England. Russia was to enter into the continental system, and close her ports against the trade of Great Britain. By a secret clause, it was resolved that Napoleon should take possession of the Danish fleet lying at Copenhagen.

More has been made of the disappointment of Polish hopes than is justified. Napoleon was in an extremely delicate position. He dared not offend Austria by taking from her that portion of Poland which had fallen to her share, and his desire to make peace with Russia precluded his detaching her portion from that Empire. The Poles of the so-called Grand Duchy of Warsaw gained nothing by their transfer from the crown of Prussia to that of Saxony, save the sentimental gratification of calling themselves members of a semi-independent Duchy, with a Constitution of their own.

As Napoleon said to Rapp :—

“ I love the Poles ; their enthusiastic character pleases me ; I would like to make them independent, but that is a difficult matter. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, have all had a slice of the cake ; when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop ? My first duty is towards France, which I must not sacrifice to Poland ; we must refer this matter to the Sovereign of all things—Time ; he will presently show us what we must do.”

Had he succeeded as he expected in the campaign, and annihilated the army of Russia, as he had that of Prussia, he might, and almost surely would, have answered the expectations of the Poles ; but as his campaign had been but partially successful, it would have been unreasonable to require of him that he should do what under the circumstances was impossible. Whether, had he constituted Poland as a province, “ protected ” by him, it would not have been sucked dry of its resources, picked to the bone, as every other province was that was under his sway, is another question.

XXXIX

SPAIN

(1807-8)

THE project formed by Napoleon of seizing on the Danish navy to supply France with a fleet, was frustrated by the rapidity with which the English Ministry, informed of his purpose, forestalled him, and by sending Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, removed the Danish fleet and stores beyond his reach.

Bonaparte explained his scheme thus :—

“ After Russia had joined my alliance, Prussia, as a matter of course, followed her example ; Portugal, Sweden, and the Pope alone required to be gained over, for we were well aware that Denmark would throw herself into our arms. . . . The whole of the maritime forces of the Continent were then to be employed against England, and they could muster 180 sail of the line. In a few years, this force could be raised to 250. With the aid of such a fleet, and my immense flotilla, it was by no means impossible to lead a European army to London. One hundred ships of the line employed against her colonies would suffice to draw off a large proportion of the British navy ; eighty more in the Channel would have sufficed to assure the passage of the flotilla.”*

As his plan of securing the Danish navy was frustrated, he ordered Junot, at the head of a large body of young recruits, to hasten into Portugal by forced marches, and lay hands on the Portuguese fleet in the Tagus. But here again he was defeated, for on the very day on which Junot arrived, the fleet set sail, carrying with it the royal family, and 18,000 Portuguese, with all their movable goods (30th Nov., 1807). Napoleon had been enabled to send his troops through Spain by virtue of a treaty drawn up and signed at Fontainebleau on the 27th October, but which was not as yet published. By this treaty it was agreed with Spain (1) That a free passage should be granted through Spanish territories to a French army appointed to invade Portugal, and that a Spanish army should be furnished to co-operate with it. (2) That Portugal should be subjugated and divided into two portions, whereof the southernmost should be erected into a Principality for Godoy, the favourite, the Prince of the Peace, and the northernmost should be granted as indemnification for Tuscany, which was coveted by Napoleon, and this should be given to the Queen of Etruria. And (3) till the proclamation of a general peace, France was to occupy the city of Lisbon and

* JOMINI, *Vie de Napoléon*, ii. 449.

three provinces. Nine days after the signature of this treaty, Junot was despatched with 30,000 men across the Bidassoa. As an excuse, an ultimatum had been presented to the Regent of Portugal, requiring him to enter into the continental blockade, and to confiscate English goods, to close his ports against the English, and to engage to proclaim war against them.* The Regent agreed to every clause except one; he demurred to the seizure of English wine-growers' estates. That sufficed Napoleon, and Junot was let loose on the unhappy land. The instructions given that general showed that the Emperor had other views than the occupation of Portugal. He bade him take along with him engineer officers, who on the march might map the Spanish roads, and observe the strong places.

Junot's army, as already intimated, was made up of young conscripts, for the most part under the age of eighteen; they had been enlisted in anticipation of the proper time. With these boys he was goaded on by the Emperor to take fatiguing marches over barren plains and mountain ridges; the youthful soldiers died like flies, and to no purpose, as on the day before he arrived at Lisbon the fleet had departed. Thousands of innocent people, whose sole crime was that they had attracted the cupidity of a pitiless conqueror, were driven from their homes, their lands, their kinsfolk, to take refuge across the Atlantic in a strange land.

By Napoleon's orders, not only were all the English merchandise and properties confiscated, but also the whole soil of Portugal, which the landowners were required to redeem at the price of 100,000,000 francs. Every French soldier was to be quartered and maintained free of charge, and to be moreover furnished, in addition to his rations, with a bottle of wine daily, with which he might trade. The Portuguese arms were everywhere torn down, and the French tricolor was hoisted over every fortress. The House of Braganza, so it was announced, had ceased to reign. It had forfeited its rights by flight. A grand illumination was ordered by Junot, in honour of the change of Government, but only three houses were lighted on this occasion. The higher classes had fled, and the peasants retired to the mountains to organise revolt.

In a letter to Junot, dated the 12th November, 1807, Napoleon drew a pretty picture of what the occupation of a neutral State signified:—

“It is for you to set an example of disinterestedness. See, above all, that the army is paid. What is derived from captures, from jewels, and from English merchandise, shall go half to the privy purse and half to the army; and, in this half, the generals and the chiefs will have no reason to complain of their treatment. The English goods must be seized, and Englishmen arrested and sent to France; all English property, even funded, as well as houses, vineyards, &c., must be sequestrated in my name. . . . Have all the precious articles you take packed in boxes, and sent to the office of the Sinking Fund.”

“There is something at once lugubrious and grotesque,” remarks the Hon. D. A. Bingham, “in this way of crying halves with Junot, who was about to let

* By treaty concluded on the 19th March, 1804, Portugal had paid £640,000 for the privilege of keeping open her ports and remaining neutral; yet now, in 1807, Napoleon invaded and occupied Portugal, because she had done that which three years before she had bought permission to do.

loose his soldiery on an unfortunate country, which had committed no crime beyond remaining on friendly terms with England."

Meanwhile a similar game was being played in Italy. Already, in 1806, the Pope had been warned to enter into the Convention against England. To his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon had written on February 13th, 1806:—



BUST BY EUGÈNE GUILLAUME.

"I shall protect the Papal States against the whole world. Have the bulls sent to my bishops. They take a month (at Rome) to do the work of twenty-four hours. This is not religion. In Germany there is general outcry against the Court of Rome. Its conduct is revolting. I hold you responsible for the execution of these two points—first the expulsion of the English, Russians, Swedes, and Sardinians from the Roman States; second, the prohibition of the ships of those Powers from entering the Roman ports. Say that I have my eyes open; that I am Charlemagne, the sword of the Church, their Emperor; that they ought not to know that the Empire of Russia exists."

Notwithstanding this assurance that he would protect the States of the Church, he was resolved to annex them; and to do this, he proceeded in the same way as in Spain. He ordered a French army to march, ostensibly for Naples; to

halt on its way in Rome to recruit itself, and take the opportunity of seizing on the castle of St. Angelo, and to remain in Rome on one pretext or another.

"The intention of the Emperor," so ran the instructions given by Napoleon to his ambassador, "is to accustom the people of Rome to live on good terms with the French troops, in order that if the Court of Rome should continue to show itself as unreasonable as it is, the Papacy may insensibly cease to exist as a temporal Power, without it being perceived that it is so."

On the 16th of November, Bonaparte quitted Paris to visit Milan and Venice. He had a deep object in this journey; a peculiarly dishonourable

intrigue was about to be played in Spain, and he desired to be out of the way whilst his agents were fulfilling his mandate. He also determined to make an end of the Kingdom of Etruria, which he had erected but a few years previously; and not to incorporate it into the Kingdom of Italy, but to unite it to the French Empire. Forthwith Tuscany, with all its ports, was occupied by French troops. There then remained in all Italy only the seaports of the Roman States open to the British flag, and these he determined to close immediately. French troops were sent to occupy Civita Vecchia, and secure the mouths of the Tiber; and on the Adriatic a strong garrison was thrown into Ancona. The Pope was ordered to declare war on England.

On the 2nd of April, 1808, Bonaparte by one of his sweeping decrees, annexed the Marches, or Adriatic provinces of the Pope, to the Kingdom of Italy. Pius VII. was hardly unprepared for this. His nuncio, Arezzo, had been admitted to an interview at Dresden with Napoleon a year before, wherein the views of the Emperor and his purposes had been put before him with tolerable frankness.

Spain meanwhile was being traversed by French troops, under the pretext that they were on their way to support Junot in Portugal. On the 13th November, a second army, under Dupont, was sent across the frontier, in violation of the provisions of the treaty signed only a fortnight before, which limited the troops to the one army first to be despatched, unless the special consent of the King were granted. Dupont received orders to halt at Vittoria, and send officers throughout the country, mapping and making observations. Next came Moncey, at the head of thirty thousand men to occupy Burgos, and then Duchesne crossed the Eastern Pyrenees, and marched upon Barcelona, a march that could hardly be explained as one calculated to cover the Army of Portugal. At the same time, a fifth body of troops under D'Armagnac was sent across the Bidassoa to occupy the citadel and fortifications of Pampeluna, "sans faire semblant de rien," as Napoleon ordered. Already the number of soldiers poured into Spain, exclusive of Junot's army in Portugal, amounted to 80,000 men, and next, Bessières, at the head of another army, was directed thither. It was now only too clear to all but the dullest, that a military *coup* was levelled against Spain, and that the army of Junot was intended to operate against her in flank.

The condition of the Government was such as to make Napoleon master of the situation with a little diplomatic manœuvring. The King of Spain, Charles IV., was one of the feeblest of the fainéant race of Bourbon; a dull, timid man, and but little removed from imbecility. He retained a tame confessor about his person, for whom he used to whistle, as for a dog, when he felt a twinge of conscience, retire into an embrasure of a window, relieve his mind in two minutes, and dismiss his confessor till he whistled for him again.* The Queen, Louisa Maria of Parma, an unscrupulous woman, had made a paramour of Manuel Godoy, a private in the Guards, and had loaded him with favours. The weak-minded King, blind to the connexion, took a great liking to the burly

* CONSTANT, iv. 40.

Guardsmen, fell completely under his influence, and created him Prince of the Peace,* and Prime Minister. The Infante, Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, was also feeble-minded. He had been married to the daughter of the Queen of Naples. A letter from her to her mother had been intercepted, as well as one from the Queen of Naples, and as in the latter a hint was given to the Princess to get rid of her mother-in-law, the Queen of Spain thereupon had her poisoned. Ferdinand was the rallying-point of Spanish animosity against Godoy, and the palace was torn into factions. Ferdinand, in his feebleness and helplessness, appealed by letter (11th Oct., 1807) to Napoleon, and asked to be allowed to marry a Princess of the Imperial Bonaparte House. The Emperor had placed Beauharnais, his wife's brother, at Madrid, as ambassador; an honest, single-minded man, and by his honesty and single-mindedness more likely than anyone else to perform the part designed for him; for it was in accord with Napoleon's cunning, when he had a peculiarly treacherous game to play, to put forward as his agents honest men, whom he kept in the dark as to his ulterior objects, and who, by their honesty, imposed on those whom he purposed duping, as he duped themselves. The King, or Godoy, informed of what had been done by the Prince, had Ferdinand arrested, and all his papers seized. Amongst them was found, or pretended to have been found, a decree, in which the Prince assumed the title of King, and appointed, as Prime Minister, his friend and adviser, the Duke del Infantado. The old King then made a loud and absurd appeal to the justice of Napoleon, in a letter written under the direction of Godoy and his Queen, in which he accused his son of having formed a conspiracy to dethrone him.

Napoleon was still at Fontainebleau when he received this letter. Everything was prepared for the invasion of Spain, both pretext and troops; but this quarrel between father and son broke out somewhat prematurely for his designs. He immediately commanded, with the utmost secrecy, the accumulation of immense stores both to the east and west of the Pyrenees. He gave orders also for another army to be collected with rapidity from Metz, Nancy, and Sedan, and hastened to Bordeaux, so that it might cross the frontier on the 1st December. "Take care," he wrote to Clarke, who had the superintendence, "to instruct the generals to announce to the soldiers that they are proceeding by forced marches to the succour of the Army of Portugal, against an expedition that is being fitted out by the English" (11th Nov., 1807). At the same time, he commanded a retrograde movement of 100,000 men then in Germany, so as to have them at his disposal if required.

On the 12th November, the day following his order to Clarke, he countermanded it, having received in the meantime news of the reconciliation of Charles IV. and Ferdinand. The Prince of the Peace had discovered the hand of France in the palace quarrel, and in his alarm lest it should bring the Emperor on the scene, he determined to hush the matter up. A junta, composed of eleven persons, was instructed not to examine evidence, not to try the

* So entitled for having negotiated a peace with France whereby Spain was removed from the Coalition.

conspirators, but to declare that they were all innocent, and that there had never been any plot at all. The Prince submitted, repented, and blubbered like a whipped schoolboy; and on the 5th of November appeared a royal decree, announcing the complete reconciliation of the King and Prince. But the Spaniards knew better; and aware that Ferdinand was more than ever the mortal enemy of Godoy, they took the Prince into their especial favour, and reposed all their hopes for the security of Spain in this weak and crazy vessel.

The Prince of the Peace sent word to the governors of the several provinces to show the French troops every favour; and thus they were suffered to occupy all the fortified places on their route. Charles IV. now wrote to Napoleon in the most flattering terms (Nov. 18th), to solicit an alliance with the Bonaparte House for his son, and at the same time requested the publication of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, which was already violated. Napoleon started for Italy, and gave no reply to the King till the 10th January, 1808, a fortnight after his return to Paris: "Your Majesty," he said, "ought to understand that no man of honour would wish for an alliance with a dishonoured son, till he has certified that he has recovered his father's good favour." To this rebuff poor Charles made no reply. On the 25th February, 1808, Napoleon wrote him another sharp letter: "Your Majesty asked of me the hand of a French Princess for the Prince of the Asturias. I replied on the 10th January that I consented (!). Your Majesty says no more about this marriage. I expect your friendship to relieve me of my doubts." At the very moment that he was playing with the King, he was proposing to Godoy's agent, Izquierdo, that Spain should cede to him the provinces of the Ebro in exchange for Portugal.

This was speedily followed by the nomination of Murat to the army of Spain, and half hints were thrown out to him that he might expect to acquire the crown of that realm. On the 27th March, Napoleon wrote to him, "Do not suffer any harm to be done to the King, the Queen, or the Prince of the Peace . . . until such time as the new King is recognised by me; behave as though the old King still reigned"; and the same day he offered the Spanish crown to his brother Louis:—

"I have resolved on setting a French Prince on the throne of Spain. The climate of Holland does not suit you. Besides, Holland will never recover from its condition of ruin. . . . Answer categorically. If I nominate you King of Spain, will you accept? May I rely on you? . . . Give your confidence to no one, and do not speak to anyone on the subject of this letter, for a thing must be accomplished before one admits having thought of it."

Consequently, by the end of March, 1808, Napoleon had fully made up his mind to dethrone the royal family of Spain.

On the 10th March, Murat had arrived at Burgos to take command-in-chief in Spain, with the title of Lieutenant of the Emperor. It was also known that more troops, including a part of the Imperial Guards, were being hastily marched through France towards the Spanish frontiers. Godoy advised the King and Queen to fly to Cadiz, and the departure was fixed for the night of the 17th of March, whereupon the palace was surrounded by the people and by

the soldiery in a state of revolt. The intentions of the insurgents admitted of no doubt; the mob shouted for the head of the traitor Godoy, and broke up the royal carriages, in which the King and his Court intended to escape. The Prince of the Peace hid himself in an attic, and when discovered, was only saved from death by the interference of the friends of Prince Ferdinand. In his alarm, Charles sent out to assure the people that he had resigned the crown; and in the evening, in the presence of a few *grandees*, Charles IV., gouty and rheumatic, signed the act of abdication in favour of his heir, Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias. That same evening Ferdinand was proclaimed.

On receiving the news of the revolution, Murat hastened his march upon Madrid; and on the 23rd, only four days after the signing of the abdication, he entered the capital of Spain, followed by a division of French infantry, a brigade of cuirassiers, and a train of artillery. That something of the sort had been expected, perhaps brought about by Napoleon's agents, would seem certain; for on the 23rd March, the Emperor wrote to Murat that he anticipated the flight of the King, and that if he fled to Seville, he was to allow him to remain there in security for a while; but that if he attempted to escape to Cadiz, and thence to fly to one of the Spanish colonies, he was to arrest him, as such an escape might entail the loss of the Colonies. "I expect to hear news of all that has passed at Madrid on the 16th or 17th of March." He was to announce that Napoleon in person was on his way to Madrid.

Napoleon had not heard of the disturbance and the abdication of the King on the 27th March, when he offered the crown to his brother Louis. On the 30th, he wrote to Murat:—

"You are quite right not to recognise the Prince of the Asturias. Put King Charles IV. in the Escorial, and treat him with great respect. I suppose that the Prince of the Peace will come to Bayonne."

These last words were a hint that Murat was to force him to go thither. Napoleon ordered the King to be sent to Burgos.

For the rest of the intrigue, someone more subservient than Murat was needed, who was playing for his own hand; and Napoleon now sent that consummate scoundrel, Savary, who had managed the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, to compass the overthrow of the King and Queen and royal family of Spain. Napoleon himself now came to Bordeaux, where he arrived on the 4th April. What was the nature of the instructions given to Savary can only be judged by his acts; they were probably never committed to paper; and no trust whatever can be placed on the Emperor's own account of the transaction, any more than on the apocryphal letter Napoleon afterwards produced, for it was the object of both him and Savary to cast the blame on the shoulders of Murat, so as in a measure to clear themselves.

There may, however, be truth in what Savary reports was said to him before he started, though he certainly does not give the whole truth.

"Charles IV. has abdicated," said Napoleon, "his son has succeeded him. . . . I was fully prepared for some changes in Spain; but matters are taking a turn

altogether different from what I intended. . . . Had Charles IV. continued to reign, we might have remained at peace ; but now all is changed, Should that country be ruled by a warlike Prince, he might succeed in displacing my dynasty on the throne of France by his own. You see what might happen in France, if I do not prevent it ; it is my duty to foresee the danger, and take steps to meet it. If I cannot arrange with both father and son, I will make a clean sweep of them both."

This is entirely consistent with what he afterwards said at Bayonne to Escoiquiz. In fact, Ferdinand, brought in on the crest of a great national reaction, was a different factor to deal with than Charles IV., and made the overthrow of the dynasty a necessity ; a *roi fainéant* and French administration were no longer possible.

As soon as Savary arrived in Madrid, Murat was set on one side, and the Duke of Rovigo assumed the conduct of the delicate negotiation. Sufficient, however, had already been written to Murat to indicate the lines on which the concluding scene was to be carried out.

"It is to be desired," wrote the Emperor on April 9th, "that the Prince of the Asturias should be at Madrid, or *that he should come to meet me*. In the latter case, I will await him at Bayonne. It would be unfortunate if he took a third course (*i.e.* were to escape). Savary knows all my projects, and will have communicated to you all my intentions. When one knows the end at which one is driving, it is easy, with a little reflection, to find means to attain it."

On reaching Madrid, Savary presented himself before Prince Ferdinand. It was an outrage, sending such a man to the Bourbon Court ; but Napoleon had none others, save the chief of his gendarmerie and secret police, whom he could entrust with so delicate a negotiation. Stupid as the Spanish royal family were, they must have known the Duc d'Enghien's history, must have known that this Duc de Rovigo was the infamous creature who had directed the murder.

Savary began by flattering the Prince, giving him the title of "Your Majesty," which had been denied him by Murat. On his hasty journey from the Spanish frontier, Savary had everywhere given out that he was the precursor of the Emperor, who was following, his heart glowing with desire to effect a reconciliation among the discordant elements in the royal palace ; and he named Burgos as the place where his master would await the arrival of Ferdinand. "The Emperor," said Savary, "has already left Paris ; go and meet him, and hear him salute you as Ferdinand VII., King of Spain and the Indies."

With very little hesitation, the stupid Bourbon Prince allowed himself to be persuaded. In his over-confidence in his strong position, he sacrificed all for the shadow of French recognition of it. But, indeed, his position was one that was full of difficulty, even to a man of brains. The capital was occupied by French troops. The patriotic peasantry were more astute than himself, and were rising to oppose his journey to Bayonne ; he did not for a moment conceive it possible that the Emperor of a great nation was luring him into a cunningly-devised trap.

From the time he left Madrid, Ferdinand was to all intents a prisoner, as complete a prisoner as ever was felon or political offender in the grip of the French police, and he was under the escort of Savary's gendarmes. When he

reached Burgos, it was found that the illustrious guest had not arrived. Great concerns of State had no doubt retarded him on the road; but would his Majesty, Ferdinand VII., go a few stages further towards the frontier, to Miranda, for instance, or as far as Vittoria? By so doing, he would have the satisfaction of encountering him upon the way. The unfortunate Prince, after a very slight hesitation, yielded. Between Madrid and Burgos there had been some chance of escape or rescue, for there were considerable Spanish forces on foot in that part of the country; but between Burgos and the frontier of France the whole country was in possession of the French troops, whose several columns had been purposely concentrated, and then picketed along the high road.

The counsellors of Ferdinand became alarmed. Don Pedro Cevallos, who has left us a narrative of the circumstances, was especially urgent that he should proceed no further. Savary saw that the Prince's mind was wavering. He protested loudly against any alteration of plan as a slight on the honour of the Emperor, and on himself as his envoy.

"I will let you cut off my head," said he, "if in a quarter of an hour after the meeting of your Majesty with the Emperor, he does not recognise you as the King of Spain and of the Indies. To preserve consistency, he may, in the first instance, address you by the title of Highness, but directly after he will give you that of Majesty. The moment that is done, everything is concluded, and your Majesty can instantly return to Spain."

The earnest manner of Savary, and his apparent sincerity—he was an arch dissembler—allayed suspicion, and the Prince proceeded on his way without a single Spanish guard attached to his person, along a road lined by French soldiers.

But now the attitude of the people became menacing. At Vittoria their emotion and alarm became so demonstrative, that Savary, although armed with full power to use force to convey the Prince over the frontier, in order to prevent a riot, thought best to hurry forward to meet Napoleon, and obtain fresh instructions.

Ferdinand wrote from Vittoria to the Emperor, to detail everything that he had done in accordance with his wishes; and he desired to have some assurance from him as to his ulterior purposes. Savary brought back a letter from the Emperor:—

"My brother," he wrote, "I have received the communication of your Royal Highness, who must have obtained a proof of the interest I have always borne towards you, from the papers received from the King, your father. You will permit me now to address you with frankness and loyalty. In coming to Madrid, I hoped to bring my illustrious friend to accept certain reforms very necessary in his estates."

Then Napoleon entered into a long discussion of what had taken place, and of the position of the Prince of the Peace, to whom Ferdinand had not alluded in his letter:—

"How can the Prince of the Peace be brought to trial without implicating the Queen and the King, your father? The result of such a trial would be fatal

to your crown. Your Royal Highness has no other rights than such as have been transmitted through your mother. If the trial dishonours your mother, your rights are torn to pieces. You cannot bring the Prince of the Peace to trial. The crimes of which he is accused are lost in the rights of the Throne."

Not a word about guarantees, which Ferdinand had demanded; only an insult thrown in his face—the suggestion that he was a bastard! The letter was dated April 16th. Next day Napoleon wrote to Bessières:—

"If the Prince of the Asturias comes forward to Bayonne, it is well. If he retrogrades to Burgos, arrest him, and bring him on."

The Prince was still at Vittoria. An old minister, Don Luis Urquijo, came to pay him his respects, and to warn him that by further progress he was dishonouring the ancient crown; and he did not hesitate to declare that the Prince was being tricked and trapped to his destruction. When the Duke del Infantado remonstrated at this as a calumny against a hero, "You don't know what heroes are," retorted the old Don. "Go home, read *Plutarch*, and you will see that the majority of them stepped into greatness over heaps of corpses."

However, Ferdinand allowed himself to be over-persuaded; but, indeed, the opportunity to withdraw was gone. On the 16th April he crossed the little river which serves as frontier, and was surprised to find that the Emperor had sent no one to meet him, except three grandees of Spain, whom he had himself despatched to compliment the Emperor, and who were now returning, downcast at the reception they had met with. He had plainly told them that the end of the reign of the Bourbons in Spain had come.

It is said that Bonaparte, on learning of the arrival of the Prince, exclaimed, "Ha! is the fool really come? I could hardly have thought it possible."

Ferdinand was received at the gates of Bayonne by Duroc and Berthier, and escorted to a mean house, which was to be his residence. The Emperor rode from the château where he lodged, outside the town, to call on him, saluted him, invited him to dinner, and talked to him on indifferent matters. After dinner, Napoleon dismissed his guest. He seemed to have considered Ferdinand not worth an explanation, but retained his counsellor, Canon Escoiquiz, leaving to Savary to attend the Prince to his hotel, and enlighten him as to the intentions of his master.

Napoleon had seen the character of the old Canon at a glance. He saw that he was vain, consequential, and desirous of playing the part of a statesman. He resolved to dazzle and gain him, and, through him, to work on the feeble mind of the Prince.

Escoiquiz has given us full details of the interview. Bonaparte assumed towards him his familiar, feline manner, occasionally pinching his ear when he desired to impress a point. He treated him as a man of superior intelligence, a statesman free from all vulgar prejudices. He began by informing him that his purpose was to dethrone the Bourbons, and to give to Ferdinand, as compensation, the little realm of Etruria. As to Spain, it was to form an independent power; he would not retain even a village in it. Napoleon went on to

assert that he could not recognise the abdication of Charles IV., wrung from him by his fears, and declared what was true, that the King had written to him protesting that the abdication was involuntary; a retraction wrung from him by Murat.

The Canon endeavoured to explain that the King was weak, and under the influence of the Queen, who had forced him to send the protest. Bonaparte interrupted him with the significant question :—

“Canon, tell me whether I ought to lose sight of the fact that the interests of my house and of my empire demand that the Bourbons shall no longer reign in Spain?”

“It is impossible for you not to see that, so long as Bourbons reign in Spain, I shall never be able to have a safe and sincere alliance with that country. They will feign to be friends so long as they are weak; but their mortal hatred will declare itself as soon as they see me embarrassed in some other European war, and then you will see them join England, and my worst enemies. . . . Never can I count upon Spain so long as the Bourbons occupy the throne. The strength of your nation has always been considerable, and a man of genius at its head might disturb my repose.”

Thereupon Napoleon pulled the Canon's ear, and burst into a loud laugh.

Escoiquiz spoke of the marriage project of Ferdinand with one of Bonaparte's nieces.

“Canon, you are talking nonsense,” he said. “You are perfectly aware that a woman is too feeble a tie to fix the political conduct of a prince, her husband. Who can give me assurance that the wife of Ferdinand will gain an ascendancy over him? Besides, death may any day break that matrimonial tie, and then the old hate would revive. *Allons donc, chanoine! vous me presentez là de véritables châteaux d'Espagne.* Do you think that if the Bourbons remain on the throne I can be as sure of Spain as I should be if the sceptre were placed in the hands of a prince of my own family?”*

Ferdinand had gone, like a fool, to Bayonne to get his father's abdication and his own accession recognised by Napoleon; but Bonaparte had entrapped him there, in order to extort from him a renunciation of the crown in favour of his own brother Joseph, at present King of Naples. If Ferdinand had consented, which he obstinately refused to do, then the abdication of Charles IV. would have been declared valid. But, as Ferdinand remained stubborn, it was necessary to proceed to further measures. Murat was instructed to send the Prince of the Peace to him with all possible speed. On reaching Bayonne, he was received by the Emperor as a bosom friend; and immediately after Napoleon wrote to the old King and Queen, to request that they also would come to Bayonne, as he was desirous of arranging the affairs in dispute with the utmost celerity, so as to place the Spanish Monarchy beyond danger from the usurpation of the Prince of the Asturias.

On the 30th April, a huge, lumbering carriage, drawn by eight Biscayan mules, rolled over the drawbridge of Bayonne. It contained the all but imbecile Monarch, his Queen, his youngest son, Francisco de Paolo, and some

* ESCOQUIZ, *Exposé de l'affaire de Bayonne*, Paris, 1816.



NAPOLEON.

From a coloured engraving by Dahling.



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grandee attendants. Two or three other antiquated chariots discharged their cargoes of chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting. Godoy welcomed his master and mistress, and assured them that the intentions of the Emperor towards them were most liberal. This assurance was soon repeated by the Emperor in person, who declared that he was staying in Bayonne only to serve their Majesties. The childish King threw himself, weeping, into the arms of Napoleon, and called him his best friend and support.

As the infirm old man was unable to walk unassisted, Napoleon took him under the arm to help him up the steps. Charles turned to the Queen, and said, "See, Louisa! he is sustaining me!"

Whilst this poor King, thus basely betrayed, was surrendering himself to effusions of gratitude, the Emperor was observing those present. Next day he wrote to Talleyrand:—

"King Charles is a worthy man. I do not know whether it is his position or circumstances that makes me think it, but I regard him as a frank and good man. The Queen has her passions and her story written on her face. As to the Prince of the Peace, he looks like a bull. He is *très bête, très méchant, très ennemi de la France.*"

Napoleon went on to say that he had intercepted and read a private letter of the Prince, in which he spoke of the "accursed French!"

The resentment of the old couple against their son had increased. They attributed to him all the misfortunes that had come upon them. Ferdinand was summoned to their presence before Napoleon; and then ensued a scene to which the Emperor afterwards looked back with disgust. The King loaded his son with bitter reproaches, and insisted on his surrendering the usurped crown. Then the Queen broke out into invectives. Losing all command over herself, this royal virago foamed at the mouth, called on her good friend the Emperor to send him to the guillotine, and had the indecency to declare that this son, though borne by her, had not the King for his father. The Prince answered with firmness and respect, but absolutely refused to yield. Then the old King, crippled with rheumatism, raised his shaking hand over him, and threatened him with his cane.

After this deplorable scene all correspondence between them passed by means of letters. Ferdinand at length so far yielded, that he agreed to resign the crown, on condition that his renunciation was made publicly at Madrid, and in favour of his father only. This did not satisfy Napoleon.

At this juncture Marbot, the aide-de-camp of Murat, arrived at full gallop from Madrid, to announce to the Emperor that an insurrection had broken out in the capital, in consequence of an attempt made to remove the remaining members of the Royal family. It had been suppressed by Murat with great severity, but the loss to the French had been from three to four hundred men. Murat had swept together a hundred of the citizens next day, and, without form of trial, had shot them. The number of Spaniards who had fallen in the fray had been about eight hundred.

The Emperor at once seized on this outbreak as a means of reducing

Ferdinand to submission. King Charles, under the instigation of Napoleon, charged his son with having provoked the riot, and told him he would be held responsible for it. Napoleon himself intervened, as the young man remained motionless and silent, with lowered eyes:—

“Unless,” said he, “between this and midnight you have recognised your father as King, and have sent information to this effect to Madrid, I will have you dealt with as a rebel.”

This is what the Emperor himself states in his correspondence; but other testimonies are to the effect that Napoleon placed before him the alternative of instant submission or of being shot. The terrified Prince at last yielded.

On the 6th of May, Ferdinand signed a formal renunciation of the crown. But, on the previous day, Charles had also surrendered his claims. On the 10th of May, Ferdinand’s renunciation was made more explicit and complete, and he was granted in return the palace of Navarre, and an income of 600,000 francs; Charles was accorded the châteaux of Chambord and Compiègne. The deposed and disinherited Princes were to receive in all ten millions; “but,” as Napoleon wrote to Mollien on the 9th of May, “we will reimburse ourselves out of Spain.”

This was not all. Ferdinand was not suffered to reside at Navarre, as was promised, but, with cruel irony, Napoleon sent him off to live under the charge of Talleyrand. Talleyrand was then out of favour; he had himself retired in disgust from the thankless task of giving advice which was never hearkened to, and he was frightened at the extravagance of the schemes that fired the mind of the Emperor, mad with ambition, and giddy with success.

Napoleon sent the Spanish Princes to him, escorted by a body of gendarmes, and he wrote to him: “I do not wish the Princes to be received with much pomp, but respectably, and that you do your utmost to amuse them. If you have a theatre at Valençay, it will be well to have a few actors brought there. Fetch Madame Talleyrand and some four or five ladies. If the Prince of the Asturias gets attached to any pretty woman, that will not be a disadvantage, if one is sure of her . . . I want him to be occupied and amused. I suppose I ought to send him to Bitche, or some other strong fortress, but as he threw himself into my arms, and has promised to do nothing against my orders, and all goes smoothly in Spain, I have decided to send him into the country, and to have him watched and amused. So for May and June, till the affairs of Spain are settled, and then I shall be able to judge what part to adopt.”

It was an insult thus to constitute his old Minister of Foreign Affairs a gaoler and something besides. But this is not the worst incident in this long story of deception and violence.

How the whole of Spain now flamed in revolt; how the whole army of Dupont, surrounded by the insurgents, was forced to capitulate at Baylen, and that of Junot at Cintra; how the French were expelled from Portugal; and how after a year of English reverses, Sir Arthur Wellesley, with more adequate resources, began a series of victories, in which the greatest marshals of the Empire were beaten, and the French were finally forced back over the Pyrenees

—all this is matter of history, and as in this book we consider only Napoleon, and deal with the incidents of his life, so far alone as they exhibit his character, and reveal the workings of his mind, all this has to be passed over.

No wrong that any man does is sterile; it provokes another. Far be it from me to dispute the right of Napoleon to assume the headship of the French nation, and to crown himself—that is, to take on him the outward and visible sign of what he was in reality. But when he was supreme master of France, two ways were open to him—the maintenance of the liberties won by the Revolution, and the giving expression in himself to the desires of the people for national development, unimpeded by antiquated and effete bonds; for that, peace was necessary. But he rejected this course, and chose the opposite. He stamped out every form of liberty; he crushed the peaceful aspirations of the French people, and waved before them the laurels won on the battle-field, instead of bidding them rest and be happy under the olive-branch. His path thenceforth was downward; it was a moral declension; and every evil that was done drew on another, which itself provoked a third.

Had he made France peaceable and content, checked what little flutter for military glory there was in it, and maintained an unaggressive policy towards the nations round about, what could the besotted Bourbon Princes have done against a man who was the representative of the strength and greatness of the French nation? But when he represented only its evil passions, when his throne rested on the bubble Fame, then he was forced to secure himself, by levelling all Powers that menaced, or might be conceived as likely to menace, his dynasty. That was why, in self-defence, he was constrained to make “a clean sweep” of the royal house of Spain, and enthrone a brother in its room.

And yet, if he were only struggling to secure his crown, and to found a Napoleonic dynasty, a weak and stupid neutral monarchy on his frontiers would have been a security against aggression, and a source of cheap glory. But Napoleon, having the far larger designs of founding a European Empire, was resolved to be master of the resources of Spain, and to put a speedy end to an independence that was incompatible with such a scheme. Moreover, Portugal could only be controlled from Spain, and Portugal was the great gap in the southern continental system which neutralised its efficacy as effectually as did Hamburg in the north.

And there is some sort of justification to be offered for the shameful intrigue by which the royal family was inveigled to Bayonne. The Emperor had no desire to shed blood unnecessarily; and he believed that by this means he had accomplished his end almost without a blow. The invasion of Spain, the overthrow of the monarchy, and the elevation of Joseph to the throne, he considered to have been accomplished with the least possible amount of violence. He was mistaken, and he was mistaken because unable to understand the moral forces which influence men. Patriotism was to him unintelligible. He had felt it once, in his youth, when he loved Paoli; but he had put away that and other childish things. Military glory, greed of power, of wealth—these were forces

that he could understand ; but none of the noble and inspiring emotions which make martyrs and patriots. The reason is not far to seek: in place of respecting men, he despised them. Yet for this there is an excuse. He had been formed in the storm of the Revolution, wherein the basest characters rose to the surface, and the vilest deeds were committed under the invocation of the most sacred principles. He had thus, at a very early age, made shipwreck of his faith in men and in principles.

XL

A TURNING-POINT

(1808-9)

IN the *Arabian Nights* is the story of a fisherman who brought up a jar in his net, sealed with the cabalistic sign of the pentacle. Despising or disregarding the symbol, he knocked out the cork, whereupon a jin that had been imprisoned, escaped, and stood before him as a mighty spirit, ready to destroy him.

It may be said that since the first campaign in Italy, Napoleon had been knocking out the corks of the nationalities, breaking their seals, and unaware of the danger to himself, had been liberating the National Spirit in each, hitherto confined under feudal restraints. The time when these emancipated spirits would become a menace to himself had now arrived.

In the story, the fisherman induces the jin to re-enter the jar, whereupon he replants the seal, and all is as it was before. But Napoleon had contrived to do this with France alone, with a spirit not of his own liberating.

And he was the last to understand, to suspect what he had done. Who, for instance, could have dreamed that behind the seal of the Spanish crown was the fiery, intense patriotism of the individual Spaniard, that would burst forth and destroy his armies, and roll back his conquest, and send reeling from his throne the brother he had placed upon it?

Napoleon had encountered nothing of the kind in Italy, in Naples, in the Netherlands, in Austria, and in Germany. But the patient endurance and dogged resistance of the Teuton races was something different. The Spaniards resisted as individuals without troubling about their government; whereas the Teuton looked to his government to organise resistance. It is a law of Nature that force is imperishable. It may alter its character, its name, its mode of manifestation, but it never dies. And it is a law of God that every violence done correlates itself into a force chastising the wrong-doer.

The violence done to the Spanish nation by Napoleon had produced unexpected results. The organisation of opposition was decentralised into local juntas that were absolutely incompetent. The only effective resistance possible was that of guerilla warfare, and to that the Spaniards had recourse. It was a nation in arms that the French had to contend with.

The revolt broke out everywhere simultaneously. It was without leaders, it was devoid of plan, but it was at once successful.

The Emperor could not comprehend it. So little did he dread it, that he separated his columns, and sent them through the land, without providing that they should maintain contact with each other or with their base. So little doubt had he that his trained soldiers could disperse the peasants who had flown to arms, that he left Bayonne, to make a progress through the south of France. Of Dupont he wrote:—

“Without a doubt, even with twenty thousand men, he can kick over all opposition.”

“There is nothing to be feared on the side where is Marshal Bessières, nor in the north of Castille, nor in Leon; there is nothing to be feared in Aragon—Saragossa will fall sooner or later; there is nothing to be feared in Catalonia; there is nothing to be feared as to the communications between Burgos and Bayonne. . . . The only risky point is where Dupont is, and he has far more than enough to produce grand results. . . . With only twenty-one thousand men, he would have more than eighty chances in a hundred in his favour.”*

The rising in Spain, more especially the siege of Saragossa, produced immense excitement in Germany. There it was not possible for the people to rise *en masse*, the French had too strong a force in the land; but, secretly, everywhere the people prepared for a resurrection. And in Austria, where Feudalism maintained its paralysing hold on the heart of the nations that were combined under the Imperial Crown, a spirit of enthusiasm, of devotion, of resentment, began to rise.

Hitherto Napoleon had fought governments; now he was to encounter nations, and that, moreover, precisely at the time when he had denationalised his army, of which only a nucleus was French, but the bulk a composite mass of contingents from Italy, Naples, Holland, Belgium, the Rhenish States, Switzerland, the Hanse Towns, Poland, and Spain.

This conglomerate mass, differing in tongues, blood, religion, actuated by national antipathies, was treated as a machine: no motives were supplied to animate it, save glory and rapine. It was impelled into the field by vicious springs of action; and now it was to encounter hosts animated by the noblest of all—love of country, and love of freedom.

A strange change had come over Europe. The force of the Revolution, the spirit of all that was good in it, had left France, and had found its resting-place among her bitter enemies. Napoleon, cast up upon a throne by the wave of Revolution, had become a tyrant a hundred times more ruthless than the feudal kings whom he struck from their thrones. And now, everywhere throughout Europe, the enlightened, the educated, the broad and liberal minds, saw the cause of Reform identified with that of emancipation from the domination of the new Cæsar; and their rights as citizens dependent on their assertion of national rights.

* *Notes sur la position actuelle de l'armée d'Espagne*, 21 July, 1808.

Napoleon still employed the old terms, coined at the Revolution, once full of explosive force, but he used them to disguise acts that were the reverse of what they signified. Thus, when he erected new Bastilles, he declared that he did this in behalf of Liberty and Fraternity. When he created a new order of nobility, he declared that it was to throw up a barrier against the feudal aristocracy; when he declared war, he asserted that it was in the interests of peace; when he came to a people, promising emancipation, it was to bind it in chains of iron; and when he issued a decree confiscating estates, and sentencing



ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ÉTOILE.

to the scaffold some of the richest grandes of Spain, he entitled it an amnesty.

If we look at the quick succession of his astounding victories, we can explain them without according to him so miraculous a genius. They were due, undoubtedly, in large measure, to his great military abilities, but in quite as large a measure to the impotence of those opposed to him. The old generals of the Holy Roman Empire complained that he did not fight according to rule. Rule with them had become everything, smothering common sense and intelligence.

The Austrian generals sent against him in Italy were hampered by plans laid

down for their conduct by the Aulic Council. Their initiative was taken from them, they were made into puppets, pulled by wires, and the pedants at Vienna touched the keys which were to make them move. From the outset Napoleon would have none of this. He took no notice of the instructions of the Directory, when to disobey was to run the risk of the guillotine. The Czar Alexander, even when nominally in command of his Russians, had to reckon with his generals. The King of Prussia, on the Thuringian frontier, was but one among several, of whom the majority were old men, whose only notion of



ARC DE TRIOMPHE DU CARROUSEL.

war was what they remembered to have learnt under Frederick the Great; and he himself was more concerned how many buttons were on a soldier's coat than how his battalions were to be disposed. When Napoleon was met by a man of ability at Marengo, he was saved from defeat only by accident; and when he encountered Bennigsen, a man of second-rate ability, at Eylau, he was defeated.

Bennigsen was a far abler man than Melas. He out-mancœuvred Napoleon, and won one battle, and lost another. Melas was out-mancœuvred all round; he won one battle, and then lost it again.

Wellington, in the Peninsula, was given a free hand, whereas the French

commanders were hampered by distant authority. Consequently he enjoyed precisely that advantage which had been enjoyed by Bonaparte in his Italian campaign.

The great secret of Napoleon's success lies in this: he knew what he wanted to do, and he did it, without any fear of those behind his back at Paris. He had generals, marshals, under him, but he rarely called them to a council of war. What he required done, that he ordered them to execute, and it was this supreme control he exercised that enabled him with such rapidity to carry out his manœuvres; outflanking the enemy, or breaking their centre, then throwing himself first on one wing and then the other with concentrated force.

But not only were the generals opposed to Napoleon in the field inferior in ability, and hampered by their instructions, but the Kings and Emperors, whose officers they were, were infirm of purpose, timid, and mutually jealous.

In the splendid campaign in Italy that opened to him his career, Napoleon could not have achieved his success had not the King of Sardinia and Piedmont lost heart at the first reverse, and basely abandoned his fortresses to the French, so as to allow Bonaparte to advance against Austria without fear about his connexions with his base.

In the campaign against Austria, which concluded with the treaty of Presburg, Prussia held aloof. Bonaparte had secured the feeble-minded Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, who amused his Court by farcical tales,* and left the management of the policy of his country to his Ministers, who were in Napoleon's pay. In Würtemberg reigned the little tyrant Frederick, of whom the *Edinburgh Review* remarked, after his death, that he resembled nothing more than the little devil of Rabelais, who was capable of no greater achievement than raising a storm over a parsley-bed. He entered heart and soul into alliance with Napoleon, to win extension of dominion and a royal crown. Baden, the jackal of France at the beginning of the century, as it was the jackal of Prussia towards its close, was ruled by Charles Frederick Nestor, who was old, born in 1738, and too small a Prince to exercise any considerable power.

Francis II., Emperor of Austria, exhibited the weakness of his character after Austerlitz, when he agreed to the scandalous Treaty of Presburg, at a moment when his adversary was in extreme danger, with the Archduke Charles hurrying up at the head of 80,000 men, to menace his flank and rear, the Archduke Ferdinand approaching at the head of the Bohemian levies, the Russian reserves coming to the relief, and when Prussia, with 100,000 men, was preparing to pour into Franconia, and cut off communication with the Rhine. When, moreover, bankruptcy was imminent in France, and only prevented by this ignominious peace, which a monarch with a soul above that possessed by a fly, would have blushed to sign. Francis had everything to gain by delay, and he threw away a splendid chance through feebleness of character and deficiency in foresight.

Nor was Prussia any happier in Frederick William III.; a poor creature, who could hardly be stirred to energy by the exhortations of his heroic Queen,

* He was a great authority on the biographies of actresses and the genealogies of their lovers, was a bon-vivant, and very extravagant in his tastes.—*Memoirs of the Baroness Oberkirch.*

a man the pettiness of whose mind provoked contemptuous comment from Napoleon.

In Russia, reigned at first the madman, Paul, whose crazy brain was infatuated with enthusiasm for the great Bonaparte; and when, for the good of his country, he was assassinated, his successor, Alexander, was young, inexperienced, without fixed principles, governed by the humour into which he was thrown by the niggardliness of England or the caresses of Napoleon. He was, moreover, an enthusiast, a dreamer; well-meaning, indeed, but lacking in shrewdness. This put him at the mercy of such a schemer as Napoleon. His instability of



THREE STAGES IN THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

From an engraving, 1829.

purpose and his impressionability prevented him from realising, or even retaining, the lofty ideals of his youth.

In Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, chivalrous and bold, was without political sagacity, and though resolute in his opposition to Napoleon, was not supported by his people, who were inclined for a French alliance. He had not the ability to take the part which his heart told him was that which was right for him to adopt. Russia deprived him of Finland, and he endeavoured to indemnify himself for his loss by an invasion of Norway. This led to his deposition.

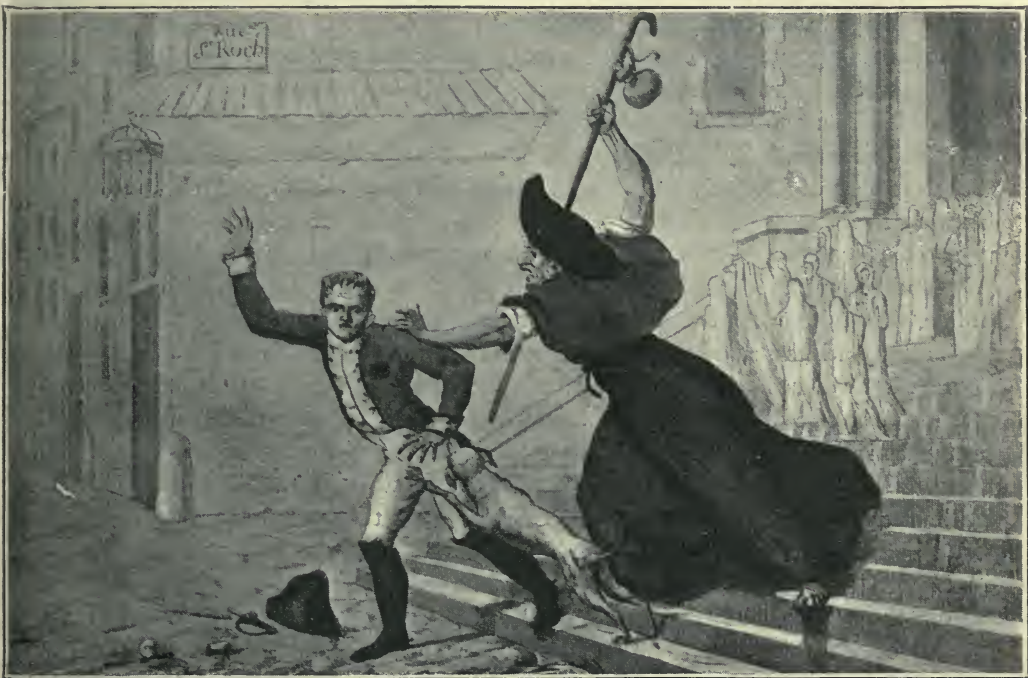
In Spain, as we have already seen, the crown was worn by a fool, with a fool for a son. In Portugal, the Queen was deranged, and under restraint. In Naples, the King, Ferdinand, a man of debased mind, was governed

by his unscrupulous Queen. His perfidy lost him the confidence of his subjects.

There was, consequently, not a single able man on the throne in any Empire or Kingdom, capable of making head against Napoleon.*

In the first period of his career, Napoleon achieved great successes with comparatively small forces at his disposal.

In the second period of his career as a general, he laid especial stress on numbers. The heterogeneous nature of his army [took from it the *elan* that his purely French troops had possessed; and he endeavoured to overwhelm his



S. IAGO EXPELLING NAPOLEON FROM SPAIN.

From a contemporary caricature.

opponents by masses, rather than bewilder them by rapid evolutions. The insurrection in Spain put a severe strain on his resources. There were 60,000 men on the Ebro with Joseph, about 20,000 in Catalonia, and now he resolved to bring 200,000 more from his Grand Army, who had fought under him in Prussia and Poland, the more effectually to annihilate the undisciplined, ill-armed, inexperienced guerillas who had humbled his eagles.

In order to hold the Prussians in check he was forced to call out another levy in France of 160,000, an anticipation by sixteen months of their time; and to excuse this he said, "Frenchmen, I have but one end in view—your happiness, and the security of your children. You have often told me that you

* LARPENT'S *Journal*, ed. 1883, p. 227.

loved me ; I shall recognise the sincerity of your sentiments in the readiness with which you second projects so intimately allied to your dearest interests, to the honour of the Empire, and to my glory."

There was cruel mockery in these words. For the security of the children of France, he swept them together, and sent them to perish on the battle-field ; and for what advantage to France ? None whatever. The deposition of a royal house, and the elevation of Joseph to the throne, in no way concerned the interests of any Frenchman save Napoleon only.

Of the madness of the Spanish enterprise he had received full warning. Fouché, his police minister, had ventured to utter his opinion : " Let Portugal accept her fate. She is little better than an English colony. But the King of Spain has given you no cause to complain ; he has been the humblest of your prefects. Fleets, troops, seaports, money—all have been placed at your disposal. You cannot get more from Spain if you take the country from him."

Napoleon replied, " My stake is immense. I will unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France. Remember, the sun never sets on the empire of Charles IV."

Fouché cautioned him not to rely too much on the sincerity of the Czar Alexander. " Bah !" answered the Emperor. " You talk like a minister of police, whose business teaches him that there is no sincerity in the world."

Talleyrand had also endeavoured to turn the wilful man from his project.

But his words had been thrown away upon one whom success had driven mad. Napoleon, on hearing him, lost all command over his temper, and called him " Traitor " to his face. But that imperturbable, impassive mask betrayed no more emotion than one of the marble statues in the Tuileries garden. Talleyrand looked placidly out of the window at the shrubs and statues, then went home, shrugged his shoulders, and said, " This is the beginning of the end."

On the 9th of August, 1807, just eighteen days before the conclusion of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, which was the preparatory step to the greater, but not more iniquitous scheme, Talleyrand had retired from office as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the obsequious and inferior Champagny succeeded him.

From this moment, nearly all political wisdom and moderation disappeared from the councils of Bonaparte.

It was eminently characteristic of Napoleon that after the failure of the Spanish enterprise, he endeavoured to cast the blame of its suggestion and inception on Talleyrand, the man whose clear judgment had foreseen the fatality of the step, and had pronounced against it ; and who, for so doing, had forfeited his portfolio.

Of the effrontery with which he manufactured or altered news, misstated facts, or gave them a false colour, mention has already been made ; but at this point an example may be given, as belonging to the period when he was massing his forces on the frontier and on the Ebro for the complete reduction of Spain.

Before a blow had been struck, on the 19th November, 1808, he wrote to

Champagny, his Minister of Foreign Affairs: "Send off a courier with intelligence, who can spread the tidings that Spain is subjected, or on the point of being so, and that 80,000 Spaniards have been killed." To augment the effect produced by this false tidings, he enjoined Fouché to get inserted in the newspapers of Paris, Holland, and Germany a series of articles, announcing—first, great preparations made by Murat for a descent on Sicily; then his disembarkation in the island; and finally, accounts of his great successes there.

"Enter into details," he wrote; "say that King Joachim has landed at the head of 30,000 men, and that he has left the Regency to his wife, and that the disembarkation took place at Pharos . . . in order that this may be believed in London, and that it may alarm them." All this, which was pure invention, was to occupy a dozen articles.

To the great disappointment of Murat, he had not been appointed King of Spain, but Joseph had been moved, very reluctantly on his part, to Madrid, and Murat had been elevated from Grand Duke of Berg to be King of Naples. Joseph had been obliged to fly from Madrid, after a residence there of eight days only. In vain did he tell his brother that the Spaniards would not receive him, that they resented his intrusion among them; the iron will of Napoleon insisted on his occupying the rickety throne. With his huge armies, Napoleon easily defeated the Spanish insurgents, occupied Madrid, and reinstalled his brother (December, 1808).

The reduction of the Spaniards had been no difficult matter; they had shown extraordinary activity with their legs, and an absolute incapacity for concerted action. Behind walls they fought with great tenacity of purpose, but were scattered like chaff in the field. Their juntas wrangled, and the officials pocketed the money sent from England to supply the armies with munitions and pay. For three months Napoleon was in Spain, and effected very little. He had hoped to have done with the insurgents as he had done with the Prussians. The campaign against the latter had been virtually ended in eight days, because he had then been pitted against an army, and an army only. But with the Spaniards there was not an army, there were only swarms, and the swarms assembled everywhere, and as often as dispersed assembled again. No glory was to be won in Spain, no great *coups de théâtre* produced; he was disappointed in not being able to surround and annihilate the little English army under Sir John Moore, and did not take part in the long pursuit to Corunna, but had horses put to his travelling-carriage, and on the 17th January, 1809, he left Valladolid for Paris.

There can be little doubt that Napoleon still held to the belief that his mission was divine. In the *Souper de Beaucaire* he had hinted that power was its own justification; and this principle was the only one that remained in possession. He was quite in accord with the saying of Champagny, "What policy counsels, that justice authorises."

The conviction that all force came from God, and that its exercise carried with it its own justification, was deeply rooted in his mind.

In the *Catéchisme Impérial*, drawn up under his direction for use in the

schools of France, the same idea is thrown into shape, suitable for impressing it on the minds and consciences of the children.

“*Q.* What are, in particular, our duties towards our Emperor, Napoleon?”

“*A.* We owe him love, respect, obedience, fidelity, military service, all the tributes ordered for the defence of the Empire and throne, and fervent prayers for his welfare and for the prosperity of the State.

“*Q.* Why are we bound to show these duties to the Emperor?”

“*A.* Because God has established him as our Sovereign, and has rendered him His image here on earth, overwhelming him with gifts, in peace, and in war. To honour and to serve our Emperor is, therefore, to honour and to serve God Himself.

“*Q.* Are there not particular reasons which should strongly attach us to Napoleon I., our Emperor?”

“*A.* Yes, for it is he whom God has raised up to restore the holy religion of our fathers, and to be its protector. He has brought back and preserved public order by his profound and active wisdom, and he defends the State by his mighty arm; he is the anointed of the Lord, by the consecration he has received from the sovereign pontiff. . . . Those who fail in their duties towards our Emperor, will render themselves deserving of eternal damnation.”

When Napoleon caused this to be taught in every school, there was in him no hypocrisy. It was in fact his one conviction, not opinion. And this conviction explains much that would otherwise be dark in his conduct. He was strongly, vehemently opposed to cruelty, to the shedding of blood unnecessarily, but he was absolutely unscrupulous about shedding any amount of blood to carry out his purposes, for these purposes were divine in their conception, and sanctioned from on high in their execution. Men were born and sent into this world and grew up to be his instruments, to carry out his will, which was but another word for the will of God. He believed himself to be the prophet of God as certainly as did Mohammed, and that his wars were sacred as those conducted by the prophet of Mecca. He was cruel in the crushing out of opposition. “Fusillez! fusillez!” was his repeated order to Joseph and to his generals. Whoever opposed him was a rebel; that he fought for his country was nothing. “Fusillez! fusillez! he is a bandit!” He treated those who resisted his will with outrage, and covered them with insult, because they opposed the will of Heaven, operating through him. And all means were sanctioned by the end he had in view. He kept no faith with his enemies, he broke treaties as soon as he made them, and considered himself justified in so doing because he was swept forward by the breath of God. Every exercise of power opened the door to another explosion of force; and force was the manifestation of God, and he who had the power was the minister of God to use what was given to him. That Napoleon was a religious man at heart has often been asserted. It cannot be doubted that with him religion was a conviction that he was the anointed of God. Apart from himself, in the political sphere, he could not conceive of God acting. God swept away men by plague, by famine, by great cataclysms, with pitiless severity. War was but another phase



THE TRIUMPH OF NAPOLEON.

From the group by Cartot on the Triumphal Arch of l'Étoile.



of the exercise of this divine force for the destruction of men, for the carrying out of His divine purposes.

There was much in the adulation wherewith he was received, that was calculated to foster this belief. Poets, painters, statesmen, princes, the very people, combined to laud him as though he were superhuman. His rapid elevation, his extraordinary success, the manner in which difficulties disappeared before him, all helped on in the same direction. As the Calvinist, who feels his calling and election sure, holds himself to be morally impeccable, and theologically infallible, so was it with Napoleon; the consciousness of genius, of power, was in him an evidence that he was subject to a supernatural afflatus, or, at least, was a chosen instrument ordained to create a world-empire, of which he should be the temporal and even spiritual head; for, indeed, in his eyes, the Pope was merely his Minister for Religious Affairs, to be browbeaten, driven along his course, deposed if needs be; the Vicar of Christ, under himself, as the Vicegerent of God.

From the moment of his coronation, we must not look at the representations of him on canvas, in sculpture, or in medal, as genuine portraiture. He was deified, he was purposely likened in his features to Augustus. Look at the studies of the First Consul and then at those of the Emperor, and you see at once that every artist after the coronation has taken on him the task of giving Olympian traits to the features of the new Cæsar. The hour for free interpretation was over. Ave Cæsar! The master dictated his orders to his artists as he did to everyone else, and the image of Napoleon, whether represented by the official painters or sculptors, or by the humble illustrator of chap-books, must thenceforth be pictured, regardless of truth, according to certain conventional formulæ destined to strike the imagination of the public, and to dazzle posterity. "It was necessary," says M. Frédéric Masson, "that the Sovereign, the founder of the fourth dynasty, should appear beautiful, serene, grave—beautiful with a beauty more than human, like to the deified Cæsars, or to the gods of whom they were the likenesses."

Nevertheless, it still happened that a few conscientious artists made hasty sketches of his face, and these are of incomparably higher iconographic value than the official portraits, which represent the ideal, but hardly at all the actual man.

XLI

HOLLAND

(1806-10)

IT would occupy much paper to enter into an account of the conduct of Napoleon towards his brothers, and it will suffice to give, as an example, the manner in which he treated Louis, whom he had created King of Holland. Lucien had soon found out that, to retain self-respect, he must break with Napoleon. Lucien was sour-tempered, querulous, and envious by nature, and could ill brook that his brother should take his own course, without consulting him. When he was dictated to—then in a huff he withdrew.

Napoleon had called a good many Republics into existence, and then had demolished them, or converted them into kingdoms for the members of his family.

Switzerland had been formed into the Helvetian Republic in 1798, and in 1803 was transformed into the Swiss Confederation. The Pays de Vaud had been elevated into an independent *Republique Lémanique* in 1798, and the Valais into another in 1802. The Ionian Islands had been constituted the *Republique des Sept Isles* in 1800, and then abandoned to Russia in 1807. Italy had been cut into several Republics; the Transpadean had been intended to be formed out of Lombardy, but in 1797 it was joined to the Cispadean Republic, founded in 1796; to this the Venetian provinces and Roman Legations were united, and in 1805 constituted the Kingdom of Italy. The Ligurian Republic was formed in 1797, and in 1805 was annexed to France. The Roman Republic was founded in 1798, but again fell under the Pope, to be once more taken from him, and annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. The Parthenopean Republic was shaped out of Naples in 1799, and afterwards converted into a kingdom for Joseph Bonaparte. The little Republic of Lucca was transformed into a Principality for Elise Bonaparte. Holland had been remodelled as the Batavian Republic in 1795; in 1806, it was raised to be a Kingdom by Napoleon, who appointed his brother Louis the first King.

Louis accepted his nomination with great reluctance, and remonstrated with Napoleon, who curtly answered, "It is better to die a King than live a Prince."

Louis was amiable in character, his manners affable. Overawed by his brother, not daring to refuse, he submitted, and went in a dispirited mood to

Holland, together with his wife, Hortense de Beauharnais, Josephine's daughter by her first husband, with whom he was not happy.

Louis entered on his new duties with the best intentions, and he strove to benefit the country over which he had been set to reign. He felt acutely when the Dutch refused him the marks of respect which he conceived due to his position, but he was more sensitive to the fact that he was surrounded by spies in the pay of his brother, who reported his acts and words, and sent copies of his letters to the Emperor. Napoleon was specially desirous to have the blockade maintained against English commerce. Holland had suffered severely from the loss of her colonies, the Cape, Ceylon, and the East Indies, and the prosperity of the country depended on her trade. This was paralysed by the "Continental System." Louis saw it, and shut his eyes to the constant evasion of the laws against the trade with England. This was reported to Napoleon, and on the 20th December, 1809, he wrote, reproaching him with having forgotten that he was a Frenchman, in his affectation of being a Dutchman. He went on :—

"Your Majesty has done more ; you took advantage of the moment when I was involved in the affairs of the Continent, to renew relations between Holland and England, to violate the laws of the blockade, which are the only means of effectually destroying the latter Power. I expressed my dissatisfaction by forbidding you to come to France, and I have made you feel that even without the assistance of my armies, by merely closing the Rhine, the Weser, the Scheldt, and the Meuse against Holland, I should have placed her in a situation more critical than if I had declared war against her. Your Majesty implored my generosity, appealed to my feelings as a brother, and promised to amend your conduct. I thought this warning would be sufficient. I raised my custom-house prohibitions, but your Majesty has returned to your old system. . . . I have been obliged a second time to prohibit trade with Holland. In this state of things, we may consider ourselves really at war. In my speech to the Legislative Body I manifested my displeasure ; for I will not conceal from you *that my intention is to unite Holland with France*. This will be the most severe blow I can aim against England, and will deliver me from the perpetual insults which the plotters of your cabinet are constantly directing against me. The mouths of the Rhine and of the Meuse ought, indeed, to belong to me. The principle that the furrow of the Rhine valley is the boundary of France is a fundamental principle. Your Majesty writes me, on the 17th, that you are sure of being able to prevent all trade between Holland and England. I am of opinion that your Majesty promises more than you can fulfil. I shall, however, remove my custom-house prohibitions whenever the existing treaties are executed. The following are the conditions:—First, the interdiction of all trade and communication with England. Second, the supply of a fleet of fourteen sail of the line, seven frigates, and seven brigs or corvettes, armed and manned. Third, an army of 25,000 men. . . . Your Majesty may negotiate on these bases with the Duc de Cadore, through the medium of your minister ; but be assured that on the entrance of the first packet-boat into Holland, I will restore my prohibitions, and that the first Dutch officer who may presume to insult my flag shall be seized and hanged at the mainyard. Your Majesty will find me a brother, if you prove yourself a Frenchman ; but if you forget the sentiments which attach you to our common country, you cannot think it extraordinary that I should lose sight of those which Nature

created between us. In short, the union with Holland and France will be, of all things, most useful to France, to Holland, and the whole Continent, because it will be most injurious to England. This union must be effected willingly, or by force. Holland has given sufficient reason for me to declare war against her. However, I shall not scruple to consent to an arrangement which will secure to me the limit of the Rhine, and by which Holland will pledge herself to fulfil the conditions stipulated above."



NAPOLEON ON THE TERRACE OF S. CLOUD, WITH HIS NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

From a painting by Ducis.

The correspondence between the two brothers ceased for a while ; but Louis was still subjected to vexations on the part of Napoleon.

Louis saw that it was impossible for his people to exist situated as they were, reduced by the extinction of their trade to the resources of a not very fertile soil, painfully recovered from the sea ; and exhausted by the support of an army beyond its means, as it was outside its requirements, and which was solely placed in Holland for the purpose of riveting the yoke on the necks of the impoverished Dutch. For some years Holland had been living on its capital, on what it had saved in prosperity, and now that was exhausted. At this juncture to deprive it of the English trade, of coffee, tea, sugar, tobacco, which had become necessities of life to the people, was a death sentence.

Louis was attached to Napoleon, but he could not fail to disapprove of his

“Continental System,” and he did his utmost to diminish the number of the contingents exacted to swell the army, to lighten the imposts, and to tolerate a traffic in smuggled goods.

Napoleon, in offering Louis the crown of Spain, had admitted the desolate condition to which the Low Countries had been reduced. “They will not be able,” he had written, “to recover from the ruin into which they are fallen” (27th March, 1808).

After the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, Napoleon sent French troops to occupy Zeeland and Brabant, under the pretext that this was a demonstration against the English; and the Emperor invited Louis to come to Paris to converse with him relative to Dutch affairs. Louis hesitated to accept this invitation, and called a council of his ministers, but as they were of opinion that he ought to go to Paris in the interest of Holland, he resigned himself to do so.

No sooner did he arrive, than he read in the speech addressed by the Emperor to the Legislative Body, and which was reported in the *Moniteur*, that “Holland, placed between France and England, is vexed by both; it is the mouth of the principal arteries of my empire. Changes have become necessary. The security of my frontiers, and the interest of both countries imperiously demand them.”

Louis was irritated, and his indignation inspired him with a degree of energy of which he was not believed to be capable. Amidst the general silence of the servants of the Empire, and even of the Kings and Princes assembled in the capital, he ventured to raise his voice and say, “I have been deceived by promises which were never intended to be kept. Holland is tired of being the plaything of France.”* Louis tried to escape and return to Holland. He found that he was a prisoner. A few days afterwards, on leaving his mother’s house, where he was lodging whilst in Paris, he was stopped by gendarmes. In this situation, he sent a messenger to Amsterdam, with orders to the Dutch to close the fortresses, and above all the capital, to the French troops then marching into Holland. Highly incensed, Napoleon thereupon showed him a decree he had drawn up, ordering the incorporation of Holland with France. However, the Emperor hesitated: he thought that the menace would suffice. But at the beginning of March, 1810, he heard that the commands of Louis had been obeyed, and that the French troops had actually been refused admission to Berg-op-Zoom and Breda, and that the Dutch were fortifying Amsterdam. In a fury he wrote (3rd March, 1810) to Fouché: “Has the King of Holland gone off his head? Enquire of him if it is by his order that his ministers have acted thus, or whether it is of their own doing; and tell him that if it be the latter, I will have every one of their heads off.”

Frightened out of his wits, Louis submitted in the most abject manner. On the 16th March, he signed a treaty, whereby he engaged to fulfil all the stipulations relative to the blockade, the supply of contingents, &c., and to accept a position of vassalage, which was more humiliating than an abdication. He

* BOURRIENNE, ii. 452.

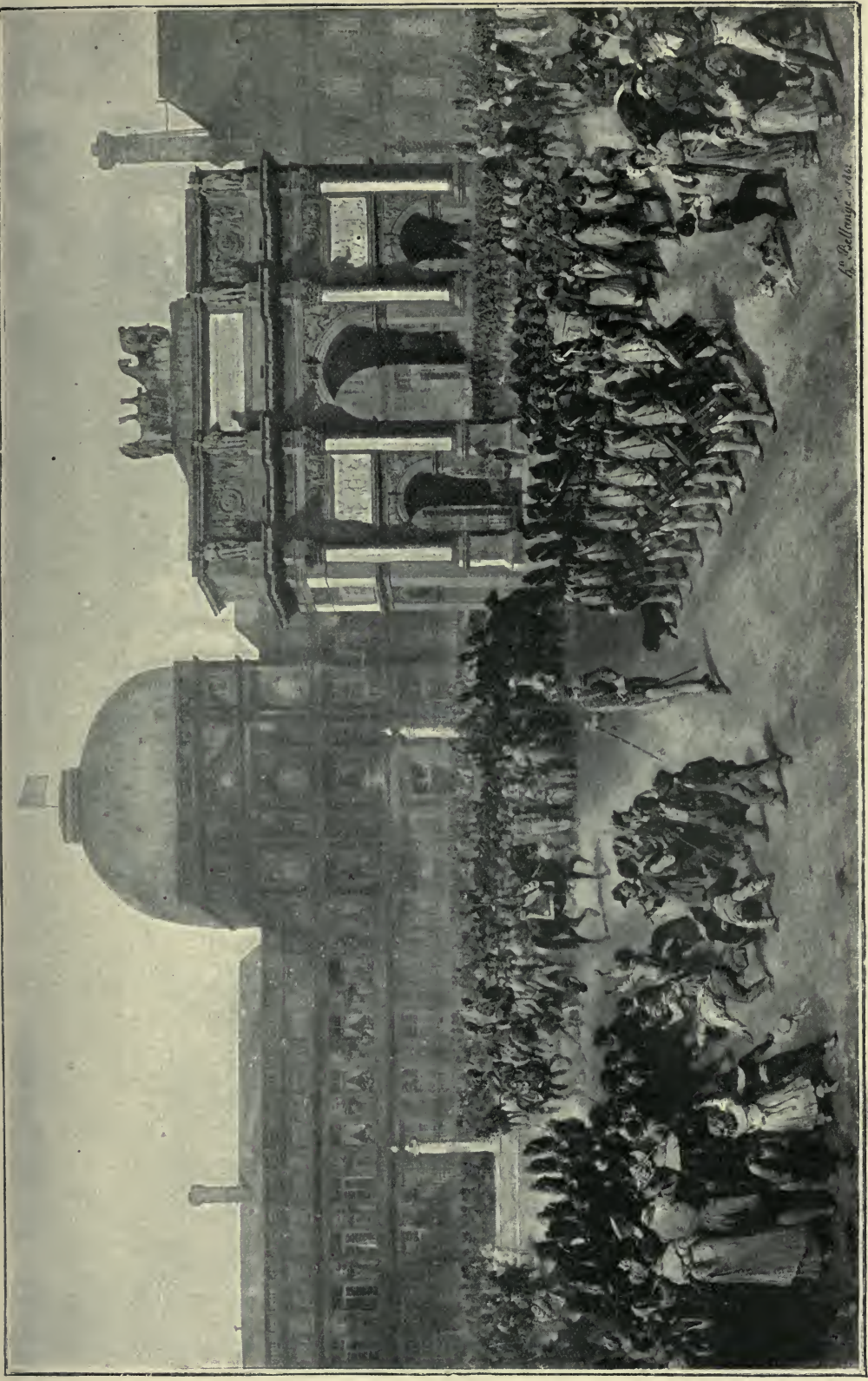
surrendered to the Emperor all that part of Holland which lies on the right bank of the Rhine, that is to say, about a quarter of his territory, and he consented to entrust the defence of his realm to a French army of occupation, and to receive into his custom-houses French officers to replace those who were native, and to make them responsible to the French Emperor alone.

On the 23rd of March, 1810, he wrote the following letter to Napoleon :—

“ If you wish to consolidate the present state of France, to obtain maritime peace, or to attack England with advantage, those objects are not to be obtained by such measures as the blockade, the destruction of a kingdom raised by yourself, or the enfeebling of your allies, and setting at defiance their most sacred rights, and the first principles of the law of nations. You should, on the contrary, win their affections for France, and consolidate and reinforce your allies, making them like your brothers, in whom you may place confidence. The destruction of Holland, far from being the means of injuring England, will serve only to increase her strength, for all industry and wealth will fly to her for refuge. There are, in reality, only three ways of injuring England, namely, by detaching Ireland, getting possession of the East Indies, or by invasion. These two latter modes, which would be the most effectual, cannot be executed without a naval force. But, I am astonished that the first should have been so readily relinquished. That is a more sure method of obtaining peace on good conditions, than the system of injuring ourselves for the sake of doing a greater damage to the enemy.”

But remonstrances produced no effect on Napoleon, by whomsoever made. The answer of the Emperor was brutal in its coarseness :—

“ Brother,—In the situation in which we are placed, it is best to speak candidly. I know your secret sentiments, and all that you can say to the contrary will avail nothing. Holland is certainly in a melancholy situation. I believe you are anxious to extricate her from her difficulties; it is you, and you alone, who can do this. When you conduct yourself in such a way as to induce the people of Holland to believe that you act under my influence, then you will be loved, you will be esteemed, and you will acquire the power requisite for re-establishing Holland; when to be my friend, and the friend of France, shall become a title of favour at your Court, Holland will be in her natural situation. Since your return from Paris, you have done nothing to effect this object. What will be the result? Your subjects, bandied about between France and England, will throw themselves into the arms of France, and will demand to be united to her. You know my character, which is to pursue my object, unimpeded by any consideration. I can dispense with Holland, but Holland cannot dispense with my protection. If, under the dominion of one of my brothers, but looking to me alone for her welfare, she does not find in her Sovereign my image, all confidence in your government is at an end, your sceptre is broken. Love France, love my glory—that is the only way to serve Holland. If you had acted as you ought to have done, then that country would have been the more dear to me, since I had given her a Sovereign whom I almost regard as my son. You have followed a course diametrically opposed to my expectations. I have been forced to prohibit you from coming to France. In proving yourself a bad Frenchman, you are less to the Dutch than a Prince of Orange. . . . You seem to be incorrigible, for you will drive away the few Frenchmen who remain with you. You must be dealt with not by affectionate advice, but by threats and compulsion. What mean the prayers and mysterious



L. Bellange - 1884

REVIEW OF THE TROOPS.
From a picture by Bellange.



fasts you have ordered? Louis, you will not reign long. Your actions disclose, better than your confidential letters, the sentiments of your mind. Be a Frenchman at heart, or your people will banish you, and you will leave Holland covered with ridicule. States must be governed by reason and policy, and not by the weakness produced by acrid and vitiated humours."

The last sentence contains an allusion to his brother's infirmities.

This letter contrasts notably with one of the apocryphal epistles Napoleon manufactured at S. Helena, addressed to Louis, and dated April 3rd, 1808, and intended to impose on posterity. Like most forgeries, it carries evidence of its own falsehood in its composition, for it contains a flagrant anachronism. This letter, as well as the other, composed about the same time to Murat, has been accepted as genuine by historians, although no traces have been found of either in the archives of Paris or Holland. It is, perhaps, needless to add that they have been inserted in the *Correspondance de Napoléon*, the monument erected in honour of the founder of the dynasty by Napoleon III., and that from the same collection have been omitted the letters to Louis given above, and which are of unquestionable genuineness. Napoleon I. had begun the falsification of his own correspondence by the hand of Bourrienne, before the dismissal of the latter; and it was by the loss of his secretary that the proceeding was interrupted and abandoned.

A few days after the letter just quoted had been despatched to Louis, Napoleon heard that the King of Holland had taken no notice of Sérurier, his *chargé d'affaires*, at a diplomatic reception, and that there had been a quarrel between the coachman in the livery of the ambassador and some of the Dutch; the fellow had insulted a citizen of Amsterdam, in consequence of which he had been beaten. Napoleon wrote again to his brother a letter* full of insult and abuse. It ended thus:—

"I don't want any more phrases and protestations. It is time I should know whether you intend to ruin Holland by your follies. I have recalled my ambassador . . . he shall no longer be exposed to your insults. Write me no more of those set phrases, which you have been repeating for the last three years, the falsehood of which is proved every day. This is the last letter I will ever write to you as long as I live."

At the same time the Emperor ordered the French troops to concentrate on Amsterdam, and gave as justification "the outrage committed on the eagles of France," *i.e.* on the buttons of the coachman's livery, and the refusal of the King to allow the French soldiers to enter his fortresses. Louis assembled his Council, and gallantly proposed to close the gates of Amsterdam, and flood the country by cutting the dykes. But the councillors were frightened, and advised submission. Louis, discouraged and disabused, abdicated in favour of his son, and fled secretly to Toeplitz. For a month Napoleon did not know what had become of him. The Emperor at once annexed Holland to France (9th July, 1810), ignored the abdication in favour of his nephew, and when he discovered

* Also omitted from the *Correspondance*.

where his brother was, ordered Otto, who had been ambassador at Vienna, to write the following letter to Louis:—

“Sire,—The Emperor directs me to address your Majesty as follows:—It is the duty of every French Prince, and every member of the Imperial family, to reside in France, whence they cannot absent themselves without the permission of the Emperor. Before the union of Holland to the Empire, the Emperor permitted the King to reside at Toeplitz, in Bohemia. His health appeared to require the use of the waters; but now the Emperor requires that Prince Louis shall return, at the latest, by the 1st December next, under pain of being considered as disobeying the Constitution of the Empire and the head of the family, and being treated accordingly.”

“M. Constant,” said Napoleon, soon after this, to his valet, “do you know what are the three capitals of the French Empire?” Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued, “They are Paris, Rome, and Amsterdam.”

XLII

THE PEACE OF VIENNA

(1809)

THE precipitate return to Paris from Spain had been occasioned partly because Napoleon saw that the reduction of the Peninsula would be a long, tedious, and inglorious work, but also because he had resolved on another campaign against Austria; and such, he did not doubt, would be as successful and dazzling as had been the former, which had ended at Austerlitz.

The Austrian army had been reorganised by the Archduke Charles. It consisted of 300,000 men, to which was added a reserve of 100,000. Moreover, the raising of the Landwehr had been ordered throughout the Empire. All the male population capable of bearing arms had been enrolled, with an enthusiasm that had been general, and had known no distinction of classes. The humiliation to which the Empire had been subjected had sunk to the heart of the nation, which nourished the keenest resentment. For the first time, patriotic feeling had been manifested in this singular conglomerate Empire, and a sense had sprung up throughout Germany that Austria had been the champion of the Teutonic race, of the rights of nations, and of national liberty. The activity with which the armament of the people was pressed forward in the Austrian Empire attracted the attention of Napoleon. On the 16th July, 1808, Champagny was directed to question Metternich on the intentions of his Government.

The Austrian Government made profession of pacific intentions, and explained that as all the neighbouring States—Bavaria, Westphalia, and the Grand Duchy of Warsaw—had transformed their military institutions, and had



NAPOLÉON.

After an engraving by Couché.

adopted the French system of conscription, it did not behove Austria to remain behind.

No sooner had Napoleon arrived in Paris, than he took the matter up with energy. On the 15th of August, he addressed a public remonstrance on the same subject to Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, using violent expressions, and losing his dignity in real or assumed anger.

In order to overawe Austria, but mainly because for once he was less ready than his opponents, he determined on an interview with the Emperor Alexander of Russia, at Erfurt, that was also to be attended by all the princes and potentates subject to him. The meeting would afford him time to prepare before beginning hostilities. As Edgar had been rowed on the Dee by eight kings, so would Napoleon arrive attended by a train of sovereigns, his obsequious servants.

When the French drummers began to rattle their sticks on the approach of one of these royalties, "Bah!" said the commandant, "what are you drumming for? This is only a king!"

Francis did not go to the Erfurt assembly on the 27th September, nor did the King of Prussia, who was represented by Prince William. Four kings of Napoleon's creation—those of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, and Westphalia—the Prince Primate, the Grand Dukes of Hesse-Darmstadt and of Baden, the Dukes of Weimar, Saxe-Gotha, Oldenburg, twenty Princes, and any number of Counts, hovered round his Imperial Majesty Napoleon I., who took on himself the entertainment of the whole assembly. Gobelins tapestries, Sèvres jars, chandeliers of cut glass, furniture, and a legion of cooks and lacqueys, were sent from Paris.

The two Emperors walked, rode, dined with each other, and Napoleon carried off the attendant princes and kings to see Jena. He had the want of delicacy to make Prince William of Prussia attend him, when he showed them over the field. Berthier was annoyed, and afterwards remonstrated with the Emperor.

"It was unwisely done," he ventured to say.

"What?" answered Napoleon, pinching his ear. "Do you think I was a fool to put canes in their hands wherewith to whip me? Be at your ease; I did not tell them all."*

At the theatre, where *Œdipus* was being acted, when the line was pronounced—

"L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux"—

Alexander, who was in an arm-chair near Napoleon above the orchestra, rose, bowed and shook hands with Bonaparte; whereat all the kings and princes, and grand dukes and little dukes, the highnesses and transparencies, clapped their hands and cheered. But that night Napoleon was oppressed with nightmare. He dreamed that he was being hugged, and his heart torn out, by a bear, and he roused his attendants by his cries.†

Magnificent presents were given all round, and Napoleon sent his valet

* CONSTANT, *Mémoires*, 1830, iv. 84.

† CONSTANT, *Ibid.*, 76.

through the streets carrying a handsome night-commode as a gift to his imperial brother.

But, in spite of festivities and mutual compliments, mistrust lay at the heart of those most concerned. Alexander had seen how little reliance was to be placed on the promises of Napoleon, and that the execution of his part of the Treaty of Tilsit was far from his thoughts.

“Romanzoff” (the Russian minister), wrote Champagny to the Emperor, his master, “allows me to perceive that the sentiment lurking behind every word he utters is one of mistrust—mistrust of events, and mistrust of our intentions.”

On the 29th September, the Baron de Vincent had brought Napoleon a courteous letter from the Austrian Emperor, in which he excused himself for not being able to attend the meeting at Erfurt.

On the 14th October, Napoleon answered this in a very different tone. After having reminded Francis that he had been in a position to dismember the Austrian monarchy, but had not willed to do so—an allegation which was not true—he went on to say :—

“What your Majesty is, that you are by my favour. . . . Your Majesty has no right to open up questions that have been settled after fifteen years of war. You must forbid every step likely to provoke war. . . . Your Majesty must abstain from all armaments which may give me uneasiness, and may make a diversion in favour of England. . . . Your Majesty must regard all such as speak of danger to the monarchy as persons who trouble his happiness, that of his family, and that of his subjects.”

And this extraordinary lecture terminated with the maxim, still more extraordinary as coming from him, “The best policy to follow is simplicity and truth.”

No sooner was Napoleon returned from Spain, than he pressed on preparations for war with feverish haste. Bessières was brought from Burgos to the Rhine, and was placed at the head of 80,000 men. Lannes commanded 50,000 men ; Davoust 60,000, concentrating on Bamberg ; Masséna had 50,000, and was instructed to proceed to Ulm ; Lefebvre had 40,000 ; Augereau, 20,000 ; Bernadotte was despatched to Dresden to command 50,000 Saxons ; King Jerome was at the head of a contingent of 12,000 from Westphalia ; in all 324,000 men, and, with the Army of Italy, the forces at his disposal amounted to 424,000.

Instructions were transmitted to the French ambassador at Warsaw to hasten the formation of three Polish divisions to menace Galicia. The Princes of the Rhenish Confederacy were enjoined to collect their respective contingents, and converge on the Danube.

On the 27th March, 1809, appeared a declaration from the Emperor Francis, in which he recapitulated all his grievances against France. A manifesto was addressed to “the German nation,” in which stood the significant words, “Resistance is the last resort for our salvation ; our cause is one with that of Germany.” Gentz, in an appeal to the German nation on the 15th April, exclaimed, “The freedom of Europe has taken refuge under the banners of

Austria." And this was true. Austria was alone; it had to rely on its own arm unassisted. In Prussia men were indeed being enrolled; but Prussia was unable to take the field in its crippled condition without the sanction of Russia, and the Czar had warned her at Erfurt not to draw the sword.

Austria might have succeeded, had there been in her the requisite promptitude. In January there was a chance for her, as Napoleon was unprepared; but full time was granted him to collect his enormous forces. Even when war



“YOUR HAND!”

AN INCIDENT OF THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

was declared, an opening was given to the Archduke Charles to throw himself against each column of the enemy with all his force, as it approached, and to crush each in turn; but he allowed all the columns to unite and concentrate, and the opportunity was lost. At the opening of the campaign he had not made up his mind as to his course—whether to stand on the defensive in Bohemia, or to enter Bavaria. Indeed, Davoust was for many days exposed to destruction in his southward march, had Prussia risen round him, or Charles fallen on his flank. That Napoleon should have exposed his columns to such great risk, was only to be justified by conviction of the incompetency of the Archduke. He knew that his adversary had no inspirations of genius. The

Austrian army crawled over the country like a tortoise, against an enemy that moved with lightning speed. When the Archduke resolved to occupy the Bavarian tableland, the chance of defeating the enemy piecemeal was gone. His manœuvres thenceforth were purposeless and blundering. In an engagement before Ratisbon Napoleon was slightly wounded in the foot. The Archduke extended his line unduly, so as to invite Napoleon to break through its centre, an invitation at once accepted, and carried out at Eckmühl. The left



THE DEATH OF LANNES.

From a painting by Boutigny.

wing was shattered and dispersed, and the right retired into Bohemia without the possibility of opposing the advance of the enemy on Vienna.

The Austrians lost 50,000 men; and again, as in the campaign of 1805, Napoleon found none to resist his entry into the capital, which took place on the 13th of May. He calculated on detaching Hungary from the imperial crown, and issued a manifesto to the Hungarian population, calling them to independence (May 15th). But the proclamation produced no effect. Moreover, Napoleon was not, on this occasion, destined to trample on Austria with as much ease as after Austerlitz. The Archduke Charles had led his force down the Danube along the left bank, and had taken up his position opposite Vienna. Napoleon resolved to attack him, to do which he was obliged to

traverse the river, then swelled and still rising, by way of the island of Lobau, that broke its course, and which the Austrian general had neglected to occupy. Here, accordingly, the Emperor began to cross. The Archduke at once saw his advantage, and fell on the French when half their number had crossed, and in the two desperate battles of Aspern and Essling, fought on the 21st and 22nd of May, defeated Napoleon, and drove him back on to the island.

Had the Archduke pursued his success, and attacked the discouraged and beaten army on Lobau, or had the Archduke John fulfilled the orders given him to march directly from Carinthia to the assistance of the army of the Archduke Charles, the French would most certainly have been completely routed, and forced to retreat to the Rhine.

The Prussian patriots were urgent that Prussia should declare herself, and take the field for Austria, but the King was not to be provoked to so bold a step. To the urgency of the Austrian plenipotentiary, he answered, "We will do what we can some day, but the moment is not now."

As Napoleon retired, defeated and almost in despair, to Lobau, he saw his great friend, Lannes, on his litter, mortally wounded. Next day he visited him in the hovel to which he had been carried. The moment Lannes saw him, "he turned on him eyes rather of a judge than of a friend or follower. In the presence of the great mystery which dissipates human illusions, Lannes rejected consolations, the emptiness of which he well knew. He broke forth in bitter reproach of the ambition, the insensibility of the frantic gambler, with whom men were but the petty coins, exposed without scruple, and lost without remorse. Lannes had been a Republican. He had remained an ardent patriot. More than once he had offended his master by the boldness of his censure, and had shown his disapproval in the midst of a servile Court."*

The Emperor, with his usual energy, strained every nerve to animate his men and to concentrate all his forces. He was watched by the Austrians till June 5th, when the Archduke, to his astonishment and confusion, found that, during the night, the French had made fresh bridges at another point, and had transferred the whole army to the left bank. Then ensued the battle of Wagram. That was contested by the Archduke at the head of 140,000 men, pitted against 180,000. Charles calculated on the arrival of the Archduke John, who was repeatedly ordered to march up to his support; but he was again disappointed. After a hardly contested day the French had barely gained a victory, and were exhausted; then, only, the Archduke John appeared, and precipitately retired, without attempting to strike a blow.

Six days later an armistice was concluded at Znaim, and Charles surrendered his command. Without an ally, Austria was unable to prosecute the war. Negotiations for the conclusion of a peace were entered upon, and protracted on account of the hard conditions imposed by Napoleon. At last, on October 14th, the Peace of Vienna was signed, whereby the Kaiser sacrificed one-third of his territories, and was deprived of one of his main arteries, in that he was cut off from the Adriatic. Tyrol, Salzburg, went to Bavaria; Görz, Trieste,

* LANFREY, iv. 538.



NAPOLÉON WOUNDED BEFORE RATISBON.
From a painting by Gautherot.



Carniola, and Croatia were ceded to France; Saxony and Russia had Galicia parted between them. The Austrian Emperor entered into the "Continental System," was condemned to pay eighty-five million francs, and was forbidden to maintain an army of above 150,000 men.

A curious circumstance came to light somewhat later, which showed how entirely unscrupulous Napoleon was as to the means he employed against an enemy. In his hopes of destroying the credit of Austria, he had contrived the forgery in Paris of her bank notes. He was furious because the Emperor of Austria sent agents into France and Italy to endeavour to trace out the forgers, and he ordered the arrest of these emissaries.* Metternich, in his *Memoirs*, tells us how at a later period, after the marriage with Marie Louise, the Emperor frankly admitted to him that this had been his doing, a scheme of his own for rendering Austria bankrupt, and that he chuckled over his cleverness. Napoleon promised to have the plates and the notes destroyed, but he did not do so.†

* To Fouché, 12th July, 1806.

† METTERNICH, *Memoirs*, 1880-4, ii. 355.

XLIII

MARIE LOUISE

(1810)

AT Erfurt, Napoleon had informed Alexander that he intended to divorce Josephine, because she was childless by him, and to marry another; and he sounded the Czar as to whether he would give him his sister Catherine. Alexander evaded a direct answer: he expressed himself in the most flattering terms, but raised such difficulties as the difference of religion, and the objection of his mother. The matter was dropped; but after Wagram, and whilst Napoleon was in the course of the negotiations which concluded in the Peace of Vienna, his resolution ripened. The Empress Dowager had in the meantime hurried on a marriage of the Archduchess Catherine with the Duke of Oldenburg; but there remained another sister of the Czar, Anna, and Napoleon now sent to his ambassador at St. Petersburg to formally ask the hand of this Princess for his master.

On the 21st of October, he had written to poor Josephine: "I look forward as to a holiday to seeing you again. I await the moment with impatience. I embrace you. Altogether thine," and five days after, on his arrival at Fontainebleau, communicated to Cambacérès the project of divorce. This astute individual had already been struck with the elation manifest in the manner of the Emperor, who "seemed to strut in the halo of glory." Cambacérès represented to him that Josephine was vastly beloved by the French, and that an alliance with a member of an old dynasty might be contrary to the Republican temper of the people. But he speedily recognised that any objection offered by him would be in vain, and he set himself to work as a good servant to smooth the difficulties that stood in the way.

Almost immediately, Austria got wind of the project, and was alarmed. She had no desire for a closer alliance between the Czar and Napoleon, and rather than permit this, was ready to sacrifice one of her own daughters. A hint was at once dropped by the Austrian ambassador at Paris, and was caught at with indecent readiness by Napoleon, who immediately despatched a courier to Russia (10th January, 1810), demanding a categorical answer within ten days to his proposal for the sister of Alexander. The Czar had received the first communication only on the 28th December, 1809. This imperious demand was insulting, and Napoleon was satisfied that it would be so considered. He

had resolved in his own mind not to enter into the Russian alliance, but to secure a union with the House of Hapsburg.

Notwithstanding that he had created kings, and dukes, and nobles of many degrees, he was not comfortable in the presence of the ancient dynasties and feudal aristocracies. He was conscious of a certain *gaucherie*, although invested in Imperial robes, and of *gêne* in presence of those who had an hereditary title. To be able to link himself with one of the most historic of the Houses in Europe, would be a great achievement, and if he were so happy as to beget a son, his offspring would not labour under the disadvantage of being a man without an ancestry.

The ultimatum sent to the Czar allowed him till the 20th January to make up his mind, but on the 21st, a fortnight before he could receive an answer, Napoleon assembled a private council at the Tuileries, composed of all the *grandees* of the Empire, to submit to them the choice between the two grand alliances offered to him.

In the meantime, Alexander had received and answered the peremptory communication. As he was unwilling to quarrel with the French Emperor, he replied with courtesy, that he was willing to consider the proposal, but that his sister was not yet sixteen years old, and could hardly be married for a couple of years. This reply reached Paris on the 6th February, and Napoleon at once wrote to Caulaincourt that this was sufficient to release him from obligation to Alexander relative to his proposal,* and on the very next day, February 7th, he signed a contract of marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria.

For many years the fear that she would be divorced had preyed on Josephine's mind, and it was with a sad heart that she had viewed the preparations for the coronation, as she foresaw that with the assumption of sovereignty, Napoleon's ambition would not be satisfied till he had a son, to whom he could transmit his crown. But after having long dreaded the misfortune that threatened her, the Empress had begun to hope that it would pass away, having been adjourned. Whatever may have been the errors of her early life, she had made amends when raised to be the associate of the greatest man of his age. In a towering position, she had remained humble, and her influence had been exercised for good. Kindly, gracious, sweet-dispositioned, she had made no enemies, save among the Bonaparte family, which could not forgive her past, and desired for their head a more illustrious wife. If not endowed with much wit, "Elle pouvait bien s'en passer," as Talleyrand said, and notwithstanding all his infidelities, she maintained a hold on Napoleon's heart, and, what was better than that, inspired him with personal respect.

During long years, the dread of being divorced weighing like a nightmare on Josephine, had taken the brightness out of her pleasures; but this fear had been laid at the very moment when the blow was destined to fall. She alone was unaware of what was in everyone's mouth. Napoleon arrived at Fontainebleau on the 26th October, 1809, and he had sent for Eugène Beauharnais and Queen Hortense, to soften the blow to their mother. The first intimation to

* An extraordinary letter, impossible to quote.

her that something was determined, compromising her happiness, was given by the masons walling up the door of communication between her apartments and those of the Emperor. The Court left Fontainebleau on the 15th November, to return to Paris. All the Sovereigns in the constellation around the Emperor had been convoked. The restraint in the manner of her husband, the hesitation and anxious looks among her friends and attendants, warned Josephine that a crisis was at hand. Napoleon did not await the arrival of Eugène Beauharnais. On the evening of the 30th November, he broke to the unhappy woman the



NAPOLEON BREAKING THE NEWS TO JOSEPHINE.

From a picture by Chasselat.

tidings of their approaching separation. How this took place she afterwards told Bourrienne.

“We were dining together as usual; I had not uttered a word during that sad dinner, and he had broken silence only to ask one of the servants what o’clock it was. As soon as Bonaparte had taken his coffee, he dismissed all the attendants, and I remained alone with him. I saw in the expression of his countenance what was passing in his mind, and I knew that my hour was come. He stepped up to me—he was trembling, and shuddered—he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and after gazing at me for a few moments in silence, he uttered these fatal words: ‘Josephine! My dear Josephine! You know how I have loved you. To you, to you alone, I owe the only moments of happiness I have tasted in this world. But, Josephine, my destiny is not to be controlled by my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.’ ‘Say

no more,' I exclaimed, 'I understand you; I expected this, but the blow is none the less mortal.' I could not say another word. I know not what happened after that."

The fullest details come from the pen of Bausset, *prefet* of the palace.*

"Their Imperial Majesties were at table. Josephine wore a large white hat, knotted under her chin, hiding part of her face. I thought that I perceived that she had been crying, and had then a difficulty in restraining her tears. She was a picture of sorrow and despair. Silence during dinner was profound; they touched the food presented them merely as a matter of form. The only words addressed to me by Napoleon were, 'Quel temps fait-il?' As he spoke he rose; Josephine followed slowly.† Coffee was offered; Napoleon took his cup, and signed to be left alone. I went out quickly, very uneasy in mind, troubled with my thoughts. I seated myself in the ante-chamber, on a sofa beside the door of the saloon, and mechanically watched the servants engaged in removing the dinner things, when all at once I heard violent cries, uttered by the Empress Josephine, issue from the saloon. The usher of the chamber would have opened; but I prevented him, and told him that if his services were needed, the Emperor would summon him. I was standing by the door, when Napoleon opened it himself, and observing me, said hastily, 'Go in, Bausset, and shut the door.' I entered the saloon, and saw the Empress extended on the carpet, uttering cries and piercing lamentations, 'No! I shall never survive it!‡' Napoleon said to me, 'Are you strong enough to raise Josephine, and to carry her by the inner staircase that communicates with her room, so that she may have the help and care administered to her that she requires?' I obeyed, and raised the Empress. With the aid of Napoleon, I carried her in my arms, and he took a candle from the table, and lighted the way for me, and opened the dining-room door, which by a dark passage communicates with the little staircase to which he had referred. On reaching the first step, I observed to Napoleon that it was too narrow for me to be able to descend with my burden without the risk of a fall. He then called the keeper of his portfolio, who was placed night and day at one of the doors of his cabinet, which communicated with the landing of this little stair. Napoleon handed the candle to him, which we no longer needed, because the passages were lighted. He ordered the keeper to proceed, took hold of the two feet of Josephine, to assist me in descending with more safety. But we nearly had a fall, as I became entangled with my sword. Happily we reached the bottom without an accident, and placed our precious burden on an ottoman in the bedroom. The Emperor at once rang the bell, and summoned the waiting-women of the Empress. When I had raised the Empress in the dining-room, she ceased her lamentations. I thought she was unconscious. But when entangled with my sword on the stair, I was obliged to hold her rather tightly. She was on my arm, which was about her waist, and her back was against my breast; and her head rested on my right shoulder. When she felt the efforts I made to avoid a fall, she said to me in a low tone, 'You press me too much!' I saw then that I had nothing to fear for her health; she had not lost consciousness. When the women came, Napoleon passed into a little chamber that was before the bedroom, and I followed him. His agitation, his disquiet, were extreme. In the trouble in which he was, he let me understand the cause of all that had come to pass, as he said to me, 'In the interests of France and of my dynasty,

* Supplemented by Constant, also a witness.

† "Holding her handkerchief to her mouth."—CONSTANT.

‡ "No! you will not do it! You do not wish to kill me."—CONSTANT.

I must do violence to my heart. This divorce has become a rigorous duty with me. I am all the more vexed at this scene, which Josephine has made, as for three days she has been prepared for it by Hortense—it is an unhappy necessity that obliges me to separate from her—I pity her from the depth of my heart. I did think she had more strength of character. I was not prepared for such an outburst of distress.' The emotion in which he was, forced him to speak at long intervals, so as to allow him to breathe between each sentence. His words escaped him with pain, and disconnectedly, his voice was agitated, and tears moistened his eyes. He must have been beside himself to give me so many

details, for I was far outside of his counsels and confidence. This scene lasted from seven to eight minutes. Napoleon then sent for Corvisart (the doctor), Queen Hortense, Cambacérés, and Fouché; and before he went to his own apartment, assured himself of the condition of Josephine by a visit, and found her calmer and more resigned."*



NAPOLEON READING.
A sketch from Nature by Girodet.

In order to obtain a legal divorce, it was necessary that Josephine should formally consent to it. Accordingly, a family gathering (15th Dec.) was assembled of all the members then in Paris. By this time Eugène Beauharnais had arrived, and had learned from the lips of his mother what was determined.

The Empress entered the hall, where all were gathered together, in a very simple, white dress, without the smallest ornament, whereas the Bonaparte family were all in gala costume. She was pale, but calm, and leaned on the arm of Queen Hortense, who was as wan as her mother, and more agitated. Prince Beauharnais stood beside the Emperor, his arms crossed, trembling so violently that it was feared he would break down.

The Emperor, in a hard, metallic voice, read a declaration, announcing his resolution to separate from Josephine:—

"The interest of the people," he said, "required that he should leave a family to inherit his love for them, and the throne on which Providence had

* DE BAUSSET, *Mémoires anecdotiques*, &c. 1827, i. 370.

placed him. For several years he had been hopeless of having children by his dearly-loved spouse; consequently he was constrained to sacrifice the softest affections of his heart, so as to consider only the welfare of the State, and to desire a dissolution of his marriage."

When Josephine rose to read the declaration that had been prepared for her, and which announced her consent, so little in agreement with her real sentiments, sobs broke her utterance. It was not possible for her, in spite of her efforts, to articulate a single sentence, and her violent agitation and streaming tears gave a lie to the words put into her mouth. Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély took the paper from her hands, and read the document.

Josephine sank into an arm-chair, and remained in one position through the recital, leaning her elbow on a table. That concluded, she rose, wiped her eyes, and, with great control of voice, pronounced her consent; then signed the document, and retired, leaning on the arm of her daughter. Prince Eugène left the hall at the same moment, but, overcome by his emotion, sank insensible between the double doors.

"During this painful scene the Emperor said not a word, nor made a sign. He was immovable as a statue, his eyes fixed, and almost dazed. He was silent and dispirited all day. That evening, as he was preparing to go to bed, and I was awaiting his last orders, suddenly the door opened, and I saw the Empress enter, her hair in disorder, her face distracted. Her aspect terrified me. Josephine—but it was no more Josephine—advanced, tottering, to the side of the Emperor's bed. Then she fell, flung her arms round the neck of His Majesty, and lavished on him the tenderest caresses. My emotion was indescribable. The Emperor began to cry also. He raised himself, and clasped Josephine to his heart, saying, 'Come, my good Josephine, be more reasonable! Come! courage! courage! I shall always be your friend,' stifled by sobs. The Empress was unable to reply. A mute scene ensued, which lasted several minutes, during which their tears and their sobs were mingled, and uttered more than words could express. Finally, His Majesty, rousing from his emotion as from a dream, noticed me, and said, in a voice broken with tears, 'Go outside, Constant.' I obeyed. Presently I saw Josephine return, sad, and still in tears, and making to me a sign of kindly salutation as she passed. Then I returned into the bedroom to take away the candles. The Emperor was silent as one dead, and had so buried his head in the bedclothes, that I could not see his face."*

Next day poor Josephine left for Malmaison. The Emperor provided that she should have a handsome provision made for her, and that she should retain the title of Empress. She was speedily deserted by most of her friends, and all her attendants passed over to the service of her successor. On the same day, the 16th December, the *procès-verbal* of this double declaration was presented to the Senate, which at once voted the dissolution of the marriage between Napoleon and Josephine.

The rupture of the religious tie was less easy. It was necessary that some flaw should be proved in the marriage ceremony, which had been performed by Cardinal Fesch. It was thought that—as, by the decree of the Council of

* CONSTANT, iv. 223.

Trent, a marriage must be celebrated by the incumbent of the parish, or by someone authorised by him—this would serve as pretext; but Cardinal Fesch frankly admitted that he had acted under a dispensation from the Pope. The only canonical defect that could be discovered was that Napoleon had been married against his will; and he had the indecency to swear that this was the case; and he produced the testimony of Duroc, Talleyrand, and Berthier, to show that he had submitted to the ecclesiastical ceremony only because, without it, the Pope had refused to crown him. On this miserable plea, the ecclesiastical court was false enough to its divine responsibilities to decree the nullity of the marriage which had united Napoleon to Josephine.

Josephine had not loved Bonaparte when she married him, but she had come to throw all the fibres of her affectionate nature round him. She had clung to him with passionate devotion. His ardour had long cooled, but he loved her still, after his cold fashion, reserving his raptures and flames for illicit connections, which were numerous enough, but which he concealed as much as possible from her. The story of these attachments need not be given here.

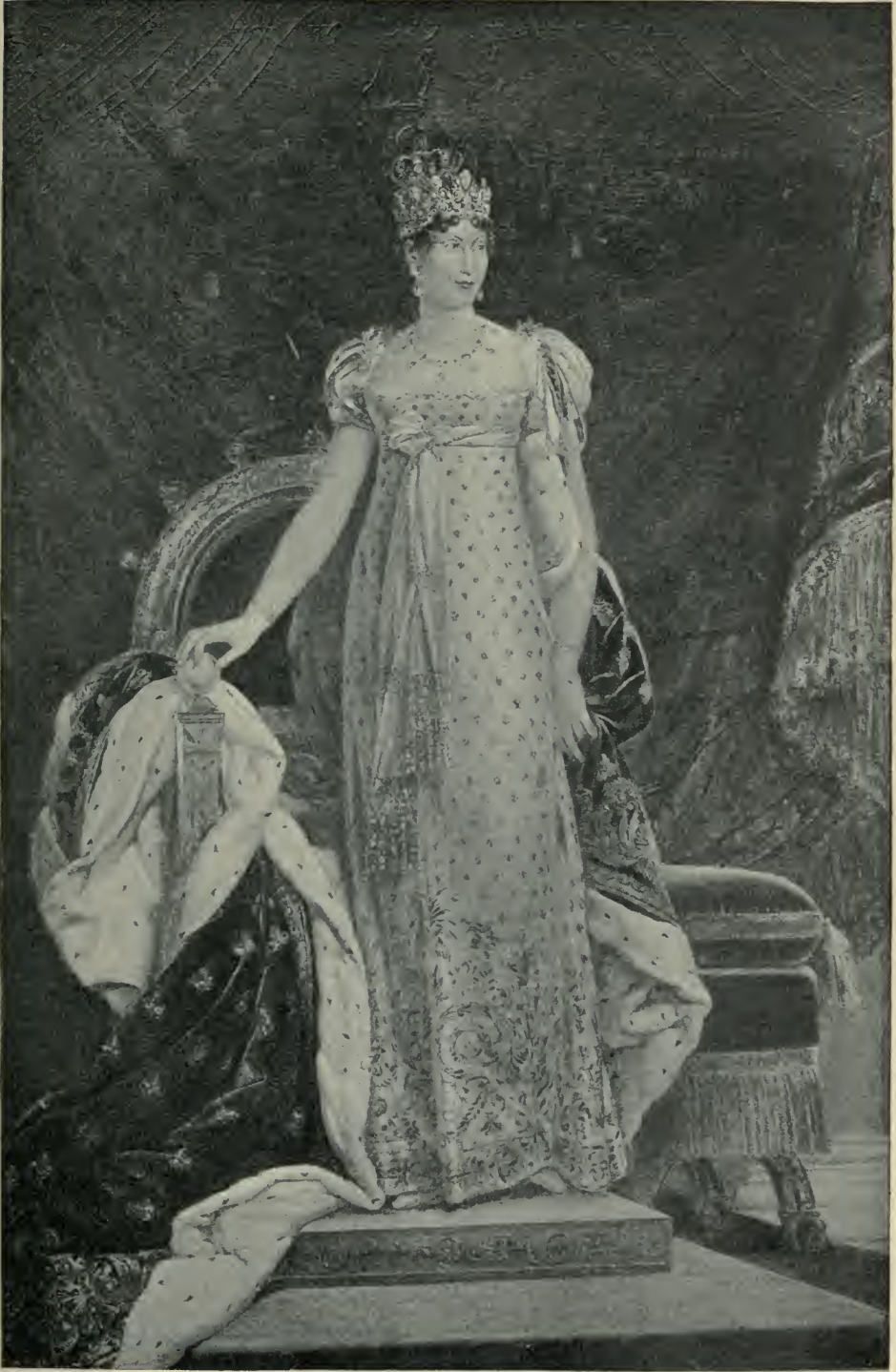
The Emperor was sensibly relieved when the separation from the elderly Josephine was accomplished, and then he looked forward with the utmost impatience to his marriage with Marie Louise, aged nineteen.

“The Emperor then showed himself very lively, and took more care of his appearance. He required me,” says Constant, “to renew his wardrobe, and order for him fresh suits, in a more modern fashion. His Majesty sat at the same time for his portrait, which was taken to Marie Louise by the Prince of Neufchatel. The Emperor received at the same time that of his young wife, and seemed to be enchanted with it.

“His Majesty, to please Marie Louise, laid out more money than he had hitherto done for any woman. One day when alone with Queen Hortense and the Princess Stephanie (of Baden), the latter maliciously asked him if he could waltz. His Majesty replied that he had never got beyond the first lesson. ‘When I was at the Military School,’ said he, ‘I tried often to overcome the spinning in my head caused by it, and failed. Our dancing master advised us to take each a chair in our arms and practise with that in lieu of a lady. I never failed on such occasions to tumble down with my chair that I was hugging, and to break it. The chairs not only of my room, but also of those of my comrades, were all broken by this means.’ This story provoked bursts of laughter. The Princess Stephanie returned to the charge, and said, ‘It is unfortunate that your Majesty does not know how to waltz. The German ladies are madly in love with that dance, and the Empress is sure to partake of the tastes of her compatriots. She may have no other cavalier but your Majesty, and will thus be deprived of a great pleasure.’ ‘You are right,’ answered the Emperor. ‘Come, give me a lesson.’ He rose and took some steps with the Princess Stephanie, humming the air of the Queen of Prussia. But after two or three turns, which were clumsily performed, the Princess of Baden halted, and said, ‘Sire, that is enough to show me that you will always be a bad pupil. You are a man to give lessons, and not to receive them.’”*

The marriage took place by proxy at Braunau, on the 11th March, the marriage contracts having been signed at Paris on February 7th, and at Vienna

* CONSTANT, iv. 247.



THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE.

By Gérard.

on February 16th, 1810. Berthier, with the title of Prince of Wagram, acted as proxy. There was lack of delicacy in sending a man with such a title.

Marie Louise was tall, fair-haired, graceful, with blue eyes. "She is not beautiful," said the Emperor, on a subsequent visit to Josephine, "but she is the daughter of the Cæsars." Her eyes were curiously turned up at the corners, like those of Tartars, and the brows correspondingly raised. What charm she possessed was due to her youth and simplicity. She had none of the polished grace and warmth of heart of Josephine, and certainly nothing of her exquisite tact.

"The Empress travelled by short relays; and a fête awaited her in every town through which she passed. Every day the Emperor sent her a letter from his own hand, and she replied regularly. Her first letters were very short, and probably sufficiently cold, for the Emperor said nothing about them, but they gradually became longer and warmer, and the Emperor read them with transports of pleasure. He awaited the arrival of these letters with the impatience of a lover of twenty years, and was always complaining of the slowness of the couriers, although they killed their horses through over-expedition."*

According to the programme of the etiquette to be observed on the occasion of the meeting of Napoleon and Marie Louise, they were first to see each other at Compiègne, where a tent was erected, fashioned like the wooden house on the river at Tilsit, with openings opposite each other. The official programme directed: "When their Imperial Highnesses meet in the middle of the tent (into which they shall enter from opposite sides simultaneously), then the Empress shall incline to kneel, the Emperor shall raise her up, embrace her, and then their Imperial Majesties shall sit down."†

But Napoleon had the good sense to break through these formalities. After the example of Henry IV., when he went to Lyons to meet his bride, Marie de Medicis, he had no sooner received intelligence of her approach to Compiègne, than, "Ohè! ho! Constant," said he to his *valet de chambre*, "Order a plain carriage without liveries, and help me to dress."

He made his toilet with more than usual care, "laughing like a child at the effect the unexpected interview would cause," slipped on the grey redingote he had worn at Wagram, and jumped into the carriage. On reaching Courcelles, he passed the last courier sent on to announce the approach of the Empress. It was raining in torrents. The Emperor left his carriage and stepped into the church porch, and as Marie Louise's carriage approached, he made a sign to the postilions to stop. Then, throwing open the carriage door, he caught Marie Louise in his arms, just as she was contemplating his miniature. "Sire," said she, after she had looked hard at him, "the painter has not flattered you." The civil marriage was performed at S. Cloud with much pomp on the 1st April, and then the Imperial couple started for Holland.

"Josephine," said Napoleon, "was all art and grace; Marie Louise was natural simplicity and innocence. The former never for a moment was without the manner and habits which made her agreeable and seductive . . . the latter

* CONSTANT, iv. 252.

† BAUSSET, ii. 23.

never attempted anything but innocent artifice. The first was always a little on one side of truth; the second was incapable of dissimulation. The first asked for nothing, and was always in debt; the second never hesitated to ask when she was out of pocket, but that was rarely. Never would she take anything which she knew, in conscience, she would not be able to pay for. Both were good, gentle, and much attached to their husband."

It may be asked, "What had Napoleon gained by this wrong done to Josephine, who had given him the first lift in life, by which his fortune had been made, and by putting in her room a daughter of the Cæsars?" Literally



RECEPTION OF MARIE LOUISE AT COMPIÈGNE.

nothing. He had offended the Czar, and he had inflicted one humiliation the more on Austria. A woman's hair would not bind together the two Empires. Afterwards, when an exile on S. Helena, Napoleon recognised that in the divorce of Josephine he had committed the main error of his life.

To this period belongs the statue of Napoleon by Canova, which came into the possession of the Duke of Wellington. Canova was in Paris at the time when Bonaparte was First Consul, as well as afterwards under the Empire, and he modelled a bust of him, which was an indifferent likeness; unhappily, Canova's mind was so filled with classic traditions, that he could not be true to Nature, and he elaborated a bust which was very classical and Greek, but not like the original. From this he adapted the head to his colossal statue,

which was sent to Paris in 1811. Meneval says of it, "As an object of art this statue is a fine work, but owing to want of resemblance to the original, and to its nudity, it did not please the Emperor. It was placed in the Louvre, but not exposed."

Bourrienne gives as the reason of the failure that Napoleon exhibited such restlessness and impatience as not to give Canova a fair chance of catching his likeness. "Canova often expressed to me his displeasure at not being able to study his model as he desired, and at the indifference of Bonaparte, which, he said, chilled his imagination. All the world agreed that he had failed."



XLIV

ROME

(1809—1810)

THE anger of Napoleon against the Pope had been long gathering. It exhibited itself in peevish complaints, brutal insults, and in letters devoid of dignity.

On January 1st, 1809, he wrote to Champagny :—

“It is the custom of the Pope to send tapers to the various Powers. You must write to my agent at Rome that I will not accept one. The King of Spain, too, does not want one. Write to (the Kings of) Naples and Holland to refuse them likewise. They must not be received, because the Papal Court had the insolence not to send them last year. This is the course I wish to be taken as concerns me. My *chargé d'affaires* will make known that at Candlemas I receive tapers blessed by my *curé*; that it is neither the purple nor the power which gives a value to those kinds of things. There may be Popes as well as *curés* in hell; therefore the taper blessed by my *curé* may be quite as holy as that of the Pope. I will not receive those given by the Pope, and all the Princes of my family shall follow my example.”

The puerility of Napoleon in one of his peevish moods was rarely more conspicuous than in this grotesque letter.

Then he took it on him to lecture the Holy Father on his immorality in negotiating with the English, who were Protestants, and on having political dealings with the Russians, who were Schismatics.

On the 17th May, 1809, Napoleon had issued, from “his Imperial camp at Vienna,” the decree which put an end to the temporal power of the Pope. On Trinity Sunday, June 10th, the guns of S. Angelo announced to the citizens that Rome had become an Imperial city. The Pope at once launched an excommunication, so prolix, involved, and obscure, as to hurt no one. The Emperor was not named in it, nor his ministers nor generals; it was a bang from a mortar charged with gunpowder only, that made a flash, and did no harm. Yet the temerity of the proceeding so frightened Pius VII.—the only person it did frighten—that he hastily withdrew the bull.

The Imperial ensign was hoisted on the castle of S. Angelo, and half a squadron of cavalry appeared in the Piazza del Popolo, preceded by trumpeters.

The trumpets sounded, and a herald advanced, arrayed in a red coat, and read the following proclamation:—

“Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, &c.

“Considering that when our august predecessor, Charlemagne, Emperor of the French, gave various States and territories to the Bishops of Rome, he did it solely to increase the happiness and prosperity of his own States, and that Rome by no means ceased thereby to form a part of his Empire.

“Considering also that the union of the spiritual and the temporal powers in the same hands, as it is now, is a source of continual disorders; that the Popes too often avail themselves of the one to sustain the pretensions of the other; and that spiritual matters, which are by their very nature immutable, must come into opposition with terrestrial affairs, which change according to circumstances and the politics of the time.

“Considering, lastly, that all our efforts to reconcile the safety of our armies, the tranquillity and well-being of our people, the dignity and integrity of our Empire, with the temporal pretensions of the Pope, have been unavailing.

“We have decreed and we decree the following:—

“Article I. The States of the Church are united to the French Empire.

“Article II. The city of Rome, the first seat of Christianity, and so justly famous for its ancient memories and the grand monuments of antiquity there preserved, is declared a free and Imperial city. The government and administration to be settled by a special statute.

“Article III. The monuments of ancient Roman greatness will be maintained at the expense of our treasury.

“Article IV. The public debt is declared the debt of the Emperor.

“Article V. The actual yearly income of the Pope will be raised to two millions of francs, free of every liability.

“Article VI. The property and the palaces of the Pope will not only be exempt from every charge and imposition, jurisdiction or inspection, but will enjoy special immunities.

“Article VII. A Special Commission will take formal possession of the States of the Church in our name, on the first day of June in the current year, and will so arrange matters that the constitutional form of government shall be in full working order by the 1st January, 1810.”

The Pope was, as will be seen, treated with generosity, and had he been a man of apostolic spirit and broad intellect, he would have rejoiced to be freed from the obligations of a temporal sovereignty, which in its direct effect on the welfare of the population of the Papal States was as lowering to the credit of the Church, as in the indirect moral effect it had on adherents throughout Europe. But the words addressed to S. Peter were prophetic of his reputed successors. “Thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.” As Pius VII. was seated in his carriage to leave Rome, he raised his hands with a sudden exclamation of despair, “I forgot to bring away any money!” Then, recovering himself, he added, “This may be called a truly apostolic journey.”*

Miollis, the French general in command in Rome, answered the excommunication by sending the Pope to Savona. This was an act of excess of zeal,

* SALVAGNI'S *La Corte*, &c., iii. c. 37.

and Napoleon at once declared that the removal of the Pope was contrary to his wishes. "It is a great folly," he wrote to Fouché, on the 18th June, "and I am much annoyed at it"; and to Cambacérès, on the 23rd June, "It was without my orders, and against my will, that the Pope has been taken from Rome." However, as the removal had been effected, he did not advise that he should be sent back.

The proclamation of the union of the States of the Church with the Kingdom of Italy caused vast rejoicings in the people, who saw therein a promise of life and activity, after the death or stupefaction caused by priestly rule.

No sooner was the Pope gone, than a clean sweep was made of the old *régime*. The police force was reorganised, senators appointed, the law courts reformed, the army set on a new footing, and the system of finance overhauled; and so rapidly and effectually was all this done, that by the 15th August the Administration was in good working order. The monopolies, which had pressed so heavily on the people, were done away with. The House of Albani no longer enjoyed the exclusive right to manufacture pins; Andrea Novelli was not allowed to be the only man to fill the lamps of the Romans; the ferryboats ceased to be the exclusive property of Alexandro Betti; rags and paper were free to everyone. The city, which had been in physical as well as intellectual darkness, was now furnished with lamps. The right of sanctuary exercised by the cardinals was abolished.

The captivity of Pius VII. at Savona was the prelude to other measures for the transformation of the Church. The Emperor was afraid lest the cardinals should make an attempt to supply the vacancy in the See. He therefore ordered that their college should be removed to Paris. They showed their anger by abstaining from occupying the seats prepared for them in the long gallery of the Louvre, where the religious ceremony of the marriage was performed, after Napoleon had been united to Marie Louise, civilly, and by proxy. There were twenty-seven cardinals then in Paris, and very few occupied their stalls. Napoleon's eagle eye at once perceived the vacancies, and he asked, "Where are my cardinals?" and then he muttered, "The fools! the fools!"

Frightened at the report of his anger, they crowded to his reception at the Tuileries on the morrow, whence Napoleon indignantly swept them out, and deprived them of their scarlet habits.

On the 25th February, 1810, the Emperor issued a decree, repeating the four famous clauses of the Charter of the Gallican clergy, assuring the independence and liberty of the National Church, which were expounded in all the schools of the Empire. Then the Chapter of Paris voted an address to Napoleon, in which they declared that the head of the State was not subordinate; in any of his acts, to the head of the Church, the latter being a subject of the Emperor, and therefore bound to obey his laws. But although Napoleon found a ferment of the old Gallican spirit among the bishops and clergy of France, yet he had fatally injured the cause of the Church by the Concordat; and Pius VII. now used the power admitted by that compact, to refuse to confirm the nominations made to vacant bishoprics, so that a considerable number of sees were left with-

out their spiritual heads. This was all that the Pope ventured to do. It was an unscrupulous manner of resenting an injury, thus to deprive dioceses of their spiritual pastors, to paralyse the system of parochial organisation and the supply of priests to vacant benefices; but it was the only method whereby he was able to annoy the Emperor.

It is instructive to note the eagerness with which certain writers have seized on Napoleon's harsh treatment of the Pope, and confiscation of the States of the Church, as synchronising with the decline of the fortunes of the Emperor, and have endeavoured to trace in them a sequence of cause and effect. Even a man of Alison's intelligence could not resist the temptation. It is easy to point out that the declension of Napoleon's power, the disasters which crowded on him and ended in his ruin, had nothing whatever to do with his treatment of the Pope, and are explicable on other grounds, so obvious and distinct, that to associate the one with the other shows an inexcusable blindness to facts, or bias in their treatment.

Napoléon had been carried into power on the wave of French national feeling, now expended, while on all sides angry and threatening rose the nationalities released by him. His fall was inevitable, from the moment that he had roused Portuguese, Spaniards, Austrians, Germans, and Russians to a consciousness of their several national existences, and of the vital force inherent in them each as a nation, at the very moment when he had pulverised liberty in France herself. In the great upheaval, Southern Italy alone was torpid. There, in a people rendered debased, superstitious, unmanly, by past misgovernment, the seeds of true national life hardly existed, or were only now strewn, and had not as yet had time to germinate. Later, indeed, they appeared, and have produced the United Italy of to-day.

What Napoleon had set before him was a just object—the union of Italy, but the time for that union was not yet arrived. An Italy without Rome would be a body without a heart. The temporal sovereignty of the Pope was worse than an anachronism; it was a political crime protracted from year to year. A tree is known by its fruits. The fruits of Papal sovereignty had been the debasement of the Italian people under its rule to the lowest degree of degradation to which man can be brought, who had once been civilised, and lives among traditions of his former high estate. The temporal power debased those subjects to it, and depraved the rulers. It was a tree that had brought forth apples of Sodom; nay, worse than that, rank poison.

Napoleon, however, acted with too great precipitation, and time for his experiment to work out results was not granted.

On March 31st, 1814, Pius VII. re-entered the States of the Church, and the sheet of lead was recast over the reviving nationality. In a proclamation, he communicated his reactionary intentions. Some of his promises may be quoted:—

The abolition of the Code Napoleon, and the re-establishment of Pontifical legislation.

The abolition of all the newly-instituted tribunals.

The abolition of all municipal rights.

The restoration of the property of suppressed religious communities.

The re-establishment of sanctuaries for malefactors.

The Edict concluded with these words :—

“Fortunate subjects of the Holy See, and of a Pontiff so grand, so generous, so holy! from these traits you may judge of the happiness which awaits you. It will be completed when the moment you so greatly desire shall have arrived, and you see your beloved sovereign again. You will receive him with devout exultation, and your tears of love and gratitude will render you more than ever worthy of those stupendous gifts he will pour upon you with no niggard hand.”

Promises of real benefits were made, as the abolition of feudal rights (31st March), but were not kept. On July 30th, the order was issued “that every baron should resume his feudal jurisdiction, with all his rights and privileges.” The proclamation of Pius might well have been headed with the text from Jeremiah, “While ye look for light, he will turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness.”

THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM

ON the 17th March, 1811, at seven o'clock in the evening, Marie Louise became the mother of a son, and the joy of Napoleon seemed to be fulfilled. The young Prince was to be King of Rome, and it appeared as though Fortune favoured the Emperor, and promised that his dynasty should continue.

But at that very time the whole structure raised by him was tottering to its fall. His generals, dazzled by his successes, did not see this, but statesmen did. Wellington, behind the lines of Torres Vedras, was certain of it; Talleyrand, in his country house, only wondered that it did not fall to pieces faster.

"Marmont," said Decrès, "you see everything in a rosy light. May I put before you the truth, and unveil to you the future? The Emperor is mad, wholly mad. He will upset us all, and the end will be an overwhelming catastrophe."

The members of the Rhenish Confederation were oppressed with exactions. The future of their populations was menaced by the drain of young men for the field, and the prosperity of the country jeopardised by the Continental System.

"It is coming to this," said Maximilian of Bavaria, "that we shall have to lock up our houses, put the key under the door, and run away."

Prussia had been torn to shreds, and nursed projects of vengeance in her heart. Although forbidden to maintain more than a moderate army, she evaded the decree by passing all her male population in succession through the ranks.

Into the flank of the Empire was driven the iron wedge of Wellington's little army, entrenched in such a position that it could not be expelled. The English general waited behind his lines, in confidence that the time was near when all Europe would again be in flames. Meanwhile he was teaching a lesson to the enemies of Napoleon how to meet him, by threatening his communications, and opposing to him a method of resistance that avoided pitched battles, dispirited his troops, and took from the marshals the glory of victories—a lesson shortly to be put in practice in Russia.

This latter Empire was by no means well disposed towards Napoleon. The Russian people were ill-satisfied at seeing their Czar on good terms with the Corsican. There existed among them an hereditary hatred of the Poles, and the creation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw was, as they believed, an earnest

of a re-establishment of the Polish kingdom. The annexation of Austrian-Galicia to this Duchy, in accordance with the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, had further excited their apprehensions. Indeed, Napoleon ought to have seen, in the eagerness with which Austria shifted Galicia from her shoulders, that Francis anticipated an advantage thereby; but, in his impatience to have the peace concluded, and in his desire to do something more for the Poles, who had served him, Napoleon overlooked the danger. Alexander, suspicious and irritated, was further offended by the cavalier manner in which he had been treated relative to the marriage.

The Emperor had probably some idea that the incorporation of Galicia with the Grand Duchy of Warsaw would cause irritation in Russia; and on the same day on which the Treaty of Vienna was signed (20th Oct., 1809), he made the extraordinary proposal to the Czar that he should concur with him in "causing the names of Poland and Polish to disappear, not only out of every transaction, but even out of history."

Alexander, by this time, had seen through the character of his ally, and his enthusiastic friendship for him had considerably cooled. He had learned thoroughly to mistrust his word; and to be on his guard against his ambition. He had consented to Russia entering the league against English commerce, and the inconvenience was seriously felt by his people.

In Portugal, Wellington was anticipating that after the conclusion of the war with Austria, the troops that had been victorious at Wagram would be poured into the Peninsula, and that the Emperor would place himself at their head. This also was the expectation of all Europe, and it explains the timidity of the English Ministry. But to the surprise of everyone, instead of doing this, Napoleon sent the major part of the troops thus set free, to guard the seaboard from Antwerp to Danzig, converting them practically into a coastguard-force against the importation of English and colonial goods.

He made little account of the genius of Wellington; he knew that the army at his disposal numbered hardly 25,000 men, that is to say, Englishmen; the Portuguese and Spanish contingents he considered wholly unimportant. For the same reason he grudged reinforcements, and on the principle he had laid down that a country occupied should pay for the force occupying it, regardless that the Peninsula was exhausted, he withheld likewise the provisions that were necessary for its support. It was the way with Napoleon to concentrate his thoughts on one matter at a time, and this largely tended to his success. But what succeeded in warfare, did not succeed in State policy. He was now more than ever resolved on perfecting his continental blockade, and in order to do this, he neglected to take personal command of his armies in the Peninsula. When he had completed his arrangements for closing all Europe to the English, then, if the work had not already been accomplished by Soult, Masséna, or Ney, it would be time for him to enter the field, and by one masterly engagement throw the English into the sea.

The decree against English commerce had been issued at Berlin. In 1807, after his return from Poland, Napoleon paid a visit to Italy, and from Milan



MARIE LOUISE AND THE YOUNG KING OF ROME

From a painting by Franque.

issued a second decree, extending and aggravating the clauses of the first, as an answer to the British Orders in Council, which put an end to the immunity which had been enjoyed by the vessels of neutral Powers. Such Powers, as the British Government justly argued, had become accomplices when accepting the dictation of Bonaparte, and must take the consequences. Napoleon by his second decree struck not only at the English trade, but also at those American vessels which had submitted to be searched, or had touched at any English port. On the same day on which the Milan decree was signed (December 17th, 1807), he wrote to Vice-Admiral Decrès ordering the detention of a Russian vessel which had put into Morlaix, because, if really Russian, she would inevitably be taken by



BAPTISM OF THE KING OF ROME.

From a drawing by Gonbaut.

English cruisers, and if she used the Russian flag merely as a protection, she deserved detention.

One of Napoleon's brothers protested that this system "was more likely to ruin France than England," and Talleyrand declared that if it should succeed, the ruin of the English Constitution would be the most serious disaster that could happen to Europe. It was to enforce this vendetta against England that fire and sword were carried through Europe from Portugal to Russia, and that Napoleon dashed himself against the laws of Political Economy, and was broken to pieces.

"When Napoleon," says Lanfrey, "had published his two decrees of Berlin and Milan; the former, by which he declared that England was blockaded, and that at a time when he was not able to hold a single ship on the seas; the

second, by which he denationalised, and declared liable to be taken as prizes, all vessels belonging to neutral Powers, which submitted to the Orders in Council of the British Admiralty, and accepted their licences to sail unmolested, it was supposed to be a sort of bravado on his part, and an attempt at intimidation, rather than a determined system that was to be carried into execution. It was, in fact, difficult to imagine that a man with so penetrating a genius, after having recognised the impossibility of conquering England on the high seas, should have conceived the foolish idea of forcing her to capitulate by



THE HOPE OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

From a contemporary engraving.

stopping all the mouths of commerce on the Continent. The first condition for realising such a dream was that Napoleon should be absolute master on the Continent, and even then, that hypothesis being admitted, the execution would have been very difficult. Now in 1807 and 1808, the Emperor was far from being that. The continental blockade, when first announced, had seemed to be a threat, an attempt on paper to make a reprisal, a final echo of the miserable declamations of the Committee of Public Safety. It was further so considered, because at first it was observed with laxity, especially during the war with Austria.

“But this illusion was of short duration. No sooner was the peace signed than Napoleon reverted with ardour keener than ever to this, his favouri/

scheme, and he proudly announced that it was his resolve to have the blockade maintained in its rigour.

“To understand this system in its full severity, it is necessary to know what were its practical consequences. What it really implied was not only, as it seemed to be, the interdiction of English commerce, but that of all maritime commerce whatsoever. The first effect of the measures commanded by Napoleon had been the annihilation or immobilisation of the commercial marine of all the ancient neutral Powers. No commerce was possible except through England. The blockade meant not only the privation of manufactured goods of English make, but the absolute prohibition of all those colonial products which, in the North especially, had become objects of prime necessity, as sugar, cotton, coffee, tobacco, tea, spices, woods for dyeing, so necessary for manufacturers, and of pharmaceutical products, such as quinine; finally, of salt itself, which in some lands, such as Sweden, only arrived by sea.

“But these were not the sole inconveniences. At the same time that these precious importations from more favoured regions were forbidden entry into the Northern lands, their exports were stopped; for their natural produce of iron, building timber, tar, were capable of transport only by water. Land carriage tripled their cost, and created a veritable prohibition.

“Thus the continental blockade meant, for the majority of the European States, the destruction of their commerce and of all great manufactures, the privation of necessaries of life, the loss of ships and of colonies; it meant, in one word, misery and ruin. Finally, on them was imposed a whole series of insupportable vexations, for the prohibited merchandise was not only confiscated on the frontiers, but was hunted after and seized even in private houses. And with good cause has it been affirmed, especially with reference to Germany, that the Continental System served, far more than did conquest, to rouse the people against France.”*

Bourrienne, who was French Minister at Hamburg, had ample opportunity for judging of the effect of this mischievous system. It encouraged smuggling among the people on the frontier and fraud among the officials. On the coast of Oldenburg, he says, the trade with England was carried on uninterruptedly: When the custom-house officers succeeded in seizing contraband goods, fights ensued, in which they sometimes came off worst. On July 2nd, 1809, for instance, the officers captured eighteen waggons laden with English goods at Brinkam; but the peasantry armed, fell on the officers, and recaptured the entire convoy.

In Hamburg, about 6,000 persons of the lower orders were employed in smuggling. They passed backwards and forwards between Altona and Hamburg some twenty times a day, conveying contraband goods into the town.

On the left of the road were sand-pits, whence sand was extracted for laying on the streets. The smugglers filled the sand-pits with brown sugar, and the little carts, which usually conveyed the sand into Hamburg, were filled with sugar.

Then a sudden mortality seemed to have broken out among the poor, and the number of funeral processions which passed in and out of the gates created both surprise and alarm. On a hearse being arrested and examined, it was found stuffed with coffee, vanilla, and indigo.

* LANFREY, v. 237.

Napoleon found it impossible to maintain the system in all its rigour in France, the fertility of which, and its favourable climate, rendered it more capable of enduring the privation of colonial goods than Germany, Sweden, and Russia; and he devised a means of signing licences, which empowered trading vessels to import foreign goods into France, on condition that they exported an equivalent of French goods. But this did not succeed. England was, indeed, ready enough to receive French wines, but it refused French silks; and it was a common practice to load a vessel with old and damaged silks of French manufacture, throw them into the sea, and return laden with articles supplied by England.

The scandalous feature in this organised fraud on the system he had himself invented and enforced, was that Napoleon derived an enormous profit from exemptions, and felt no scruple whatever in ruining honest traders by granting monopolies. The agents under him followed his example. But in violating his own laws, he intended to reserve all the benefits of transgression for himself, and he pursued with savage resentment everyone else, his brother and brother-in-law included, who would not enforce his decrees, and punish every infraction.

This intolerable system gave him an opportunity to meddle with, hector, and browbeat all the kings, princes, and grand dukes under his control, and afforded him at any moment an excuse for deposing them, and annexing or parcelling out their lands. In 1809, when Sweden concluded peace with Russia, Napoleon exacted, in return for Stralsund and Pomerania, which were occupied by his troops, that she should enter into the Continental System. To Sweden, colonial produce was of prime necessity, and to enforce his blockade was to kill her iron manufacture, and to deny her people the necessaries of life. This soon manifested itself, and the blockade was very inadequately enforced.

Napoleon, who was made aware by his agents and spies of all infractions of his decrees, complained a very few months after the signature of the treaty. He demanded the expulsion of the English consuls, and the seizure of colonial merchandise. "My intention is," added he, "to make war against Sweden rather than endure to be insulted by her,"* and a month later, he peremptorily informed the Swedish Minister in Paris that he would have his passports sent him if the Regent delayed any longer the execution of the Convention relative to the blockade.

In his blundering notions of social economy, Napoleon thought by the blockade to profit France, by sealing up the mouths of the German and other rivers. He hoped to establish an industrial and commercial monopoly for France, or rather for himself and his own creatures. All seized goods fell to him, and he granted licences to certain firms to manufacture the coffees, and use the dyes, which by this means came into his possession; and as these imports were forbidden everywhere else, he supposed that the Continent would have to come to France for all its manufactured cotton goods and dyed silks. Speculators calculated on this, and were ready to pay large sums to him for these privileges. But the English, who had become absolute masters of commerce, by the very

* To Champagny, 16th May, 1810.

measures Napoleon had adopted against the neutral Powers, sold their wares at enormous prices to those who were licensed to buy of them. They sold a pound of sugar, which cost them fivepence, for four or five francs. The merchant who paid this sum had also to add to the cost what his licence had cost him, and to make some profit for himself. It may be conceived that these products, when brought into the market, were thus placed at a price that was beyond the means of all save the very rich. The result was that people learned to do without them, or bought only such as could be smuggled into the land. The manufacturers were obliged to discharge their workmen; the banks, which had advanced them capital, could not recover their loans, and were compelled to suspend payment; and the financial crisis, that had been averted only by the victory of Austerlitz, again threatened France.

In spite of evidence to the contrary, Napoleon insisted in believing that he was strangling England by his Continental System. The result of the blockade, and of his measures against the neutral powers, was that England had been freed from competition; and although there was, indeed, a glut of good things from the East and West Indies in England, yet this was only temporary, and with a little ingenuity, and with the connivance of the authorities in the several States, all this superfluity was, little by little, sure of infiltration into the countries that demanded them as requisites of existence.

Russia suffered very severely from the embargo placed on the English trade. It was inevitable that Alexander should discover how that, in France, what was so severely exacted of him was not enforced, and that Napoleon was endeavouring, by his blockade, to produce a monopoly in produce for his own special benefit. The Czar complained, and pointed out that the results of this system were ruin to Russia, and that the granting of licences to favoured persons and firms in France was an intolerable breach of the contract.

Napoleon answered by denying what was an open secret. It was true, he said, that he did give licences, permitting the export of French produce, such as corn and wine, but he absolutely denied that he did so for imports.*

* To Champagny, Feb. 18th, 1810.

GREATNESS OR LITTLENESS

AT this point, before coming to the rupture with Russia, we may pause for a moment, to look a little more closely at Napoleon himself, his surroundings, his private life, and the workings of his mind.

It is impossible not to see, running through his conduct, a vein of savage irritation against England. It was this which prompted his Continental System, and drove him to his ruin. This hatred of his was constantly fed, and that unnecessarily. The English press poured forth the bile of the *émigrés*, and the British people enjoyed their laugh at "Old Boney," when presented in the caricatures of Gillray and Cruikshank. But he himself forfeited all right of complaining of the attacks of the English press, by dictating the most scurrilous articles against George III. and the British Government. In an article in the *Moniteur*, he asserted that George Cadoudal had received the Order of the Bath for attempting to assassinate him, and that he would have been honoured with the Garter had he succeeded. He actually kept Mounier and twelve clerks at work, extracting, translating, and abridging the pamphlets and newspaper notices that were launched against him from England, and the compositions of the caricaturists were regularly transmitted to him, rousing him to transports of fury.

Napoleon was mentally incapable of understanding a joke, especially one levelled at himself. He was suspicious and jealous of those who surrounded him. He employed spies to watch even his most faithful friends, and, with the inquisitiveness of a low-class servant-maid, peered into their private correspondence. He had no more devoted adherent than Junot; yet even he was subjected to the indignity of being watched and reported on.

One day, as Napoleon stood at a window, he noticed that one of his officers stooped and picked up and studied a bit of paper. His suspicions were at once aroused, and he despatched an aide-de-camp to summon the officer into his presence, and learn from him what was on the scrap of paper.* If he saw two persons whisper or look significantly at each other, he insisted on questioning them, to twist out of them what they had said, or what they meant by the look. As it may be recollected, his ever-watchful suspicion bade him observe and comment on Madame Junot wearing dark velvet at his coronation.

* *Secret Memoirs*, p. 229.

In conversation with ladies, he was not only rude, but coarse. Madame de Rémusat says, "He, who never esteemed women, always professed positive veneration for Hortense (Beauharnais). In her presence, his language was always careful and decent. 'Hortense,' he said more than once, 'compels me to believe in virtue.' When General Bonaparte was in high spirits, he was equally devoid of taste and moderation, and on such occasions his manners smacked of the barrack-room."



NAPOLEON AT THE THEATRE.

From a sketch taken from life by Girodet, April 13, 1812.

"During his journey in Italy, the idleness of life in palaces and its opportunities had given rise to several gallant adventures on his part, which were more or less serious, and these had been duly reported in France, where they fed the general appetite for gossip. One day, when several ladies of the Court—among them those who had been in Italy—were breakfasting with the Empress, Bonaparte came suddenly into the room, and leaning on the back of his wife's chair, addressed to one or another of us a few words, at first insignificant enough. Then he began to question us about what we were doing, and let us know, but only by hints, that some of us were very lightly spoken of by the public. The Empress, who knew her husband's ways, and was aware that, when talking in this manner, he was apt to go very far, tried to interrupt him; but the Emperor, persisting in the conversation, presently gave it an exceedingly

embarrassing turn. 'Yes, ladies . . . they say that you, Madame —, have a *liaison* with M. ; that you, Madame —,' and so he went on, addressing himself to three or four ladies in succession. The effect upon us all of such an attack may easily be imagined. The Emperor was amused by the confusion into which he threw us. 'But,' added he, 'you need not suppose that I approve of talk of this kind. To attack my Court is to attack myself, and I do not choose that a word shall be said, either of me, or of my family, or of my Court.' While thus speaking, his countenance darkened, and his voice became extremely harsh. . . . He proceeded to work himself into a furious passion upon this text, which he had entirely to himself, for not a single one of us attempted to make an answer. The Empress at length rose from the table, in order to terminate this unpleasant scene, and the general movement put an end to it. . . . Bonaparte was greatly surprised when the Empress represented to him the impropriety of this scene; he always insisted that we ought to have been very grateful for the readiness with which he took offence when we were attacked."

He could be rude also to men. He rarely remembered a name, and his first question to a lady or to a gentleman whom he saw in his saloons was, "And pray, what do *you* call yourself?" Grétry, the musical composer, who frequently attended the Sunday receptions, was a little tired of this oft-repeated question, and he once answered, "Sire, I am *still* Grétry." Ever afterwards the Emperor recognised him perfectly.

His immoralities were repeated, and he was very angry if his wife were jealous. Madame de Récamier says: "I observed that from the moment he paid attention to another woman—whether it was that his despotic temper led him to expect that his wife should approve this indication of his absolute independence in all things, or whether Nature had bestowed upon him so limited a faculty of loving that it was all absorbed by the person preferred at the time, and that he had not a particle of feeling left to bestow upon another—he became harsh, violent, and pitiless to his wife. Whenever he had a mistress, he let her know it, and showed a sort of savage surprise that she did not approve of his indulging in pleasures which, as he would demonstrate, so to speak, mathematically, were both allowable and necessary for him. 'I am not an ordinary man,' he would say, 'and the laws of morals and of custom were never made for me.'"* Of tenderness of feeling he had little or none. He was as fond as he could be of his little nephew, the son of his brother Louis, but only because the child was to reign in his room and perpetuate his dynasty. When it died of croup, he showed such obtuseness of feeling that Talleyrand was constrained to reprimand him. "You forget, Sire, that a death has occurred in your family, and that you ought to look serious." "I do not amuse myself," replied Bonaparte, "by thinking of dead people." An instance of his insensibility is mentioned by Constant. Lannes had been killed at Aspern. As one day Napoleon was walking through the manufactory at Sèvres with Marie Louise and Mme. Lannes, he halted in front of a porcelain bust of the deceased Marshal, and regardless of the pallor of the widow, asked her whether she thought it like her husband. "She could not answer him, but burst into

* *Mémoires*, i. 91.

tears, and it was several days before she reappeared at Court, and, indeed, it was only with difficulty that her friends could persuade her to resume service with the Empress.*

An amusing story is told, illustrative of the overbearing conduct of Napoleon in his own family. He had been invited by Joseph to dine with him at his house at Mortefontaine. It was to be a family gathering. The mother of the Bonapartes was there. This was before Napoleon became Emperor, when he was First Consul. Joseph told his brother that he intended taking his mother in to dinner, and that Josephine would sit on his left. Napoleon fired up, was very angry, and insisted that Josephine should be given precedence over his mother. Joseph, with quiet dignity, remarked that in his own house he chose to show highest respect to his mother, and gave his arm to the old lady. Lucien escorted Josephine. The First Consul in a towering rage rushed across the room, snatched his wife away from Lucien, pushed out of the room before Joseph and his mother, seated himself at the table and Josephine beside him, and signed to Madame de Récamier to take the place on his left. The company was greatly embarrassed, and Madame Joseph, the lady of the house, who was to have been on Napoleon's arm, came straggling in without a partner. The whole dinner party was spoiled by the conduct of Napoleon. The brothers were angry, the old lady was wretched.

The First Consul would not address a single member of his family during the meal, but talked only to his wife and Madame de Récamier.

As may well be imagined, with such scenes enacted when he was only on the step to the throne, he became afterwards far more exacting. Of the duplicity with which Napoleon acted, many instances have been given. His assurances, his engagements, could not be trusted. He broke his promises as fast as he made them. He was a master of dissimulation. Knowing how he frightened and imposed by an outburst of anger, he was able to simulate one, and after a terrific explosion, would bid his intimates feel his pulse, to see how little agitated he really was. A letter to Eugène Beauharnais, on his appointment as Viceroy of Italy, reveals some of the cynicism of his views, and liking for dissimulation:—

“As you are not of an age to be acquainted with the perversity of the human heart, we cannot recommend too much prudence and circumspection. Our subjects in Italy are naturally more false than the citizens of France. The only means you have of preserving their esteem, and of being useful to their happiness, will be by not according your entire confidence to anyone. . . . Dissimulation, natural at a certain age, should be to you a matter of principle. When you have spoken according to your heart, and without necessity, consider that you have committed a fault, and do not be guilty of the same error again. Show the nation over which you rule the more esteem, the less reason you find for esteeming it.”

The Duke of Wellington said: “Bonaparte's mind was, in its details, low and ungentlemanlike. I suppose the narrowness of his early prospects and habits stuck to him. What *we* understand by *gentlemanlike* feelings he knew

* CONSTANT, *Memoirs*, iv. 154.

nothing at all about. I'll give you a curious instance. I have a beautiful little watch, made by Bregnet at Paris, with a map of Spain enamelled on the case. . . . Bonaparte had ordered it as a present to his brother, the King of Spain; but when he heard of the battle of Vittoria, he remembered the watch he had ordered for one whom he saw would never be King of Spain, and with whom he was angry for the loss of the battle, and he wrote to countermand the watch; and if it should be ready, to forbid its being sent. A *gentleman* would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his *châteaux en Espagne* to take away his watch also.*

A noticeable feature of Napoleon's character was his determination to be first, and to imitate what former sovereigns had done, as part of his assumed position. When negotiating with M. de Cobenzel the Treaty of Campo-Formio, he observed a dais with a chair on it, and he asked the meaning. He was informed by the plenipotentiary that it was customary so to set a seat as symbol of the presence of his Impérial master. Napoleon at once ordered the removal of the chair, "For," said he, "I cannot endure to see any seat higher than mine. At once I want to occupy it."

When he entered Brussels, the clergy proceeded to the great gates to receive him, and waited long, but he did not arrive. Presently they learned that he had entered by a side door, *because* Charles V., on a visit to S. Gudule, had gone through that entrance.

The same pride made him depreciate his generals, and arrogate to himself all the merits of a victory. This was notoriously the case at Marengo and at Auerstädt. Moreover, if he made a blunder, and disaster followed, he at once cast the blame on his instrument, and distorted facts, or suppressed information which would show that the fault was due to himself. Monsieur de Rémusat gives so interesting an account of Napoleon's treatment of his generals and manipulation of bulletins, that it deserves reproduction:—

"The Emperor took the utmost licence in composing his bulletins, seeking especially to eclipse all the others (*i.e.*, his generals), and to establish his own infallibility. . . . Truth lagged a long way behind all these statements. Nothing could equal the surprise of the officers on reading the bulletins which came back to them from Paris; but they made few complaints.

"The Emperor gave but little praise to the great generals of his time. Military men are more jealous of each other than those of any other profession; they are the least to be relied on in their estimation of each other. To this natural jealousy the Emperor added the calculations of a despot, who will allow no one to be of importance except himself. . . . He was always resolute in denying, or in preserving silence concerning, anything which might injure himself. This rendered the service unbearable to those generals who were at a distance from himself. They accused him of selfishness, of injustice, of perfidy, and even of malice towards them, or of envy. Barante has told me that, when attached to the staff of Lannes, during the campaign of Poland, I believe, he heard the Marshal frequently say at his own table that the Emperor, being jealous of him, and eager to ruin him, gave him orders with this end in view; and once, when suffering from internal pain, he went so far as to assert that the Emperor had tried to have him poisoned."

* The *Croker Papers*, 1884, vol. i. p. 339.

Belief in himself as destined to a great work, an absolute conviction in his "calling and election," seem to have been in him from an early age. Madame de Rémusat very truly observes of him :—

"He never took anything into account but success, in the calculations on which he acted. Perhaps he was more excusable than another would have been, in doubting whether any reverse could come to him. His natural pride shrank from the idea of defeat of any kind. '*I shall win,*' was the basis of all his calculations, and his obstinate repetition of the phrase helped him to realise the prediction. At length his own good fortune grew into a superstition with him, and his worship of it made every sacrifice which was to be imposed appear fair and lawful in his eyes. And we ourselves—let us admit it—did not we also, at first, share this baleful superstition?"

The confidence in Napoleon's good fortune was indeed general throughout France, and he was credited with a sort of infallibility, not only in war, but in politics.

At the outset of his career, he was filled with fancies of founding a mighty Oriental Empire.

With the death of this dream rose that of a mighty Western Empire. His first ideal had been to walk in the steps of Alexander; his second, to be a new Charlemagne. From thenceforth France became to him but one province in the empire, and the foreign sovereignties he created or subjugated were to be to him feudatories. He believed that he could attain his object by placing members of his own family on the various thrones of the countries he conquered, and he imposed on them oaths of allegiance to himself. He said :—

"It is my intention to attain to this, that all the kings of Europe will be forced each to have a palace in Paris; and that, on the occasion of a coronation of an Emperor of the French, all will be summoned to reside there, so as to attend at the ceremony, and pay their homage."

It must be recalled that he had the Holy Roman Empire before him, broken up by his power, but never other than a phantom empire. What was a phantom of the Middle Ages he desired to revive as a reality, with Paris as its centre. His creation of great feudatory nobles was a step in that direction. In the Middle Ages the nobles had been checks on the crown; but what he designed with his new nobility was to make them buttresses of the throne. For this reason, he gave to them the so-called Majorats, or power of leaving large hereditary estates, their ducal properties, unparcelled up, to their successors in the title. The idea was a very great one, and, perhaps, would not have been impossible of execution, had it not been advanced with such violence. Moreover, just as England stood in the way of his realising this Oriental scheme of empire, so did she frustrate, at every point, the consolidation of his Occidental Empire.

It seems to me that Madame de Rémusat has hit, with real genius, on what is at once the greatness and the weakness of Napoleon, when she says that in him were two individuals, the one gigantic rather than great, and

the other petty and base. Her appreciation is as acute as any by Tacitus. She says :—

“ There would seem to have been in him two different men, the one gigantic rather than great, but, nevertheless, prompt to conceive, also prompt to execute, who laid, from time to time, some of the foundations of the plan he had formed. This man, actuated by one single idea, untouched by any secondary consideration likely to interfere with his projects, had he but taken for his aim the good of mankind, would, with such abilities, have become the one greatest man of the earth. Even now he remains, through his perspicacity and strength of will, the most extraordinary.

“ The other Bonaparte, forming a kind of uneasy conscience to the first, was devoured by anxiety, agitated by continual suspicion, a slave to passions which gave him no rest, distrustful, fearing every rival greatness, even that which he had himself created. . . . When seized upon by this spirit of mistrust, he gave himself up to it entirely, and thought only of how to create division. He loosed the ties of blood, and endeavoured to promote individual rather than general interests. Sole centre of an immense circle, he would have liked it to contain as many spokes as he had subjects, that they might meet nowhere save in himself. This suspicious jealousy, which incessantly pursued him, fastened like a canker on all his undertakings, and prevented him from establishing, on a solid foundation, any of those schemes which his prolific imagination was continually inventing.”



“THEY GRUMBLLED, BUT FOLLOWED.”

From a lithograph by Raffet.

XLVII

MOSCOW

(1812)

THE effusion wherewith Alexander had embraced Napoleon at Erfurt, before an audience in the theatre, had been suitable to the place where the demonstration was made. It disguised mistrust, and an inclination to dissolve partnership.

This mistrust had gathered strength since the meeting. The addition of territory accorded to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw not only annoyed Alexander, but exasperated the susceptibilities of the Russians. The Autocrat of the North could not afford to disregard the will of his people. His father and his grandfather had been assassinated, and there were mutterings about his throne that a similar fate would befall him if he continued the intimacy. The compact forced on him, of entering into the continental blockade, had provoked general irritation. The produce of the Empire remained on hand, as the English, in retaliation, refused to receive it. The great landowners complained. Tea could be imported from China by land, but not coffee, sugar, and logwood.

Moreover, he was personally offended by the demand for his sister, couched as it was, and he was incensed with Napoleon for making his arrangements to take an Austrian Archduchess, without awaiting the expiration of the term he had himself named. The retention by France of the seven Venetian Islands, situated so near Greece, made him fear a watchful and redoubtable enemy, should he resume Catherine's old plans with regard to the Ottoman Empire.

The rigour with which Prussia had been used displeased him, as well as the continued occupation of Danzig and the Hanse Towns. The Czar began by degrees to seek reconciliation with England. All the Powers of the Continent had suffered severely ; Russia alone still preserved her energy, and her strength was unimpaired.

Then, with singular lack of discretion, Napoleon laid his hand on Oldenburg, with the Ducal House of which the Czar was closely related. Alexander's reply to the taking of the Duchy of Oldenburg was a ukase, dated the 31st December, 1810, by which he detached Russia from the commercial system of Napoleon, and without as yet opening his ports to English manufactures, he admitted colonial merchandise, resumed the liberty of tariffs, and imposed duties on certain French manufactures.

Before a final rupture with France, Alexander proceeded to raise levies, to make peace with Turkey, to collect his forces on the Polish frontier, and to execute defensive works on the Dnieper and Dwina. The infatuation of Napoleon in his Continental System continued. It was now, he believed, but a matter of holding out for two or three years, and England would become bankrupt. She was, he said, *à deux doigts de sa perte*. Only continue the blockade till she collapsed financially, and then he would be able to march an invincible French army into London, change the selfish and anti-social Constitution of the country, and declare that the dynasty of Brunswick had ceased to reign. *Allons, then!* let us persevere a little longer ; let us burn all British merchandise, wherever found ; let us punish as traitors all those who attempt to introduce British goods into any part of the Continent ; and, for the triumph of this great system, let us brave, if needs be, the remonstrances and the enmity of even the Czar Alexander ! The resentment of Napoleon against Russia, for receding from the Continental System, may be conceived.

Some of the French writers in the pay of the Emperor, who had formerly been employed in writing eulogiums of Alexander, were now set to work to traduce him, his whole family, his Court, his country, and his people ; and between the autumn and the winter of 1811, and the spring of 1812, as many calumnies were produced against Alexander, as had been issued against the unfortunate Queen Louise, preceding the opening of the Prussian war of 1806. A pretended history of the Russian Empire—a libel from the first page to the last—was published in Paris, and widely circulated, under the auspices of the police. In this book every vice and crime which Suetonius attributes to the Roman Emperors was saddled on the Russian Czars ; and Alexander himself was charged, not merely with being privy and consentient to, but an actor in, the murder of his own father. The French press was entirely under the control of the police. This was one of Bonaparte's methods of preparing the public mind for the outbreak of hostilities.

After the deposition of the King of Sweden, and the death of the Crown Prince, Marshal Bernadotte had been elected to be Prince, with expectation of the crown, not to the satisfaction of Napoleon, who hated him ; but he did not actively oppose the election, because Bernadotte was married to the sister of his

own brother Joseph's wife, and he thought it gave an air of dignity to the soap-boiler's daughters, to be both of them queens. Bernadotte was by no means disposed to be dictated to by Napoleon, and he refused to join the continental blockade, which would ruin his adopted country. Thereupon the Emperor seized and confiscated fifty Swedish merchantmen; and, lastly, in January, 1812, he sent Davoust, one of the roughest of his generals, who was in command of the army of occupation on the Baltic, to take possession of Swedish Pomerania and the Isle of Rügen. This aggression induced Bernadotte, who had been corresponding with Russia before, to sign a treaty of alliance with Alexander (March, 1812); and in an interview between the Gascon saddler's son and the Czar their plan of resistance, inspired by the success of Wellington in Portugal, was settled. This was, in the event of invasion, to retreat before the invading army, and avoid pitched battles, but to strongly fortify and hold fortresses in the interior. The French agent at Stockholm, by means of bribery, got hold of these plans, and communicated them to Napoleon, but the infatuated Emperor disregarded the important information sent him.

Although war was not declared, Bonaparte poured troops into Prussia, Pomerania, and the Duchy of Warsaw. The frontiers of the Polish Duchy touched the limits of Alexander's domains, and the Poles, inflamed by their old animosities, and animated by their hopes for the re-establishment of their kingdom, flocked to the French eagles.

Talleyrand had been in disgrace ever since he had cautioned Napoleon against his attempt upon Spain. Others beside saw that the Emperor, in the madness of pride, was rushing on his ruin. Fouché ventured to interpose. He presented the Emperor with a memorial full of statistics, and employed arguments and entreaties; but this interference, together with advice from other quarters, was thrown away.

Napoleon's old marshals and generals shook their heads at the suggestion of war with Russia. They recalled the difficulties and disasters of the campaign in Poland. In his intoxication of success, Napoleon had forgotten his defeat at Eylau, and the tenacity with which the Russian soldiers contested every foot of ground, as well as the assistance lent to the enemy by the climate of the North.

His marshals were gluttoned with spoil, they were weary of war. All they desired was peace, that they might enjoy the fruits of the plunder of the lands they had conquered. Napoleon was incensed at their reluctance; he would not listen to their objections. Unable to inspire them with enthusiasm and confidence, he estranged himself from their society; and when his views met with opposition in a council, would start up, retire to an embrasure of a window, and there pour forth his assurances of conquest and spoil into the ears of some young general who had his fortune to make, and who was therefore on fire to undertake any daring expedition.*

"I regulate my conduct by the opinion of my army," exclaimed the Emperor. "With 800,000 men I can oblige all Europe to do my bidding. I

* FAIN, *Campagne de 1812 en Russie*, 1827, i. 46, 47.

will destroy English influence in Russia, and then Spain must fall. My destiny is not yet accomplished; my present situation is but the outline of a picture which I must fill up. I must make one nation out of all the European States, and Paris must be the capital of the world. There must be all over Europe but one code, one court of appeal, one currency, one system of weights and measures. I will destroy all Russian influence, as well as all English influence in Europe. Two battles will do the business; the Emperor Alexander will come to me on his knees, and Russia shall be disarmed. Spain costs me dear; without that I should have been master of the world by this time; but when I shall become such by finishing with Russia, my son will have nothing to do but quietly retain my place."

The purposes of Napoleon in undertaking the campaign against Russia were not, perhaps, as clearly defined as they seem to us, and as they have been stated by his panegyrists. He poured forth his ideas into the ear of his aide-de-camp, M. de Narbonne, in incoherent language, in which they clashed without order and connection.

De Narbonne, who had a cool and clear head, was struck with the confusion in the ideas of the Emperor. On leaving one of these interviews, he exclaimed, "What a man! What dreams! Where is the keeper of such a disordered genius? It oscillates between the Pantheon and Bicêtre (a lunatic asylum)."

Napoleon showed the same confusion and indecision of thought in his conversations with his intimates. The members of his family were seriously uneasy at seeing him risk his fortunes in the Russian plains. "Do you not see," said he impatiently, "that I was not born to the purple, and that I must maintain myself on the throne by that same military glory which lifted me into it? Do you not perceive that I must go forward? If I halt, I am lost." To the remonstrances of Cardinal Fesch, he contented himself with opening the window and saying, "Do you see that star?" "No, Sire, I do not." "Look again." "Sire, I see nothing." "That matters not. I see it."

All those engaged in the expedition entered on their duties with reluctance. Cambacérès entreated him to finish with Spain before embarking in a war with Russia. Gaudin and Mollien warned him that the French finances were on the eve of bankruptcy. Duroc and Caulaincourt told him plainly their minds, with the daring of desperation. Berthier implored him to desist, with tears in his eyes. And Napoleon did pass the end of his stay in Paris in a condition of cruel indecision, combating the dangers he foresaw as well as did his generals and ministers, yet carried away by his fatalism. His health, moreover, was not what it once had been. He had become stout; after a meal he was drowsy. Occasionally he fainted; and his readiness to eat any food, and content himself with little, had given way to daintiness and a love of luxury.

His nervous excitement had become normal, at the same time that his physical powers declined. Lying on a sofa, he read all that was brought him about the condition of Russia. He often repeated the name of Charles XII. The state of his mind was such that he was subject to hallucinations. He would start up suddenly, shouting, "Who calls me? Who calls me?" then drop off to sleep again.

Preparations went on slowly, and it was not possible to begin the campaign in the spring. When the mistake of delaying the opening was pointed out to him, Bonaparte put away the warnings of evil with a gesture of impatience. He needed, said he, only a campaign of two months. He reckoned on the help of Sweden. He summoned Bernadotte to conclude an offensive alliance with him. The Prince of Sweden imposed conditions, and recommended peace. Napoleon flared up in anger. "The wretch! He advise me! Bernadotte impose conditions on me! Does he suppose I want him?" The negotiations were interrupted, and Sweden signed a treaty of neutrality with Russia.

The Emperor exhibited the same irritation when his ministers offered advice. He thought of using Talleyrand to organise Poland, and prepare there a base of operations; but this skilful diplomatist would not undertake the task without assurances given that he would re-establish the kingdom of the Jagellons. Napoleon rejected his counsels, and exclaimed disdainfully, "This fellow! does he think himself necessary? Does he think to teach me?"

Early in May, Bonaparte departed for Dresden, taking his young Empress with him. Obedient to his summons, the kings of his manufacture, also the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, together with the tributary princes, met him at the Saxon capital, where he treated them with rudeness. The representatives of the old royal families of Europe were shouldered at the door of his audience-chamber by marshals and generals, who the other day were coopers and blacksmiths—a strange democratic jumble, gratifying enough to men such as Junot and Ney, but which bred resentment in the hearts of the princes, keener even than that caused by their defeats and disasters.

Napoleon remained at Dresden till the 29th May. The discouragement and hesitation which had for a moment overshadowed his mind, passed, and he became elated with confidence. The King of Prussia had been forced to place 20,000 men at the disposal of Bonaparte.

The Emperor of Austria engaged to furnish 30,000 men to act against Russian Poland. The Kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Westphalia, and Naples, the Viceroy of Italy, gave their contingents. The confidence of Napoleon was at its height.

"Never," said he, "was the success of an expedition more certain; I see on all sides nothing but probabilities in my favour. Not only do I advance at the head of the immense forces of France, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Poland; but the two Monarchies which have hitherto been the most powerful auxiliaries of Russia against me, have now ranged themselves on my side; they espouse my quarrel with the zeal of my oldest friends. Why should I not reckon also on Turkey and Sweden? The former at this moment is probably arming against the Russians. Bernadotte hesitates, but he is a Frenchman; he will rejoin his old associates at the first cannon-shot. Never again can such a favourable combination of circumstances be anticipated. I feel that it draws me on; and if Alexander persists in refusing my proposals, I will cross the Niemen."

And France was carried away by the same blind infatuation. Believing as it did in Napoleon, dazzled by the vastness of his preparations, and seeing him at Dresden in the midst of an assembly of monarchs, all his humble servants, at the head of five hundred thousand men, "it appeared impossible," as Madame de Stäel admits, "according to all human calculation, but that this expedition must succeed."

Elated, certain of success, Napoleon allowed himself to treat the sovereigns who had assembled about him with galling disregard, and the smaller princes with insult. But this was the last time they were to endure such humiliation.



NAPOLEON ADOPTING THE CHILD OF A SOLDIER WHO FELL IN THE CAMPAIGN.

From a picture by Chasselat.

None of them, nor the generals, nor the diplomatists, had any expectation of Alexander's success. Unless a miracle were to occur, with his incapable generals, his feeble army, and the distraction caused by the probability of the Turkish war breaking out again, he must be broken in pieces by the Emperor, as so many had been before. But the common people had an indistinct, inarticulate presentiment that such a miracle would occur.

This time the popular anticipation was realised. The Russians, whether purposely or not, were driven to follow the line of conduct recommended by Scharnhorst—to fall back before the invader, to lure him on into the interior of the empire, to create a waste before him, and to cut off his communications behind him.

It is not the object of this book to detail the events of this or of any other campaign of Napoleon. It will suffice to summarise them.

All could see that there was a great decline in the powers of the Emperor. He was more irritable, less active, and more callous than of old. At the moment that the Niemen was passed, his horse fell. "This is a bad omen," said he, "and a Roman would withdraw from the expedition." He was disappointed that the Russians would not meet him in pitched battle, but incessantly retired before him. He halted twenty days at Wilna, and sent forward Davoust and Murat to endeavour to force an engagement. This strange delay was due partly to his weariness, but mainly to his desire to receive the vast amount of correspondence, relative to the affairs of France, which followed him, and which he was determined to settle himself. In the meantime his Grand Army was becoming disorganised. It had already lost 50,000 men through desertion and dysentery. At length he gave orders for advance. Still the Russians retreated, to his great exasperation, for their tactics completely upset his calculations. He scolded and stormed, and called the Russian general a coward; but, as Duroc said to his fellows after one of these explosions, "If Barclay had been wrong in refusing battle, the Emperor would not take so much pains to make us believe it."

In order to save holy Smolensk, the Russians did, however, make a stand.

After bloody battles lasting three days, the 17th to the 19th August, they were forced to abandon the field. Once again, to attempt the salvation of Moscow, the city of the Czars, the battle of Borodino was fought, and then Napoleon won the battle. This cost him more blood than any he had hitherto fought (7th Sept.). By this victory his way into the empty city was gained; but his anticipation of resting there, and recruiting his exhausted host, was frustrated. The fanaticism of patriotism inspired the Governor with the thought of firing the city; and, after the flames had raged for five days, the place was reduced to a heap of ashes, and the army of Napoleon was left without shelter at the approach of winter.

Still the Emperor was unable to believe in his misfortune, and he wasted five precious weeks in useless negotiations, purposely protracted by Alexander, in whom Napoleon found his match in cunning.

When, finally, he resolved on retreat, the first snows of winter had begun to fall. The weather had been unusually bright and warm, and Napoleon, in his bulletins, had declared that it was like that of Fontainebleau in summer. The Russians wondered, and feared that Heaven was on the side of the invader. But he was actually being lured to his destruction.

There were two roads by which he might retreat. The northern road was by Smolensk; but this had not only been devastated by the Russians as he advanced, but what little had been left had been swept up, and what little shelter remained had been burnt, on the advance of the invading army. The other road, to the south, was through Kaluga, and this he resolved to take. Murat was sent forward with the advanced guard, but was attacked and badly beaten, at Winkovo, on October 18th. On the following day Napoleon hastily marched

out of Moscow, along the same road, at the head of 105,000 combatants, and was at once met by the Russians at Jaroslawitz. A battle was fought, without dislodging the Russians, who remained astride the road, blocking his advance. Napoleon was constrained either to fight them again, or withdraw and retreat by the northern road. The former alternative was fraught with peril, the latter was a confession of defeat.

The agitation of the mind of the Emperor became so excessive that his attendants dared not approach him. Upon returning to the squalid cottage he occupied, he sent for his generals—Berthier, Murat, and Bessières. They sat round a table, on which was spread a map of the country, and discussed the



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.
From a lithograph by Fabre du Faure.

situation. The enemy occupied high ground, and so strong a position, that to dislodge them seemed a desperate venture. After some discussion, Napoleon became meditative, and, resting his face in his hands, with his elbows on the board, he remained for over an hour mute and motionless. The three generals, respecting his mental agony, preserved silence. Then, and then for the first time, did it seem that the idea had dawned on Napoleon's mind that Fortune was turning her back, that his star was in decline. Suddenly springing to his feet, Napoleon dismissed his generals without announcing to them his resolution.

With rage and humiliation gnawing at his heart, he ordered the retreat by the northern road.

The story of that retreat is familiar to everyone. The starving, diseased,

disorganised, and mutinous columns were followed by the Cossacks like a flock of vultures or a pack of wolves, and the Russian Grand Army was never far distant. The French left Moscow 120,000 strong; but by the time they reached Viazma, on the Wop, they were reduced to one-half. On the 6th November, the Russian winter set in with severity. The men now died like rotten sheep. The survivors at length reached Smolensk, to which convoys of provisions had been sent. On the 14th of November, Bonaparte left Smolensk with about



THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

After a lithograph by Willette.

40,000 men able to bear arms, but had to clear the way by fighting, and was incessantly harassed in rear.

Frost and snow, the nipping blasts of night, which howled over the treeless houseless plains, killed more than the swords and spears of the Cossacks, who swarmed around. The retreating army owed its safety solely to dread of the Russians to drive a defeated foe to desperation, and to the awe still inspired by the name of Napoleon.

On the 16th, 17th, and 18th, actions were fought, in which the French lost 116 cannon. They had abandoned nearly that number in Smolensk. They lost 26,000 prisoners, 10,000 killed, and 300 officers.

Disorganisation ensued in the army. The horses had perished, or were reserved for the wounded. Napoleon himself walked, silent, discouraged wrathful, with a birch-rod in his hand, to save himself from falling on the icy roads.

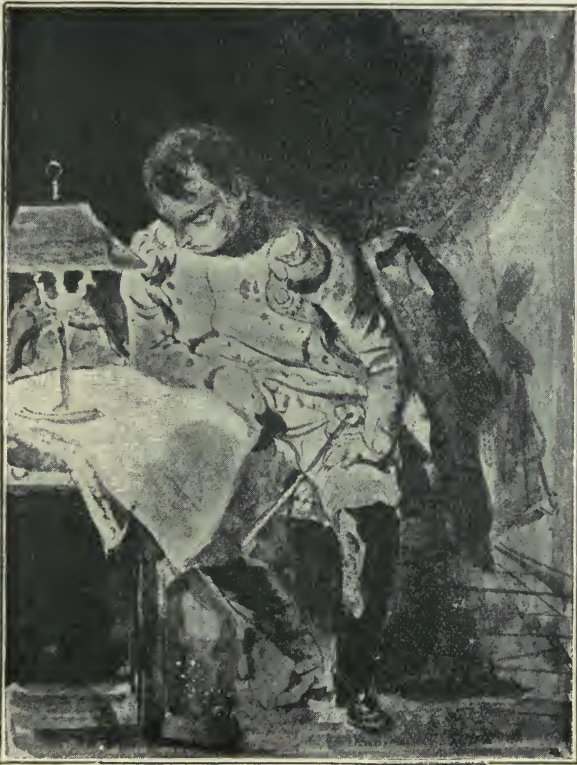
When he reached Oresa, in Lithuania, his Grand Army had dwindled to 12,000 men; but, on approaching the river Berezina, he was joined by a rescue corps of nearly 50,000 men. One-half of the army thus reinforced was lost in effecting the passage of the river. The previous night had been spent by

Napoleon in a miserable cabin, "great tears running slowly down his cheeks, which were paler than usual."* That any passed at all was due to the bungling of the Russian general.

After this terrible passage, hardly the semblance of an army remained. Marshal Ney, with difficulty, was able to hold together three thousand men to form a rear-guard, to protect the demoralised and timorous rout from the lances of the Cossacks.

The Emperor marched in the midst of a guard called "the Sacred Squadron," composed of officers combined for his protection.

On the 5th December Napoleon reached Smorgoni. He there collected his marshals round him, and dictated the famous 29th bulletin, in which, for the first and last



NAPOLEON MUSING OVER HIS MAPS AT NIGHT.

After a sketch by Germain Bapst.

time, he told the whole truth, frankly confessing that, except the Guards, the Grand Army was no more. At 10 o'clock on the night of the 6th of December he stole away from the wretched remnant, as he had stolen away from the typhus-stricken wreck of his army in Egypt, and in a sledge, well wrapped in furs, set out for the French capital, leaving the command of the army to Murat.

"On the morrow, at break of day, the army knew all. The impression produced by the news cannot be described. Discouragement was at its height, many soldiers blasphemed, and reproached the Emperor with abandoning

* CONSTANT, *Memoirs*, v. 127.

them; there rose a general cry of malediction. . . . That night the cold became more intense. It must have been very bitter, for birds were found frozen on the ground. Soldiers seated themselves, their heads in their hands, and their bodies bowed, so as the less to feel the void in their stomachs, fell asleep, and were found dead in this position. . . . The artillerymen held their hands to the nostrils of the horses, to find a little warmth in their breath. The flesh of these beasts became the ordinary food of the soldiers.”*

The Emperor reached Paris on the 18th December. As he stood in the luxurious and splendid apartment of the Tuileries, warming himself before a blazing fire, he said, “Gentlemen, it is much pleasanter here than in Moscow.”

He very soon shook off his despondency, and his self-reliance returned. Constant says:—

“I found him absolutely the same as he was before entering on the campaign; the same serenity was pictured on his face. One would have said that the past had been nothing to him, and that, already living in the future, he again saw victory ranged under his banners, and his enemies humbled and conquered. . . . It was easy to see that he was mainly occupied with the adventure of the General Malet.”†

This was a conspiracy, nearly successful, that had occurred whilst he was in retreat; and it was probably alarm for his throne which made him desert his army. The streets of Paris were full of women in mourning for husbands, brothers, and sons lost in the Russian campaign. Napoleon alone seemed insensible to the terrible sufferings and loss of life that had resulted from his mad scheme.

“The great error of Napoleon,” says Byron, in a note to the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, “was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as to individuals, and the single expression which he is said to have used, on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, ‘This is pleasanter than Moscow,’ would probably alienate more favour from his cause, than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.”

* CONSTANT, v. 138.

† *Ibid.*, 161.

XLVIII

LEIPZIG

(1813)

IN 1812, before the Russian campaign, Marshal Rapp wrote to Napoleon:—
“If your Majesty should experience reverses, you may depend upon it that both Russians and Germans will rise up in a mass to shake off the yoke. There will be a crusade, and all your allies will abandon you. Even the King of Bavaria, on whom you rely so confidently, will join the Coalition. I rely on the King of Saxony only. He, perhaps, may remain faithful to you; but his subjects will force him to make common cause with your enemies.”*

What Rapp had foreseen, and not he alone, was now to take place. Napoleon, by decree on the 10th December, 1810, had united all the coast lands of the Baltic to the Empire; Oldenburg, the north of Hanover, which had been given to the kingdom of Westphalia, were taken from it again; all the Hanseatic Towns were also appropriated, and this new Baltic province was divided into five departments, which were united with the seven on the left bank of the Rhine. The Free Towns had been frightfully pillaged. Not only was their trade killed, but such enormous contributions had been levied on them as reduced the citizens to indigence. Prussia was burdened with a charge of 129 millions of francs, along with contributions in kind of a thousand millions, and then a further 154½ millions was demanded. A united people had been trampled under foot, insulted, and their kingdom torn to shreds, and given as a prey to others. In the Austrian Empire, Hungarian, German, Czech, Croat, were all of one mind, influenced by one burning rage against the conqueror. After the humiliating Treaty of Vienna, when Francis appeared in his capital, he was received with rapture of love and sympathy. When Napoleon heard of this, he was staggered. “What a people!” he exclaimed. “If this had happened to me, would the French, the Parisians, have thus received me?”

Upon the arrival of the wreck of the Grand Army in Germany, no one outside France doubted that the hour of the emancipation of the Fatherland had struck. Whilst Arndt, with his *Catechism for the German Warrior and Defender*, braced his countrymen to the holy work of a crusade, Stein sought to move the Czar to carry the war beyond the confines of Russia. He found this easy. In

* BOURRIENNE, iii. 30.

his fantastic vanity, Alexander thought to exhibit himself before an admiring world as its liberator, and to receive the crown of Poland as the reward of his work.

But Prussia was in a desperate condition. In spite of the glowing hate that burnt in every heart, it was not possible to think of open defiance, because of the French troops lodged in her very marrow, holding her fortresses, ready to crush every uprising. Hardenberg, the Prussian minister, accordingly pressed on the arming of the nation, that the mask might be cast aside as soon as ever the alliance of Austria was secured.

This cautious policy, so distasteful to all patriots, was followed, when suddenly the joyous news ran, like an electric shock, through the land, that a German general had dared to do what a German minister had shrunk from ordering. General Yorck von Württemberg had, of his own accord, broken the tie which had bound the Prussian auxiliaries to France, and had gone over and joined hands with the Russians, whom he had been sent to resist.

The Prussian contingent formed a portion of the army of Macdonald, and was planted on the extreme left wing, in the Baltic provinces, and their orders were to cover the retreating remnants of the Grand Army, and to defend the frontier against the Russians. Yorck might have abandoned the French alliance at any moment, and if he had done so earlier, might have annihilated the broken army of their oppressors. But he was too honourable and generous to do this. He waited till he received from the King of Prussia, his master, the vague permission "to act as circumstances advised."

This counsel allowed the purpose of the King to transpire, and when the Czar, on the 18th December, gave a written promise of alliance with Prussia, and an undertaking not to lay down his arms till that State had recovered its former extent before dismemberment in 1805, then Yorck took the decisive step, and on the 30th December, 1812, he signed a Convention at Taugoggen, whereby he agreed to withdraw between Memel and Tilsit to await further orders from the King. He took the entire responsibility on himself. "I swear to your Majesty," he wrote to the King of Prussia, "that I will await the fatal lead as calmly on the sand-heap as on the battle-field whereon I grew grey." The Chancellor, Hardenberg, was alarmed. But the die was cast: a quiver of joy, of impatience to be up and doing, thrilled through the German people. The King, alarmed, and dreading the results, fled to Breslau, which he reached on the 23rd January, 1813. There was now no retreat possible, and on the 3rd February he called out the volunteers, and on the 28th, at Kalisch, signed an agreement of alliance with the Czar. This was kept secret from the French, but on the 16th March the King proclaimed war, and on the following day issued his "Appeal to my People" to fly to arms. "There is no other issue," he said therein, "than to achieve an honourable peace, or to perish gloriously." The response was unanimous, so much so as to move the King; such devotion, such enthusiasm, he had not expected, and it was Scharnhorst's proudest day when he presented himself before his monarch, at the head of an army of young and old volunteers. Every class rivalled the others in its zeal to aid the State

in its poverty. Gold had long ago been drained away into France, but the last coins were cheerfully flung into the war chest. Brides gave up their very wedding-rings, and the girls cut off their abundant hair to sell it for money to assist in the defence of Fatherland.

SIGNATURE AT ERFURT, 13 OCTOBER, 1813.

A writer of the time, an eye-witness, in a letter, says, "It is impossible not to be electrified by beholding the ardour with which the people give vent to the national enthusiasm, so long stifled under the yoke of an ignominious policy, and overawed by the terrors of the French legions. The King's sister has sent all her ornaments to the public treasury; and at this instant all women, sacrificing their most precious objects, are hastening to send theirs, down to the minutest articles, for the same patriotic purpose. When I say *all* women, I in no degree exaggerate; for I do not believe you can find a single exception, save in the most indigent class, who do not possess a single golden ornament. All the marriage ornaments have been laid on the altar of their country, and the Government has given them in exchange others of iron, with the inscription, "*I gave gold for iron, 1813.*" These ornaments, so precious from the moral interest of their origin, have already acquired a certain intrinsic value from the beauty of their workmanship. The streets are filled with nothing but women, old men, and children; not an unwounded man, capable of bearing arms, is to be seen. A barren land of sand, covered with pines, exhibits the astonishing spectacle of 200,000 men in arms."*

While Goethe was incapable of understanding and appreciating the mighty movement, and sneered at it, saying, "Rattle your chains; the man is still too great for you," Körner burst forth into glorious song, "The people rise, the tempest bursts!" and Arndt bade all Germans clasp hands and swear, "The time of slavery is at an end." Max von Schenkendorf, in spite of his paralysed right arm, girded for the battle. Fouqué sang, "Frisch auf zum fröhlichen Jagen," which was caught up and thundered by the volunteers, as they marched against the enemy.

From that moment "Prussia" and "Fatherland" became synonymous words. The disciplining of the Landwehr went on with extraordinary rapidity, but the

* PIZARRO: 17th November, 1813, in HARDENBERG, *Mémoires*, Paris, 1829-35, xii. 565.

true military strength and experience were only to be acquired on the battlefield. The Landsturm consisted of all men from fifteen to sixty not already enrolled; they were called out on the 21st April, not to be employed in the field, but for convoy of munitions, spying, guerilla warfare, and fortification work.

Before a rising wave of a whole population in Germany, such as had been in Spain, but of very superior quality and menace, Napoleon said that it would be in vain for him to think of carrying the war into Russia. Denmark he could reckon on; the Rhenish Confederacy was also as yet but little affected



“SIRE, YOU MAY RECKON ON US AS ON YOUR OLD GUARD.”

From a lithograph by Raffet.

by the movement. Not so Saxony, deeply committed to him. Frightened by the agitation among his people, and the threatening attitude of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, Frederick Augustus of Saxony fled from his kingdom.

Meanwhile, Napoleon left no stone unturned to form an army, with the object of shattering Prussia to atoms. One hundred and eighty thousand men were ordered to be raised by the *senatus consultum* of April, 1813; among these were 10,000 guards of honour to surround the Emperor. In Prussia was a French army, consisting of 30,000 veteran troops, commanded by Prince Eugène; Magdeburg, Wittenberg, Torgau, Danzig, the Hanseatic Towns, were in the hands of the French.

But now appeared a cloud that arose out of the sea, and threatened Napoleon from another quarter. Louis XVIII. issued a proclamation to the French, which was extensively circulated. Bonaparte had come to think that the Bourbons were forgotten.

“The reverses of the Russian campaign might have been repaired,” says Madame Junot. “The affection of a great people would still have furnished their Sovereign with immense resources; but before Napoleon could ask for proofs of that affection, an enemy suddenly started up before him on which he had never calculated. This enemy appeared like a man rising from the grave to many who had abandoned the white flag, sincerely believing its cause to be lost for ever. Napoleon, who for fifteen years had occupied the throne of France, his claim to which was legitimately acquired by his services and the voice of the people, now heard the appalling words, ‘*Usurper!*’ and ‘*Legitimacy!*’ That which he justly regarded as the rightful inheritance of his son was now about to be wrested from him in the name of the old cause, which he had every reason to believe was lost and forgotten. This new adversary was more fearful than all the rest.”

But it was not from any claim that the Bourbons had on the hearts of the people that danger was to be apprehended, but from weariness of incessant war, disgust at even the name of military glory, and resentment at unlimited conscription. Already it was a hard matter to get the recruits together; they fled to the woods and rocks, they maimed themselves to escape military service; and flying corps had to be sent round the Departments, armed with chains and instruments of torture, to bind the unwilling conscripts, and to force from their parents the secret of where their boys were concealed. The people panted for peace, and looked on Napoleon as a tyrant lusting for war, insatiable in his ambition, whom they were willing to exchange even for a Bourbon, if thereby they might retain their sons, and plough their fields in tranquillity.

Nor was this all. In spite of respectful forms, still employed by the two Chambers, and the unanimity with which the budget was voted, it was evident that the Senators were becoming alarmed, and the Deputies inclined to assert their independence. The Senate, in an address to the Emperor, hinted that peace had been promised, and that it was time for the promise to be fulfilled. In the Legislative Body, it was protested that the budgets were not sufficiently clear, and but for the urgency of the case would not have been voted without further discussion; and in this body, the old Girondin Lainé, and Dumolard, led a veritable party of opposition.

Pamphlets and leaflets appeared, were widely distributed and read, and were seized by the police. They proved to contain bitter invectives against Napoleon, and resentment against the oppression to which France was subjected under his sceptre. Indications appeared everywhere that his popularity was gone.

The generals were also discontented. They likewise were sick of warfare, and they foresaw disaster.

But, greater than their craving for rest, were the disgust and resentment that filled the hearts of the marshals and generals at the insolence with which they

were treated, at the manner in which their laurels were denied them, and plucked away for the adornment of their master's crown, and the obloquy that fell on them, the unjust condemnation to which they were subjected, not when *they* had committed errors, but when he had made a mistake that led to disaster. Bernadotte, Prince Regent of Sweden, had been so insulted that he entered into coalition against him. His brother-in-law, Murat, angry because Napoleon had abused him for deserting the wreck of the Grand Army at Posen—doing exactly what he himself had done—wrote, or rather dictated, violent letters, for the King of Naples was too illiterate to be able to write himself. Bonaparte had written to his sister Caroline, Murat's wife, a letter in which he told her in



“ATTENTION! THE EMPEROR'S EYE IS ON US.”

From a lithograph by Raffet.

plain terms that her husband was an ungrateful scoundrel, a liar, traitor, and (in politics) a fool, and that he was unworthy of the close family connection subsisting with himself. Murat's answer ran:—

“The wound on my honour is inflicted. You have insulted an old companion in arms, faithful to you in dangers, not a small means of your victories, a supporter of your greatness, the reviver of your ebbing courage on the 18th Brumaire. Your Majesty says that, when one has the honour to belong to your *illustrious* family, one ought to do nothing to hazard its interests or obscure its splendour. But I, Sire, tell you in reply that your family has received quite as much honour as it gave me, by uniting me with Caroline. A thousand times, though a King, I sigh after the day when, as a plain officer, I had superiors, but not a master. Having become a King, but finding myself in this supreme rank tyrannised over by your Majesty, and domineered over in my own family, I have felt more than ever the need of independence, the thirst for liberty. You afflict, you sacrifice to your suspicion the men most faithful to you, the men who best served you in the stupendous road to your fortune. I can no longer

withhold from my people some restoration of commerce, some remedy for the terrible evils inflicted on them by the maritime war. Our mutual confidence and faith are gone."*

One of his generals said, as far back as the campaign of 1809, which saw Marshal Lannes and many other officers of the highest rank numbered with the slain, "This little *coquin* will never stop until he gets us all killed—all."

Masséna, Augereau, Rapp, all were dissatisfied, and continued to serve him with inner resentment, and impatient to have done with incessant war.

His ministers saw that he was hurrying to destruction, and began to scheme and correspond in secret how to save themselves, and pluck some spoil and advantage to themselves out of the *débâcle* which was imminent.

The conscripts, the veterans, all the mighty host, poured over the Rhine against the Prussians and Russians, marched without knowing for what they were to fight; whereas, opposed to them, there was not a man, down to the smallest drummer-boy, who did not know that he stood in the ranks to defend his home and his country. In 1793 France fought for a principle, Prussia for a man. The position, and consequent result, now, in 1813, was reversed.

In his first campaigns Napoleon had seen many a rout. When he gained a day, the enemy broke up, and scattered in wild terror and utter confusion. All this was altered now. Routs of this nature he did see, but not in the enemy, though defeated, but among his own forces. The former, though driven back from a hard-contested field, drew away without leaving a standard, a gun, a prisoner, in his hands; whereas, when he was beaten, his motley host dissolved at once into a rabble of panic-stricken fugitives.

"Every victory we gain," said one of his marshals, "serves only as a lesson to teach the Russians how to defeat us."

At Lützen Napoleon gained one of his fruitless victories. On the eve he lost his marshal, Bessières.

In none of his campaigns did Napoleon exhibit higher capacities as a tactician than in this campaign of 1813. His handling of the troops at Lützen was magnificent; and his tactics at Bautzen, when he turned the right of the Allies in their entrenchments, was one of the finest achievements ever accomplished. He had confidently expected, on resuming the offensive, to strike a grand blow, as at Jena, and, by a single battle, to recover Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin. But the victories of Lützen and of Bautzen led to no decisive result; the Allies retired in good order.

Two days after Lützen, Bonaparte's favourite aide-de-camp, General Duroc, was laid low by a spent cannon-ball. Duroc was his old and faithful companion, one of the few who were disinterestedly attached to Bonaparte; and of the still smaller number who could inspire Napoleon with a reciprocal attachment. It was a superstition too, both at the French Court and with the French army, that there was a sympathy, or mysterious connection, between the fate of Duroc and the fortunes of his master.

* COLLETTA, *Storia di Napoli*.

Napoleon sincerely felt the loss of Duroc. It unnerved him. Constant says:—

“The Emperor gave mechanically some orders, and returned to the camp. When inside the square of the guard, he seated himself on a stool before his tent, his head bowed, his hands joined, and thus remained for nearly an hour, without uttering a single word. However, as measures essential for the morrow had to be taken, General Drouot approached him, and, with a voice broken by sobs, asked what was to be done. ‘A demain tout!’ replied the Emperor. Not another word did he say.”*

The allied forces, after the battle of Bautzen, retired to the Leignitz and the Oder, and province after province was over-run by the French. Nevertheless, Napoleon was far from easy. An entire population was in arms in his rear, and several disasters occurred to his communications. He needed reinforcements greatly, after the frightful losses at Lützen and Bautzen. But if his position was not without its disadvantage and danger, the Allies required time far more than did he. They also were calling up fresh troops; but, more than that, they were in correspondence with Austria and Sweden, and were confident, in a few weeks, of obtaining their assistance.

Napoleon ought to have seen, from the line of retreat adopted by them, that they calculated on the support of Austria, but he was rocked in confidence, believing that his alliance with the Imperial Hapsburg House had secured him in that quarter. He knew, moreover, what jealousies existed between Austria and Prussia, and counted on them. Accordingly, he committed the fatal mistake of agreeing to an armistice. He had indeed proposed it, hoping by a stroke of cunning to detach Alexander from the Coalition, and engage him in separate negotiations with himself. But the Czar was proof against these proposals, and he received them in a full council, in the presence of the Austrian minister.

Finding that he could not succeed in a separate negotiation, Napoleon agreed to an armistice, which was signed on June 4th; and almost directly after the signature, allowed a body of his men, under General Fournier, to surround the corps of Volunteers under Lützow, five hundred strong, and cut them to pieces. Among those slaughtered was the poet Körner, whose patriotic songs had stirred the heart of Germany. When the Volunteers saw themselves surrounded, before the attack commenced, Körner advanced before the lines to parley with the French general, and remind him of the armistice. But Fournier exclaimed,



NAPOLEON SEATED.
From a contemporary engraving.

* CONSTANT, v. 211.

“The armistice is for all the world except you!” and cut him down. This outrage on the laws of war among civilised people roused the Germans to fury, and especially exasperated the Saxons, who were allies of the French, for Körner was a Saxon by birth.

The armistice was to last from the 5th June to the 22nd of July; and Bonaparte entered Dresden and surrounded himself there with a Court.

Austria offered her mediation, and Metternich was sent to Dresden, as plenipotentiary of Austria, to negotiate a peace. He proposed, in a Conference that lasted seven hours:—



NAPOLEON.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

1. That the limits of France should be restrained to the west bank of the Rhine.

2. That Italy should be constituted a kingdom, independent of France.

3. That the Protectorate over the Confederacy of the Rhine, and over the Helvetic Republic, should be abandoned.

These proposals produced an explosion of rage in Napoleon; they revealed to him plainly that the Court of Vienna had resolved on entering the Coalition.

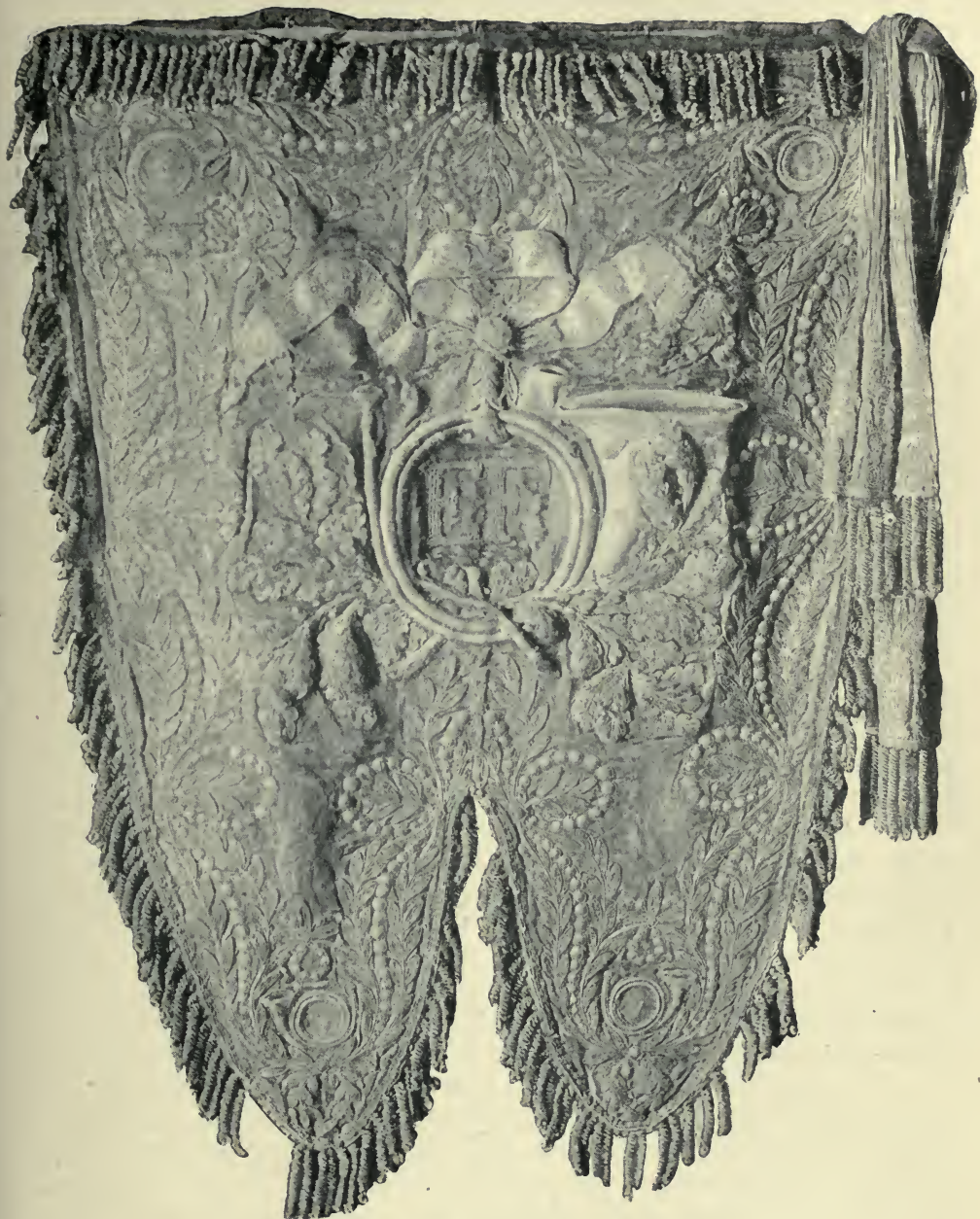
Metternich in his *Memoirs*, gives us an account of the scene.

“You want war!” exclaimed Napoleon; “you shall have it. I give you a *rendez-vous* at Vienna.” Then he poured forth a torrent of

technical details on the forces at the disposal of Austria. “I married the daughter of Francis,” cried he; “I said to myself at the time, ‘You are making a mistake.’ But the thing is done; and I regret it now that it is too late.” Then he wandered off to the Prussian campaign. “That was a rough experience,” he said; “but I got out of it in admirable style.”

Metternich listened coldly to this stream of words, and only ventured to remark that France was exhausted and had an army of lads only. Napoleon answered, “You are not a soldier. You do not understand what passes in the mind of a soldier. I grew up on battle-fields, and I don’t care a — for the lives of a million men.” So saying, he threw his cap across the room.

As Metternich prepared to leave, Napoleon could not refrain from flinging an insult in the face of the plenipotentiary. “Ah! Metternich,” he asked, in his



THE STANDARD OF THE CHASSEURS OF THE GUARD.

On a green silk ground leaves of oak and laurel, embroidered in gold and silver. In the centre a hunting-horn in silver, with "E. F." in the centre in gold.

harshest tones, "How much has England paid you to make war upon me?" At the door, the minister of the Court of Austria turned and cast a Parthian arrow at the Emperor. "Sire," said he, "you are lost. I had the presentiment as I came here; now, in leaving, I know it."

Napoleon had committed a grievous error in granting an armistice, giving Austria time to assemble her forces. He aggravated his error now by extending it twenty days, just the time desired by Schwarzenberg for completing his armaments. On the 30th June, the tidings reached Napoleon at Dresden that Wellington had won the battle of Vittoria, by which the French were swept as by a whirlwind from the north and west of Spain; and everyone saw that nothing could arrest the entry of the British forces into France through the valleys of the Pyrenees.

Fully impressed with the magnitude of the disaster, Napoleon took vigorous steps to remedy it, by despatching Soult to assume supreme command over the troops still at his disposal in the south; but the Emperor Francis, if he had hesitated hitherto, was nerved to throw his weight into the scale against France. From the moment of this news reaching the Allies, hesitation was abandoned. Napoleon commenced a series of fortifications around Dresden, which he purposed converting into an enormous entrenched camp. But now that the resolve of Austria to join hands with Russia and Prussia against him became clear, he was forced to abandon this project, for if he remained in Dresden, the Austrian hosts pouring over the Bohemian mountains would take the whole line of the Elbe in rear.

On the 12th August, Austria declared war. But her adhesion to the Coalition was not without disadvantage. Francis entered into the compact in half-hearted mood. He disliked the popular movement which had manifested itself; he was a stranger to all feeling for Germany as a nation. After having surrendered the crown of Charlemagne at Frankfort, he was indifferent to the fate of Fatherland. He by no means desired the power of Napoleon to be broken. What he really desired was the restoration of Trieste. Had the French Emperor agreed to that, he would have united with him against the Allies. And now that his force joined those of the Coalition, the Prussian and Russian armies were subjected to the disadvantage of being placed under the command-in-chief of Prince Schwarzenberg. On the other hand, hitherto the Allies had been inferior in number to the host invading Prussia and Saxony; now, the accession of 150,000 men from Austria altered the balance.

Napoleon was led to a fatal mistake. In his elaborate plan of campaign, he failed to perceive that he had passed the limit of what machine-like discipline and organisation can do with agglomerations of men, just as, ten years before, he had expected impossibilities of combination from agglomerations of ships. Moreover, he still reckoned on having with him those moral forces which no longer existed, or had gone over to the enemy.

Napoleon knew very well that Prussia was the soul of the opposition, and in accordance with his custom, and agreeably to the decision with which he acted, he at once resolved on striking a bold and crushing blow at Berlin. What a

tremendous effect would be produced on the Allies by the tidings that the capital of Prussia was taken, and given over to the flames! From Berlin to the Oder and the Vistula was not far. Bernadotte, indeed, at the head of 150,000 men, occupied the marches of the lower Elbe; but Napoleon could hardly believe that his old marshal, the brother-in-law of Joseph, would fight him. He knew that he would command the Northern Army, indeed, but hoped that he would paralyse its action. As for the Prussian Landwehr, Napoleon despised it. He did not take the insulted, down-trodden peasants into consideration at all, and yet it was they who wrought his ruin, in that they purposely deceived him and his staff with false reports as to the position and numbers of the enemy.

On the 26th of August, the Allies were defeated by Napoleon with great loss, before Dresden; but this was the last victory obtained by him on German soil, though he supposed it to be the prelude to another series of triumphs.

But on the 23rd of August, a murderous conflict had taken place at Gross-Beeren, between a Prussian division of the North Army and the French. The almost untrained peasantry that composed it rushed upon the enemy, and beat down entire battalions with the butt-ends of their muskets, while the Crown Prince of Sweden (Bernadotte) and his Swedes looked on without taking any part. The French lost 2,400 prisoners. If this disaster showed Napoleon that the peasantry had become a power, it confirmed him in his belief that Bernadotte would not draw his sword against his countrymen and himself.

A few days later, Blücher in Silesia won success. Having drawn the French across the river Neisse, he drove them, after a desperate engagement, into the river, swollen with heavy rains. The muskets of the soldiers had been rendered unserviceable by the wet; and Blücher, drawing his sabre from beneath his cloak, dashed ahead, exclaiming, "Forwards!"

Several thousand French were drowned or bayoneted. They lost 103 guns, 18,000 prisoners, and a great number were killed. Macdonald, the general in command, one of the ablest of the marshals, escaped almost alone to Napoleon, at Dresden. "Sire," said the defeated general, "your army no longer exists."

His generals had been thrown back from every side, with great loss, on the Saxon capital; and now, as he prepared to check the advance of the Allies, by getting between them and Berlin,* a fresh disappointment befell him. The Bavarian army refused to fight for him; it went over to the Allies, and marched to the Main, to stand across his path if he attempted to retreat. His contingents from the Rhine and the Saxons became restive, and broke out into mutiny, or slipped away and joined the ranks of the Allies. A Westphalian regiment, with arms and baggage, deserted on the eve of the evacuation of Dresden.

Orders had been given for a general concentration at Düben, and the impression throughout the army was that Napoleon was intending to effect a retreat to the Rhine, thence through Leipzig. It was not till he arrived at Düben that he announced his intention of making a rapid march on Berlin.

* He carried out the same plan the following year on French soil, with the result to be expected.

“The time,” says Constant, “was unhappily passed when the expression of the intentions of the Emperor alone sufficed, and was regarded as a signal of victory. The chiefs of the army, hitherto so submissive, began to reflect, and permitted themselves to disapprove of projects, the execution of which frightened them. When the intention of the Emperor was made known, that he purposed marching on Berlin, there was an almost general outbreak of discontent; the generals who had escaped the disasters of Moscow, and the dangers of the double campaign in Germany, were fatigued, and perhaps eager to enjoy their fortunes, and repose in the bosoms of their families. Some went so far as to accuse the Emperor of purposely protracting the war. ‘Have not enough been killed?’ they asked. ‘Do you want us all to lay our bones here?’ And these complaints were not limited to secret confidences, but were spoken loud enough to reach the Emperor’s ears.

“It was while this was discussed, that the news of the defection of Bavaria reached the chiefs of the army. This defection added new force to the uneasiness and discontent produced by the resolution of the Emperor. Now was seen what had never been witnessed before—his entire staff unite to entreat him to abandon his project of marching on Berlin, and to retire in the direction of Leipzig. I could see how the soul of the Emperor suffered from the necessity of even listening to such remonstrances.

“In spite of the respectful form in which these remonstrances were made, his Majesty was hurt, and for two days

remained in indecision. Oh, how long those forty-eight hours were! Never was bivouac or abandoned cabin so dismal as the dismal castle of Düben. In this lamentable residence I saw the Emperor for the first time wholly broken down. The indecision to which he was a prey had so absorbed him, that he was hardly recognisable. To an activity which thrust him on, and devoured him incessantly, succeeded an apparent indifference, of which I could hardly have conceived an idea. I saw him, during almost the entire day, lying on a sofa, having before him a table covered with maps and papers, which he did not look at, without other occupation than scrawling slowly great letters on blank pieces of paper, for hours together. His mind was then floating between his own purpose and that urged on him by his generals. After two days of the most painful anxiety, he gave way. Then all was lost. How often have I heard him afterwards repeat with grief, ‘I would have avoided many disasters, if I had



NAPOLEON TAKING A PINCH OF SNUFF.

From a lithograph of 1838.

followed my first impulse. I failed only because I yielded to the opinions of others.'” *

Thus did his galled pride still attribute disaster to others rather than to himself. Yet who can doubt for an instant that the prosecution of the march on Berlin would have resulted in a disaster far greater than that of Leipzig?

The order for retreat was given. All faces lighted up when it was heard. “We are going back to France,” cried the soldiers. “We shall kiss our children and our wives again.”

On the 16th of October, began the great battle of Leipzig, which the Germans call “The Battle of the Nations,” because of the various nationalities represented in it, and the number of troops engaged. It was fought on the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th of October, and was one of the longest, sternest, and bloodiest actions of the war, and one of the greatest battles recorded in history. Napoleon was led to engage in it by false representations. He believed that he was opposed by the Bohemian army only, which was not larger than his own. That Bernadotte would take no part in it, and keep at a distance, with the Northern Army, was certain. Blücher, he believed, was too distant to cause him any alarm, whereas he was actually at Möchern, on the Halle road, awaiting the arrival of Bernadotte.

On the evening of the 16th, for a moment victory seemed to declare for the French, and Napoleon shouted exultingly: “The tide is turning!” But when darkness settled in, he felt that he was a beaten man; yet his spirit was not broken.

Next day only desultory fighting ensued; the Emperor saw that at all costs he must keep clear a line of retreat, and he ordered the road to Weissenfels to be held open. He sent to the Allies to propose a truce, but was refused.

On the 18th, the battle began again with renewed fury. But now at length the Swedes and the Northern Army came up from Halle, and another Austrian division and a Russian reinforcement appeared as well on the field.

Napoleon resolved on immediate retreat, and concentrated his army on the south. Then the Saxons went over to the enemy, followed by the Würtemberg cavalry. Night settled down once more on the bloody field, and Napoleon spent it in the town, into which he had withdrawn all but the outposts of his army, and prepared to break away for France on the morrow.

The 19th dawned, and with the gathering light the Allies advanced. The cannon-balls fell in showers in the streets. Napoleon finding that all was lost, quitted the town as the Allies entered it on the other side. As the Emperor crossed the bridge, he ordered it to be blown up. This was done regardless of his flying army which was crossing it; and 25,000 men were left behind. The retreat was conducted in tolerable order, harassed, indeed, and obstructed by the Bavarians at Hanau. On the 9th November, Napoleon, having brought the shattered remains of his army to Mayence, left for Paris, and bade a final adieu to the German plains.

* CONSTANT, v. 268.

XLIX

THE ABDICATION

(9th NOVEMBER, 1813—6th APRIL, 1814)

ON the return of Napoleon to Paris, the Senate approached him with renewed professions of devotion to his person and dynasty, and affected to regard the disaster of Leipzig and the retreat as reparable disasters, and as attributable to anything rather than to any fault in Napoleon the Great. On Sunday, the 14th of November, five days after his arrival in Paris, they appeared before him in the Tuileries, with an address of felicitation on his happy return, unwounded. But the Legislative Body, though it had for long been reduced to a condition of servility almost as base as that of the Senate, did nevertheless contain in it men of better stuff; and a committee having drawn up and presented a report on the condition of the nation, those engaged thereon had not shrunk from pointing out the exhausted state of the country, and the practical abrogation of the laws which guaranteed to French citizens the rights of liberty, property, and security, and the free exercise of their Constitutional privileges. The Legislative Body, by a large majority, ordered the report to be printed.

This token of independence exasperated the Emperor to the highest degree, and he immediately ordered the suppression of the report, and the closing of the doors of the Assembly, which he declared to be adjourned. This was on the last day of 1813. On the following day, there was, as usual, for the new year, a grand Court levée, and among those who repaired to the Tuileries in their embroidered coats, to salute the Emperor, was a deputation of the Legislative Body. Napoleon at once attacked them in a coarse speech, accompanied by menacing gestures, in the midst of an awestruck circle of courtiers:—

“Gentlemen,” said he, “you might have done a great deal of good, but you have done nothing but mischief. I have suppressed your address; it was incendiary. Eleven-twelfths of you are well-intentioned, the others, and above all M. Lainé, are factious intriguers, devoted to England, to all my enemies, and corresponding with the Bourbons. You make remonstrances. Is this a time, when the stranger invades our provinces? There may have been petty abuses; I never connived at them. You, M. Raynouard, said that Prince Masséna robbed a man at Marseilles of his house. You lie! Why did you not make your complaints in private to me? We should wash our dirty linen at home, and not drag it out before the world. You call yourselves the Representatives of the

Nation. It is not true; you are only Deputies of Departments. I alone am the Representative of the People. Twice have 27,000,000 French called me to the throne. It had already crushed your Assemblies, and your Conventions, your Jacobins, and your Girondins. They are all dead! What, who are *you*? Nothing. All authority is in the Throne. What is it? This wooden frame covered with velvet? No! I am the Throne. You advise! how dare you debate on matters of such grave import? You have put me forward as the cause of war—it is an outrage. M. Lainé is a traitor; he is a wicked man, the rest are mere intriguers. Go back to your Departments. If any one of you dare to print your address, I shall publish it in the *Moniteur* with my own notes. Go: France stands more in need of me, than I of France.”

There are various versions of this furious speech. It circulated through Paris, it was commented on, it produced general indignation. It spread beyond France, it was published throughout Europe, though not printed in the official *Moniteur*, and the expressions in it were perhaps aggravated by interested persons. But the Legislative Body was the organ of the nation, and it spoke for the people. Napoleon's defiance of it was accepted as a manifesto of his arbitrary will against the nation, and the nation resented it.

The Senate had voted a new conscription of 300,000 men, including all who had escaped the conscriptions of former years, and the taxes were doubled.

But the land was drained of blood and money. Everywhere the women were in mourning; their husbands and sons had been sacrificed on the snowy plains of Russia, on the burning plateaus of New Castille, or in the butchery of Leipzig. Formerly they had said, “Our children died on the fields of victory for the glory of France.” Now they moaned, “Our brothers, our children, our substance, are sacrificed to the ambition of a tyrant!”

It was not till the 8th January, 1814, that the desperate Emperor could be induced to think of reorganising the National Guard of Paris; and even then he took precautions to exclude the men of the faubourgs, and all the poorer classes. According to the imperial purpose, it was to be 30,000 strong, but was formed only of such men as were believed to be the friends of order, that is to say, of the Empire; and yet, to complete that number, many were taken in who were doubtful adherents, and officers were nominated who were suspected Royalists.

Of his old army, Napoleon had upon the Rhine no more than seventy or eighty thousand men to oppose to the Allies advancing upon the frontier with 160,000 men, and with reinforcements hurrying up from Austria, Russia, and every part of Germany. From Italy not a man nor a musket could be drawn, for Murat had joined the Allies, and, supported by an Austrian army, was overpowering Eugène Beauharnais. No assistance was to be reckoned on from any other part of Europe. Bernadotte had overthrown the Danes, the last ally on whom Napoleon could count. In the south, Wellington was driving Soult before him. Bonaparte had said that, rather than give up Holland, he would sink it under the sea. But Holland had risen, shaken off the yoke of the detested French, and had summoned the Prince of Orange to the crown.

Switzerland was powerless to rise, but it readily allowed the Allies to traverse its territory on their way into France.

The defection of Murat overthrew one of Bonaparte's splendid conceptions. He had planned that, whilst he occupied the invaders, disputing every inch of French soil, Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, and Murat, King of Naples, should combine their forces, and strike over the Alps at Vienna, and thus paralyse Austria by a blow at the heart.

Amidst the difficulties which assailed him, the Emperor turned his eyes on Talleyrand. Madame Junot gives an amusing account of an interview between Napoleon, grown irritable and half mad with disappointment, and the adroit, passionless minister. Joseph had abandoned Spain, and resigned the crown; now, when too late, Napoleon entered into a convention with Ferdinand for his restoration.

"It would appear that the Emperor was not at the time very well acquainted with the style of conversation which was maintained in the coterie of M. de Talleyrand, when the affairs of Spain came under discussion. 'Well, Monsieur,' said the Emperor walking straight up to him, 'I think it somewhat strange that you should allege I made you the gaoler of Ferdinand, when you yourself made the proposition to me.' Talleyrand

assumed one of his inflexible looks—half closing his little eyes, and screwing up his lips, he stood with one hand resting on the back of a chair, and the other in his waistcoat-pocket. Nothing increases anger so much as coolness. The Emperor was violently irritated at Talleyrand's immovability of countenance and coolness of manner, and he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, stamping his foot, 'Why do you not answer me?' The same silence was maintained. Napoleon's eyes flashed fire. Talleyrand became alarmed, not without reason, and then he stammered out the following words, which were certainly anything but satisfactory: 'I am at a loss to understand what your Majesty means.' Napoleon attempted to speak, but rage choked his utterance. He advanced, first one step, then a second, then a third, until he came close up to the Prince of Benevento. He then



NAPOLEON AT THE TIME OF THE INVASION BY THE ALLIES.
From a lithograph by Raffet.

raised his hand to the height of the Prince's chin, and, continuing to advance, he forced Talleyrand to recede, which was no easy matter, owing to the defect in one of his feet. However, it was more advisable to recede than advance, for the Emperor's little hand was still raised, and was clenched in the form necessary for giving what is vulgarly called a *coup de poing*. However, it was not given. The Emperor merely drove the Prince of Benevento, half walking, half hobbling, along the whole length of the large cabinet of the Pavilion of Flora. At length the Prince reached the wall of the apartment, and Napoleon repeated, 'So you presume to say that you did not advise the captivity of the princes?' Here the scene ended. On the evening of the day on which this scene was acted the Prince of Benevento had company. The chamberlain on duty at the Tuileries had overheard everything, and had repeated it, with the addition that the Prince *had* received a *coup de poing* from the Emperor. At a party that same evening, one of his visitors, who was on familiar terms with the Prince, stepped up to him, saying, 'Ah! Monseigneur, what have I heard?' 'What?' inquired Talleyrand, with one of his cool, impenetrable looks. 'I have been informed that the Emperor treated you to——' 'Oh!' interrupted the Prince, 'that is a thing that happens every day—every day.' The Prince had heard no mention of the *coup de poing*, and flattered himself that nobody knew; and when he said 'every day,' he merely meant that the Emperor was every day out of temper and unreasonable."*

The Allies, having learned of the immense levies of troops which Napoleon was making, and being well aware of the impatience of the nation at the burdens imposed on it, issued a proclamation addressed to the French people, assuring them that it was their desire to see France great, strong, and happy, and that they had no intention of interfering with what form of government they chose to adopt, but that they were firmly resolved to repress the ambition of Napoleon, which was covering Europe with ruins, and converting it into a charnel-house. The proclamation was widely circulated, and produced a great effect, for it led the people to regard the Emperor as the sole obstacle to that peace which they so ardently desired, and to attain which he had assured them he had engaged in all his wars.

To gain time was Napoleon's great desire. He was fully aware of the half-heartedness with which his father-in-law had entered into the alliance. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, together with England, which furnished the sinews of war, were intent on making Napoleon powerless to do more mischief; but the Emperor of Austria had no desire to see Napoleon dethroned, nor France humiliated. He aimed at recovering his losses in Italy; and if he could obtain these from Napoleon, he was prepared to dissolve his alliance with the other Sovereigns. Unhappily, the Grand Army which invaded France was placed under the command of Prince Schwarzenberg, with gout in his feet, and stupidity in his brain, and further hampered by the instructions of his master not to press Napoleon too hard. Bonaparte was fully alive to the stupidity, timidity, and hesitation of the Austrian generals. The Czar Alexander was driven almost frantic by their hesitation and inertness, and more than once threatened to detach his Russians from them, and carry on the war alone with Blücher and the Prussians.

* *Memoirs*, iii. 376.

Blücher, who commanded the Army of Silesia, which crossed the Rhine below Mayence, and made for the valley of the Maine, was as incautious and precipitate as Schwarzenberg was provident and slow. He ran like a hare, whilst the Austrian crawled like a snail.

A Congress was appointed to meet at Châtillon, to which Napoleon sent Caulaincourt, with private instructions to sign no agreement, to create difficulties, and to sow dissension among the members of the Coalition. "Only detach Austria," said Bonaparte, "and all will yet be saved."



NAPOLEON IN A COTTAGE.

From a lithograph by Bellangé.

He endeavoured to obtain an armistice whilst the Convention was sitting but this was refused.

Caulaincourt could not fail to see that the incessant evasion to which he was driven was producing a bad effect, and that in the meantime the chances of gaining favourable terms were lessening. But nothing could induce Napoleon to yield. Maret, Duke of Bassano, was with him, and he also saw that the madness of the Emperor was menacing France with ruin.

After Leipzig, terms of peace had been offered Napoleon, giving him as frontiers the Pyrenees, Switzerland, and the Rhine to the sea, also Nice and Savoy; and this had been haughtily rejected. Very different terms were now offered; and the

alteration is a good gauge of the steady decline of Napoleon's star from 1812—a decline often lost sight of, owing to his brilliant campaign in 1814, and his comet-like reappearance in 1815.

Schwarzenberg, at the head of the Grand Army, entered France by passing over the Rhine at Basel, and traversing the Jura, with intention to effect a junction with the army of Silesia, under Blücher, on the plateau of Langres, about the 26th January, 1814.

On the 23rd January—not before—did the Emperor take leave of the National Guard, previous to his departure to place himself at the head of the army.

At three o'clock in the morning of January 25th, Napoleon embraced his wife and son for the last time, and set out for the army. He never saw either again.

The headquarters of the army were at Châlons-sur-Marne. The Grand Army, under Schwarzenberg, had already crept through Burgundy into Champagne, and was threatening Troyes. Blücher had traversed Lorraine, leaving 20,000 men on the Meuse at S. Michel, and had pushed forward with 26,000 men to Brienne, without any communication between them. Napoleon at once saw the folly committed by the Prussians, and by a rapid march established himself at S. Dizier, between Blücher and the Meuse. He accordingly had it in his power to fling himself on the body commanded by Yorck at S. Michel, and annihilate it, or to grapple with Blücher at Brienne, and drive him back on the Grand Army. He resolved to attack Blücher, who was wholly unaware of the presence of the enemy, and that his Silesian army was cut in two.

Blücher, taken by surprise at Brienne, was defeated on January 29th. Brienne, where Napoleon had been a pupil in the military college, was taken, set on fire, and his old school was consumed in the flames. But this first surprise led to the concentration of the Army of Silesia and the Grand Army, under Schwarzenberg, and again the battle raged at La Rothière, near Brienne, and on this occasion (February 1st) Napoleon was defeated, and forced to retreat. Had the dull and dawdling Austrian general at once pursued his success, the result to Napoleon would have been disastrous in the extreme. The war would have been terminated at one stroke. But his incapacity, or perhaps the reluctance of Francis to allow advantage to be taken of this victory, led to a prolongation of the struggle, and to the shedding of more blood.

Not only did the Allies not do what ought to have been done, but they ingeniously did precisely what they ought not to have done. On February 2nd, they dislocated the Allied Armies, and the order was given that the Army of Silesia should move on Châlons, and thence follow the course of the Marne to Paris, whereas the Grand Army was to descend the valley of the Seine by Montereau, to the same capital.

Napoleon immediately saw his advantage. Disdaining Schwarzenberg, whom he could knock to pieces at his leisure, he determined to measure swords with an adversary more worthy of his regard; and he at once, by a brilliant cross-march, fell upon the Army of Silesia, when, with Blücher's characteristic

carelessness, that army was resolved into three detachments at Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps. Bonaparte succeeded in defeating the enemy on the 10th, 11th, and 14th of February; and he would have annihilated the Army of Silesia, but for the great coolness of the Russian and Prussian soldiers, their admirable discipline, and their orderly method of retreat.

Having now defeated one host, and that under the only general with ability, Napoleon, having the interior position, swung round as on a pivot, and hastened to strike at the lumbering Grand Army under Schwarzenberg. The encounter took place at Montereau, on February 18th, and resulted in the defeat of the Allies, and their retreat to Sens.

The exultation of Napoleon was now at its height. He had executed movements of extraordinary brilliancy, unsurpassed in any of his previous campaigns; he had defeated and driven back two large armies; and he was confident that again his star was in the ascendant.

Meanwhile, at Châtillon, Caulaincourt was evading every proposal made for a termination of the war, and presenting counter suggestions to protract the negotiations. In vain did he appeal to the Emperor to give him full powers to conclude terms. These Napoleon would not grant. On the eve of the battle of Champaubert, Maret had drawn out instructions, empowering Caulaincourt to accept the terms of the Allies, and conclude peace, and these he presented to Napoleon to sign; but the Emperor could not be induced to do this.

“I will sign to-morrow,” said Napoleon. “If I be killed, they will not be wanted; if I conquer, we shall be able to treat with better advantage.”

After the victory, Maret went to him, and again presented the powers for Caulaincourt, but the Emperor refused even to look at them. That day he was even more successful at Montmirail, and in the evening Maret again urged the Emperor to sign. But visions of success had filled Napoleon's brain. He smiled, and, looking at the maps of France and Europe which lay before him, answered, “I now stand in such a situation, that I need not yield an inch of ground. I will sign nothing.”*

Blücher was in retreat on Soissons and Laon, to meet reinforcements detached from the army of the Crown Prince of Sweden (Bernadotte), sent to his aid, for Bernadotte himself shrank from invading his native land.

Napoleon pursued him, and caught him up as he was in a most precarious condition on the Aisne, where he would have cut him to pieces, but for the opportune and unexpected surrender of the French garrison in Soissons. Blücher was thus enabled to cross the river, and make good his retreat to Laon, but not without having first fought and lost a hardly-contested battle at Craon.

There was some reason for exultation in Napoleon, when he saw the Grand Army, numbering 140,000 men, retreating ignominiously before his 60,000, and even falling back beyond Troyes, which was reoccupied on February 23rd.

Despondency had come on the Allies. The hesitation of Francis was at its height, when Lord Castlereagh, the representative of England, interfered, and

* BOURRIENNE, iii. 380.

by his firmness succeeded in infusing a little energy into the timorous minds of the Kaiser and his advisers. Alexander of Russia had all along been an advocate for bold measures; but, without the support of the English representative, the invasion would probably have ended in a fiasco, or in the complete separation of the Austrians from the other Allies, and their retirement from the conflict.

On March 1st, a treaty was drawn up and signed at Chaumont, by which it was stipulated that, in the event of Napoleon refusing the terms offered him—the reduction of France to the limits of the old Monarchy, as they stood prior to the Revolution—the four Allied Powers would each maintain a hundred and fifty thousand men in the field, and that, to provide for their maintenance, Great Britain would furnish an annual subsidy of five millions sterling.

The Congress of Châtillon continued to sit; but, flushed with successes, Napoleon would not listen to any terms that were offered.

The Grand Army again began to creep forward. It met with some successes at Bar-sur-Aube and La Guillotière, driving the French before them; and then, resting from its exertions, allowed the enemy to recover himself. On March 4th, Troyes was retaken—but at this time Napoleon was pursuing Blücher.

On March 18th, as it was impossible to induce the Emperor to accept the terms decided on by the Allies, the negotiations at Châtillon were brought to an end.

On the 20th, a hardly-contested fight took place at Arcis-sur-Aube, which was a drawn action; and, according to all precedent, the Allies should have retreated after it. But a change had come over the Austrians with the conviction that negotiation with Napoleon was impracticable; and on the morning after the fight, the Emperor, to his dismay, saw the Allied troops still in position.

It was now that Napoleon played his last card, in attempting to throw himself on the rear of the Allied Army, with resolve to abandon Paris to its fate. He calculated on the incompetence and timidity of the Austrian generals, and he hoped, by cutting their communications, to reduce them to great straits. No sooner, however, was his plan understood by his generals and the army, than consternation became rife. The idea of abandoning Paris to its fate was to them a sacrilege; it was a counsel of despair, and all they saw before them was a plunge into protracted, aimless warfare. A mutiny was threatened, even at headquarters; the obstinacy with which he had refused the terms offered by the Allies was universally condemned, and many doubted the sanity of the Emperor.

The Allies soon became aware of the position of Napoleon, and of his intentions. They resolved to detach a body of cavalry to mask their movements, and observe him; and to prosecute the march with all rapidity on Paris. Napoleon had sent General Maison, whose talents inspired him with confidence, into the north, to collect an army out of the garrisons there stationed; then, having misled the enemy, he had reached S. Dizier, and there he purposed



1814.
After the picture by Meissonier

turning to the right, picking up the reinforcements sent him by Maison, calling forth a levy of all the people, bringing up Augereau from Lyons, and all the garrisons from Alsace and Lorraine. Then, with this great army, his purpose was to fall on the rear of the Allies, whilst they were engaged with Marmont and Mortier, who were defending Paris. The result of the movement, if carried out, would have been the destruction or capture of the entire army of the Allies with the Sovereigns at its head. But for the success of this daring scheme it was essential that Paris should hold out a sufficient time, and be



“C’EST LUI!” NAPOLEON IN A PEASANT’S HOUSE ASLEEP.
From a painting by F. Flameng.

covered by an army large enough to stay the march of the enemy. Neither of these conditions existed. Marmont and Mortier made faint attempts to maintain the heights in front of Paris, but they had only 20,000 men at their command. The Empress Regent fled to Blois, and on the 30th March Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, who was the Emperor’s lieutenant, and Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, was nowhere to be found. He had been accustomed to use his legs in Spain, and he had fled after the Empress Regent. Marshals Mortier and Marmont now asked for an armistice, and this led to the capitulation of Paris. On the 31st, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered the capital of France, amidst the acclamations of the Parisians, a waving of white handkerchiefs, and a shouting of “*Vivent les Alliés! Vivent les Bourbons!*”

When Napoleon heard of the rapid march on Paris, he came flying back to the relief of the capital. But he came too late; Paris was already in the undisturbed possession of the Allies. At Fontainebleau he met the columns of the garrison which had evacuated Paris. He affected great indignation against Marmont; but no man in his senses thought that Marmont, with his diminutive force, and with no popular support, could have done more than he had done. Several of his marshals now came to him, and told him the unpalatable



AN INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

NAPOLEON'S SILHOUETTE, WHEN ASLEEP, SKETCHED ON THE WALL BY A POST-BOY.

From a lithograph by Bellangé.

truth, that he ought to abdicate. He hurried into the gloomy old palace of Fontainebleau, and shut himself up to his maddening reflections.

"I can hardly paint the gloomy sadness and silence that reigned at Fontainebleau during the next two days," says Constant. "Bowed under so many blows, the Emperor went very little into his study, where he usually passed so many hours at work. He was so absorbed in his thoughts, that often he did not perceive there were any persons near him. He looked at them without seeing them, and remained for half an hour without saying a word to them. Then, as one awaking out of a state of stupefaction, he addressed them a question, and seemed not to listen for an answer. The presence of the Duke

of Bassano (Maret) and of the Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt), whom he repeatedly asked for, did not break this preoccupation, which was, so to speak, lethargic. Meal-times passed in the same manner: no sound interrupted the silence save that inevitably attached to the service. At the Emperor's toilette, the same silence: not a word escaped his lips, and if I proposed to him in the morning one of his usual potions, I not only received no answer, but nothing in his face betokened that he had heard me. This situation was literally horrible to all who were attached to his Majesty. Was the Emperor really conquered by his misfortunes? Was his genius as stupefied as his body? I



DRIVEN DESPERATE.
From a lithograph by Raffet.

must say frankly that seeing him now so different from what he was after the disasters of Moscow, and even as he had been a few days before at Troyes, I believed it was so. But it was not. His mind was occupied with one fixed idea, the idea of resuming the offensive, and of marching on Paris. Indeed, although he seemed dumbfounded in the intimacy of his most faithful ministers and most skilful generals, he nerved at once when he saw his soldiers, believing that the former would urge counsels of prudence, whereas the others would answer only with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' to whatever he commanded them, however reckless his orders might be. And already, on the 2nd April, he began to shake off this depression whilst passing in review the Guard in the court of the palace. He spoke then in firm tones to them:—

“Soldiers! the enemy has forestalled us by three marches, and has got

possession of Paris. We must drive them thence. Unworthy Frenchmen, emigrants that I had pardoned, have put on the white cockade, and have joined the enemy. Cowards! They shall be repaid their treachery. Let us swear to conquer or to die, and to make the tricolor cockade respected, which for twenty years has led along the road of glory and honour.'

"The enthusiasm of the troops was extreme at the voice of their chief. All cried out, 'Paris! Paris!' But the Emperor fell back into depression on passing the threshold of the palace. This was caused by the well-founded fear that his immense longing to march on Paris would be combated by his lieutenants. However, affairs became more and more opposed to his projects. The Duke of Vicenza, whom he had sent to Paris, where was formed the Provisional Government under the Presidency of the Prince of Benevento, returned without having



THE ABDICATION.

A caricature by G. Cruikshank.

succeeded with his mission to the Emperor Alexander, and every day brought in news of fresh defections among his marshals and a great number of his generals. That of the Prince of Neufchâtel (Berthier) was what touched him most keenly."*

Napoleon had round him at Fontainebleau about seven thousand men. Macdonald with the rest of his army, about 25,000 strong, was at Montereau. The Emperor sent orders that they should be pushed forward for the march against Paris. On receiving this order, Macdonald hastened to Fontainebleau. When he arrived there, he heard that the Emperor had already announced his intention to the generals in command of the corps there assembled. Macdonald at once entered the palace; what ensued is told by Bourrienne, who received the particulars from the Marshal himself:—

"As soon as Macdonald entered the apartment, Napoleon stepped up to him and said, 'Well, how are things going on?' 'Very badly, Sire.' 'How, badly?'

* CONSTANT, vi. 71.

What are the feelings of your army?' 'My army, Sire, is entirely discouraged, appalled by the fate of Paris.' 'Will not your troops join me in an advance on Paris?' 'Sire, do not think of such a thing. If I were to give such an order, I should run the risk of being disobeyed.' 'But what is to be done? I cannot remain as I am. I have yet resources and partisans. I will march on Paris. I will be avenged on the inconstancy of the Parisians and the baseness of the Senate. Woe to the members of the Government, that have schemed for the return of the Bourbons. To-morrow I shall place myself at the head of my Guards, and the day after we shall be in the Tuileries.'

"The Marshal listened in silence; and when at length Napoleon became somewhat calm, he observed, 'Sire, it appears, then, that you are not aware of what has taken place in Paris—of the establishment of a Provisional Government, and——' 'I know it all; and what then?' 'Sire,' added the Marshal, presenting a paper to Napoleon, 'here is something which will tell you more than I can.' Macdonald then presented to him a letter from General Beuronville, announcing the forfeiture of the Emperor pronounced by the Senate, and the determination of the Allied Powers not to treat with Napoleon, or any member of his family. When the reading of Beuronville's letter was ended, the Emperor affected to persist in his intention of marching on Paris. 'Sire,' exclaimed Macdonald, 'that plan must be renounced. Not a sword would be unsheathed to second you in such an enterprise.'"*

Berthier had been with the Emperor at Fontainebleau; but seeing how things were marching, he invented some excuse for leaving him. He pretended that his presence was required in Paris, for the purpose of securing some compromising papers.

Whilst he spoke, Napoleon looked at him steadily, and with a shade of melancholy in his face.

"Berthier," said he, taking his hand, "you see that I have need of consolation, and how much I require at this moment to be surrounded by my true friends." Berthier made no reply. Napoleon continued: "You will be back to-morrow?" "Certainly, Sire," replied the Prince of Neufchâtel, and left the room.

After his departure, Napoleon remained for some time silent. He followed him with his eyes, and when Berthier was out of sight, he cast them on the ground and sighed. At length he advanced to Maret, and laying his hand on his arm, pressed it and said, "He will not come back." He then threw himself dejectedly into a chair. He was right. Berthier had deserted him.

His marshals now pointed out to him the necessity for signing an abdication.

"The Emperor," says Constant, "became daily more anxious and sad, and I observed the lively agitation caused in him by the reading of despatches received from Paris. This agitation was several times so great, that I saw how he tore his thigh with his nails so that the blood came, without his perceiving it. Several times the Emperor asked Roustan (his Mameluke) to bring him his pistols; but I had taken the precaution to tell him not to give them to him, however much he might insist."†

At length, reluctantly, he drew up the act of abdication in the following terms:—

"The Allied Powers having declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon,

* BOURRIENNE, iii. 143.

† CONSTANT, vi. 76.

faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to leave France, and even lay down his life for the welfare of the country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the Regency of the Empress, and the maintenance of the laws of the Empire.

“Given at our palace of Fontainebleau, 6th April, 1814.

(Signed) “NAPOLEON.”

SIGNATURE ON THE 4TH APRIL, 1814.

It may be observed that his natural duplicity did not even then leave him. He did not declare that he abdicated, but only that he was “prepared” to do so. Shortly after, having been told of the arrival of an Austrian officer, who declared that what had taken place in Paris had been contrary to the wish of the Emperor Francis, he bade Caulaincourt send at once after the marshals, and desire them to return to him his act of abdication. The marshals, however, absolutely refused to surrender the document.

Napoleon was highly incensed; he threw himself on a little yellow sofa near the window, and exclaimed, “With my Guards and Marmont’s corps, I shall be in Paris to-morrow!”

Nothing remained now but to conclude the formal treaty between Napoleon and the Allied Powers, and it was signed on the 11th April. By it, Napoleon renounced the Empire of France and the Kingdom of Italy for himself and his descendants. The island of Elba was selected by him as his place of residence, and it was erected into a principality in his favour. Two millions five hundred thousand francs a year were promised for his annual income. These disastrously favourable terms he owed to the good-hearted weakness of the Czar.

To Bausset he said, “I abdicate, but I cede nothing.” Pacing up and down the terrace in the evening, after long silence, he burst forth in the words, “A live gudgeon is worth more than a dead Emperor.”

That same night, on taking leave of Caulaincourt, he said, “My resolution is taken; we must finish, I feel it.” Caulaincourt had not been long in bed, before he was roused by Constant, to tell him that the Emperor was in convulsions, and was dying. He instantly ran in. Napoleon had attempted to poison himself with some prussic acid he always carried about with him. But the poison had been so long kept that it had lost its virulence, and after violent vomiting, he recovered. “The dose was not strong enough; God did not will it,” he said.

L

ELBA

(6 APRIL, 1814—27 FEBRUARY, 1815)

NO sooner had Napoleon signed his abdication, and despatched it, than his restless mind formed schemes for defeating it. He drew up a plan, which he signed, and which was countersigned by the Duke of Bassano, by virtue of which he was to hasten, with 20,000 men, to unite with the Army of Italy, under Eugène, the Viceroy.

This done, Napoleon sent for Oudinot, Duke of Reggio, and asked him if his troops could be relied on.

"No, Sire," answered Oudinot; "you have abdicated."

"Yes, but only on certain conditions."

"The soldiers, Sire," answered the Duke, "do not understand these shades. They believe that you have no longer the right to command them."

"Then all is over in that direction," said Bonaparte; "we will wait for news from Paris."

The marshals who had been despatched to the capital with his abdication returned about midnight. Marshal Ney (Prince of Moskowa) was the first to enter.

"Well, have you succeeded?" asked Napoleon.

"In part, Sire; but not in obtaining acknowledgment of a regency on behalf of your son. Revolutions never go backwards. This one has taken its course. The Senate will to-morrow acknowledge the Bourbons."

"And where am I and my family to live?"

"Where would your Majesty wish? In the Isle of Elba, with a revenue of six millions?"

"Six millions. Well, I must resign myself to it." *

The Treaty of Fontainebleau was finally ratified on the 13th April. According to his own request, he was to be attended to the place of embarkation for Elba by a Commissioner from each of the Allied Powers. Though he received these Commissioners with coldness, he thawed towards some of them. The

* *Tableau de l'Hist. de la France*, Paris, 1815, p. 464. This book, as published before the return from Elba, contains some interesting particulars.

English officer appointed to be with him was Colonel Campbell, and to him Napoleon said :—

“ I have cordially hated the English. I have made war against you by every possible means, but I esteem your nation. I am convinced that there is more generosity in your Government than in any other. I should like to be conveyed from Toulon to Elba by an English frigate.”

The Prussian Commissioner was Count Waldburg. To him said the fallen Emperor dryly :—

“ Are there any Prussian soldiers in my escort ? ”

“ No, Sire.”

“ Then why do you take the trouble to accompany me ? ”

“ Sire, it is not a trouble, but an honour.”

“ These are mere words ; you are not wanted here ! ”

And Napoleon turned his back on the Count.

The Commissioners expected that Napoleon would be ready to set out without delay ; but they were mistaken. It was not till the 20th that he professed himself ready to depart, and then only at his own time. When the grand marshal, Bertrand, sent to announce to him that all was ready for departure, Napoleon peevishly answered, “ Am I to regulate my actions by the grand marshal’s watch ? I will go when I please. Perhaps I may not go at all.”

However, he descended into the courtyard, and saw his Old Guard ranged before him. Then ensued a moving scene—Napoleon’s farewell to his soldiers. He walked along the rank, visibly moved, and the tears ran down the cheeks of the men, several of whom had grown grey under arms. He addressed them :—

“ Soldiers of the Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have constantly led you along the road to honour and glory. In these later times, as in prosperity, you have been models of courage and fidelity. With men such as you our cause would not be lost, but the war would have been interminable. I have sacrificed all my interests to those of the country. Her happiness is my only thought. It will still be the object of my wishes. Do not regret my fate. If I have consented to survive, it is in order to serve your glory. Adieu, my friends ! Would I could press you all to my heart ! ”

He then ordered the eagles to be brought to him, and, having kissed them, he added, “ I embrace you all in the person of your general. Adieu, soldiers ! Be always gallant and good ! ”

He then stepped into his carriage, accompanied by Bertrand.

During the first day cries of “ Vive l’Empereur ! ” resounded along the road.

On the night of the 21st he slept at Nevers, where he was received by the acclamations of the people. He left Nevers at six on the morning of the 22nd ; and there the Guards left him, and an escort of Cossacks took their place.



FAREWELL TO THE OLD GUARD.



- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|--|
| 1. The Emperor. | 10. Colonel Gourgaud. | 17. General Schouwaloff (Russian
Commissioner). |
| 2. General Baron Petit. | 11. Chief of Battalion Athalin. | 18. Officers of the Light Horse and
the Old Guard. |
| 3. Duke of Bassano. | 12. Lieutenant Forti. | |
| 4. Baron Fain. | 13. Officers of the Foot Grenadiers. | |
| 5. General Bertrand. | 14. General Koller (Austrian Com-
missioner). | 19. The First Regiment of Foot
Grenadiers, and officers and
non-commissioned officers of the
Old Guard. |
| 6. General Drouot. | 15. General Kosakowski. | |
| 7. General Belliard. | 16. Colonel Campbell (English Com-
missioner). | |
| 8. General Ornano. | | |

A little north of Lyons, at La Tour, after supper, the Emperor went out, and walked along the road. He sang, in his harsh, unmusical tones, "O Richard! O mon Roi!"—Grétry's air—and, leaning against a poplar, looked up into the starry sky. A priest came up, and Napoleon, seeing him, asked who he was. "Sire, I am the curé of this commune." "Have you been here long?" "Since its formation—since your Majesty restored religion to France." Napoleon walked on for some time in silence. "Then he asked, Has this village suffered much?" "Greatly, Sire; its burdens were over-heavy."

The Emperor pursued his way; at length, stopping suddenly, he looked up to the sky, and inquired the name of a certain star. The priest was unable to inform him. "Ah!" said Napoleon, "once I knew the names of all the stars—and of my own; but now——" He was silent for a short space, and then resumed: "Yes; now I forget everything."

They were approaching the house; the Emperor took some gold from his pocket, and giving it to the priest, said, "I can do no more; but the humble are great in the eyes of God. Pray for me, and my alms may bring forth some fruit." "Sire!"

The pronunciation of this single word had probably something peculiar in the intonation, for the Emperor started as he heard it, and replied: "Yes; perhaps you are right—perhaps I was too fond of war; but it is too serious a question to be discussed on the highway. Once more, adieu. Pray for me."* For once, he was speaking naturally. There was no object now for acting a part.

As Napoleon arrived in the south of France, he perceived that he was no longer in favour, that, indeed, the heart of the people was bitter against him. Near Valence he encountered Augereau, whom he had created Duke of Castiglione, and who was an underbred fellow, with strong Republican, if not Jacobin, leanings. Napoleon and his marshal met on the 24th; Napoleon took off his hat, but Augereau, with vulgar insolence, kept his on. "Where are you going?" asked the Emperor, "to Court?" "No; I am on my way to Lyons." "You have behaved badly to me." "Of what do you complain?" asked the marshal, "has not your insatiable ambition brought us to this? Have you not sacrificed everything to that ambition, even the happiness of France? I care no more for the Bourbons than for you. All I care for is my country." Upon this, Napoleon turned his back on him, and re-entered his carriage. Augereau would not even then remove his hat and bow, but saluted his former master with a contemptuous wave of the hand.

At Valence, the fallen Emperor for the first time saw French soldiers with the white cockade in their caps. At Orange, the air resounded with cries of "Vive le Roi!"

At Lyons, Napoleon had bought up all the pamphlets and fly-leaves he could get, and had read them in the carriage. Their tone was not complimentary. At Avignon, his carriage was surrounded by a furious mob, that would have torn him in pieces, but for the presence of the Commissioners.

On arrival at Orgon, the populace yelled, "Down with the Corsican! Down with the brigand! Death to the tyrant! Vive le Roi!" Portraits of Bonaparte were produced and burnt before his eyes; a figure of himself was fluttered before his carriage window, with the breast pierced, and dripping with blood. A number of furious women screamed, "Wild beast! What have you done with our children?" The Commissioners were obliged to stand about the carriage to protect him; and it was with difficulty that a way could be made through the crowd for the carriages to advance. At Saint Cannat, the mob

* Madame JUNOT, *Memoirs*, iii. 464.

smashed the windows of the coach. Then, for his protection, he assumed a cap and great-coat of Austrian uniform, and instead of pursuing his journey in the coach, entered a cabriolet. The carriages did not overtake the Emperor until they came to La Calade. The escort found him standing by the fire in the kitchen of the inn talking with the landlady. She had asked him whether the tyrant was soon to pass that way. "Ah! sir!" she said, "it is all nonsense to say we are rid of him. I have always said that we shall never be sure of being done with him till he is at the bottom of a well, piled over with stones. I wish we had him safe in the well in our yard. The Directory sent him to Egypt to get rid of him, but he returned. And he will come back again, you may be sure of that, sir, unless——" Here the woman, having finished skimming her pot, looked up, and perceived that all the party were standing uncovered except the individual whom she was addressing. She was confounded, and her embarrassment amused the Emperor, and banished his anger. After that she lavished every mark of attention on him.

The *sous-préfet* of Aix closed the gates of the town, to prevent the people from issuing forth, and the horses were changed outside the walls.

At a château near, Napoleon met his sister Pauline, who was ill, or who fancied herself ill, and was staying there. When he entered to embrace her, she started back. "Oh, Napoleon, why this uniform?" "Pauline," replied he, "do you wish me dead?" The Princess, looking at him steadfastly, replied, "I cannot kiss you in that Austrian dress. Oh, Napoleon! what have you done?"

The Emperor at once retired, and having substituted a great-coat of his Old Guard for the Austrian one, entered the chamber of his sister, who ran to him and embraced him with tenderness. Then, going to the window, he saw a crowd in the court, in a very uncertain temper. He descended at once, and noticing in the crowd an old man with a gash across his nose, and a red ribbon in his button-hole, he went up to him at once, and asked, "Are you not Jacques Dumont?"* "Yes, yes, Sire!" and the old soldier drew himself up and saluted. "You were wounded, but it seems to me a very long time ago." "Sire, at the battle of Trebia, with the brave General Suchet; I was unable to serve longer. But even now, whenever the drum beats, I feel like a deserter. Under your ensign, Sire, I could still serve wherever your Majesty would command." The old man shed tears, as he said, "My name! to recollect that after fifteen years." All hesitation among the crowd as to how they would receive Napoleon was at once at an end. He had won every heart.

The English frigate, the *Undaunted*, was lying off Fréjus. Here the old Roman port, with its lighthouse, is now inland, and two miles from the sea. Notwithstanding the wish he had expressed to be conveyed to his destination in an English vessel, the fallen Emperor manifested considerable reluctance to go on board. However, on the 28th of April, he sailed from S. Raphael, and encountered rough weather.

On the 3rd May, the frigate arrived off Porto Ferrajo, the capital of his

* As Napoleon had a bad memory for names, this anecdote is probably "improved."

miniature empire of Elba. One of his officers at once landed, and announced to the Commander of the port the arrival of the Emperor; whereupon preparations were immediately made for his reception.

On the morning of the 4th, a detachment of troops brought into the town the flag which the ex-Emperor sent, and it was at once hoisted on the fort, to salvoes of artillery. It consisted of a white field, strewn with bees, in the centre the arms of Bonaparte impaled with those of the island.*

Soon after, Napoleon landed with all his suite. He was saluted by the artillery of the fortress and of the forts with a hundred rounds, as Emperor of the little realm. The English frigate responded with only twenty-four. Napoleon was dressed in a blue great-coat over a dress embroidered in silver, and on his head a round hat with a white cockade in it. On entering the town he was met by the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical; after some harangues, he entered the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung. On leaving the church, he was conducted to the Mayor's palazzo, which was provisionally prepared for his reception. He seemed to be in good spirits, and spoke familiarly with all. In one of his addresses, Napoleon said, "When I was certified that the war was no more being waged against France, but against myself, then I was too much attached to that State, not to do that which was most advantageous for it. The abdication of a throne is to me a slight sacrifice, if useful to France. I abdicated willingly."

After a slight repose, he mounted his horse, and rode to visit Mariana, Campo, Capo-Liveri, and Rio. "My faith!" he exclaimed, "they have given me a very small realm." The population at that time was 13,380 souls. The evening concluded with a dinner party, given to all the authorities.

During the first months of his residence in Elba, Napoleon's life was one of activity and almost garrulous frankness. He gave dinners, went to balls, rode all day about his island, planned fortifications, harbours, and palaces. The second day after he landed, he fitted out an expedition of a dozen soldiers, to take possession of a small uninhabited island called Pianosa, that lies a few miles from Elba; and on this occasion he said laughingly, "Toute l'Europe dira que j'ai déjà fait une conquête."

Elba from olden times was famous for its iron mines. Soon after his arrival, Napoleon visited the mines in company with Colonel Campbell; and on being informed that they produced annually about 500,000 francs, he joyfully exclaimed, "These, then, are my own." But one of his followers remarked to him that he had already disposed of that revenue, having given it to the Order of the Legion of Honour. "Where was my head when I made that grant?" said he; "but I have made many foolish decrees of that sort."†

The household of Napoleon, though reduced to thirty-five persons, still represented an Imperial Court. He had a body-guard of 700 infantry and 80 cavalry, and to this handful of men he paid almost as much attention as he had

* The Bonaparte arms are in very bad heraldry—Gules, three bars between three stars azure. Those devised for Elba by Napoleon were—Arg., on a bend gules, three bees or.

† BOURRIENNE, iii. 195.

formerly given to the Grand Army. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell was left in Elba as English representative, but without any soldiers to support him, though a brig of eighteen guns was ordered to cruise off the island.

It was true that Napoleon was bound by the Treaty of Fontainebleau to accept his position ; but long experience had taught the Powers that his treaties were torn up by him at the earliest moment convenient. Lord Castlereagh had fully appreciated the danger, and had warned the Allies against sending a man so ambitious, so full of resources, and with so many friends, to an island within sight of Italy, and a few days' sail of France, of placing him in a situation, of all others, the most favourable for carrying on intrigues with both countries.

That was not all. From the fortresses in Germany 70,000 veterans, who had served as garrison, were now returned to France ; and the Army of Spain, inured to warfare, was now at home. The whole of France was filled with old soldiers, to whom the Bourbons were nothing, but whose

pulses leaped at the mention of the "Petit Caporal," or "Père la Violette"; and already the whisper began to pass through the army that, with the first violets of the coming spring, Napoleon would reappear on the soil of France.

In order, as it were, to furnish Napoleon with a justification for leaving Elba, the King, Louis XVIII., with the stupidity "which is the badge

of all" the Bourbon "tribe," failed to pay him the allowance that was covenanted to him by the Treaty of Fontainebleau ; although Alexander of Russia, Francis of Austria, and Lord Castlereagh, as the representative of England, remonstrated, alleging that the honour of the Allies was at stake. This non-fulfilment of the stipulation, as well as the dread of deportation to some unhealthy West Indian island, were the excuses which Napoleon made for his breach of the contract.

What made Napoleon particularly uneasy was the rumour that he would not be left at Elba, but be removed further from France. This would have upset all his plans. One day, when walking with Bertrand, Drouot, and Sir Neil Campbell, after long silence he burst out, "I am a soldier. Let them assassinate me if they will. I will not be deported."

On another occasion he said to the English Commissioner, "Let it be well understood, I will never allow myself to be carried off. To do that, you must make a breach in my fortifications."



SAN. MARTINO.

The ex-Emperor's residence on Elba.

It was certainly a cruelty not to suffer his wife and son to be sent to him, and he complained of this bitterly to Campbell:—

“My wife no longer writes to me,” he exclaimed, in a voice trembling with agitation; “my son has been taken from me, as of old they were wont to carry off the children of the vanquished to adorn the triumphs of the victors. No such an example of barbarity is to be cited in modern times.”

But he was not left without consolation. The Countess Walewska, with the son she had by him during the Polish campaign, visited him in Elba, but only remained there two days. Other ladies with whom he had carried on intrigues came to the island, and were useful to him as means of conveying secret despatches, and preparing his party in France to expect his return.

He held a Court, and received ladies twice a week. Bonaparte paid great attention to those who were pretty, and asked them who they were, whether they were married, and who their husbands were. To this last question he received one general reply. It happened that every lady was married to a *merchant*; but when it came to be further explained that they were merchant-butchers, merchant-grocers, merchant-chandlers, his Majesty allowed an expression of dissatisfaction to escape him, and he hastily retired, nor did he further seek their society.

Whilst Napoleon was in Elba, he was visited by Lord Ebrington, with whom he was very frank in his description of the characters of the Allied Sovereigns. The Emperor Alexander, he said, was unreliable, but intelligent; he possessed some liberal ideas, but was fickle and vain.

At the very same time, the Czar, in conversation with Madame Junot, told her: “How I loved that man! I do assure you that I loved him as much—perhaps I may say more than any one of my brothers, and when he betrayed me, I suffered more by his treachery than by the war he brought upon me.” And to General Regnier, the Czar said the same: “For my part, I can no longer place any confidence in him. He has deceived me too often. We can have no more dealings with him.” It was, indeed, the falsity of Napoleon, the absolute worthlessness of his word, which lost him the love and trust not of Alexander only, but also of his own generals.

Of the Emperor Francis, Napoleon said to Lord Ebrington: “I would rely upon him sooner than on the other. If he gave me his word to do such or



MAP-HOLDER, USED BY NAPOLEON ON ELBA.

such a thing, I should be persuaded that at the moment of giving it he meant to keep it; but his mind is very limited—no energy—no character.” The King of Prussia he called “*un caporal*,” without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier, and “infinitely the greatest fool of the three.”

In order to completely hoodwink Sir Neil Campbell, Bonaparte affected a great friendship for him. He became very communicative and confidential with him; invited him almost daily to his breakfast-table, strolled with him about the island, and not infrequently went with him fishing in a little boat on the sea. On such occasions he would say, “Now we are out of their hearing, ask me anything, and I will tell you.” By these means the ex-Emperor so duped Sir Neil, that though this officer suspected that an escape was meditated, he by no means supposed it was near of accomplishment.

It is said that long before the close of the year 1814, the initiated named the month and almost the day on which the Emperor would return.

Some of the old Republican party, including men who had conspired against him, disgusted with the imbecility and reactionary measures of the Bourbons, invited Napoleon to return.

The brothers, sisters, and other relatives of Bonaparte, all rich, and one of them, Murat, still powerful, promoted the widely-spread plot, for they all felt that by his fall they were dropping into their original insignificance.* Murat's wife, Caroline, a violent-tempered, ambitious woman, who hen-pecked her husband, was incessantly telling him that Austria would never abide by her treaty with him, and that his throne would inevitably be taken from him, and restored to King Ferdinand.

At the proper moment, when the mind of Joachim was oscillating like the pendulum of a clock, Napoleon himself wrote to tell him that the lion was not dead, but only sleeping! Murat at once prepared for the awakening.

About the middle of summer, Napoleon was visited by his mother and his sister Pauline. Both these ladies had considerable talents for political intrigue, and their natural faculties had not become rusty from want of practice. Pauline was still beautiful, graceful, had the Bonaparte faculty of fascination, and also the Bonaparte powers of dissimulation. Everyone knew she was a fool, and therefore no one suspected her. She went to and fro between Naples and Elba, and contributed largely to strengthen her sister Caroline's influence in determining the irresolution of Murat.

Everything being in readiness, on the 26th February, 1815, Napoleon gave a brilliant ball at Porto Ferrajo, to the principal persons of the island. It was presided over by Madame Mère and his sister Pauline. Sir Neil Campbell was absent; he had gone to Leghorn in the single English cruiser, the *Partridge*, of 18 guns. Whilst the ball was at its height, Napoleon slipped away, and joined his Guard and Volunteers who had arrived, to the number of eleven hundred, and by seven o'clock in the morning of the 27th, the Emperor stepped on board the *Inconstant*, brig. His air was calm and serene; he turned, smiled on those around, and said, “The die is now cast.”

* We must except Bernadotte.

LI
THE HUNDRED DAYS

(1 MARCH—14 JUNE, 1815)

NAPOLÉON was in the highest spirits as he sailed over the Ligurian Sea from Elba to the French coast. He laughed, joked, broke open packages containing choice wines, and distributed them among the officers, sailors, and soldiers on board.

A French brig hove in sight. He ordered his Guards to remove their bearskin caps, and lie flat on deck, to avoid discovery; and, when hailed by the captain, who asked if they came from Elba, and if so, how was Napoleon, the Emperor himself shouted in reply, "Il se porte à merveille." Suspecting nothing, the brig continued her course, and on the evening of the 29th the towers of Antibes were descried, and on the 1st March the little fleet cast anchor in the Gulf of S. Juan. No opposition to the landing was offered; but when he despatched twenty-five of the Old Guard to Antibes, to endeavour to seduce the garrison, they were arrested, and detained by the commander, General Corsin.

Next morning he started for Grenoble, by Gap, and almost at once ran against the Prince Honoré, of Monaco, who was coming in his carriage, with a livery servant on the box who had formerly been in the service of the Empress, to take possession of his principality, from which he had been dispossessed by Bonaparte.

Both descended from their carriages, and a dialogue ensued that will not admit of translation:—

"Où allez vous, Monaco?" asked Napoleon bluntly.

"Sire," replied Honoré, "je vais à la découverte de mon royaume."

The Emperor smiled. "Voilà une singulière rencontre, monsieur," said he, "Deux Majestés sans place; mais ce n'est peut-être pas la peine de vous déranger. Avant huit jours je serai à Paris, et je me verrai forcé de vous renverser du trône, mon cousin. Revenez plutôt avec moi, je vous nommerai sous-préfet de Monaco, si vous y tenez beaucoup."

"Merci de vos bontés, Sire," replied the Prince in some confusion; "mais je tiendrais encore plus à faire une restauration, ne dut-elle durer que trois jours."

"Allons! faites la durer trois mois, mon cousin, je vous garderai votre place de chancelier, et vous viendriez me rejoindre aux Tuileries."

The Provençals neither welcomed Napoleon nor attempted to oppose him. There were no royal troops in the neighbourhood. He hurried through Provence into Dauphiné, "the cradle of the Revolution," and there the people began to flock round his standard. Still no troops joined him, and he felt uneasy. On the 5th of March he issued two proclamations, which had been written on board ship, but which he could not get printed till he reached Gap.



RECEPTION BY THE SOLDIERS.

From a picture by Steuben.

The proclamation to the soldiers was in Napoleon's wonted style—nervous, pointed, inspiring like a trumpet-blast:—

"Soldiers! we have not been conquered! . . . In my exile I have heard your voice; I have come back, in spite of all obstacles and every danger. Your General, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you: come and join him. Mount the tricolored cockade: you wore it in the days of our greatness. We must not forget that we have been the masters of nations; and we must not suffer any to intermeddle in our affairs. . . . Resume those eagles which you had at Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, at Eylau, Wagram, Smolensk, Moscow, Lützen, and Montmirail. . . . Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the banners of your Chief; his existence is only made up of yours; his rights are only those of the people, and yours; his interest, honour, glory, are no other than your interest, honour, and glory. Victory shall advance at the charge. The Eagle, bearing the national colours,

shall wing from steeple to steeple, till it reaches the towers of Notre-Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you will be the liberators of your country! In your old age, surrounded and looked up to by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with respect as you recount your high deeds—'I was a part of that Grand Army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, within those of Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and which delivered Paris from the stain which treason and the presence of the enemy had imprinted on it.' Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their country."

This proclamation was rapidly diffused through the country, and thrilled the hearts of his soldiers, whether disbanded and dispersed, or still held under the colours, and these colours that they despised.

Within six leagues of Grenoble, on the fifth day after his landing, Napoleon first met a battalion. The commanding officer refused to hold a parley. The Emperor, without hesitation, advanced alone, and a hundred grenadiers followed at some distance in the rear. The sight of the old familiar grey coat and cocked hat, the firm little figure, with the sharp-cut features, produced a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to them, and, baring his breast, said, "Let him that has the heart kill his Emperor!" The soldiers threw down their arms, their eyes filled with tears, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to wheel round to the right, and all marched on together.

Just outside the walls of Grenoble, Colonel Labédoyère, commanding the seventh regiment of the line, an officer of gentle birth, who had been promoted by Louis XVIII., and had taken the oath to him, on seeing him, rushed before the ranks, and invited the soldiers to follow him. A drum was opened, and found to be stuffed with tricolor cockades. Instantly all the soldiers plucked off their white favours, and trampled them under foot; they mounted the national colours, and went over to their comrades.

General Marchand, who commanded the garrison within the walls of Grenoble, shut the gates, and would fain have done his duty; but his men joined in the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" and, when Bonaparte blew open one of the gates with a howitzer, all the soldiers did what the seventh regiment had done just before them. Next morning the civil authorities of Grenoble renewed their allegiance. Bonaparte was now at the head of an enthusiastic veteran army of nearly seven thousand men. With this force he descended from the mountains of Dauphiné, and appeared before the walls of Lyons on the 10th of March. The King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, was in that city, and was ably and honestly assisted by Marshal Macdonald, who would not throw his oath to the winds; but the troops and the populace of Lyons followed the example of Grenoble; the prince and marshal were obliged to fly for their lives, and Bonaparte entered that second city of France in triumph. One man, and one man only, of the National Mounted Guard, that had been commanded and led by the Comte d'Artois, followed him in his flight, with a chivalrous devotion worthy of being recorded. Napoleon sent the man the decoration of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of his fidelity.



“IF THERE BE ONE SOLDIER AMONG YOU WHO WOULD KILL HIS EMPEROR, LET HIM DO SO. HERE I AM!”

After a lithograph by Bellangé.

The rest of the march to Paris was one of triumph. All along the road the Emperor was joined by soldiers, in detachments, battalions, or entire divisions, who tore the white cockade from their caps, and mounted the tricolor. The Bourbons were abandoned by the entire army; nevertheless, except at Grenoble and Lyons, the people gave few or no signs of enthusiasm. Many fled out of the way, and the majority of those who remained on the line of march gazed in stupid bewilderment, and with doubt of heart as to whither this new Revolution would lead.

In Paris, all was still.

The blunders of the Royalists, the outrageous conduct of the returned *émigrés*, the uninteresting appearance of the King—a stout, dull old man, with black velvet boots, and incapacity written large on his face—the scurrility of the Royalist press, the irritating measures adopted by the Government, had all contributed to make the restored Bourbons disliked. France could hardly endure to be made ridiculous, after having been humbled. Accustomed to have at her head and as her representative a man before whom all Europe trembled, of vast genius, and of Greek beauty, she could ill brook to have him replaced by an amiable, gouty nonentity.

Lavallette, who was at the time in Paris, says, “Our consternation augmented from day to day. I took walks in the suburbs, and found everywhere the appearance of complete apathy. . . . The position of the Court inspired no interest; the jests to which it was exposed gained rapid applause; but still, the too recent presence of the enemy caused great anxiety, and in a sort of stupefaction it awaited the arrival of the Emperor. Nevertheless, with the exception of a few young men enlisted at Vincennes as Royalists, nobody appeared willing to fight. The Comte d’Artois returned in despair, unable to place any confidence in the army. All the regiments he had met with, all the troops he had assembled, had refused to obey his orders.”*

The King, bewildered, frightened, appealed to Marmont, who advised him to surround himself with picked men in the Tuileries, and stand a siege; but it would have required a man of resolute soul to take so bold a measure. Louis XVIII. packed up his portmanteau, and ran away.

It was late in the evening of the 20th, that Bonaparte entered Paris in an open carriage, which was driven straight to the gilded gates of the Tuileries. He received the acclamations of the military, and of the lower classes of the suburbs; but most of the respectable citizens looked on in chill wonderment. A number of generals and officers at once took Napoleon out of the mud-bespattered carriage, lifted the little man on their shoulders, and carried him up to the state apartments, while through the foggy air sounded cries, not the most enthusiastic, of “Vive l’Empereur!”

Thus far, all seemed to go well; but the triumph was soon damped. It was impossible not to see that, with the exception of some of the faubourg mobs, which Napoleon hated and feared, the people of Paris were silent, lukewarm, cautious, or averse.

Then came brother Lucien, with his tail of Liberals, including Carnot and

* *Memoirs*, ii. 171.

Fouché, protesting that promises of a Constitutional Government that should be frankly representative, of liberty of the Press, and control over the expenditure must be given in good earnest, and that this restoration must inaugurate a new system of rule.

Bonaparte replied, dissembling his irritation, that there would be time for making a good Constitution hereafter, when he had dissolved the European Confederacy; every thought must be turned to raising money and troops, the casting of cannon, and the manufacture of ammunition. But the Liberals stuck to their point. The Constitution must come first, their exertions in his cause afterwards. Napoleon saw how great his difficulties were, and understood

that he must accept the terms offered him. But this new attitude did not suit him. He became aware that the moment for despotic government was at an end, when one so devoted as Labédoyère exclaimed, the moment something was said about proscriptions, "Oh! if there is going to be a renewal of persecutions, this won't last long."

The Emperor yielded sullenly. He summoned Benjamin Constant, and bade him draw up the necessary Constitution. But every time that Napoleon heard the terms read, "Liberty of the press, liberty of opinions, electoral



"SIR, I AM A RELIC OF AUSTERLITZ!"

From a lithograph by Charlet.

liberty, the inviolability of the Chamber," he uttered a cry as of pain. It seemed to him that his arbitrary powers were undergoing amputation, and he exclaimed, "You have bound my arms. I shall be no longer recognised." The Bonapartists were indignant at the demands of the Constitutionals; even that strutting democrat, Lucien, who had been the first to claim his right to be a Prince of the Empire, growled that this was limiting the Imperial power too greatly.

Napoleon announced that the new Constitution would be submitted to the Electoral Colleges, and be ratified by a plebiscite. The plebiscite took place in the midst of general indifference. Among five million electors, there were three million abstentions.

Directly Napoleon attempted to fill places in his Government, he was obliged to face the fact that confidence in the stability of his Empire was at an end. Offers of places were made, and refused. Cambacérès declined the situation of Minister of Justice; Caulaincourt refused the portfolio of Minister of

Foreign Affairs; Molé declined the same office, and frankly informed the Emperor that, in his belief, the drama was at an end, the dead could not be resuscitated. He was thus driven on the old Republicans. He called Carnot to the Ministry of the Interior. To satisfy the military, he confided the Ministry of War to Davoust, whose talents, energy, and favour with the soldiery were displeasing to him. Finally, he was forced to endure Fouché, master of all the Imperial secrets, who he knew to be negotiating with the enemy to betray him. A disinclination to take office was manifest even in the inferior departments of Government. The situation of *préfet*, once an object of ambition, was now shrunk from as entailing risk; and the Emperor was forced to bestow it on men who were incompetent, and who had actually been disgraced under the Empire.

At the beginning of the year 1815, the Congress of Vienna had assembled to regulate the affairs of Europe, the boundaries of the several States, and various matters that necessitated immediate settlement. Eight Powers were represented. The Congress had done little more than fall out on every possible question, and the plenipotentiaries had been rather engrossed in amusing themselves than in settling anything, provoking the remark of the Prince de Ligne, "Parbleu! if the Congress takes few steps, at least it dances well."

The news of the landing of Napoleon in France arrived in Vienna at the moment when most of the plenipotentiaries and all the elite of Vienna were present at a *tableau vivant*, representing the entry of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy into Brussels. When the tidings began to be whispered, general inattention ensued, then the ambassadors and other statesmen stole out, and a thrill of stupefaction and fear passed through the entire audience.

This was on the 13th March, and the re-establishment of concord among the ministers of the eight Powers was the first result of a disaster largely due to their dissensions. They at once signed an agreement whereby Napoleon Bonaparte was declared an outlaw, a violator of treaties, and a disturber of the peace of the world, and delivered him over to public vengeance. Great Britain agreed to maintain 125,000 men, Austria to furnish 300,000 men, Russia 225,000, Prussia 236,000, the various States of Germany 150,000, and Holland afterwards agreed to supply 50,000, and not to dissolve the bond till Napoleon was again crushed. This declaration of the Congress of Vienna came as a thunderbolt, that frightened the entire population of France. The eastern provinces had felt what invasion meant, and were unwilling to undergo again the same experience, and the rest of France was well aware that to resist such a coalition was to court destruction. The soldiers alone were sanguine. The peasants were frightened, the citizens stupefied.

Napoleon realised the situation, and he appealed to the army and to the rabble, who had nothing to lose. The first evening of his return, as he walked round the glittering circle met to welcome him in the state apartments of the Tuileries, he kept repeating, "Gentlemen, it is to the poor and disinterested mass of the people that I owe everything; it is they who have brought me back to the capital. It is the poor non-commissioned officers and common soldiers

who have done all this. Remember that! I owe everything to the army and the people!" But when on the 14th of May a grand parade of the Jacobins and the rabble of the faubourgs was held, and marched along the boulevards to the Tuileries, shouting the songs of the Revolution—the "Marseillaise," the "Carmagnol," the "Jour du départ," the execrable ditty, the burden of which is, "With the entrails of the last priest let us strangle the last king"—then his disgust and abhorrence could not be concealed. He received them with his Guards drawn up under arms, and with his cannon charged; and he dismissed them with few words, some coin and drink.

Poor Josephine did not live to see the return of Napoleon from Elba. She had caught cold, which settled in her throat, and she died at Malmaison on the 29th May, 1814. The utmost courtesy and respect had been shown her by the Allies on their entry into Paris; indeed, the Czar Alexander spent with her nearly the whole day on which she died. It was perhaps as well; had she lived till Napoleon's return, she would have committed some act of folly that would have compromised him.

Bourrienne records a conversation relative to Josephine that the Emperor had with Horan, one of the physicians who attended her during her last illness. He sent for Horan a few days after his return:—

"So, Monsieur Horan," said he, "you did not leave the Empress during her malady?" "No, Sire." "What was the cause of her malady?" "Uneasiness of mind, grief." "You think so? Was she long ill? Did she suffer much?" "She was ill a week, Sire; her Majesty suffered little bodily pain." "Did she see that she was dying? Did she show courage?" "A sign her Majesty made when she could no longer express herself, leaves me no doubt that she felt her end approaching. She seemed to contemplate it without fear." "Well, well!" and then Napoleon, much affected, drew close to M. Horan, and added, "You say that she was in grief; from what did that arise?" "From passing events, Sire; from your Majesty's position last year." "Ah! she used to speak of me, then?" "Very often." Here Napoleon drew his hand across his eyes, which seemed filled with tears. He then went on: "Good woman! Excellent Josephine! She loved me truly—she—did she not? Oh, *she* was a Frenchwoman!" "Yes, Sire, she loved you, and she had conceived an idea of displaying it." "How?" "She one day said that as Empress of the French she would drive through Paris with eight horses to her coach, and all her household in gala livery, and go and rejoin you at Fontainebleau, and never quit you more." "She would have done it. She was capable of doing it."

There was bitterness in his heart as he contrasted Josephine, the deserted, with Marie Louise, who had deserted him. "*She* loved me! *She* was a Frenchwoman!" When he spoke these words, he was thinking of his second Empress. Marie Louise did not love him, and never had; she feared and disliked him. It was not all her father's doing that she did not go to him in Elba. It was due to her own repugnance. She had been given Parma as a residence, and she feared to go there, because it was near enough to Elba to make her fear that the proximity might lead to reunion. And now letters from Meneval arrived to tell Napoleon that she had no intention of returning to him. She had, in fact, formed an attachment for her one-eyed chamberlain;

and this shortly became an infatuation. She was a feeble-minded, little-hearted, characterless person.

The situation of Napoleon is admirably drawn by Lavallette, his friend, and one who was sentenced to be shot by the Bourbons, after their second return, because he had been faithful to the Emperor :—

“ Fallen from the throne, erased from the list of Sovereigns, banished to the rock of Elba, he was a thing of the past ; now he returned almost alone. Scarcely had he set his foot on the French shore, when the people everywhere rose. All France repeated enthusiastically : ‘ No more royalty ! No more Bourbons ! It is Napoleon alone that France desires ! ’ And indeed peasants, soldiers, citizens, all hastened to meet him ; all hailed him with their wishes and gratitude, like a good genius, like a Providence. The royalty of the Bourbons was no longer anything but a dream. It was as though royalists, nobles, *émigrés*, had never existed. This was not the result of a conspiracy ; it was a great national movement like that of 1789 for Liberty, of the 9th Thermidor against Tyranny, of the 18th Brumaire against Incapacity. What other instances in history are there of defections so abrupt, so remarkable, and in some respects so sincere ? Patriotism, love of glory, and an enlightened conviction that the recently-imported dynasty could do nothing for the happiness and independence of the kingdom—these were the motives. But within eight days I became aware that a deep gulf was yawning under our feet. The great fault of Napoleon’s reign had now to be paid for—I mean the want of *ensemble*, the absence of all such laws as were desired by the friends of Liberty. It was the want of this which had weakened his former position, and which fatally affected his present position. . . . The eleven months of the King’s reign had thrown us back on 1792, and the Emperor soon perceived this ; for he no longer found the submission, the deep respect, and the Imperial etiquette to which he had been accustomed. He used to send for me twice or thrice a day, and talk with me for hours together. It happened sometimes that the conversation flagged. One day, after we had walked up and down the room two or three times in silence, tired of this sort of thing, and my business pressing me, I made my obeisance, and was about to retire. ‘ How ! ’ said he, surprised, ‘ do you leave me thus ? ’ I would certainly have done so a year before ; but I had forgotten my former pace, and I felt I could not get back into it again. In one of our conversations, the subject was the Spirit of Liberty that was abroad and energetic. He said to me in a tone of interrogation : ‘ All this will last two or three years ? ’ ‘ That your Majesty does not believe. It will last for ever ! ’

“ He was soon convinced of the fact himself, and he more than once acknowledged it. The Allies made a great mistake in not leaving him alone. I do not know what concessions he might have made, but I am well acquainted with what the nation would have demanded ; and I sincerely think, had he granted them, he would have become utterly disgusted with having to reign as a constitutional king. Nevertheless, he submitted admirably to his situation—at least, in appearance. At no period of his life had I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to anyone ; no impatience ; he listened to everything, and discussed matters with the wonderful sagacity and power of reasoning that were so conspicuous in him. He acknowledged his faults with most touching ingenuousness, and examined into his own position with a penetration to which even his enemies were strangers.”

Although obliged to accept the aid of the Liberals, when with his intimates he did not conceal his aversion for them. “ The empty fools, the babblers,” said

he, "they talk when we ought to be fighting. They want to fetter my strong arm. Will their weak ones avail the nation? One thing is clear to me, France does not possess the elements of Representative Government; she wants a Dictator, like me."

He was galled to find that those whom he had raised to wealth and title deserted him. To Benjamin Constant he said, "In the situation in which I stand, my only nobility is the rabble of the faubourgs, and I know no rabble save the nobility I created."



WATERLOO, 18TH JUNE, 1815.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

LII

WATERLOO

(15-18 JUNE, 1815)

ON leaving Elba, Napoleon had already formed his plans for meeting the Coalition. He had no doubt whatever that the soldiers would everywhere flock to his standard, and that his marshals would revert to him from the Bourbons, making as light of their oaths as he did himself when bound by a solemn engagement. He then intended to plant an Army of the North across the roads from Belgium into France, pivoted on the triple line of fortresses that gird the north and east. Where the forces of the Allies were he did not know, nor the course they were likely to take to invade France. He aimed at striking at the weakest and most irresolute of the members of the Alliance. Murat was ordered to stir up insurrections in Italy. The Po being crossed, Murat was to advance on the capital of Lombardy. Napoleon purposed joining him with an Army of Italy; and then, in combination with Murat, intended to cross the Julian Alps, at the head of 100,000 men, and take Vienna for the third time.

But the plan was frustrated by the premature action of Murat, and his failure, and also by the rapidity with which the Prussians and English concentrated in Belgium; so that it became obvious to him that the scene of the conflict would not be in the plains of Lombardy, nor on the Marchfeld, near the Danube, but on the confines of Flanders.

He prepared for this great struggle with his usual energy. The Imperial factories were stimulated to activity; contractors provided 20,000 cavalry horses before the 1st June, and 10,000 horses for the dismounted gendarmerie, 12,000 horses for the artillery, in addition to 6,000 which the army already had.

The King had taken to his heels with such precipitation, that he had left behind him the treasury-chests well filled with cash, on which Napoleon at once laid his hands.

“But the chief resource which Napoleon found on his return was in the goodwill of the people, and in the confidence of the great French and Dutch capitalists arising out of it. Voluntary donations were also numerous, and in some departments exceeded a million francs. At the military parades he was often presented with bundles of bank-bills, and, on his return to the palace, had to give the Minister of the Treasury 80,000 or 100,000 francs which he had received in this manner.”*

Napoleon left Paris on the 12th June to join the army he had collected at Lille, Laon, and Valenciennes. On the 14th, he issued one of his vigorous proclamations to the soldiers:—

“This day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. After Austerlitz and Wagram we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes, to whom we left their thrones. Now, leagued together, they strike at the independence and sacred rights of France. Let us march forward and meet them. Are we not the same men? Soldiers! at Jena these Prussians were three to our one, at Montmirail six to our one. . . . The Saxons, Belgians, Hanoverians, and soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament to have to use their arms on behalf of princes who are the enemies of justice, and destroyers of the rights of nations. . . . Madness! one moment of prosperity has bewildered these Allies. . . . Soldiers! forced marches are before us, battles to be fought, dangers to be encountered; but, firm in resolution, victory must be ours. The honour and happiness of our country are at stake! and, in short, Frenchmen, the moment has arrived when we must conquer or die.”*

It has been ascertained that Napoleon was ill at the time of the great battles that were to decide his fate, and that therefore genius failed him, and that his energy and versatility were lacking. He was already feeling the first intimations of the disorder of which he died. Lavallette says, “He suffered a great deal from a pain in his breast”; but he adds, “He stepped into his coach, however, with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was conscious of victory.”†

There was no lack of resolution and of thought in his plans for the campaign. He proposed doing what he had done in Italy, where he had driven his army, as a wedge, between the Sardinians and the Austrians, and then had attacked and beaten each in detail. He had done the same the year before, when the Allies marched into France. He had now, as then, opposed to him the brave and blundering Blücher in command of the Prussians; but he could not now calculate on having a Schwarzenberg at the head of the allied force.

Brussels was the headquarters of the army under the Duke of Wellington,

* BOURRIENNE, iii. 287.

† *Memoirs*, ii. 223.

and he had to maintain his communications with England. His army was composed of 106,000 men, of whom not one-third were British. The Belgian contingent was useless, made up of timid little men, on whom small reliance could be placed.* The base of Blücher was at Namur, and he had to preserve his communications with Germany. Knowing that his adversary would bring with him a powerful artillery, Wellington had applied for 150 British field-pieces; but so miserably had he been supplied by our Government, and by those who kept the keys at Woolwich, where were guns enough to cannonade the world, that, when he united all his English guns with those of the Dutch and Germans under him, he found he had only 84 pieces.

Four great paved roads converged at Brussels, all leading from France; and by which of these Napoleon would advance, could not be told. Accordingly the Duke was obliged to guard all four; and thus it was that 18,000 men were at Hall, and were not engaged; and he himself remained at Brussels till he should receive information as to the route by which the French intended to advance.

Napoleon marched from Avesnes to Charleroi, with the object of separating the Prussians from the Allies under Wellington; he entrusted to Ney the attack on the position of the latter at Quatre Bras, whilst he fell with overwhelming weight on Blücher at Ligny. The Prussians were defeated after an heroic resistance, and fell back on Wavre. The English held their own, and defeated Ney at Quatre Bras; but when Wellington found that the Prussians had fallen back, he was obliged to withdraw as well, in the direction of Brussels, and take up his position at Waterloo. The two battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras were fought on the 16th June.

The campaign was thus almost won at the outset, and Napoleon had been able to separate the Allies. This was owing partly to Wellington's undue strengthening of his communications with the sea, and weakening his left, which was covered by Blücher.

The night of the 17th, during which Wellington's men lay on the wet earth, or in the dripping corn-fields, was a dreary night, with heavy rain, thunder and lightning, and violent gusts of wind. They longed for the morrow. It came at last; but Sunday, the 18th of June, was dull, with a drizzling rain, and heavy clouds that cut off every ray of sun. Wellington's force numbered 72,720 men; of this number, including the King's German Legion, which deserved to be classed with English troops, 36,273 were British, 7,447 were Hanoverians, 8,000 were Brunswickers, and 21,000 were Belgian and Nassau troops; those from Holland and Nassau alone of good quality, but almost paralysed by the cowardice of their Belgian associates. Napoleon had now resolved on throwing himself with immense force on the English and their Allies, as he had beaten and driven back the Prussians. He left Grouchy with 32,000 men to watch and annoy the latter, and he collected in front of Waterloo about 78,000 men, veterans almost to a man; and there were at least 100,000 soldiers of the same quality behind, coming up as reinforcements. On the other side, of British

* "Much great coat and very little man," as Bismarck described a Belgian soldier in 1871.

soldiers, though Wellington had some of his well-approved troops from the Peninsula, the rest was composed of men who had never smelt powder.

When, early in the morning, Napoleon mounted his horse to survey Wellington's position, he could see comparatively few troops. This induced him to suppose that the English were in retreat; but General Foy, who had served in Spain, shook his head, and answered, "Wellington never shows his troops; but if he be yonder, I must warn your Majesty that the English infantry, in close fighting, is the very devil!"



NAPOLEON.
After Philippoteaux.

The Emperor did not understand the fighting power of an Englishman, nor the ability of Wellington. Accustomed to hold all his marshals cheap, he had attributed the defeats they had endured in the Peninsula to their incapacity, and not to the superiority of their opponents; and it was not till the infantry had begun their work, that it began to lighten on him that he had now to do with men of very different stuff from what he had expected. "I could never have believed," he said, "that the English had such fine troops."

Throughout the battle, Napoleon occupied the height of La Belle Alliance, where he sat at a table strewn with maps, with his telescope in his hand, Soult at his side, and his orderlies behind him.

His eagle eye at once perceived the importance of Hougomont on the left, a rising piece of ground, occupied by a château and an orchard within walls, which commanded the right of the Allies; and the most desperate efforts were made throughout the day to secure it. Had he gained that, from it he could have pounded the right wing of the English and their allies, and have turned the flank of the army opposed to him.

The only other position that served as a key was La Haye Sainte, and this was taken after a gallant defence, but only through the supply of ammunition failing its defenders. That secured, it became of sovereign importance to the French as base for an attempt to break the centre; and on this Napoleon concentrated all his efforts.

The brilliant manner in which the English resisted every attack, by pouring grape and canister against the cavalry that advanced against them, then leaving their battery and retiring into the midst of squares which immediately formed, and allowed the cavalry of the enemy to pass them, and to be exposed to galling fire as they did so, and to face a bristling hedge of bayonets which they could not break—this was a novelty to Napoleon. He had seen nothing like it. He could not believe that it would succeed in the long run, and again and again he alternately flung cavalry against the lines of the English centre, and poured shot into their squares, but only to see the unshaken line contract



NAPOLÉON AT THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

From a painting by Steuben.

into squares, and then the unbroken squares resolve again into line. For an hour Ney continued to direct a succession of attacks against the Allies in their centre, but still without succeeding in dislodging or dismaying the indomitable squares. It was now nearly seven o'clock p.m., and the victory on which the French had reckoned so confidently in the morning, was unachieved.

Meanwhile, Blücher was approaching from Wavre; and Napoleon, now at last aware that the Prussians were advancing against his right wing, was obliged to direct his reserves to protect himself from being out-flanked. Blücher found the roads deep in mud. The patience of the weary troops was well-nigh exhausted. "We cannot go further," they said. "We *must*," was Blücher's reply; "I have passed my word to Wellington, and you cannot make me break it." By six o'clock the Prussian advanced body, under Bülow, had forty-eight guns in action, and a furious assault was made on Planchenois, to the French right.

The Imperial Army, which at the beginning of the battle had been in concave position, now became convex. Not a point of the British position had been carried, save the outpost of La Haye Sainte, and not a single square had been broken. Hougoumont, though blazing, was maintained with unshaken stubbornness. Napoleon's cavalry had been almost totally destroyed in the desperate assaults on the centre, and his infantry columns had been frightfully reduced. Every portion of the French army but the Old Guard had been engaged, repulsed, and thinned.

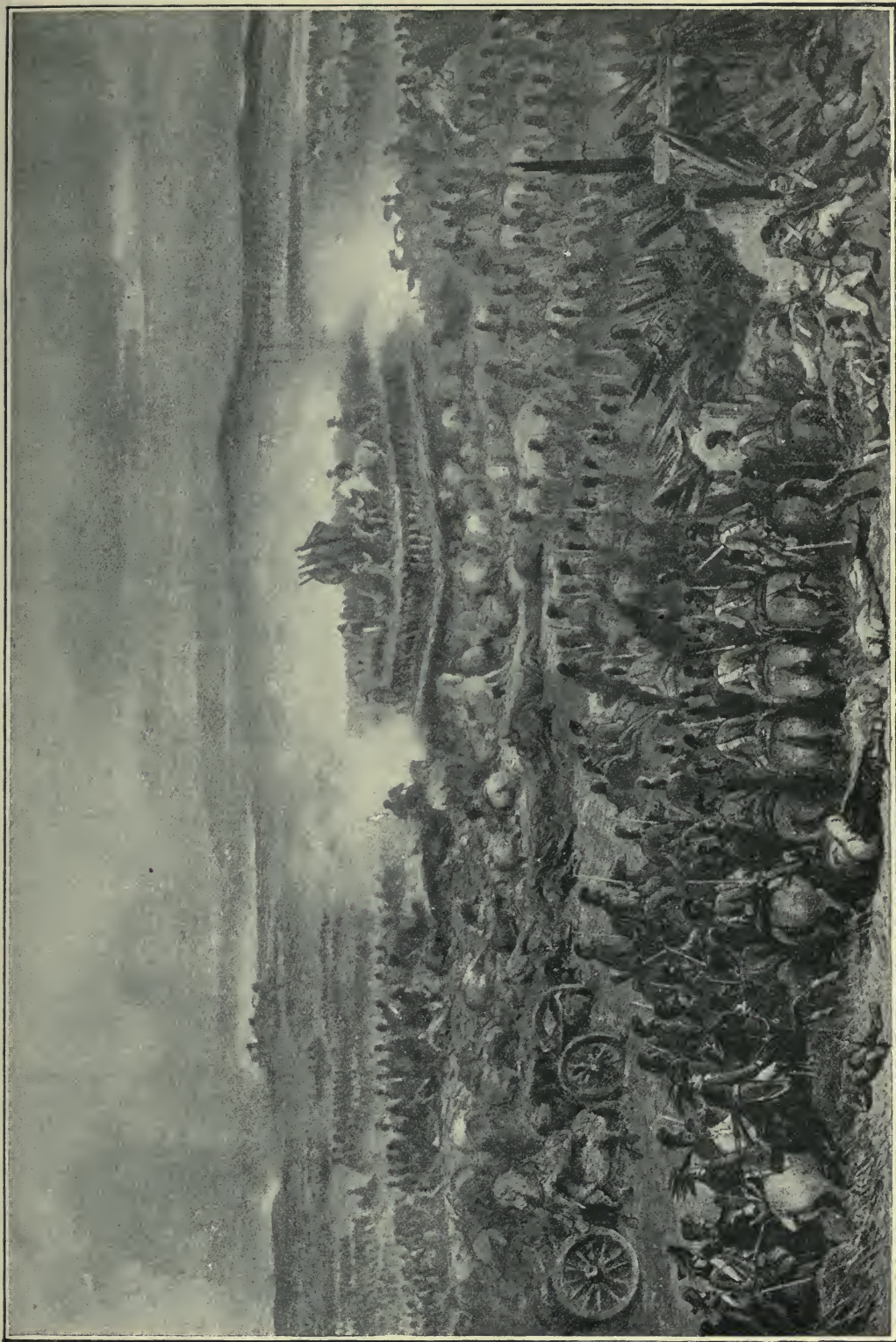
Bonaparte, sitting at his table, saw the smoke rise from Planchenois, and heard thence the booming of the Prussian guns. There was for him but one chance left, and at this he desperately caught. It was to send his Guards against the British centre; that broken, he would re-form along the Brussels road, and make front against the Prussian advance.

With this view, the Emperor recalled several of the battalions and batteries of the Young Guard which had been sent to Planchenois, and eight battalions of the Old Guard were arranged on the paved road beside La Belle Alliance.

It was a quarter past seven when the first column of the Old Guard advanced to the attack; there was a temporary lull in the French cannonade. It was evident to both armies that within half an hour the fate of the day, nay, that of Europe, would be decided. As soon as the Old Guard had descended from the heights of La Belle Alliance, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" the French batteries recommenced their roar, but were compelled to desist as soon as the infantry began to mount the rise held by the English. The British gunners, however, continued pouring shot on the advancing columns, making innumerable gaps in the ranks of their assailants. Ney's horse was shot under him, but the gallant marshal continued to advance on foot. The Guard gained the summit of the hill, and advanced towards that part of the line where Maitland's brigade had been ordered to lie down behind the ridge, in rear of the battery that crowned it. The Duke commanded here in person at this critical juncture. Whether he gave the command in those memorable words, "Up, Guards, and at them!" or in others to the same effect, matters little: the British leaped to their feet, moved forward a few paces, and poured in a volley so close and well-directed, that nearly all of the first two ranks of the French fell.

Bonaparte was not with the Guard; he had led it in person only to the foot of the Allied position, and then took up a position whence he could watch the result. It has been unreasonably charged against him that he did not advance with the Guard, but it was more important that he should occupy a central position, whence he could direct the movements in every part of the field, especially as his flank was menaced by the Prussians. He sat on his horse rigid and fixed like a stone, watching the result.

At the first volley, and the fall of the front ranks, the Guard staggered some fell back, their flanks were enveloped by the dragoons on one side, and infantry on the other; they were mown down, and retired in irretrievable confusion. There was no more fighting; the army of Napoleon—the last of all,



RETREAT OF THE SACRED GUARD AT WATERLOO.

and the most desperate of all—made no further stand, or attempt to rally ; all the rest of the work was headlong, unresisted pursuit, slaughter of fugitives, and capture of artillery, prisoners, spoils. The army was destroyed, as an army, before the pursuit began ; its last semblance of cohesion was lost with the defeat of the Guard. As the broken Imperial Guard reeled down the hill, intermingled with the British dragoons and infantry, who were cutting, bayoneting, trampling them down, Bonaparte became livid as death, and turning to the man who stood by him, said, "Ils sont mêlés ensemble." There was not a moment to be lost, for the English horsemen, sweeping up the side of the hill, threatened to envelop and capture the Emperor. He had ascended a small elevation, with the Sacred Guard surrounding him, and with four pieces of cannon, which were worked to the last. The rapid approach of the English and Prussians, however, soon rendered this last post untenable. Turning to Bertrand, he said, "Tout à présent est fini ! Sauvons nous."

What must have been the feelings of Napoleon as he fled ? One of his aides-de-camp, Raoul, has described his attitude, the last time he was seen on the field, and the fascination he still exercised over all who were about his person :—

"He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself—yet I love him still ; it is impossible to be near him and not love him. He bewitches all minds ; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration. But then, his mad ambition, his ruinous infatuation, his obstinacy without bounds ! Besides, he was wont to set everything upon a cast—his game was all or nothing. Even the battle of Waterloo might have been retrieved had he not charged with the Guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking ; but with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he became like a mad dog. He harangued the Guard, he put himself at its head ; it debouched rapidly, and rushed upon the enemy. We were mown down like grape—we wavered—turned our backs, and the rout was complete. A general disorganisation of the army ensued, and Napoleon, relapsing into the stupor which



NAPOLÉON'S REDINGOTE AND COCKED HAT.

From the collection of Prince Victor.

he had shaken off, was cold as a stone. The last time I saw him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket-shot in advancing, and I had been left in the rear, lying on the ground. Napoleon passed close by me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemand only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, 'All is not lost, Sire; all is not lost! Rally, soldiers, rally!' The Emperor replied not a word. Lallemand recognised me in passing. 'What



THE LITTLE COCKED HAT.

Sketched from the original.

has happened to you, Raoul?' 'My thigh is shattered with a musket-ball.' 'Poor devil, how I pity you! Adieu! adieu!' The Emperor uttered not a word."

In his flight, Napoleon hurried into an orchard adjoining the farm of La Belle Alliance. He was there met by two French cuirassiers, who had lost their way, and who undertook to protect him. As he rode away, he was recognised, in spite of the darkness, but no cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" gave token of love, of confidence, of courage. One said to another in a low tone, "There goes the Emperor!" These words appeared to him to compromise his safety, and each time he heard it he spurred his horse, and galloped along the road as swiftly as the encumbered condition of the way would permit. Turning in the direction of Philippeville, he abandoned his army without making an effort to rally it. He had, in fact, no corps that held together to serve as

a nucleus ; and he knew that the French soldiers, bold and impetuous when they have hope of victory, and are advancing against the enemy, are at once demoralised by defeat, and that to attempt to re-form them on the spot, and in the night, would inevitably have failed.

On reaching Philippeville, Napoleon entered the place with a very humble retinue, and after a few hours' rest, took the road to Paris by Rocroi and Mezières.

Was there a defect of mental power and activity in Napoleon in the conduct of this campaign? This has been put forward, to account for the complete collapse ; because men have been so dazzled with the genius of Napoleon, that they have thought that only so could his failure be explained. That his physical powers were becoming exhausted, that he had lost his activity, and faculty of doing without sleep, and snatching a mouthful of food at any time, may be conceded. But when did he exhibit more splendid military abilities than in the preceding year? And now his plans of campaign were admirable, and his conduct of the battle would have ensured victory, but for one fatal error into which he had fallen.

After Ligny, he had made sure that Blücher would fall back on Namur. He knew enough of Blücher to be aware that, with a man of his moderate calibre, that would be his first thought. So confident was he that Blücher and the Prussians had retired in that direction, that he did not take the necessary precautions to verify his conviction. He threw out no reconnoitring parties along the roads to Tilly and Gembloux. General Pajol was sent in pursuit of the Prussians, and followed a body of 10,000 deserters, and some stragglers and wounded men from Ligny, who took the Namur road, in the belief that this was the wreck of Blücher's army ; and his report confirmed Napoleon in his error.

Meanwhile the Prussian army, defeated indeed, but not in disorder, was retiring northwards to effect a junction with Wellington, according to an arrangement already made. Napoleon, to the last believing that Blücher and the main army were at Namur, despatched Grouchy, with something like 40,000 men, to throw himself between the English and the Prussians, and prevent the latter from issuing from Namur, whilst he fell on the English.

Thus it was that Napoleon failed ; less as a tactician at Waterloo, than as a strategist in mistaking the whereabouts of the Prussians. The arrival of the latter at Planchenois in his rear, under Bülow, was a complete surprise. When first perceived, he supposed they were the troops under Grouchy, coming to his aid ; and it was not till a Prussian hussar was brought in as a prisoner, and despatches were found on him from Bülow announcing his arrival on the field, 30,000 strong, and asking Wellington's instruction as to the disposition of his men, that the Emperor's eyes were opened.

But for this error, which vitiated all his calculations, can it be doubted that he would have won Waterloo?

But then, unless Wellington had relied on the assistance of the Prussians, he would not have made a stand on Mont S. Jean.

Napoleon made mistakes; but he made them because he was possessed with the idea that he need not concern himself about the Prussians. He began the battle late, but the long summer day, and the twilight of June, when there is practically no night, made this unimportant. The afternoon had sufficed at Ligny, it would suffice at Waterloo; and the fog and wet of the morning would have embarrassed his troops in attack more than the enemy in defence. He wasted his infantry in the assault on Hougomont, when he might have dislodged the English with his artillery; but he had no conception of the toughness of the English soldiery, and thought to have captured the position with a rush; and, in his absence, Ney threw away the cavalry in charges on the English centre. Napoleon had left the field at this time, with the Young Guard, and was fighting a brilliant little battle at Planchenois, which for a time effectually checked the Prussian advance.

Unquestionably, Napoleon calculated, and all past experience justified him in calculating, on want of unanimity in the plans of the two generals opposed to him. Hitherto such combinations had told only in his favour—at Jena, and in the fields of Champagne. But in this instance rare unanimity prevailed between the impetuous Blücher and the cold Wellington; and the former was quite willing to co-operate with the plans of the English Commander-in-Chief.

Napoleon knew that the prime of the English army which had fought in Spain was not before him, but had been shipped to America. He knew that the host opposed to him was heterogeneous in composition, and like the image in the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, was made up of iron, brass, and clay. He had every reason to believe that the impact of his seasoned warriors on such a body would dissolve its cohesion, and bring it to ruin. Before the tremendous power of his indomitable will, all opposition had hitherto given way, as soon as he had rammed into the centre of an army drawn up before him, and had split it into halves. He had no idea that the commonest English soldier before him, each atom that made up the mass, was endowed with almost as stubborn a will as his own.

He had reckoned on the assistance of Grouchy; and had this marshal come up, he would have greatly assisted him, but hardly have changed the complexion of the battle. The utmost Grouchy could have done would have been to have arrested the pursuit. Hitherto Napoleon had never met a general better than second rate. At Leipzig he was defeated, not by superior generalship, but by superior numbers. At Waterloo, for the first time, he encountered a man intellectually his match, and one leading the core of an army accustomed, not to defeat, but to victory; a man of peculiarly cold temperament. When a duel is fought between two opponents—one short of temper, the other impassibly cool—the first is invariably worsted after the first round, when he has felt the first smart; and in the battle-field, the same rule holds good respecting generals.



DRAWING TO THE END.

From a picture by Flameng.

LIII

THE SECOND ABDICATION

(21 JUNE—23 JULY, 1815)

THE huge black arms of the telegraph, writhing on the tops of church towers against the grey morning sky, had informed the Parisians of the victory of Ligny, on the morning of the 16th June. The Prussians had been shattered, and were flying. All Paris held its breath, waiting to hear of the destruction of the English host. The great arms hung limp; but yet on the 19th, in the morning, sinister rumours, springing up none knew whence circulated in the capital that a great battle had been fought near Mont S. Jean and that the Army of the Empire had been annihilated. These reports flew about, were believed one moment, disbelieved the next, and the funds went up and down like waves in a storm.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 21st, Napoleon arrived in Paris, and alighted at the Elysée Bourbon. He sent immediately for Caulaincourt, and, whilst admitting the disaster, characteristically—on this occasion, not without some justification—cast all the blame for it on another. “The army,” he said, “has performed wonders; but a sudden panic seized it, and all has been lost. Ney conducted himself like a madman; he caused my cavalry to be massacred. I

can do no more. I must have two hours of repose and a warm bath before I can attend to business."

One of the first public men to see him on his return was Lavallette.

"I flew," says he, "to the Elysée to see the Emperor. He summoned me into his closet, and, as soon as he saw me, he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. 'O my God!' he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was, however, of short duration. He soon recovered his coolness, and asked me what was going forward in the Chamber of Representatives. I could not attempt to hide that party spirit was there carried to a high pitch, and that the majority seemed determined to require his abdication, and to pronounce it themselves, if he did not concede willingly. 'How is that?' he said. 'If proper measures are not taken, the enemy will be before the gates of Paris in eight days. Alas!' he added, 'have I accustomed them to such great victories, that they know not how to bear one day's misfortune? What will become of poor France? I have done all I could for her.' He then heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him, and I left him, with a direction from him to return at a later hour."

During the day numerous fugitives from Waterloo arrived in Paris, and the agitation, the alarm, became general. The officers who had escaped, and returned, entered the Chamber of Deputies, and declared that the rout was so complete that no thought of a rally could be entertained. Then Carnot and Lucien Bonaparte proposed that a Dictatorship should be conferred on Napoleon; but Fouché, Lafayette, and others of the Constitutional Party, entered into a coalition, the object of which was to invest the National Assembly with absolute sovereignty, and to demand the abdication of the Emperor.

"The House of Representatives," said Lafayette, "declares that the independence of the nation is menaced. The Chamber declares its sitting permanent. Every attempt to dissolve it is declared high treason."

This resolution, which at once destroyed the Emperor's authority, was carried by acclamation. Lucien started up, and denounced Lafayette for his ingratitude to Napoleon.

"You accuse me of lack of gratitude towards him!" exclaimed Lafayette. "Have you forgotten that the bones of our children, of our brothers, everywhere attest our fidelity—in the sands of Africa, on the banks of the Guadalquivir and the Tagus, on those of the Vistula, and on the frozen deserts of Muscovy? During more than ten years, three millions of Frenchmen have perished for a man who wishes still to fight all Europe. We have done enough for him. Now our duty is to save the country."

Cries of "Let him abdicate! let him abdicate!" rang from the benches, and the National Guards ranged themselves round the Hall of Assembly, on the side of the Deputies, against any armed attempt on the part of Napoleon to disperse them and close the doors.

The House of Peers lagged a little behind that of the Representatives, but not for long. The Peers, though all Bonapartists, concurred with the Deputies

in believing that one man alone stood between France and peace, that further resistance would but prolong the death-agony of the Empire, and that the



“VIVE L'EMPEREUR !”

From a crayon drawing by Willette.

surest method of preventing further disaster was to dethrone Napoleon ; but many of them, as well as a party among the Representatives, were in favour of declaring the little King of Rome Emperor, of the French, with his mother

as Regent. Lucien, Labédoyère, Carnot, Davoust, strongly supported this project. Davoust, as War Minister, protested that the military power of the nation had received a rude shock, but was by no means fatally stricken. But here Ney, who had just arrived, full of rage and despair, interrupted Carnot, who was arguing that France could maintain its struggle against Wellington, crippled at Waterloo, and Blücher, defeated at Ligny. Ney violently interposed, "It is false! you are deceiving the Peers and the people. Wellington is advancing, Blücher is not defeated. There is nothing left but the corps of Grouchy. In six or seven days the enemy will be here!"

Meanwhile Napoleon had sent for Benjamin Constant, who found the Emperor calm. In reply to some words on the disaster of Waterloo, Napoleon said, "The question no longer concerns me, but France. They wish me to abdicate. Have they calculated upon the inevitable consequences of an abdication? It is round me, round my name, that the army rallies. To separate me from it is to disband it. If I abdicate to-day, in two days' time you will no longer have an army. These poor fellows do not understand your subtleties. Is it supposed that axioms in metaphysics, declarations of rights, and harangues from the Tribune, will put a stop to the disbanding of the army? It is not when the enemy is at twenty-five leagues' distance that a Government can be overturned with impunity." Then he began to threaten that he would dissolve the Assembly, and he denied its competence to demand his abdication. But he had no force at his back to execute his threats.

Whilst thus talking, he heard shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and going to the window saw a crowd of men of the labouring class, pressing forward along the Avenue, trying to escalate the walls, that they might offer their services. He looked attentively at the rabble for a while, and then said, "You see, these are not the men whom I loaded with honours and wealth. What do these people owe me? The instinct of necessity enlightens them. The voice of the country speaks through their mouths. If I choose, in another hour the refractory Chambers would cease to exist. But the life of a man is not worth purchasing at such a price."

He did not relish the idea of flight from Paris. "Why should I not remain here?" he asked of Constant. "What do you suppose they would do to an unarmed man like me? I will go to Malmaison; I can live there in retirement with some friends."

He next rambled away into a description of the country life he would enjoy; planting cabbages; and then reverted suddenly to the thought of flight. "If they do not like me to remain in France, whither am I to go? To England? My abode there would be irksome and absurd. I would be tranquil, but no one would give me credit for that. Every fog would be suspected of favouring an attempt at disembarkation on the French coast . . . America would be more suitable; I could live there with dignity. But once more, What is there to fear? What sovereign can persecute me without injury to himself? To one I have restored half his dominions; how often has a second pressed my hand, and



“MONSIEUR CARNOT, JE VOUS AI CONNU TROP TARD.”

From a sketch by Forrain.

On the eve of his departure for Rochefort, Carnot visited Napoleon at Malmaison. The tears rose in his eyes. The fallen Emperor advanced towards him with extended hand and the words as given above.



called me *a great man*. As to the third, can he find gratification in the humiliation of his son-in-law?"

Lucien arrived with a deputation from the Chambers. He found his brother in an unsettled condition of mind, at one moment threatening to dissolve the Chambers by military force, at others to blow out his brains. Lucien openly told him that there was no alternative but to dismiss the Assembly and seize the supreme power or to abdicate.

"The Chamber," said Napoleon, "is composed of Jacobins, of madmen, who



EMBARKATION ON BOARD THE "BELLEROPHON."

From a contemporary engraving.

wish for power and disorder; I should have denounced them to the nation, and chased them from their seats. Dethrone me! They would not dare."

"In an hour," replied Regnaud de S. Angely, "your dethronement, on the motion of Lafayette, will be irrevocably pronounced. They have given you an hour's grace—do you hear? Only an hour." Napoleon turned with a bitter smile to Fouché, and said, "Write to these *Messieurs* to keep themselves quiet—they shall be satisfied." He then drew up a declaration of abdication in favour of his son.

"Frenchmen! In commencing war for the maintenance of national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved the declarations of the Powers against me. Circumstances appear to be

changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the foes of France. . . . My political life is ended. I proclaim my son under the title of NAPOLEON II., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. The present ministers will provisionally form the Council of the Government. The interest I take in my son induces me to



NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON."

From a drawing by J. Eastlake, engraved by C. Turner.

invite the Chambers to form the Regency without delay. Unite for the public safety, that you may continue an independent people."

This declaration was conveyed to both the Chambers, which accepted the abdication, but eluded acceptance of the nomination of his son.

Lucien and Davoust had urged on Napoleon to continue the struggle, but the Emperor saw that this was impossible. In Paris he had no troops at the head of which he could place himself, silence the Deputies, and send them flying out of the windows, as on the 18th Brumaire. He had a much livelier sense than Lucien could have of the extent of the recent disaster on the field of Waterloo, and he knew that, though he could collect another army, all the power of Europe was focussed against him. Whilst Wellington and Blücher were approaching from the north-east, the Austrian general, Frimont, was marching through Switzerland and Savoy to attack on that frontier, Schwarzenberg was now ready to pour enormous forces across the Rhine, and the Czar was not far off with 200,000 Russians. The Allies could put 800,000 men into France before the end of July.

Next day, Lavallette was with the fallen Emperor, and gave him full and impartial particulars relative to the state of feeling in the metropolis. He says:—

Napoleon "listened to me with a sombre air, and though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the sense of his position betrayed themselves in his face and all his motions. . . . The great act of abdication accomplished, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army should take, and on the manner in which the negotiations with the enemy ought to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming his son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child, as with a view of concentrating on one head the national sentiment and affection. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him."

On the 23rd, Napoleon went to Malmaison, where poor Josephine had died; and there he made preparations for flight.

On the 29th, General Becker, sent by the Provisional Government, arrived to attend and watch Napoleon. The fallen Emperor sent him back at once, with a message to the Provisional Government, offering to march as a private citizen against Blücher. Upon the refusal of the Ministry to entertain such a suggestion, he quitted Malmaison, and hastened to Rochefort with the intention of escaping to America. But the whole west coast of France was watched by a blockading fleet; and finding it impossible to leave France unobserved, and learning that orders for his arrest had been issued, and their execution delayed only to allow him to throw himself on the mercy of the English, nothing remained for him but to surrender to Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, anchored in the Basque Roads; and this he did on the 15th July. "I am come," said Napoleon, "to cast myself on the protection of the laws of England." But already he had been informed by Captain Maitland "that he could enter into no promise as to the reception he might meet with in England, as he was in total ignorance of the intentions of the British Government as to his future disposal." And Admiral Keith, in command of the fleet, would give him no assurances.

On the 23rd July, for the last time the eyes of the fallen Emperor saw the coast of France, as the *Bellerophon*, with all sail set, stood out to sea, for England.



NAPOLEON ON S. HELENA.

From a contemporary body-colour painting.

LIV

S. HELENA

NAPOLEON, whose imagination never failed to present flattering images to his soul, had formed the idea that, on going to England, he would receive an ovation. In 1814, Lord Castlereagh had sent a communication to him through the Duke of Vicenza, during the negotiations at Fontainebleau, in which he asked :—

“ Why does not Napoleon, instead of going to Elba, come to England? He will be received in London with the greatest consideration, and he will obtain there a treatment infinitely preferable to exile on a wretched rock in the Mediterranean. He should not, however, make his retirement into England the object of a negotiation, for that would entail too many delays, and provoke difficulties. But let him surrender himself without conditions; let him render this homage of esteem to an enemy which has bravely fought against him during ten years. He will be received in England with the profoundest respect, and he will learn that it is better worth his while to rely on English honour than on a treaty signed in the midst of circumstances such as at present exist.”

But what might have happened in 1814 was impossible in 1815. Europe had seen him break his engagement to remain in Elba, and his return to France had revealed that he still had the power to rouse the nation, and to collect around him an army which was a menace to every nation composing Europe. He had played a desperate game, and had lost. But Napoleon could never be brought to understand that he must take the consequences of his acts; that having been the scourge of Europe, cost it untold misery, brought bereavement and ruin into tens of thousands of families, and soaked the soil with blood—that he must be kept under control like a wild beast, and suffer an infinitesimal part of the misery he had caused to others.

On the 26th July, in the evening, the *Bellerophon* entered the bay of Plymouth. After remaining a fortnight there, during which he was the object of the most flattering curiosity from all who could obtain a glimpse of him, he was removed on board the *Northumberland*, with orders to be conveyed to S. Helena, the place of all others he most dreaded. It was specified that he would be allowed to take with him three officers, his surgeon, and twelve servants.

Suspicion seems to have arisen that he would commit suicide, or that Generals Montholon and Gourgaud would kill him at his request, as he was heard repeatedly to declare, "I will *not* go to S. Helena"; and he was accordingly closely watched, and the generals warned that they would be tried for murder, if they assisted or connived at his death.

Angry, disappointed, wretched, Napoleon indited a protest, which he ordered should be sent to the British Ministry.

"I hereby solemnly protest, before God and man, against the injustice offered me, and the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and liberty. I came freely on board the *Bellerophon*; I am not a prisoner, I am the guest of England. I was, indeed, instigated to come on board by the captain, who told me that he had been directed by his Government to receive me and my suite, and conduct me to England, if agreeable to my wishes.* I presented myself in good faith, with the view of claiming the protection of the English laws. As soon as I had reached the *Bellerophon*, I considered myself in the home and on the hearth of the British people. If it was the intention of the Government, in giving orders to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, to receive me and my suite merely to entrap me, it has forfeited its honour and sullied its flag.

"If this act be consummated, it will be useless for the English to talk to Europe of their integrity, their laws, and their liberty. British good faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

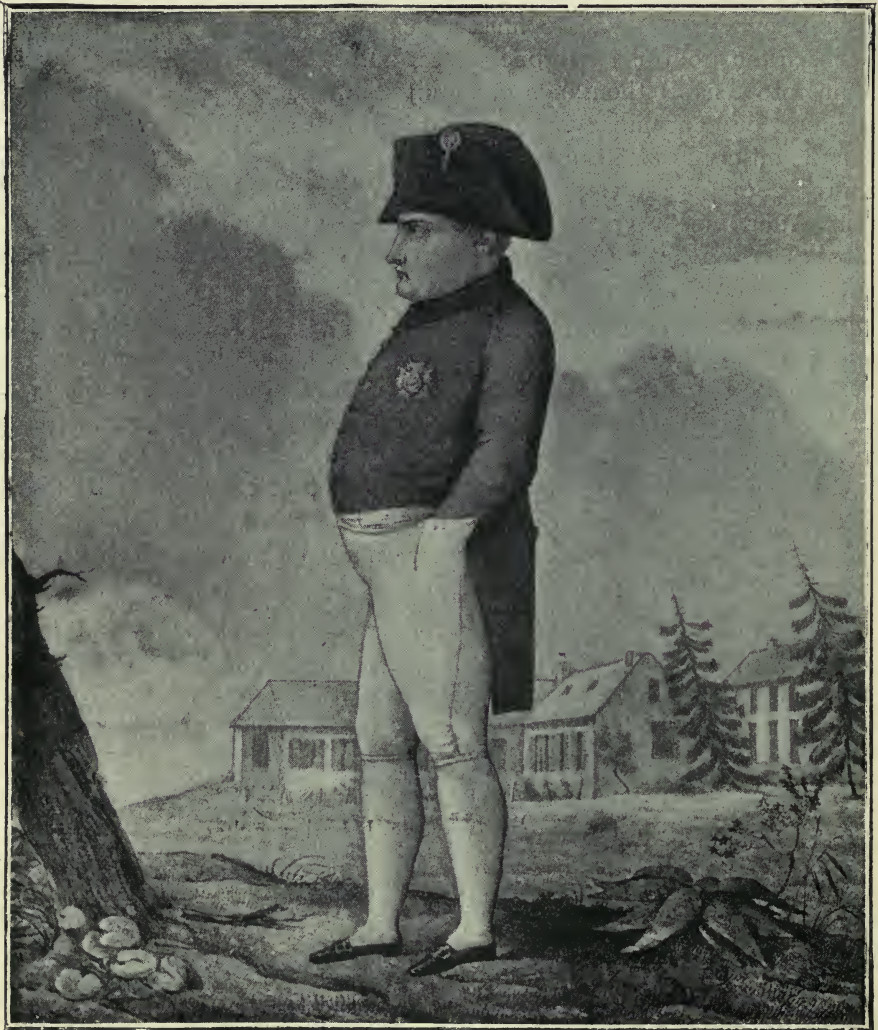
"I appeal to history; it will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years upon the English people, came voluntarily (!) in his misfortune to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and his confidence? But what return did England make for so magnanimous (!) an act? They pretended to hold out a friendly hand to this enemy; and when he delivered himself up in good faith, they sacrificed him.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON.

"On board the *Bellerophon*, 4th August, 1815."

* An untruth. He was in no way instigated to do this by Captain Maitland.

This was a misrepresentation from beginning to end. The order for his arrest and imprisonment had arrived in Rochefort, and he was obliged to surrender to Captain Maitland. What he had dealt to others, it was right that he should, in a measure, himself endure. He had treated Toussaint l'Ouverture



NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD.

From a sketch by General Gourgaud.

with barbarity ; this brave man had been lured to surrender with promises of generous treatment, and then had been sent to perish in the cold of an Alpine prison. Hofer had been shot for fighting for his country ; the Duc d'Enghien taken from neutral ground to be assassinated.

The English Government was forced to deal in an exceptional manner with a man who did not value his word. If he had to be banished far from Europe,

he had but himself to blame for it. Proximity to Europe would have been a continual menace. By the restoration of the Bourbons, the Allied Powers put a fool's cap on France, and that proud nation could not, and would not, long endure the insult. It would enter into correspondence with the man who, if he had tyrannised over her, had made her respected. His name was still one to conjure with, his person still one that would be a rallying-point. England was responsible to her Allies to place him where he could no longer be dangerous. Generosity had been shown him when allowed to retire to Elba. It was true that the Bourbons had not at once paid him what was stipulated; perhaps he gave them no time; he was back before they had the money in their hands wherewith to discharge their debts. As generosity had failed, severity must be employed.

A great man, a noble character, bears his fall with dignity, wraps his mantle about his face, and suffers in silence. But this was not what Napoleon could do. The rest of his story is one of peevish discontent, of grumbling because he had a bottle too few, or because his wine was not to his taste, or because he was not addressed as "Sire," and was not allowed to ride wherever he liked. It was absurd for him to contend

that he was a guest. A soldier in war who delivers up his sword becomes a prisoner, and not a guest. He obtains the right to live, but not to be allowed to go where he likes. The story of Napoleon begins with fretfulness, and with fretfulness it ends. In his private life there was no greatness, no dignity; and when the Imperial ermine and the wreath of gilded laurel leaves were removed,—nay, when he lost his cocked hat and grey overcoat—then there remained behind nothing but the mean egoist.

After a voyage of seventy days, Napoleon disembarked at Jamestown, in S. Helena, attended by Count Las Cases and his son, General Gourgaud, the Count and Countess Bertrand, the Count and Countess Montholon, and ten servants.

"All the descriptions of S. Helena that I had ever read," says the author of the *Captivité de Sainte-Hélène*, "before reaching the place, had given me but an imperfect idea of the island. It is the most isolated spot in the world, the most inaccessible, the most difficult to attack, the poorest, the most unsociable, and the most expensive. Its appearance is frightening, and I do not conceal the fact that when, on the 17th, in the morning, they came into my cabin to announce to me that we had reached S. Helena, the first sight of it made me sick at heart."*

* This book was written by G. F. Didot, from the reports of the Baron de Montchenu, Commissary for Louis XVIII. in the island.



NAPOLEON GARDENING.
From an anonymous engraving.

"The island of S. Helena," says Montholon, "is 2,000 leagues from Europe, and 900 from every continent, and 1,200 leagues from the Cape of Good Hope. It is a volcanic eruption in the midst of the Atlantic. . . . The soil of the island is composed of chilled lava, which was in various conditions of fusion when erupted, and is traversed by profound ravines. The vegetable earth is found only where it has been carried by the hands of man. . . . Everywhere lava dykes descend from the central plateau to the bottom of the sea, and this gives to S. Helena, seen from afar, the aspect of a shapeless mass of black rocks,

surmounted by a cone with blunted top. The nearer one approaches, the more repulsive it seems. From whatever side, wherever the eye turns, nothing is to be seen but bastion and black walls, constructed as by the hands of demons to link together the rocky peaks. Nowhere a trace of vegetation. . . . A wall, an arched gate, hide the town. At the time of our entry into S. Helena the population consisted of about 500 whites, including a battalion of infantry of 160 men, and a company of artillery in the service of the East India Company. There were about 300 blacks. The population in 1821 consisted of 800 whites, 308 negroes, 1,800 Chinese, or Lascars."



THE EXILE.

From a water-colour sketch made by an English officer at Longwood,
24th July, 1820.

English officers' wives, delicate ladies, lived there because it was their duty; but the fallen Emperor complained because he was sent there to an exile which he had richly deserved.

"Dying on this hideous rock," said he, "separated from

my family, lacking everything, I bequeath the opprobrium and the horror of my death to the English."

On first arriving at S. Helena, nothing was ready for the illustrious exile, and he was lodged at a house near the town, called "The Briars." The place was not one in which luxurious furniture and delicacies for the table were to be called up by enchantment. Six weeks elapsed before Longwood, the residence that was constructed for him, was complete, but all the furniture had to be brought from England.

Napoleon moved to Longwood on the 10th of December, 1815. Las Cases thus described the situation:—

“ Longwood, originally a farm belonging to the East India Company, and afterwards given as a country residence to the Deputy-Governor, is situated on one of the highest parts of the island. The difference between the temperature of the place and the valley below is very great. It stands on a plateau of some extent, and near the eastern coast. Continual, and often violent, winds blow regularly from the same quarter. The sun, though rarely seen, nevertheless exercises its influence on the atmosphere, which is apt to produce disorders of the liver. Heavy and sudden falls of rain inundate the ground, and there is no settled course of the seasons. The sun passes overhead twice a year. Notwithstanding the abundant rains, the grass is either nipped by the wind or parched by the heat. The water, which is conveyed to Longwood by pipes, is so unwholesome as to be unfit for use till it has been boiled. The trees, which at a distance impart a smiling aspect to the country, are merely gum trees, a wretched kind of shrub, affording no shade. On one hand the horizon is bounded by the ocean, but the rest of the scene presents only a mass of huge barren rocks, deep gulfs, and desolate valleys; and in the distance appears the green and misty chain of mountains, above which towers Diana's Peak. In short, Longwood can be agreeable only to the traveller after the fatigues of a long voyage, to whom the sight of any country is a relief.”



NAPOLÉON ON S. HELENA.

From a lithograph by Horace Vernet.

The entrance to the house was through a room which had just been added, to serve the double purpose of an ante-chamber and a dining-room. The Emperor's chamber opened into this apartment, and was divided into a cabinet and a sleeping-room. A little bath-room was added.

Riding-horses were at the command of the ex-Emperor; he had his little Court, which was organised into petty state. Champagne and Burgundy were provided as his daily beverage. The furniture was not at first excellent, as none of superior quality existed on the island, but by degrees he was supplied with articles that were handsome.

Vessels to India and the Cape, or returning from thence, arrived continually at S. Helena, and Napoleon was somewhat annoyed by the curiosity of visitors;

but sentinels were provided, and posted under his windows and before the door, to prevent vulgar intrusion.

On the 14th of April, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe, the new Governor, arrived at S. Helena. The selection was an unhappy one, owing to the manner of the Governor being harsh and wanting in courtesy. But, on first introduction, Bonaparte insulted the gallant officer by calling him a commander of Brigands, because he had held the command of the Corsican Rangers in the British service. The great cause of irritation was that neither Sir Hudson Lowe nor his predecessor, Sir George Cockburn, would address Napoleon as "His Imperial Majesty," because the Home Government had given orders that he should receive the honours of a general only.

It is possible enough that Napoleon would have got on with the Governor, if left to himself, but he was surrounded by the Las Cases, the Montholons, and the Bertrands, and the women, who were the most provoking set of babblers, quarrel-makers, and tale-bearers, that it ever fell to the lot of man to encounter. These Frenchmen, and, above all, their wives, fretted at being detained on an island in the Atlantic, where there were no theatres, and no *bals masqués*. Away from the amusements and gossip of Paris, they were incessantly on the look-out for grievances, and nothing was too trivial for them to take up. They identified themselves with what could now be only the empty, if not absurd formalities of a little Court; and whenever Sir Hudson Lowe styled Napoleon "General," they pursed their lips, muttered insolent remarks, and turned their backs on him. They called him spy, inquisitor, police-agent, gaoler, and worse. They denied that he had ever been a soldier (he had been a good and brave one), and they sneered at his services as those of a robber. All these contemptible creatures poured forth their spleen in memoirs or letters, exaggerating every discomfort, magnifying the martyrdom of the illustrious exile, who, in self-complacency at his sufferings, compared himself with Christ.

Napoleon could not refrain from making remarks on the face of Sir Hudson Lowe as "hideous and most ugly." The Governor, in answer to the torrent of complaint that poured from the exile, expressed his regrets that Longwood did not furnish all the accommodation and comforts Napoleon might desire, and which the British Government wished to afford him, and added that a suitable house of wood, fitted up with every possible accommodation, and luxuriously furnished, was then on its way from England for his use. Napoleon refused it at once, and exclaimed that it was not a house that he wanted, but an executioner and a coffin. Then the ex-Emperor took up some reports of the campaign of 1814, and asked if they had been written by Sir Hudson Lowe, and proceeded to say that they were as full of lies as they were of folly. The Governor, without losing his temper, retired with a cold acknowledgment; whereupon Napoleon stormed against him like a fishwife, and bade a servant throw a cup of coffee out of the window, because it had stood on a table near the Governor.

A legend, relative to the last days of Napoleon at S. Helena, has been manufactured out of the rancorous reports of those who were condemned to be his companions, and of those in France whose imagination played over his place of

exile. Savary was not permitted to go to S. Helena ; but this choice specimen of a director of spies thought it seemly to charge Sir Hudson Lowe with being a police-agent ; and this man, who directed and presided over the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, lifted up his hands in holy horror at the wickedness of the English in sending the exile to so unhealthy an island, and for selecting as his gaoler a man who possessed the execrable art of making him die by inches—
“Lui faire mourir à coup d'épingles.”

It was not in human nature to endure the incessant insults and provocation offered, without some resentment ; and the Governor had duties imposed on him which could not be executed in a manner agreeable to the feelings of Bonaparte ; but Sir Hudson Lowe never insisted on any act which could needlessly annoy his captive or even one of his noisy and contemptible attendants. The Irish doctor, who was predisposed against him, never for a moment considered Sir Hudson as capable of a dishonourable or inhuman act, and, as he came to know him better, his first prejudice vanished. He says :—

“If, notwithstanding this prepossession, my testimony should incline to the other side, I can truly state that the change took place from the weight of evidence, and in consequence of what came under my own observation in S. Helena. Poor man, he has since that time encountered a storm of obloquy and reproach enough to bow any person to the earth. Yet I firmly believe that the talent he exerted in unravelling the intricate plotting constantly going on at Longwood, and the firmness in tearing it to pieces, with the increasing vigilance he displayed in the discharge of his arduous duties, made him more enemies than any hastiness of temper, uncourteousness of demeanour, and severity in his measures, of which the world believed him guilty.”

Napoleon's plot to escape, to place himself again at the head of the discontented in France, was not abandoned, and there were in the island those but too ready to unite in it. Sir Hudson was responsible for the prisoner, and was obliged to be watchful, lest he should slip between his fingers.

As to the charge against the salubrity of Longwood, it was untrue. The house was planted 2,000 feet above the sea, in a cool and pleasant atmosphere. If the Emperor had been left below, what outcries would have been raised ! A large sum of money was spent in enlarging and ameliorating the residence, and every wish Napoleon expressed for its further improvement was promptly attended to. The sum of £12,000 per annum was allowed for his domestic expenditure, and the Governor was authorised to draw on the Treasury for more money if this allowance proved insufficient. Napoleon was allowed a space measuring eight, and eventually twelve, miles in circumference round Longwood, through which he might ride or walk at his pleasure ; but beyond these limits he was to be accompanied by a British officer. This was an occasion for petulance, and he shut himself up in the house and garden, and represented that Sir Hudson was killing him. The real fact was, that the disease of which his father had died, cancer of the stomach, had begun to make violent motion unpleasant ; and he took up the grievance that he was watched, as an excuse for abandoning his rides, and to magnify his martyrdom.

For the same reason, Napoleon refused to take the drugs prescribed for him, pretending that they had been tampered with by the Governor. But he was perfectly aware of the nature of his disorder, for it had manifested itself as far back as during the Russian campaign, and his sister, the Princess Borghese, was also menaced with it.

The ill-humour of the followers of Napoleon was not vented on Sir Hudson Lowe and the English alone. Napoleon himself had often to contend against their ill-temper. As often happens with men and women in such circumstances, they quarrelled with one another, and part of their ill-humour overflowed upon



THE DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON.

From a contemporary engraving.

their chief. He took these little incidents deeply to heart. On one occasion he said bitterly, "I know that I am fallen; but to feel this among you! I am aware that a man is frequently unreasonable, and susceptible to offence. Thus, when I am mistrustful of myself, I ask, Would I have been treated in this way at the Tuileries?"

Captain Basil Hall, in August, 1817, when in command of the *Lyra*, had an interview with the Emperor, and he thus describes him:—

"Bonaparte struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square—larger, indeed, in every way than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means

remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent, though at this period it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was



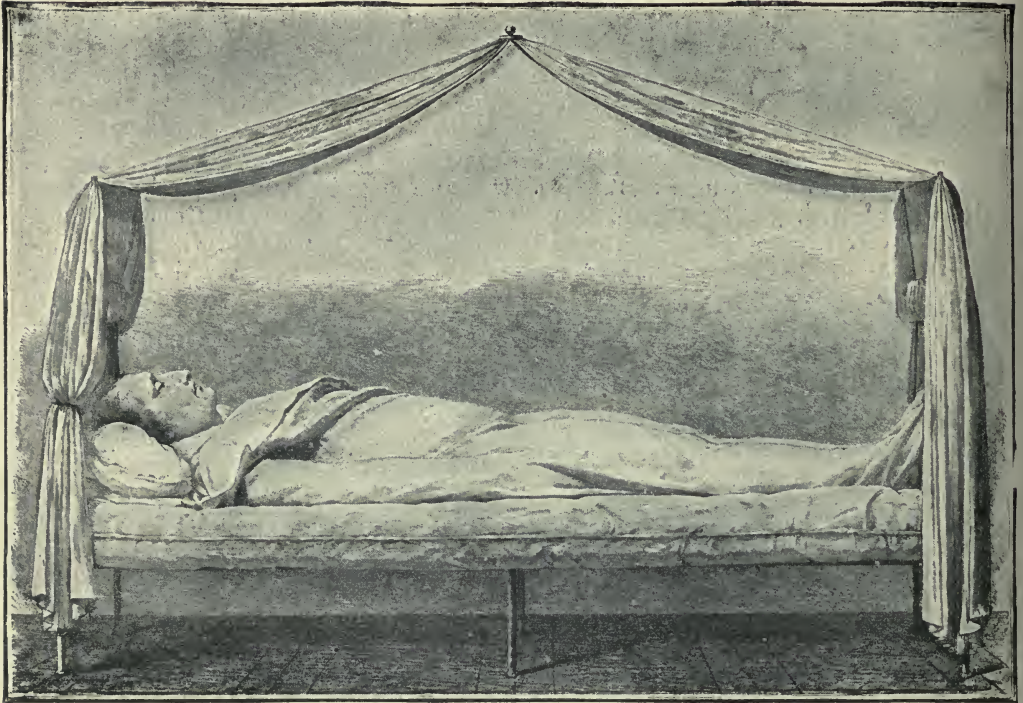
NAPOLEON'S LAST SLEEP.

From a sketch made at Longwood, by W. Crockett, May 6, 1821.

only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he was at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed, for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance, indicated a frame in perfect health, and a mind at ease."

During his residence on the island, Napoleon was engaged on his *Memoirs*, which he dictated to Las Cases, and which were published under the title of *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*.

The conversation engaged in by Napoleon with Las Cases, O'Meara, Antommarchi, exhibits him exercising the same dissimulation that marked his



ON HIS DEATH-BED.

From a sketch made by Captain Marryat, by the order of Sir Hudson Lowe.

political life. He now laboured to manufacture the pedestal on which his glorified image was to stand for the adoration of posterity. His *Mémoires* teem with false statements, which it is now possible to expose. An instance or two will suffice. He indignantly protested that he had not been protected by

Barras at Toulon, nor on the 13th Vendémiaire. But his own correspondence, preserved in the archives of the Ministry of War, has placed beyond all doubt that to the intervention of Barras he largely owed his opportunities of starting on the road that led to success.

He took vast pains at S. Helena to justify the murder of the Duc d'Enghien; and he chose Talleyrand as his scapegoat. He pretended that the latter had suppressed a letter from the Duke to him, in which



“NE LE CRAIGNEZ PLUS.”

From an engraving by Römheld.

the young Prince appealed to his mercy. But Talleyrand had objected to the murder, which he saw was a mistake. Napoleon laboured to vilify Moreau, and to make him out to be incapable as a general. He reproached him for lack of ability in conducting the celebrated retreat in 1797. He suppressed the facts that he had himself weakened the army of Moreau, and had forbidden him to advance.



NAPOLÉON DEAD.

After a painting by Horace Vernet.

He went further, and poured forth his bile on all his generals. Davoust, he declared, was nothing but a machine—a mere soldier; Masséna was rash and favoured by his good luck; Soult was not fit to be more than a major-general; Oudinot was dull; Kléber incapable; Ney was brave, but nothing beyond that; Berthier was an idiot; and Murat a fool. Then Napoleon turned to his family, and depicted Joseph as a commonplace, good-natured man, and that was all; he pelted Lucien with bad epithets, turned Jerome into ridicule, poured forth his contempt on Louis. None were spared; just as of old in the Tuileries he

delighted in throwing in the faces of his company all the scandals and faults he had detected in their private lives through the agency of his secret police. In the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*, he reveals a miserable spite, a thoroughly ignoble mind, that revels in all kinds of odious revelations, in which the truth is just so far mingled with the false as to give them an appearance of verity. And the unhappy effect of this production is that the unravelling of the falsehood is difficult to perform, and in weariness of spirit the whole preposterous mass is accepted. The reading of the *Mémorial* inspires nothing but disgust. All those



CHAIR OF NAPOLEON AT S. HELENA.

who played any part at the time of the Empire are represented as rogues or fools. Happily the work of verification has been taken in hand, and many of the calumnies refuted. Nevertheless, one cannot regret the production of the *Mémorial*, for in it Napoleon has revealed himself unmistakably in his perfidiousness, want of generosity, and his jealousy of merit in others.*

In judging of Napoleon at S. Helena, we must bear in mind that, though intellectually a giant, his moral nature had been stunted, and if it did not die early, was throughout his life a negligible quantity. In all situations that required force of intellect Napoleon was great; in situations requiring moral force he was contemptible. But, since intellect without moral

feeling is force without guidance, Napoleon's action in the world was as blind as that of an earthquake; it lacked everything that makes man's action among his fellow-men valuable and beneficial.

Napoleon was the ablest man since Cæsar. Where there is no shadow, there is also no light, and the darker the shade the more brilliant is the light illumining one side of man. At S. Helena there was no possibility of the luminous side of Napoleon showing: all that could possibly appear was the shadow. And all that was ignoble in him was subject to microscopic examination, and was aggravated by the suspicion of Sir Hudson Lowe, who had the mind of a martinet.

Haute politique was the atmosphere in which the glorious genius of Napoleon could alone live. In such conditions as surrounded him at S. Helena, he existed

* JUNG, *Benaparte et son Temps*, 1881.

as an eagle in a cage, pecking at the bars, ruffling his plumes at every finger that approached. Behind bars the golden eagle is a sorry fowl. He was not made for captivity, but to soar in the open firmament of heaven.

Again, in judging Napoleon we must consider that he was brought up under the worst possible influences, moral, social, and religious, and that he had to create a law for himself, and that under such circumstances any other man but he would have been entirely despicable. The one thing he lacked to make him really great, was an appreciation of moral force.

Napoleon resolutely shut his eyes to all the wanton bloodshed and misery he had caused; and looked only at the good his rule had done France. That must not be overlooked. When France was in anarchy, he had established order, repressed crime and folly, repaired the evils alike of the *ancien régime* and of the Revolution; had enriched Paris with magnificent structures, crossed France with superb highways, and done much for the harbours on the coast. His signature of the Concordat did, indeed, an ostensible good to the Church, but vitally sapped its life just when springing to vigorous, national regeneration.

In December, 1816, Las Cases was compelled to leave S. Helena. He had been detected carrying on communication with Lucien Bonaparte.

About the middle of 1818, Napoleon's health began to fail; and he was well aware that the hereditary malady which had carried off his father was making rapid inroads on his constitution. His doctor, the Irishman O'Meara, reported the failure of his health to the Governor. Even now Napoleon seized the opportunity for renewing his claim to the title of Emperor. This Sir Hudson Lowe could not concede, but there was surely pettiness in the British Ministry in not allowing to the fallen Emperor a title, the retention of which was of small



PLASTER CAST OF THE FACE AFTER DEATH.
Taken by Antommarchi.

political significance, but of great personal importance to Napoleon. After some difficulty, it was agreed that the term "patient" should be substituted for the title of "General," which caused so much offence. O'Meara proposed that Dr. Baxter, the principal medical officer in the island, should be summoned, but Napoleon refused to receive him, alleging that, although "it was true he looked like an honest man, he was too much attached to that hangman" (Lowe), and he refused all medicine, pretending that an attempt would be made through it to poison him.

O'Meara, having fallen under suspicion of managing a secret correspondence between the Emperor and his adherents in France, was removed; and a Dr. Antommarchi, a young Italian surgeon, and two Roman Catholic abbés, were sent to S. Helena, and landed on the 10th September, 1819.

"I have grown fat, my energy is gone, the bow is unstrung," said Napoleon to his new medical attendant.

Towards the end of the year 1820 he walked with difficulty, and remained in a weak state until the following April, when the disease assumed an alarming character. He then consented to be attended by Dr. Arnott. The news of the death of his sister, Elise Bacciochi, affected him deeply. After a struggle with his feelings, which had almost overpowered him, he rose, supported himself on Antommarchi's arm, and said, "Doctor, Elise, you see, has just shown me the way. Death, which seemed to have forgotten my family, has begun to strike it; my turn cannot be far off." Presently he lay down on his bed. "Leave me to myself," he said. "What a delicious thing rest is! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world. How am I fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged in lethargic stupor, so that it is only by an effort that I can raise my eyelids. . . . Once I was Napoleon, now I am no longer anything. My strength, my faculties, forsake me. I do not live; I merely exist."

His last airing was on the 17th of March. The disease increased, and Antommarchi consulted with Dr. Arnott. Napoleon still refused to take medicine. "Everything," said he, "that must happen is written down; our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to take from time a portion which Nature refuses us."

It was reported to him that a comet had been seen. "Ah! a comet!" he exclaimed excitedly, "that was the precursor of the death of Cæsar."

On the 3rd of April he was advised to make his will, but this he did not execute till the 15th; and on the 24th, with some of his characteristic implacability, he bequeathed "ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer Cantillon, who has undergone trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of S. Helena."*

This was saying, as plainly as any words could express it, that he, the dying

* Marie André Cantillon, there can be no reasonable doubt, did intend to shoot the Duke, but missed his aim. This was at Paris; a French jury acquitted him.



NAPOLEON'S LAST DAY.

By Vela.

Bonaparte, believed Cantillon to have been guilty of an atrocious attempt, and that it was for that very deed that he left him a legacy. This is the most painful instance of the malignity of the second man in Napoleon, and it shows how ill-prepared he was to go before the throne of Him who bade us pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Napoleon's ideas of the future state were rather heathen than Christian. He said, as he lay on his death-bed, "I shall behold my brave companions in arms in the Elysian fields—Kléber, Dessaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat,



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

From an anonymous lithograph.

Masséna, Berthier, all will come to greet me: they will talk to me of what we have done together. On seeing me, they will become once more intoxicated with enthusiasm and glory. We will discourse of our wars with the Scipios, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Frederick. There will be satisfaction in that, unless," he added, laughing bitterly, "they above should be alarmed to see so many warriors assembled together."

He, however, declared that he would die, as he was born, a Catholic, and proceeded to give instructions relative to his funeral. To Antommarchi, who was an atheist, he said, "I am neither a philosopher nor a metaphysician. I believe in God; I am of the religion of my fathers; everyone cannot be an atheist who pleases. . . . Can you disbelieve in God? Everything proclaims His existence, and, besides, the greatest minds have thought so." Then he added,

half to himself, "These fellows are conversant only with matter; they will believe in nothing beyond."*

During the first two days of May he was delirious, and imagined himself on the field of battle, and cried out at intervals, "Dessaix! Masséna! Victory is declaring for us! Forwards! press the charge! They are ours!"

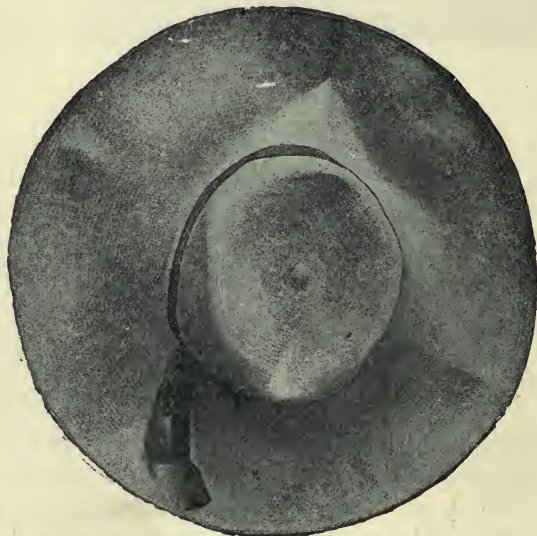
On the 3rd, he recovered consciousness, and said to Dr. Arnott, "I am going to die. You have shared my exile, and will be faithful to my memory. I have sanctioned all proper principles, and infused them into my laws and acts. I have not omitted a single one. Undoubtedly, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and postpone the carrying out of my plans. Reverses occurred; I could not unbend the bow. France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence. She is grateful for my intentions. She cherishes my name, and the recollection of my victories."

Not a word of penitence for faults committed, for the blood he had poured forth like water, for fields devastated, for homes made desolate. The day before his death, which occurred in the evening of May 6th, 1821, a tempest burst over Longwood, tearing up the plantations by the roots, and prostrating a willow under which Napoleon usually seated himself. "It seemed," says Antommarchi, "as if none of the things the Emperor valued were to survive him."

He gradually became insensible; he scarcely spoke for two days, and on the morning of his death, articulated a few broken sentences, among which the only words distinguishable were, "*Tête d'Armée, France*," the last that ever left his lips, and indicated the direction of his dying thoughts.

At six o'clock in the evening, a gun from the fort announced the setting of the sun; and at the same moment the soul of Napoleon sped to its last account.

* ANTOMMARCHI, ii. 121.



NAPOLEON'S STRAW HAT, WORN AT S. HELENA.
From the collection of Prince Victor.

APOTHEOSIS

THE account of the funeral of Napoleon shall be quoted from Colonel Phipps' admirable edition of the *Memoirs of Bourrienne*. It took place on the 8th of May.

According to his own wish, the heart and intestines of Napoleon had been examined after death, and were preserved in two vessels, filled with spirits of wine, and hermetically sealed. These were placed in the corners of the coffin.

"This was a shell of zinc, lined with white satin, in which was a mattress furnished with a pillow. There not being room for the hat to remain on the head, it was placed at his feet, with some eagles, pieces of French money coined during his reign, a plate engraved with his arms, etc. The coffin was closed, carefully soldered up, and then fixed in another case of mahogany, which was enclosed in a third, made of lead, which last was fastened in a fourth of mahogany, which was sealed up, and fastened with screws. The coffin was exhibited, and was covered with the cloak that Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The funeral was ordered for the morrow, 8th of May, and the troops were to attend in the morning by break of day.

"This took place accordingly; the Governor arrived first, the Rear-Admiral soon after, and shortly all the authorities, civil and military, were assembled at Longwood. The day was fine, the people crowded the roads, music resounded from the heights; never had spectacle so sad and solemn been witnessed in these remote regions. At half-past twelve, the grenadiers took hold of the coffin, lifted it with difficulty, and succeeded in removing it into the great walk in the garden, where the hearse awaited them. It was placed on the carriage, covered with a pall of violet velvet, and with the cloak which the hero wore at Marengo. The Emperor's household were in mourning. The cavalcade was arranged by order of the Governor in the following manner:—The Abbé Vignale, in his sacerdotal robes, with young Henri Bertrand at his side, bearing an aspersorium; Doctors Arnott and Antommarchi, the persons entrusted with the superintendence of the hearse, drawn by four horses, led by grooms, and escorted by twelve grenadiers, without arms, on each side; these last were to carry the coffin on their shoulders, as soon as the ruggedness of the road prevented the hearse from advancing; young Napoleon Bertrand and Marchand, both on foot, and by the side of the hearse; Counts Bertrand and Montholon, on horseback, close behind the hearse; a part of the household of the Emperor; Countess Bertrand, with her daughter Hortense, in a calash drawn by two horses, led by hand by her domestics, who walked by the side of the precipice; the Emperor's horse, led by his *piqueur*, Archambaud; the officers of marine on

horseback and on foot ; the officers of the staff on horseback ; the members of the Council of the island in like manner ; General Coffin and the Marquis Montchenu on horseback ; the Rear-Admiral and the Governor on horseback ; the inhabitants of the island.

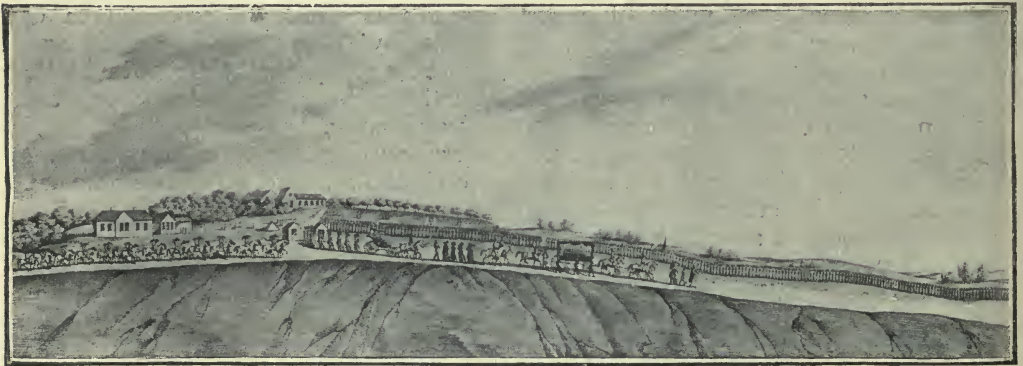
"The train set out in this order from Longwood, passed by the barracks, and was met by the garrison, about 2,500 in number, drawn up on the left of the



THE FUNERAL.

From a sketch by Captain Marryat.

road as far as Hut's Gate. Military bands, placed at different distances, added still more, by the mournful airs which they played, to the striking solemnity of the occasion. When the train had passed, the troops followed and accompanied it to the burying-place. The dragoons marched first. Then came the 20th Regiment of Infantry, the Marines, the 66th, the Volunteers of S. Helena, and lastly, the company of Royal Artillery, with fifteen pieces of cannon. Lady



THE FUNERAL.

From a sketch by Captain Marryat.

Lowe and her daughter were at the roadside at Hut's Gate, in an open carriage drawn by two horses. They were attended by some domestics in mourning, and followed the procession at a distance. The fifteen pieces of artillery were ranged along the road, and the gunners were at their posts, ready to fire. Having advanced about a quarter of a mile beyond Hut's Gate, the hearse stopped, the troops halted and drew up in line of battle by the roadside. The grenadiers then raised the coffin on their shoulders, and bore it thus to the place of interment, by the new route which had been made on purpose on the declivity of the mountain. All the attendants alighted, the ladies descended

from their carriages, and the procession followed the corpse without observing any regular order.

“Counts Bertrand and Montholon, Marchand and young Napoleon Bertrand, carried the four corners of the pall. The coffin was laid down at the side of the tomb, which was hung with black. Near was seen the cords and pulleys which were to lower it into the earth. The coffin was then uncovered, the Abbé Vignale repeated the usual prayers, and the body was let down into the grave with the feet to the east. The artillery then fired three salutes in succession of fifteen discharges each. The Admiral’s vessel had fired during the procession twenty-five guns from time to time. A huge stone, which was to have been employed in the building of the new house for the Emperor, was now used to close his grave, and was lowered till it rested on a strong stone wall, so as not to touch the coffin. While the grave was closed, the crowd seized upon the willows, which the former presence of Napoleon had already rendered objects of veneration. Everyone was ambitious to possess a branch or some leaves of these trees, which were henceforth to shadow the tomb of this great man, and to preserve them as a precious relic of so memorable a scene. The Governor and Admiral endeavoured to prevent this outrage, but in vain. The Governor, however, surrounded the spot afterwards with a barricade, where he placed a guard to keep off all intruders. The tomb of the Emperor was about a league from Longwood. . . . The companions of Napoleon returned to France, and the island gradually resumed its former quiet state, while the willows weeping over the grave guarded the ashes of the man for whom Europe had been all too small.”*



APOTHEOSE.
From a lithograph of 1832.

The report of the death of Napoleon plunged all France in a painful stupor; the infinite littleness of the Bourbon *régime* brought home to its conscience the greatness of the man who had passed away. All minds turned to S. Helena, to the tomb by Hut’s Gate, where, to many an ardent imagination, the honour of France lay buried.

Then the Napoleonic myth grew up out of that lonely grave under the weeping willows, and took possession of the hearts, and filled the horizon to which the hopes of France turned. The explosions of venomous hate favoured by the Bourbon Government were listened to with contempt, and remained

* BOURRIENNE, ed. Phipps, iii. 527.

without effect. Caricatures were produced to ridicule the dead hero, and no one laughed at them; but a thousand little symbols of the great Emperor, allegorical pictures, canonizations appeared, and were suppressed by the police whenever they could lay their vulgar hands on them.

It was hoped that Napoleon would revive in his son, and that with this son the coloured cockade would again reappear.

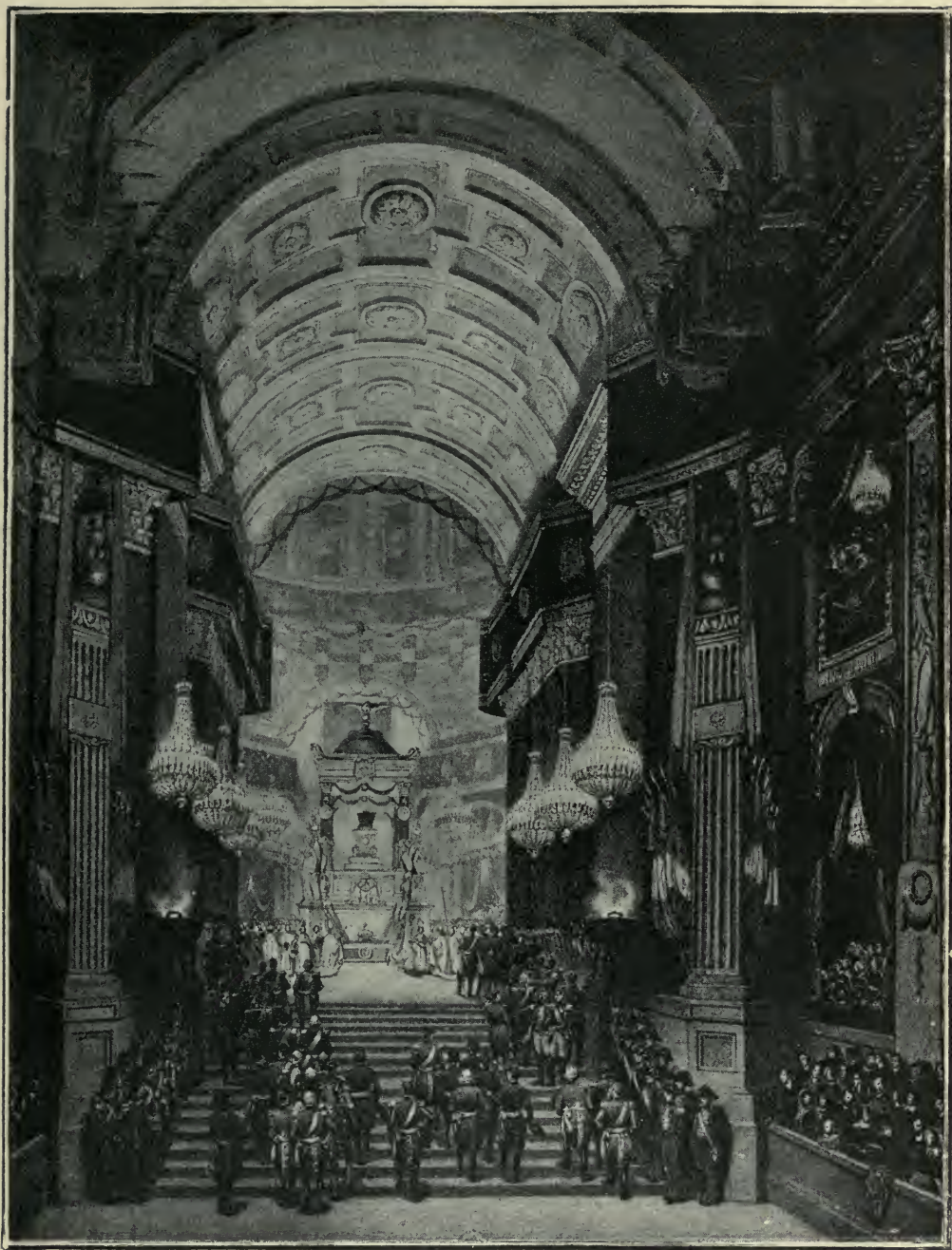
The Napoleonic myth, as well as the Napoleonic scare, has passed away. We are now able to distinguish Bonaparte as he really was, no longer surrounded by the thunder-clouds of war, nor the aureole of apotheosis. We see



RECEPTION OF THE BODY AT THE INVALIDES.

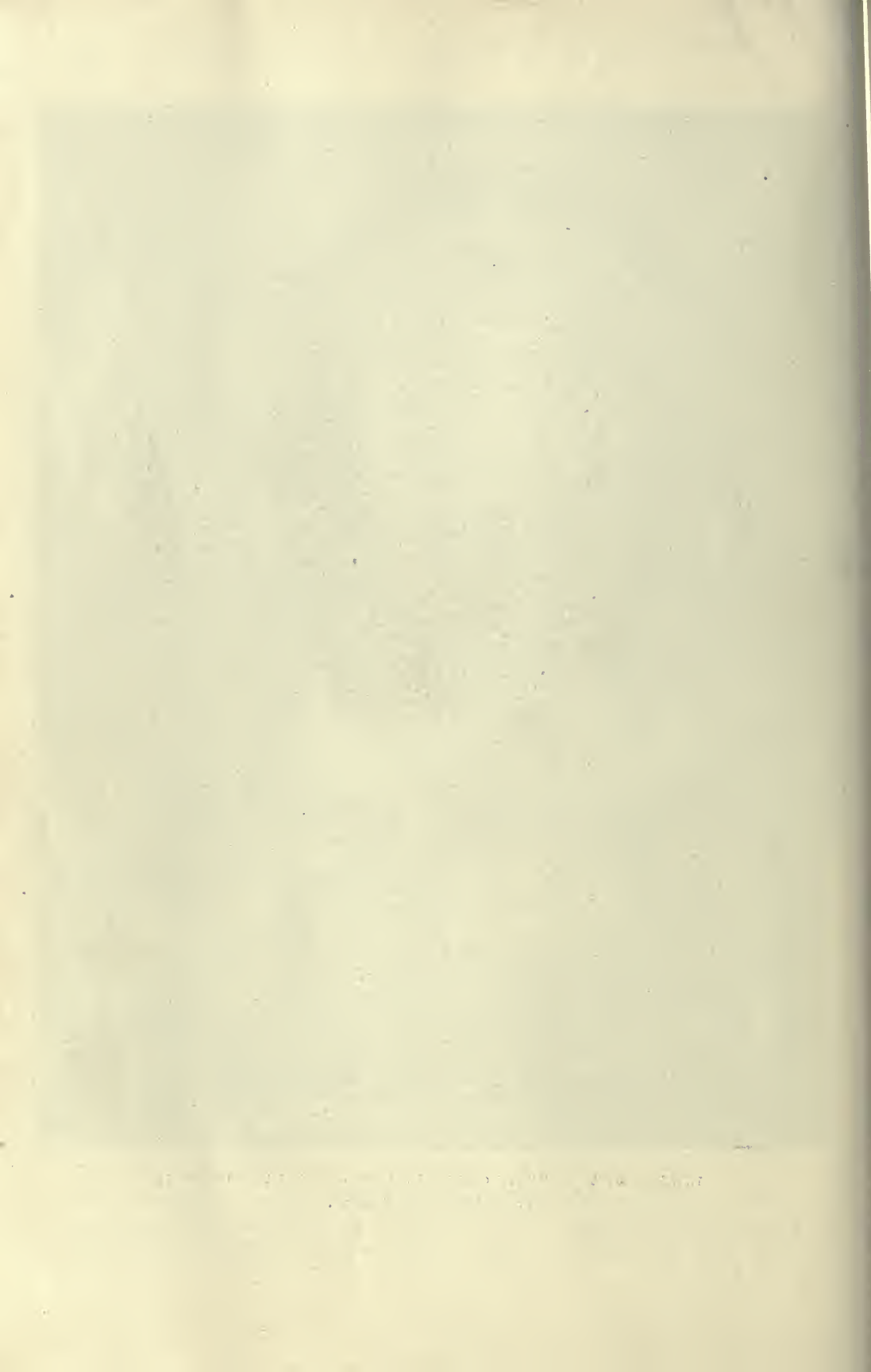
From a drawing by Ferrogio and Gérard.

that he was of composite character, that he had a genius of the highest order; but that, on account of defective education, not only was he incapable of spelling and writing, but also was a blunderer in the very alphabet of morality, of truth, and honour. He who did not blush to peep into letters and listen at keyholes, was yet capable of imposing trust on those he loved, and of acting with generosity. He hated and scorned what was false and unworthy in his enemies, in his familiar associates, but allowed himself to be guilty of every baseness. At one moment in his life, when everything was possible, he took the wrong turn. He might have reigned, and established his dynasty on imperishable foundations, if he had been able to see that there were principles as well as passions in the Revolution; and if he had resolutely curbed the passions, and set himself to the carrying out of the principles, instead of treading them into the bloodstained earth. Had he set himself to be a great



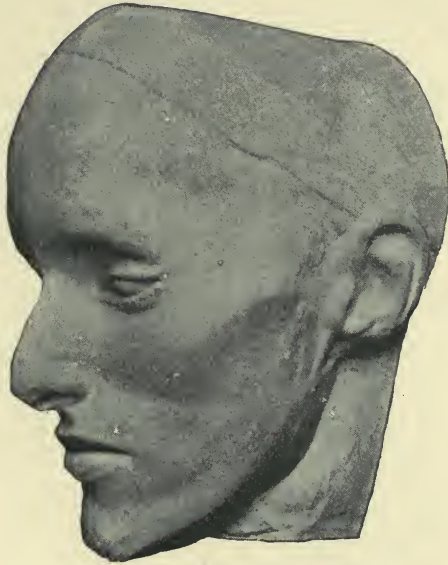
INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES DURING THE FUNERAL.

From a lithograph by Dumouza.



constitutional monarch, he would be looked back on, not only as the greatest, but as the best of men.

Is there any prospect of another great Napoleon arising out of the same family? Of the dynasty reascending to the throne in France? There was no second great Cæsar after Julius. Charlemagne's family died out in insignificance. "Les révolutions ne se répètent pas."



CAST OF THE FACE OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT,
NAPOLEON'S SON, TAKEN AFTER DEATH.

APPENDICES

REVISED

APPENDIX A

WILL OF THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON

NAPOLÉON,

AUJOURD'HUI, le 15 avril 1821, à Longwood, île de Sainte-Hélène.
Ceci est mon testament, ou acte de ma dernière volonté.

I.

1° Je meurs dans la religion apostolique et romaine, dans le sein de laquelle je suis né, il y a plus de cinquante ans.

2° Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.

3° J'ai toujours eu à me louer de ma très chère épouse Marie-Louise ; je lui conserve jusqu'au dernier moment les plus tendres sentiments ; je la prie de veiller pour garantir mon fils des embûches qui environnent encore son enfance.

4° Je recommande à mon fils de ne jamais oublier qu'il est né prince français, et de ne jamais se prêter à être un instrument entre les mains des triumvirs qui oppriment les peuples de l'Europe. Il ne doit jamais combattre, ni nuire en aucune autre manière à la France ; il doit adopter ma devise : *Tout pour le peuple français.*

5° Je meurs prématurément, assassiné par l'oligarchie anglaise et son sicaire ; le peuple anglais ne tardera pas à me venger.

6° Les deux issues si malheureuses des invasions de la France, lorsqu'elle avait encore tant de ressources, sont dues aux trahisons de Marmont, Augereau, Talleyrand et La Fayette. Je leur pardonne ; puisse la postérité française leur pardonner comme moi !

7° Je remercie ma bonne et très excellente mère, le cardinal, mes frères Joseph, Lucien, Jérôme, Pauline, Caroline, Julie, Hortense, Catarine, Eugène, de l'intérêt qu'ils m'ont conservé ; je pardonne à Louis le libelle qu'il a publié en 1820 ; il est plein d'assertions fausses et de pièces falsifiées.

8° Je désavoue le *Manuscrit de Sainte-Hélène* et autres ouvrages, sous le titre de Maximes, Sentences, etc., que l'on s'est plu à publier depuis six ans : ce ne sont pas là les règles qui ont dirigé ma vie. J'ai fait arrêter et juger le duc d'Enghien, parce que cela était nécessaire à la sûreté, à l'intérêt et à l'honneur du peuple français, lorsque le comte d'Artois entretenait, de son aveu, soixante assassins à Paris. Dans une semblable circonstance, j'agirais encore de même.

II.

1° Je lègue à mon fils les boîtes, ordres, et autres objets, tels qu'argenterie, lit de camp, armes, selles, éperons, vases de ma chapelle, livres, linge qui a servi à mon corps et à mon usage, conformément à l'état annexé, coté *A*. Je désire que ce faible legs lui soit cher, comme lui retraçant le souvenir d'un père dont l'univers l'entretiendra.

2° Je lègue à Lady Holland le camée antique que le pape Pie VI. m'a donné à Tolentino.

3° Je lègue au comte Montholon deux millions de francs, comme une preuve de ma satisfaction des soins filiaux qu'il m'a rendus depuis six ans, et pour l'indemniser des pertes que son séjour à Sainte-Hélène lui a occasionnées.

4° Je lègue à comte Bertrand cinq cent mille francs.

5° Je lègue à Marchand, mon premier valet de chambre, quatre cent mille francs. Les services qu'il m'a rendus sont ceux d'un ami. Je désire qu'il épouse une veuve, sœur ou fille d'un officier ou soldat de ma vieille garde.

6° *Idem*, à Saint-Denis, cent mille francs.

7° *Idem*, à Navarre (Noverraz), cent mille francs.

8° *Idem*, à Piéron, cent mille francs.

9° *Idem*, à Archambaud, cinquante mille francs.

10° *Idem*, à Coursot, vingt-cinq mille francs.

11° *Idem*, à Chandellier, vingt-cinq mille francs.

12° *Idem*, à l'abbé Vignali, cent mille francs. Je désire qu'il bâtisse sa maison près de Ponte Nuevo di Rostino.

13° *Idem*, au comte Las Cases, cent mille francs.

14° *Idem*, au comte Lavalette, cent mille francs.

15° *Idem*, au chirurgien en chef Larrey, cent mille francs. C'est l'homme le plus vertueux que j'aie connu.

16° *Idem*, au général Brayer, cent mille francs.

17° *Idem*, au général Lefèvre-Desnouettes, cent mille francs.

18° *Idem*, au général Drouot, cent mille francs.

19° *Idem*, au général Cambronne, cent mille francs.

20° *Idem*, aux enfants du général Mouton-Duvernet, cent mille francs.

21° *Idem*, aux enfants du brave Labédoyère, cent mille francs.

22° *Idem*, aux enfants du général Giraud, tué à Ligni, cent mille francs.

23° *Idem*, aux enfants du général Chartraud, cent mille francs.

24° *Idem*, aux enfants du vertueux général Travot, cent mille francs.

25° *Idem*, au général Lallemant l'ainé cent mille francs.

26° *Idem*, au comte Réal, cent mille francs.

27° *Idem*, à Costa de Bastelica, en Corse, cent mille francs.

28° *Idem*, au général Clausel, cent mille francs.

29° *Idem*, au baron Menneval, cent mille francs.

30° *Idem*, à Arnault, auteur de *Marius*, cent mille francs.

31° *Idem*, au colonel Marbot, cent mille francs. Je l'engage à continuer à écrire pour la défense de la gloire des armées françaises, et à en confondre les calomnieux et les apostats.

32° *Idem*, au baron Bignon, cent mille francs. Je l'engage à écrire l'histoire de la diplomatie française de 1792 à 1815.

33° *Idem*, à Poggi di Talavo, cent mille francs.

34° *Idem*, au chirurgien Emmery, cent mille francs.

35° Ces sommes seront prises sur les six millions que j'ai placés en partant de Paris en 1815, en sur les intérêts à raison de cinq pour cent depuis juillet 1815. Les comptes en seront arrêtés avec le banquier pas les comtes Montholon, Bertrand et Marchand.

36° Tout ce que ce placement produira au delà de la somme de cinq millions six cent mille francs, dont il a été disposé ci-dessus, sera distribué en gratifications aux blessés de Waterloo, et aux officiers et soldats du bataillon de l'île d'Elbe, sur un état arrêté par Montholon, Bertrand, Drouot, Cambronne et le chirurgien Larrey.

37° Ces legs, en cas de mort, seront payés aux veuves et enfants, et, au défaut de ceux-ci, rentreront à la masse.

III.

1° Mon domaine privé étant ma propriété, dont aucune loi française ne m'a privé, que je sache, le compte en sera demandé au baron de la Bouillerie, qui en est le trésorier ; il doit se monter à plus de deux cents millions de francs ; savoir : 1° le portefeuille contenant les économies que j'ai, pendant quatorze ans, faites sur ma liste civile, les-quelles se sont élevées à plus de douze millions par an, si j'ai bonne memoire ; 2° le produit de ce portefeuille ; 3° les meubles de mes palais, tels qu'ils étaient en 1814 ; les palais de Rome, Florence, Turin compris. Tous ces meubles ont été achetés des deniers des revenus de la liste civile ; 4° la liquidation de mes maisons du royaume d'Italie, tels qu'argent, argenterie, bijoux, meubles, écuries ; les comptes en seront donnés par le prince Eugène et l'intendant de la couronne Compagnoni.

NAPOLÉON.

Deuxième feuille.

2° Je lègue mon domaine privé, moitié aux officiers et soldats qui restent de l'armée française qui ont combattu depuis 1792 à 1815 pour la gloire et l'indépendance de la nation ; la répartition en sera faite au prorata des appointements d'activité ; moitié aux villes et campagnes d'Alsace, de Lorraine, de Franche-Comté, de Bourgogne, de l'Île-de-France, de Champagne, Forez, Dauphiné, qui auraient souffert par l'une ou l'autre invasion. Il sera de cette somme prélevé un million pour la ville de Brienne et un million pour celle de Méri.

J'institue les comtes Montholon, Bertrand et Marchand mes exécuteurs testamentaires.

Ce présent testament, tout écrit de ma propre main, est signé et scellé de mes armes.

(*Sceau.*)

NAPOLÉON.

ÉTAT *A joint à mon testament.*

Longwood, île de Sainte-Hélène, ce 15 avril 1821.

I.

1° Les vases sacrés qui ont servi à ma chapelle à Longwood.*

2° Je charge l'abbé Vignali de les garder et de les remettre à mon fils quand il aura seize ans.

* The story of these sacred vessels is curious. Shortly after his return to Corsica, the Abbé Vignali was assassinated in a vendetta, and his heirs sold these articles without scruple. The Duke of Padua, in 1832, recovered them, and sent them as a present to Prince Napoleon.

II.

1° Mes armes ; savoir : mon épée, celle que je portais à Austerlitz, le sabre de Sobieski, mon poignard, mon glaive, mon couteau de chasse, mes deux paires de pistolets de Versailles.

2° Mon nécessaire d'or, celui qui m'a servi le matin d'Ulm, d'Austerlitz, d'Iéna, d'Eylau, de Friedland, de l'île de Lobau, de la Moskowa et de Mont-Mirail ; sous ce point de vue, je désire qu'il soit précieux à mon fils. (Le comte Bertrand en est dépositaire depuis 1814.)

3° Je charge le comte Bertrand de soigner et conserver ces objets, et de les remettre à mon fils lorsqu'il aura seize ans.

III.

1° Trois petites caisses d'acajou, contenant ; la première, trente-trois tabatières ou bonbonnières ; la deuxième, douze boîtes aux armes impériales, deux petites lunettes et quatre boîtes trouvées sur la table de Louis XVIII, aux Tuileries, le 20 mars 1815 ; la troisième, trois tabatières ornées de médailles d'argent, à l'usage de l'Empereur, et divers effets de toilette, conformément aux états numérotés I, II, III.

2° Mes lits de camp dont j'ai fait usage dans toutes mes campagnes.

3° Ma lunette de guerre.

4° Mon nécessaire de toilette, un de chacun de mes uniformes, une douzaine de chemises, et un objet complet de chacun de mes habillements, et généralement de tout ce qui sert à ma toilette.

5° Mon lavabo.

6° Une petite pendule qui est dans ma chambre à coucher de Longwood.

7° Mes deux montres et la chaîne de cheveux de l'Impératrice.

8° Je charge Marchand, mon premier valet de chambre, de garder ces objets, et de les remettre à mon fils lorsqu'il aura seize ans.

IV.

1° Mon médaillier.

2° Mon argenterie et ma porcelaine de Sèvres dont j'ai fait usage à Sainte-Hélène.

3° Je charge le comte Montholon de garder ces objets, et de les remettre à mon fils quand il aura seize ans.

V.

1° Mes trois selles et brides, mes éperons qui m'ont servi à Saint-Hélène.

2° Mes fusils de chasse, au nombre de cinq.

3° Je charge mon chasseur Noverraz de garder ces objets, et de les remettre à mon fils quand il aura seize ans.

VI.

1° Quatre cents volumes choisis dans ma bibliothèque, parmi ceux qui ont le plus servi à mon usage.

2° Je charge Saint-Denis de les garder, et de les remettre à mon fils quand il aura seize ans.

NAPOLÉON.

ÉTAT (A).

1° Il ne sera vendu aucun des effets qui m'ont servi ; le surplus sera partagé entre mes exécuteurs testamentaires et mes frères.

2° Marchand conservera mes cheveux, et en fera faire un bracelet avec un petit cadenas en or, pour être envoyé à l'Impératrice Marie-Louise, à ma mère, et à chacun de mes frères, sœurs, neveux, nièces, au cardinal, et un plus considérable pour mon fils.

3° Marchand enverra une de mes paires de boucles à souliers, en or, au prince Joseph.

4° Une petite paire de boucles, en or, à jarrettières, au prince Lucien.

5° Une boucle de col, en or, au prince Jérôme.

ÉTAT (A).

Inventaire de mes effets, que Marchand gardera pour remettre à mon fils.

1° Mon nécessaire d'argent, celui qui est sur ma table, garni de tous ses ustensiles, rasoirs, etc.

2° Mon réveille-matin : c'est le réveille-matin de Frédéric II, que j'ai pris à Potsdam (dans la boîte n° III).

3° Mes deux montres, avec la chaîne des cheveux de l'Impératrice, et une chaîne de mes cheveux pour l'autre montre. Marchand la fera faire à Paris.

4° Mes deux sceaux (un de France, enfermé dans la boîte n° III).

5° La petite pendule dorée qui est actuellement dans ma chambre à coucher.

6° Mon lavabo, son pot à eau et son pied.

7° Mes tables de nuit, celles qui me servaient en France, et mon bidet de vermeil.

8° Mes deux lits de fer, mes matelas et mes couvertures, s'ils se peuvent conserver.

9° Mes trois flacons d'argent où l'on mettait mon eau-de-vie qui portaient mes chasseurs en campagne.

10° Ma lunette de France.

11° Mes éperons (deux paires).

12° Trois boîtes d'acajou, n°s I, II, III, renfermant mes tabatières et autres objets.

13° Une cassolette en vermeil.

Linge de toilette.

6 chemises.—6 mouchoirs.—6 cravates.—6 serviettes.—6 paires de bas de soie.—4 cols noirs.—6 paires de chaussettes.—2 paires de draps de batiste.*—2 taies d'oreiller.—2 robes de chambre.—2 pantalons de nuit.—1 paire de bretelles.—4 culottes-veste de casimir blanc.—6 madras.—6 gilets de flanelle.—4 caleçons.—6 paires de guêtres.—1 petite boîte pleine de mon tabac.—1 boucle de col en or.—1 paire de boucles à jarrettières en or.—1 paire de boucles en or à souliers, renfermées dans la petite boîte n° III.

* En vérifiant l'état de la paire de draps qui enveloppaient l'Empereur sur son lit de mort, S. A. I. le prince Victor remarqua qu'au centre de chacun des draps un B majuscule, surmonté d'une couronne royale, était légèrement brodé.

Cette paire de draps ayant été prise aux Tuileries au moment du départ précipité pour Rochefort, il était de toute évidence que Napoléon s'était involontairement approprié les draps de Louis XVIII, qui, dans son départ également précipité pour Lille, sous l'escorte des compagnies rouges de Marmont, avait forcément cru devoir se préoccuper du soin de son auguste personne plutôt que de celui de sa garde-robe. Aussi, et le fait ne manque certes pas d'originalité, pendant les *Cent-jours*, l'Empereur des Français, lors de son court séjour aux Tuileries, coucha dans les draps de lit du roi de France, et ce furent aussi ces draps de lit, marqués de la couronne des Bourbons, qui servirent, pour ainsi dire, de linceul à Napoléon.

(A. DAYOT.)

Habillement.

1 uniforme de chasseur.—1 uniforme de grenadier.—1 uniforme de garde national.—2 chapeaux.*—1 capote gris et verte.—1 manteau bleu (celui que j'avais à Marengo).—1 zibeline, pelisse verte.—2 paires de souliers.—2 paires de bottes.—1 paire de pantoufles.—6 ceinturons.

NAPOLÉON.

ÉTAT (B).

*Inventaire des effets que j'ai laissés chez
M. le comte de Turenne.*

1 sabre de Sobieski. (C'est par erreur qu'il est porté sur l'état A; c'est le sabre que l'Empereur portait à Aboukir, qui est entre les mains de M. le comte Bertrand).—1 grand collier de la Légion d'honneur.—1 épée en vermeil.—1 glaive de consul.—1 épée en fer.—1 ceinturon de velours.—1 collier de la Toison d'or.—1 petit nécessaire en acier.—1 veilleuse en argent.—1 poignée de sabre antique.—1 chapeau à la Henri IV et une toque, les dentelles de l'Empereur.—1 petit médaillier.—2 tapis turcs.—2 manteaux de velours cramoisi brodés, avec vestes et culottes.

1° Je donne à mon fils le sabre de Sobieski.—*Idem*, le collier de la Légion d'honneur.—*Idem*, l'épée en vermeil.—*Idem*, le glaive de consul.—*Idem*, l'épée en fer.—*Idem*, le collier de la Toison d'or.—*Idem*, le chapeau à la Henri IV et la toque.—*Idem*, le nécessaire d'or pour les dents, resté chez le dentiste.

2° A l'impératrice Marie-Louise, mes dentelles.—A Madame, la veilleuse en argent.—Au cardinal, le petit nécessaire en acier.—Au prince Eugène, le bougeoir en vermeil.—A la princesse Pauline, le petit médaillier.—A la reine de Naples, un petit tapis turc.—A la reine Hortense, un petit tapis

* Il nous a été permis de voir tout dernièrement un des chapeaux que Napoléon portait à la campagne de Russie. Le parchemin documentaire qui l'accompagne explique ainsi sa singularité :

“Voici de quelle sorte ce chapeau parvint dans mes mains. A l'époque de cette désastreuse campagne de Russie, mon épouse était employée dans la buanderie de la maison de l'Empereur. Elle s'adressa par hasard à M. Gervais, conservateur de la garde-robe de l'Empereur, et lui demanda quelques vieux chapeaux pour faire des poignées dont les repasseuses se servaient alors pour tenir leur fer. Il lui donna deux chapeaux de l'Empereur, dont l'un, celui-ci, que j'ai conservé, avait servi pendant cette campagne. Elle donna l'autre à une personne qui avait désiré l'avoir. Telle est la vérité.

“Signé J. DULUD.”

Ce chapeau est en ce moment la propriété de M. Georges Thierry. (A. DAYOT.)

Hat of Napoleon, and Uniform of the Emperor, with the Epaulettes of a General Officer and the Star of the Legion of Honour. (From the Museum of Sens.)



turc.—Au prince Jérôme, la poignée de sabre antique.—Au prince Joseph, un manteau brodé, veste et culotte.—Au prince Lucien, un manteau brodé, veste et culotte.*

NAPOLÉON.

Ce 23 avril 1821. Longwood.

Ceci est mon codicille ou acte de ma dernière volonté.

Sur les fonds remis en or à l'Impératrice Marie-Louise, ma très chère et bien-aimée épouse, à Orléans, en 1814, elle reste me devoir deux millions, dont je dispose par le présent codicille, afin de récompenser mes plus fidèles serviteurs, que je recommande du reste à la protection de ma chère Marie-Louise.

1° Je recommande à l'Impératrice de faire restituer au comte Bertrand les trente mille francs de rente qu'il possède dans le duché de Parme et sur le mont Napoléon de Milan, ainsi que les arrérages échus.

2° Je lui fais la même recommandation pour le duc d'Istrie, la fille de Duroc, et autres de mes serviteurs qui me sont restés fidèles et qui me sont toujours chers ; elle les connaît.

3° Je lègue, sur les deux millions ci-dessus mentionnés, trois cent mille francs au comte Bertrand, sur lesquels il versera cent mille francs dans la caisse du trésorier, pour être employés, selon mes dispositions, à des legs de conscience.

4° Je lègue deux cent mille francs au comte Montholon, sur lesquels il versera cent mille francs dans la caisse du trésorier, pour le même usage que ci-dessus.

5° *Idem*, deux cent mille francs au comte Las Cases, sur lesquels il versera cent mille francs dans la caisse du trésorier, pour le même usage que ci-dessus.

6° *Idem*, à Marchand, cent mille francs, sur lesquels il versera cinquante mille francs dans la caisse, pour le même usage que ci-dessus.

7° Au maire d'Ajaccio, au commencement de la Révolution, Jean-Jérôme Lévi, ou à sa veuve, enfants ou petits-enfants, cent mille francs.

8° A la fille de Duroc, cent mille francs.

9° Au fils de Bessières, duc d'Istrie, cent mille francs.

10° Au général Drouot, cent mille francs.

11° Au comte Lavalette, cent mille francs.

12° *Idem*, cent mille francs, savoir : vingt-cinq mille francs à Piéron, mon maître d'hôtel ; vingt-cinq mille francs à Noverray, mon chasseur ; vingt-cinq mille francs à Saint-Denis, le garde de mes livres ; vingt-cinq mille francs à Santini, mon ancien huissier.

13° *Idem*, cent mille francs ; savoir : quarante mille francs à Planat, mon officier d'ordonnance ; vingt mille francs à Hébert, dernièrement concierge à Rambouillet, et qui était de ma chambre en Égypte ; vingt mille francs à Lavigné, que était dernièrement concierge d'une de mes écuries, et qui était mon piqueur en Égypte ; vingt mille francs à Jeannot-Dervieux, qui était mon piqueur des écuries, et me servait en Égypte.

* Il s'agit ici des deux manteaux du Sacre, en velours cramoisi.

Dans l'inventaire de la garde-robe de l'Empereur qui sert d'appendice au *Napoléon chez lui* de M. Frédéric Masson, nous lisons que l'un de ces manteaux, celui du grand habillement, est brodé d'or et semé d'abeilles. Le manteau du petit habillement est brodé d'or et d'argent.

Dans les broderies sont enlacées des branches d'olivier, de laurier et de chêne qui entourent la lettre N. Une plaque de la Légion d'honneur est posée sur le côté. (A. DAYOT.)

14° Deux cent mille francs seront distribués en aumônes aux habitants de Brienne-le-Château qui ont le plus souffert.

Les trois cent mille francs restants seront distribués aux officiers et soldats du bataillon de ma garde de l'île d'Elbe actuellement vivants, ou à leurs veuves ou enfants, au prorata des appointements, et selon l'état que sera arrêté par mes exécuteurs testamentaires ; les amputés ou blessés grièvement auront le double. L'état en sera arrêté par Larrey et Emmery.

Ce codicille est écrit tout de ma propre main, signé et scellé de mes armes.

NAPOLEON.

Ce 24 avril 1821. Longwood.

Ceci est mon codicille, ou acte de ma dernière volonté.

Sur la liquidation de ma liste civile d'Italie, telle qu'argent, bijoux, argenterie, linge, meubles, écuries, dont le vice-roi est dépositaire, et qui m'appartiennent, je dispose de deux millions que je lègue à mes plus fidèles serviteurs. J'espère que, sans s'autoriser d'aucune raison, mon fils Eugène Napoléon les acquittera fidèlement ; il ne peut oublier les quarante millions de francs que je lui ai donnés, soit en Italie, soit par le partage de la succession de sa mère.

1° Sur ces deux millions, je lègue au comte Bertrand trois cent mille francs, dont il versera cent mille francs dans la caisse du trésorier pour être employés, selon mes dispositions, à l'acquit de legs de conscience.

2° Au comte Montholon, deux cent mille francs, dont il versera cent mille francs à la caisse, pour le même usage que ci-dessus.

3° Au comte Las Cases, deux cent mille francs, dont il versera cent mille francs à la caisse, pour le même usage que ci-dessus.

4° A Marchand, cent mille francs, dont il versera cinquante mille francs à la caisse, pour le même usage que ci-dessus.

5° Au comte Lavalette, cent mille francs.

6° Au général Hogendorf, Hollandais, mon aide de camp réfugié au Brésil, cent mille francs.

7° A mon aide de camp Corbineau, cinquante mille francs.

8° A mon aide de camp Caffarelli, cinquante mille francs.

9° A mon aide de camp Dejean, cinquante mille francs.

10° A Percy, chirurgien en chef à Waterloo, cinquante mille francs.

11° Cinquante mille francs ; savoir : dix mille francs à Piéron, mon maître d'hôtel ; dix mille francs à Saint-Denis, mon premier chasseur ; dix mille francs à Noverraz ; dix mille francs à Cursot, mon maître d'office ; dix mille francs à Archambaud, mon piqueur.

12° Au baron Menneval, cinquante mille francs.

13° Au duc d'Istrie, fils de Bessières, cinquante mille francs.

14° A la fille de Duroc, cinquante mille francs.

15° Aux enfants de Labédoyère, cinquante mille francs.

16° Aux enfants de Mouton-Duvernet, cinquante mille francs.

17° Aux enfants du brave et vertueux général Travot, cinquante mille francs.

18° Aux enfants de Chartraud, cinquante mille francs.

19° Au général Crambronne, cinquante mille francs.

20° Au général Lefèvre-Desnouettes, cinquante mille francs.

21°. Pour être répartis entre les proscrits qui errent en pays étrangers, Français, ou Italiens, ou Belges, ou Hollandais, ou Espagnols, ou des départements du Rhin, sur ordonnances de mes exécuteurs testamentaires, cent mille francs.

22° Pour être répartis entre les amputés ou blessés grièvement de Ligny, Waterloo, encore vivants, sur des états dressés par mes exécuteurs testamentaires, auxquels seront adjoints Cambronne, Larrey, Percy et Emmery ; il sera donné double à la garde, quadruple à ceux de l'île d'Elbe, deux cent mille francs.

Ce codicille est écrit entièrement de ma propre main, signé et scellé de mes armes.

NAPOLÉON.

Ce 24 avril 1821. Longwood.

Ceci est un troisième codicille à mon testament du 15 avril.

1° Parmi les diamants de la couronne qui furent remis en 1814, il s'en trouvait pour cinq à six cent mille francs qui n'en étaient pas, et faisaient partie de mon avoir particulier ; on les fera rentrer pour acquitter mes legs.

2° J'avais chez le banquier Torlonia de Rome deux à trois cent mille francs en lettres de change, produits de mes revenus de l'île d'Elbe depuis 1815 ; le sieur de la Perruse, quoiqu'il ne fût plus mon trésorier et n'eût pas de caractère, a tiré à lui cette somme ; on la lui fera restituer.

3° Je lègue au duc d'Istrie trois cent mille francs, dont seulement cent mille francs réversibles à la veuve, si le duc était mort lors de l'exécution du legs. Je désire, si cela n'a aucun inconvénient, que le duc épouse la fille de Duroc.

4° Je lègue à la duchesse de Frioul, fille de Duroc, deux cent mille francs ; si elle était morte avant l'exécution du legs, il ne sera rien donné à la mère.

5° Je lègue au général Rigaud, celui qui a été proscrit, cent mille francs.

6° Je lègue à Boisnod, commissaire ordonnateur, cent mille francs.

7° Je lègue aux enfants du général Letort, tué dans la campagne de 1815, cent mille francs.

8° Ces huit cent mille francs de legs seront comme s'ils étaient portés à la suite de l'article 36 de mon testament, ce qui porterait à six millions quatre cent mille francs la somme des legs dont je dispose par mon testament, sans comprendre les donations faites par mon second codicille.

Ceci est écrit de ma propre main, signé et scellé des mes armes.

(*Sceau.*)

NAPOLÉON.

Au dos :

Ceci est mon troisième codicille à mon testament, tout entier écrit de ma main, signé et scellé de mes armes.

Sera ouvert le même jour et immédiatement après l'ouverture de mon testament.

NAPOLÉON.

Ce 24 avril 1821. Longwood.

Ceci est un quatrième codicille à mon testament.

Par les dispositions que nous avons faites précédemment, nous n'avons pas rempli toutes nos obligations, ce qui nous a décidé à faire ce quatrième codicille.

1° Nous léguons au fils ou petit-fils du baron Dutheil, lieutenant général d'artillerie, ancien seigneur de Saint-André, qui a commandé l'école d'Auxonne avant la Révolution,

la somme de 100,000 (cent mille francs), comme souvenir de reconnaissance pour les soins que ce brave général a pris de nous, lorsque nous étions comme lieutenant et capitaine sous ses ordres.

2° *Idem*, au fils ou petit-fils du général Dugommier, qui a commandé en chef l'armée de Toulon, la somme de cent mille francs (100,000) ; nous avons, sous ses ordres, dirigé ce siège et commandé l'artillerie ; c'est un témoignage de souvenir pour les marques d'estime, d'affection et d'amitié que nous a données ce brave et intrépide général.

3° *Idem*, nous léguons cent mille francs (100,000) au fils ou petit-fils du député à la Convention Gasparin, représentant du peuple à l'armée de Toulon, pour avoir protégé et sanctionné de son autorité le plan que nous avons donné, qui a valu la prise de cette ville, et qui était contraire à celui envoyé par le Comité de salut public. Gasparin nous a mis, par sa protection, à l'abri des persécutions de l'ignorance des états-majors qui commandaient l'armée avant l'arrivée de mon ami Dugommier.

4° *Idem*, nous léguons cent mille francs (100,000) à la veuve, fils ou petit-fils de notre aide de camp Muiron, tué à côtés à Arcole, nous couvrant de son corps.

5° *Idem*, (10,000) dix mille francs au sous-officier Cantillon, qui a essuyé un procès comme prévenu d'avoir voulu assassiner lord Wellington, ce dont il a été déclaré innocent. Cantillon avait autant de droit d'assassiner cet oligarque que celui-ci de m'envoyer pour périr sur le rocher de Sainte-Hélène.

Wellington, qui a proposé cet attentat, cherchait à le justifier sur l'intérêt de la Grande-Bretagne. Cantillon, si vraiment il eût assassiné le lord, se serait couvert et aurait été justifié par les mêmes motifs, l'intérêt de la France, de se défaire d'un général qui d'ailleurs avait violé la capitulation de Paris, et par là s'était rendu responsable du sang des martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, etc., et du crime d'avoir dépouillé les musées, contre le texte des traités.

6° Ces 400,000 francs (quatre cent mille francs) seront ajoutés aux six millions quatre cent mille francs dont nous avons disposé, et porteront nos legs à six millions huit cent mille francs ; ces quatre cent mille francs doivent être considérés comme faisant partie de notre testament, article 35, et suivre en tout le même sort que les autres legs.

7° Les neuf mille livres sterling que nous avons données au comte et à la comtesse Montholon doivent, si elles ont été soldées ; être déduites et portées en compte sur les legs que nous leur faisons par notre testament ; si elles n'ont pas été acquittées, nos billets seront annulés.

8° Moyennant le legs fait par notre testament au comte Montholon, la pension de vingt mille francs accordée à sa femme est annulée ; le comte Montholon est chargé de la lui payer.

9° L'administration d'une pareille succession, jusqu'à son entière liquidation, exigeant des frais de bureau, de courses, de missions, de consultations, de plaidoiries, nous entendons que nos exécuteurs testamentaires retiendront trois pour cent sur tous les legs, soit sur les sommes portées dans les codicilles, soit sur les deux cents millions de francs du domaine privé.

10° Les sommes provenant de ces retenues seront déposées dans les mains d'un trésorier, et dépensées sur mandat de nos exécuteurs testamentaires.

11° Si les sommes provenant desdites retenues n'étaient pas suffisantes pour pourvoir aux frais, il y sera pourvu aux dépens des trois exécuteurs testamentaires et du trésorier, chacun dans la proportion du legs que nous leur avons fait par notre testament et codicille.

12° Si les sommes provenant des susdites retenues sont au-dessus des besoins, le restant sera partagé entre nos trois exécuteurs testamentaires et le trésorier, dans le rapport de leurs legs respectifs.

13° Nous nommons le comte Las Cases, et à son défaut, son fils, et à son défaut, le général Drouot, trésorier.

14° Ce présent codicille est entièrement écrit de notre main, signé et scellé de nos armes.

NAPOLÉON.



THE PROFILE OF NAPOLEON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

APPENDIX B

SOME SPECIMENS OF NAPOLEON'S WRITING

A CONSIDERABLE number of autographs and examples of the writing of Napoleon at different periods of his career have already been included in the body of this volume, but a few additional samples may be added to make the collection more complete.

He certainly, at an early period, purposely wrote illegibly so as to disguise his incorrect spelling; and so his handwriting was formed: he devoted little care to make it legible, even after he was more confident than at first how to spell his words. His signature he varied very considerably, and he seems to have thought that any scrawl would suffice.

His writing became exceptionally hard to be read, and it must have taxed his correspondents' ingenuity to decipher his letters. He wrote hastily, his thoughts outrunning the execution of the characters which were designed to give expression to them.

Here is a curious specimen, terribly illegible, of the 14th July, 1797 :-

~~Le bouton de la~~
 de la main avec le laber
 arem in a p...
 de p... de ed...
 adie, l...
 l... p...
 quito l...
 de l...
 et l...

der l...
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~~manuscript~~ dequis
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 Federation

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 la campagne

le bureau de
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~~de la~~
 a qui
 en 1812

pour il. 1. 1. 1.
 Roch. a. 1. 1. 1.
 de la 1. 1. 1.
 a. 1. 1. 1.
 1. 1. 1.

la man. de la
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 a. 1. 1. 1.
 a. 1. 1. 1.

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~~de la 1. 1. 1.~~
 de la 1. 1. 1.

la man. de la
 a. 1. 1. 1.
 de la 1. 1. 1.
 de la 1. 1. 1.

a la man. de la
 de la 1. 1. 1.

de la man. de la
 de la 1. 1. 1.
 de la 1. 1. 1.

de la man. de la
 de la 1. 1. 1.
 de la 1. 1. 1.
 de la 1. 1. 1.

Les lettres m'ont été envoyées
de la ville de Paris

au lieu de la lettre que j'ai
écrite par la poste de Paris
le 20 de ce mois par la
voilà ~~par~~ la même

~~Je~~ Je vous prie
de m'adresser la
lettre par la poste de Paris
de Paris au lieu
de la lettre que j'ai
écrite par la poste
de Paris.

pour la même lettre
au lieu de la lettre que j'ai
écrite par la poste de Paris

par la poste de Paris au lieu
de la lettre que j'ai
écrite par la poste de Paris

de Paris au lieu
de la lettre que j'ai
écrite par la poste de Paris

qu'il lui a fait par la poste de Paris
au lieu de la lettre que j'ai
écrite par la poste de Paris

Here is the date "29 Nivôse," in the fourth year of the Republic (*i.e.* January 19, 1796), to a letter addressed to General Clarke, then the Minister of War, in which he proposed his scheme for the invasion of Italy. Soon after he received his commission to execute it, and the result was the memorable campaign of 1796, which established his military reputation and supremacy.

29 nivôse

The black N. is from Madrid, written December 7th, 1808:—

N

The next bold scribble is of the 18th April, 1809, appended to a letter written at Donauwerth, to Masséna:—

achieve achieve achieve remerciement
achieve
Apollon

This scrawl is from the camp at Ratisbon, on the 24th April, 1809, and is the signature to his proclamation to the army. It ends thus, "Avant qu'un mois soit écoulé, je serai à Vienne":—

Napoleon

His signature a fortnight later, at Vienna, in the palace of Schönbrunn, May 13th, is here given :—

Signature to an order at Moscow, 12th September, 1812 :—

The Emperor's signature, at three o'clock in the morning, on September 21st, 1812 :—

A German graphologist, Adolf Hense, has been pleased to publish a critique upon the signatures of Napoleon at various periods in his career. Of that given below Hense

says—"The hasty and laconic signature of one like a Spartan"; and of the next, "The daring conqueror throws back his head, and escalades the mountain." For my

own part I do not attribute much value to these estimates. The bias of acquaintance with the history of the writer must affect the decision as to the character of the writing. If he had not known that it was Napoleon's handwriting, he would no doubt have given entirely opposite estimates.

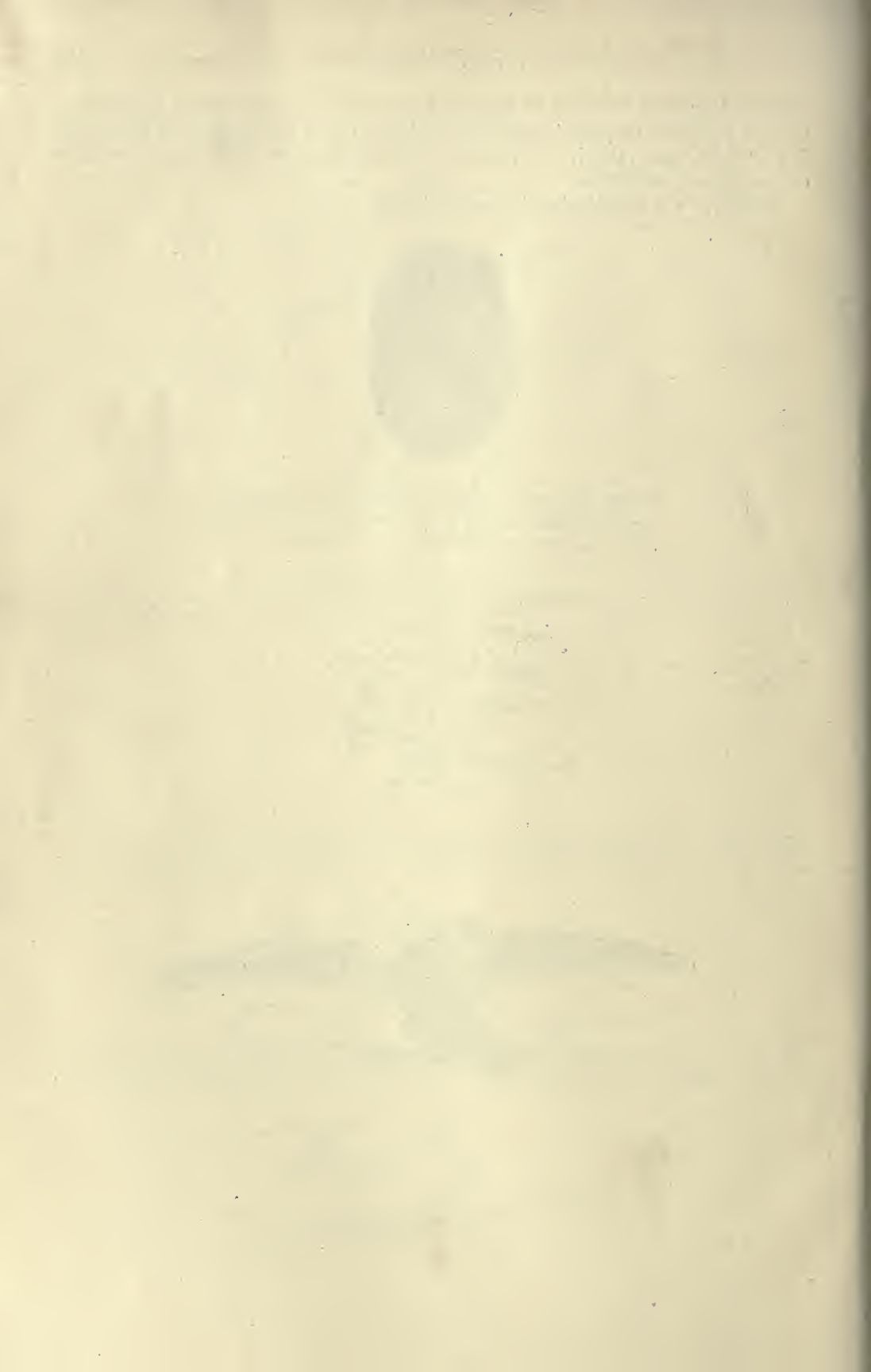
Finally, this is Napoleon's writing on S. Helena, 1818:—



*JE PRIE MES PARENS ET AMIS DE CROIRE TOUT CE QUE LE
DOCTEUR O'MEARA LEUR DIRA RELATIVEMENT À LA POSITION OÙ
JE ME TROUVE ET AUX SENTIMENS QUE JE CONSERVE "*

*Si vos nobles bontés
j'ai pu de permettre
quit lui bontés
mum de suite
le 25 juillet 1818*





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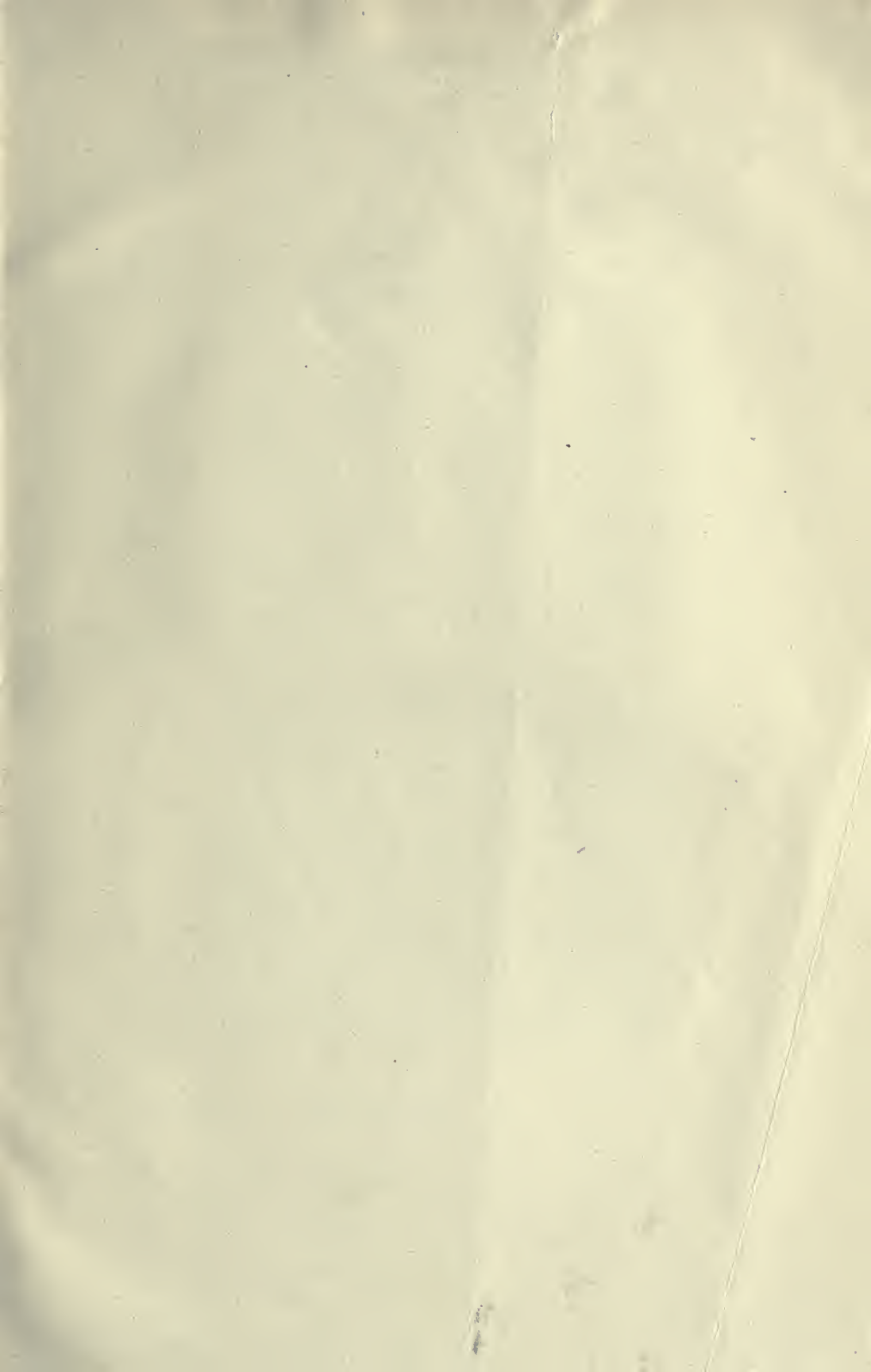
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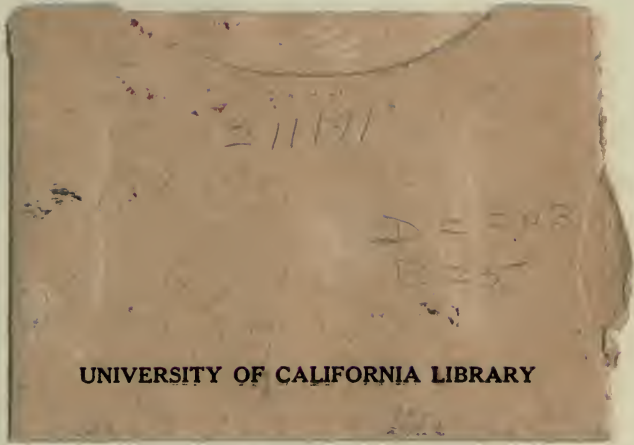
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