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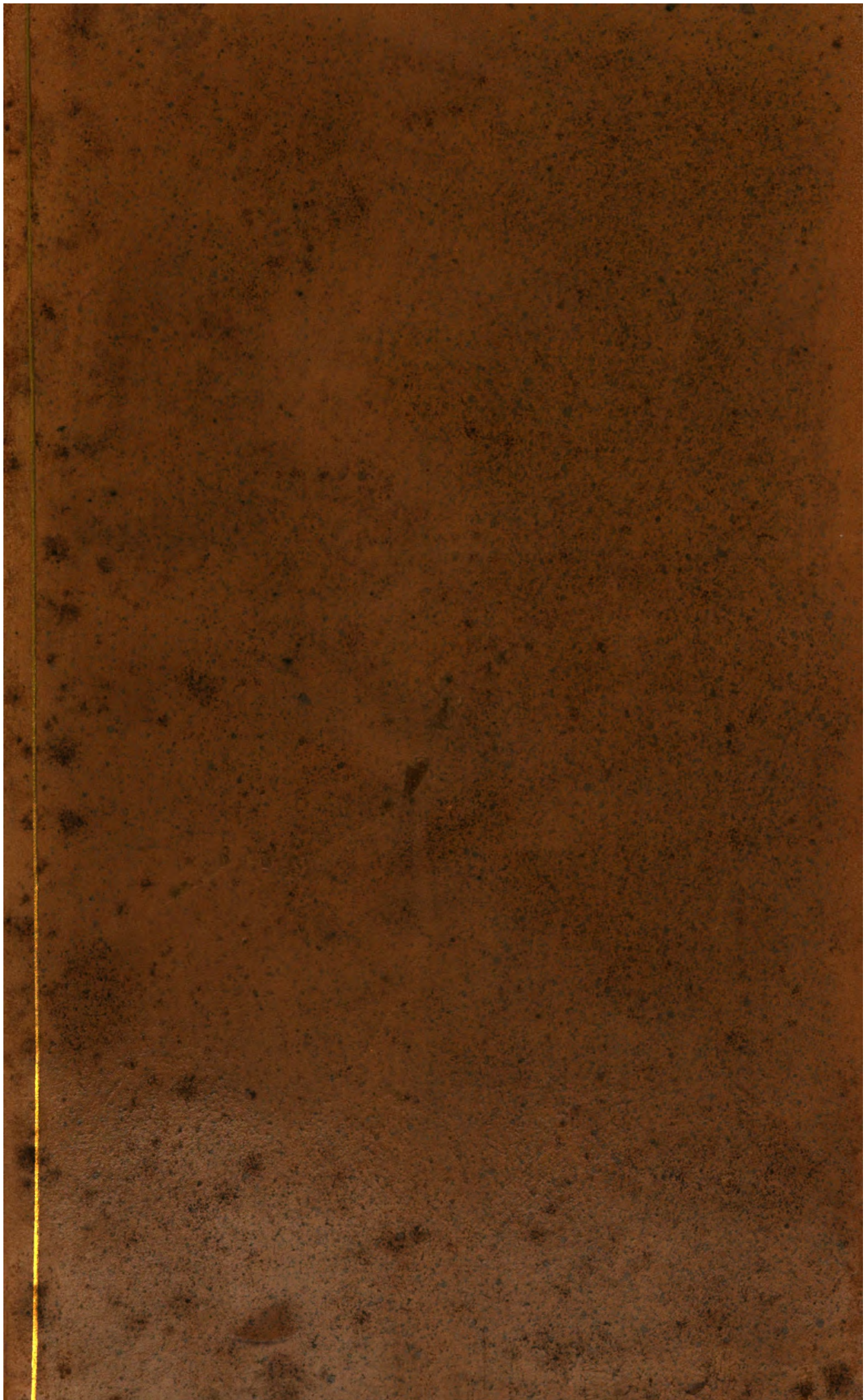
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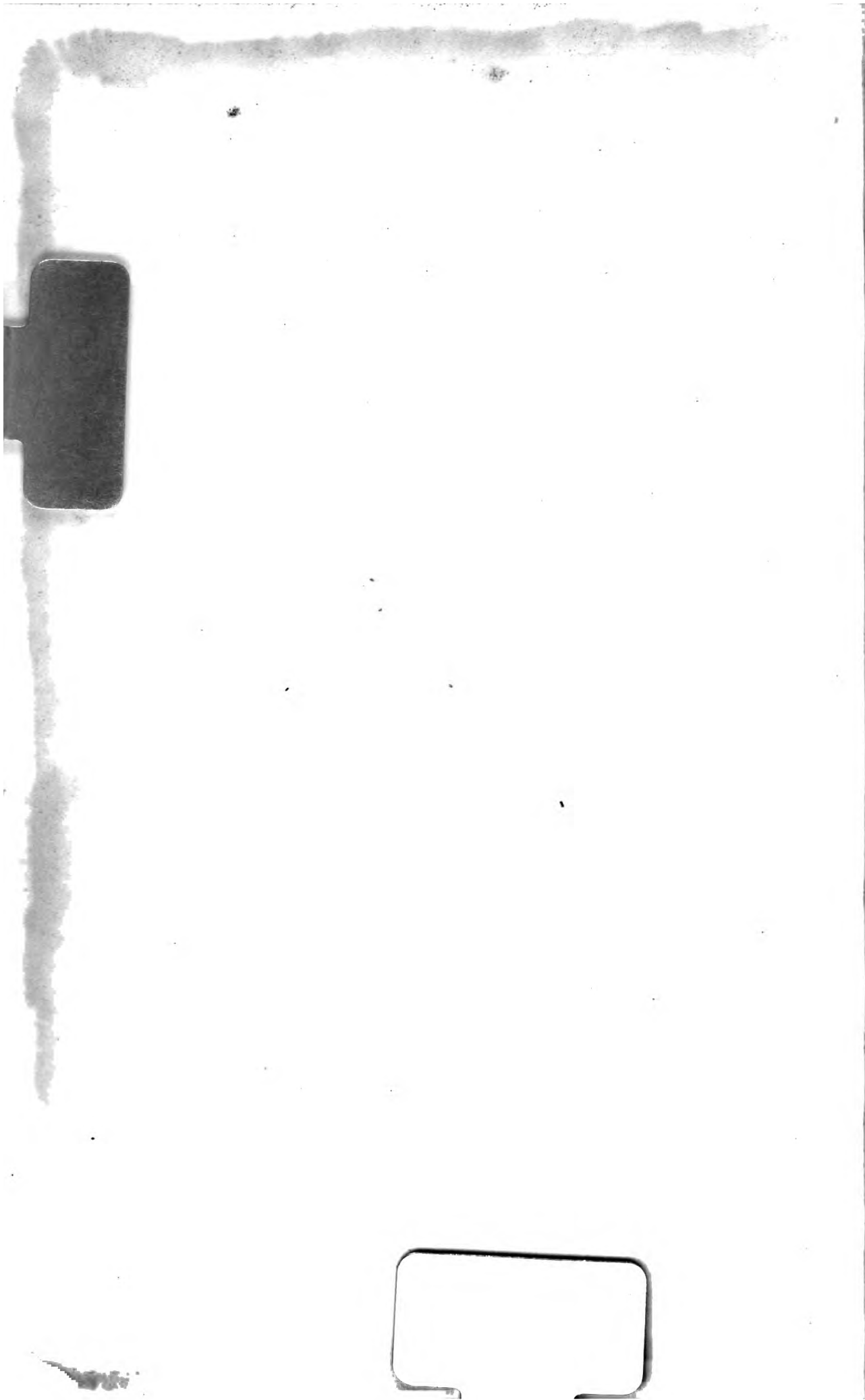
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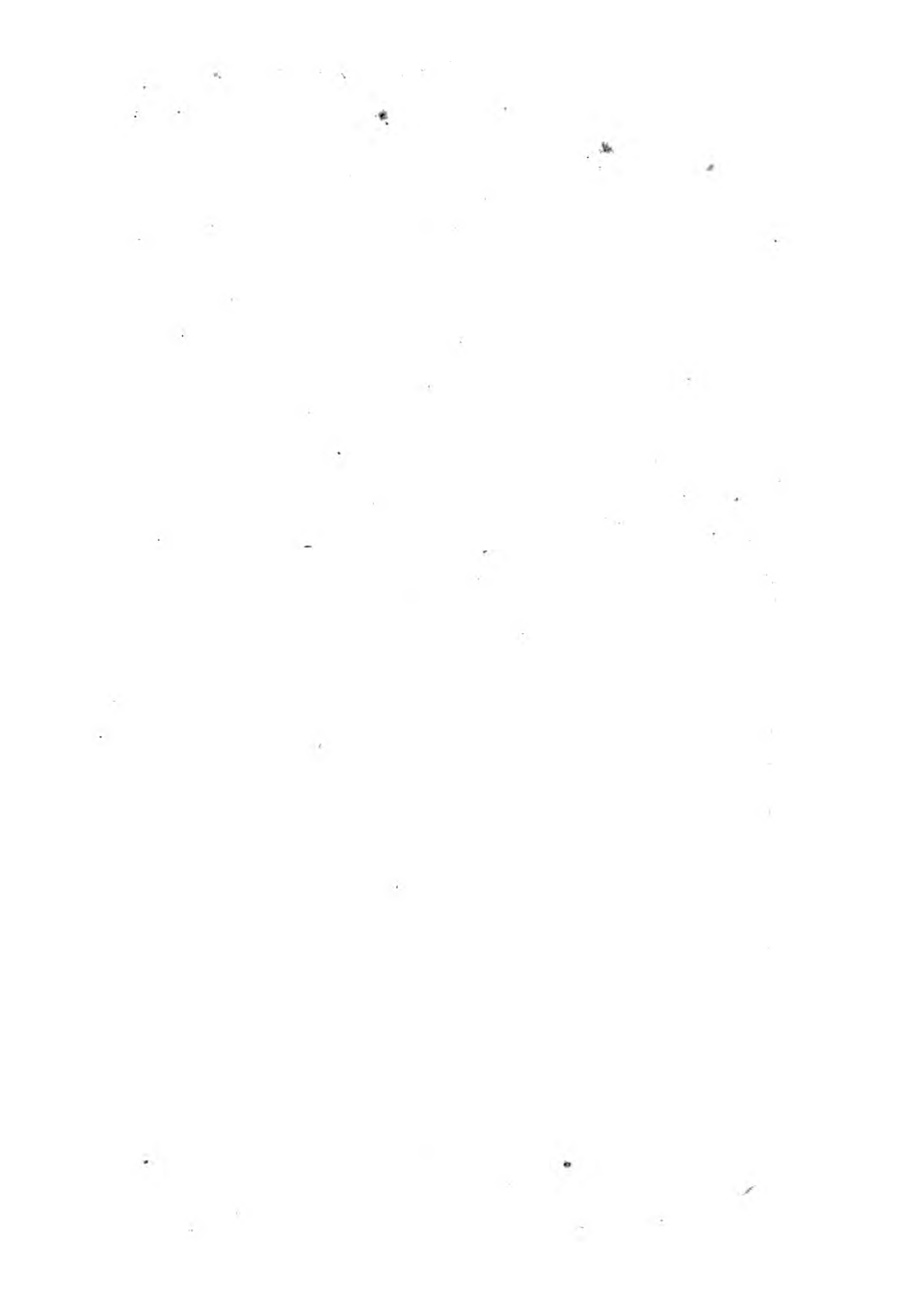
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# MEMOIRS

OF THE

## DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS,

(MADAME JUNOT.)

VOL. V.



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RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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MEMOIRS  
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Return to France—Remarks on public opinion in the South of France—The commerce of Bordeaux—Death of Mr Pitt—His portrait—War between the Minister and the Consul—Pamphlets—Napoleon's Mother and Sisters slandered—The Lion's rage—Napoleon's opinion of Pitt's power—Rejoicings in Spain on account of his death—The young Ensign—The French Prisoners in England and Freemasons—Madame de Fontanges—Madame de la Rochefoucauld—Breakfast at the Empress Josephine's—The particular objects of these meetings—Portrait of the Princess Stephanie—The Empress Josephine and the Queen of Spain—Presentations to Madame-Mère—M. Rollier—Six thousand francs—Refutation of the accusation of avarice.

I QUITTED Madrid with regret, for I could not but be grateful for the perfect cordiality with which I had been received; but France recalled me, and if in the course of these Memoirs I have given any idea of the profound devotion I feel for

my country, my readers may conceive my attraction towards her, in this, her hour of resplendent and almost magic glory.

The man who had surrounded her with this immortal halo was receiving his recompense. We were not then the unjust and ungrateful people we have since become ; we appreciated his laurels, and the unanimous voice of France proclaimed him the greatest amongst the great, and the most beloved of her sons. This sentiment particularly struck me in passing through Bayonne and Bordeaux. In these quarters the rupture of the treaty of Amiens and the expedition to St. Domingo had been always objected against him. In justice to its citizens it must be acknowledged that the commerce of Bordeaux, violently shaken by these two events, could not be expected to repay its misfortunes with attachment. The people require that their interests should be considered, and in the struggle with England they were always forgotten. Yet on my return, through Bordeaux, I was astonished at the difference which twelvemonths had produced in that city ; the second of the empire for its population and commerce. The public mind, it is true, was not absolutely changed, but it was evident that the Emperor might with a little pains effectually subdue it.

Before quitting Spain I had learnt a piece of news of immense importance to the political game of Europe:—the death of Mr. Pitt. I knew the Emperor's manner of thinking of Mr. Pitt, and I felt persuaded that this event would affect him

deeply. I will go farther, and profess that he could not fail to rejoice in it.

Every body knows that Napoleon had no friendship for him; nay more, that he was his enemy, because his aversion for England was well understood. But it is not so generally known that a personal animosity subsisted between General Bonaparte and Mr Pitt. Extraordinary as the fact may appear, it is nevertheless perfectly true. But how did it happen? This point may be difficult to clear up. I know, however, that so early as his command in Italy and Egypt General Bonaparte, and with reason, could not pardon the English government for its publication of the entire correspondence of individuals. Then followed the affair of St. Jean-d'Acre and the treaty of El-Arish. Mr Pitt was justly accused of the whole; his influence at this period was predominant and instead of tending towards conciliation it served but to embroil every thing. General Bonaparte, on attaining the Consulate made some advances towards gaining Mr. Pitt. But his propositions, though too skilfully conducted to compromise him, were ill received, and the First Consul had to endure the humiliation of having received a check. He felt it, too much perhaps for a man of his mind, but I have already observed how sensitive he was to even puerile trifles. From that moment Mr. Pitt became to him an object of one of those decided antipathies which are not to be overcome. He instituted inquiries into all the details of his past life; and the French journals

and English opposition papers teemed with diatribes in the worst possible taste. What was the consequence? That Mr. Pitt, in his turn, made a descent, not upon our coasts, but into the family of the First Consul ; that the dearest and most sacred objects of his attachment were delivered up to all the scandal, which a malevolent, and sometimes witty pen could contrive for the amusement of the public, under cover of facts sometimes invented and sometimes speciously true ; and that Europe entire was occupied in reading the most scandalous biographies of the mother and sisters of the First Consul.

The first which fell into Napoleon's hands threw him into such a paroxysm of fury, that on the arrival of the second none dared to translate the whole truth for him. It became however necessary to represent things as they were, and Jupiter's wrath was renewed. Just then, matters stood with us in something like an Homeric attitude ; when our Jupiter knit his brow, the European world trembled. But instead of attacking Mr. Pitt with cannon, Napoleon continued this warfare of abuse with such bitterness, that presently the personalities returned by the enemy were of so outrageous a nature, that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of Napoleon's rage on reading any of the thousand-and-one productions, which the pamphleteers of London, while making their own fortunes and paying court to the minister, poured upon our coasts.

It is well known that at the period of the peace

of Amiens, Mr. Pitt retired from the administration to avoid, as he said, signing the dishonor of England, and finding himself in communication with a man whom he considered as *the enemy of human nature*. The hatred between these two men is the strongest perhaps that ever had existence. It is known that they were naturally hostile but the extent to which their animosity extended can be conceived only by a witness.

The Emperor, who already knew what he proposed to himself, and was constructing the foundations of his immense superstructure, saw but one real and redoubtable obstacle to his views—and that was Mr. Pitt. This man would have undermined all his operations. During three and twenty years Mr. Pitt had been in office; how great an influence had he exercised during this period on the affairs of France! In vain did Napoleon repeatedly say of him, “As far as Dover, William Pitt is a great minister; at Calais I fear him no longer.” This was not true; William Pitt was a clever statesman every where. And though Napoleon did not fear him, because he feared nothing, he hated him, and held him in that sort of apprehension we feel for a man of talent whom we know to be our enemy; nevertheless Mr. Pitt was not a great man.

“The fiscal financier, and the blue-bag tactician is not fortunate in offensive operations,” he would often laughingly but justly remark. Mr. Pitt’s death left England in a state of anxiety but too well justified, and Europe in an uncer-

tainty which the Emperor made more fearful. And I think it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction even from his countrymen, that it was not the continuation of his political maxims which caused the fall of France and the momentary salvation of England, but the faults of his adversaries, of which men of such moderate abilities as the Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh knew how to take advantage. They had at least the talent to make the most of the good cards chance had dealt them.

Mr. Pitt's death created a great sensation in Spain. The state of hostility existing between England and that unfortunate kingdom was too violent and too terrible in its effects, for the British minister to escape his full share of popular animosity. Mr. Pitt had expressed in parliament his opinion on the alliance of Spain with the French republic in such unmeasured terms, that he was blamed even in England. His death, then, was a kind of sacrifice to the manes of the sailors at Trafalgar. The house in which I lodged at Vittoria, belonging to the most considerable inhabitant of the town, had been completely illuminated, "In celebration," said my host, "of an event so fortunate for Spain."

"But how came they to permit of your making this demonstration?" I inquired. "For in fact you were celebrating the death of a fellow creature and a christian."

"He! a christian!" and the countenance of the Spaniard expressed a multitude of extraordi-

nary sentiments. “ I did not ask leave, however, I gave a ball.—But, Madame, how could you say that Mr. Pitt was a christian? He was a protestant! a heretic!”

I did not then know what I afterwards learnt in my second journey into Spain, that the English and part of the Germans pass for pagans among the Spaniards. So monstrous appears to them the entire banishment from protestantism of the worship of the Virgin, which they push to absolute idolatry, and the difference between con-substantiation and tran-substantiation. In the peninsula war, I subsequently witnessed many singular effects produced by the necessity under which the Spaniards lay of conciliating the English, united to the religious fanaticism which imposed it upon them as a law to hate their allies.

At Bordeaux and Bayonne also the death of Mr. Pitt had an important effect upon the public mind; it was hoped that a new order of things would result from it; and that the Emperor would be less inflexible in his demands upon another minister. At the hotel at which I lodged at Bordeaux I met a lady who had been formerly acquainted with my mother coming from her estate, the *château de Pierre-Fonds*, to embrace her son, who had miraculously escaped from an English prison. He was an ensign and had been taken at Trafalgar. At first, he had been well treated, I believe because he was a free-mason, rose-cross of some association, and whatever the fraternity could offer, he had in abundance. Then came the most ri-



gorous orders and the poor prisoner was closely confined ; then, as he had not given his *parole*, he escaped under three different disguises. Here, at length, he was, in France, joyfully treading his native soil, embracing his mother and swearing eternal hatred to England, of which, however, he spoke as formidable and deserving of esteem. “ The number of vessels in commission,” said he (it was in 1806) amount to seven hundred and forty ; of which one hundred and thirty are of the line, twenty from fifty to sixty guns, and above one hundred and forty frigates. And all these thoroughly rigged, fitted for sea and manned with the full complement of able and well-disciplined seamen. When I repeated to the Emperor, who for many days after my return, put numerous questions to me relative to the minutest particulars of my journey, this history of the young *Pierre-Fonds* and the remarks he made, the Emperor inquired his name and address, and two months afterwards I learnt by a letter from his mother, that her son had been promoted. “ Probably,” she added, “ to indemnify him for the evils of his captivity, I cannot otherwise understand to what he owes his good fortune.” I mention this fact because it proves the Emperor’s attention to the smallest circumstances.

I returned to Paris on Shrove-Tuesday, and oh ! how joyfully ! France, my country ! how proud was I then of thy name ! How did I draw up my head and how did my heart beat, when I found that name sufficient to bring honor, veneration

to a feeble woman ; but I was a Frenchwoman, I was the wife of one of my country's bravest soldiers !

The next day I wrote to Madame de Fontanges lady of honor to Madame, to inquire when I should have the honor of presenting myself to her Imperial Highness, to pay my respects and take possession of my office as lady in waiting. The same evening Madame de Fontanges replied, that Her Imperial Highness, would receive me after mass on the following Sunday.

On Friday morning I received a visit from a lady in no elevated situation in the Empress's household, who asked amongst other things whether I intended to wait till I had seen Madame before I paid my duty at the Tuileries. To this I replied that my notions of court-etiquette compelled me to do so. But after my visitor's departure, I began to surmise that the interview was not wholly of her own proposition ; and knowing the terms of mother and daughter-in-law upon which these ladies lived, I determined that the minutiae of etiquette, of which excepting the Empress herself, not one female of the imperial family, had the most distant notion, should not act as a cause of offence, and immediately wrote to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to know when I might offer my duty to her Majesty. She replied at once, that by the Empress's command she was directed to invite me to breakfast the following morning, and to desire that I would bring with me her god-daughter, my little Josephine. My maternal pride was delighted

with this goodness, for Josephine was a charming child ; with large curls as soft as silk falling upon her rosy cheek, and all the graces and delicacy of infancy in her figure and manners. I took much more pains with her toilet than my own, and at half past ten repaired with my child in my hand to the Tuileries.

The breakfasts of the Empress Josephine were a very interesting portion of the domestic arrangements of the Tuileries. They were in a wholly peculiar style, of which no other court offered any similar example, and the Empress knew how to invest them with fascination. Four or five persons usually composed these parties ; the Empress seldom invited any but females and her invitations were usually verbal. Something beyond the mere intention of obliging her certainly urged the Emperor to permit these familiar meetings in the very interior of the palace, and even as it were under his presidency. On the establishment of the empire, Napoleon was severe in demanding the most rigorous observance of etiquette ; and in this, as in all his proceedings he was justified by the reason of the case : it was not only necessary for the Monarchy he was restoring, but it was necessary in every possible form of government among us. A restraint of some kind is indispensable to Frenchmen when they are admitted to the presence of power ; terror was the etiquette of the revolutionary tribunal, the executioner was its master of the ceremonies ; there was no fear then that it should become the butt of raillery. But the

empire demanded a strict observance of forms to keep the machine in the path of consistency. These breakfast parties would therefore have been forbidden, had not the Emperor, though himself absent, found them a convenient medium of indirectly attaining an object known only to himself, but which he pursued with avidity. I have seen extraordinary instances of this kind, in which I have myself, without being aware of it, been an agent ; and how many other ladies have been similarly situated ! Already the unlucky system of fusion was in operation, and these breakfasts were extremely serviceable in forwarding it. Many ladies were invited to them who as yet did not make their appearance in the great circles at court, nor even at the theatres ; but who at a later period flourished in the “ *Almanach Impérial*,” wholly at their own desire and in consequence of repeated letters written to the great chamberlain. At the time, however, of which I am writing, they would only appear to associate with Madame de Beauharnais as with one of their own class.

A particular circumstance has impressed upon my mind, the recollection of the breakfast I am now speaking of. On entering the great yellow saloon which follows that of Francis I, I met a young person whose grace, freshness, and charming countenance struck me with surprise. She advanced to me with a smile though she did not know me, and stooping down to put herself on a level with Josephine, exclaimed :—  
“ Oh ! what a charming little creature ; will you

come to me, my angel?" Then taking her in her arms she ran with her to the other end of the saloon. Josephine, who was by no means unsociable, was very well pleased with this sort of reception and replying to it in kind, a perfect intimacy was established between them in a very few minutes. I had not time to ask Madame d'Arberg who this very pleasing young person was, when the Empress entered the room from her private apartment. She received me in her kindest and most amiable manner, and every one knows how much she excelled in the art of captivation when so disposed. She embraced me and in the most gracious tone assured me of the satisfaction she felt at my return. "And where," said she, "is my god-daughter, have you not brought her to see me?"

Josephine accustomed to her god-mother's condescension, and quite unconscious of any restraints of etiquette, ran forward at the first word.

"Ah," said she, "I perceive Stephanie has already undertaken to entertain Josephine"—and then added in a lower tone, "you do not know my niece, look at her, and tell me if she is not charming?" Without fear of being suspected of court flattery, I replied that the Empress had good reason to think so; for in fact I have met with very few women to be compared for grace and beauty with what Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais was at that period. No woman could wish for greater advantages of person and manners than she possessed; at once pretty and en-

gaging, she attracted the admiration of the men, and by her gracious attentions silenced the envy of the women. She was daughter to the Senator M. de Beauharnais, cousin to the Empress's first husband, and was affianced to the hereditary Prince of Baden. Her intended, whom I saw a few days afterwards, did not appear to me deserving of her,—at least in personal attraction.

The Empress spoke at some length upon the subject of my journey to Portugal and asked me a multitude of questions concerning the Queen of Spain and the Princess of Brazil. I could not help thinking as I answered her of the curiosity these Princesses had expressed respecting the Empress, and repeating only the agreeable remarks the Queen of Spain had made about her I was impenetrable upon the rest of her Majesty's conversation, which had been, in fact, more curious than amiable, and prided myself on the skilful commencement I was making in diplomacy.

The Empress then spoke of Madame. "I am very sorry that the Emperor did not place you in my household instead of that of my mother-in-law;" said she.—"You will certainly find that house very disagreeable, every one about it is as old, as if they had been determined to supply it from the Court of Louis XV. So young and gay as you are, how will you be able to accommodate yourself to such a species of mausoleum."

Flattering as were these words and gracious as was the Empress's manner, I knew very well that it was perfectly indifferent to her whether I

belonged to Madame's or not: and I made no reply to her remarks on the style of Madame's establishment which it was too much the custom to ridicule at court, and as it always appeared to me without any sufficient cause; but merely answered the Empress that Madame had been kind to me from my infancy, and that I was assured she would extend to my youth that indulgence of which no doubt I should stand in need, though I trusted my conduct would always be irreproachable. I felt what I said, for I looked upon Madame as a second mother. I can never forget that when mine was dying, she and the Queen of Spain, then Madame Joseph Bonaparte, came to me in the belief that I was an orphan, and this tribute of gratitude is due to those from whom I received so much kindness.

On Sunday the 25th of February, I proceeded to the Hotel of Madame in the Rue St. Dominique now the Hotel of the Minister of War.

Madame-Mère had not been elevated to the dignity of a Princess of the Imperial family so early as her daughters and her daughters-in-law, as I observed in a former volume on account of her attachment to her proscribed son Lucien. Happily for himself, the Emperor resumed sentiments more worthy of his greatness, and Madame was recalled from Rome and placed in the rank which belonged to her as Mother of the Emperor. At the period of my return from Portugal she had been some time in possession of her title and fortune and it is but justice to say that she sustained

the one as a worthy and noble matron ; and honorably employed the other in the mode for which it was destined. Her income then amounted to 500,000 francs, one fifth of which was swallowed up by the appointments of her Court of Honor.

On my arrival I was presented to her by name, by Madame de Fontanges. Upon which advancing from the fire side where she had been standing she approached me, saying : “ You need not introduce Madame Junot to me, she is a child of mine, and I love her as much as my own daughter ; I hope every thing will be done to render her situation in the household of an old woman agreeable to her, for it is a serious affair for so young a person ; is not that true, Madame Junot ? ”

I replied as in duty bound, that I was delighted that the Emperor in deciding to appoint me to a situation about one of the Princesses had chosen her household for me ; and upon Madame's inquiring whether I should expect a long holiday to repose from the fatigue of my journey, I told her that my holiday had been already long enough, as I had the honor of holding a situation about her person since the preceding month of May, and had not yet entered upon my duties. I was therefore ready to obey her orders which I hoped to receive immediately. “ As soon as possible then, ” said she ; and it was agreed that I should come into waiting the following Sunday. Upon this I took leave, and Madame proceeded to dine with the Emperor, the regular arrangement for



every Sunday unless superceded by some very important hindrance.

The next morning at ten o'clock, M. Rollier, steward of the household to Madame was announced. I had no particular acquaintance with him, and did not very well understand what might be the object of his visit, for at this period I was somewhat indifferent to what is called the *matériel* of life. I had yet to learn that it was the all-powerful agent in the affairs of the world. On receiving my appointment, it had never occurred to me, to inquire whether any income was attached to my place, and when M. Rollier informed me that he was come to bring me an entire year's salary, I would have positively refused it, had he not assured me that my doing so would have offended Madame; upon this though the sum was pretty large I accepted it. I relate this trait, insignificant as it may seem because it is directly opposed to the character ascribed to Madame. If she had been the miser—the word must be spoken out—which some persons have been pleased to represent her, she would have found here a very convenient opportunity of saving 6000 francs, to which I should certainly never have thought myself entitled, and consequently should never have complained, had I not received them. It is by facts that such foolish and unfounded reports should be refuted.

## CHAPTER II.

Portrait of Madame-Mère—Walter Scott—His History of Napoleon—It is incorrect—His reply to Marshal Macdonald—Madame's toilet—The Duchess of Chevreuse—Madame's penetration—The Hotel de Luynes—Madame's retired mode of life—The conduct of the ministers—The Emperor's errors—Junot among the Appenines—Madame's residence—At present the Hotel of the minister of war—Old recollections and the Maréchale Soult—Madame's household—Madame de Fontanges—Madame de Fleurieu—Madame de Bressieux—Madame de Saint-Pern—Madame Dupuis—Mademoiselle Delaunay—The chamberlains and equerries—M. de Beaumont—M. de la Ville—M. and Madame de Brissac—Cross purposes with the Emperor—M. Decazes—Mania for office—The hereditary Prince of Baden.

OF all the biographies which have been contrived for the princesses of the Emperor's family, none are so ridiculously false as those which concern Madame-Mère. I not only knew her, during the period I belonged to her family but long before, and may therefore I think, at length, be permitted to offer a correct portrait of her; I consider the task as a duty, for among the important figures who surround the Emperor, his mother ought to be known as she truly is.

When Walter Scott wrote his History of Napo-

leon, he came to France, as every one knows to collect facts and documents relating to the hero, perhaps I should say to the victim of his pen. When one of our marshals, I will not absolutely say the Duke of Tarentum, but I believe it was he, offered him documents in his possession, and truly the mine was both abundant and precious, Walter Scott refused them; "I always seek my materials in popular report," said he. I will add no reflection of mine to this speech, the history he wrote is a sufficient comment upon it. I know not whether before his death, Walter Scott was undeceived upon his self-delusion of having written a history of Napoleon; but if he died in that opinion it only proves that the most sensible minds may have strange aberrations.

In the same way the private histories of the numerous members of the Bonaparte family, have been compiled by persons who never knew them, perhaps even never saw them; but who collecting *popular reports*, labour for the benefit of posterity with a tranquillity of conscience one cannot too much admire.

At the time Madame was named *Madame-Mère* she might be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; all her daughters (except Madame Bacciochi) resembled her, and gave a good idea of what her beauty had been. Her stature was that most agreeable in woman, about five feet one inch; but as she grew older, her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height,

though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her feet and hands were still perfectly symmetrical; her feet especially were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty,—the fore finger did not bend; in consequence of an ill-performed operation the nerve had been cut; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this period her teeth were still perfect, and like all the Bonapartes her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing and very intelligent. Her eyes were small and very black, but their expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children.

Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and situation. She wore the handsomest stuffs of the season, and criticism itself could find no fault in the style in which they were made up. She made in short a very respectable appearance; much more so than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her, and I acknowledge it was very considerable, arose from her timidity and her want of fluency in the French language; in using the term timidity, I mean to express that Madame felt really timid in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose

sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her, and she knew before they left the room what she had to expect. This was observable on the day that Madame de Chevreuse was presented to her in quality of lady of the palace; an office, by the way, which she had been persuaded to accept against her inclination. She came to make the customary visit of ceremony to Madame; I was in waiting on the occasion and when she had retired, Madame asked me in an under tone, because she found herself most at her ease with me, what was the name of that young woman. I repeated it to her; but it did not influence her judgment, for as yet she was not much acquainted with the Faubourg St. Germain, and the name of Madame de Chevreuse was less familiar to her, than that of Pozzo di Borgo, Paoli, or any other Corsican enemy. Her eye, however, detected Madame de Chevreuse's sentiments, and she said to me: "That young woman is not friendly to us, I am certain that she detests the Emperor." I was astonished at this judgment, because I knew it to be correct, and I asked Madame upon what she founded her opinion. "On the curl of her lip and a certain disdainful movement of her head, when I observed that she would be pleased with the Empress; and on her silence when I inquired whether her husband belonged to the Emperor's household."

All this was true. And subsequently, when

Madame de Chevreuse was exiled, and Napoleon punished, perhaps a little too severely, conduct which was rather that of a person not quite capable of regulating her own walk in life, than that of a state criminal, Madame reminded me of this observation of hers ; and I was not myself surprised at the circumstance, for I had long known the hatred, if the word may be used, which existed at the Hotel de Luynes against the consular and imperial government.

Madame led a very retired life : perhaps it was wrong, but the fault was not hers. The Emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this ; but too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude to putting herself in contact either with the Empress, or with any of the persons who surrounded the Emperor. How frequently have I been shocked by the conduct of many of these persons ! the ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New-year's Day ; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette, which were suited to her station, except the Duke de Gaëta. But she possessed no influence ; and the frequenters of a court possess a marvellous acuteness in decyphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle. I was affectionately attached to Madame and my feelings revolted against such treatment.

Never, however, did Madame complain of this false position which she occupied at the court of

her son. I spoke of it sometimes to Duroc and Junot and told them, I was convinced that Madame suffered much from the neglected situation in which her son permitted her to remain. Duroc maintained, that the Emperor treated his mother with the utmost consideration, and that she had no right and no cause to complain; that retirement was to her taste, and that it was fortunate, that the ministers and state officers did not habitually frequent her court, because the Emperor might take umbrage at it; not that Madame gave him any reason to do so, but in consequence of the position in which she had placed herself.

I looked at him, for I confess I did not understand this inuendo.

“Have you forgotten Lucien, then?” said he. “It is not long since the disputes of the two brothers rose to a point which threatens an eternal separation. Madame takes Lucien’s part. The Emperor entertains a prejudice against him, well founded or not, it is not for me to decide; but I fully understand, though I cannot at length explain why, that Madame is well off as she is: she is surrounded with wealth and honors, what would she have more?”

“Nothing—for it is I only who express my opinion in this matter, and I think you are quite wrong.”

Junot was of my opinion; and always treated Madame with the utmost respect. But I anticipate: for at the period of my arrival at Paris, Junot had not returned from his expedition to Parma,

whither he had been sent by the Emperor, with the title of Governor-General of the States of Parma and Placentia to suppress a revolt in the Appenines.

Madame, on receiving the title of Imperial-Highness, quitted the hotel she had shared with her brother Cardinal Fesch in the *Rue du Mont-Blanc*, to take possession of the Hotel de Brienne in the *Rue St. Dominique*. This hotel had belonged to Lucien who had furnished it richly, sumptuously and elegantly; even the pictures remained in it; so that Madame had at once a mansion suitable to her new dignity. It is still the same; and I sometimes think that Madame la Maréchale Soult cannot totally abjure all recollections of the Empire, in this very house, where she has so often attended to take her turn in the service of Madame-Mère. This reflection occurred to my mind on visiting Madame la Maréchale there; but my memory stood in no need of a stimulus, and if during fifteen years I was compelled to bury its records within my own bosom, they were not the less forcibly imprinted there.

The Maréchale Davoust formed a member of the court of Madame-Mère. But her pretensions were more elevated and she was disappointed in not having been named a lady of honor to the Empress. She professed ill health and gave in her resignation before my arrival at Paris. As this little court will naturally often appear in connexion with these Memoirs, I shall give the names, with a slight sketch of the individuals composing it.



We were four ladies companions, one lady of honor, and a reader; two chamberlains, two equerries, one chief equerry, a chief almoner, and a secretary.

Madame de Fontanges, whom the Emperor had created a baroness, because it was his will that all persons attached to the different households should be titled, was the lady of honor. She was handsome and inoffensive; a Creole I believe, and carrying in her person and in her actions, that listlessness of the other hemisphere, which the Creoles seem always to preserve in ours, and which is never entirely without its charm. She had not been presented before the revolution and was utterly ignorant of court etiquette; but she was chosen lady of honor to the Emperor's mother in consequence of Napoleon's invincible predilection for the Faubourg St. Germain, with which, however, she had no other connexion, than that greater or less degree of dependence, in which persons without fortune usually stand to the possessors of wealth.

The four ladies companions, after the retirement of the Maréchale Davoust, were Madame Soult, Madame de Fleurieu, wife of the minister of marine under Louis XVI, Madame de Saint-Pern, and myself. There was but one among us all who might be said to be completely in her place. She seemed born to be the companion of an elderly princess. But observe, I say an elderly, not a young princess, for she had never been young herself. I had been acquainted with her some time, and my mother had known her mother before her, of whom she

always made the same observation : the noses and chins of that family never could have belonged to young faces. She had never been handsome, not even pretty, and she possessed all the characteristics of a plain virtuous woman ; she had never been a coquet ; and I never, I think, knew any person so directly the reverse of pleasing as Madame de Fleurieu ; dancing with as melancholy an air as if she was begging at St. Roch, and holding her petticoat to the extent of her two arms, offering a good representation of an espalier tree. She had no pretention then to being graceful, but much to being a *bel-esprit* ; a point so perfectly acknowledged amongst her associates that modesty on this head, would have been even ridiculous in her. She had, however, two serious faults, at least I thought them so. The one was the mania, or rather the monomania of etiquette ; a pretension which had dazzled the Emperor, who never imagined that any one could persist in talking for ever upon a particular subject, without being perfectly well versed in it. This singular manner of thinking in a man who knew so much of the world as Napoleon, might furnish much matter for reflection. Madame de Fleurieu's second great fault, was that of being an eternal talker ; a spout of lukewarm water, always open and always running ; the recollection is terrible even at this distance of time. To sum up however, I should say with Brantôme : *she was a very respectable and very virtuous lady.*

Madame de Bressieux is a person now well

known to every one ; she is the Mademoiselle Colombier of whom Napoleon speaks in the Memorial of St. Helena : I had heard from Napoleon himself that in his very early youth while he was at Valence, there had existed a project of marrying him to Mademoiselle Colombier ; and I had in consequence a strong desire to see her. I found her witty, agreeable, mild and amiable. Without being remarkably pretty, she was very pleasing ; extremely well formed, and her address so engaging that an idea of beauty was at once conceded to her which no one afterwards felt any disposition to dispute. I easily understood that the Emperor might have gathered cherries with her at six o'clock in the morning, without any improper thought and confining himself entirely to harmless chat. One peculiarity which struck me the first time I saw her, was the interest with which she watched the Emperor's smallest movement, her eye following him with an attention which seemed to emanate from the soul.

Madame de Bressieux was the successor of Madame de St. Pern ; this latter name is one of those which my hand cannot write without producing a painful oppression upon my heart. To know her was to love her. She was not pretty, but her figure and address were striking. Her character was charming. A Corsican by birth, and, as unhappy as exile could make any human being, she supported her misfortunes with affecting resignation. " It is for the sake of my children," she would sometimes say to me, when

in our confidential intercourse she ventured to speak of the *ennui* she experienced in performing the duties of her office.—“ It is for my children, and their father.” Alas ! the father of these children was little worthy of his amiable and excellent wife. She is no more, and I may now say how much she suffered with the patience of an angel.

Madame Dupuis, our supernumerary, as we were in the habit of calling her, was singular without being amusing. Her countenance suited her mind ; her figure might have been good, her nose had once certainly been Greek or Roman and she had beautiful black hair ; yet with all these advantages, even with a pretty hand and foot, two requisites even more indispensable in my opinion, to a pretty woman than fine eyes, with all these it never came into any one's head, unless indeed it was the Prince Borghèse's, to maintain that Madame Dupuis was handsome. She was as good natured as Creole indolence would permit her to be, and we know about how far that good nature extends ; but she was wearisome to excess.

The reader was an amiable and charming person, Mademoiselle Delaunay, remarkable for her highly cultivated talents. She was an excellent musician vocal and instrumental, and painted in miniature, not as an amateur, but so well, that Madame employed her to paint all the portraits of herself which she gave as presents ; all these qualifications were enhanced by a disposition perfectly amiable and agreeable to associate with.

It will be seen by these sketches that something might be made of the ladies of Madame's household ; but for the gentlemen, a more extraordinary choice of attendants upon a person of her tastes and habits could scarcely have been made, with the single exception of my excellent friend the Count de la Ville, formerly belonging to the household of the King of Sardinia ; he alone suited Madame. He united a thorough goodness of feeling with the most finished politeness of the courtier ; he knew precisely the rank to allot to each individual and the consistent arrangements of etiquette ; points of which our lady of honor was as ignorant as the rest of the household, who including the Countess de Fleurieu, but excepting M. de Beaumont, knew as much of these matters as if they had fallen asleep in the days of the Patriarch Jacob, and awoke again under the dynasty of Clovis : but when M. de la Ville was in waiting every thing went on with the most perfect regularity and address.

M. de Brissac, M. d'Esterno, General d'Estrees and M. de Beaumont, found their duties in Madame's household of a most wearisome nature, and threw back upon the circle their own *ennui*. I should not, however, class M. de Beaumont with the rest ; if he was *ennuyé*, certainly he did not contribute to weary others, for he was very witty and beyond measure amusing, in the court region especially, for he was as mischievous as the pestilence, and for mimicking, would make game even of his grandmother. But for all that,

I was always delighted to meet him, because we enjoyed those hearty laughs together, which are so exhilarating. He was brother to M. de Beaumont, chamberlain to the Empress Josephine, but no relation to General Beaumont, aide-de-camp to Murat.

M. de Brissac, though old, ugly, and a little crooked, was the best of men, polite, amiable and inoffensive. Although Madame de Brissac did not belong to the household, it is impossible to pass her over, in speaking of those who did, because she was more about Madame than any one of us. She came every evening to join the party, with M. Clement de Ris, M. Casabianca, M. Chollet, and two or three more old senators, whose portraits, under the semblance of animated tapestry, haunted my dreams, after sitting a whole evening in Madame's saloon, looking at and listening to them, from six o'clock, till eleven or even midnight. Well, Madame de Brissac, with all her wit, for she had much, though perhaps less than her sister the Princess of Rohan-Rochefort, played with these old-fashioned perukes, with as natural a smile as if she had been really amused. She was a very singular woman; she had never been pretty, her height was about four feet and a half and her figure not quite straight, notwithstanding which she was as coquettish in her dress as I could be at twenty years of age: and for what, she was as much in love with her husband as one may be supposed to be in the spring-tide of life. He had however been false to her. While only a child he

had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Rothelin ; another beauty fell in his way, and he abandoned her.

“ Then how did you become his wife ? ” said I to her one day when she was relating to me the history of her love for M. de Brissac.

“ Only because I waited patiently and the other died ; ” she replied, with an air of triumphant simplicity and a truly comic expression of countenance which I shall never forget.

She was extremely deaf ; and on the occasion of her presentation to the Emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would ask her, and what she ought to answer. She was told that the Emperor almost always inquired what department a person came from ? how old they were ? and how many children they might have ? Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render even unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions, in the order in which they had been stated to her. The day of presentation arrived, Madame de Brissac made her three curtsies to the Emperor, who having laid down no law to himself to ask precisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her :

“ Is your husband brother to the Duke of Brissac who was killed on the 2nd of September ? and did he not inherit his estates ? ”

“ Seine and Oise, Sire, ” was the answer, and though an odd one, not very wide of the mark,

for M. de Brissac really inherited property in that department. The Emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at her with some surprise as he continued :

“ I believe you have no children ?”

“ Fifty-two, Sire,” said she with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the Emperor had inquired her age.

Napoleon, by this time, was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and without farther observation continued his tour of the circle.

I have only to add here that with all her eccentricities she was a kind friend, a good mother, and an excellent woman.

Besides the gentlemen I have already mentioned as belonging to the household, there were M. de Quelen, brother to the archbishop of Paris, equerry; the Bishop of ———, chief almoner, M. de Guien, secretary ; the latter died soon after and was replaced by M. Decazes. What ! a relation of the minister, the Duke Decaze ?—himself—nay—it is true indeed—he was then called the sweet-pea of the court. He had married Mademoiselle Muraire, he became a widower ; but we shall have occasion to say more of him hereafter.

Nothing surprised me so much on my return to Paris, as the increase of that fever for place and favor, which had begun to manifest itself before my departure, but which was now in its highest paroxysm. The tablets of the great chamberlain, of the master of the ceremonies, and Marshal Du-



roc were daily filled with requisitions, nay pressing petitions for appointments, from persons who at a later period, found it convenient to deny all connexion with this imperial court.

The hereditary Prince of Baden had arrived at Paris. As he is dead, it will not give him pain, if I confess that he was the most disagreeable personage I had ever seen. He had the pouting air of a child in disgrace, but his humours were not followed by the clear sunshine of childhood; he was a very disagreeable prince, and a very disagreeable suitor. The first time I saw him, I could not forbear casting my eyes upon the charming young person who was about to become his property: she seemed to me more than usually lovely. She appeared in smiles at the fêtes given in celebration of her sacrifice—but her smile was melancholy—how could it have been otherwise!

Amongst the fêtes which this first royal marriage in the Emperor's family produced, was one distinguished from the rest by the introduction of a perfect novelty: this was a quadrille; the first which had been seen at Paris since the revolution. The idea of this truly royal amusement originated in the Princess Caroline, who had lately received the title of Grand-Duchess of Cleves and Berg. The costume was a long time under consideration; and as generally happens when twenty different advisers are consulted, an intolerably ugly one was adopted. The Emperor did not like Louis XIV, but he was determined that his new court should be constructed after the model of that mo-

narch's. After my return from Portugal, I had several conversations with him, by which term, I mean the interchange of a few phrases, and from them I gathered his determination to render his court the most brilliant in Europe. He questioned me concerning the courts of Spain and Portugal, and seemed to take pleasure in dwelling upon the miserable condition of those sovereigns in the midst of their jewelleries and etiquette. I foresaw, that in this respect as in every other, his will would perform wonders.

## CHAPTER III.

The first quadrille at court—The costumes—The plumed gentlemen—The Countess de Saint-Martin—The adventure of the shawl—The Cashmere parrots—The affront—Madame Hamelin and her stolen shawl—Naples and the violation of the treaty—The Emperor's speech at the opening of the Chambers in 1806—Napoleon's words remarkable—Tronchet and Target—Tronchet's death—His portrait—Naval disasters—Napoleon's distress at the capture of Admiral Linois—Naval battle at St. Domingo—Massacre at Cape François—The proclamation of Dessalines—Imputations on England—Madame Junot ambassador to the Emperor—Junot's letters from Parma.

THE performers in this memorable quadrille were to be distinguished by four different colors—white, green, red and blue. The white ladies were to be adorned with diamonds; the red, with rubies; the green, with emeralds; the blue with sapphires and turquoises. The costume was to be Spanish. The robe of white crape slashed with satin, the color of the quadrille, and the slashings trimmed with silver lama. The head-dress was to be a toque of black velvet with two white plumes. Thus attired, we were supportable, though without much display of taste; but the equipment

of the gentlemen was perfectly absurd. A coat of white velvet made, in what fashion I cannot describe, surmounted by a scarf the color of the quadrille, tied in a bow at the side; and for head dress, a toque of black velvet similar to ours. I know not whether the strangeness of this costume made it appear to me so pre-eminently ridiculous, but it was a long time before I could look with a serious face, upon any one of the gentlemen of our set. Then the style in which this quadrille was danced was itself worth remembering. We can afford to recall these, our first essays at being elegant and sumptuous in our entertainments, for our imperial court afterwards cast into the shade the most magnificent exhibitions of those of Francis I and Louis XIV.

A very curious accident occurred at one of the rehearsals of this quadrille, which was directed by Despréaux, my former dancing-master, and took place in the gallery of Diana, in the Tuileries.

A Piedmontese lady, wife of the Count St. Martin, belonged to the household of the Princess Caroline. She was lively, witty and agreeable, with one of those warm hearts, which imperiously demand our friendship in return for the affection they frankly offer; and as she felt strongly, she expressed openly and without disguise her sentiments and opinions.

The Princess Caroline had given her a very handsome shawl of white cashmere, and particularly rare and valuable on account of some ex-

tremely beautiful parrots which ornamented the borders. The Countess de St. Martin, accordingly was very proud of her shawl. The rehearsal took place in the morning, and as the bright sun of the spring brilliantly illuminated this noble gallery, we always went very elegantly dressed to this meeting. Madame de St. Martin then, as was natural, went in her shawl; and as it was also natural to take it off in dancing, she laid it down on one of the benches, as the other ladies did theirs. One day, the rehearsal being over, we were about to leave the gallery, when Madame St. Martin's shawl was no where to be found. She sought for it, inquired for it, became angry, but all in vain; the shawl was absolutely lost. Madame de St. Martin's lamentations were incessant, she would not get into her carriage till she had inquired of all the servants of the palace, and offered a great reward for the recovery of her property. But the rehearsals concluded, the quadrille was danced and the shawl was not forthcoming. Madame de St. Martin was in despair, especially as the dancers were not alone in the gallery, for there were often many spectators present, and it was not easy to discover, what persons had been there. It remained then decided that Madame de St. Martin had been *robbed*, for she would use no other term. One evening at a ball given by the minister of marine, she came to me and said in a tone of great agitation: "Dear Madame Junot, you know how much I have been distressed by the loss of my shawl."

This I knew indeed perfectly well, for she had never spoken to me since her loss, but the shawl was the first subject, something else next, and the shawl always in conclusion. “ Well, I have found it !”

“ I congratulate you ; but where is it ?”

“ On the shoulders, most probably of the person who stole it, and as you knew my shawl, which I have shewn you twenty times, I am come to beg you to identify it.”

“ But pray be careful,” said I, “ that you make no mistake ; nothing can be more similar than one white cashmere to another.”

Here the Countess de St. Martin started with something like indignation, exclaiming : “ You do not mean that my parrots are like every body else’s.”

The parrots convinced me, but I still entreated her not to attack the lady she suspected before all the company. “ And why not ?”—“ It would be wrong, give me leave to manage the affair.”

With much difficulty, I persuaded her to stand back for a few minutes, while I opened the business to the young lady, who was at the room door, about to leave the ball. I approached her, and said in a low tone and with as much politeness as it was possible to throw into a speech of this nature ; that I believed a mistake had arisen and that having probably lost a shawl of her own, she had by some accident, become possessed of one belonging to Madame de St. Martin, in its stead.

All this modesty was perhaps ill-timed, for the young lady looking at me with an air of sufficient impertinence, answered ; “ that so long as Madame de St. Martin had been deafening every one with lamentations over the loss of her shawl, she might have had time to discover that hers, though perhaps resembling it, was her own.” The lady’s mother, who was in conversation with another person, turned round on hearing her daughter’s elevated voice. And Madame de St. Martin, who had also heard that *she deafened every one with her lamentations*, came forward to plead her own cause, which I was not sorry for. “ This shawl is mine,” said she imperatively, laying her hand upon it as she spoke, while the other endeavoured with a blow of her fist, to make her leave her hold. I was fearful that a battle was about to commence and anxious to prevent exposure, I addressed myself to Madame de St. Martin.

“ It is easy,” said I, “ to settle this discussion in a moment, this lady will have the goodness to say, how she became possessed of this shawl which so much resembles yours ; and you will no longer insist upon obtaining it, as in that case you would be in the wrong.”

I felt convinced that the young woman would not be able to state, where she purchased the shawl, but I must confess that her impertinence astonished me.

“ It does not please me, *Madame*,” said she looking haughtily at me, “ to inform you where

I purchased my shawl. This affair is becoming too ridiculous, and I am surprised you should have taken any part in it."

I was sorry for the young person ; had she been innocent, such an accusation would have caused her much uneasiness, but not all this irritation ; guilt is the cause of anger. I cast a supplicating look on Madame de St. Martin, in her place I should have given up a hundred shawls. She came to me and pressing my hand, said :

" You are right, this scene must be terminated ;" then turning to the young lady, she continued : " You persist then in asserting that this shawl is yours ?"

The other replied with a bitter smile and drawing the shawl closer upon her shoulders as if in bravado. Many persons whom the singularity of the discussion had attracted seemed unwilling to disperse without seeing the close of the adventure. The Countess proceeded in a loud voice :

" If, Madam, this shawl belongs to you, you will perhaps be able to explain why my name *Christine* is embroidered in red silk in the narrow border. Madame Junot will have the goodness to prove the fact."

The young woman became pale as death, and I shall never forget the distressing look she cast upon me, as with a trembling hand she put the shawl into mine ; I received it with equal agitation, and sought for the name of *Christine*, hoping it had



been removed ; but the increasing paleness of the guilty party shewed that this was improbable, and accordingly I found it almost immediately. Madame de St. Martin looked up with an air of triumph, but the distress of the poor girl affected her, and her conduct proved the goodness of her heart. "Well," said she, "this is one of those accidents which often happens, I will send you your shawl to-morrow." Then turning to the young lady's father, who having been detained in an adjoining room, joined us at this moment, wondering at his daughter's uncovered shoulders ; "It is only an exchange of shawls," said she, as she threw the one she had been wearing round her, "you will return it to me to-morrow, we have both been mistaken, that is all."—"There," said she, as we returned to the ball-room, "is a pretty adventure."

I entreated her for the sake of the young woman's mother, who was much esteemed in society, to say as little as possible respecting it ; and Madame de St. Martin who behaved admirably throughout, gave me her promise, and kept it. The unavoidable rumour was so slight and vague, that the truth was known only to the Countess, myself, and a few other persons who were present at the explanation.

A nearly similar adventure happened at about the same period to Madame Hamelin at a ball. She stood up to dance a country-dance, and left upon her seat a very handsome black shawl ; on

her return the shawl was gone, but she saw it upon the shoulders of a very well known lady who was promenading the ball-room. She went to her.

“Madam, I beg your pardon, but you have taken up my shawl.”

“Madam, I assure you, you are mistaken.”

“By no means, I can prove it to be mine, for it has thirteen palms, a very uncommon number, perhaps you will do me the favor to count them.”

“It is unnecessary, because my shawl has thirteen palms.”

“But, *Madame*,” said Madame Hamelin, “in coming here this evening I had the misfortune to tear it, and should know it by the rent.”

“That is very singular,” replied the other, “for mine has also its rent, which is precisely the reason of its being mine, as it enabled me to purchase it much cheaper than I otherwise could have done.”

It was not easy to continue a dispute with a person so determined to pursue Basil's maxim, that what is worth taking is worth keeping, and Madame Hamelin lost her shawl, with no other consolation than the poor revenge of relating the story ; but a woman capable of such an action is past blushing.

Europe was about to become the theatre of the most important political events. The kingdom of Naples was just now taken possession of by one of our armies, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, having Massena with him, whose two lieutenants were Gouvion Saint-Cyr, and the Egyptian Gene-

ral Reigner. Much has been said about this occupation of the kingdom of Naples. I do not wish to make excuse for many of the arbitrary acts with which the Emperor is perhaps justly reproached. But this event is not one of those for which he can fairly be blamed. By the treaty of the 21st of September, 1805, Ferdinand IV King of Naples, engaged to remain neuter in the war with Austria ; this treaty especially declared that the King of Naples also engaged not to confide any command to Russian or Austrian officers, nor to the subjects of any of the belligerent powers, nor to French emigrants. In return for these engagements, the Emperor Napoleon undertook to withdraw all his troops from the kingdom of Naples. But what happened ? Ferdinand IV forgot his pledged word, or rather remembered only to betray it. Was France then obliged to endure the insult ? We are very patient, at present, but, in the times I am writing of, matters stood differently : if insult or injury raised its daring head, the cannon was our answer.

“ The house of Naples has ceased to reign,” said the Emperor, in opening the legislative body in the year 1806 ; “ she has irreparably lost her crown. The peninsula of Italy is re-united to the Great Empire. As supreme chief I have guaranteed the sovereigns and the constitutions which govern its different divisions. It is pleasing to me to declare, here, that my people have done their duty. In the heart of Moravia, I have never ceased to receive testimonies of their love and

enthusiasm. Frenchmen ! this love is much more glorious than the extent of your power and riches."

This discourse was pronounced by Napoleon on the 2nd of March, 1806, at the opening of the legislative body. Without being accused of partiality in his favor, I may be permitted to say that he was a giant of glory in those days, when conqueror of forces, greatly more numerous, he had caused the triumph of France, and planted the tri-colored banner on the ramparts of a foreign capital. And he did not retain his conquest, he restored the throne to the monarch, who afterwards made him descend from his own to install there a relation to whom his ties were very weak compared with those which bound him to Napoleon, his son-in-law, and the father of his grandson. And this act of generous clemency was three times repeated !

A few days after this ceremony of opening the chambers to which the political state of Europe gave additional importance, a man died, famous, not only in the annals of jurisprudence, but with all who can comprehend the merits of an honourable action. This was Tronchet, who had been one of the most celebrated of the learned faculty. But his defence of Louis XVI will distinguish him to all posterity, as a man of exemplary moral courage. I was acquainted with him through my guardian M. Brunetière.

Tronchet was a man of great talent and severe probity. The constituent assembly highly appreciated his powers. Napoleon, an acute judge of

talent, made him, notwithstanding his great age, (eighty-seven or eighty-eight,) assist in the compilation of the civil code. Cambacérès, notwithstanding the species of barrier which the trial of Louis XVI seemed to have erected between them, never spoke of him but in terms of admiration. It had not yet become the fashion to find talent only in our own partisans. Matters have now reached such a height that a man is accounted a simpleton, if he do not salute the banner which is planted in a saloon. And this in every faction. Why this exclusiveness? It should be remembered that nothing is more uncertain than the tenure of these standard-bearing officers.

Louis XVI, on being re-conducted to the temple on the 12th of December, 1792, after an examination of five hours, during which his position was truly great, but in which he clearly perceived the destiny which awaited him, demanded the assistance of Target and Tronchet.\* Target refused. I do not blame the refusal, if his opinions really imputed guilt to the king, he could not defend him; but then he should have boldly professed his reason, and not have excused himself upon the plea of ill health, when he was perfectly well; or of his age, which he stated at sixty, when it is proved that he was but fifty-four. Tronchet, infirm, and almost septuagenary, ac-

\* M. de Lally requested this dangerous honor; it is one of the finest traits of his life. Cazalès and Malouet also asked it; what M. Necker has written upon the subject is well known.

cepted the noble commission of defending, not a king, but a man, and a man whose life was in danger ! His words are remarkable.

“ Any man,” said he, “ who is called in so public a manner to the defence of an accused person, cannot refuse the office, without taking upon himself to pronounce a judgment which must be rash if he has not fully examined all points of the case, and barbarous if he has.”

Tronchet was an honest man.

This year 1806 seemed to be as fatal to our navy as it had been favorable to our continental successes. A new defeat was announced to the Emperor. I had been witness of the satisfaction with which he received the news of the victory of Algesiras ; and accident made me also the witness of his grief, I must use the word, on learning the capture of Admiral Linois, by the English, on his return from India. He commanded a single ship of the line, and one frigate : the enemy had not only a superior force, but an entire squadron. The Emperor's agitation in the first moment of hearing the news must have been terrible ; his countenance was greatly changed when he came soon after into the Empress's apartment where we then were, and his emotion was even then violent ; a frightful oath escaped him — the Empress Josephine said a few words to him in a low voice ; he answered, still passionately, and I heard the words—“ and then poor Magon ! ” He recovered himself soon, and spoke of Admiral Linois in the

most flattering terms, and such as this distinguished sailor merits. Alas ! the battle which took place some weeks previous to this latter affair between the English Admiral Duckworth, and the French Rear-Admiral Leissègues, in the bay of St. Domingo, was the death-blow given to our navy ; the wound which could not be healed. Its legs and arms it had already lost at Trafalgar ; and the present capture of Admiral Linois was the finishing stroke, the *coup-de-grace* as it may be called, which terminated its agonies. It is true that it was our constant misfortune to encounter forces numerically superior, thus in the instance, of the battle of St. Domingo, we were as usual in the minority. The English had seven ships of the line, two frigates, and two sloops, and their whole squadron mounted five hundred and eighteen guns ; our force consisted only of five ships of the line, two frigates, and one corvette, mounting in the aggregate, four hundred and twenty-six guns. The engagement lasted two hours and a half, with a fury exceeding all conception. A cousin of mine then in the imperial navy, and serving in the corvette, assured me that all the knowledge we had of the disasters of Trafalgar could give no idea of the horror of this battle. At length, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of our seamen, three French vessels were taken, and two others burnt after being wrecked. I had the recital of these two great battles from ocular witnesses, and know not to which to assign the palm of victorious

martyrdom, notwithstanding the injustice of the fate which often calls that party vanquished that has gathered the finest harvest of glory.

Some time after these disastrous tidings, others arrived from St. Domingo of a character suited to their author Dessalines. This monster, whom it would scarcely be a metaphor to describe as a blood-thirsty tiger, had long since announced his atrocious projects, in the proclamation which he issued, on taking possession of the island after the unfortunate capitulation of General Rochambeau—a capitulation to which the general was necessitated by the yellow fever which mowed down his troops, a burning climate, and the most sanguinary of wars ; but above all, by the total want of confidence which had resulted from the inexcusable artifices of General Leclerc. After this capitulation Dessalines, who thereby became master of the greater part of the island, published this proclamation, a copy of which has long been in my possession having been brought to me by my cousin.

“ Strike, without mercy ! My arm suspended above their heads has too long delayed to strike. Like a torrent which bursts its dam and overthrows every obstacle, let your vengeful fury in its impetuous course break down whatever it encounters. Where is the vile Haïtian, so unworthy of regeneration as not to believe himself accomplishing the decrees of the eternal, in exterminating these blood-thirsty tigers ! If there be such an one, let him fly ! the indignant nation rejects him



from its bosom, the air which we breathe is not suited to his gross organs—it is the pure air of august and triumphant liberty. Yes we have returned upon these cannibals war for war, crime for crime, outrage for outrage; yes, I have revenged America; and it is my glory and my pride to acknowledge it in the face of the world. *Exterminating war to tyrants!* this is my motto;—*Liberty and Independence!* this is our rallying cry.”

This proclamation never was the composition of a negro. Not only is the style too elevated, but a vein of ability runs through it which could not emanate from the cunning of the tiger Dessalines. This proclamation was distributed in the island and translated into the Creole dialect, for such of the negroes as could not have comprehended the too refined words it contained. Thus the fire was gradually kindled. But how could England permit the massacre of Cape-François? Should not the call of the negro monster to carnage have been stifled by English power? Alas! I had friends and relations among the slaughtered, and my voice is entitled to be heard against those who had the power to prevent the evil, and did not use it.

Junot was still at Parma, and I was continually receiving letters from him, in which he desired me to inquire of the Emperor whether I should not join him. It was an innocent *ruse*, which I very well understood, to learn whether he was likely to remain there long. But the thing was more easily commanded or attempted than brought to bear.

Napoleon was not a man to give an answer if it did not suit him. I advised with the Princess Caroline, who had the good taste to preserve towards me that familiar intimacy, to which we had formerly been accustomed. She recommended me to speak to the Emperor upon the subject the first time I should meet him, whether at the residence of Madame-Mère, or at those of the Princesses. "But take care," added she, "not to ask an audience for this purpose."

She was right. At the first word I said to the Emperor upon the subject of my journey, he asked with a sort of pique, whether Junot had appointed me his ambassador to him, and whether my letters of credence were perfectly regular. I took special care not to answer that I had Junot's instructions to ask an audience ; but I said, that of my own desire, without aspiring to the post of ambassadress, I took the liberty of asking him if I might not join my husband, and carry him his children, whom he had not seen for above six months.

I must here again remark how much Napoleon valued whatever tended to promote the internal repose and concord of families. To touch this cord was the sure means of securing his attention. He turned towards me, and slowly taking a pinch of snuff as he always did when an idea was not disagreeable to him, he said with a half smile :

"Truly, it is you who wish to join Junot ! this is well and would be better still, if you had boys to take him, but you give him nothing but girls."

He made me a gracious nod, and withdrew

smiling. He wrote this little conversation to Junot, and his answer was a pressing desire for me to commence my journey forthwith. He was impatient to see me again, and desirous to embrace his daughters, the youngest of whom he had not seen for twenty months, as we did not take her with us into Portugal. He wrote to me, that the palace of the Dukes of Parma was admirably prepared for my reception ; and indeed I might well be tempted to act the petty sovereign, from all he told me, not only of the palace, but of his own situation there. Parma is one of those places, the testimony of which I may invoke with honor and glory, on behalf of the father of my sons.

## CHAPTER IV.

Pleasures of the spring of 1806—The Emperor's inclinations—His gallop—My departure for Italy postponed—Parma and the Jesuits—The young *protégé* and his confessor—Visit to the college of Jesuits—The madman—The dungeon—The new Ravailac—Imprecations—The soldier—Nurses—Banishment of the Jesuits—The Princess of Parma—My Russian correspondence—Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples—The King of Mortefontaine—The three sisters—*The inheritance of the late King our Father*—A visit to St. Cloud—Conversation with the Emperor—His opinion of conjugal jealousy—His sensibility.

DANCING was the order of the day in the months of April and May 1806, it was the Emperor's will that his court should be brilliant, and he knew that it could only be so through the medium of entertainments and pleasure. These pleasures did not it is true, accord with his taste, which would have led him to solitude, or at least a life of calm activity; that is to say he would have preferred a gallop of ten leagues to a fête; because in taking violent exercise he could give the reins to important thoughts; whilst at a ball he was obliged to converse with men and women in set phrases, to prove that their sovereign in-

terested himself in their affairs. But Napoleon, while he disliked this noisy kind of life, saw the necessity of it, and he was not the man to sacrifice a powerful interest to his personal convenience or inclination.

Junot at this period, wrote to me again to expedite my journey. He was getting weary of Parma, and wanted to see me and the children once more. But just then I could not set out. My two daughters were both ill, the eldest especially, with a miliary fever; the younger had a tumour in her mouth. The excellent M. Desgenettes, who attended them, cured them speedily, but not so effectually as to enable them, young as they were, to undertake a journey of four hundred leagues. I therefore wrote to Junot that I should set out about the end of May.

He had done wonders in his expedition to Parma, or rather to the Appenines. The insurgents were severely punished; it was necessary, though they were not perhaps the most guilty parties. But the people were, in that instance, as usual, the instruments employed by others, often against their own interests. Austerlitz was recent, and the court of Rome, also bore in mind the small result of its ultra-montane journey. I am about to relate a proof of its feeling on this subject, which might find a more appropriate place in l'Estoile's Journal, or in Sully's Memoirs, than in mine.

On Junot's arrival at Parma, he found there a college of Jesuits directing the education of several students from various parts of Italy and even from

Corsica. Among them was a young man from Bastia, who was recommended to Junot's notice by General Casabianca and General Sebastiani. Junot, in consequence, visited him at the college, spoke to the superior, and requested him to send the young man to dine with him every Sunday. The superior observed that it was against the rules for a scholar to go out alone ; upon which Junot politely invited him to accompany his pupil.

The following Sunday the young Corsican came, according to appointment, and attended by his confessor—a man of an austere countenance and manner who seemed to be held in great awe by his companion. The young man was thoughtful and melancholy ; he scarcely answered to the questions put to him, and eat little. He was pale and thin, and seemed to pay no attention to what was passing around him. In vain the aides-de-camp endeavoured to lure him out of his silence ; he persevered during the whole time of dinner and broke it only when Junot addressed him.

The following Sunday, he returned to the government house ; his countenance was still more reserved. Sometimes Junot was almost alarmed by the expression of his eye when directed towards him. He eat little and drank only water. Junot pressed him to take a glass of Madeira ; the young Corsican looked at his confessor and obstinately refused it.

“ Truly, reverend Sir,” said Junot, “ you have a singular pupil ; what do you intend him for ?”

“ For heaven !” answered the young man, slowly and in a low tone, which made every one present start ; for it was the first word he had uttered at table except the perpetual *no*, he had replied to every thing proposed to him. Junot shook his head as he looked at his aid-de-camp, Colonel Grandsaigne.

“ That young man has a very singular expression of countenance,” said he, when he was gone, “ it seems a compound of fear and hatred ; there is no understanding it.”

The next Sunday the young Corsican was indisposed. The monk came alone. Junot, always good-hearted and unsuspecting, though he did not much like this man, received him kindly and detained him to dinner. The Sunday after the young Corsican was still ill, and the Jesuit again came alone. Things proceeded in this way near two months ; no particular malady was specified, but the young man was indisposed. Junot sent his physician to him : he was politely thanked, but the reverend fathers informed him, they had ability enough among them to cure their patient.

This refusal provoked Junot, but did not inspire him with suspicion, he was only angry at their want of respect. Two days after, riding with a military retinue past the college, he went in and asked to see the young Corsican. Scarcely had he entered the court of the college, when he perceived that his arrival had produced a very extraordinary effect within its walls: running through corridors, opening and shutting doors, going and

coming; the unexpected visit of the governor-general, was manifestly not a desirable honor. The superior made his appearance at length, and apologized on the ground of his important occupations for not having received him at the door. He was pale and almost trembling. From all this, Junot began to apprehend some strange mystery, and threw a more than usual degree of imperiousness and severity into his command to be immediately introduced to his *protégé*. He was in uniform, and armed, four officers of his staff stood beside him, and twenty hussars were at the college gates; to resist therefore was out of the question, although the countenance of the superior and the confessor proclaimed their inclination to do so.

“The young man is very ill,” said the superior; “if your excellency would defer your visit till to-morrow, I think you would do better.”

“But,” replied Junot, “if this poor child is so seriously ill, as you say to-day, how should he be so much better able to see me to-morrow;—lead me to his chamber at once.”

The superior and confessor looked at each other with an air of distress, and Junot's choler began to rise.

“My good fathers, will you close this scene? I insist upon your conducting me to the chamber of this young man, who is recommended to my particular attention; if I knew where it was situated, I would not give you the trouble to attend me.”

The superior approaching Junot, said in a sub-



dued tone: " Monseigneur, you will find this unfortunate youth in a melancholy condition ; he has a fever—is delirious—and—I fear."

" Lead me to him, Sir ;" repeated Junot in a voice of increased severity, and fixing upon the monk an inquisitorial glance, which made him tremble.

The superior and confessor now conducted Junot through dark and damp passages, to a part of the building at a distance from the rest. Colonel Grandsaigne, seeing his general about to involve himself in the unknown recesses of the house, made a sign to his comrades and all four followed. After walking some time, they entered a small court, surrounded by high walls, and here they heard the most frightful cries, or rather howling, proceeding from a basement room in the corner of the court. Junot pressed forward, opened the door and started with horror at the spectacle which presented itself.

This chamber or dungeon was scarcely lighted by a small grated window ; its floor was the beaten earth ; the green and humid walls did not exhibit even the remains of tapestry or papering. In a corner stood a bedstead or chest upon which the unfortunate Corsican was tied down, in a state scarcely possible to describe.

The second time he had visited the government house the alteration in his appearance had been striking ; but Junot was little prepared to recognise him under the guise of a skeleton, with red and fiery eyes, an open mouth from which

hung a tongue dried up by a burning fever, that tinged his hollow cheeks with a livid purple. The straw of his bed was matted into his hair, and he was tied down to it with cords which cut his parched skin. At the moment the door was opened a frightful access of the disorder was upon him. He groaned incessantly, and the fever doubling the strength of youth he made such violent bounds as to raise the bedstead to which he was tied. He fixed a wild look upon Junot, and running over his lineaments with an eagerness of glance scarcely human, he recognised him, and bursting into a paroxysm of delirium cried out :

“ Ah! ah! here is Monseigneur the Governor! Ah! ah! give me the knife!—Wait! wait! Demon!—Satan!—Bonaparte!—Yes, he is Satan himself!—the Antichrist!—Bonaparte!—Go, ye cursed, depart into everlasting fire!—*Ite, ite, maledetti!*” Junot stood for a few seconds motionless beside this bed of suffering, then turning to the superior who was standing near him in an attitude of conscious guilt :

“ Can you explain to me the cause of all this, Sir?” said he, in a voice of thunder.

On hearing him, the unfortunate started ; a cord of memory seemed to be touched : “ Junot !” he cried, “ Junot ! Bonaparte ! they are in hell—they burn—Bonaparte ! villain—excommunicated wretch!—Yes, yes—kill ! kill !” —And with his fist he made the gesture of plunging a knife into the bosom of a person whom he seemed to fancy himself holding down.

A complete mental alienation, a madness which approached to brutishness had entire possession of him. The only words he pronounced distinctly were such as I have reported, except sometimes—*Paris—parade—review*—but his maledictions upon the Emperor were incessant.

Junot left the chamber with an oppressed heart. He walked on some time in silence, then turning to the two monks who were following him, with hanging heads, and no doubt cogitating upon the colour they could best give to this adventure, he addressed them in a tone which admitted no reply:

“Fathers, you will please to prepare a portable bed, that the patient may be instantly removed from this house. Obey me promptly, for I intend myself to assist in his removal.”

He directed Colonel Grandsaigne to return to the young man, and himself promenaded the court of the College, till every thing was prepared, refusing to re-enter the house. In a few minutes the young Corsican appeared upon a mattress borne by four hussars: he seemed momentarily calm, but on seeing Junot would have thrown himself upon him had not the soldiers withheld him. He was conveyed to the citadel, whither Junot followed him, and committed him to the care of the soldiers.

“My friends,” said he, “here is a poor child attacked perhaps by a mortal illness; but it is possible that cares and assiduity may yet save him. I confide him to you: and divide twenty-five louis among you, if he recover.”

Some days afterwards, the four chief monks of the college came to the government house. They had learnt that the young Corsican continued delirious, and they believed themselves safe; their own people, however, had not all been equally silent.

“Fathers,” said Junot, “I know all the enormity of your conduct; I yesterday obtained information of crimes, by which the name of man, which you bear, should not have been stained. This morning I have sent off a courier to France, with dispatches addressed directly to the Emperor. Prepare for an order to quit Parma immediately.”

They wished to refute the accusation against them.

“Silence,” said Junot, “I know all that has been said and done. Go! and ask pardon of God, if you are capable of repentance.”

It appeared from the present evidence afterwards confirmed, that the superior of this college of Jesuits was disposed to revenge the affront, which many of the clergy conceived the holy father to have suffered from the Emperor in not having obtained the restitution to the tiara of the three legations ceded at Tolentino, and in his journey beyond the Alps. Italian minds are not content to suffer, they must revenge. This man had cast his eyes upon the young Corsican, who had been recommended to Junot. The most extreme means had been employed. The witnesses deposed that he had been deprived of sleep, forced to watch whole nights at the foot of the cross, in the

church, alone, and with no other light than that of the tabernacle ; and to pass whole days without food. It was thus they were treating him at the time of Junot's arrival at Parma. This child, not sufficiently master of himself to conceal the impressions which had been made upon him ; felt, on the sight of Junot, the first aide-de-camp of Napoleon, of that man whom he looked upon as the Holophernes of our times, a degree of indignation which deranged the plan that had been traced out for him. In vain the confessor endeavoured to recall the original idea, the sacrifice of Agag ; the unfortunate youth would not listen. The anathema which had been lanced against Napoleon, appeared to him justly to involve all those who supported his throne. This thought soon became so confirmed, that they dared not take him to the government house ; for on the last Sunday that he had dined there he acknowledged, on returning to the college, that he had several times been on the point of commencing the sacrifice. The evil was done. It was not possible to calm a hot and fanatical imagination which they had excited, nor to cool the blood set on fire by austerities and maceration. The unfortunate young man had not physical and moral strength sufficient to endure such trials, and he sunk : his reason weakened by fasting and watching, gave way before a new impulse. He became mad, when the wretches intended only to make him fanatical ; and nothing remained of his cruel initiation, but a profound horror of the Emperor, and all that were connected with him.

Then it was that these men began to tremble ; all the inhabitants of their house were not as wicked as themselves, and it became necessary to conceal him from those whose eye of justice they had cause to dread. The victim, henceforward became useless ; he was banished to the extremity of an uninhabited court, and there in solitude, and succourless, was given up to death in its most terrible form.

When Junot became satisfied that a truly horrible crime had been committed, he experienced the passion of an honest man, who feels himself called upon to revenge nature for the misfortune of producing monsters. He would not, however, accuse without proof. His witnesses had signed a *procès-verbal*, certifying the crime. It was proved that the unhappy youth, whom the fanaticism of these monks had designed to become the messenger of death, had been tortured by them, to put him in a condition to commit a crime which they represented to him as a virtue, which would procure him a crown of glory, and that his fragile nature could not resist all the means which had been employed.

The result of this investigation was that Junot received orders from the Emperor to banish the Jesuits from the states of Parma and Placencia in particular, and to forbid their being received in any part of the kingdom of Italy :—which was executed. Their unfortunate victim died some weeks after, without recovering his reason, notwithstanding the truly fraternal cares which the soldiers lavished upon him. The two physicians to

whose skill Junot had committed him, declared that the springs of life had been exhausted in the terrible trials his young imagination had been called upon to sustain.

While Junot was at Parma, he was not only employed in punishment, but in performing acts of mercy and justice, on behalf of the Emperor. His predecessor, Moreau de St. Méry, thought it did not become a son of the revolution to give any consideration to the fate of the Princess of Parma, daughter of the last duke, and nothing suitable to her rank and name had been assigned to her. Junot wrote immediately to the Emperor, that the Princess of Parma was entitled to a certain establishment which she did not enjoy ; and asked his orders upon the subject. The establishment was instantly granted.

I had retained my connexion with many of my friends at Moscow and Petersburg ; and kept up a close correspondence with them, particularly with my good Elizabeth, and the excellent Madame Diwoff, who to the end of her life, professed an affectionate attachment to me. I often therefore received news from the north, even during the war, but much more frequently since the peace. At length I received a letter from Moscow, in which politics were discussed in a manner which probably appeared singular, for I was questioned upon this correspondence.

Meanwhile the King of Prussia had signed a treaty ratifying with some trifling modifications, the provisional convention of Vienna ; and had

issued a proclamation, thanking France for having abandoned to him the electorate of Hanover, as an indemnity for the scrap of stuff he had given to furnish Berthier with a mantle of sovereignty, rather short to be sure. But all this Napoleon knew to be forced demonstration ; he understood the real feelings of those kings, who afterwards owed their crowns to him, and whose connexion with him beginning in perfidy, ended in ingratitude. Already their jealousy was proportioned to Napoleon's glory, then in its apogee.

Alas ! at this moment a mania for royalty possessed his great mind. His brothers and sisters became kings and queens. Madame Murat was called Grand-Duchess of Berg, and Joseph Bonaparte was taken from his peaceful and domestic pursuits to go and reign over the ancient Parthenope.

“ Leave me to be king of Mortefontaine,” said he to his brother, “ I am much happier in that domain, the boundary of which it is true I can see, but where I know myself to be diffusing happiness.”

His wife, Madame Joseph Bonaparte, experienced the same regret in quitting her home ; but Napoleon had spoken, and it was necessary to obey. He had said, “ The house of Naples had ceased to reign, and a new king is given to the two Sicilies.”

The Princess Eliza was the first of his family whom Napoleon preferred to the sovereign dignity. He gave her the republic of Lucca, which he



erected into a principality. When the Princess Caroline saw her eldest sister wearing a sovereign crown, she also must have her ivory forehead similarly decorated. She was made Grand-Duchess of Berg. Then came the turn of the Princess Pauline. The Emperor had actual warfare to sustain on her account. At length she was created Duchess of Guastalla. It was no great thing, to be sure, but even a mole-hill seemed too much for her to govern. If there had been kingdoms in the air, as in the time of the sylphs, she might have been enveloped in a pink and blue cloud, nicely perfumed, and sent to reign in those fortunate regions, where the sceptre of government is a sprig of flowers. This however, did not suit her; her tears and her pretty airs amused her brother for some time; but as it was not in his nature to be patient, he became angry at last.

Then came Madame the Duchess of Cleves; whether it was that there was no Duke of Nemours in her duchy, or whether it was that one of her subjects, daughter of a shoe-maker at Dusseldorf, but a very great lady notwithstanding at the imperial court, had spoken to her on terms of too much equality, she did not much like the lot that had fallen to her, and pleaded hard for a little kingdom. The Princess Eliza discovered that Lucca and Piombino were miserable principalities. She complained; the Princess Caroline complained; the Princess Pauline complained; it was a chorus of grievances.

“ Ah çà ! ” said the Emperor, “ what does all

this mean? Will these ladies never be content? One would think we were really sharing the inheritance of the late king our father!"

One day I had accompanied Madame to St. Cloud, whither she went to dine with the Princess Borghese, who then occupied the ground floor of the palace; the Emperor came there in the evening, and on seeing me, said laughingly:

"Well! Madame Junot, so you are not gone yet?"

"Sire, I am waiting till my daughters are perfectly recovered, and shall then immediately commence my journey."

"Do you know," said Madame, "that you ought to leave me my ladies; here is Madame Junot who has been absent from her duties for a twelvemonth, and you are going to send her to Italy."

"It is not I who send her, it is her own pleasure to go; ask her yourself;" and looking at me with a smile, he made me a very significant sign: in such moments as these his countenance was charming.

"Well! why do you not say that it is yourself who are positively determined to go to Parma?"

"But, Sire, I cannot say what is not true. I have not the smallest inclination to go thither."

He burst into a fit of laughter; a very rare thing with him; for though his smile was becoming, he scarcely ever laughed aloud, if at all.

"And why is it not your pleasure to go, Madame Laurette?" and my poor nose was

pinched to bleeding. "A good wife should always follow her husband ; it is the gospel law."

"Sire, your Majesty will permit me to say that the gospel has nothing to do with this case ; that I am not a good wife in this particular ; and—that perhaps I might be a supernumerary at Parma."

"Ah ! ah ! these gossips have been putting mischief into your head ! why do you listen to them ? Besides the hen should be silent in presence of the cock : if Junot amuses himself at Parma, what is that to you ? Wives must not torment their husbands, or they may make them worse." This he said not looking at me, but with his eyes turned covertly towards the Empress, who like a woman of sense, seemed not to understand him. Scenes of jealousy were becoming frequent ; and to say the truth, not without cause.

I had opened not only my eyes, but my ears to what the Emperor had said. I then knew nothing of what I afterwards learnt ; but the expression of my countenance as I looked at the Emperor, had probably something in it extremely comic, for he again did me the honor of laughing at me.

"Well ! there you are quite stupified about a trifle ! A trifle which you wives make a great concern when you know it, and which is of no consequence whatever when you do not. Now, shall I tell you all, what you ought to say on such occasions ? Do you wish to know ?"

"I listen, Sire."

“ Just nothing ! but if like the rest of your sex you cannot be silent, if you must speak, let it be to approve.”

“ Indeed !” cried Madame.

“ Shocking !” said the Princess Borghese. “ I should like to see Prince Camille bethink himself of expecting me to approve such proceedings.” And she turned round upon her sofa arranging the folds of her shawl.

The Empress said nothing, but she had tears in her eyes ; and I am sure that a single word would have made her weep : which the Emperor did not like. The tears of a woman made a profound impression upon him, and this was why he dreaded them so much. The man who could not without emotion hear the sound of the evening bells, and it is well known that he would frequently stop in his walk in the park at Malmaison, to listen to the church bells of Reuil or Bougival ; the man who often avowed the particular charm he found in seeing a delicate female dressed in white and wandering among the trees ; must needs have naturally possessed a very impressionable heart ; and no doubt he concealed its feelings under a rude and dry exterior, till this rind became a part of his character. But to those who knew him well how profound and sublime are the mysteries of that great soul ; beside a multitude of traits cited by malevolence, and which may be true, because in the course of that life which took no other for model, there were moments when his WILL was capable of breaking through iron.

One remarkable circumstance is, that all the fine talents of our time, however differing in opinion, have avoided attacking the memory of Napoleon. The hero of our poetical literature has lauded him in immortal lines. M. de Lamartine and M. de Châteaubriand have both spoken of him, though as of an enemy, nobly and honorably.

The court was at this time very attentive to all the Emperor's proceedings. At the time of the coronation he was in love as I then stated, and the love was real. During my absence, some trouble had arisen about it. The Empress had been annoyed by the conduct of the favorite lady, who in consequence, had received a recommendation to retire to a watering-place. The Emperor in making this concession was out of humour about it, as the Empress had occasion to feel, when any new cause of jealousy arose, which as report said, was pretty frequently during the journey on account of the Italian coronation; for the Emperor, though his heart had been really touched in one instance, never denied himself any gratification of the kind, and his wanderings were somewhat various. At the time of which I have been speaking then, the imperial family was not quite untroubled.

## CHAPTER V.

The Princess Louis—Person and character of the Grand Duchess of Berg—M. d'Aligre—Project of marriage—Mimicry of the Princess Pauline—Resemblance and dissimilarity in person of the brothers and sisters of the Bonaparte family—Statue of the Princess Borghese by Canova—Figure of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany—Of the Grand Duchess of Berg—Prince Louis recognised King of Holland—The young prince and the fable—*The frogs who asked a king*—Joseph Bonaparte sets out for Naples—His portrait—That of the Queen Julia—Talleyrand—The journey to Parma countermanded—Conversation with the Emperor—The ingratitude of sovereigns—Hints of the government of Paris—Rumours of war—Junot's return.

ALREADY the departure of the Princess Louis was whispered, and although she was about to occupy a throne, her absence could not but be regretted in a court of which she was the life. She reminded me of Henrietta of England.

Not so the Princess Caroline, of all the family she was perhaps the only one who had not learnt to become a princess; she could not leave off the satirical giggle and sneering of the school girl, while her manners were undignified, and her walk the most ungraceful possible. But in self-sufficiency she was perfectly the sovereign lady; she

spoke of herself and of her person with the highest consideration, and with a contemptuous ridicule of others which imposed upon unthinking people. Her decisions upon all points were as inexhaustible as they were injudicious. With an incomparable freshness and that profusion of lilies and roses which were enchanting when she shaded them with a fringe of embroidered tulle lined with pink satin, half enveloped in English point and tied with ribbons of the same color as fresh and charming as her own complexion, with all this her beauty did not please. Her eyes were small, her hair, which in her infancy had been almost white, was now neither light nor dark; and her unfortunate sneer shewed her teeth too much, because though white, they had not the regularity of a string of pearls like those of the Emperor and the Princess Pauline. Her mind remained in its natural state, without any cultivation or instruction, and she never employed herself except in scrawling at random some pencil strokes upon white paper, which her flatterers called drawing; as a child she had vivacity and an engaging manner; and as she began to grow into youth just as her brother as general in chief of the army was drawing worshippers to the star of his family, she had her full share of flatterers; and as some philosophy is required to weed out from the minds of children the seeds of vices and evil habits, hers flourished at their leisure, in spite of the good will of Madame Campan, with whom she was boarded for two years. Madame Campan though a woman of

very superior merits had the great fault of never contradicting the daughters of rich and powerful families who were confided to her.

At this period the court became materially diminished by the departure of the princesses and the two brothers of the Emperor, and the Princess Borghese being always an invalid, and occupied solely with the care of her health, though not a very elegant amusement—on the Princess Caroline alone, or the Grand Duchess of Berg as she chose to be called, rested all the hopes of court gaiety. She then occupied the beautiful palace of the Elysée, where she began to receive the court *en princesse* notwithstanding her sneering vein to which people were obliged to become accustomed.

M. d'Aligre was chamberlain to the princess. I have remarked that the Emperor had a sort of preference without liking for the Faubourg St. Germain; and whoever was of consideration there he was desirous of attaching to the new court. The project of *fusion* of which he was incessantly talking was not to be accomplished by such means. How could he suppose that persons whose opinions, as he well knew, differed in all points from his system, should become attached to him by such insignificant bribery. M. d'Aligre, for example, possessor of a rental of 400,000 livres, was not likely to be much enchanted with the office of carrying the Princess Caroline's white slippers in his pocket, while he was in a condition to act the petty sovereign in his own domain. The Emperor had another object in calling M. d'Aligre



to court ; he proposed to marry his daughter to General Caulaincourt and M. d'Aligre's noble conduct in this affair, amply redeemed the white slippers. The Emperor first had his desire or rather his will notified to him, and finding that the business did not advance, summoned him to his cabinet. M. d'Aligre, a very tall man, became a hundred cubits higher in this private interview with a man like Napoleon, who at this particular period was not only absolute master of all that surrounded him, but exercised a sort of fascination which made every eye drop under the eagle glance of his. But M. d'Aligre was a father, and justly looked upon the paternal authority as the highest of the two then in contact. He refused his daughter to M. de Caulaincourt. The motive was a terrible one, but he had courage enough to speak it out, and the marriage did not take place.

The Emperor was very much dissatisfied with this resistance ; and if Duroc had not opposed the plan, was about to have taken the young lady out of her father's hands, and have commanded the nomination of a family council, conjointly with the imperial attorney-general to dispose of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Aligre, since her father, for reasons which reflected on the honor of the government, refused a match in all respects suitable. The Emperor sometimes, in his first impressions, gave way to terrible explosions of passion ; and so eccentric and unjust would his actions be, under their influence, that his most

faithful servants could not more beneficially display their attachment than in taking upon themselves to supercede proceedings commanded thus *ab irato*. The most curious part of the business is that Caulaincourt was at this moment passionately in love with a beautiful woman whose love was vastly more precious to him than Mademoiselle d'Aligre. He refused the market; and while the Emperor was angry that his authority was compromised between M. d'Aligre and him, M. de Caulaincourt was perfectly determined not to accept the hand which the Emperor was desirous of covering with the bridal glove. How many times during the years which the Empire lasted have I seen unions formed under such auspices become the fruitful sources of misfortune and discord! The Empire has dissolved, although Napoleon had erected it on the basis of one of those monstrous unions which deranges the order of society. And what was the result? To him death on a burning rock; to us misfortune and humiliation.

The Princess Pauline was a complete mimic, which however, was not at all becoming to her. She would rally a brown complexion, though it was neither generous nor in good taste, because her own was very fair. Another raillery to which she often condescended and which had not common sense, particularly in an imperial princess, was mimicking the style of walking of all her female acquaintances. Thus at the rehearsals of the quadrille, she had a full view of every new-comer

from her station at the upper end of the gallery, and made her satirical remarks upon each. "Madame," said I to her one day, looking at the lady who was in waiting upon her; "Madame Lambert is very fortunate in coming with your highness."

The great difference in the figures of the sons and daughters of the Bonaparte family, while their countenances are so similar, is very extraordinary. Their heads are in the same type; the same features, the same eyes, the same expression, (always excepting the Emperor), beyond this nothing can be more unlike. The Princess Borghese is an elegant nymph. Her statue, by Canova, *moulded from herself*, is that of an enchanting being. It has been asserted that the artist corrected defects in the leg and bust. I have seen the legs of the Princess, as I believe have all who were moderately intimate with her, and I have observed no such defects; indeed the perfection of their make may be inferred from her walk, it was slow, because she was indisposed; but the grace of her movement shewed that the members were happily formed. How finely her head was inclined; and how beautifully it turned upon her shoulders! The only imperfection of her person was that the ear wanted its curl.

The Grand-Duchess of Tuscany was ill-made; her bones were square and prominent, and her arms and legs seemed tacked to her body just as it happened.

Then came the Princess Caroline, who proved

that three sisters may resemble each other very much and yet be very dissimilar. Her head required a body at least two inches taller. Her shoulders were certainly fat and fair, but so round and high that her throat was lost in them; and the motion of her head, that motion so graceful in a woman, and above all so important in a princess, became altogether disagreeable and almost vulgar. Her hands were white and mottled, and of that transparent fairness which has something ideal in it, and re-minds one of what we may have dreamt of the inhabitants of the air. Nevertheless, I prefer the hand of the Queen Hortense; it is as fair and more *comme il faut*. Hortense's hand is longer and thinner; but her nails are beautifully made, swelling and surrounding the finger; the joints of her fingers are easy in their movements, and show that the hand is accustomed to the graver, the pencil, the harp, and whatever gives a charm to life; that of the Princess Caroline seems to be made for no other purpose than that of gathering the rose-leaves it resembles.

The brothers were equally 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 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 the Princess Caroline's; and the Prince of Canino, much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibits the same want of harmony in his form as

the Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. There is one point of general resemblance, one countenance, that of Madame-Mère, in which all her eight children might be recognised, not only in the features but in the peculiar expression of each.

Prince Louis Bonaparte was recognised King of Holland on the 5th of June this year. As Frenchmen must laugh at every thing, even at what confers honor upon them, as certainly it did, that Holland should come to ask a chief of us, a jest was going the rounds of all the society of Paris, which seriously offended the Emperor. He did not like this sort of trifling with power; and asserted that from the moment we laugh at our governors we despise them. I have frequently heard him express himself to this effect, and I think correctly.

Holland sent her ambassadors on the occasion; the court was at St. Cloud, where the Emperor received the deputation with great delight. I believe he was more fond of Prince Louis than of any of his brothers, except Joseph; and his affection for the Princess Louis and her children was paternal. So fine a kingdom as that of Holland was a noble proof of attachment to offer to his brother and sister-in-law. He did not very well understand a system of resistance to his will; he expected implicit obedience, and considered that his family should find their happiness in it. But he found in his brothers an obstinate resistance to his authority founded upon honor and their consciences. The conduct of Louis in Holland is

worthy of the highest eulogium ; Holland still remembers it with gratitude.

The Emperor in giving audience to the deputies, expressed the greatest kindness towards them, and to mark his good will the more strongly, presented to them the young Prince Louis Napoleon, with special injunctions to be very aimable and very sociable to persons who were come to invite his father and him to reign over them. For a prince of five years old to be amiable, implies the recitation of some fable, verses, or other specimen of his learning, which the courtiers are bound to admire ; and the young prince, it is said, without requiring to be pressed bowled out the fable of *the frogs who asked a King of Jupiter*.

It is, however, a singular thing, that I have never been able to ascertain whether this was a fact : the Emperor was so much out of humour about the jest that I dared not make very particular inquiries. I was acquainted with the persons belonging to the service of the young prince, but not sufficiently for confidential intercourse. But at least it is certain that the affair was long looked upon as true, and was comical enough.

I have already spoken of the departure of Prince Joseph for Naples where he was now become King ; I have not yet delineated the domestic circle of this elder brother of Napoleon ; of him, who would have been the chief of the Bonaparte family, if the great man had not displaced him.

Joseph Bonaparte like all his brothers was born in Corsica ; but speaks French with less of a

foreign accent that any Corsican I ever knew. You would seldom see a better figure; it is that of the Princess Borghese with the masculine strength and expression. His smile is lively and intelligent like that of the Emperor, perhaps more mild, as is natural from the perfect serenity of his heart.

Entering upon life at a period when disorder was triumphant, and servility and impudence were alike the road to power, his first actions gave hopes of a disposition of humanity and beneficence, which the subsequent course of his life has fully confirmed. He is well-read, not only in our literature, but in that of Italy and England. His studies always seriously pursued were continued much beyond the term prescribed by custom. He loves poetry, and the belles-lettres, and takes pleasure in surrounding himself with learned and scientific men. His house was in this respect even more agreeable than that of Lucien, although he did not compose as his brother did. In short, King Joseph was a man whom in all times and in all countries, one would be gratified to meet, happy to be acquainted with, and proud to acknowledge as a friend.

It has been said that his character is weak and false. He has goodness of heart, gentleness, clemency, and accuracy of judgment. These qualities except the latter, could but be mischievous to him in a revolted country, over which he was called to govern by the aid of force and constraint. His conduct, during his unfortunate reign in Spain,

was nevertheless, admirable. The situation of Napoleon's brothers has always been painful as soon as they have been placed upon a throne: he wished to make them sovereigns; and insisted upon the submission of prefects. But he met with a resistance from them which did them honor.

The Prince of Canino was the first. He loudly proclaimed that his affections were free; and were entitled to be so; and remained nobly faithful to his conjugal vow. I am not here supposing it anything remarkable to be an honest man; but when all the temptations employed to seduce him are taken into account, I am disposed to think that many of those who consider the matter a very simple one, might have yielded to them.

King Joseph left France with great regret. I have already said, he entreated his brother not to force a crown upon him: "Let me reign at Mortefontaine;" he reiterated. I knew him at Mortefontaine; where his mild philosophy and great goodness were conspicuous. He was a good father; even a good husband notwithstanding the reports to the contrary; and a constant friend, never forgetting old times, but recalling them himself with infinite grace. I had a proof of this in his intercourse with my brother, M. de Permon, with whom he had been intimately acquainted in 1793 and 1794; I still possess letters of his, addressed at that time, to my mother and brother; and his conduct as imperial prince was worthy the writer of those letters. King Joseph's various good



qualities are so much the more to be respected as they are based upon virtuous principles.

Among the unfortunate part of the population of Paris, the name of the Princess Joseph Queen of Spain is well known ; all such as were existing when she lived at Paris, and who reside there still will not fail to remember the virtues of this angel of benevolence. Without being handsome she was charming ; because refusing obedience to that old law which requires a woman to be handsome because she is a woman, she has replaced it by the obligation of being virtuous, charitable and perfectly indulgent. A stranger to none of the peaceful and domestic virtues, devoted to retirement by taste and study, she did not conceive that a mother could delegate to a stranger her task of developing in the heart of her young daughter those virtues which are one day to adorn the wife and mother. The quality of a sovereign being joined to those relations, was in her opinion an additional motive of solicitude for her children.

“ I will answer for them to the subjects who may one day be under their government ;” said she. “ The sceptre is heavy in robust hands, how much more so in those that are feeble, if they are not assisted by the extraneous force which virtue only can afford them.

The Queen Julia, (she was so called to distinguish her from the Queen of Spain, Maria-Louisa, wife of Charles IV,) is amongst those women for whose characters I have the greatest respect. I have studied her long and closely in

the intimacy of friendship ; and I have known her at a later period surrounded with a blaze of power which, instead of producing a change in my opinion only made her appear to greater advantage. She was conscious of the importance of the art of commanding, but rejecting all adventitious aids, she placed it in genuine modesty and dignity of sentiment. She disliked shew, whether in her actions or her dress. Always simply attired, she wore jewels only when necessary to the due illustration of her rank. The Emperor held her in high esteem, and was affectionately attached to her. Her husband venerated and loved her dearly. He has had a somewhat stormy life, it is true, as a man of pleasure ; but his natural goodness of heart always preserved him from exposures which might have given pain to his wife. He loved her as a friend, and as the mother of his daughters ; and I am sure that if, at the present time, drawing towards the close of their season of pleasing, the married couple were again thrown together, they would be as happy as those sceptred partners, whose felicity is lauded in prose and verse.

The Queen Julia's departure for Naples was a great grief to Madame-Mère, who, since the death of Madame Lucien, loved her more than any of her other daughters-in-law. Madame did not love the Empress Josephine ; though to say the truth, the conduct of the Empress towards her had since the coronation been every thing she could desire. Whether her own good fortune made her more

affectionate towards her relatives, or whether the Emperor had commanded it, it is certain that a great improvement was perceptible in the Empress's attentions to Madame. But these expressions of politeness, these calculating kindnesses, could not fill the void created by the deprivations of a friendship perfectly filial and maternal.

Some time before Junot's return, we had a foretaste of the Emperor's projects of nobility, not only by the creation of some orders of chivalry, but also by the almost feudal investiture of M. de Talleyrand. It was in the month of June, 1806, that this man, whom Napoleon then believed devoted to himself and his dynasty, was named by him Prince of Benevento.

“ NAPOLEON, Emperor, &c. &c.,—desirous of  
“ giving to our Great-Chamberlain and Minister of  
“ Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, a proof of our good-  
“ will for the services he has rendered to our  
“ crown, we transfer to him the principality of  
“ Benevento, with the title of prince and duke, to  
“ hold as an immediate fief of our crown. He will  
“ take an oath between our hands, to serve us as a  
“ good and loyal subject.”

M. de Talleyrand did indeed take this oath.

I met by accident with a certificate given to M. de Talleyrand, by the National Convention: it proves that all our governments have had cause to be well pleased with him.

“ The National Convention, recognising that  
“ the citizen Charles-Maurice Talleyrand-Perigord,  
“ (ex-bishop of Autun) has powerfully seconded

“ the revolution by his noble conduct as citizen  
“ and ecclesiastic, and appreciating besides the  
“ motives which have removed him from France,  
“ authorise his return.”

This certificate is dated the 4th of September, 1795. It was to the generous efforts of Madame de Staël that M. de Talleyrand owed his return.

I was one evening employed in giving orders for my departure, and about to commence my journey in two days, when General Bertrand, the aide-de-camp to the Emperor was announced. He was amiable, extremely polite, and generally liked by his acquaintances. I always met him with pleasure, but he did not visit me, and as he was not at that time a married man, I seldom saw him except at the Tuileries ; I was therefore a little surprised at his visit ; which he probably observed, for he said to me, with a smile :

“ However desirous I might be to pay my respects to you, I should have waited Junot’s arrival before I presented myself here ; but I come by superior orders.”

“ And by what possibility,” I exclaimed, “ can a superior order and I have any thing in common ?”

“ The Emperor commands you to give up your journey.”

“ That is a little less alarming. Do you know if Junot is about to return ?”

“ I know nothing whatever on the subject.”

“ Officially, I dare say you do not, but what says report ? ”

“ Nothing, to my knowledge. We are as silent

as in the old government of Venice ; therefore I know absolutely nothing ; but I can guess.”

“ What ? ”

“ That there is nothing but what bodes good in the delay of your journey.”

General Bertrand left me. I remained some time by the bed-side of my daughters. Josephine, though recovered, was still but convalescent, and I was rejoiced not to be obliged to expose her to the fatigue of so long a journey. It was the 7th of July, and the heat was oppressive.

As my departure was indefinitely delayed, I resumed my duties, and took my turn the following week in waiting upon Madame.

I accompanied her on Sunday to the family dinner at the Tuileries. We dined at a table at which the Empress's lady of honor presided ; and afterwards repaired to the Emperor's saloon in waiting. On this day, the Emperor sent for me into the cabinet where the Princesses were. He was standing before the chimney, though there was no fire, and was observing my curtsies of ceremony with an air of mockery, almost provoking.

“ Well ! Madame Junot, people always improve by travelling ; how gracefully you curtsey now ! Does she not, Josephine ? ” and he turned towards the Empress. Is she not elegant ? No longer a little girl, but Madame l'Ambassadrice !—Madame ——, and he looked at me with an expression so sly, and almost subtle, that I blushed without knowing why.

“ Well ! what would you like to be called ? I suppose you know, that there are not many names worthy to supersede that of Madame l’Ambassadrice ? ”

In pronouncing these words, he raised his voice ; but he was evidently in high good humour. Never perhaps, had I seen him so disposed to chat gaily. He still looked at me, and I smiled. I knew him, and though it would not do to go too far with him, I knew he did not like too much reserve. He smiled also, and no doubt understood me, for he immediately said :

“ Oh ! I know very well that you wish to learn why you are not upon your travels ; is it not so ? ”

“ It is true, Sire, and I even wish to ask your Majesty, whether we poor women are also subject to military discipline ? because otherwise—— ”

I cannot describe the suddenness of his interruption. His look and his words were like lightning ; all his gaiety of humour seemed have disappeared in a second.

“ Well ! what would you do then ? ”

“ I should set out, Sire,” I replied, very tranquilly, for he never intimidated me to the extent of being unable to answer him. His good humour returned immediately.

“ Faith, I have a great inclination to let you : ” said he, laughing ; “ but no : stay at home, and take care of your children ; they are ill, says the *Signora Letizia* ; the Empress avers that my god-daughter is the prettiest little girl in Paris ; now I deny that she is prettier than my niece Letitia.”

The Empress said nothing ; but it was evident she was disposed to say that Josephine was the prettiest, and in my quality of mother I was of the same opinion. Madame declared, that the two little girls were equally pretty. The fact is, that the young Princess Letitia was beautiful as the loves of Guido or Corregio ; but my Josephine was charming too.

“ You have not told me whether you are satisfied with Madame Junot, *Signora Letizia* ? And are you very glad to be placed about my mother ?” added he, addressing me.

For answer, I took the hand of Madame, and kissed it with as much tenderness and respect as if she had been my mother. The excellent woman drew me towards her and embraced me.

“ She is a good child,” said she, “ and I shall take pains to prevent her being wearied in my service.”

“ Yes, yes,” said the Emperor, pinching my ear ; “ but be careful in particular that she does not go to sleep in overlooking your *eternal reversis and in gazing till she is blind upon that picture of David's, which, however, is a speaking lesson to those who shed their blood in battles ; it reminds us that all sovereigns are ungrateful.*”\*

I was thunderstruck ! I had said these very words only two evenings before, in a house that I will not name and in a party of four persons

\* The picture, purchased by Lucien, and left by him in the saloon of the Hotel de Brienne is the Belisarius of David.

only, whom for the same reason I will not name. I remained thoroughly stupified, however, and not a little embarrassed. But I have always remarked that the Emperor never took offence unless he had the leisure, inclination and opportunity to punish. At that time my words had no ill effect upon him, he only said with a serious and very affectionate expression of manner, "They are not all so."

Madame, who was not always quite mistress of what was passing, owing to her difficulty in following the conversation in the French tongue, understood from the expressive countenance of her son, that something remarkable had been said, and she took up the conversation :

"Ah!" said she, "Junot has no reason to fear being forgotten by us! I shall remember to the end of my life the day when he came weeping and kissing my hands to tell me that you were in prison. He wished to deliver you or to die with you. Oh from that day I took him to my heart as a sixth son."

"Yes, said the Emperor, Junot is a faithful and loyal friend, and a brave fellow! Adieu, Madame Junot, adieu;" and making a sign with his hand, he smiled affectionately on me as he withdrew to his private cabinet. In opening the door he stopped again, and looking at me as I curtsied to him, he added: "But this court of Lisbon has made you quite a court lady, do you know that, Madame Junot?"

On my return home, this long conversation,



or rather this scene made me reflect upon what several of my friends had been saying for some days past. It was whispered that Junot was appointed Governor of Paris : reports of war were also heard ; but at this time all political news was so doubtful and so cautiously hinted, that nothing could be received as authentic till it was no longer a secret from any one. It was also said that the movements in Paris would have made no noise during the campaign, if Junot had been at the head of its military government. The Emperor's confidence in his courage was equal to that he reposed in his fidelity, and in fact, such a choice would accord well with a probable military absence of the Emperor, when it was important that the place should be filled not only by a person devoted to the Emperor, but by one whose character being well-known to the Parisians would form a mutual guarantee to them and to Napoleon.

A few days after this conversation, I was gone to spend the evening with a friend, when a message was brought me announcing Junot's arrival. As it was very fine, and I had sent away my carriage, I immediately set out on foot on my return home. In the Rue de Choiseul I met my husband who, impatient to see me, had put himself into the carriage which was coming to fetch me. He asked me if I had any notions which could lead him to guess the track he ought to take, as he was totally ignorant of the cause of his recall. I told him the few words that General Bertrand had

said upon the subject and we agreed that there could be nothing alarming in it. The next day Junot went to the Tuileries, and the Emperor received him with the most cordial kindness.

“ Ah !” said he, on his return home, as he had already said at Arras, “ gladly would I give my life for that man.”

The Emperor, however, had said nothing, he had merely given him a gracious and affectionate welcome, and had infused into the interview the character of that amicable confidence which marked the happy days of the army of Italy.

Many reports were afloat at the time, and every one had his own conjectures. Prince Louis had been recognised King of Holland ; he was therefore no longer governor of Paris ; a sort of overture on this subject was made to Junot by the Princess Caroline, upon which he remarked to me : “ Of all the favors the Emperor could grant me, this would be the one I should prefer ; to be governor of Paris would be the highest point of my ambition.”

But still the Emperor said nothing. He treated Junot with the greatest kindness, but not one word escaped as to the reason of his being recalled from Parma, where he was still wanted. The Emperor, however, never saw him without closely questioning him about this insignificant corner of Italy. It seemed as if a species of prescience intuitively attracted his attention to the last asylum of that daughter of the Cæsars who was to share with him the greatest throne in the world.

## CHAPTER VI.

Junot appointed Governor of Paris—The Emperor's observations—Paris the first city in the world—The Russian Preliminaries—St. Euphemia and General Reigner—Massena and Gaëta—The twelve Mayors and the Prefect of Paris—Junot's emotion—Extracts from the Minutes of a Secretary of State—Junot named to the first Military Division—Berthier's Letter—The Necklace of Pearls or Diamonds—The Refusal—The Basket of Flowers and the Breakfast Service of Porcelaine—Honor done to Junot and me by the twelve Mayors and the Prefect—Madame la Gouverneuse—Kindness of the Emperor—Departure for Pont—The Château de Pont—Death of Madame de St. Pern—Mode of Life at Pont—Gianni the Improvisator—An excursion on donkeys—A journey with Madame de Brissac—Russian Correspondence indiscreetly avowed—M. Millin.

AT length the mystery of Junot's arrival was explained, in a manner most triumphant to himself, and gratifying to his friends, to the confusion of his enemies and detractors. He was appointed governor of Paris on the 19th of July, 1806; the Emperor, on announcing this preferment to him, took him kindly by the hand and addressed him in these remarkable words:

“ Junot, you are governor of Paris, which I wish to make the first city in the world; I have nominated you to this important post because I

know you, and I know that under your administration my good Parisians will be treated as your children. They love and esteem you, and will I am sure, be pleased to see his former functions in the hands of the man to whom, on parting with him, they presented a sword bearing so striking an inscription as that which is engraved on its blade. My friend, you must deserve another such mark of their esteem."

The day after this appointment, it was announced that Russia had signed the preliminaries of peace with France. The news made a great impression upon change, and naturally, because it was manifest, that unsustained by Russia, Prussia could not take up arms; and notwithstanding the great affair of the Confederation of the Rhine, I heard it repeated on all sides, that it was still very important that Europe should remain some time in peace. The case was different in the south; for the insurrection which the agents of King Ferdinand had been long preparing in Calabria, had been the forerunner of the battle of St. Euphemia, one of the most painful strokes the Emperor had experienced. It was the first time that the English troops had beaten ours by land: we lost five thousand men in the combat, and the English did not lose one thousand. General Reigner commanded our forces. "Reigner is always unfortunate," said the Emperor. Happily Massena took Gaëta ten or twelve days afterwards.

The Emperor made a correct estimate of the satisfaction the city of Paris would experience in learning the appointment of Junot. As soon as it

was known, the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, at the head of the twelve mayors, came to see him, and express their joy upon the occasion. I shall never forget the emotion, with which Junot, coming to my apartment after this visit of the prefect and mayors, took me in his arms, and shed an abundance of tears upon my shoulders. " Ah !" said he, " what a blessing it is to weep for joy ! what happiness have I just experienced in finding the little good I have been the means of doing, rewarded by the attachment and esteem of my fellow-citizens."

A peculiarity marked the appointment of Junot to the government of Paris. It issued immediately from the cabinet of the Emperor, without the intervention of any of the ministers. It proceeded therefore from the office of the Secretary of State, as do the nominations of the ministers. This is the copy of the original :

*" Extract from the Minister of the Secretary of State's office.*

" At the Palais of St. Cloud, 19th July 1806.

" NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, we have decreed and do decree as follows :

" The General of Division Junot, Grand Officer of the Empire, Colonel-General of the Hussars, is named Governor of Paris.

*" Signed*                    NAPOLEON.

" By the Emperor, the Secretary of State,

" HUGUES B. MARET.

" The Minister of War,

" MARSHAL BERTHIER.

“ *By duplicate,*

“ The Inspector-in-Chief of the Reviews, Secretary General.

“ DENNIÉE.

Such was the form of this nomination. That which followed it ten days afterwards, as a new proof of the Emperor's confidence, came in the ordinary routine through the office of the minister of war. It was the command of the first military division ; being the only instance of this command being united to the government of Paris. The first division then extended beyond Orleans, I believe even to Blois or Tours.

Berthier, whom the Emperor had just named Sovereign Prince of Neuchatel, and who was enchanted at being able to style himself serene highness, wrote a congratulatory letter to Junot, which I transcribe from the original ; it is curious as a specimen of Berthier's sentiments at this period. He was then at Munich.

“ My dear Junot,

“ If I am not the first to whom you have imparted the new mark of esteem and friendship you have received from the Emperor, no one could have heard it with more pleasure, on your account and on that of the Emperor himself. *Who feels more affection for him than we do?* I am happy when I see his true friends watching over his safety.

“ I embrace you, my dear Junot, with all my

heart. My respects to your wife. Preserve to me that old friendship which defies time, distance, and circumstances.

“ Your friend,

“ ALEXANDER BERTHIER,

“ Prince of Neuchatel.

Munich, 30th July, 1806.

Some days after the appointment of Junot, a lady of my acquaintance made me a morning visit, when Junot was from home. She told me that the city of Paris, desirous of expressing its satisfaction and perhaps also of thanking me personally for what I had done in the winter of 1803, begged me to say, whether I should prefer as a present, a necklace of pearls or of diamonds.

“ My choice is easily made,” replied I, “ I will accept neither the one nor the other.”

“ Why? do not refuse before you have seen Junot. Consult him.”

“ If it will give you any satisfaction I will ; but I warn you, that you will meet with a more peremptory refusal from him than from me ; it is doubtful if he would not be offended.”

It proved as I had predicted. On Junot's return, the affair was opened to him. His first answer was an expression of anger. The next a direct refusal. It was no longer the sword, with its simple and affecting inscription that was in question.

Frochot who had been the instigator of the question was vexed. “ Well!” said he, “ we will

say no more about it. Madame Junot will accept a breakfast service of porcelaine and some flowers for her fête, on which day we intend to felicitate her. Neither she nor the General can refuse them."

We must indeed have been very bad tempered to do so. It was an interchange of marks of attachment. The municipal council knew that Junot distributed through my hands, more than 20,000 francs in the year in alms, and the gratitude of the city was expressed through its organ.

On the 10th of August then, St. Laurence's day, the prefect of the Seine, (M. Frochot), came, at the head of the twelve mayors, at noon precisely to congratulate me on my fête. It was one of those moments of my life in which I have been the most deeply affected. I know not how I replied to Frochot's witty compliment, I remember only my emotion. He presented me with a basket, three feet and a half in diameter, filled with artificial flowers, most admirably executed, the immense mass it contained, may be easily imagined. On each side of the basket, was placed a flower pot, the one containing an orange tree, the other a pomegranate tree.

"You have permitted us to offer you some flowers," said M. Frochot, "and though this is the season when it is easy to procure fresh ones, we have preferred giving you these, that the pledge of our homage may be the more lasting."

Years have elapsed since this day, but never will my memory or my heart lose the impression of it.



M. Frochot added that the breakfast service, which the city of Paris proposed presenting to me, was to have the city arms upon each piece, and required therefore a longer time in preparation, "But we hope," said he, "that it will be ready under a month."

"Well! *Madame la Gouverneuse*," said the Emperor to me, when I went on St. Napoleon's day to pay my court to him, "so you enact the petty sovereign."

I was dismayed, for after the pleasure I had experienced in the attention of Frochot and the twelve mayors, it would have been very distressing to me if the Emperor had taken it amiss; but on looking up, I perceived that his countenance was illuminated with that amiable and charming smile, it was so delightful to contemplate.

"It is right, quite right; I perfectly approve of that which is honorable being honored. Junot holds the first place about me, after Berthier; do you know that, *Madame la Gouverneuse*?"

This was the appellation by which he almost always called me. From the period of my return from Portugal, he was always very kind to me, and was continually saying something agreeable. Thus in the present instance, he seemed perfectly well pleased with this proceeding of the mayors, which was repeated on the 1st of January following, and subsequently on every New-year's day and 10th of August; and always with the Emperor's approbation.

I received, at this time, a letter from Madame

de Fontanges, desiring me to join Madame-Mère at Pont-sur-Seine, where she was passing the summer. It was not my turn to be in waiting, but Madame de St. Pern had been taken extremely ill at Pont, and according to appearance, it would be long before she would be able to resume her attendance. I left Junot, to be in his turn nurse to his daughters, for I would not take them with me, though Madame had offered me an apartment large enough to accommodate them; but I had heard observations upon this subject, and I knew that children are very troublesome to strangers. Besides Junot had given himself a sprain, which would confine him to the sofa, for the greater part of the time I should be with Madame, and I left him without fears either for him or for them. Madame Campan had procured me a young governess, an English catholic, uniting, said Madame Campan, all the qualities desirable in an instructress, but I was not to see her, or to take her into my house till the month of October. I therefore left my daughters under the care of Junot and of Fanchette the nurse; and took with me only a *femme-de-chambre* and a valet.

I cannot tell how such a *chateau* as that of Pont came to be purchased for the mother of the sovereign of France. The building is handsome undoubtedly; but a fine heap of free-stone does not of itself constitute an agreeable residence. It stands in the department of the Aube, four leagues from Provins, and seven or eight from Troyes, and has no recommendation except its situation

on the banks of the Seine. Perhaps before the revolution it might have been a tolerably pleasant habitation, because it probably had a park, or at least some trees, admitting the possibility of walking under their shade. But when Madame became its possessor there was in the whole domain, but one alley, and that very short and formed of trees which scarcely afforded any shade ; walking therefore was out of the question, at any time before sunset. All the trees in the park had been cut down in the time of universal destruction ; and as notwithstanding our new lights, we have not yet learnt to recreate as expeditiously as to overthrow, it follows that we must wait a hundred years for the shade which a moment's caprice has deprived us of.

The chateau de Pont once belonged to Prince Xavier of Saxony. It is near Brienne, that Brienne where the Emperor passed the first years of his youth. Was it for the purpose of enabling her to return the attentions which Madame de Brienne had lavished upon the young Napoleon that Madame was placed there ? I know not ; but if so, the purpose was ill answered. Madame de Brienne was a petty sovereign in her demesne, the beauty of which was truly royal. Her harsh and disagreeable countenance was in accordance with her demi royal air and uncourteous manners. Madame visited her the first and second years of her residence at Pont, and was received with great magnificence ; but however well pleased she might appear to be while there, Madame always

returned discontented from these visits. I thought I could guess the cause: the remembrance of former times, when Napoleon obtained an exhibition at Brienne, and when M. Bonaparte the father, wrote to the minister of war to request a continuation of that exhibition for one of his younger sons, probably rose as a barrier against any familiarity between Madame and Madame de Brienne.

Madame de St. Pern's illness might have been easily cured if it had been taken in time, but it was neglected. Instead of putting herself into a coach on the first shivering fit, she yielded to Madame's well meant hospitality, remained at Pont and daily grew worse. Madame's intentions were the kindest possible; she knew that Madame de St. Pern was not rich and she was desirous of sparing her the expense of a journey and of an illness: but she died in a fortnight after her attack. I lamented her sincerely: she was a thoroughly amiable woman, and unhappy through the medium of those affections which usually form the blessing of women. Unfortunate mother! with what regret did she leave her children exposed to all the difficulties of that life she had found so bitter.

The days were passed at Pont in a monotonous and dull routine, which might have been thought wearisome by a person of my age. But I may be allowed to observe here, that I have never in my life been subject to the inroads of *ennui*. We rose when it suited us; and breakfasted at half-past eleven o'clock, that is to say at noon; when

all the society of the chateau assembled. These personages were M. and Madame de Brissac, M. Guieu the secretary, the Count de la Ville, General Casabianca, and M. Campi. The latter a man of capacity and honesty ; a republican of the old stock, and of almost Spartan austerity of manners ; he drank nothing but water and eat no animal food. Besides these were the Baroness de Fontanges and Mademoiselle Delaunay the reader, an agreeable inmate, whose talents were invaluable in this retreat where we were almost lost to the world.

A piece of good fortune, which I was very far from expecting, befell us in the arrival of Gianni. I had heard of him as the cleverest improvisator of Italy, and was very desirous of meeting him. "Take care of yourself, Madame Junot," said Madame bending towards my ear on the day of his arrival ; "are you in the family way ?" I made a sign that I was not. "That is lucky," she continued, "for you are about to see a sort of monster." And in fact the poet was prodigiously ugly. He was four feet high, with an enormous bust, swelling into a hump behind and a hump before ; arms that would have enabled him to tie his shoes without stooping ; and a face that was no disparagement to all this deformity.

Another person who came at the same time, contributed much to the pleasure of our society by his extreme kindness and politeness, this was Cardinal Fesch. I have seldom met with a more amiable and inoffensive man, or one more desirous

of doing good. The Emperor was unjust in not acknowledging the validity of his motives in his defence of his rights. But whatever fell out at a later period, at Pont he was a charming auxiliary in finding agreeable occupation for hours that might have proved tedious.

After breakfast needle work was introduced and sometimes, in very hot weather Madame played at cards. Then we separated to our own apartments or went to make visits. Then came the toilet, and dinner time; and afterwards in the long summer evenings a ride in open carriages on the banks of the Seine, or in the woods towards the Paraclete. This ancient abbey which the names of Heloise and Abelard have rendered so celebrated was at this time the property of a man, whose manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, had not much in common with his predecessors; this was the author and actor, Monvel.

Gianni, inspired by the memory of Heloise, proposed an excursion to the Paraclete: the assent was general. But as the distance was rather considerable, it was necessary to contrive how it should be traversed. "On donkeys;" said Gianni.

It was agreed and "Yes, on donkeys," was repeated in chorus.

All the cabbage-carriers of the neighbourhood were put in requisition, and on the appointed day twenty donkeys in most miserable plight were assembled in the court of the chateau. I do not remember whether Madame de Brissac was of the

party, but I shall never forget Gianni's hunch protruding between the ears of his ass. Madame, was in an open carriage. It was a lovely day, and we set out on our peregrination in high spirits; my donkey, however, was not in the same case; he had been accustomed I suppose to carry dung to the kitchen garden, for no other road could he be persuaded to take, and made a most desperate resistance to all attempts at putting him in motion on the high way. At last the quarrel became so vehement, that we parted company, the glory of the day being all on his side. Gianni was twenty paces from me; and the provoking man, instead of dismounting to my assistance, kept his seat upon his ass, looking at me a few seconds, as I lay upon the ground and exclaimed:

*Laura d' un asino in giù caddè  
Perchè per gli asini LAURO non è.*

We know that Plutarch often used the name of Laura for *alloro*, or *lauro*.

*Ho perduto il verde Lauro  
Ch' er' al mio fianco alta colonna.*

Though almost stunned by the fall I could not forbear laughing at this grotesque personage perorating from his ass; which, much better behaved than mine, did not stir a foot during the improvisation. I was however dreadfully shaken, and the traitor beast, had bruised me all over. Madame, on reaching the theatre of my discomfiture, would not permit me to mount again, and

I was bled, for my head had fallen upon a stone. She was all maternal kindness to me in this instance as in every other, or at least if, which very rarely happened, she was otherwise, it was always my own fault.

At the expiration of my month's service I requested permission to return to Junot : my house required my presence. Since my husband had been governor of Paris, he had but once received company, and then without the proper ceremonial : it was necessary I should preside. Madame understood all this admirably ; and I set out the next day taking with me Madame de Brissac, who for the first time in her life, resolved upon a separation of a few days from her husband. But I did not know what I was undertaking when I offered her a seat in my carriage. The evening before we set out M. de Brissac said to me : " Allow me to entreat you to moderate your pace to-morrow on Madame de Brissac's account ; she is rather timid in travelling ; and you will do me a great favor if you will not permit your horses to gallop."

" My horses," I replied, " are post-horses, and I believe have not much taste for galloping ; but make yourself easy about your lady, I will take care of her."

Notwithstanding this warning it was quite impossible to foresee the absurdity of what was to follow. As we set out very early in the morning I got into my carriage in the stable yard which we left at a foot pace ; but we no sooner reached



the high road than the postillions put their horses upon the full trot although I had expressly forbidden them to do so, because a postillion supposes you are making game of him when you order him to drive slowly. Suddenly, at the first jolt, Madame de Brissac seized me by the arm, screaming for mercy. At first, I thought she was mad, but then what her husband had said, recurred to my mind, and I began laughing, and endeavouring to make her quit her hold, for she hurt me frightfully. "Do pray," said I, "sit down;" (she was standing upright in the carriage, and was short enough to do so without touching the top of it,) it is impossible that you should travel twenty leagues in this fashion."

Another jolt threw her upon me. I took her in my arms, and seated her in spite of her resistance; but the next minute she was clinging to me again, griping and pinching me more unmercifully than ever. At first, I laughed at her, but as this folly continued, and my arms and shoulders were really suffering from it, I grew angry; but I had to deal with a child incapable of listening to reason, and I had no alternative but to endure her cries and convulsions or to proceed at a foot pace. I preferred the first as the lesser evil, for it was important to me to reach Paris to dinner, and to satisfy Madame de Brissac we should have been three days on the road. At length we alighted at my house where she did me the favor of staying to dine. I was delighted to offer her the hospitalities

of my table, but I internally resolved that nothing should induce me to be her travelling companion again.

“ Well ! *Madame la Gouverneuse*, so you let yourself be thrown by an ass ?” said the Emperor, the first time I went to the Tuileries. As certainly he would not have taken the trouble of making particular inquiries into what concerned me personally, it was evident, from this remark that he knew all the daily occurrences within his mother’s family.

On arriving at Paris I heard an important piece of news : I learnt it at Paris, because at Pont Madame made a rule that politics should never be spoken : it was, that Russia had refused to ratify the preliminaries of peace signed at Paris on the 20th of July. I was at that time in the habit of receiving frequent letters from Russia. The Emperor, who knew ALL that was passing, to an extent that I can scarcely conceive, even now that I am acquainted with the wires which moved all his machines, sometimes asked me, jestingly, whether I had news from Petersburg or Moscow.

“ Will your Majesty permit me to tell you the very expressions of a letter received from Moscow only the day before yesterday ?”

“ Certainly.”

“ The Russians profess, Sire, that if the Emperor Alexander would only lead them to the Vistula, they would be in Paris in two months.” The Emperor, looking at me with an expression to which it is impossible to do justice ; said slowly :

“ Have you really received a letter from Russia in which they write any thing so absurd? You must be in correspondence with fools.”

“ By no means, Sire. The writer of the sentence I have had the honour to repeat to your Majesty, is the Count Novosilzoff, correspondent of the Institute of France and one of the most scientific men in Europe.”

The next day General Duroc called, and asked me why I had made such a report to the Emperor. “ Because, such a letter has really arrived from Russia.”

“ I suppose so, but certainly not to you ; for I am quite sure you are not troubling yourself with politics, which would be tiresome to you, and very displeasing to the Emperor.”

“ The most correct part of this fine speech is that political letters would be tiresome to me ; for if I liked politics, I really do not see why my Russian correspondents should not write on that subject as well as about balls and fêtes. But to comfort you, I will tell you that this alarming letter, though it did really come from Moscow was not addressed to me but to my friend Millin. You know I have often spoken of this correspondence partly scientific and partly political disputation. I have read the letter however, and the words are such as I have described.”

The result of my indiscretion was an inquiry extremely disagreeable to my poor friend Millin. A multitude of explanations were required of him which distressed him exceedingly, for he was one of the discreetest and most peaceable of men ; and

he was fearful that his friends at Moscow would be made uneasy, at least sufficiently so to be dissatisfied with him. It will be easily imagined that I was much concerned at having permitted my vanity to lead me into this ridiculous boast, which had caused so much mischief. I acknowledged my fault and my regret for having acted so ridiculous a part ; and my good friend pardoned, because he loved me ; an affection which I sincerely returned.

M. Millin was a good friend, a good son, a good brother, and an upright conscientious man ; qualities which have been acknowledged by all who were admitted to his intimacy. Profoundly learned in the numismatic science, he has left several works which will for ever be prized in the libraries of the learned.

## CHAPTER VII.

Death of Mr. Fox—Reflections on this event—Mr. Pitt—The Jews—The Grand Sanhedrim—Marmont's victory in Illyria—Discontents in the South—The Lion angry—The Emperor leaves Paris—Order of service in his absence—Napoleon and Henry IV—Cambaceres—The Chateau of Raincy—Madame Lallemand—Prussian irresolution—Prince Louis of Prussia—Junot's distress on being left at Paris—His maps and plans—His attachment to Napoleon—The Battle of Jena—Bernadotte—Flight of the Prussians—Letters from head quarters—Fall of Lubeck and Magdeburg—The Emperor Alexander—The National Guard re-organised—A clue to enigmas—The Berlin decree of Blockade—Murat enters Warsaw.

MANY changes took place soon after my return to Paris from Pont. A great event had just changed the face of affairs in Europe; Mr. Fox was dead. As minister of Great Britain since the death of Mr. Pitt, he had conducted the government on a different principle from that of his rival. From the commencement of the French revolution these two statesmen had entertained different views upon the conduct which the cabinet of St. James's ought to adopt respecting it. He was at that period the most distinguished orator of the House of Commons, and all his

speeches there, proved how unbiassed his judgment was by passion or prejudice, and how entirely it was guided by the interests of his country and of Europe. He was averse to war, asserting that instead of repressing the revolution, it was necessary to direct its course. He perceived that Europe was verging towards a point which she would certainly reach, and towards which it would be more desirable to assist her march than to attempt to impose upon her a retrograde movement. "A torrent," said he, on the 24th of January 1793, "commits ravages only when a channel has not been prepared for it."

Mr. Fox was perhaps less profound, less skilful in the conduct of affairs than Mr. Pitt; but he had great acuteness of intellect and much more uprightness and frankness than Mr. Pitt. As prime minister after the death of his rival, he opened negotiations which proved his honest desire to re-establish amicable relations between France and England. His death broke them off, and the spirit of Mr. Pitt returned to the guidance of the British cabinet. This was a great crisis for Europe.

It was at this moment that a fact of little importance in itself, shewed the extent of Napoleon's views and of the measures by which he was likely to promote them. The principal Rabbins of the Jewish people had held a meeting in the preceding July for the purpose of deciding upon the demands they should address to the Emperor; and they determined to request the

admission of their whole nation to a free participation of civil and religious rights with certain modifications. A great sanhedrim was convoked, and Napoleon took under his especial protection this people, who, rejected by all other nations, were thus receiving from generation to generation the punishment of their crimes. The Emperor displayed his skilful policy in thus granting them his support : he knew that in Poland, Russia, Hungary and Bohemia, troops of this race were congregated ; whose hearts oppressed by persecution and misfortune would open with ecstasy to an honorable futurity, and would salute with the name of Messiah the man who should offer it them. And these expectations were fulfilled. All the numerous disciples of the Law of Moses in Russia, Germany and in Poland especially, became devoted to him body and soul, and he thus possessed auxiliaries in quarters of which the most interested parties had no suspicion.

The horizon became daily more cloudy. One evening Junot returned from St. Cloud with an extraordinary expression of countenance. He had been invited to hunt with the Emperor ; but the time they might have been killing rabbits had been spent in discussion upon the most effectual method of destroying men. Illyria was at the moment the theatre of combats. General Marmont had gained a victory near Ragusa, over a corps of revolted Montenegrins who had been joined, it was said, by some Russians. War was inevitable, and honorable as was his charge at Paris, Junot was

inconsolable because it would prevent his accompanying the Emperor in the approaching campaign. It was the first time he had been absent from the seat of war, and no reasoning of mine could calm his wounded feelings, or convince him that it was possible to serve the Emperor otherwise than by drawing his sword. Ten times during the day that the war was announced, he determined upon resigning the government of Paris, and setting out for the army. By much persuasion, I prevailed upon him to weigh and discuss the several duties which he owed to the empire ; it was essential that Napoleon should be served in his absence by his dearest friends ; that otherwise he might justly complain of the selfish character of an attachment which should insist upon joining the army merely for the acquisition of personal glory, instead of serving him in the manner most advantageous to him. Junot's soul was capable of understanding such reasoning ; he promised to be silent, and even to conceal his distress ; but it was a great sacrifice. He did not exhibit the same strength of mind on the perusal of the first bulletin from the grand army.

The Emperor's departure was so sudden, particularly to persons who were not in the secrets of government, that a general surprise was manifest, and in the south some discontent. The Emperor insisted on the strictest discipline being observed by the army on its march through the northern departments, which consequently were gainers by this prodigious passage of troops ; but depopulation



and increased taxation were the effects through which the war was felt in the south. All the letters which I received from Languedoc and Gascony complained loudly. Bordeaux especially, which had so lately hoped for a happy termination of the negotiations with England, saw itself thrown back into a state of stagnation which was destructive to its interests. Several of these letters came from intimate friends the truth of whose accounts could not be doubted. Some came from Bordeaux, others from Toulouse, Montpellier and Bayonne. I shewed them to Junot who, struck by their general expression of discontent, mentioned them to Duroc. "The Emperor," said the latter, "must see these letters." That from Toulouse described a considerable disturbance, produced by the conscription, in a village between Foy and Pamier, of which the Emperor had heard nothing.

The Emperor had a very decided habit of saying, on the occurrence of any vexatious incident: "This is the consequence of having no ministers;" and he said so this time with great petulance. It was M. Chaptal who, as minister of the interior, received the reprimand. He was innocent no doubt, and even the prefect might have been ignorant of the fact, for there was nothing very extraordinary in the movement by which the public opinion was manifested; but the Emperor did not like to be kept in ignorance, and was very indignant at what he called this fashion of making court to him. He might be in the right, but the anger of the lion was not very pleasant to encounter.

The Emperor to the best of my recollection set out from Paris in the night of the 25th of September. Junot received before his departure a letter from the secretary of state, giving him instructions upon the routine of service, during the Emperor's absence. This letter will prove what I have before observed, that the governor of Paris depended upon the Emperor only.

*Extract from the Minutes of the Secretary of State.*

“ I have the honor to address to you, Sir, an extract from the general order of the administration during the absence of his Majesty the Emperor.

“ I beg your Excellency to accept the assurance of my high respect.

“ HUGUES B. MARET.”

St. Cloud, 25 September, 1806.

Extract from the general order of the administration regulated by his Majesty the Emperor for the period of his absence.

“ The Governor of Paris commanding the garrison of Paris and the troops of the first military division will take his orders from the Arch-Chancellor.

“ A true extract,

“ The Secretary of State,

“ HUGUES B. MARET.”

On the 25th of September Junot was invited to dine at St. Cloud with the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor was to set out in the night; he had observed the deep grief which Junot experienced in not being permitted to accompany him; and to

do him justice he was all kindness to his old friend ; the sovereign resumed the manners which had formerly so much charmed Junot in the companion of his walks in the Garden of Plants. Junot was affected, for it always seemed to inspire him with new life when the Emperor spoke to his heart. He told me his feelings on the following morning, saying :

“ It was Sully and Henry IV.”

“ Except,” replied I laughing, “ that you are not quite so reasonable as the minister of the good king, and . . . . .”

“ And what ?”

“ And though the Emperor is a greater man than Henry IV, it is by no means certain that he is as good.”

“ It is very extraordinary,” said Junot angrily, “ that you, my wife, should advance so absurd an opinion, and that to me.”

I foresaw a storm, and was the more willing to ward it off as he did not perfectly understand me. This explanation I had already frequently given ; but I was this time determined to establish clearly the distinction in my opinion of the Emperor, that my husband might not so continually misconstrue my observations ; and I repeat it here for a similar reason, because many persons are hypocritical enough to express surprise at my view of the Emperor’s character, in conjunction with my admiration approaching to worship for the public man, the great man, in short the immortal hero.

Two separate and very distinct natures were always visible in Napoleon, to the eye of intimacy. He possessed instinctively the desire of domination and conquest, and from his childhood felt himself destined to be master of the world. His thoughts were too expansive to permit access to those soft emotions which, though they may easily be associated with great and powerful inspirations, belong only to minds devoted to the worship of their household gods; yet Napoleon though master of the world and in a condition to gratify the vindictive passions, never displayed the sanguinary disposition of a Nero. I have spoken largely of the young Bonaparte; I have followed the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy in his brilliant campaigns beyond the Alps and the Pyramids; I have endeavoured to exhibit him as I then saw him, great and immortal as his glory. I afterwards studied him as head of the state, First Consul, chief of that Republic, which he would perhaps have acted with more policy as well as more magnanimity in preserving pure and spotless as it arose in 1791, as it expired in 1793, as it might have revived in 1800. At the present moment I find him the same as a warrior, as a hero; but no longer the same as a Frenchman: he is a sovereign, he is crowned; he now says, not *my fellow citizens*, but *my people*. Circumstances have changed, not he. No living man could have made such a transit without exhibiting its effects. Napoleon submitted to a universal law because his nature was not divine; but he preserved in this

great crisis of humanity a superb attitude; the luminous reflection of his splendid mission. For this great truth must not be overlooked, that Napoleon was, as Charlemagne had been, a man commissioned by Providence. Napoleon considered in this light is a being who must not be judged by the same standard as other men; his weaknesses become relative, his faults, which the vulgar will persist in believing faults, are often only the inevitable results of certain events, the connexion of which with our fate may yet remain to be developed. Let those who cannot comprehend his great mission be silent, they are incompetent to judge of Napoleon's character.

I have stated that in the absence of the Emperor his orders were to be transmitted to the governor of Paris, through the arch-chancellor.

Cambaceres was now the second person in the Empire, excepting the Princes of the imperial family. Much has been said of him, because in France we must always laugh at the possessors of power, if we dare. The Emperor was moulded in too vast dimensions for ridicule; never even was a jest hasarded upon the preposterous points of his shoes; his look had the fascination of terror, and sometimes when he deigned to smile, of enchantment, which banished all disposition to laughter. But with Cambaceres we were more on a level, and our satirical spirit took its revenge. But we were wrong: Cambaceres was not only a man of remarkable talent, a fact which will not be disputed, but he was perfectly and graciously

agreeable, and most formally polite. This ceremonious preciseness of manner was perhaps becoming to the chief administrator of justice, the head of our magistracy, that at least it was not offensive, was proved by the general regard entertained for him by all persons in connexion with him.

The Emperor did not like certain easy habits in which he indulged, notwithstanding his solemn bows ; and undoubtedly the contrast between his promenades in the Palais-Royal, his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, his intercourse with Mademoiselle Cuizot, and his magisterial demeanour at his levees in the hotel d'Elbœuf, and afterwards in the Rue St. Dominique, were enough to make the Emperor angry and every one merry at his expense. But the arch-chancellor was equally deaf to remonstrance and ridicule ; he walked not less gravely in the Palais-Royal, and indulged no less frequently in his saturnine laugh behind the wire net work of his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, which he and he only hired by the year. Still he was invariably kind and scrupulously obliging to every one. He always expressed great friendship for Junot and me, which we sincerely returned and I met him again with great pleasure after his return from Holland in 1819.

I had always passionately wished for a country residence ; Junot it is true had given me Bièvre, but this house had become of very little use, since his appointment as governor of Paris. It was too far distant, and much too small for our family,

numerous not only by the increasing number of our children, but by the colony of relations it was Junot's pleasure to lodge. He said to me one morning: " You must dine at Raincy to-day ; Ouvrard has given me leave to kill some deer there and I wish you to hunt with me in a calash."

It was in the beginning of October, the weather was charming and the chase fortunate. I looked with delight upon the beautiful groves of Raincy. This chateau, notwithstanding the vandalism which had destroyed three quarters of it, was still a noble piece of architecture, seated in the midst of fresh verdure, and surrounded by its pretty Russian cottage, its house of *rendez-vous*, its clock-house, and its dog-kennel ; I admired the pretty village at the extremity of its fine alley of poplars, the orangery and all the other appendages which beautify the park. But within the house I found still greater cause for admiration. M. Ouvrard had made it an enchanted palace.

I know not whether the King has preserved the bath room and the dining room in the state in which he found them ; but I presume that he has, because it is impossible to improve them. The bath room was charming. It contained two basins of vast dimensions, each formed of a single block of grey and black granite. Four pillars of the same granite and three curtains of white satin, enclosed each basin as in a cabinet. The floor was in large squares of black, white and yellow marble ; the chimney was of verd-antique, and the walls of stucco perfectly finished ; round them

stood an immense circular sofa of green velvet. The ceiling represented mythological subjects admirably executed. A valuable lamp was suspended from the centre. On entering this superb room, I could not forbear exclaiming: "What happiness it must be to possess such a place as this."

Junot looked at me with a smile and taking my hand, led me to the saloon: an immense apartment, divided into three by pillars, between which stand statues holding candelabras. One extremity is the billiard, the other the music room; the centre is the reception room. This was formerly the bed-room of the Duke of Orleans and forms one of the advancing wings; its three sides looking upon the home park, reserved for the use of the family and from which the deer are excluded. The design of this portion of the park is simple and beautiful; a large velvet lawn terminated by the river which is bordered by an orangery and the house of *rendez-vous*; on each side of this lawn a grove diverges from the house as far as the eye can reach, that on the right of lilacs, that on the left of acacias. The view from the windows is enchanting.

"How do you like this chateau and park?" said Junot.

"Oh! it is a fairy land."

"And if by a stroke of the wand, you were to become mistress of it, what would you say?"

"I cannot tell, for that is sure not to happen."

"Do you wish that it should?"



I coloured at the mere thought that it might be ; and looked at him with an expression which probably pleased him, for he took me in his arms and said : “ It is yours.”

There are certainly hours of bitterness in life, and no one has had more experience of them than myself ; but there are also moments, fugitive in duration, but indelibly engraven on the mind which are equal to an eternity of happiness.

My mother-in-law was at Paris ; she was come to see her beloved son in his glory : excellent mother ! how truly did she rejoice with me this day ! she was happy in all that surrounded her ; in the air which she breathed ; her son was all in all to her.

“ I wish I could spend the rest of my life with you here,” said she the same evening. Alas ! her wish was realized.

We established ourselves at Raincy, from whence Junot could easily ride to Paris and return to dine ; for my part nothing could exceed my delight in taking possession.

Junot's aid-de-camp Lallemand, having formerly been like a true knight-errant, wandering in search of adventures to America, brought from thence a pretty wife and her mother Madame de Lartigues, under whose care her daughter remained during the two first years of her residence in France. While I was in Portugal, Madame de Lartigues died : M. Lallemand then a major in a regiment of cavalry, was with the army ; his charming and amiable little wife, was thus left alone at Versailles,

with her governess and her son Arthur, Junot's godson and mine. The poor child died also; and this young woman, so painfully wounded in her filial and maternal affections, appeared to claim from me the duties of hospitality. I offered my house as her asylum; and had the good fortune to have it accepted; for eight years the same roof sheltered us both. I felt the affection of a sister for her.

The fourth continental coalition, in which this time Austria dared not join, was now avowed. For nine years the cabinet of Berlin had been professing a neutrality, submission and loyalty, in perpetual contrast with its warlike preparations; but the the rapid advance of a power at once martial, fortunate and victorious, increased the terrors of King Frederick William to such a degree, that he determined to take refuge under the protection of Russia. Nothing could be more burlesque than the alternations of hopes and deception which agitated poor Prussia, during Napoleon's first war with Russia. "Attention!" she cried; then "present!" and she was on the point of giving the word "fire!" but suddenly came the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and M. de Haugwitz is sent to Napoleon's bivouac with the King of Prussia's congratulations. Then followed the treaty of Presburg and the confederation of the Rhine; and Prussia contrived a counter-confederation of the north of Germany, or rather the north of Europe, in which Russia and Prussia were to form an embankment against the Napoleonish

torrent. A beautiful queen put on armour; and a young man, who but for the most insensate profligacy and the debasing influence of ardent liquors would have been a striking character, promised the Prussian army, victory and conquest; for with defence only in their mouths, the four powers of the north, to which Sweden has united herself, since a Frenchman has directed her arms, have always dreamt of carrying the sword into France, to consummate the division of our fine provinces.

Prince Louis of Prussia, who exercised so great an influence over the events of 1806 and by their consequences over those of 1807, was not only finely formed and very handsome, a qualification always much esteemed in a royal personage, but he was the most agreeable prince in Europe, even if compared with the Prince of Wales; who he it observed, lived very long upon a usurped reputation.

The education of Prince Louis was excellent; but unfortunately it had fallen upon a period which rendered it nearly useless; maxims and precepts slid over the mind of a man of Prince Louis's age amongst the confusion occasioned by the overthrow of all established principles of morality, religion and virtue; and the only good notion which he saved from the wreck, was the resolution of becoming a well-informed man; to be a man of virtue did not seem absolutely necessary, and as he was a prince his governors and instructors took care not to compel him to any thing against his inclinations. It was

his pleasure however to learn, and of all that a man can be reasonably expected to know, the most abstract sciences, the most varied accomplishments, he chose to become master, and succeeded. I have seen letters of his, written in French which would have been no discredit to a Hamilton or a Sévigné.

The prince became not a republican that would have been a proof of sound reasoning and acute anticipation, but a furious demagogue. He was not naturally evil disposed, but he was imprudent, and imprudence leads to injustice, and injustice to all kinds of excess. He made himself amends for his false position at the court of Berlin, by frequent absences at Hamburgh, and there exist some details of his travels, which for morality's sake may as well be omitted. His capacity however was indisputable and his talents so varied and great, that the first artists in Europe, were not willing to compete with him. Dussek himself assured me, that the prince surpassed him in improvisation; and that only a few days before the fatal battle of Saalfeld at a country house in company with the Baroness de Lichtenau, to whom the prince was greatly attached, and it is even believed married, he heard him play in a style superior to any other performer he had ever heard.

It was to the division of Suchet, that the prince was opposed at Saalfeld, the result of which engagement, so glorious to us, so fatal to the Prussians, was the premature death of the unfortunate

Prince, and the capture of one thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of cannon.

Junot had exhibited sufficient strength of mind, on bidding adieu to the Emperor. He apparently overcame the grief of heart he at first experienced in being left at Paris, when the Emperor was exposed to danger; but I soon discovered how much he really suffered. His sleep was disturbed by visions of danger, to which the Emperor was exposed, whilst himself remained in safety at a distance from him. Determined at least to follow him in idea in his rapid and glorious course, he filled the library at Raincy and his study at Paris with maps and plans of Germany, to trace the progress of the army on the arrival of each bulletin. Little markers, blue and red, were fixed upon the maps and almost every evening passed in arranging the positions of the French and Prussian armies, and especially of the Emperor's head-quarters.

How powerful was the magic which Napoleon then exercised over those officers who had been long about his person. Amongst them I reckon, Duroc, Junot, Bessières, Rapp, Lannes, Lemarois, Arrighi, Lacuée, Rovigo, Eugène, Caffarelli, and I may add Berthier and Marmont, one of whom notwithstanding all that is said I believe to be innocent, the other only erring; but whatever may be thought of their ulterior conduct, they were at the time now under review amongst the faithful followers of the Emperor. The almost fantastic empire which Napoleon held over some of these men,

dates from a period far anterior to that of his splendour. Junot loved him to the extent of giving over to him the means sent by his family for his subsistence, and would willingly have given him his blood. I believe that his style at once so highly coloured, so energetic and so concise contributed greatly to this effect.

I have heard from Junot a circumstance to which he was witness in Italy, shortly before the treaty of Campo-Formio. It was towards the close of a warmly contested battle, and the evening was drawing in. A battalion of infantry, which had been engaged the whole day, was attacked by an Austrian regiment; overcome by fatigue, they turned round at the first onset of their new enemy, and fled towards the reserve. Junot, then aide-camp to the general-in-chief, met the fugitives as he was carrying an order to Massena's division, and cried out to them; but more energetically than it becomes me to render his language:

“ What! soldiers! you fly and the general-in-chief depends upon you! I am sent to see how you are behaving and I must report that I found you defeated!”

Several soldiers stopped round his horse, exclaiming: “ No, no! forward, comrades, forward!” and were instantly answered with a general shout: “ Down with the Germans! *vive la république! vive notre général!*” and these men who were flying before the Austrians, like the sea mews before a storm, again faced the cannon to stop them, because a single voice had invoked the name of Bonaparte!

Yes, there was in this man a marvellous power which conquered the soul. All those who, as he was wont to express himself, had received under him the baptism of fire, were devoted to him body and soul, as were the disciples of Mahomet to their prophet ; it was not the splendors of the throne which attracted them. When, even his voice ceased to issue from that throne, which he had surrounded with an arc of immortal glory, their foreheads did not the less bow to his name : the soldiers of all countries, who had had opportunities of seeing and hearing him, preserved for him that enchanted admiration which placed him upon an altar ; while the religious devotedness and venerating enthusiasm of those who loved him remained ever unaltered.

But I had never understood the extent of Junot's attachment to him, before this campaign : every new bulletin threw him into despair. Oh ! what bitter tears have I seen him shed ; how ardently did he love him !

The campaign of 1806 is among those which have immortalized the Emperor's genius. His successes of later years were more disputed and his forces were in greater number, but the battle of Jena was one of his most glorious days. It is singular that the Prussians have always called this battle after the village of Auerstadt, on the right of the Saale, between Naumberg and Dornberg. It was held by Marshal Davoust with thirty thousand men, opposed by fifty-thousand men and the head-quarters of King Frederick-William with his

beautiful Amazon Queen. The victory, long disputed by Kalkreuth and Blucher, who animated by the presence of the King fought with admirable courage was decided by the immoveable firmness and resolution of Davoust in this perilous position. What I saw upon the maps and plans, on which Junot traced the march of the army, not according to the bulletins, but by the letters of his friends, many of which I still possess, proves beyond all doubt that the real glory of this day belongs to Marshal Davoust. The Emperor's head is encircled by laurels enough to enable him to spare some leaves to his lieutenants. These letters also speak in singular terms of the tardy march of the corps of General Bernadotte, which arrived very late on the Emperor's left at Jena. In recalling this fact I referred to the notes I possess in Junot's hand writing, and there find the same opinions expressed. From this period all who surrounded the Emperor felt convinced that Bernadotte did not like the sovereign whom the 18th. Brumaire had imposed upon him. It was long thought that his antipathy was to the crown; but he has since proved that it was to the man he objected. He was the cause of infinite mischief to the Emperor.

We daily received news from head-quarters; and I have before me at this moment many letters speaking of the extraordinary race then in progress. The King of Prussia fled with such rapidity that Marshal Kalkreuth who escorted him was obliged to stop; thus giving time to Soult to



come up with and, which was the same thing, to overthrow and pursue him to Magdeburg. A cousin of mine who was young, well mounted, and desirous of distinguishing himself was on the point of taking the King who escaped at a gallop. We had scarcely had time to read the details of this astonishing battle and pursuit, when the news of the capitulation of Erfurth arrived. "You cannot figure to yourself," says a letter of Berthier, "the extent of this defeat; it is like magic, or to speak in the words of Scripture, *the hand of the Lord overthrew them.*" Berthier was very regular in his letters to Junot; and two days seldom elapsed without bringing us news of the Emperor, and of the seven divisions he was leading to Berlin with the same facility as he would have marched them to the Bois de Boulogne, either from Duroc or some other major-general. Every day was marked by new victories, and every courier brought us details which will appear fabulous to our grand children.

But of all these details that of the affair of Lubeck seemed the most interesting. In this town, dismantled as it was, Blucher, who might have stopped at Magdeburg, or even after passing that strong fortress, might have chosen either Custrin or Stettin, determined to make a last stand. Overtaken by Marshal Soult, Bernadotte and the cavalry of Murat, Blucher and his pursuers almost entered the town together. An obstinate and sanguinary conflict took place in the streets. But we were victorious and the ultimate result of this

combat threw into our hands the commander-in-chief Blucher, the Duke of Brunswick Oels, twelve generals, above twelve thousand men and four thousand horses, with their baggage, artillery and ammunition. A singularity in this affair, but which seems a positive fact, is that to it Bernadotte owes the crown of Sweden. Amongst the prisoners he took at Lubeck were some Swedes, whom he treated with so much kindness and courtesy that on their return home they loudly extolled his generosity. At a future time this was remembered, and the Swedes about to elect a successor to their King demanded Bernadotte.

This extraordinary campaign was closed in twenty-eight days, by Marshal Ney's capture of Magdeburg; in which an almost impregnable fortress, twenty-two thousand men, seven hundred cannons, and immense magazines of all kinds fell into our hands: while Ney had but eleven thousand men to surround and take the town! It seems to be a dream. I find upon this subject a note in Junot's hand.

“ Davoust commenced the victory at Auerstadt; Ney has consummated it at Magdeburg; for this campaign must be looked upon as a single battle, in unity of time, unity of place only is wanting to make it so. But it seems to me that this affair is also of infinite importance in the effect it will have upon the Allies of Prussia, and upon the remains of her army. Ney in taking Magdeburg with eleven thousand men has performed the finest feat of arms which has illustrated this campaign.”

This note was written at the time on the margin of a letter of Berthier's upon this event. It shews that Junot foresaw the great moral advantage which our rapid victory would give us over the Russians, who with the utmost haste could not arrive in the field in time to assist their Prussian friends; and on the 9th of November our troops entered Posen, exactly one month after the opening of the campaign. Marshal Mortier took Hanover and Napoleon imposed a contribution of 150,000,000 on Prussia and her Allies. I know that we have repaid this with cent-per-cent interest; but whatever advantage Prussia might take of subsequent events, she cannot destroy the glory of this campaign. They have had the petty gratification of vengeance full and entire; but they have not the less been beaten by an inferior army, and that to an extent almost ridiculous. If they have resumed from us, from myself for example, property ceded by three treaties, and the royal signature, (I had rather have had that of M. Delmar,) all this can make to them but small compensation for our joy, our triumph in entering Berlin sixteen days after the first cannon shot.

The Emperor Alexander is a remarkable personage in the history of Napoleon. Was he deceived? Did he deceive? An important question and one upon which the eyes of future generations will be fixed. Some assert that he always was a deceiver, others that he was always cheated; and many that he was neither the one nor the other;

because he knew and was known. I have had the honor of receiving the Emperor of Russia in my house at a period very melancholy to France, however satisfactory to private vengeance. I have not only seen and heard him, but listened to him with the greatest attention. We shall reach this interesting epoch in another volume.

In waiting for it, and thanks to the Emperor's seven leagued boots we shall not have long to wait, we must dwell a little longer upon the campaign of Jena, for the whole campaign took its name from that memorable battle; and proceed to Warsaw, which city the Russians entered on the 12th of November 1806.

Meanwhile Junot had a great labour in hand; it was to put in execution the imperial decree given at Berlin for the re-organization of the national guard of France. Junot had been commissioned by the Emperor to write a little memoir upon this subject of which I still possess the rough copy. Many of his ideas are to be found in the Emperor's decree. Junot may be said to have received his political existence in the revolution of 1791; for then it was that every Frenchman discovered what he could do, and the certainty that when he should act he would have. This institution of the National Guard dates also from that first period of the republic; I call France a republic from the moment she learnt the value of each individual of the great family; call it by a hundred names the one more extravagant than the other: constitutional state, constitutional monarchy, elective

empire, kingdom, republic ; all these names are of little avail, so long as the great family can deliberate at liberty by the voices of its elected proxies, so long as intrigue is not master of its elections, so long as the elected shall enact good laws for the benefit of their constituents and themselves, and that the means of defence against unjust aggressions are lodged in the hands of the sons of the great family ; so long a republic exists in its most complete sense. But if the elections be arbitrary, the sons of the family detained in pupilage beyond the term prescribed by the law, and those who have arms in their hands are compelled to draw upon those they love, to defend those they love not : call the two opposed states by what name you please, the one will never cease to be a republic, the other a despotic tyrannical monarchy.

Junot had an inspiring recollection of the National Guard of France ; of those battalions of volunteers created by enthusiasm, and from whose ranks have sprung so many names renowned for ever in history. This period always fills my mind with emotion, when I think of the unanimity with which all France arose at the cry of “ behold the enemy !” The remembrance of its glories and of the enthusiasm with which Junot regarded it, strongly contributed to provoke my tears, when on the Thursday morning of 1830, I beheld its tricolored banner again inaugurated. I fell in tears into the arms of my son, while my heart threatened to force its way through my bosom :

“ See !” said I, to Napoleon, “ the banner under which your father fought ; that which always taught me the meaning of victory : I weep with joy, I bend before it as to a holy relic ; who can, who dare blame me ?”

Such being Junot's feelings, it was with great joy that he set about the formation of the National Guard ; and in this instance carried to its utmost extent his faithful devotedness to the Emperor, the friend, and the hero. He was incessantly occupied in his duties, to which he dedicated himself without reserve.

But the time was coming when other circumstances were to detach him from these honorable occupations ; and other events, the mysterious importance of which, known only to myself and those interested in them, gave him another existence while they doubled his engagements. The curtain is thick, but I owe it to myself, and still more to the memory of my husband to withdraw it. My explanations, which will employ some subsequent chapters will bring to light many hitherto enigmatical facts.

The National Guard of 1806 was organized upon the following plan :

“ All Frenchmen from twenty to sixty years of age, of good health and sound robust constitutions are liable to be called into service. They shall be formed in legions composed of several battalions, to be called cohorts. The public servants shall not be admitted. The National Guards are destined either to the service of the interior, or to

active military service. The officers, subalterns, and privates of the National Guard, whether employed in the service of the interior or in active military service, are subject to the military discipline of the army."

The famous decree dated Berlin 21st November 1806, and putting Great Britain into a state of blockade was also brought to us at this time. It was the continental system springing into life; the condemnation of England, whose sentence of death would have been executed had Napoleon condescended to allow it time. One hour in the history of the world, that is to say some years; perhaps twenty—but the man of iron would not bend—he would allow nothing—though he would have come off conqueror. Yes, Great Britain had received her death blow—Napoleon had discovered her vulnerable point, and his lance of fire had penetrated to her heart.

"The British Isles are declared in a state of blockade by France, all commerce and communication with them are prohibited. All subjects of Great Britain found in any country, whatsoever, under the authority of France shall be made prisoners of war; all trade in articles of English merchandise is forbidden, and all English merchandise of whatever species is declared good prize."

Notwithstanding my admiration for the Emperor, this is a fact I cannot approve. Such terms are inexcuseable. In the result of these dispositions the Hanseatic Towns which contained depots of

British merchandise tripled in value by the war, are designated as already in our power. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and no sooner entered the town than he gave orders to the inhabitants to declare under the most rigorous penalties what merchandise they might have in their custody belonging to Englishmen, and even what balance sums. Bremen and Lubeck submitted to the same law. Thus commenced the continental system which Napoleon conceived, and which should have been the destruction of England.

Murat entered Warsaw. Brave, even to that chivalrous valour which is the distinctive character of the Poles, he pleased this brave and susceptible people, ever ready to follow with ardour a young Prince who would throw himself upon the enemy's batteries with the same ease and unconcern that he would enter a ball-room. It was upon the entrance of our troops into Warsaw that Russia declared herself.



## CHAPTER VIII.

A letter from the Emperor—Gratitude—English dresses—*Tell this to Madame Junot*—France flourishing—Junot's notes—The French officer at Berlin—Pleasures of Paris—Madame-Mère at Raincy—The two happiest mothers in France—The Grand-Duchess of Berg stag-hunting—The Empress at Raincy—M. de Bourrienne's mistakes—The Princess of Hatzfeld—The guilty paper destroyed—Bonaparte and Junot in Egypt—The arrest.

IN speaking of time past, in returning to this period of extraordinary glory, I cannot restrain the sigh of grief; it is bitter to recall the past, however pleasing its images, when hope is no more. But I have undertaken the task and I am bound to accomplish it; it is my duty to emulate my husband's courage who wrote to me from Paris when I was at Raincy:

“ I have this morning received a letter from the Emperor's own hand dated Berlin. I wept in reading it, and I still weep in writing to you. The friendship of such a man is sufficient of itself to give a heart to a man devoid of feeling. I have often opened mine to you in expressing the pain I have experienced from a word, a reproach some-

times a little hard, sometimes unjust ; well ! the letter I have just received is enough to efface for many days the remembrance of any pain he may have caused me. He speaks to me with the degree of confidence which I feel to be justly my due. To die for such a man is no more than my duty ; it is the duty my sons will learn from me."

The letter which the Emperor wrote to Junot with his own hand throughout was dated Berlin 23rd November 1806. It speaks to Junot of the importance which the Emperor attached to the entire establishment of the continental system, and at Paris especially.

" Let your wives," he writes, " drink Swiss tea, it is as good as that from the East, and chicoree coffee is as wholesome as the coffee of Arabia. Let them set this example in their drawing-rooms instead of amusing themselves, like Madame de Staël with political disquisitions. Let them beware that I do not find them wearing dresses of English manufacture ; tell this to Madame Junot ; if the wives of my principal officers fail in setting an example, where am I to look for it ? This is a question of life or death to France and England ; and I expect assistance in carrying it through from those who are nearest to me. I rely, Junot, upon your zeal and attachment. The arch-chancellor will communicate my orders to you."

This letter, which is very long, is perhaps the only one the Emperor wrote in that style, which those who did not know him intimately would think

eccentric enough, but which was perfectly in keeping with the character of a mind occupied at once with ideas of the most contrasted littleness and greatness. The cutting short the consumption of sugar and coffee together with that of all Colonial produce must not however be reckoned amongst his petty ideas. They were brought to us from England ; and the existence of England is altogether factitious ; like her island, it is exposed to the winds and storms of an adverse ocean ; her life, her blood is in India. The projected invasions of England are absurd, her heart is in India ; nor is it very probable that Napoleon ever meditated a serious attack upon the British territory except in India. To cut off her exportations and importations then was the sure way to cause her death. Her commerce with South America and Southern Europe had been already cut off by our alliances, voluntary on the part of Spain, though almost forcible on that of Portugal ; but the willingness or unwillingness of these kingdoms was little to the purpose ; the object was the same and it was equally obtained. Meanwhile our manufactures of silk, cloth, linen, cambric, woad, madder, and red-beet for sugar, our industry in all its branches prospered notwithstanding the war. We had money and content. From 1805 to 1812 the lowest peasants of France and the first officer of the Empire were equally at their ease, equally happy in their respective stations. Then came the moment when no doubt we should have stopped ; but we have not reached it yet ; I have before remarked that our era is

marked by very distinct epochs ; the one we have now under consideration is most astonishing and deserves special attention.

I am about to transcribe an extract, not from a Memoir of Junot, for unfortunately he never wrote one; he, who had been inseparably attached to him from the day when simply as head of a battalion the young Bonaparte entered upon his career of glory, what precious lights might he not have thrown upon the thoughts of the dawning hero. These thoughts were no doubt even then very extraordinary, since Junot at only twenty-two years of age, wrote thus of him to his father in 1794: "He is one of those men, whom nature with a sparing hand, throws upon our globe only from age to age!" It is not from a Memoir, then, that I am about to transcribe; but from a detached note, one of many which I possess, written by Junot's own hand, and which prove that he had an intention of writing upon his own life and that of the Emperor, particularly after his return from Spain. I shall copy from these occasionally, when they relate to circumstances connected with my narrative. The present is appended to a letter from Berthier in which Duroc had written a few lines. It is dated the 5th, from a place the name of which I cannot read, whether because Berthier was aping the Emperor, or because his scrawl was naturally illegible, I cannot decide; but it is often perfectly hieroglyphical.

"Vandamme," says Junot "has entered Glogau, our troops then are in Lower Silesia. This

“ capture insures the entire conquest of Prussia  
“ and in my opinion, commences that of Poland.  
“ Nevertheless, reckoning from the battle of  
“ Schleitz on the 9th of October, the Prussian  
“ campaign lasted but sixteen days to the capture  
“ of Berlin and twenty-eight to the planting of our  
“ eagles on the walls of Glogau.

“ One might have expected that the results of  
“ the Austrian campaign would have prevented  
“ any new aggression ; but it seems that our sun  
“ of glory gives birth to a host of enemies ; who, like  
“ the insects of a day, have no other merit than  
“ that of raising their heads for a moment. The  
“ spirit of the great Frederick, the warrior and the  
“ philosopher-king has strangely abandoned his  
“ descendants. Saxony has been equally inde-  
“ pendent. They must needs have been assured  
“ of the support of Russia, and I have thought so  
“ from the first demonstrations of Prussia. I  
“ warned his Majesty, for at first the Prussian  
“ operations were clandestine, and I had assu-  
“ rance of their nature from an officer who had  
“ married at Berlin, and came from time to time  
“ to Paris on commercial business ; he belonged  
“ to the second battalion of the Côte d’Or, and  
“ was made prisoner at Longwy, where my head  
“ was so terribly shattered. This man, always  
“ remained French in heart, though married to a  
“ German ; perhaps, because she was fifteen years  
“ his senior. He has been speaking to me from  
“ August last, of all that has been saying and  
“ doing at Berlin ; and I have repeated it to the

“ Emperor. I remember, he always smiled at my  
“ relations ; perhaps he knew it from other quar-  
“ ters, perhaps he had foreseen the event ; for a  
“ fact which proves that the genius of this man  
“ never sleeps, never mistakes, is that after the  
“ campaign of Austerlitz, not only did our troops  
“ remain in Germany, but they kept possession  
“ of the territories of our new allies, of whom  
“ otherwise we could not have been sure. Two  
“ effects, equally beneficial and perhaps decisive,  
“ have resulted from this occupation : the one  
“ that we were there when the Saxo-Prussian  
“ army declared itself ; the other that we kept  
“ up our new friends to the military step : we asked  
“ nothing more of them, but to march was neces-  
“ sary, and for this purpose our drums beat more  
“ effectually than theirs. With respect to the  
“ countries which originally refused to put them-  
“ selves under the protection of France, the  
“ Hanseatic towns, Mecklenburg and Hesse, they  
“ are in Napoleon’s power and belong to him in  
“ right of conquest. Did he then suggest to them  
“ their refusal to unite themselves to the confede-  
“ ration ? Prussia has just given to Europe a  
“ remarkable example of presumption and vanity  
“ founded on the reputation of another ; she  
“ believed herself still in the time of the great  
“ Frederick. She had reached the first rank  
“ amongst the military powers in the college of  
“ European kings, but she owed all her impor-  
“ tance to the shade of her hero, for Frederick  
“ was a great man ; she had reached this first

“ rank step by step, and then sees herself at once  
“ pushed back to a state of greater insignificance  
“ than that of the Elector of Brandenburg before  
“ the conquest of Silesia ; she is overthrown at  
“ the first shock ; in sixteen days our soldiers  
“ have traversed the forests, the mountains, the  
“ defiles of Franconia, they have passed the  
“ Saale and the Elbe and they have entered  
“ Berlin. This moment in the existence of Europe  
“ will be held as fabulous in history. Will it be  
“ believed that the Emperor Napoleon quitted  
“ Paris at the end of September, and traversing  
“ as on the wing, southern Franconia, Aschaf-  
“ fenberg, Bamberg, Bayreuth and Schleitz, there  
“ fought the first battle on the 9th of October.  
“ It was from hence that the grand army distinctly  
“ formed its three columns. The Emperor was  
“ at the head of the centre with the infantry and  
“ the imperial guard ; the bravest soldiers in the  
“ world, and who, like the guard of the Kings  
“ of Persia may be called the immortals. This  
“ imperial guard had been brought post from  
“ Paris, the cavalry of the guard had not yet been  
“ able to come up. The two other columns  
“ were directed upon Jena, and in describing a  
“ converging line were to reach the point occupied  
“ by the centre.

“ This manœuvre, wholly planned by the Em-  
“ peror, has been claimed by a man who lies  
“ without shame ; but justice must at length  
“ enlighten even those obtuse minds which con-  
“ tent themselves with popular rumour. To say

“ *I have gained a battle*, is not the means of obtaining credit for it. We shall see this conqueror of conquerors again amongst us by and bye and we shall then hear what he has to say.

“ The imperial guard, called by post to decide the fate of this great question was not even brought into action at Jena ; a battle as marvellous as the actions of the knightly assailants of giants which amused our childhood.—And I am not with him ! I am not with him !”

Amidst the convulsions of the north, Italy remained quiet throughout her whole extent, the attempts that had been made on the Adriatic had completely failed.

But the state of happiness which France then enjoyed is not to be described. The departure of some thousand conscripts enflamed by the desire of conquest and of seeing their names in a bulletin of the great army can only be described as a grievance to the state by men of very perverse minds. I am not defending a later period, but at that of which we are now speaking, France was happy, calm, proud and full of hope.

While our eagles flapped their wings over foreign capitals, the pleasures of winter were resuming their sway in that of France. The Empress Josephine, after having accompanied the Emperor to Mayence, had returned to Paris and held her court at the Tuileries ; the Grand-Duchess of Berg opened her Palace, the Elysée ; the Arch-Chancellor received company in state at his hotel and all the ministers opened their houses. Junot as



governor of Paris was also called upon to give fêtes and to receive the Empress. I wished to signalize the opening of my beautiful mansion of Raincy. I begged Junot to give Madame a fête there, previously to inviting any other member of the imperial family ; and he consented. But Madame refused all appearance of a fête, while she expressed her desire to come to see my house ; she would only accept a breakfast. She named her own party, and had the goodness to come early enough to enjoy and ride among the delightful shades of the inner park. After breakfast the calashes were brought out, harnessed à la d'Aumont, and we drove round the great park, taking Madame through the fine meadow in which stands the dog kennel, and the rustic district by the gates of Chelles near which is seen the most rural and cheerful part of the village, while our rapid course drove those ornaments of the landscape the stags and the deer, for shelter into the thickest parts of the wood. Madame, who had not seen Raincy before, was delighted with it and embracing me, expressed in the kindest manner, the pleasure it afforded her to see me its happy mistress. An affecting incident, which an event soon to follow rendered remarkable, took place at this breakfast. My mother-in-law, Madame Junot, was with us at Raincy. I have spoken of this excellent angelic woman in my former volumes. In attempting her eulogium however, I have given but an imperfect idea of that kind and affectionate heart, of that purity of mind, and true virtue which distinguished

her. I had recovered my mother in the grandmother of my children; and how tenderly she loved them. But her son!—her eyes followed his smallest movements, she listened with undivided attention to his most trifling words, and he loved his mother in return as she deserved to be loved. She was old, and he was as attentive to her as he could have been to the youthful daughter of a King. The good parent delighted in these marks of tenderness from her much beloved son. She was too much blessed; such happiness could not last long.

On this occasion I had the honor to introduce my mother-in-law to Madame. Always condescending and kind, Madame was more than usually so to the mother of Junot, whom she loved as if he had been her own son; she seated her by her side, addressed her conversation chiefly to her, and entirely won her affections. At breakfast, my mother-in-law was placed at one end of the table beside the Count de la Ville, chamberlain to Madame; M. de la Ville, always perfectly polite, conversed with her and endeavoured to interest her. I looked towards her continually, because I had always so much pleasure in contemplating her calm and happy countenance, that my eyes were seldom long without resting upon it. I saw that she did not eat and that she seemed thoughtful. I sent my confidential valet, Joseph, to ask her if she was not well: upon which she looked at me with a sweet smile, while her eyes filled with tears;

but an inclination of the head, which I perfectly understood, told me that I had no cause for uneasiness. On rising from the table I approached her, and embracing her inquired what had been the matter with her during breakfast. "Oh! nothing," she replied, in a broken voice and with moistened eyes; "I am happy!"

"But you weep, my dear mother!"

"Yes, I weep, but it is with joy—with happiness—finding myself at the same table with Madame-Mère—seeing my child—my much beloved son, by her side—I said in my own mind: this house, at the present moment contains the two happiest mothers in France. My heart is full."

And I also wept in listening to her—good and excellent woman! Madame, who had been to warm her feet at the fire, came to us and wished to know the cause of our emotion! then calling Junot, and taking his hand, she said with an enchanting grace to my mother-in-law: "You do not know that Junot is also my son? You do not know that there was a time in which he would have died for the preservation of my Napoleon? But I am wrong to tell you this, you will quarrel with me."

"I, Madame!" exclaimed, my mother-in-law.

"Ah, no! I too well know my son's attachment to the Emperor; his life is devoted to him; and already, at that early period, my son loved yours as a brother, Madame."

Then, fearing she had gone too far, she looked at me with anxiety; but Madame was too good

and too indulgent, and thought too little of etiquette to remark what had alarmed my mother-in-law. She took her hand and said :

“ Yes, they then loved each other like two brothers :” and advancing upon the flight of steps which led down to the park, she added : “ Not only did my son and yours love each other like brothers, but Junot has sometimes performed the part of one by Napoleon ; and I know that it was maternal economy which enabled him to act so nobly.”

Junot took the hand of Madame, and kissed it with tender respect. He had always loved her ; but her charming conduct in his own house, on this morning, had fixed the seal upon his affectionate gratitude, and with a voice of emotion which came from the heart, he told her so, as he handed her to her carriage.

In the evening at dinner I perceived an alteration in my mother-in-law ; I thought the ceremonies of the day had fatigued her, but she would not allow it, and I could not persuade her to go early to bed. The next day the Grand-Duchess of Berg was to come to hunt a buck, and I pleaded my wish that she should rest to be able to endure another day's fatigue, but in vain, she would not consent. The weather was fine, and though being near the end of October, we began to feel the cold a little, yet the air was so pure, the sky so blue and the trees still so green, that it seemed made on purpose for our day's pleasure. My mother-in-law, in spite of all

remonstrance would positively follow the hunt: "I wish to do so for your sake," said she, laughing; "you do not ride on horseback, and I wish to be your companion."

At this time, I did not ride on horseback, because my husband had an objection to equestrian exercises for women; at least he always said: "A fall for a woman is frightful to think of; I cannot therefore make up my mind to let you mount, unless you will previously undergo a course of instruction as if you were a man. You shall go if you like it to the riding-school; Pellier shall give you lessons, but I can never consent to see you galloping on a seat four feet from the ground, until you have learnt to manage a horse, as well as female strength will permit. You must mount on horseback like Madame Hamelin, or not attempt it at all; for I will never consent to your running such risks as many little women who turn to the left when the horse leads with the right leg, and who only escape breaking their heads because it is their fate to do so."

The consequence of all these apprehensions in a man who knew so little of fear, was that for a long time, I did not ride because this apprenticeship to the *manège* was so alarming to me that I preferred mounting a donkey as at Pont; which precaution, however, did not save me from a fall.

The Grand-Duchess of Berg came the next day according to appointment, and brought with her Mademoiselle Adelaide de la Grange, M. de Cambyse and

M. de Montbreton, equerry to the Princess Borghese. Stag-hunting occupied all the morning ; we afterwards dined, and music formed the amusement of the evening. I sang a duet from the *Camilla* of Fioraventi with Nicolo Isouard, an agreeable artist whom I always received with pleasure. I suppose that the Grand-Duchess did not experience any particular pleasure in hearing either me or Nicolo, for she had the most outrageously false voice I ever heard, and the strangest taste possible in music. I remember having once had the honor of hearing their Imperial Highnesses the Princess Caroline and the Grand-Duke of Wurtzbourg sing Italian airs and even duets together ; it was one of the most amusing performances I was ever present at.

This hunt was followed by a visit much more agreeable to me, for I already began to foresee very distressing consequences from the Grand-Duchess's excessive goodness to Junot. Alas ! I was not deceived ! his death may be attributed to this cause. It was with a visit from the Empress Josephine that we were next honored. She passed the greater part of the day at Raincy and was most condescending and agreeable to the whole party. Again my mother-in-law was delighted in being noticed by the wife as she had already been by the mother of Napoleon. And she told the Empress also with so much emotion how fervently Junot loved the Emperor, that the Empress embraced her, saying: " I love you

for expressing to me how much Bonaparte's old friends continue to love him."

The affair of the Princess of Hatzfeld which just then attracted the attention of all Europe was the subject of conversation at breakfast time. The Empress spoke of it ; she had on the preceding evening received from Duroc some curious particulars respecting it. She had also received a letter from the Emperor which she had brought to show Junot. She had always been friendly to Junot, but since the Emperor's departure, her kindness for him had prodigiously increased, with what motive, I shall have occasion to show in the following chapter.

Duroc's letter had been written to the Empress by the Emperor's order, as the first lines announced ; the Emperor had also written himself, but it was only a few words and they were very remarkable. I *saw* and *read* this letter and I assert that it had no resemblance whatever to the letter quoted in the Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne ; it scarcely contained four lines, but was distinguished by a striking observation upon the pleasure of performing the part of Trajan. Another mistake into which M. de Bourrienne appears to have fallen, is the story of Giulio which he attributes to the Emperor. It may be his, because all things are possible, but neither the style nor any of the expressions have any resemblance to Napoleon's. He is made to speak and narrate as he never did speak nor narrate. His

conversation like his style, had a character perfectly original and quite peculiar to himself. I do not believe that I once heard him speak as described in the story of Giulio during the twenty-five years that I knew him intimately. The same may be said of a multitude of letters which are attributed to him ; they are absolutely and stupidly false. It is true that Napoleon had a great taste for telling a story ; but though his diction was not elegant, his words were all powerful ; they contained a splendour of illucidation, and an overwhelming conviction blended with a magical gentleness of persuasion.

Duroc had played the second part in the drama of the Princess of Hatzfeld, and his conduct had been admirable. The Prince of Hatzfeld it was known had remained at Berlin after the departure of the King and Queen of Prussia, and it was quite natural that a man of his importance if he chose to reside under such circumstances at Berlin should be strictly watched. It was therefore, rather simple of him to put into the post a letter for the King in which he gave an account of all that was passing at Berlin, and also of the movements, number, and sentiments of the French troops. I do not wish to exculpate the Prince's accusers, but certainly he had committed himself very unwisely, and I would not aver that in our own France, in the year of grace 1814 we were not in the same measure subjected to the rigorous examination of General Sacken. The fact is that the Emperor on reading this letter of the Prince of



Hatzfeld, flew into one of those glorious fits of rage which acquired for him the reputation of being the most passionate man under the sky. He instantly gave orders that a military commission should be assembled, that the Prince of Hatzfeld should be brought before it, and that it should make its report before it separated. On hearing this dreadful news, his poor wife, almost out of her wits, remembered suddenly that Marshal Duroc on his different journeys to Berlin had always been hospitably received, and entertained by the Prince and herself. She quitted her house, in a state bordering on distraction, sought in vain for Duroc, but learnt that the Emperor was at Charlottenberg and Duroc not with him. She continued her pursuit, and at length found Duroc, who was affected by her distress. He was convinced that the Prince of Hatzfeld was lost if the Princess could not see the Emperor that very day. He soothed her as well as he was able, knowing the danger her husband stood in ; but he also knew the Emperor, he knew that in similar circumstances his heart was capable of great and magnanimous sentiments, and he believed that in the present state of affairs an action of clemency would be of as much value as the addition of a hundred thousand men to his army. " You shall see the Emperor," said he to the Princess, " rely upon me."

The Emperor had been to a grand review of his guards ; they were out of humour because they had had no share in the victory of Jena, and the

Emperor, unwilling to give them the least pain, had been to visit them ; this caused his absence from Berlin. On his return he was surprised to find Duroc waiting for him with an air of great impatience. Duroc had been much interested by the despair of the Princess of Hatzfeld ; since his interview with her, he had seen two of her husband's judges, and had learnt that there was no hope for him. He requested an immediate audience of the Emperor, and followed him into his closet.

“ You are come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt, is it not so ? I am not surprised, but they will have a terrible example to-morrow to cure them of the mania of revolting.”

Duroc saw that the Prince of Hatzfeld was in the worst case possible. He was convinced that the only successful advocate in his behalf would be the Princess herself ; he obtained permission to introduce her, and went to fetch her. The unfortunate wife on being brought into the presence of the man, who could kill or spare her husband, had only power to throw herself at Napoleon's feet. He raised her immediately and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. Madame de Hatzfeld sobbed convulsively and could only repeat as it were mechanically : “ Ah, Sire, my husband is innocent !”

The Emperor made no answer, but went to his *scrutoire* and taking from it the Prince's letter held it towards his wife in silence. She looked at the unfortunate paper, then burst into tears and

striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation ; “ Oh ! yes, it is his writing !”

The Emperor was affected it appears by the frankness which in the hour of peril acknowledged the whole truth to him ; thus leaving him all the merit of the affair. He would not refuse it ; but advancing to the Princess put the fatal letter into her hands, saying with a graciousness which doubled the value of the favor : “ Make what use you please of this paper which is the only evidence against your husband : when it no longer exists, I shall have no power to condemn him ;” and he pointed to the fire which was blazing in the chimney.

The letter was burnt, and its flame was a bonfire of rejoicing for the deliverance of the Prince : I knew not whether he continued grateful, but I hope so for the sake of humanity.

I have since learnt from Duroc how much the Emperor was affected by the candour of the Princess of Hatzfeld. Her profound grief entrusting entirely to his mercy had penetrated to his heart. He had feelings of humanity and affection, whatever may be said to the contrary, and stronger perhaps than may be believed.

This affair of the burnt paper reminds me of another in which Junot was concerned. It was omitted in the preceding volumes, though it took place in Egypt : but no matter, there is this advantage in Memoirs, that they always admit a

return to the part when the occasion makes it worth while.

I have before spoken of the mutual attachment which subsisted between Junot and Dupuy, the Colonel of that famous thirty-second of which Bonaparte said ; “ I was very easy for the thirty-second was there.” Dupuy felt for Junot the regard of a brother and it was reciprocal. On his arrival in Egypt Dupuy received a commission the nature of which I cannot specify, but which obliged him to employ measures that had been forbidden by the commander-in-chief. His expedition not only failed, but was attended with fatal consequences. Informations were laid against him, minutes of examination were drawn up, and submitted to the commander-in-chief, and a court martial was appointed to judge General Dupuy.

Dupuy was a man of romantic honor : on hearing the orders of the commander-in-chief he said to Junot : “ Well ! after all this Egypt wearied me.—I love nobody here but you—I might lose you by a stroke of one of these Mameluke’s sabres. My resolution is taken—I shall send two balls of lead through my brain. I prefer this much to a trial before a court martial.

Junot listened without answering ; but he knit his brow and proceeded to ask an audience of the commander-in-chief. “ My General,” said he, in a voice of great emotion, “ you believe me on my word of honor, do you not ?”

General Bonaparte looked at him with amaze-

ment ; but immediately replied : “ I believe in your honor as in my own—but why do you ask me ?”

“ Then, my General, when I say upon my word of honor a certain thing is true, you will believe me ?”

“ Yes, certainly.”

“ Well then, my General, I not only give you my word of honor, but I will answer with my head that Dupuy is innocent.”

“ Affairs of this nature do not concern you,” said Bonaparte angrily, and in a tone of “ severity ; this affair does not concern you at all.”

“ This affair does not concern me !” exclaimed Junot, giving its full development to his voice of thunder : “ Ah ! this affair does not concern me, when my brother-in-arms says to me :—brother, I shall kill myself, if they bring me before a court-martial !”

The commander-in-chief fixed his eyes upon him, on hearing these strange words ; but Junot was too much agitated to observe it. He repeated his request, but with no better success. He said nothing to Dupuy about his failure, and the next day returned to the commander-in-chief. But whether Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of Dupuy, or whether he was under the influence of one of those fits of ill-humour, which would not admit contradiction, did not appear, but he refused Junot’s request for permission to bring

poor Dupuy to him, that he might have an opportunity of explaining to himself the motives and cause of his conduct.

“ Let him explain himself to his judges,” said Bonaparte, “ the affair is not in my hands.”

Junot was wounded to the heart by this persevering refusal. He shut himself up with Dupuy, again inquired into the particulars of the affair, and made himself master of them. When this was done, and he was thoroughly convinced of Dupuy's innocence, he again went to the commander-in-chief, and again introduced the obnoxious subject. Bonaparte bent his brow and murmured his displeasure. It was already the rising wrath of Jupiter.

“ I have forbidden your meddling in this affair of General Dupuy; it is altogether a bad business; but he will be tried to-morrow.”

“ No, my General, he will not be tried to-morrow.”

“ Not be tried, what do you mean?”

“ No, General, he will not.”

“ And why not? I ask;” replied Bonaparte, almost amused by the short determination of his aid-de-camp.

“ For the very simple reason, that the reporting captain will want documents to support his report, and I defy him to produce a single one.”

Bonaparte went to his *scrutoire* and sought for the papers connected with Dupuy's case; but they had disappeared. He turned towards Junot, his eyes sparkling with indignation. It required all

the courage of attachment to face him in such a mood. Junot was calm, for it was now his own fate that was in question :

“ My General,” said he, “ it is I who have taken the papers relating to my friend’s affair—I have taken them ; I have burnt them ; they are no longer in existence. If you choose to take my head in exchange, my General, here it is ! I value it less than the honor of a friend, of an innocent friend.”

The commander-in-chief stood silently looking at Junot, who without braving him, did not cast down his eyes. “ You will remain for a week under arrest,” said Bonaparte at length—“ you must be treated like a sub-lieutenant.”

Junot bowed and retired to his quarters. The next day Eugene came to him from the commander-in-chief on an affair of little consequence connected with the service. He was surprised at finding him under arrest, and inquired the cause, which Junot treated as a matter of such very small consequence, as to have escaped his memory. Eugene replied he should request his father-in-law to release him ; because having a breakfast party the next day, Junot’s absence would be very unpleasant to him : but Junot refused to ask pardon, as he called it. In the evening however, Eugene came again to inform him that he was released, and Junot has ever since been persuaded that General Bonaparte sent his son-in-law to him, purposely to take advantage of his mediation.

Dupuy’s affair remained in the same state for three months ; at the end of which time Junot

repaired to the spot and gathered all the information necessary to form the ground-work of investigation, and prove by the comparison of documents, which he submitted to Bonaparte that Dupuy was innocent. "This was," said he, "one of the happiest days of my life."

One is entitled to be proud of bearing the name of such a man !



## CHAPTER IX.

Sketch of Madame Regnault—A speech of Napoleon to her—  
History of Madame de V——.—Fêtes given by the ministers  
in the winter of 1807—The love of a princess dangerous—  
Illness of Madame Junot, the general's mother—Her death—  
Letters from the Emperor, Duroc and Berthier to Junot.

AMONGST the persons now figuring in the imperial court, was one who is deserving of notice here, and with whom I was very intimately acquainted, Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, of whose husband I have spoken in a former volume.

Madame Regnault was well-born and beautiful; she was a perfect model of a fine Grecian head, with its exquisite outline and correct proportions. Her glossy black and naturally waving hair, never required the aid of the curling irons. Her teeth were white and regular. Her figure was symmetrical and she never had recourse to the corset, even when she wore a court-dress; her hand and arm, foot and leg were small and perfectly formed; in short she was in all respects at the time of which I am speaking, a beautiful woman. She was also

extremely well informed, had read much, and was very witty, but so modest, that you must have known her long to become acquainted with these qualities. She excels in an art very rare in a woman, that of the sculptor; and she sings with a cultivated taste and a beautiful voice. Constant in her friendships, the misfortunes of those she loves only endear them to her; and while surrounded with all the gaieties and luxuries of fashionable life, she never sacrificed to them one of her duties as wife, daughter, sister or relative. If her drawing-room assembled a party of eighty persons, one fourth of them at least were sure to be relations of her own or of Regnault's; and it was visible that these relations were also her friends; I never spent an evening at her house, without being sensible to the influence of her universal benevolence of character.

But it was not only in prosperity that these qualities formed shining traits in the conduct of Madame Regnault; in the moment when, her husband bending like mine, under the iron sceptre of unequalled misfortune she returned from exile to her native land, and was met on the frontier by vexations, persecutions and illegal arrest, she escaped in the disguise of a boy, and exhibited a courage and presence of mind, seldom to be met with in our sex.

In the last moments of her unfortunate husband's life her conduct was above praise. Regnault's muscular strength was prodigious when in a state of health; but under the influence of that malady

of the brain which brought him to the grave it was terrible, and made it very dangerous to approach him. His wife without any fear, or rather without shewing any, watched him as the most attentive nurse. In this miserable state she wandered with him through Brussels, Mons, Antwerp, wherever the unfortunate exile could obtain the slight favour of some hours' rest for her dying husband. A mutual friend, alas ! also proscribed met her in this painful pilgrimage, and has related to me traits of Madame Regnault which must have obtained for her the friendship of any one who had not felt it for her already.

The Emperor, who notwithstanding his immense genius, had always a weak side which chained him to humanity, was liable to imbibe prejudices against particular women ; Madame Regnault was one of those who had the misfortune, and it really was one, not to please him. Every one knows the manner in which his court circle was formed ; the triple row of ladies, behind whom were ranged also a triple row of gentlemen, all listening with as much curiosity as the females to hear the speeches, polite or impolite which the Emperor should address to them. It is easy now to speak as we please upon this subject, and to affect courage when the battle is over ; but I will affirm that when on a court-day the Emperor appeared at the door, which is in the angle of the throne room, with a cloudy brow, every one was afraid ; first the ladies, then the gentlemen ; and last but not least, that group assembled in the deep window

to the left ; that group, generally complete with the single exception of England, covered with jewels and chivalrous orders, and trembling before the little man who entered with a quick step, dressed simply in the uniform of a colonel of chasseurs. This man was the voice of God to the trembling, submissive powers, who bowed before him. Well then might poor weak women fear. I have however known women, and I have a right to place myself among the number, who preserved in his presence a dignity of manner, which pleased him better than silly fear or base flattery. When he made an unpleasant speech to a lady, and it was received with respect and spirit, he never returned to the charge. For myself, when I have offended him, he has often passed me at two or three successive court circles without speaking, but he never said a word which could wound my feelings. I have heard him do so by others though ; and once in particular to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely.

It was at a ball given by the Grand-Duchess of Berg at Neuilly. The Emperor was out of humour, and was going the tour of the circle somewhat rudely : I believe he did not even trouble himself to know to what lady he was speaking till he stopped opposite Madame Regnault, examining her dress, which was charming. A petticoat of white crape trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and white roses : and not a head-dress worn that night, had so beautiful, an effect as the lovely roses which Madame Regnault had embedded in the

soft velvet of her glossy black hair. If to this elegant attire, the recollection of her regularly fine features and exquisite figure is added, and to that the age of twenty-eight years, it must be conceded that no idea, but of beauty and interest would be likely to arise from the contemplation of her person. But all this graceful simplicity seemed to increase Napoleon's ill-humour, and a bitter smile played on his lips, as he said to her in his clear and sonorous, though solemn bass voice : " Do you know, Madame Regnault that you age very perceptibly."

The first effect of this speech was painful to Madame Regnault's feelings. To be thus pointed out to the attention of a thousand persons of whom at least a hundred females were delighted to catch the mortifying words, was a heavy tax upon a lady's philosophy ; but a moment's reflection enabled her to give proof of her good sense and spirit ; looking upon the Emperor with an amiable smile, she replied in a voice firm enough to be heard by all persons around : " What your Majesty has done me the honor to observe, might have been painful to hear, had I been old enough to feel it so."

The respect and fear which the Emperor inspired could not restrain the low murmur of approbation which ran round the circle. Napoleon possessed tact to an extent which can be hardly conceived by those who did not know him personally. He looked at Madame Regnault and said nothing ; but soon afterwards, passing us again,

I was standing close beside her, he addressed himself to me with a sort of malicious smile, but with an inflection of voice almost gracious, and said: "Well, Madame Junot, do you not dance? Are you *too old* to dance?"

Notwithstanding this prejudice of the Emperor against her, Madame Regnault was always faithful in her attachment to him, which became worship when misfortune reached him.

On my return from Arras to Paris, I found among the ladies of the palace, a Madame de V. . . extremely well known in the Faubourg St. Germain. She was large, which does not always imply well made, but her countenance was of the description which expects to pass for handsome. She was a gambler, with an absolute passion for a green cloth. Her nomination to the household was one of those which the Empress obtained by dint of importunity. Tired of resistance the Emperor signed, but in three months' time a reform became indispensable. The Emperor learnt that she played, not only at home, but when in waiting at the palace, and these reports were connected with particulars so extravagant that he sent to desire her to resign her situation. Madame de V. . . had written a letter to the Emperor entreating for the sum of 50,000 francs without which she could not live, if indeed she had not already had recourse to poison. The Emperor alarmed, sent Rapp, his aide-de-camp in waiting to carry assistance to her if it were not too late. Rapp was in great haste when he learnt how urgent the case was ;

but finding the petitioner making one of a party at Pharaoh, he saw that he might have spared his anxiety and diligence.

Such offences are never forgiven : from that hour Madame de V. . conceived the most cordial aversion for the Emperor ; and at the restoration, the most outrageous enemy Napoleon had, amongst a particular class of females, was this Madame de V. . She bethought herself of writing memoirs, which should serve for appendix to the Memoirs of Gohier ; they were conceived in the same strain of stupid envy and wicked malice. This Madame de V. . became a redresser of wrongs and Napoleon was deserving only of contempt and the grossest insults. All this vented in a sort of journal interpolated with the Journal of Constant valet-de-chambre to the Emperor. A curious collection of impertinences.

The choice of ladies of the palace had been made with extreme precipitation : and in pursuance of his system of fusion the Emperor frequently appointed ladies whose families, relations and friends, as well as themselves he was perpetually accusing of disaffection to himself and his government.

The winter of 1807 was very brilliant ; we had never been so well entertained, though the most gallant youths of the imperial court were absent. The staff of the Prince of Neufchatel was at this time as much celebrated for its elegance as for the distinguished names of the young men who composed it. Junot, Augereau, Lannes, and Lefebvre, raised an outcry against these handsome youths,

declaring they were too delicate to fight. It proved, however, that Berthier's young pupils made capital officers, and that it was possible for a good singer to be also a brave combatant ; that M. de Septeuil, though very handsome and a little dandyish, left his leg in Spain ; that poor Jules de Canouville, though the finest man upon the staff, had his head carried off by a cannon ball at Smolensko ; that M. Clouet, though he sang admirably, made an excellent aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney. All this was clearly established in the end, but these gentlemen were a long time before they would acknowledge it, and for several years were in the habit of saying of some of them : " Let them go to eat *figs at Tusculum*," in allusion to Pompey's young patricians. Their absence, however had a great effect upon the agreeableness of the balls of Paris ; over which they exercised an influence similar to that of the grand Vicars of Rheims upon the drawing-rooms before the revolution.

All the ministers gave fêtes this winter. The Grand-Duchess was the queen of them all, because the absence of the Queen Hortense, and the age of the Empress, who no longer danced, left the field open to her. She did not appear in the character of a complaining Princess, but as a sovereign sure of pleasing. She was at this time very fresh, and indeed very pretty, but for the defect I have noticed in a preceding chapter, and which, except her round shoulders were rather moral than personal. She dressed very elegantly,



opened all the balls with the governor of Paris, played whist with the governor of Paris, rode on horseback with the governor of Paris, received the governor of Paris alone in preference to all other persons, till the poor governor of Paris, who certainly was not an angel, and whose head and even heart, though always attached to me and his children, was not insensible to the impressions of the moment, could no more resist these seductions perpetually attacking him, than the christian knights could resist the temptations of the palace of Armida. He fell in love—passionately in love with the Grand-Duchess of Berg, not that she returned his love, she has assured me that she did not, and I am bound to believe her. Besides there was another passion in play, which professed to be only an accessory to love, to offer him an arm for example, while in fact it was prime mover of the whole plot. The results, however, of this mischievous affair, were the misfortunes and death of Junot. These Memoirs are of too serious a character to be a suitable vehicle for such histories; and I should not have mentioned them but for the purpose of explaining some particulars of the life of Junot, which would otherwise have remained buried in obscurity. I accuse no one. I only relate facts. But in so doing I shall shew how dangerous it is to love princesses: witness M. de Canouville; to whom it cost his head; M. de F. . . who was exiled; M. the Duke d’Abrantès, exiled also, for the vice royalty of Portugal as it was called, was but a gilded exile. It is true the pre-

dicament was sufficiently embarrassing, for M. de Septeuil lost one of his legs, because he could not love the Princess Borghese. Truly the love of such great ladies is not all ease and delight. I shall explain hereafter the reasons which gave birth to all this intrigue.

A great misfortune now fell upon our family, in the loss of my mother-in-law. To understand all Junot's distress upon this occasion, it would be necessary to know how much he loved her. To save him many painful hours I had concealed her danger from him, and the stroke consequently came upon him with the shock of an unexpected calamity. Those who speak of him as devoid of a single sentiment of tenderness and kindness, only prove how very little they know of his real character; he was the best of friends, and an example to all sons and fathers.

I have mentioned the wish expressed by my mother-in-law of passing the rest of her life at Raincy. She said this on the 2nd or 3rd of October, the day when Madame came there to breakfast. Always cheerful and equal in her temper, always desirous of seeing the young people about her laugh and enjoy themselves, she was incessantly teasing me, if the word is applicable to her kind and affectionate solicitations, to be dancing, singing, or running in the park even in the frosts of winter. Dear and excellent mother! how many tears has your loss cost me!

Some days after the breakfast she became ill: but as she never complained, it was my solicitude

that made me first observe the change that had taken place in her. I persuaded her to go to bed. Junot at that time was continually occupied in inspecting the troops that were on the march into Germany ; he came to Raincy only to dinner, and left home again at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, even if he did not return in the evening to visit the Princess Caroline, who already began to occupy much of his time. I could not distress him about his mother, for he was sufficiently unhappy in being absent from the scene of glory. The successes of the grand army disturbed his rest ; he dreamt only of the forest of laurels in which our troops were foraging while he had no means of gathering a single leaf. I was aware of the grief that oppressed him, I knew his broken nights, his troubled sleep, and the poignant thoughts that occupied his mind in the day : I am certain that he never gave the Emperor a stronger proof of devoted attachment. I afterwards told the Emperor all this in a conversation which lasted an hour and a half.

Baron Desgenettes was our intimate friend ; and we could not better confide the care of my mother-in-law's recovery than to his knowledge and experience. But art could do nothing against the fatal fever which had seized her, M. Desgenettes as soon as he had examined into the state of her disease, informed my brother-in-law and myself that she was in danger.

I knew the despair that Junot would experience on hearing this news ; and I had no courage to

announce it to him. In this state we remained till the eve of the fatal event. I had passed five nights in nursing my mother-in-law, for she preferred my attentions to those even of her own two daughters, who both loved her tenderly, especially the youngest, Madame Maldan, who was her favorite and Junot's also. I declined doing the honors of the table, and left Junot alone with M. de Montroud, M. Arthur Dillon, and several other men with whom he had hunted in the park in the morning. They were late in separating for the night. I prevented Junot's going into the sick chamber, because the patient heard with difficulty, and scarcely recognized those who surrounded her. I watched her till morning. At about half past six I felt a good deal indisposed, M. Magnien the apothecary of the village, who was in attendance upon my mother-in-law, advised me to lay down to take a few hours' rest; for I was overcome with fatigue; for five nights I had not slept at all. He had felt the pulse of the patient and assured me it was more tranquil; I therefore left the room comforted, though I afterwards learnt why he had spoken in these terms. Without undressing I threw myself upon my bed and instantly fell asleep, for in youth and health repose comes as soon as invoked to repair the effects of fatigue.

I had slept but two hours when I was hastily awakened by M. Magnien. My mother-in-law was dying, and the last word she had spoken was to ask for me. I hastened to her; but alas! she could

not see me, her eyes had already failed ; but she pressed my hand, and expired like a saint.

My eldest sister-in-law distracted me by her noisy lamentations ; Madame Maldan, the younger, was in an alarming state of distress without making half the disturbance. “ She must be taken from hence,” said I to her husband, “ she will die if she stays here ; order the horses to be put to my carriage.” Louisa would not quit her mother’s remains, but she was forced into the carriage with me.

Alas ! I had a very painful duty to perform. It was necessary to inform Junot of the catastrophe, and I knew that he had left Raincy in the morning very easy about his mother, from a pencil note which on waking I found upon a little table by my bedside.

“ I am going to Paris, my dear Laura, and am  
“ come to your room to take leave of you ; but  
“ seeing you sleep so camly I will not break the  
“ repose you stand so much in need of. I will  
“ leave you to repair the strength you are ex-  
“ hausting by your attentions to my mother. I  
“ go more easy about her, for I am told that she  
“ is better. If she had not been so, nothing  
“ would have induced me to leave Raincy. My  
“ dear, good mother, if my health or my life  
“ could relieve your sufferings how gladly would  
“ I part with either ! You, my Laura, know  
“ that this is true. Adieu, my love ; I have no  
“ need to recommend my mother to your care.  
“ I know how much you love her and you know

“ that your goodness to my family increases my  
“ love for you. Adieu.

“ If as I pass the clock-house I should find my  
“ daughters not within, embrace them for me.  
“ Do not fail to send me news of our dear invalid.”

Alas! how terrible were the tidings I had to impart! what a blow was he about to receive! I took with me my sister-in-law, Madame Maldan, and left my uncle the Abbé de Comnène to watch beside the corpse. On arriving at Paris I ordered my out-rider not to allow the carriage to drive into the court of the hotel, but to have it stopped at the corner of the Rue des Champs-Élysées. I alighted there, and leaving my sister-in-law under the care of her husband, proceeded to Junot's apartments; taking care that his valet-de-chambre should give him notice that he thought he had seen me upon the great staircase. I was not mistaken in my expectation. Junot was alarmed, almost enlightened, but was not overpowered by seeing me too suddenly. He threw himself into my arms, which in tears I held out to him, uttering groans that pierced my heart. His children, whom I had brought to him took his hands, and kissed them, crying bitterly; for children suffer more by sympathy than we are aware of. But in the first moment of agony these consolations were unavailing. Junot loved his mother with so much tenderness, that nothing could relieve the weight of grief with which her death oppressed him. During the days which followed he was ill; but determined himself to attend the funeral. My

mother-in-law was buried at Livry, a small village of which M. Arthur Dillon was mayor, and the curate was a particular friend of ours. I knew Junot's excessive sensibility and I dreaded some accident. In fact, at the moment when the holy water was thrown upon the corpse, he fell down in a swoon from which he was very slowly restored. For a long time he refused to receive company, and it was only the necessity of fulfilling his duties that induced him to go out. He never afterwards spoke of his mother without tears in his eyes. Oh ! his was a noble heart, a heart of gold, ardent and affectionate ; a being with whom it was impossible to be connected without loving him, and loving him earnestly.

The Emperor wrote to him upon the occasion a very friendly letter, full of such words as are sure to go direct to the aching heart, when they are said by such a man as Napoleon ; and then this letter was written wholly by his own hand, although seventeen lines long. It is remarkable that in this letter the Emperor *tutoyait* Junot, and spoke to him as in the days of Toulon or Italy. It concluded with a curious sentence. My father-in-law was keeper of the forests and waters in the department of the Côte-d'Or. The grief he felt at the separation from the companion of his life unfitted him for business ; he felt a distaste for every thing and would not retain his employment ; he wrote to his son to this effect and at the same time requested him to solicit from the Emperor the permission to resign it in favor of his son-in-

law M. Maldan. Junot in writing to the Emperor submitted to him his father's petition, saying that he was so overwhelmed with grief by the death of his wife as to be unable to fulfil the duties of his situation. The Emperor's answer as I have said was in a strain of friendship and of the truest kindness; but on the subject of M. Junot's petition he wrote :

“ I do not see why your father should wish to  
“ resign his employment ; when I have seen him,  
“ I have always supposed him a man of energy  
“ and strength of mind. What is there in  
“ common between his office and his wife ? If he  
“ is at a loss for a wife to receive company  
“ according to its duties, let him marry again.”

I own that this peremptorily leads to the conclusion that Napoleon was not sentimental ; and it was natural. The objects that engrossed his thoughts were too vast to leave room in them for the multiplicity of ideas of ordinary life. He refused the transfer of the place at that time, but granted it some months afterwards. The Emperor's letter was dated from Warsaw.

It often happens that we commit blunders ourselves which we should think it impossible for another person it fall into. On the evening after Junot had received this letter he went to the Tuileries to pay his court to the Empress. She had already learnt from the arch-chancellor, who told her all the news that would bear telling, that Junot had received a letter from the Emperor.



Junot thinking to interest the Empress in his father's wishes, spoke of his grief and his desire to retire ; he then repeated the Emperor's answer ; and gave it word for word ; not in jest, for he was much hurt by it, but in perfect innocence of saying any thing that could at all affect the Empress. Nor was it till she made him repeat the whole sentence, that he began to discover that this indifference to women and wives was likely to prove painful to the Empress, and that in fact she was deeply wounded by it. She was not however the less kind and gracious to him, but spoke with great interest of the situation of his father.

The same courier brought to Junot two other letters, the one from Duroc and the other from Berthier, I shall transcribe them here as giving some curious details respecting the army.

“ I received, my dear Junot, with real grief the news of the misfortune you have experienced. I have delivered to the Emperor the letter you sent me for him, and his Majesty has commissioned me to express to you how sincerely he participates in your sorrow\*. For my own part, my dear Junot, you are I am sure sufficiently sensible of my friendship for you to be assured of the interest I take in whatever afflicts you.

“ We march but slowly at present. The second campaign opened on the 25th of November, the

\* The Emperor's letter to Junot was of two days' later date.

first having lasted but nineteen days. I was sent as you must have seen to the King of Prussia. His Majesty has always treated me with so much kindness, that I should gladly have been a messenger of peace. But to my great regret I could not succeed. The cards were complicated on both sides ; and Russia having come forward to join in the game, it became too difficult for us, who were playing fair. I returned to the Emperor at Posen, and found him highly irritated. As far as Posen the roads were passable, or indeed good ; for the troops had abundant and good provisions, lodgings and forage. His Majesty reached Posen on the 27th of November in perfect health ; we stayed there seventeen days. It is a melancholy town notwithstanding its fine resistance to the hero of the north. We it seems are more formidable, or the inhabitants have changed their character, for instead of defending their town they came to meet the Emperor, their magistrates at their head, and received us with a degree of enthusiasm it would be difficult to comprehend, if we did not remember that they are not Prussians.

“ His Majesty issued a proclamation on the 2nd of December, to remind the soldiers that it was the anniversary of the coronation and especially of Austerlitz. I never saw the troops so much excited. If the Emperor chose to lead them to China I would be guarantee for their willingness to follow. They were absolutely delirious, and when another proclamation of the same day announced the arrival of the Russians on the banks of the

Vistula a general cry arose: *We shall beat them again.*

“ We are here in winter quarters, and very good ones. I have long known that the Polish ladies are the most agreeable in Europe, but it is necessary to be among them to know all the charm of their society. Warsaw is delightful. The Poles love us, I believe, even more than their ladies do. The nation wishes to receive a king from us. Murat takes their fancy with his plumes and his brilliant uniforms, but particularly with his valour, which you know is of good proof. We are receiving deputations all day. I have never seen the Emperor in such good humour. He was vexed however about Marshal Lannes’s affair with Benigsen, and scolded loudly. Lannes maintained that every thing was gained when the enemy abandoned the field of battle, but it is certain we lost a great number of men. Lannes also complains of a division of Davoust’s which did not second him well. I do not rightly understand the matter. But Lannes is our friend, and does not lie ; that is all I can say. You have no doubt heard of poor Rapp’s wound. He was born under an evil star. He never puts his head into fire without being struck.

“ Vandamme has behaved very well; which I am not surprised at for he is brave, but he has shewed talent in this military tournament of Silesia, and the Emperor is pleased with him.

“ I have promised you news, my dear Junot, and you see I keep my word. I cannot write to

you as often as I could wish for my own occupations as you know are very numerous, and very active ; but they will never prevent me cherishing a tender and faithful friendship for you.

“ Adieu, my dear Junot, give me also news of your carnival and of all your pleasures. They say you are very gay. Tell me every thing that passes. My homage to Madame Junot.”

“ DUROC.”

Berthier's letter was shorter, but it was written in a singular strain, and expressive of that melancholy which always oppressed him at a distance from Paris and Madame Visconti.

“ I have learnt with great sorrow, my dear Junot, the loss you have sustained in your mother. I feel the grief it will cause you ; but you are a husband and a father, and you will find great consolations in those titles. The Emperor is in good health and good spirits. All goes well. But Poland is a dull country. What would I not give to be again in Paris ! established in that good town, the only habitable place in Europe. But I think we shall not return just yet. Breslaw is taken ; it was garrisoned by eight thousand men. The Emperor is extremely well pleased with Vandamme. We are in cantonments waiting for fine weather. Adieu, my dear Junot, do not forget me, and believe in all my friendship for you. My respects to Madame Junot.

“ THE PRINCE OF NEUFCHATEL.

## CHAPTER X.

The Army in Cantonments—Murat and his plumes—Intrigues—The Empress and Prince Eugene—The Emperor is dead! *vive l'Empereur!*—The succession to a crown—The Princess Caroline and the Grand-Duke of Berg—Mystification of the Governor of Paris—Cambaceres guesses—The battle of Eylau—*They were all slaughtered!*—War between Lannes and Murat—He is a Harlequin!—All Frenchmen brave—The plumed cock—The Marshal of France at a ball—The Brother-in-arms in his golden trappings—*March*—An unwilling conspirator—Murat and the Empire—M. de Flahault.

THE severity of the season had determined the Emperor to allow his troops some rest. After the battles of Pultusk and Golymin, he closed the active campaign and, as Berthier said, put his army in cantonments. This army, increased by the contingents of Holland and the Rhine, was now immense, our confidence in it was unbounded; and the women of France proved it by a tranquil security which certainly did not arise from indifference to the fate of their sons, their brothers and their friends, but from their trust in the man who led them to the enemy. With him it was impossible not to conquer. Oh! these were times for France!

The repose of the army was not long. The Emperor left Warsaw on the 1st of February. I have now a letter before me which states that the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground, and that the thermometer had fallen six or seven degrees below zero. The passage of the Vistula had become in consequence more difficult, the ice having broken up the bridges. Murat, with his ever brilliant valour, led the van, and pushed his outposts very near to the Russian army. At Hoff he came up with them, and his cavalry made the finest charge that had ever been made by an army in actual battle. This boiling courage united to coolness of forethought in action and a real military talent might well procure pardon for the absurdity of his toilet. All the world knows his little riding-cloak *à la polonoise*, his *schapskis*, his *schakos*, his *colbaks*, and whole collection of the most ridiculous military head-dresses that it was possible to find or invent. But what is less known is the value of the plumage that ornamented all these fine caps. The Princess Caroline told me herself, that perfectly astonished at the multitude of feathers sent for by the Grand-Duke, she had made inquiries as to their price, and had learnt that plumes to the amount of 27,000 francs had been delivered in the space of four months. Henry IV's white plume is a proof that the French may be led to victory at less expense than this.

This is the place to introduce a mysterious circumstance which occurred at this period, but which was unknown to the Emperor, (if indeed

he ever was fully informed of it, which I doubt,) till after his return from Tilsit.

Although a faint rumour began to be heard about this time of the Emperor's chagrin at not having children, a chagrin which he certainly felt, and which was sometimes manifest to his private friends, the power of the Empress over him was solidly established ; it was not only the power of habit, but of an essentially gentle and pleasing influence, which to a man like the Emperor always agitated by the immensity of his thoughts, was an Eden to which he retired for repose. Nothing then, at this time appeared to trouble the conjugal peace of the Empress Josephine ; but there were other causes of anxiety which would intrude, when the Emperor was exposed to the dangers of war. Prince Eugene her son, was beloved by all who surrounded Napoleon, and very justly ; for he was brave, affable, a friend to the soldier and possessed of all the qualities which could be desired in a son of the Emperor. The Empress knew this, and was often on the point of sounding the Emperor on the grand subject of adoption, but her natural timidity always overcame her maternal and personal interest : and an inconvenience peculiar to her situation made it more difficult for her to act openly : this was the eventual interest of her daughter and grandsons in the succession. It became necessary however, to come to some decision, for the Empress now saw a person by her side who worked her way with uncommon address

at the task of placing her husband in the situation in which she would gladly have seen her son. I here advertise my readers, that I attribute neither to the Empress Josephine nor to Madame Murat any designs against the peace or glory of the Emperor. But they wished to be prepared for misfortune, and each of them respectively were desirous, that if the Emperor should be carried off by a cannon ball, the cry might be as in former days: *The Emperor is dead! vive l'Empereur!* with this difference, that what the one coveted for her husband, the other would have secured to her son.

But to attain even a hope of this kind, one person must be seduced, and this was Junot. The most curious part of the affair was, that these ladies without any mutual explanation, perfectly understood each other. The Empress without further delay determined to enter directly upon the business, when the Emperor opened the new campaign; accordingly, two days before the battle of Eylau Junot was invited to breakfast with the Empress, and the strangest conversation imaginable passed between them. They were not on bad terms, but a marked coldness and distance had always existed between them. Junot was respectful as it was his duty to be towards the Empress, but I believe she would always have done him mischief with the Emperor. The Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne have explained to me the cause of her malice against Junot, if M. de Bourrienne related to her the falsehood he has



dared to publish, and took upon himself the odious part of false accuser to the Empress. But whatever might be the cause, I know that the coldness of Josephine was painful to Junot. It was therefore with surprise and pleasure that he received her overtures of unbounded confidence ; a change which he owed to his command over so great a number of troops, that had any unfortunate news arrived, he was in a situation which would enable him to decide any irresolution on the part of the people, and to impose whom he pleased upon them, with more facility than could the Prætorian guards or the Janissaries.

The Empress began by assuring Junot that she had been greatly instrumental in his appointment to the government of Paris. It has been asserted to me that she had strongly requested this favor for a man who had not a single requisite for a general or even a soldier. Junot also knew how much of this to believe, but he said nothing. He could sometimes be prudent. This profession of the Empress set him at ease however ; an agreeable intimacy was thrown over their present relations, and he was all gratitude. The Empress entered upon the delicate subject she had so much at heart, and to do her justice, she managed it very cleverly. She represented that the Emperor was as liable as the meanest soldier of his army to the stroke of a cannon ball or other mortal wound. What then would become of France ? was it to fall back into the anarchy of the directory ? this was no longer admissible.

“ But, Madame,” said Junot, “ it seems to me the case foreseen by your Majesty has been so also by the Emperor and the senate. King Joseph would supply the Emperor’s place, King Louis would succeed, and in his default the two sons of King Louis, and even in the last resort, Prince Jerome.”

“ Ah !” said Josephine, “ do not hold the French nation so unjustly cheap as to suppose they would accept such a Prince as Jerome Bonaparte for their sovereign.”

“ But, Madame, without defending Prince Jerome, who is little more than a child, I would remind your Majesty of your grandson, who in the order of succession would occupy the throne of France.”

“ And do you believe that France, still bleeding from her intestine wounds, would run the risk of incurring new ones under a regency ? I believe, on the contrary that my grandsons would meet with great opposition : but that my son Eugene would find none.”

Speaking afterwards of this demi-political demi-intriguing adventure, Junot told me that at this name of Prince Eugene, who was really much beloved in the army, and who was entitled to call himself Eugene Napoleon, he hesitated a moment before he answered. At length considering that this was but an ordinary conversation, he replied with becoming reserve in such a manner as not to compromise himself, even by an indiscreet word. The conversation was long, it was three

o'clock before it closed and it had commenced at one.

But there was in Paris an ambition much more active, because the imperial crown with which it sought to encircle the brow of a husband, would also adorn the wife's. Murat had a great name in the army. Undoubtedly Lannes, Macdonald, Oudinot and numerous other generals deserved as well of the country, but Murat as the Emperor's brother-in-law came before the army and the people under peculiar advantages. His wife, the most dexterous person in the creation, was sensible of the value of their position, and did not hesitate an instant to take its inconveniences for the sake of the prospects it offered. But as she could not go direct to the governor of Paris to ask him to proclaim her husband; as moreover she would not, because the risk was great, the result might be immense, colossal, or it might be dangerous, even terrible; as she could not therefore say to Junot: If the Emperor should fall in battle would you make my husband king? she said such things as were intended to provide that when the decisive moment should arrive, he could refuse her nothing. It was one of the most detestable combinations I have ever known.

In the midst of this perpetual struggle Junot passed his life; he soon apprehended trouble from this frequent contact with the Empress. She might bear him ill-will for continually opposing the laws of the empire to her wishes; and when the hour of danger should come, she would certainly ex-

pect that he should design her the mother of the reigning Emperor. He was embarrassed, and went to take council of the Arch-chancellor. Cambaceres possessed great intellectual abilities; he was acquainted with men and mistrusted them. A thousand strange thoughts crossed his mind as he listened to Junot's relation; he believed himself sported with, and he fixed his eye on Junot as if to penetrate if possible into his heart, and there find the real truth. He asked his opinion of the Grand-Duchess of Berg and her husband. But Junot did not then believe himself mystified: he did not imagine himself existing in an era when a man's devotedness was to be secured by fascination or the terrors of an initiation; and when he did learn it, self-love, that universal malady, persuaded him that he was the only object the Grand-Duchess had in view in this affair. He believed it in simplicity, and . . . . . he was sent to Portugal. He effected a convention admirably deserving of eternal remembrance; but it was not a victory, and the Emperor would have nothing but victory. Then followed . . . . . but silence; we must not forestall. We shall reach the fatal period soon enough.

“But,” said Cambaceres, “in point of fact what do you understand?”

“I perfectly understand,” replied Junot, “that the Empress has proposed to me to proclaim Eugene Emperor and King of Italy, if our master should unhappily fall. That is what I have heard with these two ears.”

“ And how have you determined ?

“ How,” exclaimed Junot, “ is it possible to act in any way but one ? If we lose the Emperor, which God forbid, will not the King of Naples come to reign over us, and in truth we could not desire a better Emperor. The most direct way of expressing one’s attachment to the Emperor is to execute his will. Louis XIV was a despotic tyrant, but his body had not reached St. Denis before the provisions of his last will were violated. King Joseph shall be my Emperor, if misfortune should strike France in striking Napoleon.”

Cambaceres still gazed attentively upon Junot, and spoke again of Madame Murat, but he said upon this subject he was not yet in her confidence. He determined to watch Junot and to warn him as soon as he should perceive him engaging in dangerous projects.

About the middle of January the Minister of Marine gave a ball. An immense crowd was assembled at it. I have been told that fourteen hundred persons were invited. This ball was distinguished by having taken place on the very day of the battle of Eylau. Alas ! how many young women who quitted it fatigued and satiated with pleasure, learnt eight days afterwards that it had been to them a day of mourning and woe. The Russians were in great force in this battle which was one of the most murderous that ever took place. I have heard accounts of it that make one shudder. The victory was long in dispute, and a glorious charge of the cavalry of the guard finally decided it.

It is difficult to judge of the events of this memorable battle as they actually occurred; but the application of a real intention to discover the truth, to the contradictory evidence which is offered will throw good light upon facts. We have to find our way between rocks, and I confess the most painful result of the investigation is the conviction that the Emperor's statement is false. The bulletin relates the affair so greatly to our advantage, that it makes us to have lost only nineteen hundred killed and five thousand wounded. The Prussians according to Ruschel raise our lost to thirty thousand killed and twelve thousand wounded, and state their own at seven thousand nine hundred killed, and twelve thousand wounded. Here then according to this account has a single day witnessed the last agonies of thirty-eight thousand human beings violently forced before the tribunal of their Creator! and the groans of twenty-four thousand more struggling upon the same field of blood, where the horses drew back in horror before the mountains of corpses. The picture is too horrible to think of! . . . . . The truth probably lies between the two parties; but it is an undeniable fact that we lost an immense multitude of men. Then to what purpose is the falsehood? it is always wisest to speak the truth. The Emperor in acknowledging his losses at Eylau would have appeared to me much greater than in advancing an absurdity which even a child could not believe, particularly if he happened to be nephew, or son, or cousin of Colonel Sémélé, Colonel of the twenty-fourth regiment

of the line, one of the finest in the army and of itself forming nearly a brigade.

*They slaughtered them all, Sire! they were three thousand men!* The regiment of Colonel Sémélé reckoned six hundred men more, yet might they say with the Templars: *They slaughtered us all!!*

But a war terrible in its consequences, arose between Murat on one part, and Lannes and Augereau, each claiming the merit of this victory. The Emperor's bulletin represents Murat's courage as having been the cause of fortune's decision in favor of the French arms; while the reports of a thousand officers who had no friendship to flatter, and no revenge to gratify, assert that the Grand-Duke of Berg was not engaged with his cavalry till the concluding act of this bloody tragedy. Augereau was coarse, absolutely vulgar, I am distressed to be obliged to connect this word with the name of a marshal of the empire, nevertheless it is a melancholy fact. But Marshal Lannes was so different a character that to see these two names conjoined is a still greater source of regret. Lannes asserted and maintained that Murat was engaged only at the close of the action. The crown of laurel that encircled Lannes's head might easily spare a few of its leaves without missing them; but he declared that he would not permit a single one to be torn from it. Sometime afterwards during the repose of the troops a scene occurred between Lannes and the Emperor, so extremely disagreeable to Napoleon that the brave and loyal soldier at length discovered that he had gone too far. The words

were strong as was the emotion which dictated them.

“ That brother-in-law of yours is a pretending knave, with his pantomime dress and his plumes like a dancing dog. You are making game of me I think—he is brave you say—and what Frenchman is not brave? In France we point our finger at any one who is not. Augereau and I have done our duty, and we refuse the honor of this day to your brother-in-law—to his Imperial and Royal Highness the Prince Murat. Oh! how this makes one shrug one’s shoulders! he too must catch this mania for royalty, forsooth!—Is it to stitch his mantle to yours, that you steal our glory from Augereau and me? You have but to speak, and we are to submit; but we have enough, and to spare—I can afford to be generous.”

This conversation was reported to me by an ear-witness, who was then, as always about the Emperor. The scene was so much the more violent as the Emperor replied in the dry tone of command, and with all the displeasure of an offended sovereign; while Lannes alive only to his anger, and the injustice that had been done him, perpetually repeated with a disdainful smile, which was itself sufficient to complete the exasperation of the Emperor. “ So you would give him our glory—well, take it; we shall still have enough.”

“ Yes,” exclaimed Napoleon, unable any longer to contain himself; “ yes, I shall take and distribute the glory as it suits me; for understand, it



is I, and I only, who give you your glory and your success.”

Lannes became pale, almost faint with anger, and leaning upon the shoulder of Duroc, who had just come in alarmed by the increasing noise of this quarrel, he said in a voice trembling with emotion:

“ And so because you have marched through blood over this field of execution, you think yourself a great man for your battle of Eylau!—and your plumed cock of a brother-in-law, comes to crow over us. This cannot be; I will have my share. Then this boasted victory—hum--what is it?—Is it those twelve thousand dead bodies still shrouded in the snow, and fallen there for you, to preserve to you that field of battle the ensanguined object of your wishes, now a field of infernal horrors, because the French uniform is the ensignia of its mutilated corpses—and you deny me, me Lannes, the justice which is due to me!!”

This dialogue was overheard by several persons, but not so distinctly as I have transcribed it. It was after the return of the army, that a mutual friend of Lannes and ourselves, related to me the whole scene. The Emperor was calm in appearance while it lasted, but it produced a terrible effect upon him, notwithstanding his attachment to Lannes. The latter had the imprudence to name Augereau in the explosion of his passion. He was not so well protected as Lannes, by his glory and the services he was capable of rendering to the country. Augereau is one of those problematical

military reputations, which are established upon valour alone: this is not sufficient. A man may use his sword very bravely and yet have no skill by which to protect his head from that of his antagonist. Augereau with his vulgar manners and profound ignorance had nothing in his favor, but the 18th fructidor and the bridge of Arcola; the latter action being moreover wholly executed under the orders of the general-in-chief of the army of Italy. Augereau was audacious; but he had a coarseness of expression from which even the soldiers revolted. They like to find in the chief who commands them, a bearing and manners differing from their own; and Napoleon was so strongly impressed with this opinion that he considered it one of the first duties of a commander.

“The soldier,” he would say, “does not much respect physical strength, nor even extraordinary courage, provided his leader is not a coward; but what he expects from him, what indeed fixes his confidence, is the conviction that his general, his colonel, his captain, the officers in short under whose orders he marches, is wise and skilful enough to foresee and provide against any accident that may occur.”

I have frequently heard the Emperor advance this opinion, once on account of Augereau, and occasioned by an adventure between Junot and the rough mannered general, at a ball given by Prince Kourakin when Russian ambassador at the imperial court; and though I am not fond of antici-

pating I cannot forbear giving it here, while we are upon the subject of Augereau.

I was dancing then at the ambassador's ball, and Junot was waiting the close of the country-dance to go home. He was naturally a great sleeper, but he never at any time said to me : *I am going home, you may follow.* His attention was invariable, and even my mother never waited with more complaisance, till it was my pleasure to leave a ball-room, though it might be till five o'clock in the morning : he sometimes gaped, to be sure, but I could not be ill-tempered enough to be angry with that.

This night of Prince Kourakin's ball he was gaping as he watched the motions of our young heads crowned with flowers, which sleepy as he was he would willingly have seen exchanged for night-caps, but as usual acting his part of husband to admiration ; when Augereau, by no means in so patient a mood approached him, and opening an enormous mouth from one ear to another called out :

“ Well ! comrade, what are you doing here ? How long do you propose to wait for the *bourgeoise* ? ”

Junot, accustomed to the jargon of his brother-in-arms, as Augereau called all the generals who had fought with him in Italy, and therefore not surprised at his eloquence, answered him quietly but suppressing a yawn ; (which may be done politely)

“ My wife is dancing ; I hope she will not engage herself again : though in fact it is not late.” He drew out his watch and found that it was not yet one o'clock.

“ The devil,” said Augereau, looking at it ; “ you have a dashing ticker there ; but you were always a dandy. I remember in the army of Italy you were always gilded as fine as a tankard ; and then you never would smoke. Not but that I have learnt to be very elegant myself : look at me.”

Junot had hitherto been content to hear him, and now for the first time looked at his dress. He found that his brother-in-arms had some right to boast of his finery, for he had put himself into full court costume according to the latest order ; but he had left its embellishments wholly to the taste of his tailor, and the cross legged artist desiring nothing better than full latitude for his trimmings, had so covered the Marshal's blue velvet coat and white satin breeches with gold lace, that between the rich display of bad taste upon his ignoble figure, and the sergeant-like precision of his hair-dressing with his enormous powdered and pomatumed cue, the vulgarity of his appearance and manners contrasted so oddly with a manifest intention of being elegant, that Junot could not restrain a laugh.

“ What are you laughing at ?” said Augereau, with an air of astonishment ; for he thought nothing could be better imagined than his dress ; though he found some of its finery very inconvenient, and wore his fine clothes with very much the air of a

peasant in his Sunday suit. Junot replied that he could not help laughing to see so staunch a republican attired so magnificently.

“ And why not ? ” said Augereau, “ other times, other manners, as the proverb says ; we must do at court, as the courtiers do ; besides when one has one’s own purposes to serve, attending the court is no such bad game after all. Then he pulled down his ruffles, set himself in a military attitude and strode out his right foot with an air of proud satisfaction, as if he had been at the head of a brigade of infantry. He cast an eye of self-complacency upon his ill-shaped leg and its silk stocking with embroidered clocks, his white satin breeches and gold lace garters ; making evidently a favorable comparison of all this finery with the simplicity of Junot’s uniform frock, as colonel-general, of sky blue with scarlet facings embroidered with gold. But his sleepy fit overcame his vanity ; his wife was still waltzing, I believe, but am not sure, with M. de St. Aldegonde ; tired of waiting, he cried out to *la Maréchale*, with the voice of a stentor :

“ Come here ; ” then putting or rather throwing her shawl over her shoulders, and pushing her before him, he called out “ Forward, march ! ”

This happened in 1810 ; and many persons now living witnessed the scene as well as myself.

We frequently visited the Empress in the course of this winter, in which the Emperor was braving the frosts of Poland. She suffered much uneasiness, and was very desirous that Junot should more

openly pronounce in favor of Prince Eugene. She told him so one day, in so undisguised a manner, that on his return from the Tuileries Junot could not forbear communicating his feelings to me.

“ They will certainly give me,” said he, “ against my will, the appearance of being a conspirator. What can I do under such circumstances? I see no possibility of coming to any resolution except in the case of a catastrophe I cannot so much as think of. And even in the event of such a calamity befalling France, we have the King of Naples; then Prince Louis and his children. I shall never depart from the line of succession traced out by the Emperor himself.

“ And Murat?” said I, looking attentively at him; for my own observations had already unfolded to me the projects of the Grand-Duchess of Berg. But Junot was not then so far involved in them as he afterwards became.

“ Murat!” said he, “ Murat, Emperor of the French! what can you be thinking of? Why not as well give the crown to Massena, Lannes or Oudinot? If bravery is what we want, the generals of the army are all as brave as the blades of their swords; and Murat though as valiant as those I have mentioned and many others, is in no respect superior to them. On the contrary, his pride and boasting make him disliked in the army. His last folly of the uniform for his staff has given the finishing stroke to his popularity.”

Junot was right; Murat was much less popular in the ranks than Prince Eugene, whose simplicity

of manners and goodness of disposition were appreciated by all, from the marshal to the private soldier. In the affair of the uniform, Murat had exhibited great want of judgment. He wished to compel his aides-de-camp to wear an uniform, which was in fact his livery: amaranth, white and gold. At a subsequent period, at Naples, he had the advantage for he was King; but in Poland several officers of his staff, at the head of whom was M. de Flahault, revolted against a measure extremely disagreeable and repulsive in their ideas. M. de Flahault, a handsome youth, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary of the Emperor, could not endure him; M. de Flahault who sang like a troubadour of good King René's time, was willing enough to be a troubadour altogether, and wear the colors of the Grand-Duchess of Berg; but he would not wear these same colors in the fashion his general would impose them; and the affair gave rise to a sort of insurrectionary movement in the grand-ducal staff, the result of which was that M. de Flahaut ceased to wear the colors, either of the Grand-Duke or Grand-Duchess of Berg, and was transferred to the handsome staff of the Prince of Neufchatel.

## CHAPTER XI.

Success in Russia—The great Sanhedrim—No more polygamy—The Empress and patience—The prediction—Napoleon's illegible letter—The Grand-Duchess of Berg—Extraordinary visit—The chamberlain of Princess Pauline—St. Joseph's day—Household of the Princess—Madame de Champagny—Madame de Barral—Madame de Brehan.—The Barber of Seville and the plays—M. de Longchamps—Mlle. Mars—The fête—The Princesses actresses—Anecdote of Josephine—The Imperial Court.

DURING the discussion of these weighty matters, affairs of quite a different nature were proceeding ; Suchet and Oudinot gave battle to General Essen at Ostrolenka. An officer wounded in this engagement, writes that the day was one of the most sanguinary of the whole campaign. Its success is attributed solely to the skilful manœuvres of Suchet and the intrepidity of Oudinot. I was shewn the position of the two armies on the table of Junot's cabinet, by the little black and red marks, placed to represent the Russians and French, for as to the Prussians they had been scattered before the winds, and were no longer in question.



The present was a remarkable crisis in the political history of the Jews. The great sanhedrim which had assembled in February, terminated its sittings on the 8th or 9th of March; and the result of its conferences was sufficiently important to occupy some portion of our attention. This ancient nation, whose strange destiny it has been to wander for fifteen centuries under the weight of the divine anathema, was now offered an habitation, and in acknowledgement of the asylum and protection afforded them, voluntarily submitted to the laws of the land which received them. Polygamy was abolished with a clause, the wisdom of which I could not but admire. The sanhedrim declared that the obligations of their law were twofold, religious and political; and while the former were absolute, the latter intended for the internal regulation of the Hebrew nation in Palestine could no longer be applicable to a people destitute alike of country and of civil policy.

The Empress it is well known was fond of the game of patience. Every evening the packs of cards were placed upon the table, and patience proceeded while that of the spectators was sorely tried. As her love for the Emperor was sincere, and her solicitude, I am persuaded, was as great for the individual as for the sovereign whose crown she shared, she had recourse to every means of tranquillizing her anxiety, and as cards proved amongst the readiest, they were continually resorted to. One evening when I was with her, having exhausted her favorite game in every variety of

form, the Empress wondered whether a courier would arrive that night : it was nine o'clock.

“ I cannot make up my mind,” said she “ to retire to rest till I am satisfied whether there will be any tidings for me to-night.”

She recommenced the great patience, and before it was half accomplished was certain she should succeed ; which accordingly she did : and scarcely was the last card placed on the last pack, when the Arch-chancellor entered, with his usual solemn pace, and delivered to her Majesty a letter from the Emperor ; a letter the more agreeable to her as it announced that the army would repose during the month of March, in cantonments between the Vistula and the Passargue. This last particular is impressed on my mind by the circumstance of an entire line of the Emperor's letter containing the names of the two rivers being utterly unintelligible to the Empress. It was handed to us to decipher if we could, but with equal ill success ; for my own part I could as easily have read the inscription on Cleopatra's needle. At length Junot arrived, and as he was even more accustomed to Napoleon's hand writing than the Empress herself the incomprehensible line was made over to him, and he read it.

“ Really,” said the Empress, “ it is very fortunate for me that you took it into your head to fetch Madame Junot, otherwise we should have seen nothing of you, and I should have remained in ignorance that the army was stationed between the Vistula and the Passargue.”

This was mildly spoken, but Josephine was visibly hurt that Junot paid her no other attention than was due to the Empress. She laughingly whispered a few words in his ear; upon which Junot coloured and looked round to see whether I was listening or observing, and replied in a tone which made it apparent that he was piqued in his turn.

I was poorly at this time without positively knowing the cause of my malady; I guessed it, with indescribable joy for it seemed to give hopes of a boy after my five girls. In consequence however of this slight indisposition, I kept my bed somewhat later of a morning, and had not risen from it on the day following the incident of the letter when I heard several voices in my saloon, and suddenly my bed room door was thrown wide open and the Princess Borghese was announced.

“ Well ! my little Laurette, so you are ill ? I can easily believe it. You are vexed : hey ? come tell me all about it.”

And jumping on my bed she established herself upon my feet quite to her satisfaction, and regardless of any inconvenience she might cause me. I rang for some pillows that I might sit up and offer my duty as a lady of the court, instead of remaining thus in my night cap in presence of so august a personage ; but she would not suffer it, and we had the strangest conversation possible.

“ So, so, Laurette, tell me why you have not given me a fête at your country house of Raincy ?”

“ Because as your Imperial Highness can scarcely bear the motion of a carriage, I did not imagine you could hunt ; which is the only fête we can offer you at Raincy.”

“ And why should not I hunt as well as Caroline ? Your fêtes are all for her.”

“ But, Madame, you do not ride on horseback.”

“ What does that signify ? I could follow in my palanquin. Have you seen my palanquin ?”

“ No, madame . . . but that is no consequence, you cannot hunt in a palanquin.”

And the idea struck my fancy as so perfectly ludicrous that I could not avoid laughing.

“ Very well ; they all laugh when I tell them I can follow the chace with my bearers. M. de Montbreton tells me I have not common sense. But we shall see ; I want to consult Junot about it, where is he ?

I rang and inquired for Junot : he was gone out.

“ Ah ! ah ! gone out already ! Really he is very early in his visits. Perhaps it is for the Empress's fête ; he is director in chief of every thing that is done at the Elysée. You ought not to allow it,” added she, with an air of seriousness quite amusing.

“ I have no control in such matters,” I answered with a heart a little swelled, for I understood her allusion. “ But what fête do you mean Madame ?”

“ Why the 19th of March to be sure, St. Joseph's day. We are to fête the Empress our

sister. We are to perform a comedy at Malmaison ; you are one of the principal actresses. What, do you know nothing about it, my little Laurette ?”

A message was at that moment brought me from the Grand-Duchess of Berg desiring to see me ; to which I answered that I would hasten to attend her commands : but it was not easy to get rid of such a personage as the Princess Borghese.

I was obliged to listen to the full detail of her projected costume and singing ; then to complaints against such of her ladies as had been wanting in respect. Then she talked of the Emperor’s victories, of my night gown, and then again of her dress for Rosina ; it was the most discursive *tête-à-tête* imaginable.

She was determined to perform Rosina on the occasion ; a complimentary song was to be added to the music lesson, and that affair would be settled. Then followed lamentations sufficiently comic, addressed as they were to me, on Junot’s *having forgotten* how beautiful she was . . . . Oh, the strange being ! Suddenly she exclaimed in an extacy :

“ My little Laurette, do you know my new chamberlain ?”

“ No, Madame, who is he ?”

“ M. de Forbin.”

My brother was well acquainted with him, but I had seldom seen him ; though I knew that he was both sensible and agreeable, and that his

elegance of manners and distinguished merit naturally fitted him for the situation to which he was appointed.

“ What, my little Laurette do not you know my new chamberlain !” . . . .

She leant over me and pulled at once all the three bell ropes at the head of my bed. My valet-de-chambre and women came running in all together.

“ Send in the gentleman who is in the saloon,” said she to the valet-de-chambre.”

And in walked M. de Forbin.

I do not know whether I am infected with the prejudices of persons who are growing old, but I must say that in my opinion the present day does not produce men so attractive for talents, manners and personal appearance as numbers who figured at the period of which I am writing, and amongst whom M. de Forbin was eminently distinguished. He was well formed and handsome; his language was remarkable for grace and elegance, and his abilities in painting, poetry, literature, made him the most delightful drawing-room companion in the world. Such was the M. de Forbin, whom the Princess Borghese brought into my chamber while I lay in bed, to shew me *her chamberlain*; for her state household was as yet a splendid novelty.

This establishment was composed of persons no better suited to each other than that of Madame-Mère.

Madame de Champagny (Duchess de Cadore) wife of the minister for foreign affairs, was lady of

honor. I have met with few women so indifferent to their person as was Madame de Champagny. She was the most worthy but wearisome, the most tender, yet least feminine woman I have ever known. Her tenderness indeed was all reserved for her husband who might fairly be cited as a model of excellence in every respect, but seemed to have been gifted by a wicked fairy, who neutralized all his good qualities by a most disagreeable exterior united with towering pretensions. He spared no pains to please, flatter and oblige in pursuit of susceptible women who might make him happy; but he unfortunately carried in his own person an antidote to all his efforts. It is in vain to assert that beauty pleases only the eye, and that it is the qualities of the heart alone which can inspire love; all that sounds very well and very fine in fairy tales, written perhaps by hunchbacks or persons who were never either vaccinated or inoculated. I do not mean however to deny that a baboon may occasionally be in vogue; and I may remark, *en passant*, that such generally best understand the knack of preserving the public favor till the world will sometimes run mad after them. But not so with the Duke de Cadore. He was indeed somewhat of the baboon, but by no means the fashion.

Madame de Barral, now madame de Septeuil was a tall, handsome, and graceful woman, with too small a head for her formidable stature, but she was sprightly and altogether agreeable.

The newly married Marchioness de Brehan,

daughter of M. de Cressy, was handsome, well made, with an air of fashion, and a most fascinating address ; pretty light hair, feet eminently French, that is to say peculiarly small, a skin of satin and beautiful teeth ; and combined with all this a keen and lively wit, which never gave offence. Always considerate, and always active, her penetration would sometimes outstrip its object ; but her open and affectionate heart, her firmness of character and generous friendship, were formed for love. I can testify the value of her friendship which misfortune far from alienating has served but to strengthen.

Madame de Chambaudoin's close intimacy with the Princess Borghese rendered the biography of the one inherent in that of the other, it is therefore unnecessary to speak here of her.

Mademoiselle Millot, since become Countess of Salucca, was indisputably the most remarkable personage of the Princess's household. The granddaughter, or at least the pupil of Pougens, her education was perfect if I may use the expression, especially for the age, and sown in a soil which nature had provided with every requisite for fertility.

Her acquirements were masculine, but her talents feminine and of the most pleasing kind. She could talk of trifles, of dress and public sights ; and then would join a conversation on the highest subjects which she knew how to direct with peculiar address. She was not pretty ; her eyes were small and Chinese ; the turn of her ideas



was however unfortunately far too original for a woman, whose thoughts should all be subjected to inviolable rules of propriety, and to this she owed misfortunes much to be pitied, and a premature death. She was the author of an historical romance, entitled *Forearini or the Practitioner of Venice*, comprizing all the imagination which the age demands, together with all the valuable instruction that knowledge such as hers could furnish!

The household of the Princess Borghese was doubled, when subsequently Prince Camille was appointed Governor General of Piedmont. Mesdames de la Turbie, de Cavour, and de Mathis were the Italian ladies then added to it. Of the latter the Emperor Napoleon was so enamoured as to write her several letters a day; and this (notwithstanding the contempt with which he affected to speak of the inhabitants of the south), nearly about the same time that he gave proofs of attachment to Madame Grassini, and Madame Gazani.

The gentlemen of the Princess Borghese's household, or more properly that of the Princess Pauline (for she made great account of the title of Her Imperial and Royal Highness) were above mediocrity; I have already described M. de Forbin. M. de Clermont-Tonnerre excelled in all social amusements, was a pleasant companion, and of a mild and amiable disposition.

The name of M. de Montbreton I recall as that of an invaluable friend, a friend whose at-

tachment has lasted five and thirty years unshaken by any reverse of fortune, or any political change. Good and excellent man! when I wish to cite the best of fathers, husbands, brothers, and patriots, I must always name M. de Montbreton.

The whole establishment had been summoned to deliberate upon the piece that should be selected for the Empress's fête. Let it be understood, that the two sisters-in-law thought no more of the Empress herself, than if her name had been St. Lucia. They were determined on a fête; and a fête in which they should play the principal parts, and attract universal applause. Could the party have been transported to Madame de Genlis' Palace of truth, this would have appeared as the really actuating impulse.

The Princess Pauline therefore insisted on the representation of the Barber of Seville, "Because," said she, "I shall play Rosine to admiration."

"But, Madame, it is an opera."

"I do not mean the opera, but the French piece translated; I have it, and very well translated."

"But Madame, it is very long, and besides it is for the Empress's fête. Nothing could be so suitable to the occasion as" . . . .

"Really," said she, quite irritated, "she must be very hard to please; what can she wish for if not that we should be amused. Well, it will amuse me to perform the comedy, and take the part of Rosine. How pretty I should look in the

black and pink hat, and the little pink satin dress, with an apron of black blond.”

The Princess Caroline, who had far more sense than her sister, (although I cannot subscribe to the extraordinary pleasantry of M. de Talleyrand in saying she had the head of Cromwell placed on the shoulders of a pretty woman), had set her mind on a part contrived expressly and exclusively to shew her off. The two sisters could not therefore be brought to agree, and the great sanhedrim which had just closed its sittings could not betray more irresolution than the present council. A lucky motion was at length made to consult Junot, whose opinion was fortified by former credit with one sister and present credit with the other; I will not say whether this was wholly attributable to the strength which friendship acquires from the recollections of infancy; but however derived, he had sufficient influence with both to induce them to abandon the project of performing a great drama, and to play two small pieces composed expressly in honor of the day, telling each that her part might be made as prominent as suited her own inclination. M. de Chazet was to compose one of these pieces, the witty, agreeable, M. de Longchamps, at the command of the Princess Caroline the other; and he never failed to charm, whether giving parties of pleasure, sketching after the most caustic manner of Teniers the pilgrimage of an old maid; warbling the despairing strains of a patriot on the eve of exile;

or simply in the chimney corner relating some old legend, with that grave spirit, and interest, which is the exclusive gift of nature and cannot be acquired by study. He produced the affecting ballad of *We must depart! Adieu my Laura*, (so beautifully set to music by Boieldieu), at the moment he was himself embarking for his exile in America; and was also the author of *My Aunt Aurora*. Spontini, known to the musical world by *La Vestale*, was to contribute the music.

No sooner were the pieces prepared than the parts were distributed; and now the eagerness to be *Prima Donna* appeared in its full force. The male characters were fairly assigned; but as to the female it mattered not whether they were or were not suited to the talents of their several representatives, provided those of the two Princesses were carefully worked up and comprised all the interest of the pieces. Our only resource was in playing something less badly than our imperial coadjutors, and in that respect we had full latitude. The actresses besides the two Princesses were la Maréchale Ney, Madame de La Valette and myself. The gentlemen Messieurs de Brigode, d'Angosse, de Montbreton, and Junot; besides another who acted a subordinate character, and whose name I have forgotten.

La Maréchale Ney acted an old grand-mother with the talent she uniformly displayed, for I never knew her do any thing otherwise than well, but her part was not very formidable.

The pleasure of this comedy was certainly not so great to its final audience as to ourselves during our three weeks' rehearsals; not that the matter was uniformly laughable to us all; to me for example when on entering one of the palaces at which we were to rehearse, an equipage struck my vision with amaranth liveries, turned up with yellow and laced with silver,—that is to say my own; but where was the person the landau had conveyed? Not in the gallery! I found in short that a council was holding; but not in the fashion of the *Comédie Française*, to which the dramatic corps were admitted, and each allowed to give an opinion. In our company we had not even the liberty of remonstrance.

The Princess Pauline as an actress acquitted herself tolerably well, but her singing was so outrageously out of tune that it was scarcely endurable. It was besides sufficiently ridiculous to see her carried into the middle of the theatre (for the state of her health prevented her walking), and there in her arm-chair rehearsing the part of a young affianced bride. Who was her lover? I do not remember, unless it was M. de Brigode, who in the second piece performed Lolo Dubourg admirably. Madame Ney and Madame de La Valette also performed in the first piece, the former extremely well; as for Madame de La Valette, M. de Chazet, who was her instructor, exclaimed rather angrily; “Cannot you, dear madame, express a little more emotion? rather more tender-

ness I conjure you ! really one would suppose you were asleep."

His reproach was just. It would be impossible to speak or move with more monotony or cold indifference ; she was perfectly provoking ; an animated statue, but not animated like Galatea, with the sacred fire of the heart. And yet this woman who appeared so cold has proved that her soul is warmed by the noblest passions.

In the second piece Junot was a lover, a character not at all adapted to his comic talent. It was love in its utmost passion, in all the vigor of first impressions. I think M. de Longchamps must have been bent on placing his Charles in *recollected situations*, and putting into his mouth words he must pronounce with pleasure ; I cannot otherwise account for the parts of Junot and the future Queen of Naples in this piece.

Its plot is simple. The scene is laid at the house of the Mayor of Ruelle ; Caroline and Charles, mutually in love, and born the same day, are engaged in marriage. An insufferable bore is desirous to cross their hopes ; but the good genius of the weeping lovers has recourse to Malmaison. The wedding is to be celebrated, and the Empress designs to honor it with her presence. Meanwhile Charles and Caroline sing together to the air of *O ma tendre musette*.

Junot was much affected : those who knew his heart could have no difficulty in divining the nature of his emotions. Not so the lady ; she tried to appear affected but could not succeed. Her

feigned agitation was revealed only by the increased *alto* of the tones that came fretfully from her lips ; which however pretty, were never intended for the passage of harmonious sounds.

The Princess Pauline was enchanting in her costume of a peasant bride. The timidity which she really felt, and which a first public appearance cannot fail to excite even in persons of first rate talent, was most becoming, and enhanced her beauty in an extraordinary degree. The performance was certainly very amusing, both to see and hear. My education in good society was never more essential to prevent a burst of laughter in the midst of a reply, for though the Princesses might be the two prettiest women in the world, they were certainly two of the worst actresses that ever trod the boards of a theatre.

My part was in the piece of M. de Longchamps ; which was by far the prettiest. My dramatic skill was at best but indifferent, and this character quite unsuited to it. I had never aspired beyond the part of waiting maid, or one of distrust and malice such as Madame Derval in the *Self Rivals*. On this occasion, I was to be a very silly, puerile young girl, god-daughter of the great lady who was expected at Ruelle ; and I came to request a compliment for my god-mother from the mayor, whom M. de Montbreton personated to perfection, with an ease and truth seldom to be found in an amateur.

I was quite certain of failing in my performance ; a circumstance probably very desirable to

others, but quite the reverse to myself. I therefore requested Mademoiselle Mars if she had a few minutes to spare, would have the goodness to hear me rehearse: and by the more than urbanity with which she complied, rehearsing with me unwearyedly every morning during the fortnight, that elapsed before the appointed fête, I had an opportunity (of which I perhaps stupidly, availed myself far more effectually than of her lessons) for admiring the muscular play of her pliant and charming features; her expressive smile always conveying some idea while it disclosed her pearly teeth, and those beaming eyes which in accordance with the smile revealed the coming sentiment, before it could find utterance. Hearing her thus in a private room, divested of all that delusive attraction which the lights, the public plaudits, the whole witchery of the scene cast around an actress on the stage, I mentally exclaimed: This is the greatest actress in the world! she is pursuing her natural vocation. Here is no appearance of acting; it must therefore be the perfection of the art. From that moment I became a declared and enthusiastic admirer of Mlle. Mars, and considered it a real public misfortune that she refused to receive pupils.

In these interviews I had equal reason to appreciate the tone of her conversation, her excellent judgment, and her good taste; I found in short in Mademoiselle Mars every thing that could constitute a woman formed to shine and please in the very best society.



She must in return have given me credit for a very obtuse understanding ; for in looking at, and admiring her I lost all recollection of my required improvement. In my frequent contact with her genius, however a fragment of her mantle devolved on me, and I went through my part at least without incongruity, which was more than all my companions achieved.

The performances at Malmaison, even under the consulate excited apprehension ; how great then must be our anxiety, now that the Empire with its luxurious wonders rendered Paris the fantastic abode of magnificent grandeur ! This reflexion crossed my mind during our breakfast, on this important day with the Empress, in the stuccoed dining-room on the ground floor at Malmaison leading to the Emperor's closet.

We were five and twenty seated at a table, over which the Empress presided with her accustomed grace, and all the simplicity of a hostess in ordinary society. She had desired me to bring with me my two eldest daughters Josephine and Constance. Josephine, her god-daughter was placed beside her. Their English governess accompanied them, and the dear creatures were assuredly of all the imperial guests the least disturbed by anticipations of the day's occurrences.

I was pregnant with my eldest son Napoleon, and in addition to the suffering this circumstance occasioned and which afterwards became serious, was already attacked with a derangement of the nerves, arising out of a sensible shock, to the

moral affections, from which unhappily I have never since been free ; and had the occasion been any other than the Empress's fête, I should certainly have excused myself from appearing amongst the *Dramatis personæ* ; especially since to aid my previous sufferings I suddenly during one of our rehearsals, lost my voice which had always been remarkable for its compass, modulating without exertion eighteen notes. This extinction of voice lasted eleven years, and I have recently recovered it only as *contre-alto*.

The representation terminating with a humorous madrigal of birthday congratulation to the Empress, passed off tolerably. The Princess Pauline performed far better than her sister, notwithstanding the eternal pretensions of the latter, who is perfectly persuaded that in every word, step and action, she excels all other women.

It was late before we left Malmaison, and our return was rather painful to me, for the Grand Duchess of Berg took it into her head that we should accompany her in her carriage, though I had my own in waiting, and should have much preferred travelling at my ease in it. We had not proceeded far before the Princess was taken ill. It was at Rueil ; I ordered the coachman to stop, the carriage door was opened, and she alighted, which I would willingly have been excused doing, for the night air, though not absolutely cold was far from agreeable. The Princess had had a nervous attack in the course of the day, and had even fainted ; when the Empress Josephine finding a

letter entangled in her gown ; put it into her hand which she held closed with her own, during her swoon ;—a trait which deserves publicity. When the Princess recovered, and perceived this delicate attention she said with ill concealed ill-humour, in reply to a question which no one asked, for the Empress took no notice of the circumstance:

“ It is a letter from Murat.”

“ I very well knew the writer,” said the Empress afterwards to me, “ for I recognized the hand.”

I had no similar services to render, as the night was too dark for any one to present *petitions* to her at that hour ; my only task therefore was the preservation of her princely dignity, in the agitation caused by a renewal of her nervous attack.

We reached Paris at three in the morning. I set the Princess down, and Junot handed her out of the carriage and conducted her to her apartments ; her carriage therefore conveyed me home in solitude.

This little comedy of the 19th of March 1807 had occupied the whole imperial court, through the preceding winter, filling it with intrigues, petty hatred, vengeance, and scandal ; for alas ! all these existed amongst us, and other bickerings, still more despicable. But is not this the secret history of all courts ?

## CHAPTER XII.

Campaign of 1807—Spain—Don Eugenio Isquierdo—The complaisant host—The result—The child of love with the Duchess of Berri—False reproving—M. d'Araujo—The Marquis d'Alorna—Conversation with the Virgin—The sorcerer—The prediction—Infant assassination—Superstition—Letter of M. Araujo—List of Inquisitorial prohibitions—The *Diable Prédicateur*.

IN these two years 1807 and 1808, fortune for the last time lavished her favors with profusion on France and her Emperor. He was afterwards victorious ; his thunder still rolled over the heads of kings ; still carried mourning into foreign families ; and occasionally flung us a few stray laurels as compensation for our losses. But those losses were thenceforth more immense, those laurels more stained with our blood. And in what can this change have originated ? Why did victory, hitherto always faithful to his call, now desert his eagles ? Because she is a woman ; because she grew weary of continual demands upon her ; and moreover she is capricious, and chose to favor our enemies in their turn !

Spain saw the commencement of her misfortunes in 1807 ; the first link of her chain took long to

forge ; but it is now demonstrated, at least to me, that Napoleon had for some time past fixed his eye upon Spain. I do not seek to excuse him, but report simple facts.

Don Eugenio Isquierdo, who so potently influenced the affairs of Spain, visited Paris in 1780, for the study of natural history. He was then in perfect obscurity, little known and less esteemed ; but not deficient in the species of talent necessary for intrigue and self-advancement. On his return home, he procured some inferior employment under the government in an Andalusian village, where he was lodged in the house of the principal inhabitant, and having no servant, his host's daughter was proposed to him in that capacity. He accepted the offer, and the birth of the Countess de . . . . ., formerly on the establishment of the Duchess de Berri was the consequence. How Isquierdo arranged his romance, I know not, but such was its result. He soon afterwards passed into the service of the Prince of Peace, and was at the present time employed as his agent in Paris.

The blindness of the Prince of Peace to Isquierdo's proceedings here is inconceivable. Don Eugenio must have been either a fool or a knave not to have repeated to the Spanish royal family all that was said respecting them, and he heard much in his frequent conferences with Junot and myself. There is no alternative but between the above epithets. His ill-favored countenance is one of my most disagreeable reminiscences ; especially

when I reflect on the good he might have done, and the mischief he did ; upon the misfortunes his treason or his imbecility drew, not only on Spain but on France ; and upon the four hundred thousand French corpses with which he strewed the Spanish soil, from Barcelona to Cadiz, from Bayonne to Carthagen.

I believe I have already said, that after my departure from Lisbon, I maintained a correspondence with M. d'Araujo, whose charming letters, though treating only of Lisbon society were interesting to me, as bringing news of my friends. I one day received several letters by a courier from Portugal, all filled with the most frightfully tragical story that can be imagined, of which an infant nine years old was both the hero and the victim.

All Paris was certainly acquainted with the Marquis d'Alorna, who in 1809, commanded the Portuguese troops sent into France, either as auxiliaries or hostages. In 1807 he was in a sort of disgrace at the court of Lisbon, and retired to Villa-viciosa in his government of Estramadura, with the Marchioness and their son Don Miguel recently become Count of Assumar, by the premature death of his elder brother of a malignant fever.

The marquis was a man of extraordinary endowments ; but withal was the most credulously superstitious being in the whole peninsula, where that qualification is nevertheless in pretty fair renown. This weakness was augmented by the

singular accomplishment of the prediction of an obscure monk, as to the very month of his father's death. The monk was afterwards elevated to a bishopric, through the marquis's influence, and loaded by him with favors and riches.

Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his eldest son, the marquis's piety naturally directed him to religion for consolation ; but as administered by the monks around him, far from pouring balm into his heart, it served but to aggravate the wound, till his mind so far sunk under his affliction, that he fancied himself in daily intercourse with the deceased, and with the Holy Virgin. Neither his general conduct nor conversation however, gave room for the suspicion of such aberrations.

The marchioness was one day surprized by finding her bell unanswered, and leaving the room to ascertain the cause, found her whole household male and female, domestics and attendant companions assembled in the court around a man, dressed in the uniform of the Alorna regiment, who was distributing predictions to each respecting their future fortunes. Not far behind her husband in superstition, she hastened to apprise him of their gifted visitor, and the marquis uttering a hasty thanksgiving, commanded that he should be instantly introduced into his private closet. The joy and respect with which he was received, together with a previous knowledge of the marquis's character, gave the man his cue, and with all due solemnity of look, voice, and manner, he

readily answered all the inquiries into futurity, which were put to him ; till shewing their only remaining treasure the lovely little Miguel, then in his ninth year, the fond parents demanded his fate.

The Castillan, for such the pretended prophet had proclaimed himself, now feigning great consternation, looked attentively at the child, shook his head mournfully and mysteriously, but resolutely refused any reply. Miguel, who had been most unwillingly condemned to his bed for a slight cold, now awaking, sat up, displaying the beautiful light glossy ringlets that clustered round his fair, soft and rosy cheeks ; and fixed his large blue eyes on the oracle with an expression that seemed to second the urgent entreaties of his parents.

“ No ! ” said the Spaniard, his long and obstinate silence apparently vanquished by the innocent beauty of that angelic countenance. “ No, I cannot anticipate the destiny of this child, it is too melancholy.”

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed the marquis in agony, “ now, Sir, you must speak ; you have now gone too far not to proceed.”

“ Then,” said the Spaniard, “ since you are resolved on knowing your child’s fate, learn that his life will be short. If he survives his ninth year, he will be happy and prosperous ; but he will never see that period, the day which completes it will be fatal to him. All your efforts, all your cares, will prove ineffectual to shield him from the



misfortune already preparing. In the interval I will constantly pray for you and for him."

The dismayed parents immediately joined a confidential valet and a Brazilian negro to his preceptor, in the guardianship of the young Miguel, with the strictest charge never for an instant to lose sight of him, sleeping or waking.

Thanks to this watchful care, eight months elapsed in safety, and the happy parents, their fears nearly lulled asleep, transported at the near approach of that day which was to secure the future happiness and prosperity of their darling, resolved on celebrating it by a superb fête, and sent out above two hundred invitations to the neighbouring nobility.

The eventful morning dawned in auspicious beauty. The marquis rose betimes, and descending to the saloon, inquired for M. Cailhet, a French emigrant, his attached friend and inmate, who found him sad and abstracted.

M. Cailhet endeavoured in vain to banter him out of his unfounded depression, and hailed the arrival of the blooming Miguel as the most effectual antidote to the parent's uneasiness.

The boy came to offer his morning salutation to his father, and to ask his blessing; he was attired for the first time in the full uniform of his father's regiment, and his little heart fluttered with joyful exultation. The father lifted him in his arms, gazed on him for an instant, then folded him with deep emotion in a tender embrace.

“ Where is mamma ? ” said Miguel, impatient to shew her his new dress.

“ Asleep, ” replied his father, “ go and walk in the park till she wakes, ” and away bounded the happy child followed by his valet and the attached Brazilian.

“ Sweet child ! ” said Cailhet, watching from a window his playful movements, full of the grace and agility of infancy. “ How happy you are in possessing such a treasure. ”

The marquis pressed his friend's hand, but was too much affected to speak. Unable to shake off the melancholy which oppressed him, he proposed a game at chess ; but after a few moves, pressing his hand on his forehead complained of faintness, pushed the table aside, and full of anxiety for his child, asked his friend to accompany him into the park.

At the moment they were setting out, a sudden cry of lamentation was heard from the shrubbery. The marquis turned pale, his limbs trembled, and incapable of proceeding he was supported back to the saloon.

Meanwhile his friend hastened to the shrubbery, where lay extended on the grass, under an arbutus tree, his rich uniform dripping with wet and covered with mud, the inanimate corpse of Miguel, of that child who but half an hour before, had been so full of life and beauty !

At the end of the garden was a small basin, scarcely deserving the name of a pond, supplied with fish and swans which Miguel delighted in

feeding. This morning he ran to the water, and eager for some bread to satisfy his favorites, sent the valet to the castle to fetch some ; Miguel meanwhile under the care of his faithful Brazilian amused himself with stirring up the fish by means of a long branch of arbutus, which retained its foliage and beautiful red fruit.

The marchioness in the excess of her solicitude, guarding against even the appearance of danger, had ordered the erection of a secure trellis, about two feet and a half high, round this basin ; though the water was not of sufficient depth to drown even a child. The negro cannot therefore be charged with imprudence in obeying the child, when impatient at the valet's tardiness he dispatched him also for the bread. The Brazilian was scarcely five minutes absent, yet on his return he found Miguel in the basin, and in a position so singular, that it seemed impossible the child should have so fallen by accident ; his feet were in the air and his head driven with such force into the mud, that it was with difficulty he could be extricated.

The grief of the parents was agonizing ; the marchioness was brought to the verge of the tomb ; and the marquis was from that day forward lost to his family and friends. His understanding was not indeed overthrown, nor his benevolence discarded ; but he was totally changed, and it might be truly said of him, the patriot still lives, but the individual is extinct.

One of the letters relating this story, was from M. d'Araujo, and contained the joint convictions

of himself and two colleagues in the ministry; who, although at first obstructed in their researches, for the murderer was on the point of being dubbed a saint, had persisted in making strict inquiries on the subject.

“ Poor Miguel,” he writes, “ was ASSASSINATED! “ assassinated by the villain who so emphatically “ predicted but a few months previously, that he “ WOULD NEVER COMPLETE HIS NINTH YEAR. The “ wretch it would seem had formed the infernal “ project of himself executing his prediction on “ Miguel’s birthday; and easily finding entrance, “ to a garden enclosed only by a privet hedge, “ remained in ambuscade till he saw his victim “ alone, when seizing the moment he drowned “ him.”

The suspicions entertained from the first, were confirmed by the discovery that the juggler had been at the time in the neighbourhood of Villaviciosa, and had made his escape as soon as he found the affair had attracted the attention of the police. Such are the frightful consequences of superstition.

While that scourge of the peninsula is under consideration, I cannot forbear observing the utter ignorance in which, before the war, the populace were kept, and the fanaticism promoted amongst the superior orders. In my visits to Spain I became acquainted with several comparatively enlightened persons who deplored the miserable ignorance of their country, and desired to break the spell with the extreme ardour natural to that noble nation,

susceptible of every generous impression. Some of my friends had requested books from me, and faithful to my promise I transmitted a chest full, partly French, partly Spanish printed at Paris and quite unknown in Spain; I also added Don Quixote, and a selection from Lope de Vega and Calderon, to which the Spaniards were nearly equally strangers, and a translation of the *Diable Prédicateur* which, absurd as it is, I had seen performed at the theatre at Santa Cruz. What then was my astonishment to find it refused admission into Spain!

I happen to be in possession of a curious catalogue of books, prohibited by the Spanish authorities, which denounces total excommunication, and a penalty of two hundred ducats for the uses of the inquisition, against all who shall read, sell, buy or conceal from the holy office, any of the books contained in this anathematized list. It comprises besides theological books, several historical works, and all the productions of Corneille.

I could not but consider my favorite Spaniards, whose awakening was to convulse universal Europe, as far distant from so glorious a destiny, while they could suffer themselves to be thus hoodwinked and their ears sealed by superstition.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Visit of the Arch-Chancellor—The new Duke—The twelve Peers of Charlemagne—Republicans tempted—National rewards—Erroneous judgments passed upon Napoleon—The right of inheritance superceded—The siege of Dantzick—The new Duchess—The usher reprimanded—The twenty-fifth child—A wife a good adviser—The nephew a music master—The proclamation of the Prince of the Peace—Napoleon offended.

ONE evening the Arch-chancellor paid me visit. He appeared thoughtful, and seating himself beside my sofa, which I could no longer quit, accosted me with :

“ I bring you strange news ; the Emperor is not only re-establishing the ancient noblesse, but is restoring new titles of rank, and who do you think is the first military duke ? Guess.”

“ Marshal Lannes ?”

“ Very natural but not correct.”

“ Marshal Massena ?”

The Arch-chancellor smiled and shook his head.

“ Well then, unless it is Bernadotte, who in spite of his violent republicanism seems to wear harness as a courtier with perfect docility, I can guess no further.”

“ It is Lefebvre, I have just seen his wife.”

“ And not ill chosen. Madame la Maréchale’s manner may not be in perfect harmony with her dignity of duchess, but she is a good wife; besides you know the Emperor makes no account of us, one difficulty in his choice was therefore obviated; and Lefebvre is one of the most estimable members of our military family. I am sure the Emperor has well weighed his choice.”

The Arch-chancellor with all his caution smiled at me, and we understood each other without speaking. It was evident that Napoleon, willing to revive the high nobility and recreate the twelve peers of Charlemagne, intended to give additional lustre to his twenty-four grand dignitaries of the Empire; which however should be the just reward of their services: but it was necessary to feel his way, and to proceed warily with a people who held the very name of King in abhorrence, and had only accepted an Emperor in consideration of the ancient relation of that dignity with a republic.

Napoleon, surrounded by a thousand perils, never relaxed his precautions; and though apparently regardless of obstacles, was careful not to shock the men of the revolution; they were to be gained, which was no longer a work of difficulty. The temptation was spread before them and nature achieved the rest. No sooner was the bait offered than all, far from repelling it, were eager for a bite; and that which Napoleon presented in the Duchy of Dantzick was of the most attractive kind. Aware of this, he would not confer it where it might in any case be liable to abuse, and Marshal

Lefebvre, esteemed by the army and all true Frenchmen, and deserving of the highest reward of valor, was the person best adapted to the Emperor's purpose. But one inconvenience attended this choice, and that it must be acknowledged was considerable—his family. His wife is well known; but his son! in all my military travels I have never encountered a single being of manners and inclinations so abject; and they were perfectly in character with a figure and countenance which would not have induced one of the lowest maidens of the suburbs, to become his dancing partner at a village fête. Napoleon knew him well, and appreciated him justly; that is to say at the minimum of estimation.

I have often remarked how many writers, both for and against Napoleon, have spoken of him without knowing him, and followed only the notions more or less erroneous with which popular report has furnished them. The creation of the Duke of Dantzick gave occasion for one of these misrepresentations. In the Emperor's message to the senate, after a deserved eulogy on the rare military talents displayed by Lefebvre in the siege of Dantzick, he added these remarkable words:

“ And especially in order that no descendant of his may terminate his career without shedding his blood for the glory and honor of our beautiful France.” Upon which the author of *a Chronological Review of the History of France*, exclaims:

“ What a man was this, who exalts the art of



destroying our fellow creatures for glory and honor, above all civic virtues." If the author of this Chronological review, had thought fit to inform himself on the subject before him, previously to pronouncing his opinion, he would have learned the real cause of the introduction of this passage into the Emperor's message. He would have learnt that grievously distressed by the conduct of his son, the brave Lefebvre had imparted his grief to the Emperor, who (none can deny him this justice) was the second father, the second head of every family. While recompensing the father, therefore, in the glorious testimony he bore to his achievements (for no one better understood how such men should be rewarded) he wished to exclude the son from a favor of which he was unworthy. The condition was to bar that right of inheritance, which was afterwards granted to all; so that the obligation of shedding his blood for the glory and honor of our beautiful France was confined to the young Lefebvre, who certainly shewed no symptoms of a disposition to fulfill it. The sentence was at the time generally understood, and M. de Montgailard alone, who detested Napoleon, has interpreted it, as if the Emperor had announced to every mother, "*I devote your son to battle.*" How many judgments have been passed upon Napoleon on equally false grounds.

The siege of Dantzick was one of the most brilliant military successes of a campaign rich in triumph. Somewhat of Frederick's spirit was

at length aroused in General Kalkreuth ; he was once more the soldier ; we had not indeed spared the spur, but the steed at length began to feel it. During the two months' siege the trenches were open fifty-two days ; and when Kalkreuth capitulated and engaged for himself and his men not to bear arms for twelve months, only eight thousand and some hundred men defiled before the French general, though he had shut himself up there at the head of eighteen thousand. Eight hundred cannon and immense magazines were captured in this fortress, the fall of which secured our left flank and rear, and left to Prussia only the post of Pillau along the whole coast of the Baltic.

The important question which at this time agitated the imperial court was how the new Duchess would carry her dignity ; and she speedily resolved it. She went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine for the favor the Emperor had just conferred. The Empress was in the great yellow saloon ; and as Madame la Maréchale had not demanded an audience, the usher accustomed to call her by that name entered to take the orders of the chamberlain in waiting ; he returned and addressed her :

“ Madame La Maréchale may enter.”

The lady looked askance at him ; but suppressing all audible tokens of indignation, she entered the saloon ; and the Empress, rising from the sofa she usually occupied beside the fire-place, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with

that engaging graciousness she could always assume when it pleased her: "How is the Duchess of Dantzick?"

La Maréchale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then turning towards the usher who was in the act of shutting the door, "*Hey, my boy,*" said she, "*what do you think of that?*"

How was it possible for the most determined gravity to resist such an attack?

Towards the end of the Empire the Duchess of Dantzick became tiresome, and almost as rational in her speech as Madame Fabre de l'Aude, who once answered the Emperor's query when she would lie-in of her twenty-fifth child: "When your Majesty pleases." But La Maréchale Lefebvre, or the Duchess of Dantzick, as you may please to call her, was very amusing at the time her husband was made a Duke (a year before the other generals) and for a long time maintained her eccentric position under the ducal dignity.

Once during the period of our quintuple royalty, when some of its possessors exchanged their directorial toque for gold pieces, and others for exile beyond the seas, some of those who yet retained it took it into their heads to elect a light-headed, but heavy-handed colleague, who might defend the Luxembourg in case of attack from the sovereign people reduced to temporary slavery. They wrote accordingly to Lefebvre, who was with the army of the Sambre and Meuse offering him the directorial crown. The brave soldier con-

sulted his wife, who demonstrated on this occasion the soundness of her advice. "You must answer them *No*," said she; "what would you do meddling in such matters? stay here. They must be in bad way yonder, to want to make a king of a simpleton like you." Lefebvre wisely followed his wife's advice.

The beneficence of the Duchess of Dantzick has been much vaunted; some people took pleasure in surrounding her with a halo of kindness and benevolence, which might serve to neutralize the absurdity of her manners; and verily I was too long deceived myself to blame those who shared the delusion. But how grievously was I astonished to learn, that a nephew of her husband's was living in Paris in the deepest misery. Chance threw Volhfart in my way, to give my eldest son lessons on the guitar. He had lost a wife he had adored, though of inferior station, and this marriage was the cause of his exclusion from his uncle's house; she left him two young children, whom the father had much difficulty in maintaining. He was a good subject, industrious, sufficiently educated for any ordinary employment, and very desirous of obtaining some. Believing that the loss of her who had caused his disgrace might ensure him a better reception, he used every effort to procure from his aunt at least some assistance for his unfortunate children, but all in vain. I have exerted myself to obtain a place for him, but in these times to be the son or nephew of one of

the heroes of our glorious days is no very potent recommendation.

While we in Paris were celebrating our conquests at five hundred leagues distance, with dancing and various diversions, all Europe was marching under shelter of a camp at the Emperor's bidding; and already new plans were succeeding to those of which a few weeks had witnessed the accomplishment.

Spain in her treason imagined she had deceived him, and already did his finger point to the peninsula which he devoted to ruin. I have recently met with the famous proclamation of the Prince of Peace, famous it ought to be if it is not, as a monument of unparalleled political stupidity. The following passage may serve as a specimen of the style of this singular document :

“ All the magistrates of Spain must display extraordinary and peculiar zeal in exciting the national enthusiasm, that we may enter with glory the lists about to open. A great number of soldiers must be procured, and the courage of the nobility stimulated, for their privileges as well as those of the crown are at stake.”

This seems to have been the sentence which particularly struck the Emperor. He saw that Spain, hitherto the faithful ally of France, was like a man becoming tired of an old love. But it would have been wise to have become better acquainted with the mistress who was to be cast off. The Emperor's word was soon to become a terror

throughout the whole extent of the peninsula. It is evident that the Prince of Peace weak and fearful, put out the proclamation, because he believed that France would be beaten by Prussia : but when the Prussian armies had disappeared, when in the course of a triumphal march of a few weeks the Emperor had overthrown one empire and menaced another, then came submissions, at which the Emperor laughed, as he had before laughed at the intended revolt.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Death of Prince Louis—His personal and moral resemblance to Napoleon—Napoleon relates the conflagration of l'Orient—The filial heroism of the young Casabianca—Anecdotes of Prince Louis Napoleon—Queen Hortense in the Pyrenees—Her return to Paris—Her albums and musical compositions—Napoleon less of a Corsican than he is thought—His economy and liberality—Las Cases's aspersions upon Junot explained.

A GREAT misfortune befell the family of the Empress Josephine, in the death of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, who died in Holland, of the croup. The letters of Madame de Brock described the grief of the Queen to be so violent as to threaten irreparable injury to her health. Whatever might be the projects of the Empress, her heart was deeply smitten by this event. She seemed to apprehend the menace of divorce in every tear that was shed over the tomb of the young prince. "Oh! how severe a misfortune!" she continually repeated with sobs of distress.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the young Prince Louis; who had he lived to fulfil the promise of his childhood must have become a distinguished character. He bore a striking re-

semblance to his father, and consequently to the Emperor; from which likeness the malice which pursued the Emperor even into his holiest affections, has invented a calumny so infamous that I should degrade myself by refuting it. The gentleness and firmness of character which this charming child already displayed gave also a moral resemblance to his uncle, and I am sure that the prospects of France often brought a smile to Napoleon's lips as he gazed upon him.

One day at St. Cloud the Emperor was relating a very interesting tale with that power of voice and look, which belonged to no other person: the young Prince who was sitting on the Empress's knee, slid quietly down, placed himself opposite the Emperor, and fixed upon him his large blue eyes animated with a strong expression of interest, his breast heaving, and his whole appearance indicating an emotion even to suffering.

The history which the Emperor was relating was indeed calculated strongly to affect the heart of a well-disposed child. I have spoken before of Napoleon's talent and taste for narration. He would often alter the circumstances of a story for the purpose of heightening its effect; but on this occasion his own interest was so much excited by the facts, that he repeated them without the smallest variation from the truth. It was the history of a naval battle; and like Homer, the fire of his words seemed to bring to the ears of his auditors, the roaring of the waves, the thunder of



the cannon, and the groans of the dying. He placed you on the deck of a vessel, the planks of which stained with blood, and covered with dead bodies were already crackling under the action of fire, which sent its thousand tongues of every diversity of colors, bursting through the hatchways and climbing in serpentine wreaths along the yards and up the masts. This vessel, which but a few hours before, rode in her pride commanding the anchorage of Aboukir, and presenting at her forecastle above five hundred human faces all full of energy and life, was now a desert; for whoever of her crew had not been brought down by the enemy's cannon, had hastened to escape a certain horrible death by throwing himself into the sea to swim ashore. One man only remained there standing with his arms crossed upon his large breast, his dress bathed in blood, and his face black with powder and smoke. He looked with deep sorrow upon another man, lying at the foot of the main mast, with both his legs fractured; breathing still, but losing his blood and life without complaint; nay, thanking God for calling him from this world, and raising his dying eye to the republican banner of France, which still floated over his head. At some paces from him was a boy about fourteen years of age, dressed in a blue jacket without any mark of distinction; a small sword was by his side, and two pistols were fixed in his belt. He looked upon the dying man with an expression of despair, blended with resignation which impressed the conviction that he also had

done with life. This vessel was *l'Orient*, the admiral ship of the expedition to Egypt; the dying man was her Captain, Casabianca; the youth was his son.

“ Take this child,” said the captain to the lieutenant, “ save yourself and him, and leave an old sailor reduced to the value of a damaged cartouche to die alone.”

“ Keep your distance!” said the young hero, “ and save yourself; for me—this is my place, I will not leave my father.”

“ My son,” said the dying man, casting upon his noble child a look which expressed all the happiness the human heart is capable of conceiving, “ my son, I command you to go.”

At this moment a frightful crash evinced the mastery of the devouring element, the timbers of the deck became burning hot. The lieutenant started forward to seize the youth, who presenting one of his pistols threatened to lay him at his feet if he attempted to touch him. “ It is my duty to stay here and I will stay,” he exclaimed; “ go you, may heaven protect you! but you have no time to lose;” then laying himself down beside his father and throwing his arms round him he added: “ Bless me, my father!”

“ These were the last words the lieutenant heard; he jumped into the sea and swam towards the shore, which was but two hundred toises distant; (“ For,” said the Emperor, “ Admiral Brueys, stupid fellow, had crippled all his movements by fighting so close inland), but he had

not made ten strokes towards it before *l'Orient* blew up with a tremendous explosion. He was saved by assistance from shore," added the Emperor, "and came to head quarters, and it was he who related to us the sublime filial devotion of the young Casabianca. "What have I to do in this world," said he in reply to his father's earnest entreaties to him to save himself, "I shall lose you, and the navy is dishonored!" He was a noble child, and I am proud to think that he was related to me."

Meanwhile it was curious to observe the countenance of the young Napoleon. He kept his large blue eyes fixed upon the Emperor with an expression of anxiety it is impossible to describe; and when his uncle ceased speaking, he came to him and climbed upon his knee, saying: "Are you quite sure that is all true?"

"Why do you wish to know?" said the Emperor.

"Because I shall pray to God for that little boy and his papa," replied the young Prince.

The Emperor was affected, and tenderly embraced his nephew, saying: "You are a brave, good boy," then setting him down, his eye followed his playful movements with all a father's solicitude: he felt that this child was his hope. The Empress was very happy in such moments.

One day the Emperor was just returned from a review, and had placed his sword and well known hat upon a chair in the saloon: the young prince accustomed to be spoilt by his uncle who allowed

him to touch any thing he liked, took possession of the sword, passed its belt over his neck, put on the hat, and placing himself behind the Emperor, marched after him at a slow step, with great gravity, imitating in two tones the best rolled tattoo. The Emperor laughed, but was much affected. Gerard made a charming picture of this little masquerade scene. The Emperor though by no means of a sensitive disposition, was certainly very open to family affections.

Junot was tenderly attached to Prince Louis : but he was not one of those blockheads who believed an absurdity for the mere pleasure of thinking evil of Napoleon, and of giving him credit for vices which had no existence in his character. And however repugnant it may be to the sentiments of respectful veneration which I cherish for him to approach this subject again, I feel myself called upon by the justice which is due to him to contradict those vile rumours in the most unqualified manner.

The Queen of Holland left her marshes and aquatic plains to come and seek, not consolation, for what mother consoles herself for the loss of her child ? but an alleviation of the despair which was undermining her health. She went to the Pyrenees, to Cauterets, and from thence made the famous tour of the Vignemale. She committed herself to the care of Clement and Martin, the two most famous chair-bearers of the Pyrenees, and visited all the most remarkable localities of these mountains. There she not only wept at

liberty, but she had the soothing conviction that the simple peasants who attended her, sympathized in her grief and would gladly have relieved it.

“ Poor lady,” said Martin, “ when we met upon the way one of our country women with her boy all rosy and fresh, Clement and I could hear her sobs from the chair ; then said I to Clement, we must climb into the recesses of the rock that we may not remain within sight of that child. Ah ! she cried bitterly.”

She was adored in these mountains ; and this is not an expression of flattery or one of those unmeaning words which may be found beside the name of a princess. She was adored, and how could it be otherwise ? She was at once gracious and benevolent ; giving the means of buying bread, and at the same time saying those gratifying words which find their way direct to the heart. She paid for the liberty of unwilling conscripts, married young girls, and secured an independence to her two faithful guides. Yes, she was adored, and we never appreciated the value of her presence, the influence of her goodness, and the charm which her varied talents shed over the court, till she was lost to it.

The Queen Hortense came to Paris after the season for visiting the watering places in this same year, 1807 ; and brought back to us the charming parties where the most distinguished artists of France came to bring their tributes to a Princess whose proficiency in the arts enabled her so perfectly to appreciate them. How delightfully did the hours pass in

such gifted society ! There at a round table sat Gerard with his immortal pencil ; Isabey, whose productions may be imitated, but never equalled ; Garnerey, who, after working long upon a pretty design for an album, ended by sketching the room we were in, with such fidelity that its most trifling articles of furniture might be recognised, and yet with such excellent effect that no minuteness of detail was observable. But the talents of the mistress of the mansion were worthy to compete with those of her distinguished guests, and were in no line more remarkable than in the extraordinary resemblance and beautiful effect of her portrait sketches. Thus the Queen possesses an unique collection of drawings, if in her adventurous peregrinations she has not lost them. I have seen in her albums, faces which no doubt would have been surprised to find themselves in company together.

It was at this time that she composed *Partant pour la Syrie !—Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers—Le beau Dunois—Le bon Chevalier—En soupirant j'ai vu naître l'Aurore*, and many other romances which we still know and sing, and which I always sing with renewed pleasure. Queen Hortense is no longer here to demand flattery ; and truly her productions may be praised with a very clear conscience.

Amongst other talents, she possessed in a remarkable degree, that of attracting and fixing friendship. She was a friend ; she had friends, and she has them still ; though a word or look

of hers have no longer any power, but as pledges of a friendship which is honorable to those to whom it is accorded, because it emanates from a noble heart, the asylum of just and amiable sentiments. I have always thought that had she reigned, her reign would have been fortunate, because many of the good actions which in other princes result only from good policy, would have originated in the principle of love of her duties and of the public weal. She would have perfectly understood that her peace of mind depended upon the well-being of her people. She would often have pardoned when she had the power of punishing, looking upon vengeance as the attribute of a base mind.

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me not a week ago by a person high in the Emperor's confidence. This person was at the head of a certain department in the state, and brought to the Emperor when he was about to set out for the army, just before the battle of Wagram, a list of seventeen names borne by men whose fortune and situation in the state were calculated to alarm Napoleon at a period when he could not be perfectly at ease concerning the interior peace of the country, though all was apparently calm. These men were conspiring but in so unskilful a manner that all their manœuvres were known as soon as contrived. "What does your Majesty command, with respect to this affair?" Said the minister.

"Nothing."

The other looked at him with astonishment and again offered his list : but the Emperor smiled and repeated : “ Nothing at all, my dear Count, I punish my enemies only when their machinations interfere with my projects for the good of my people : it is for that, not because they oppose me that I punish them, I am less of a Corsican than I am thought.”

These words appear to me sublime. The person who heard them, and who repeated them to me spoke also much upon the degree of consideration in which Napoleon held the persons who surrounded him. He made a great difference between his friends and the men of talent, whom he recompensed. He was less affectionate, less familiar with these latter, but he was often prodigal in his gifts to them. Favoritism was not in favor during his reign, and very seldom superseded positive merit. He did acts of kindness by those he loved ; as by Junot for example, or Duroc, or Lannes and many others ; and when by their services to the state of which they were the pillars, whether by their pens or by their swords, they had merited rewards, he bestowed them munificently.

I know that all his intentions are misinterpreted ; and this not only by those who speak from prejudice, but by some more enlightened, who had full opportunity of judging of the real motives of his actions ; and of his desire to promote the happiness and glory of France. It is not worth while to sneer, as I have seen some upstart *beaux-esprits* sneer ; nor to exclaim :



The happiness of France!—truly!—the happiness and glory of France!—He! The Emperor Napoleon!—Her glory — perhaps — but for her happiness—

Yes, her happiness! At the period of which I am speaking, he wished to promote the happiness of France, and moreover, he succeeded. Neither is it worth while now to repeat some exploded words very ridiculously combined, to make a set phrase, signifying that the Emperor made France unhappy, because he made war; and that he was a tyrant-assassin because he condemned the Duke d'Enghien, and exiled Madame de Staël. Let us reason upon the case; and let those who speak so authoritatively observe, that till 1810, all our wars were defensive; and though they were afterwards aggressive, it is very doubtful whether the aggression was not for the purpose of preventing a new attack.

The Emperor was a great economist: every month M. Estève submitted to him an account of his privy purse, and of the general expenses of his household. It generally shewed a saving, and this was always divided amongst his generals. Many of them were young, and fond of pleasure, perhaps of luxury. And why not? A life of splendor, of indulgence, appeared to them doubly delightful after entire years passed in tents, amidst the barren sands of the tropics, the bogs of Poland, the snows of Siberia, or the rocks of Spain. In looking upon those fine velvet curtains fringed with gold, which canopied a mutilated head, and arms lacerated in

deep cicatrices, and a bosom seamed by the enemy's sword, it was delightful to the brave soldier who enjoyed this pleasurable mode of existence, to be able to say: "I owe it all to my own courage, to my exertions for my country." And this many of Napoleon's captains might say with justifiable pride. Junot, Lannes, Rapp, Marmont, Bessières, Duroc, and a long list of names too numerous to cite, who would form a splendid corps of paladins to the chief of the Napoleonic dynasty.

I have learnt only very recently, that in this monthly division of surplus revenue, General Oudinot, who belonged to the army of the Rhine, and who had not the same claims upon the Emperor as his old friends, received, nevertheless, a monthly gratification of eight or ten thousand francs, and that this munificence was long continued. The marshal's gratitude was soon forgotten.

No doubt the Emperor made reflections upon Marshal Oudinot, quite as bitter as those M. Las Cases has transmitted to us, relative to Junot. Why then have they not been communicated to us? It would be odd if I could solve this problem.

I was a few months ago working tapestry in my closet with the Countess d'Hautpoul, a name of some note in our literature; a lady advanced in years, but full of life and satire, and whose stories were most entertaining to listen to.

A long pause had taken place in our conversation; it had been a very laughable one, and I was turning over in my mind a multitude of

ridiculous anecdotes, every one more amusing than its predecessor, which she had been relating. My needle passed and re-passed, while Madame d'Hautpoul sat upon a well cushioned sofa, looking at me, and swinging to and fro a neatly dressed foot, about the size of that of a child six years old. Suddenly winking at me, she exclaimed :

“ Will you not answer him ? ”

“ Who ? ”

“ Why, Las Cases, to be sure.”

We had not pronounced his name the whole evening ; but we had spoken of him often enough for me perfectly to understand her. This is the consequence of conversing with people of sense. Who can converse with a simpleton ? Why, myself—it happens to me daily, to my continual regret.—Then I get angry—I blame my own stupidity—and do the same thing the next day. This time, however, I had no occasion to reproach myself ; for *certes* Madame d'Hautpoul is not *une bête*.

“ Yes, undoubtedly, I shall answer him,” said I ;  
“ but do you understand this violent antipathy to my husband ? And to what we owe the honor he has done us of sacrificing rather than consecrating to us the entire chapter which bears our name. What sort of man is he ? Do you know him ? ”

“ Yes, certainly—But how is it that you do not ? ”

“ Consider, my dear, there were a hundred chamberlains ; surely it was the most natural thing in the world, that one of these planets of so

inferior an order, a person who, by his own confession, notwithstanding his excessive vanity, was unknown to any one at the palace, should be personally unknown to me ; but this only makes me wonder the more at his animosity against Junot."

" But my dear child, he was a long time your neighbour in the country."

" He ! Monsieur de Las Cases ! "

" Himself ; at Bievre. Was not Madame de Montesson your neighbour at the great chateau of Bievre ? "

" Yes, but she is not M. de Las Cases."

" Patience, we shall come to him by and bye."

And accordingly my voluble friend opened her budget of anecdotes once more ; and in so doing, let me into all the mystery of the animosity of Las Cases towards Junot, to whom it would appear he had been rival in the good graces of a certain lady who had hired the chateau of Bievre, after Madame de Montesson. " So then," said I, " here is the explanation of our revelations from St. Helena ; " and we relapsed into our respective contemplations, for which the few last words had furnished me with ample matter.

## CHAPTER XV.

The campaign of 1807 continued—The Emperor's ear grazed by a ball—Speech of Napoleon to Marshal Lannes—Patriotism and resolution of the Russian soldiers—The battle of Friedland—The Emperor in high spirits—The country bread—Victor—Marshal Ney's courage—Prodigious slaughter—The taking of Königsberg—Interview of the two Emperors at Tilsit—The Emperor Alexander fascinated—Female qualifications changed within the last forty years—The Queen of Prussia's intercourse with Napoleon at Tilsit—The humiliation of Prussia—Napoleon's error in neglecting to re-establish the kingdom of Poland—The Queen of Prussia's beauty—It did not suit Napoleon's taste—Military letter—The violation of locks and seals.

WE were now in the month of May, 1807, and the campaign proceeded brilliantly. The Emperor, in person, supported by Marshals Lannes and Ney, had attacked Guttstadt, and entered the town after a terrible resistance. In this affair a ball, which just missed Napoleon's ear, passed so close that he felt its concussion; I trembled when Duroc related the circumstance, and he assured me that it was not an uncommon thing, for the Emperor was frequently exposed to great personal danger, and he gave me instances of his courage in battle

which would have inspired me with admiration, if I had not already felt it. Junot had always spoken of his conduct in the army of Italy in the same terms ; but I considered the Emperor under a different character from that of the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. I was mistaken ; he was still the same individual ; he knew mankind, and how to lead them ; and he knew that the influence of valour was the first essential in mastering the affections of the French people.

Battle succeeded to battle in Poland. That of Deppen followed the combat of Guttstadt, and was succeeded by that of Heilsberg, in which we lost a frightful number of troops, officers and generals in particular, a fact which usually indicates that the soldiers do not engage willingly. This murderous day gave us only the barren honor of conquering foot by foot, the spot upon which we fought. Marshal Lannes being near the Emperor in one of the most anxious moments of this day, remarked to Napoleon how great a change had taken place in the formation of the Russian order of battle, and how much use they made of their artillery ; for in this engagement their batteries did great execution, and they maintained their position within their intrenchments. The Emperor replied in these remarkable words :

“ Yes, we are giving them lessons which will soon make them our masters.”

The famous battle of Friedland followed in a few days. And here I must observe the immense difference between the two nations we had to fight.

In twenty days Prussia was conquered. Russia was an adversary worthy our arms ; and our almost uncertain victories had at least this advantage, that they had been honorably disputed. Friedland is but eight leagues from Preussich-Eylau, where the great battle was fought on the 8th of February, that of Friedland took place on the 14th of June ; during all which time, signalized by innumerable combats, we had advanced only that short distance. The Russians even contested with us some victories to which we laid positive claim. They defended themselves, not indeed in the most scientific way, but like men determined to permit the invasion of their country, only when the last soldier had fallen before the frontier. This is honor, this is true patriotism ; and when after an equally fine defence we behold the conflagration of Moscow, it must be confessed that the Russian nation promises greatness.

This battle of Friedland was the more gratifying to Napoleon as at Eylau a great part of the glory remained to the enemy. He could not even say, "I have conquered !" for it is useless to conceal a well known fact. But at Friedland, victory returned to her favorite, and was all his own. He stood upon an elevation from whence he could see all the movements of both armies, and the success of his plans so exhilarated his spirits, that his joy ebulliated in a gaiety of manner, which he seemed unable to restrain, notwithstanding his disposition to preserve an attitude of royal dignity ; and I have been assured by some friends who were with him throughout the day that he did and said a thousand

ridiculous things ; this cheerfulness of heart was the more striking to his officers, as the natural bent of his character was by no means gay.

He was hungry and asked for bread and Cham-bertin wine ; “ But I choose,” said he, “ to have the common bread of the country.” And as he was standing in front of a mill he insisted that it should be brought to him at once. The people of the house hesitated, because the common bread of the Russian peasantry is made of bad rye flour, full of long straws and in all respects detestable. He however petulantly insisted upon having it saying : “ It is what the soldiers eat.” Then with his pearly teeth he bit a piece of black bread, that we should have rejected. But when the soldiers learnt that their beloved chief had eaten their bread, and found it very good, which among them would have dared to complain ?

It was at Friedland that Victor, whom the soldiers called *Beau Soleil*, (fine sun,) first came into notice as commander-in-chief of a division of the army. Bernadotte, wounded in the engagement of Spanden, the preceding week, had left his division under the command of Victor. But the general who principally contributed to the success of this day was Marshal Ney.

“ You can form no idea,” Berthier wrote to the Arch-chancellor, “ of the brilliant courage of Marshal Ney ; it appears fabulous in relation, and resembles only the time of chivalry. It is to him chiefly that we owe the success of this memorable day.”



It was in this battle that Colonel Cu... 1, who then loved and served under the tri-coloured flag and the French eagle, earned a different sort of distinction from that which occurred to him from a certain affair of an overturn near Rheims ; there were no nuns concerned at Friedland.

All the letters which Junot received spoke of this as one of the most terrible battles our troops had ever been engaged in. All the morning passed in parley with death ; but towards four o'clock in the afternoon the combat became so murderous, so desperately bloody, that the most determined were struck with horror. A battery of thirty pieces of cannon, commanded by General Senarmont and erected in front of our columns, played upon the enemy and ground their men like so many grains of corn under a mill stone. The enemy, who had formed in close columns, seeing his masses broken by our fire, fled to the right bank of the Aller, and was pursued till long after sunset. This time the victory, the actual success, nothing was doubtful ; the Russian and Prussian bulletins acknowledged their immense loss. Nevertheless in confessing their defeat, the Russians exhibited infinitely more dignity than at Austerlitz. The result of this battle was the almost total destruction of the Russian army, while in ours a division of the imperial guard was not even brought into action. It is one of the finest military achievements of Napoleon, he was brilliantly seconded it is true by Marshal Ney. But though the arm which executes is much in all opera-

tions, the skill lies in the head which forms the plan.

We reached the Niemen at a gallop, and nothing could be more curious, even to a person like myself ignorant in strategy, than to follow on the map, under the guidance of a skilful soldier, the march of the two armies. It was a most extraordinary race.

The ultimate consequence of the victory of Friedland was the peace of Tilsit signed in the following month. Its first result was the capture of Königsberg by Marshal Soult two days after the battle. This second capital of Prussia contained immense magazines of all kinds; and in its ports were English, Russian, and Prussian vessels laden with arms, provisions, and colonial produce.

The pursuit continued without intermission. Murat overtook the Russians at Tilsit, where they burnt the bridge as soon as their troops had crossed the Niemen and urgently begged for peace. Then it was that the famous interview between the two Emperors took place. The King of Prussia was of so little account in these conferences, that nothing more was said of him than if he had been at Berlin. I have heard a number of inferior officers in our army express themselves with respect to his situation at Tilsit in terms that were painful to hear. To see a King, for in fact he was a King, following his conqueror with an eye of apprehension, fearing to speak, walking always behind the two other sovereigns, and thus, by his own conduct, placing himself in a subordinate rank, must always be distressing.

I was not at Tilsit, but I received so many written and verbal accounts of all that was passing there, that I believe no one in France was better acquainted with the circumstances than myself: and even at that time I was in the habit of taking notes, not with the intention of publishing my Memoirs, but because the fashion of preserving a tradition of the occurrences in the social world, of which Madame de Genlis had recently given an example in the second part of her *Souvenirs de Félicie*, appeared to me so charming that I was willing to imitate it. I went to see the Panorama of Tilsit with a friend after his return, who explained to me all the surrounding objects which were represented with admirable fidelity. He pointed out to me an old castle situated upon a mountain opposite to the raft on which stood the glazed chamber used for the interview of the two Emperors; for the unfortunate King of Prussia, be it observed, was not admitted to the first imperial sitting. At the second meeting Napoleon, struck by the singularity of the situation and the antiquity of the construction of this castle inquired if it had not belonged to the Teutonic knights, which in fact it had. At this second meeting the King of Prussia was introduced, and Napoleon the same day said to Duroc, whom he affectionately loved, "If I had seen William III before the campaign of Jena, I should have had less uneasiness for its results. I know that he is your protégé, Duroc, but your friendship cannot give him the dignity of a King."

“ That is certainly a brilliant page in the history of Napoleon, which relates this interview in a chamber supported by a raft, on a river at the extremity of Poland, almost in the dominions of Peter the Great, between the grandson of that extraordinary man, and him, the son of his own actions, him, who had belonged but two years to the college of Kings, but before whose little hat all its members trembled. There was he, with all his glory, surrounded by his victories as by a triumphal court, with France always by his side, that France whom he had made great, powerful, and respected.

The Emperor had determined to conquer in every fashion in this Polish campaign. It entered into his political plans to conquer the Emperor Alexander, and he accomplished his purpose with irresistible grace. He possessed, when he chose to display it, a fascinating charm from which there was no escape ; and he exercised this ascendancy nobly ; not by caresses and advances unworthy of the majesty of his crown, but by a glance, a smile, all the fire of heaven was in the one, all its mildness in the other.

“ On our meeting at Tilsit,” said the Emperor Alexander to me when I had the honor of receiving his Majesty at my house in 1814, “ I stepped upon the raft, quite determined to sustain my dignity in my deportment towards the man whose treatment of the King of Prussia was, in my opinion, violently unjust. I intended to do much for my unfortunate friend, and much also for my own people ;

but scarcely had I seen Napoleon, scarcely had he spoken, before I was overcome."

I shall describe hereafter the rest of the conversation which I that day had with the Emperor of Russia, and another which I afterwards held with him upon the same subjects. It is known, (for as he made me no requisition of secrecy, I repeated the same evening what he had said to me), that he accused two men whom he named of all the Emperor's misfortunes. He had constantly, he said, refused an audience to one of them, though importuned even by his wife to grant it; the other more reasonable, had made no effort to see him. When we come to that remarkable and melancholy period, I shall have one circumstance to add. I know that I shall give offence in speaking the truth, in not preserving a perfect neutrality towards a certain individual, but what of that? Why, since I have long entertained a decisive opinion respecting that person, why should I not openly express it? What prerogative do others enjoy on this point of which I should be deprived. It is true I am a woman, but in the times in which we live it would be absurd to except against the evidence and opinion of women. We are still what we always have been, but we have developed a new faculty, which existed indeed formerly, but which was stifled by our education and habits, but especially by prejudice. Our position is no longer the same, and I maintain that a woman possessing

the patriotic and civic virtues, strength of mind and moral courage, is capable of whatever the strength and power of the will renders a man capable of. For myself I feel that physical weakness is the only obstacle to my determination in acting. I think then, that whatever reasonable project a woman's mind may conceive, her will is capable of executing; but I speak of reasonable projects only, because above all things, reason should act upon all our views, since our education and the bent of our studies have given us judgment and knowledge of the world. Is it because a man can propel a bar of iron twenty feet farther than I can, that I am to be considered incapable of understanding and acting? this method of deduction would go to reduce mankind to the condition of brutes. Suppose that a woman gives birth to twins: that the brother is deformed and lame, and that the sister scours the woods and plains on horseback and on foot; that exposure to the wind, the sun, and the rain tans her complexion and strengthens and supple her muscles; the boy becomes a woman, the girl attains the powers of man.

Formerly a young woman brought up till her fifteenth year in a cloister quitted it only for a drawing-room, from whence her eye never wandered into the various scenes of the universal world. It was thus women lived and died forty years ago; each within the circuit of her own narrow world, and without the possibility of obtaining a passport to wander beyond its boundary.

The shop-woman hemmed her handkerchiefs and sold her coffee, without forming to herself even an idea of the sumptuous boudoir in which the duchess sipped the same coffee from a gilded cup ; while on the other hand the duchess would as little conceive the possibility of visiting the shop where her breakfast was sold, or the rooms where her milliner worked. Each class of society was separated by high walls, over which it was not possible to peep, even by standing tip-toe. And what resulted ? utter ignorance in the highest circles ; ignorance of every thing valuable I mean ; for the most labored education was brought to perfection when a woman could embroider, or work some similar trifle, play on the harpsichord, dance and gossip all night at a masked ball, and make herself agreeable, fashionable if she could, but sociable at all events. This last condition is indispensable in French society, at all times and in all ranks.

But in our days every thing is changed. Women are initiated from their childhood into a world which has but one theatre, on which all must play their individual parts. Whether this is for better or worse is still a point in question ; in my own opinion it is an improvement upon the old system, because I consider the exceptions that are brought against it, too trifling to make any weight against the balance of good. A woman thus accustomed to the wonders, the astonishing changes of our age, fixing her eye equally upon the luminous stars that pass before her, and the reptiles

that she treads under foot: listening at once to the thunder clap which overthrows a throne, and to the triumphant chant of an entire people, has been vigorously tempered, and will possess a strong mind; she will play with death if it meets her; she will be capable of great thoughts and of an energetic will. The history of our revolution furnishes numerous illustrations of this fact. I know that it has been the custom to laugh at the pretension of females to the privileges of man, but I believe the custom is on the decline; and I am sure on a consultation with my own mind, that it is as resolute as the mind of man. All depends I repeat upon education and the subsequent habits of life.

But to return from this digression. The Queen of Prussia is an instance of the power of circumstance in forming the female character. It is impossible for a woman to exhibit more moral courage, than did this unfortunate Queen during the few days of her residence at Tilsit. She must have suffered every kind of torture at that period; as I know from the account of a person who knew her very intimately: a person whom I will not name, though he is no more, because I know that were he living he would object to his observations respecting her being made public; but who spoke more highly of her than it is possible to imagine. She was firm and resolute in her will, and possessed all the virtues that adorn the sovereign dignity. She did not like the Emperor Napoleon, who certainly gave her legitimate cause of aversion,



especially at Tilsit. Who cannot understand the resentment of a beautiful and still young woman, who endeavours to please and finds her overtures repulsed. The Emperor proved on this occasion how much he was master of himself in his intercourse with women, and how light he made of their attacks. The Empress Josephine has related very remarkable traits of direct advances on the one part, and of firm reserve on the other. He one day took from a porcelaine vase, a rose of exquisite beauty which he presented to the Queen of Prussia :

“ Ah ! with Magdeburg !” she said to him : “ this gift would be of inestimable value if you would join to it what justice demands that you should restore to an orphan, from whom you are wresting his inheritance.”

But what must have been seen to be appreciated, as a spectator afterwards told me, was the expression of the stolen glance and the supplicating smile : Napoleon smiled also, but not with his usual soft and gracious smile ; and answered the Queen with an air of cold politeness :

“ Your Majesty knows my intentions, I have communicated them to the Emperor Alexander, because as mediator between us he has been pleased to undertake to impart them to the King, and they are unalterable. I cannot conceal from you, Madame, that what I have done has been done for the sake of the Emperor of Russia.”

The Queen turned pale ; Napoleon’s language was certainly too harsh : in refusing the gentle

yoke she offered him, he might have spared those pricks of the heart which often produce more pain, than a deeper wound. Her fate was lamentable : half the dominions of the King of Prussia were taken from him ; the penalty of retaliation was inflicted on the descendants of Frederick ; all the Polish territory so basely seized from that brave republic, they were required to resign. Warsaw was delivered over to Saxony ; Dantzick declared a free town. The Emperor Alexander who could refuse nothing to his *well-beloved* brother, this was the formula under which the letters of the two Emperors to each other were at this time addressed, offered his mediation between France and England ; recognized the confederation of the Rhine and the kingdom of Italy ; and what is still more astonishing acknowledged the three brothers of Napoleon as Kings of Naples, Holland and Westphalia ; the Czar even prevented the wishes of this new ally.

My profound veneration for the Emperor, the religious worship I have vowed to his memory, do not prevent my judging impartially the faults which he committed, and which much more than the continental coalition were the true causes of his downfall. I have therefore no prejudice to blind me to his great mistake in failing to re-establish the throne of Poland ; which he might the more easily have effected as he had in his own army the man, whom he could with the greatest confidence have named King of Poland. This was the Prince Joseph Poniatowsky, nephew of the

last King, handsome, brave, enterprising, and determined, as he himself once assured me, to undertake everything for the liberation of unhappy Poland. I know, however, that Napoleon had for some time a fancy for giving another King to Poland in the person of his brother-in-law Murat, who passionately desired this crown: he imagined that because he could wield his sabre elegantly, and had worn feathers during the campaign to the value of thirty millions of francs, he ought to be King of Poland. But notwithstanding his extraordinary longing for this crown, even the hope of it did not long remain to Murat; nor was Poniatowsky more fortunate. The old King of Saxony, though he had no Count de Bruhl in his service, obtained a dominion which in other hands would have been a barrier between the Emperor and his enemies, while in his it became an additional care to the empire; a prodigious error, as was the creation of the kingdom of Westphalia.

The Queen of Prussia's beauty was celebrated; Duroc considered her the prettiest woman he had ever seen. The Emperor was not of the same opinion, and when I heard him speak of the beautiful Queen, it was by no means in terms of admiration. He acknowledged that she was handsome, only *she did not suit his taste*: the expression of her countenance, he said, was too lofty and severe. He would not take her situation into consideration, nor admit that the Queen of Prussia despoiled of her dominions, and appearing before him in the character of a petitioner ought at least

to assume a respectable attitude. I have known Prussians belonging to her establishment, who adored her ; I have every where met with universal suffrages in her favor from those who had opportunities of knowing her real character ; those bulletins which were directed against a beautiful and virtuous woman have always given me pain. I have professed not to attempt excusing the Emperor's faults, and this is certainly one of them.

The unfortunate King of Prussia lost by the treaty of Tilsit four millions and a half of the ten millions of subjects he possessed before the battle of Jena. He was compelled to open military roads into the heart of his remaining possessions, all of which Napoleon continually repeated were restored to him only at the intercession of the Emperor of Russia. These dominions formed a long parallelogram extending a hundred and eighty leagues upon the coast of the Baltic, while its utmost breadth did not exceed forty leagues. The prohibition of English commodities was stipulated with the utmost vigour ; a sentence of death to Prussia, whose heaths and sands bathed by the waves of the Baltic lost thereby all hopes of fertilization through the medium of maritime commerce. Prussia signed the treaty of Tilsit ; she did more : she shared the Emperor's resentment against England, and the continental system acquired in her, at least apparently, a courageous and devoted supporter.

I believe that modern history offers no similar

example of humiliation ; but the conduct of the Prussians towards us in 1792 was so unworthy, that I acknowledge I can feel no pity for griefs provoked by vanity and equitably imposed. Driven like timid deer from the defiles of Thuringia to the borders of the Vistula, the Prussians lost their reputation as a warlike, even as a brave people ; the glory of the great Fredrick and of his brother Prince Henry appear as meteors in their history ; repeated usurpations had collected a mass of scattered provinces out of which had risen that power which a breath had sufficed to disperse. But Napoleon committed the unpardonable fault of not making use of this opportunity to re-establish the kingdom of Poland ; and when too late to repair it, he felt its terrible consequences.

All the military operations upon which I have touched in this volume, are reported from letters addressed to Junot and now in my possession. Happily they escaped the grasp of the Duke of Rovigo, when by order of the Emperor, (an order which the Emperor subsequently disowned), he came to my house in my absence to take away his Majesty's private letters ; and when in fulfilment of that order he broke the seals, which in the absence of the mother, the legal and natural guardian, had been affixed upon private chambers, and forced open the secret lock of an iron chest the depository of articles of value. The Emperor, had it is true ordered the restoration of his letters, but they were safe in this chest, under the security

of seals affixed as usual to all cabinets, drawers, and other reservoirs of papers and valuables, in a succession not yet open. It is a fact that in my case all rights were violated, which are declared sacred not only by the tribunals but by the laws of God ; and for what purpose ? I could answer this question, and perhaps I may for I have had cause to regret being too tolerant.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Emperor's return—Speech of M. de Séguier—Another of M. de Fontanes—The hero weeping in his tent—The public burdens diminished—The Duchess of Angouleme—My gratitude—Conduct of the Emperor's sisters—Painful interview between the Emperor and Junot—I had foreseen it—Madame Murat a little fool—Reporters—Defence of the Emperor—The red livery—Murat—The duel with pistols—The old friend—Cardinal Maury—The pretty flock—The Persian Ambassador—Madame Zayoncheck—Faith, Hope and Charity—M. de Brockhausen the Prussian Ambassador—Corneille and Racine—The Emperor's judgment—Discussion with Cardinal Maury—The Great Condé and Sertorius—The Caviller.

THE Emperor, on his return to Paris, was received with as much joy as when he came from Marengo. He felt how much he was beloved by France; and was conscious of deserving it. Acclamations and harangues were not spared; addresses poured in from all quarters of France. Those of Paris were the most remarkable, and two amongst them deserve to be recorded; the one from M. de Segurier, first president of the Court of Appeal, a man whose noble character admits no supposition of his being actuated by fear or flattery; the other from M. de Fontanes President of

the Legislative Body. That of M. de Seguiet is as follows:

“ Sire, there is one thing more extraordinary  
“ than the prodigies of your Majesty’s arms : it  
“ is your resistance to fortune, which offers you  
“ the Empire of the world ; that you should be  
“ less ambitious to conquer than to make friends ;  
“ that you should make the danger of your hosti-  
“ lity, to be felt by the rapidity of your victories,  
“ only to prove by the power of your genius the  
“ advantages of your alliance. Napoleon wills  
“ only the peace of the world. He has always  
“ presented the olive branch to his enemies, who  
“ force him to accumulate laurels. Napoleon soars  
“ above the history of man ; he belongs to the  
“ heroic times ; he is above admiration, love only  
“ can elevate itself to approach him.”

A sentence in the harangue of M. de Fontanes, gave rise to much discussion ; and excited the malevolent observations of the few to whom the Emperor was an object of dislike. Their number it is true was closely circumscribed but the voice of faction is loud. M. de Fontanes was eloquent, his style creative ; and in writing as in speaking, it was always pure and harmonious. But the sense of this oration was not agreeable to the Emperor, although the president of the legislative body thought himself sure to be approved, in speaking of the death of the young Prince Napoleon of Holland. After remarking how much cause France had to lament, the loss of so hopeful a child, he exclaimed :



“ I see mourning and sorrow, penetrating into the camp of the victors. They enter the tent where the conqueror wakes for the glory of France, and the hero weeps ! He has wept over the death of a child !”

But a very remarkable speech was pronounced by Napoleon himself, at the opening of the legislative body, which had been delayed till his return ; I give a striking sentence from it :

“ I desire a maritime peace,” said he, “ my resentments will never influence my resolutions : nor can I entertain resentment against a nation the sport and victim of the parties which distract it, and equally deceived upon the state, of its own affairs, and those of its enemies. But whatever may be the issue decreed by providence to the maritime war, I am sure of finding France always worthy of me, as she will always find me worthy of her.”

M. de Fontanes replied : “ The words we have just heard, Sire, will rejoice the country. It will hereafter be said of you, and it will be the noblest trait in your wonderful history : that the fate of the peasant and the mechanic occupied the attention of him, in whose hands was the fate of Kings ; and that at the close of an expensive war you diminished the public burdens, while your victorious hands distributed crowns, to your lieutenants. Sire, deign to accept this homage, it comes from the heart of a man of honor, the enemy equally of servitude and anarchy.”

Adulation is always disgraceful, both to the offerer and to the receiver ; but adulation was not the prompter of these addresses. They were the expression of the enthusiasm of France, an enthusiasm amounting to delirium, and which Napoleon rejoiced to accept. And must I never write a line upon my affections, upon my happiness at that glorious period without finding at the present time, in the very sons of Junot's brothers-in-arms, the angry critics of those feelings which I, unhappy widow and mother, was compelled during fifteen years to conceal : or at least could express only to one angelic being, whose crown is not of this world, though she was born upon a throne ; and whose noble heart understood all the emotions which glowed in mine.

I need not name the Duchess of Angoulême, every one will recognise the portrait. For myself I take pride in acknowledging, that grateful for her goodness to me and to my family, so meritorious our relative situations considered, for the affecting kindness with which she softened our misfortunes, I shall never cease to pray for the alleviation of hers, and to honor, respect and love her from my heart. Gratitude is a burden only to corrupt minds. But it is painful to feel that patriotism and the conviction of my reason prevent my forming wishes for her re-establishment among us. She must suffer for the faults of others, it is a fate inseparable from her name.

The Emperor returned to Paris about the end of July 1807, and this event produced results

very important to my family. I had long foreseen them, but unhappily had no power of prevention. I loved Junot, but I had not reproached him on account of his connexion with the Grand-Duchess of Berg, because I never considered it criminal. I saw however, the course he was running, and the end to which it would inevitably lead. The Emperor had a peculiar mode of thinking relative to his sisters, which led him to exact from them the strictest propriety in their conduct ; and he believed himself certain, that none of the Princesses had ever given room for a light word to reflect upon their reputations. Up to this period it had been a matter of indifference to Fouché, and to another, whom I will not name because he is living, whether the Emperor's sisters caused the world to talk of them or not ; whether M. le Comte de Fl. . . . M. de C. . . . &c., &c., &c., compromised these ladies or were compromised by them. The Princesses were gracious to Savary, Fouché and others, and the Emperor was the only person who remained in ignorance of what all the world knew. He thought that the Princess Pauline was an inconsistent beauty ; wearing a pretty ball dress in disobedience to Corvisart, and only guilty of not keeping the house when ordered by her physician. Hitherto these ladies had never been betrayed by the superintending authorities. But when it became known that a man they did not like might be ruined by a direct accusation, this complaisance ceased. Alas ! I had long foreseen it.

When the Emperor arrived at Paris, the storm

had already gathered. The clouds had been collecting in Poland; the Emperor had received written intimations that Junot was compromising the Grand-Duchess of Berg; that his livery was seen at unsuitable hours in the court of the Elysée, and that numerous corroborating circumstances might be adduced. It was one of Junot's comrades, still living, who preferred this accusation.

Napoleon's heart was wounded by this news, and when Junot presented himself before him on his return he met with a stern reception, and constrained language. Junot possessed one of the noblest and most fiery spirits that the creator had ever enveloped in mortal mould. He could not endure the Emperor's coldness and asked an audience. It was immediately granted, and was stormy. The Emperor accused him without reserve, and Junot sorely wounded, would not answer upon any point, asserting that the Emperor ought to depend upon his care for the honor of his name.

“Sire!” he exclaimed, “when at Marseilles I loved the Princess Pauline, and you were upon the point of giving her to me—I loved her to distraction—yet what was my conduct? Was it not that of a man of honor? I am not changed since that period, Sire; I am always the same man, always most devoted to you and yours. Sire, your mistrust is injurious to me.”

The Emperor listened, watching him meanwhile with marked attention; then walked the room in

silence, with his arms crossed, and a menacing brow.

“ I am willing to believe all that you say,” at length he replied ; “ but you are not the less guilty of imprudence, and imprudence in your situation and my sister’s amounts to a fault, if not to worse. Why for example does the Grand-Duchess occupy your boxes at the theatres ? Why does she go thither in your carriage ? Hey ! M. Junot ! you are surprised that I should be so well acquainted with your affairs and those of that little fool Madame Murat.”

Junot was confounded at finding that the Emperor had been informed of this circumstance which nevertheless was sufficiently important considering the relative situation of the two personages, to fix the attention not only of the Police but of the public ; nothing but the infatuation, which so often blinds those who are entering upon the career of ruin, could have caused his astonishment at the natural consequences which had followed his conduct.

“ Yes,” continued the Emperor, “ I know all that and many other facts which I am willing to look upon as imprudences only ; but in which also I see serious faults on your part. Once more, why this carriage with your livery ? Your livery should not be seen at two o’clock in the morning in the court yard of the Grand-Duchess of Berg ? You, Junot ! You compromise my sister !” And Napoleon fell into a chair.

Before proceeding further, I wish to explain the motives which have induced me to raise the veil which with my own hand I have thrown over the private life of Junot. All the other connexions which he formed acted only upon my own happiness, and in no way upon his destiny. Here the case was totally different. I do not hesitate to ascribe all my husband's misfortunes and even his death, to his unhappy entanglement with the Queen of Naples. I do not charge this connexion with real criminality; I even believe that there was only the appearance of it: but the suspicious appearances, which really did exist, led to the most fatal consequences: they kindled the lion's wrath. Appearances subsequently produced an eruption of the long smothered volcano: then burst forth the tempest which was even now gathering. It is on this account, of its political and direct influence upon my husband's life and fortunes, that I have determined to write what follows, this sort of preface being essential to the understanding of the events which took place in Russia in 1812, and to the tragedy which closed them in 1813. A family bereft of its head; children made orphans, an illustrious name assailed, are sufficient grounds for conferring on my relation all the solemnity it merits, and preserving it from the insignificance of an amorous intrigue. I shall entertain my readers neither with jealous passions, nor with romantic sorrows: it is facts alone that I shall record.

At present my readers must return with me to

the Tuileries, to the closet of Napoleon ; and there see him not alone but in company with those who poisoned his life by their daily nay hourly reports. It was not Lannes, it was not Bessières, it was not Massena, it was not even Soult for I must do him justice, though for what reason I know not, he does not like me, neither was it Duroc, notwithstanding all that has been said again and again upon the subject of his police of the interior of the palace ; neither was it Junot notwithstanding the quantity of reports which he received daily as *active* governor of Paris ; a personage who no longer exists except in memory ; it was none of these men : they had certain notions of honor, which would have made them take an antipathy to the said honor itself, if it assumed such a character of turpitude. Neither was it Rapp with his rough exterior, but noble soul, who thus betrayed the secrets of a comrade's heart to soil twenty pages of a scandalous report, which was destined to serve no useful end or political interest, but simply for a moment to engage the curiosity of the Emperor, whose singular turn of mind on these subjects led him to take a real pleasure in knowing how many grains of salt, I, and all other persons might strew upon a buttered muffin.

The men who played this odious part are well known, and universal contempt and hatred recompensed their infamous conduct according to its deserts. Two, in particular, bore upon their forehead the index of public opinion. The one is dead, and as a christian I have forgiven him all

the evil he did to Junot ; but as a widow and mother I have not forgiven him the irreparable wrong which the father of my children suffered from him. The other as guilty, is not yet gone to give an account of his conduct as a man and a citizen before the tribunal of his maker. He not only lives, but he still injures ; he menaces, he acts, he is influential in evil. I have only lately learnt how much misery he caused to Junot and me. Well ! and now the lists are open to us both, let him exculpate himself if he can ! Such are the men who filled the poisoned cup which the Emperor compelled his oldest friend to drink !

The Emperor's ignorance respecting the real conduct of his sisters is inconceivable ; but it is a fact that it was complete. How it happened I know not, for his eagle eye penetrated many other mysteries. Fouché, Junot, Duroc, and Dubois, the four persons in whose hands all the interesting police of Paris and France was vested were silent upon what they knew on this subject because it would have distressed the Emperor ; which none of them were willing to do ; two from attachment to his person, and the other two from fear of giving offence : first to himself and secondly to the Princesses. It came to his knowledge at last, but clandestinely and through a channel so unusual that he placed but little confidence in the rumour, which he attributed to the imprudence of young women and said to Madame-Mere :

“ *Le diable !* Signora Letizia, why do you not reprimand your daughters, and warn them against



committing themselves with a tribe of young fops. Let them dance with the officers of my guard: they are brave men at least, if they are not handsome."

I shall not undertake to answer all the horrors which have been attempted to be fixed upon the family connexions of the Emperor. It is sufficient to have lived in intimacy with Napoleon to know his mode of thinking upon matters of morality. And my blood boils when I hear him accused of *corruption*; it is of a piece with his yellow complexion, the snuff he carried about him, and a thousand reveries too absurd to answer. A scene at Malmaison recorded in a former volume of these Memoirs, will perhaps be objected to me. I answer by referring to the scene itself. Napoleon employed no manœuvres. Had I yielded to his will he would have despised me; for the wife of his friend, failing in duty to him, for the allurements of the sovereign would have appeared infamous in his eyes. If with women who would not have brought shame to him in return for his fault, he proceeded no farther in the path of seduction, much less would he have done so by those who would have hated him for it. How then can calumny so gratuitously shed its poison, without the slightest countenance from probability, over a man's whole life? And here let me ask, whether a man severe in his habits of life, would have relaxed from that severity only to load himself with infamy. Crime must have had very powerful attractions for him, to render probable that

which is inconsistent with the whole course of his life.

Napoleon was not informed of the indiscretions of one of his sisters till the time of the Portuguese war. And the man who was accused of causing them was almost exiled to Junot's staff. I know that those who choose to turn every thing into ridicule will assert that it is impossible. It is a fact, however, and suspicion once infused into such a mind as his, every thing became speedily known to him. Still he would have remained ignorant of the adventures of Messieurs de Septeuil, and de Canouville, if the histories of the horse and pelisse, and of the explanation had not come to enlighten him ; but all these circumstances belong to the year 1810.

Junot's affair then was the first which reached the Emperor's ear, and as I have shewn, it violently irritated him.

“ Suppose,” said he, walking up and down the room, “ Murat should become acquainted with all these fine histories of the chace at Raincy, the theatres, and your carriage and livery.”

It seems that the carriage and livery offended him most highly. Junot attempted to excuse himself by observing upon the shew of the Grand-Duchess's ; the Emperor stamped with violence, and looked at him for some time without speaking : at length he said in a voice of severity and an interrogative tone :

“ And what color are your liveries, then ?”

Junot cast down his eyes and said nothing. The

fact is that the color of our livery was precisely the same as that of the Grand-Duchess's ; the difference was in the trimming and lace, the Grand-Duchess's being turned up with white, ours with yellow, and her lace gold, while ours was silver ; the coat of amaranth cloth was of precisely the same shade in both. This similarity was in truth the will of the Grand-Duchess ; I always thought it was to serve some political purpose, and now I found my suspicions proved.

“ Yes !” said the Emperor still pacing the room, “ if Murat had learnt all that I have just been repeating what would he say ? What would he do ? You would have had a terrible storm to encounter.”

Junot's countenance instantly changed ; he became scarlet, then turned pale, then red again ; at length recovering all his energy, he made two steps towards Napoleon, and said firmly :

“ If Murat should believe himself offended, it is not so long since we were on equal terms, both on the field of battle and elsewhere, but that I should be ready to give him all the satisfaction he could wish for ; though the Cossacks may be afraid of him, I am not quite so easily frightened, and this time I should fight with pistols.”

“ Ah ! truly,” cried the Emperor, with admirable naïveté, “ that is precisely what I feared :” and then he added in a gentle tone, “ but I have settled all that, I have spoken to him, and all is right.”

“ Sire, I thank you ; but I must observe to

your Majesty, that I cannot consent to an accommodation being contrived between the Grand-Duke of Berg and me ; if he believes himself offended, which I deny that he has any right to be, he can easily find me ; my hotel is very near the Elysée.

“ Yes, yes,” said the Emperor, “ much too near ; and *à propos* of that, what is the meaning of the frequent visits my sister has been making to your wife ; I know that they were intimate formerly, but other times, other customs ; it has been remarked as amongst the things which are talked of about you.”

“ Sire, my wife is much indisposed with her pregnancy, and cannot go out without great care. Her Imperial Highness the Grand-Duchess has done her the favor to come and see her two or three times this spring, which is the amount of the numerous visits that have been reported to your Majesty.”

“ That is not true,” replied the Emperor, taking a great letter from a drawer near him and looking it entirely through, while his brow became more and more contracted. Junot cast a momentary glance upon the letter and recognised the writing.

“ I beg your Majesty’s pardon, but if you condemn your sister and your oldest friend and most faithful servant upon the accusations of the writer of that letter, I cannot believe you impartial.”

Napoleon seemed surprised, but made no objection to this observation ; an almost imperceptible

smile even seemed to agitate his lip, and Junot proceeded :

“ Besides Sire, this is not a letter, for he was with your Majesty : it is therefore *a report, a report of his police*, copied by him ! Oh ! it must be a beautiful production ! he ought at least to have respected your Majesty’s sister ; but there are very efficacious means of teaching people circumspection and politeness ; and I shall employ them with him.”

“ Junot,” exclaimed the Emperor, “ I forbid you to fight S——.”

Junot smiled contemptuously. “ You have suspected me, you have accused me of treachery, Sire ; I cannot ask satisfaction of you for this ; I must then go and demand it of him, who has caused me all this pain, and by heaven ! I will. If afterwards Murat has any commands for me, I am at his service ; unless indeed this paltry fellow should send a ball through my head, which is possible, for I have known very indifferent soldiers kill a brave man. But if I come out of this affair safe and sound, I shall be ready to attend the Grand-Duke of Berg.”

Napoleon rose impetuously, and coming to Junot, who was leaning against the mantle-piece, took him hastily by the hand and turning him sharply towards himself, said to him in a loud and agitated tone : “ Once more I command you to keep the peace ! Neither S—— nor Murat : I will not permit you to fight either with the one or

the other." Then drawing nearer to Junot and again taking his hand, he pressed it affectionately, saying: "Come, promise your old friend!"

With Napoleon such moments were fugitive, but they were triumphant: he never failed to come off conqueror on such an occasion. There was an irresistible charm in his look and in his voice, which was sure to overcome the most peremptory resolution. Junot felt his anger giving way under their powerful influence—he clasped the Emperor's hand and pressed it to his heart, which beat violently: and the Emperor on feeling its agitated pulsation also experienced a moment of indefinable but visible emotion; nevertheless he overcame it; gently withdrew his hand, passed it through Junot's thick light hair, and tapping his head, said with his melodious voice, which vibrated like an eolian chord:

"Promise me to be reasonable, wrong-head; and come to me again, I have more to say to you."

This conversation had lasted an hour and a half. The waiting room was full of persons, all upon the watch to learn the result of this long conference. One man, in particular, wished it shorter. He knew the Emperor, and he knew very long audiences were never accorded to men about to fall under his displeasure; and Junot's countenance when at last he came out, confirmed his opinion. Junot passed within two paces of him, but affected not to see him: "For I could not have avoided telling him my opinion of his conduct;" said Junot to me, when we were in Spain eighteen months

afterwards, and more united than ever, conversing confidentially upon this period of his life, of which he revealed to me the most minute circumstances. "I perhaps ought to have done so," added he, "for that man is one of those serpents who bite the more fatally when the victim is quiet."

Two days after this conversation, I was alone in the morning in my study, a very retired apartment at the extremity of the house, into which I admitted no one but my most intimate acquaintances, when his Eminence Cardinal Maury was announced. This is then the place to describe this celebrated man, whom I knew thoroughly, as during seven years he came to my house every day, without exception at seven o'clock punctually, and left at ten. I knew him therefore perfectly, but strange to say, I never could reckon him among my friends. He possessed, however, or at least I presume, he possessed all the qualities requisite in a friend, and I believe he was willing to be mine. But confidence is not to be commanded, and his unsociable and unconciliating manners, were I believe the primary cause of this repulsion: I saw him, however, every day and was, what is called intimate with him.

Cardinal Maury, better known perhaps as the Abbé Maury, returned to France in 1806. The frontiers had been re-opened to him in consequence of a letter written by him to the Emperor, and which was in all respects unsuitable to both parties; as being addressed only to power, its eloquence was tarnished by a strain of base servility.

On arriving at Paris, the *Abbé* Maury perceived all that the *cardinal* had lost in the respect of the noble Faubourg; and found himself received with cold politeness in houses, where he had been accustomed to meet with attachment.

Notwithstanding his extraordinary eloquence, the *Abbé* Maury had been before the revolution, what he was in proscription, what he continued under the empire, a man of talent rather than a man of sense, and a curate of the time of the league, rather than an *abbé* of the reign of Louis XV. His figure was in the highest degree disagreeable. An enormous square head, presented a bald forehead of immense capacity, surmounted by that tuft of hair which the country *abbé*'s and the curates of villages formerly had made by their *perruquier*; his eyes were remarkably small and except at the moment of speaking when they were animated, were strikingly unexpressive, a nose almost sunk in two immense masses of flesh, across which nature placed a prodigious horizontal aperture, which the two ears only seemed to prevent from making the tour of the head, and garnished with thirty-two small teeth all shaped like the incisors, a peculiarity which must have been extremely useful to his eminence, who devoured an enormous quantity of food; his manners at table were altogether revolting.

His cynical language was in accordance with his manners, and both extremely disagreeable at all times. He once came to see me when I was getting up from my confinement with my son Napoleon,



and received only my intimate friends, but the quality of *Eminentissima* gained favor for the cardinal in the eyes of my valet-de-chambre, who introduced him to my apartment. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and I was upon my sofa surrounded by eight or nine female friends.

“ Oh! oh!” said the cardinal on coming in, “ there is a beautiful flock—I am just come from a man who would like to be master of such an one.”

He meant the Persian Ambassador who was here in 1807. The cardinal had been to visit him, for what purpose I know not, for certainly the Koran and his scarlet cassock did not exactly suit. From the ambassador, however, he was just come, and related many burlesque stories of him and his seraglio, which would not have been agreeable to hear in mixed company, but which as we were all young married women served to laugh at, though they gave no very favorable impression of his eminence's taste in story telling. Amongst my visitors was Madame de Zayoncheck, who did not at all like his cavalier manners. She was the lady of General Zayoncheck, who served in the campaigns of Egypt under Napoleon, and has since been Viceroy of Poland. He was at this time still in the French service and his wife still lived in Paris, from which circumstance at first arose an acquaintance between us, which in time became very intimate, because the charm of her talents, conversation and manners, attracted my affections and I was sincerely attached to her. She was in return no favorite of the car-

dinal's, for she was in the habit of giving him some marked lessons before larger audiences than were agreeable to his eminence; as for example: once at an evening party at my house she was standing near me before the fire; her dress as usual cut down to the middle of her back, and her sleeves very short, leaving exposed a pair of very fair and fat shoulders and fresh and mottled arms. Probably the cardinal admired them, for taking a rose from a porcelaine vase, he came softly behind Madame de Zayoncheck who was speaking to me, and set the rose still wet with the water in which it had been standing between her shoulders. She did not expect it, and this jovial pleasantry which she would scarcely have endured from her brother, appeared to her above all things misplaced in a clergyman of his rank: she blushed, seized the rose and threw it angrily upon the ground, saying: " Monseigneur, what your eminence has just done is not at all becoming to your dignity."

Sixty persons were assembled in the drawing-room, and a hearty laugh went round; the cardinal laughed with the rest, but the rebuke was extremely disagreeable to him, and he never liked Madame de Zayoncheck afterwards.

Cardinal Maury, although he had pronounced a fine panegyric on St. Louis, was not the best person that could be chosen to defend his descendant. He appeared in the tribune at a moment when he might have done much for the crown; but he declined the career opened to him for the sake of attaching himself to the miserable disputes

of the Gallican church, and for the petty triumph of once silencing Mirabeau: nor was he sincerely attached either to the cause of royalty or the aristocracy. I have heard him speak very freely of many individuals who stood high on the list of great names, and whom on his return to France he treated with insulting disdain. His letter to the Emperor was not calculated to meet with the approbation of the *noblesse*, and actually alienated from him the regard of the whole Faubourg St. Germain. His defence of it was casuistical:

“When we have lost *hope*,” said he, “*faith* follows it, and *charity* only remains.” He concluded that as the Bourbons could not again reign in France, it was useless to continue faithful to them: and consequently solicited the Emperor’s permission to return to his native country.

He was recalled, and came to Paris; he was at once appreciated by Napoleon, who saw that he had acquired in him a man determined to serve the existing power, in spite of all obstacles, even those of conscience.

The Cardinal Maury had nothing in his person or manners which could remind one of the abbés of former times: as the Abbés de Périgord, de Montesquiou, de St. Far, and all that staff of mitres in embryo which surrounded the Archbishop of Rheims and served as models for the young clergy. His behaviour was rude, and denoted a disposition opposed to a desire of pleasing. He was a cynic, and affected carelessness; and his cynicalness and indifference nowhere appeared

in such entirely disgusting colors as in his own house.

An argument with him was tiresome to excess ; and he had so little idea of conceding that if his antagonist had ever so little obstinacy, it became necessary to leave the room. I have often witnessed literary discussions between the cardinal, my friend Millin, and the Baron de Brockhausen, Prussian ambassador. The latter had a mania for attacking our literature ; of course the adversaries were very unequally matched, and the cardinal had no pity. One day that Racine was the subject of discussion, M. de Brockhausen, as is customary with the Germans found great fault with him.

“ Hey ! Monsieur,” exclaimed the cardinal reddening with anger, “ you speak as a man born blind would speak of colors. Can the Prussians judge us ? What should they know of Racine ? ”

“ But Monseigneur, permit me to tell you . . . ”

“ Nothing, Sir, nothing at all ; the Prussians cannot judge authors of whose language they are ignorant.”

“ But Monseigneur . . . . ”

“ Sir, what answer can you make me, when I tell you that you must live a hundred years to understand Racine ? you do not understand French, because Voltaire and Maupertuis resided at Berlin.”

Notwithstanding his profound veneration for power, the cardinal sometimes discussed (he did not dispute) literary subjects with the Emperor. Napoleon highly esteemed Corneille. He sup-

ported Racine, but he admired and loved Corneille, which I can perfectly comprehend, because I feel with him. But the cardinal to my great surprise was not of the same mind. The Emperor one day said to him :

“ How is it that you do not like Corneille ? ”

“ Sire,” replied the cardinal, “ I admire Corneille, but I like Racine.”

“ And I accuse your Racine of affectation in all his love scenes, said the Emperor, “ for love he must have in his plays ; it is as essential to the piece as a prompter to the actors. None but young people can possibly like Racine. And how, *diable*, can you, Monsieur le Cardinal, at your age, set up for the champion of Racine, the ladies’ poet ? Give me Corneille : he is the man who knew the world.”

“ And how should he come by his knowledge, when he saw no one ? ”

The Emperor cast a contemptuous look at the cardinal, as if he now measured him for the first time. “ That is precisely why I maintain that Corneille is a great man. At a distance from the court, from intrigues, and from business, he guessed as it were the true situation of empires, sovereigns and people. The great Condé on seeing some piece of Corneille’s represented, I believe it was Sertorius exclaimed : “ Where did Corneille learn the art of war ? And I say,” added the Emperor, “ that for Corneille’s fine tragedies to be justly appreciated the audience should be composed, of Kings, ministers and great functionaries.”

In fact Napoleon was formed to understand the genius of a man whose principal talent lay in generalising his ideas, in reducing them to political maxims, and in expressing them in poetry which often rises to the sublime. On another occasion the Emperor said to the cardinal :

“ If Corneille had been living in my time, I should have made him a prince !”

“ And why not a minister, if he was so clever ?” said the cardinal with sufficient sharpness and a half smile.

“ No,” replied the Emperor, dryly : “ I have had experience that the best composer of phrases may make the worst man of business. The coadjutor could make good speeches, but he would have been a bad minister ; and Mazarin of whom he spoke ill, would not have liked him for a secretary. He was a marplot and a caviller ;” (*ergoteur.*) This latter word the Emperor frequently applied to persons who spoke and disputed much.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Persian Ambassador at Court—The eyes of the Maréchale Ney—Lavalette and Marmont—Prophetic sadness of the latter—Midnight mass—A lesson of the Emperor—The Caliph Haroun Alraschid and his Vizir Giaffir—Napoleon's emotion on witnessing the national enthusiasm on the 15th of August—His remark upon Marshal Ney and Prince Eugene—Anecdote—M. d'Alleaume—Fête at the Hotel de Ville—Junot appointed Commander of the Army of the Gironde—I understood the reason—Parting interview with the Emperor—Junot unhappy—Kingdom of Westphalia erected—Suppression of the tribunate—The army continues to conquer—Proclamation.

I SPOKE lately of the Persian ambassador. He was neither the cousin nor grand-son of him who was produced at the court of Louis XIV to flatter the vanity of a king, seventy-two years old ; but a true Persian and near relative to the Shah. He had been to seek Napoleon in Poland, and his coming to Paris not only furnished a subject of conversation, but of great amusement. He came to the Empress's court ; and a man accustomed to consider women only as slaves, might well be surprised at the grace with which she received, as sovereign, the numerous circle that

paid their respects to her at the Tuileries. He remained in the saloon which opens to the hall of the marshals during the concert ; and there he walked to and fro continually repeating the words *Maréchale Ney—Maréchale Ney—Maréchale Ney*. It seems that the *Maréchale's* fine black eyes, which really resembled those of the eastern beauties, had so struck the Persian that he had fallen violently in love with her. And thus continually repeated her name, the only French word he had learnt. It was M. de Lavalette who had taught it to him, and who afterwards related the story of the poor Persian.

The name of the good Lavalette, who could be so amusingly serious when he chose, reminds me of an adventure which took place at an earlier period, but which, as I have not yet related it, may find its place here, for in *Memoirs* it is never too late.

Junot and I had dined one Christmas at Marshal Marmont's, who with his wife and Lavalette formed the remainder of the party. We were all the best friends possible, and happy in finding ourselves together. The evening passed quickly away in the little room at the extremity of the Duchess of Ragusa's apartment, which already at that time was her favorite reception room for her most intimate friends. We chatted, laughed, played Christmas games and thought that eleven o'clock had arrived too soon, when my carriage was announced.

“ Faith,” said Junot to Marmont, “ arrange



your matters as you like, I do not stir from hence ; I am very comfortable and here I shall stay."

" You are quite right," said Marmont, " stay, and I will give you a supper ; we will have a Christmas revel."

" Yes ! yes !" cried Junot and Lavalette together, " we will have a revel ; come Marmont, a Christmas revel."

General Marmont was then what he always has been and what he still is, a brave and good-natured man. He was attached to Junot and Lavalette as if they were brothers, and he smiled at their youthful spirits, but his smile was melancholy : it seemed as if he even then saw into a futurity of unhappiness. He laughed as if he was unacquainted with joy.

Lavalette made a leap, and exclaimed : " Ah ! but we must complete the day, we must go to the midnight mass. For my part I was so young when I was last there, that I do not very distinctly remember it ; these ladies have never seen it (which was true,) so let us go to the midnight mass."

" Yes ! yes !" said Madame Marmont and I, " let us go ; but to what church ; shall it be to that of the Rue Montmartre ?"

" No," said Junot, " it must be to St. Roch, or St. Sulpice."

" St. Sulpice is too far off."

" To St. Roch then."

Though I had not dressed very gaily to dine with Madame Marmont, with whom at the time I was very intimate, I had on a rich silk gown

with a half train, and dress cap trimmed with flowers. It was impossible to go to a midnight mass in such an attire: my horses were in waiting and I proposed going home.

“ No! no!” said Madame Marmont, “ such a proceeding would mar our night’s pleasure! Stay here: I will lend you a wrapping cloak; we will pin up your gown, and under the cloak no one will see it; then one of my bonnets will be a very good substitute for your smart cap.”

No sooner said than done. But we never thought of the burlesque figure I should appear, in a cloak much too short for me, and rendered still shorter by the immense folds of my trained gown of very stout silk wrapped round my person. We burst into wild fits of laughter in getting into the carriages, we laughed as we rode along, and we laughed as we alighted; and sure I am, that the church of St. Roch did not that night contain five other individuals as merry and as happy as we then were. Lavalette, who was alone, because I had taken Marmont’s arm, and Madame Marmont had Junot’s, personated the beadle and marched before us, uttering a thousand follies, which though they were a little misplaced, made us laugh till our eyes watered. Suddenly, as we were passing round a pillar somewhat darker than the rest of the church, two men passed us, dressed in great coats closely buttoned and round hats drawn very much over their foreheads.

“ When people come into a church, they

should behave as becomes a holy place:" said a low but well-known voice close to us.

It was the Emperor.

An instantaneous stop was put to our mirth. Lavalette, who had been cut short in the midst of a miraculous history of St. Hermenegild, was the first to recover himself; he declared that it was not the Emperor, because he saw that this apparition tormented me; but it was himself. I had recognised, beyond the possibility of mistake that countenance, like to no other when he wore a round hat: it was himself. And the effect produced by his unexpected presence, upon men who though little susceptible of any other species of fear, above all things feared to displease him, was never more conspicuous. It did not however, prevent our revel, nor prevent our enjoying it in gaiety of heart.

At this hour, what reflections arise from reviewing the wild gaiety of those days for ever gone by!—We were five—only five; all young, rich, happy; fortunate seemingly to an extent that might defy fate!—And where are these favorites of fortune?—Junot is dead—and how!—Lavalette, after enduring for two years all the miseries which imagination could heap upon a human being, has followed him.—Marmont is not dead; but of what avail is such a life as that which he lingers out in exile, without a hope of returning to his country which rejects him.—And his unfortunate wife! I pity her from my soul!

She repulses friendship, may she at least accept the pity of a heart which knows how to sympathize and love ; and I remain to close the list of these five persons whom twenty years have sufficed to sweep from the scene of their former joys, whence they have disappeared at the breath of heaven, leaving behind them only the traces of the most terrible misfortunes, the links of existence severed, and the future prospects blasted even of infants while at the breast. And I have the melancholy honor of asserting that of the five I am the most to be pitied ; what they have witnessed, I have witnessed ; what they have suffered, I have suffered ; and much more—yet I still live.

This mania for going the rounds of Paris, à la Caliph Haroun Alraschid sometimes furnished Napoleon with some gratifying adventures, one of which befel him on the 15th of August after his return from Poland. To appreciate the excessive enthusiasm which then pervaded the nation, the triumphs he had achieved, and which were at this moment at their climax, must be considered. The sentiment which was entertained for him was a delirium of attachment founded upon his glorious deeds ; it had nothing in it of superstitious devotion to his station, it was personal to himself.

On the evening then of this anniversary of his birth, the terrace of the palace, on which in those happy times, every one was at liberty to walk, was occupied by a dense crowd almost too closely pressed for moving, and this crowd neither listened to the concert that was provided for their gratifi-

cation, nor cast a glance upon the million of variegated lamps which illuminated the gardens behind them. No ; all eyes were directed towards two windows upon the ground floor, in the hope of catching a momentary sight of their much beloved Emperor. Yes, he was beloved ! France did not then refuse him her gratitude, and in Paris especially the enthusiasm of the nation could be estimated. The cries of *Vive l'Empereur !* resounded through the blue arch, which was skirted by the bright line of light displayed from the mansions which lined the quays, and returned the illumination of the imperial palace. Then was the luminous cross of the legion of honor, seen blazing in the sky, as if this symbol of French glory had been launched into the infinity of space by the hand of some celestial messenger. That insignia granted to the brave as the price of blood, to the learned as the reward of vigils of study, was not yet become so vulgar, that the men really elected by *the voice of honor, and the country* should disdain to wear it, and its appearance was hailed with the universal shout of admiration and joy.

On the evening preceding this 15th of August, the Emperor left his palace with his faithful Giaffer—with Duroc who never left him, and who yet feared that his vigilance might not be sufficiently active ; his care was always awake, but the Emperor gave it the slip, as a young maiden would do by a lover, jealous, as well as fond. Yet M. de Bourrienne has dared to write that Duroc did not love the Emperor ! But why again express my

anger against a work which proclaims in every page its author's ignorance, both of facts and persons.

"Your Majesty must be very happy," said the Grand Marshal to Napoleon, who, with his arms leaning upon the parapet of the water terrace, surveyed the whole extent of a line crowded nearly as that which I have been just describing; "you have gone through immense fatigues, but the result is glorious; listen, Sire!"

At this moment innumerable voices rent the sky with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" And it was soon perceptible that a half opened window on the ground floor had caused the general enthusiasm; some among the multitude had supposed they caught a sight of him. Napoleon smiled, and turning his eyes to the other side of the water, seemed again for a while absorbed in contemplation. Then pointing out to Duroc the hotel de Besenval recently purchased by Marshal Ney:

"Is not that Ney's house?" said he; "it is a proper place for Michael Ney to occupy; by the side of honor, and opposite me. He is a brave fellow! and so is my son Eugene; and Mortier, and Bessières; and Berthier, who was there himself two years ago."

Then plunging amongst the sombre foliage of the shrubberies which surround the hotels of the Rue de Lille, his eye wet, and his heart affected, he proceeded with a rapid step to the gardens of the Tuileries, and arrived there at the moment that new acclamations were rising to his honor. But

his attention was immediately attracted by a child about five years old, beautiful as an angel, whose soft and melodious voice was shouting his joyful *Vive l'Empereur* as loudly as if he had been twenty years old, while his pretty little black velvet cap cut capers in the air ; he was alone, but seemed quite insensible to fear.

The Emperor, astonished to see no one taking care of a child, who by his dress and manners appeared to belong to a family in easy circumstances, made a sign to Duroc to speak to him.

“ Who are you ? ” said the Grand-Marshal to him, “ and why are you here alone ? ”

The child made no answer, but fixed his large eyes upon his interrogator with an expression of curiosity, which seemed to say, and who are you who ask me these questions ?

Duroc repeated his inquiries.

“ My name is Gabriel ; ” said the child at length : and the beautiful light ringlets that curled round his cherub face made him a good resemblance of his celestial patron. He looked again at Duroc, then dexterously escaping from his hand, ran to a few paces distance, again threw up his cap, and cried *Vive l'Empereur*, louder than ever.

This time Napoleon seized him, took him up in his arms, and looked at him with admiration. “ Why,” said he, “ do you cry so loudly *Vive l'Empereur* ? ”

“ Because I love the Emperor.”

“ Why do you love him ? ”

“ Because papa tells me to love him. Papa

loves the Emperor too, and I pray for him every morning and night."

Napoleon was strongly agitated ; he set down the child, and told the Grand-Marshal to interrogate him farther. Duroc asked him why he was all alone.

"I am not alone," said the little cherub ; and he pointed to a gentleman about forty years old, standing at a few paces distance, with a young woman hanging on his arm, who was pregnant, and who held by the hand a little girl, seemingly two years younger than Master Gabriel.

"Sir, said the Grand-Marshal, saluting him politely, I believe that fine child is your son ?" And he pointed to the fair curly head which the Emperor's hand was caressing ; but unwilling to be recognised, he had turned his back to the party.

The father took off his hat, and answered with apparent uneasiness :

"Yes, Sir, he is my son ; I hope he has not been troublesome."

Duroc re-assured him, and asked his name ; upon which inquiry the father again expressed uneasiness respecting the conduct of his son.

"It is certainly your son who has excited my friend's curiosity and mine ; we found him crying *Vive l'Empereur* with an enthusiasm....."

"Which is easily inspired in children, Sir," interrupted the father, "when the parents feel it themselves.—I venerate, I adore, my beloved Sovereign ; and if my children wish for their father's blessing, they must love him as I do."



The Emperor came forward, holding his little friend by the hand ; and having pulled his hat over his eyes to avoid recognition.

“ Sir,” said he to the father, “ I presume you have served under Napoleon.”

“ No, Sir, I do not belong to the army.”

“ Then your father did.”

“ No, Sir, we are from Brittany ; a good and loyal province, to which the preceding government have given but too much cause for taking up arms. But I have not borne them in our civil wars, for I could not endure to fight my countrymen. My father was an advocate belonging to the parliament of Rennes, and he died in the exercise of the noblest duty of man, defending a victim of the ancient tyranny.”

“ And you would not revenge him ? ”

The countenance of the stranger instantly changed. “ If I have revenged him, Sir ; it has been as he would have wished to be revenged ; by causing, or at least aiding the triumph of the holy cause for which he died.”

“ You are an honorable man ! ” exclaimed the Emperor. “ And how are you employed at present ? ”

“ I am in the office of the minister of justice, Sir.”

“ The chief of a division ? ”

“ Oh no, Sir, my place is of very small value. But we have few wants, and no extra wishes.”

“ Oh ! as to that ”—said the wife, raising her finger in a playful menace to her husband, “ as to that, it is not quite true.”

The husband laughed. "My wife is right, Sir, I have one wish very ardent, and very imperious—it is to see the Emperor—that is to say, to speak to him—I have seen him sometimes at the parade, but that is scarcely seeing him, he passes like an *ignus fatuus*—then in the palace court the grenadiers of the guard treat you so roughly, that, faith, I have not yet been able to get a sight of our Emperor."

"And yet you love him?"

"Ah! Sir, it cannot be necessary to see him, in order to love him! It is sufficient to look around one—in our country for example—our fields were ravaged; our villages burned, our towns sacked. All that now exists in memory only, Brittany is at peace. We have no Vendée there now; we shall have no more civil wars; for it is not under the reign of Napoleon that we shall see a renewal of the revolting abuses and iniquities which drove us to despair. He who has caused our walls to be rebuilt, and our fields to be sown will not suffer the cannon to destroy his own works. No, no, under him our beautiful France will long be happy. And therefore, Sir, what my son has told you is true, we pray for him daily."

"And will you not give me your name, then?" said Napoleon, with a peculiar emphasis.

"Undoubtedly I will, Sir," was the honest Breton's reply, and drawing a card from his pocket he gave it to Duroc; but it was visible that this desire to know his name caused him some uneasiness. Napoleon saluted him with his

hand, and withdrew after again caressing the little Gabriel, whose engaging manners pleased him, and whose strongly expressed attachment to his person, at an age when sentiments are not developed, had excited his interest.

“Many such scenes in one night, and I should be a lost man;” said the Emperor smiling, but much affected; “Duroc, you must to-morrow make inquiries about this man.”

His name was d’Alleaume, and he lived at Chaillot. Duroc made inquiries concerning him, and the answers were quite satisfactory. M. d’Alleaume was promoted to a superior situation in the office, but not till his rotation and length of service entitled him to it. He only obtained justice, and the certainty of not being overlooked by his accidental meeting with the Emperor.

“I should have been sorry if it had proved otherwise,” said the Emperor, when Duroc related to him the result of his mission.

But no words can describe the extacies of this family, on learning that they had had Napoleon amongst them for a quarter of an hour, and that he had embraced their child! the little cap and coat which the boy wore on this memorable day were laid by in a wardrobe to be preserved as sacred relics, for Napoleon had touched them. The Emperor was godfather to the child of which Madame d’Alleaume was pregnant; it proved a girl, and was named Napoléonie: this is the only instance I have heard of the Emperor’s name being so rendered. M. d’Alleaume died in 1812; his

wife married again and lives, or in 1818 did live, at Lyons.

The Emperor's return was the cause of many festivities. The city of Paris wished to express its joy in receiving him again, and invited him to a fête. He accepted the invitation, and the 15th of August was the day appointed. Preparations were made with great expedition. To have the means of conveniently accommodating sufficient numbers on such occasions, a banqueting hall had been constructed in the great court of the Hotel-de-Ville; the fêtes given there were always very splendid. Count Frochot, who was then prefect of Paris, perfectly understood the art of superintending such fairy contrivances. Madame Frochot was not at Paris; all the ceremonial of the day therefore devolved upon me. I was six months advanced in my pregnancy, and the fatigue did not suit me at all; but it was not allowable to reason with the Emperor upon the possibility, more or less of performing any task; if you could march, with him you must march. The heat was excessive, and was extremely inconvenient, I was uncomfortable, and out of humour, cause enough for making the finest day appear cloudy, and the gayest fête dull.

Junot went to meet the Emperor, but M. Frochot and I received the Empress on the great steps of the Hotel-de-Ville, as she alighted from her carriage. I was at the head of twenty-four ladies representing by their husband's names, the commercial and banking interests of the capital. I

had previously submitted a list of their names to the grand-marshal and grand-master of the ceremonies, and it had been by them laid before the Emperor, who one day made some loud complaints of this list, because two of the names represented the wives of two chamberlains. "Ladies who have been presented, I see often at the Tuileries," said he; "at the Hotel-de-Ville I wish to see only Parisian faces. I wish to become acquainted with the city of Paris, do you understand that, Madame Junot?"

And as a lady who was in the Empress's drawing room, and whom I will not name, because it might be disagreeable to her, was making game of the bad French of some of these Parisian dames, he turned to her and said very drily: "Madame, if the persons you are ridiculing were to hear the jargon which is continually offending my ears, faith, I believe the laugh would not be on your side."

Then resuming his employment with Frochot and M. de Segur, he continued talking to himself in a grumbling tone, and as if he was answering to some unexpressed thought: "Hum! such contemptuousness!—because she belongs to the old nobility!—with her German ideas!—All this will end in provoking me—in making me very angry."

And the Emperor was right. She was a woman without amiability or beauty, annoyed by her position in society—not an enviable one certainly—of an old maid without a hope of marriage, it

gave her the vapors, and an old maid does not become more agreeable for having the vapors. For my own part, the lesson she received pleased me very well, because I had never met with goodwill from her ; and satisfied that to act the great lady if I chose it, would become me quite as well as her, I believed myself in no respect inferior to her.

The Empress came late. The ceremonies of her reception were the same as on the preceding year. The ball was opened by the Grand-Duchess of Berg, the Princess Stephanie, Madame Lallemand, a lady of the palace, a city lady, the daughter or wife of one of the mayors, and myself. I cannot remember the partners of all these ladies, but I danced with the Grand-Duke of Berg, or rather walked, for dreading an accident I dared not exert farther. The fête was superb, and was particularly illustrated by the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants hailed the Emperor's return at the head of an army, every soldier of which brought with him a ray of glory to illuminate his own family, and the gratitude they felt for the renewed prosperity which the last five years had shed over their commerce.

One cause in particular had greatly contributed to damp my spirits on this occasion, so joyous to others, and in which certainly I was at the height of my feminine glory, and receiving flattery enough to have made me forget any circumstances less painful than those which at that moment were opening before me. Junot was about to quit

Paris, in expiation of the fault he had committed, in listening to gracious words, and returning tender looks. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of observation of the Gironde, now assembling at Bordeaux and Bayonne. This was a fine command undoubtedly ; but nothing could compensate for the government of Paris under present circumstances. Accordingly he was in a condition bordering on despair, when he came to bring me this information. He would refuse this new appointment—he would resign his government of Paris—in short, he was in that state of violent excitement from which my voice only could relieve him ; I spoke to him, I consoled him, though my own heart was deeply wounded. I saw the intention of punishment in this decision of the Emperor. I dared not say so to Junot, for already some deplorable scenes had passed between us on this subject, and I felt that there would be little generosity in now overwhelming him with the dry and malicious reproof: “ I have long warned you of this ! ”

A man, never liked by Junot nor any other military officer, added to the cloud which now rested upon our prospects, by standing in the fore-ground of every event which could now happen to Junot. It was Clarke, the minister of war ; a man whose fate seems to have been influenced by a strange destiny, for it is impossible for any memory to be combined with more painful incidents, or with more bitterness of accent in the pronunciation of his name. And why ? He must

have done harm. To Junot, I know he did much. The Emperor was himself obliged as it were, to interpose his sceptre between them. I knew Junot's manner of thinking, in respect of the degree of obedience due to the minister of war, and I dreaded to see him engage in a struggle so likely to have an unfortunate issue, but from which it could scarcely be expected that he would refrain in the course of a campaign which he undertook against his will, and even with repugnance.

I shall never forget the impression which the Emperor's order, to go and assume the command of the army of the Gironde, made upon Junot.

"So then you exile me!" he said to Napoleon in a tone of affliction, which sensibly affected the Emperor; "you send me from Paris at the moment of your return to it.—What more could you have done, had I committed a crime?"

"You have not committed a crime, but you have erred. It is necessary that you should remove for sometime from Paris to silence the reports which have long been current respecting my sister and you. I defy any human being to persist in spreading them when the confidential service with which I am investing you becomes known. Your authority at Lisbon will be unlimited; you will correspond only with me; you will continue governor of Paris. Come, my old friend...the marshal's baton is yonder."

He held out his hand, which Junot seized, and



wept like a child, still repeating ; “ And yet you remove me from you ! ”

“ But I am at this moment in no danger ; ” replied the Emperor, affected by Junot’s emotion. “ You will only lose a few fêtes, and you have had dancing enough in my absence. Come, my friend, take courage. It is a noble mission that is imposed upon you. I was on the point of giving it to Lannes, or Murat ; then remembering that you had been deprived of your share of glory, in the last campaign, I wished to make you amends. Believe me, the true reason of your appointment, is my solicitude for your own honor. ”

When Junot repeated this conversation to me, I did not remark to him what principally struck me, because in my opinion the Emperor was desirous of administering balm to the wound. How skilful he was ! how well he knew the hearts of men ! Junot had gone to him in despair, he left him comforted, and ready to shed the last drop of his blood to add one leaf to Napoleon’s triumphal crown.

As soon as Junot had made up his mind to accept the command of the army of observation of the Gironde, the ultimate destination of which was at this period known only to himself, he hastened the preparations for his departure. I saw that he was unhappy, that he quitted Paris with extreme pain ; and though he could not acknowledge to me the true cause of this sorrow, I guessed it, and pitied him ; but I can never forgive

her who was the cause of his disgrace, (for disgrace it was to him, however gilded,) and who had not greatness of mind sufficient to acknowledge that all the fault was on her side. I was afterwards made acquainted with every secret feeling of Junot's heart: of that noble heart which never conceived a deceitful thought or a malicious plan to destroy the innocent. I knew how generously he kept silence; and I shall follow his example in what concerns myself. But I owe it to his memory to unveil all the manœuvres which were put in practice to secure him in Murat's interests in the terrible hypothesis of a misfortune happening to the Emperor in one of his military absences—at least at that time it was only in this event that the proposition of acting was made; but when once it had become habitual to consider Murat seated upon Napoleon's chair, mounting his horse, Murat in short master of France, when once the burlesque of this possibility should have disappeared by the custom of contemplating it, because there is nothing which the eye does not in the end find suitable from the long continued habit of perseveringly looking upon it, then, at length, might have been said: "The enemy's ball has long delayed to strike....the hazards of war are very uncertain! and from this reflection, to supplying the indolence or slowness of the enemy's ball, the step is but short.

The marriage of Prince Jerome with a German Princess was now much spoken of. There were Arch-Duchesses, but they were too young; there

were Grand-Duchesses, but their mothers would not give them to France, not even to its supreme chief; conjectures were numerous, but no certainty was obtained till the Emperor himself announced the approaching marriage of Prince Jerome with the Princess Catherine, daughter of the then reigning King of Wurtemberg. The dominions of Hesse Cassel, Brunswick, Fulda, Paderborn, and the greatest part of Hanover had just been united to compose the kingdom of Westphalia. It was pretty loudly said that the bridal pair were to reign over it, but the Emperor did not explain his intentions, and it did not answer to make guesses at them in his presence. But while the subjects of this new state were waiting a king of the Emperor's choice, he sent them a regency composed of the counsellors of state, Beugnot, Siméon, Jollivet, and General Joseph Lagrange.

A commotion was excited in the interior of France at this time by the suppression of the Tribunate, which the Emperor had felt to be a restraint upon him ever since the coronation. The repeated opposition of this body to his will especially in respect to the legion of honor, and to the establishment of the Empire itself, had given him an antipathy to it; he never took such antipathies on slight grounds, but they were generally as in the present instance irrevocable sentences of death. Every time that the preparatory discussion of a new law was brought before the chamber of the tribunate, a host of difficulties arose, which always renewed the Emperor's discontent. The

moment then, that he thought himself strong enough to carry measures according to his will, he joyfully suppressed the tribunate; ordaining that in future the proposed laws should be discussed by three committees of finance, of administration, and of legislation, all taken from the legislative body. Another senatus-consultum of the same day made a great attack upon the political rights of Frenchmen by decreeing, that no one could be elected a deputy under the age of forty years.

The army, notwithstanding the Emperor's absence, continued its career of conquest. Marshal Brune took Stralsund by capitulation, and the island of Rugen fell into our hands. The King of Prussia closed the Baltic against English commerce; and England, so attacked, must soon have bowed before the iron will of Napoleon. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the English attacked on all sides, and abandoned by all, made no effort to relieve Gustavus, their only remaining ally, but suffered him to be overcome, while they abandoned themselves to internal intrigues, and to a cunning and sordid policy, the evidence of weakness. At this time England was weak, for the attack upon Copenhagen must not be considered as a proof of strength in her government. A really strong government commits no act of baseness, and the bombardment of Copenhagen was one of equal baseness and impolicy. It was ruining a city; destroying its port, and burning its ships only to take vengeance on its government for refusing to make war upon France.

They abandoned their most faithful ally to his own insufficient strength, and overwhelmed an unfortunate kingdom which was guilty only of too much loyalty : for the refusal of Denmark to declare against us was a proof at once of loyalty and wisdom, her strength consisting chiefly in the neutrality she had always maintained. This conduct on the part of England was of great service to Napoleon, who had never been able to compel the King of Denmark to enter decisively into his plans ; but this attack effected what Napoleon's influence could not ; all the English in Denmark were arrested, all English merchandise confiscated, and all the Danish ports closed against British commerce.

Then appeared that proclamation, as it may be called, for it had nothing of the nature of a diplomatic note in which Napoleon proscribed all connexion, political or commercial, with England : he added in this state paper, one of those which the most decisively announced his domineering will, that amongst the continental powers in alliance with him, there was one which must be punished for its double alliance ; he threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with deposition, and from that moment his destiny was known.

A treaty of alliance immediately followed the bombardment of Copenhagen ; the King, in his wrath, would I believe have sold his people to obtain the means of vengeance. At the same time the Emperor Alexander, for whom I acknowledge a great predilection, and whom I believe to

have long acted honestly with us, proclaimed anew the famous armed neutrality, the master-piece of Catherine's wisdom. He also issued a manifesto filled with wise reasons in justification of this measure. I shall always believe, that the Emperor Alexander would long have been the sincere friend of France, if Napoleon would have permitted him.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A letter from Duroc—The Princess of Wurtemberg to go to Raincy—Consternation—Rechaud the successor of Vatel—Arrival of the Princess Catherine—Her portrait—The intended sister-in-law surrounded by French attendants—Madame de Luçay—The Princess of Neufchatel—Madame de Brignolé—Madame Octave de Segur—Junot at Munich—Madame Philip de Segur—Madame Oscar de Bonneval—M. de Villoutrec—M. Auguste de Talleyrand—Marshal Bessières—A rather familiar observation—The Royal breakfast—The God Terminus an Ambassador—Ride in the Park—The dispute upon etiquette—Ladies of the Palace and Ladies of Honor to Madame-Mère—The Princess without a chemise—Polygamy—The Princess's dress—The dinner at Raincy—Uneasiness without love—Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see any thing coming?—Madame Lallemant—Recollections of Baltimore—Arrival of Prince Jerome—Cardinal Maury—Miss Patterson.

It was the 20th of August; Junot had made all his preparations for his journey, and was gone to dine with M. Lalligant, one of his friends, to whose child he and Madame de Caraman were to stand sponsors. The house was encumbered with chests and portmanteaus, the court yard with baggage, waggons, and carriages; every thing announced the approaching departure of the master of the mansion; in fact in two days Junot was about to set out for Bordeaux, the place of his

immediate destination. I had superintended all that was to make the journey agreeable, and I was fatigued ; but at nine o'clock, just as I was going to bed, my valet-de-chambre informed me that one of the Emperor's footmen was in waiting, to deliver a letter to Junot from the Grand-Marshal. I took the letter which was indorsed, *the Grand-Marshal of the Palace* ; and beside this signature in scarcely legible writing were the words, *in great haste* ; the whole address was in Duroc's hand. I made two men mount on horseback, wrote a few words for each of them ; and sent them in different directions to find Junot. I knew that he intended to take leave of our venerable Archbishop, Cardinal Dubelloy ; but the good old man always went to bed, like a child at nine o'clock, and Junot would probably have already left his palace. Accordingly while the servants were in search of him, he arrived. He had been to a certain hotel, where he had learnt the purport of Duroc's letter ; which was to the following effect :

“ The Princess Royal of Wurtemberg, my  
“ dear Junot, will arrive at Raincy with her  
“ suite, to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, to  
“ breakfast, and will rest there till seven in the  
“ evening. His Majesty has made this arrange-  
“ ment. Will you have the goodness to give  
“ orders that every thing should be in readiness  
“ to receive her. I will send whatever you think



“ requisite for her proper accommodation, and for  
“ the kitchen service.

“ I renew my assurances of attachment to you,  
DUROC.

“ 20—At six in the evening.”

“ Well!” said I to Junot after reading it,  
“ a pretty employment they are giving us to accom-  
plish: it is much like one of the orders given  
to the Princess Graciosa, by her tyrannical step-  
mother; but the misfortune is, we have no Prince  
Percinet with his wand.”

Junot walked about with a look of care. I saw that I had done wrong in complaining, which would but increase his ill humour, and going up to him with a smile, I said: “ But standing there like the god Terminus will not forward this business that I am complaining of, and which after all is not worth talking about. It appears that this Royal Highness is to spend the whole day with us at Raincy; it will be your affair to dispose matters so that she shall not be weary of us: which is just possible because neither the dogs, nor the stags are packed up, so that you will be able to shew her a hunt; and if it should not be quite so agreeable to you as your chase by the light of flambeaux, the Princess will understand, that with the best intentions in the world, it is only possible to give what one has. Come, answer Duroc; or do you wish me to do it?” And I went to my desk.

Junot looked at me, listened, and had the air

of waking by degrees ; his fine countenance, to which gloom was not at all becoming, cleared up, and at last became even cheerful. " Yes, answer him," he replied, embracing me slightly.

I wrote to Duroc, that we were about to give the necessary orders for the reception of her Royal Highness, and that Junot and I returned thanks to the Emperor for giving us this new opportunity of proving our devotedness to him. I thanked Duroc for his offer of sending us all things necessary for the service, but added : " This would inconvenience rather than assist us ; and I engage to be perfectly prepared for the reception of the Princess at the hour appointed."

I then sent for Rechaud. This Rechaud was a clever, and in our present dilemma a most important personage : he was moreover a thoroughly honest man, a qualification not often to be found combined with skill in his profession. He and his brother had been brought up in the kitchen of the Prince of Condé : and afterwards became so expert in cookery, that they attained great celebrity in the gastronomic world. M. de St. Foix, dining at my table one day, recognised his hand in dressing a pike à *la Chamborde*, a dish in which it seems Rechaud's culinary talent was especially remarkable. But he was getting old, and found the heat of the fires injurious to his health ; we had therefore made him house steward. His brother served the Empress Josephine, in the same capacity. Rechaud had previously given me a specimen of his ability in the employment in which it was now wanted, by pre-

paring in a few hours for the reception of the Marquis de la Romana at Raincy in great form. I explained the state of the present case, and he instantly understood all that was to be done.

“Madame may set out for Raincy,” he said with a *sang-froid* worthy of Vatel, “every thing shall be ready at the time mentioned.”

I knew Rechaud ; and getting into my carriage set out without any anxiety for Raincy, at ten o'clock at night and in delightful weather. It was a fine moonlight night, reminding one of the beautiful moonlight sky of Italy. I internally thanked the Princess of Wurtemberg for obliging me to travel at this hour. On reaching the mansion, I found carts already arrived with provisions for the morrow. All night the road to Raincy was travelled over by goers and comers transporting thither whatever was needful, not simply for food but for luxury. The next morning before I was up Rechaud tapped at the door of the bath room, where I had slept to leave my apartment for the use of the Princess of Wurtemberg in case she should wish to retire to it upon her arrival ; he came to tell me that every thing was quite ready. Neither had I been idle in the department which fell under my superintendence ; all the apartments were in perfect order for the reception of the Princess and suite, even to the superb bath room, which was prepared in case the Princess should choose to leave the dust of her journey in one of its fine marble basins.

One thing teased me sadly : it was my curiosity

to know why the Princess on arriving within four leagues of Paris should be detained there a visitor to the governor of the city without daring to proceed. Junot pretty well knew both the Emperor's orders in this matter and his reasons for them. He did not choose that the Princess Royal of Wurtemberg should make such an entrance into Paris as the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister the fair Gabrielle of Savoy might have made; and when he found that the march of the Princess had been so stupidly calculated, that she would arrive within sight of the barriers at ten o'clock in the morning, he determined that she should not pass them till eight in the evening, and that she should remain in the interim at some private villa which might be hired for the occasion. The Emperor was going to dismiss Duroc after having given him these orders, when he cried out suddenly:

“ Oh! *parbleu!*—Junot—Junot has Raincy—the Princess must spend the day at Raincy. It is a charming place, and I hope she will think it a great deal more beautiful than the huge, demi-gothic castles of Suabia and Bavaria. Besides, Madame Junot knows how to speak to crowned heads. Then write to Junot that the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg will pass to-morrow with him and his wife; for she must go, her pregnancy is no hindrance to that.”

The Princess arrived at Raincy exactly at nine o'clock as had been announced. She possessed the German preciseness, even in its minutest details.

I received her under the portico, in a half-court dress ; that is to say, a trained gown of white moire, and a white toque with two plumes. I had dressed in this syle, because I had been forewarned that the Princess was tenacious of ceremony, and that in Germany I should have been obliged to receive her in full court dress. But as we wore this dress only at the Tuileries, I was very glad of this excuse, and also that of my pregnancy to avoid putting myself in harness so early in the morning ; but I was anxious that my costume should not be displeasing to her.

I was impatient to become acquainted with the Princess. Jerome's fate could not be indifferent to me ; for I had loved him from childhood, and though he, only, had treated me with coldness at the death of my mother, I still continued very much attached him. He had sworn to me that he should never forget the mother of his son, her who had given him a paradise in a strange country. I involuntarily thought of that young victim, who was said to be so beautiful, and who was so affectionate ! who had a child ! a child that was become an orphan ! it was therefore with a strong prepossession against her that I approached the Princess of Wurtemberg with my compliments. She received me with perfect grace, perceived my situation at once, and assured me that if she had known that I was so far advanced in pregnancy, she would have sent me a courier very early in the morning to desire me not to rise to receive her.

The Princess of Wurtemberg at the time I am speaking of was about nineteen or twenty years of age ; she was handsome ; the turn of her head gave her an expression of dignified pride which became her noble brow, and which would have been still more graceful had her neck, and indeed her whole figure been something less short. She was not pretty in the general acceptation of the word, though all her features were good, but she seldom smiled, and the expression of her countenance wanted urbanity ; it was, if not disagreeable, at least exceedingly haughty, and was dignified and serious, rather than pleasing and gracious ; her head was too much sunk between her shoulders though she held it as high as possible to lose nothing of her stature, which was low.

At the moment I first saw her, this characteristic haughtiness was more than usually conspicuous. At first this expression struck me as very disagreeable, notwithstanding her extreme politeness to myself ; but in a few minutes I understood her feelings, and far from blaming them felt myself much interested in her situation. It was really a very painful one, and it was not for me, a *woman* to be insensible to it.

Two days previously the Princess had been separated from all her German attendants. The Emperor though he did not like Louis XIV, chose him for a model in matters of etiquette ; and as he had isolated the foreign princesses who came into France, whether from the north as the wife of his brother, or from the south as the Duchess

of Burgundy, so the Princess of Wurtemberg was separated from her German household, notwithstanding a species of resistance very natural in her situation. This situation was not similar to that of all princesses quitting their own country to share a foreign throne ; she was obliged at the same time to surmount the national prejudice so strongly rooted amongst the Germans against unequal alliances ; (and if the Emperor surrounded by the blaze of his glory, that dominating spell which commands admiration, might be excepted from the anathema, it was not so with his brothers) ; and the bitter consideration that she was about to give her hand to a man who had already a contracted marriage, which gave to another woman still living the rights of wife and mother. This knowledge sufficiently distressing to any one must have been doubly so to a princess condemned to silence, constraint, and dissimulation, and to the concealment of her tears from new servants whose presence thus makes the hours of retirement more heavy than those of public ceremonial.

The Emperor had surrounded his future sister-in-law with persons chosen by himself, and in the choice of whom he proved the consequence he attached to this alliance, the third contracted in Germany by his family with the *great circle*, but which was very much the first in political importance. The King of Bavaria than whom no sovereign ever owned a nobler and a better heart, was our steadfast ally, before he became the father-

in-law of Prince Eugene: and to his electoral, margravian, archducal highness the Grand-Duke of Baden, it would have been absolutely the same thing whether he espoused the eldest daughter of the Mufti of Mecca, or received against his will, the hand of the most enchanting not only of princesses but of women. In this instance however things were altogether different, not only in appearance, but in fact. The times were no longer the same: the principles of the greater part of the princes of the confederation of the Rhine had changed with them, or rather with the events of the preceding campaign. The King of Wurtemberg was one of those personages who must be gained at all events, if not to give us his friendship at least to adopt that armed neutrality, which Napoleon held in much higher esteem than the honied words of some great powers, who not being the strongest, found in hypocrisy a substitute for better diplomacy. The Princess of Wurtemberg then was received on her entrance into the French territory by the court of honor which the Emperor had sent to meet her, and which was wholly taken from that of the Empress. Marshal Bessières had espoused the Princess as proxy for the Prince.

The Countess of Luçay occupied the station of lady of honor: the Emperor fell into a mistake in this appointment. Madame de Luçay knew nothing of the etiquette of a court, and for this very good reason that being a wife of a farmer-general she had never been presented before the



revolution. I remember that Napoleon made an exclamation of surprise when I told him so ; but it was very true nevertheless, M. de Luçay having assumed his title from a fief in Berry, purchased by his father. The countess was amiable and polite ; qualities, however, which reckon for nothing in the protocol of etiquette ; and to say the truth, she was one of a very small number of ladies, four or five at the most, about the person of the Empress who should have been excluded from the functions chosen for her in the reception of the Princess. The Duchess of Montebello was not in this case, though she was not noble ; she had worn the hoop, and had acted as ambassadress in a foreign court, and like me, she knew all that ought to be known respecting this annoying etiquette. The Duchess of Rovigo, though Mademoiselle de Faudoas knew no more about it than about planting cabbages. She made no visits, and in the most natural manner possible returned civility with impertinence, and this intentionally. She called it acting the great lady. Poor child ! she did not then know that *polite as a great lord* was a common saying formerly.

There were one or two more new duchesses at court who gave me much annoyance by their *great lady* pretensions. This unfortunate word, first uttered by I know not whom, and for I know not what purpose, was taken up as a title and paraded as by the grace of God—though these ladies might have found better examples to imitate. Certainly the Princess of Neufchatel was a

sufficiently *great lady*; yet notwithstanding her rank of niece to the King of Bavaria and relation to all the crowned heads of Europe, it is impossible to be not only more polite, but more condescending and amiable; she shewed, that with the greatest urbanity it was possible to draw a line behind which rank might intrench itself, and where true propriety would seek it. Berthier was in such extreme favor with the Emperor that his wife might play the great lady to her heart's content, without any other ill consequence than the laugh which would have arisen among the young heads who understood nothing but mutual equality; but the Princess of Neufchatel on the contrary was always the kindest and most agreeable person it was possible to meet with. I have within these few days obtained a proof of the excellence of the Princess Dowager of Wagram, whom I may without exaggeration, call an angel of goodness. I easily understand how much such a woman must be beloved in her family. Though since my misfortunes, I am little inclined to offer or to accept those assurances of attachment which make such warm and transient impressions, yet in this instance I am sure of not being deceived. One may place one's attachment with confidence upon a person at once sensible and good; where in short, the sense resides in the heart.

To return to the Emperor's choice of a household for the Princess of Wurtemberg. I could the less account for that of Madame de Luçay as he had named four ladies of honor: two who were

admirably suited for the situation he had allotted to them, more especially Madame de Brignolé, a lady who maintained a remarkable self-possession and reserve in her deportment, which nevertheless was rather attractive than repulsive. She knew the world perfectly, and possessed the great art of presiding over a drawing-room to admiration.

The other lady of the palace was Madame Octave de Segur, a lady respecting whom the general suffrages are by no means agreed. Some decry her, and others defend her with equal heat: she is herself the cause of this diversity of opinion, by the great aversion she entertains for constraint of any kind. Thus for example, she dislikes female society, and therefore seeks that of the men. She was very pretty at the time I am speaking of, and her soft eyes charmingly spoke whatever it was her pleasure they should express. Still young, she had a perfect knowledge of the world; herself naturally witty, she belonged to the family of Aguesseau, whose name alone, is an attestation to all the dignity of virtue, and she had married into another which gave her for a father-in-law, the Count de Segur, the most delightful man that it is possible to meet with in this world of trouble; and a certain Viscount de Segur for uncle, who composed the charming song of *l'Amour et le Temps*. Her brother-in-law was yet too young to augment the contagion by the admirable talent he has since displayed; but M. Philip de Segur, second son of the Grand-Master of the ceremonies, and the worthy successor of such a father must not be

omitted ; he is one of those men who are an honor to France. He married Mademoiselle Lucie de Luçay, who was every thing that could be desired as daughter, friend, wife and mother ; she was all gentleness, animation and beauty, with her black eyes which shot rays of fire through their thick silken fringes. She died very young, and the happiness of her parents, which had rested upon her, was for ever blighted ; but she left two young children, whose encreased demands upon his paternal solicitude reconciled their unfortunate father to existence. Their daughter, Marie de Segur, has the figure of an elegant sylph ; her movements are all grace, her voice is melody, and her smile at once amiable and arch ; she is now the Viscountess de Bonneval ; and this young couple, so handsome, so amiable, so much attached, present a most interesting spectacle.

In the midst of a family so gifted, Madame Octave de Segur, who had possessed abilities to profit by her intercourse with them, became an object of attraction, sometimes rather too powerful. When the Empress Josephine was at Munich participating in the fêtes on occasion of the marriage of Prince Eugene to the Princess Amelia of Bavaria, Madame Octave was of the party, and Junot, then first aid-de-camp in waiting upon the Emperor, became so susceptible to her attractions, that he nearly lost his wits. Whether she was aware of his sudden fascination, I knew not, Junot was obliged to set off almost without notice for Parma and Placentia, and I believe he never

spoke of his love otherwise than as it imperiously commands, by sighs and tender looks ; but I perfectly understood that Madame Octave had turned his head as completely as a man's head could be deranged, and to my mind the insurrection of the Appenines fell out quite *à propos*. Such eyes as those of Madame Octave de Segur are not at all agreeable to contemplate in a rival.

These were the three ladies appointed to attend upon the Princess of Wurtemberg : then came M. de Villoutrec, equerry to the Emperor and now acting under the same capacity about the Princess, who was a remarkably fine man and an insatiable devourer of hearts. That of Madame Rapp was at this time in a very declining way ; and already I believe, the famous divorce was talked of. But one very curious particular, is the extreme repugnance the Emperor always exhibited to even hearing the word divorce. It seemed as if he considered himself offended by the inquiry, if we may so term it, which the eye might be making into his thoughts upon its adaptation to his own case. Poor Rapp was very unhappy, not sentimentally but on account of the observation the affair drew upon him. This excellent man was shy to the degree of feeling deeply embarrassed if he had reason to believe himself the subject of conversation even of two ladies. Yet rumour says, however inconceivable the fact, that Rapp was fortunate with the ladies ; one at least has been named to me, pretty, lively, and a very great lady then, whatever she may be now—I must not

say more ; but of a person so fond of *sneering* at others, the tale was a good one.

The Baron Auguste de Talleyrand was then what he is now, if he is still living, a polished, lively man of the world, with a passion for music, amounting to a monomania. He was chamberlain to the Emperor, and was now filling that office in the temporary court of the Princess of Wurtemberg.

Next comes the principal personage in the suite, Marshal Bessières who had been the proxy for Prince Jerome, in that preposterous ceremony, which throws the chief actors in it into so ridiculous a situation, and which ought surely to be effaced from the laws of rational etiquette. It had by no means established any degree of intimacy between the Princess and the Marshal but on the contrary seemed to have erected a Chinese wall against him. Naturally the most agreeable and attentive man in the world, he told me after breakfast on this day, that he feared the Princess would be found rather fastidious, and proceeded to relate that he had hazarded an observation rather familiar to be sure, but by no means improper or offensive ; and that the Princess had answered in a manner to shew him that German etiquette did not understand a jest, however innocent.

On the arrival of the Princess, she was offered a bath in the elegant bath-room, but refused it, and seemed desirous to have an early breakfast. As I did not know what she might like, I had prepared two breakfast services, that she might

take hers in her own apartment if she preferred it ; but she declined, and even expressed a wish that all my inmates should breakfast with her, desiring me to invite them in her name. She seemed uneasy, as far as the passibility of her countenance allowed me to judge, at the delay of her father's minister M. de Winzingerode, who did not arrive till ten o'clock : he was a young man, tall, fair, without the smallest degree of expression in his eye, smile or attitude ; a perfect god Terminus ; his wife, who was also expected, did not come, for some reason which I do not now recollect. The countenance of the Princess, upon seeing the ambassador, immediately changed, which farther convinced me that my former observation of the constraint she had imposed upon herself was correct : it was clear she was in a state of great suffering ; the unexpected removal of her German suite had oppressed her, even to the injury of her health, which was manifestly affected : her complexion was sometimes a deep red, and then changed in a moment to a deathly paleness. It was hot, and aware that that her feelings would be remarked upon, she pleaded a head-ache in excuse for these changes of countenance. Perfectly polite and almost gracious in her manners, she played the royal princess as well as circumstances would permit. She placed me at her right hand, and talked a long while to me with a grace, of which probably only myself and Madame Lallemand understood all the merit.

Breakfast was over by half past eleven o'clock ; when I asked the Princess whether she would like

to witness a stag hunt in the park, and whether she would ride on horseback or in an open carriage. She chose the carriage, and having ordered two of those sort of basket sociables, which are used by the ladies who follow the chase at Fontainebleau and Rambouillet, we set out to make first the tour of the forest of Bondy; then re-entering the park by the gate of Chelles, we were met by the huntsmen and hounds, and a young buck was turned out, which was almost immediately taken and very much maltreated by the dogs. The Princess, who at first was serious, if not melancholy, became more cheerful as we rode, and at length seemed very well pleased.

This ride produced a singular discussion. The Countess of Luçay was offended at my sitting forwards in the carriage, and made loud complaints of it. I observed an alteration in the expression of her countenance towards me, but so natural did my situation appear to myself, that I had not the smallest conception of having given offence, till the lady's husband felt it necessary to interfere to tell me so. When at last the whole matter was explained to me, I gave two reasons for the circumstance complained of, either of which appeared to me a fully sufficient justification. First, from the moment of the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wurtemberg at my house, she became the mistress of it, and I was no more than any other stranger in it: then without being angry, for I have always something better to do than to waste my time in altercation upon such



ridiculous trifles, I observed that the quality of lady of honor, to which Mme. de Luçay appealed, was undisputably the first which a lady could claim ; that therefore I advanced no pretension of precedence for the ladies of Madame-Mère, over those of the Empress, as this was not the matter in question : but that her Royal Highness having done me the honor to place me by her side, I had nothing to do but to obey. It would be a precious mode of proceeding truly, if it were the King's pleasure to say *sit here*, or *sit there*, to answer very graciously, that would incommode your Majesty ; it is probable that kings do not incommode themselves, out of politeness, the rule therefore is to obey. In all the foreign courts which I have visited, and I have seen many, I have always acted upon this rule, and have always found it succeed. Secondly, resuming my feminine vanity, I observed that Junot was governor of the capital and principal aid-de-camp to the Emperor, the two first dignities in Paris, the one being unequalled in authority, the other in honor. This foolish dispute at length made so much noise, that I was compelled to speak of it to Madame, who thought herself insulted in the person of one of her ladies ; with that exquisite goodness of heart which distinguished her, she immediately observed : “ And you are far advanced in your pregnancy ! that must be an ill-disposed woman to raise such a difficulty.” Upon this I was obliged to take up Madame de Luçay's defence, for she is really an amiable woman ; though in this instance she was cer-

tainly wrong, and her irritability upon the subject was quite incomprehensible.

The heat being excessive, we returned to the house as the clock struck three; leaving indeed not more than time enough for the party to dress for dinner. My situation, added to the effect of the heat had so overcome me, that on returning to my room I threw off my dress and lay down upon a sofa to take a little rest; but I had scarcely lain five minutes before my maid came in, exclaiming in a sort of feverish agitation:

“ Oh! Madame; what is to be done? the Princess has no chemise!”

“ The Princess has no chemise!” cried I, jumping up from my recumbent posture, forgetful of my fatigue and all other impediments.

Mademoiselle Reidler with an air of consternation repeated the unlucky truth. I happened at this moment to cast my eyes upon a large looking-glass which reflected our two countenances, and the grotesque expression of dismay they exhibited on so ridiculous an occasion, had such an effect upon my risible faculties, that I burst into one of those hearty and irrepressible fits of laughter, which alas! are gone for ever. The fact was that the baggage of the Princess had been sent on, after her servants had taken from it, what they considered necessary for her toilet, and in the hurry that inseparably attends packing, the chemise had been forgotten.

“ But here are we,” said I as soon as I recovered my speech, “ as stupid as her Royal High-

ness's people, if the Princess has not a chemise pray run to them directly with half a dozen of mine:" and we both fell into another hearty laughing fit. To explain this familiarity I must mention that Josephine Reidler had been my mother's maid at my birth, and that I almost looked upon her as a mother: however, I began to get out of patience with her, for standing there laughing while the Princess was waiting and I cried out: "Why do you not take these chemises to the Princess's ladies?"

"And how is she to get into them, Madame?" said she.

To understand this question it is necessary to know, that at this period I was particularly slender, while the Princess was so extremely fat that notwithstanding my pregnancy, she was double my size: the idea set me laughing again. "Take them the chemises, however," said I, "and let them do what they will, or at best what they can with them."

Mademoiselle Reidler took them half-a-dozen full trimmed cambric chemises, with the sleeves open worked and unfortunately set into a band; the bands were cut and the Princess, though she got into the chemise as into a packing-case, had at least the comfort of clean linen.

When she came into the drawing-room half-an-hour before dinner time, I felt some regret that no one had had the courage to recommend her to change her style of dress. She was about to have a first interview with a man, on whom was to de-

pend the happiness of her future life, and whose youthful imagination, poetical as is natural to the natives of the south, could adorn an absent object with additional charms, while Madame Jerome Bonaparte without the aid of imagination, was really a charming woman. As the Princess Catherine had made up her mind to give her hand to Prince Jerome, it was the more desirable that she should please him, as notwithstanding his too ready submission to the will of Napoleon, it was certain he regretted his divorced wife ; it would then have been politic to appear before him with all the advantage dress could bestow, while on the contrary, hers was in inconceivable bad taste for the year 1807.

The gown was of white moire, but of a bluish white which was out of fashion at the time, and trimmed in front with a very badly worked silver embroidery, in a style which had also been forgotten at Pau's four years before : then the cut of the dress itself corresponded exactly with its trimming in point of novelty : it was a very tight frock, with a little train exactly resembling the round tail of the beaver, and tight flat sleeves, compressing the arm above the elbow, like a bandage after blood-letting. Her shoes were so pointed that they seemed to belong to the era of King John. The hair was dressed in a similarly old-fashioned style, and was particularly unbecoming to a countenance of which not only the features were good, but the expression very striking. Her complexion was very fair and fresh, her hair light,

her eyes blue, her teeth very white ; all which, with a turn of the head at once gracious and dignified, gave her personal advantages which she seemed to despise by the total indifference with which she permitted those about her to take the entire management of her dress. She wore round her neck two rows of very fine pearls, to which was suspended the portrait of the prince set in diamonds ; the size of the medallion having probably been left to the taste of the jeweller, he had made it of dimensions capable of carrying the greatest possible number of jewels, but certainly much too large to be ornamental, as it dangled from the neck of the Princess receiving heavy shocks from every movement.

The royal rank however, goes for much in all cases, for her Royal Highness, in this tasteless attire entered the drawing-room of Raincy with the same majestic air which distinguished her at St. Cloud two months after, when she walked the gallery in a full court suit, embroidered by Lenormand, and made by Leroy, her hair dressed by Frederic or Charbonnier, and her neck ornamented by a magnificent necklace admirably set by Foncier or Nitot. Then her apparent indifference to such trifles, proved what widely different subjects occupied her really superior mind, in this, perhaps the most important moment of her life.

By her own desire the ladies only were to dine with her ; and in consequence, I ordered the dinner in the library, a large rotunda in the left wing

of the mansion looking upon the park. We were six, including the Princess and her three ladies, for her Royal Highness was good enough to permit my friend Madame Lallemand to join our party, though she had not yet been presented.

A few moments before the dinner was announced I remarked that the Princess was much agitated. I concluded that she had some wish, which she felt unwilling to express to the strangers who surrounded her, and who in a moment when above all others she stood in need of sympathy, would probably answer her only by a respectful smile or with perfect indifference. I therefore approached her, and without abruptly putting the question, I drew her on to speak to me with more confidence than she had yet done to any of the persons in her service.

“ Would it be possible,” said she, “ for me to have some minutes’ notice previous to the Prince’s arrival ?”

She colored highly as she finished these words. This emotion which was certainly not the effect of love must have been very painful ; I appeared not to remark it, and congratulated myself on the facility with which I could gratify her Royal Highness’s wishes. Raincy is perhaps the only country seat in the neighbourhood of Paris which would afford this convenience. Its avenue of poplars leading from the high road nearly to the grand entrance of the mansion is almost three furlongs in length. I mentioned the Princess’s wish to Junot, who thought with me that she was desirous

of preparing her mind for an interview of which she had probably a painful anticipation. He immediately gave orders to M. de Grandsaigne to take his station at the end of the avenue nearest to the house, and the moment the Prince's carriages should appear to bring me word. I informed the Princess that her wishes should be attended to, and we sat down to table, while Junot entertained Marshal Bessières and the rest of her Royal Highness's suite in the dining-room.

The dinner was dull. I watched the movements of the Princess, which were more hasty than in the morning; her cheeks were highly flushed and her absence of manner betrayed an inward agitation, disguised by the dignity which she had been taught. We remained but a short time at table, when I had twice asked whether her Royal Highness would like to take her coffee and ice in the park or in the great saloon, she looked at me with the air of a person who hears without understanding and said: "Hey?—which you please."

At half-past six we retired to the saloon, and the Princess having asked me whether I had thought of her wishes, I went to inquire if Junot had taken care that his vidette was at his post. But finding that Junot, Bessières and the rest of gentlemen relieved from their attendance by the will of the Princess, thought only of lengthening out the pleasures of a good dinner, and that the dining room was sending out loud specimens of their joviality, I went myself to the Russian cottage, where poor M. de Grandsaigne was dining

all alone, and pointing his opera-glass down the avenue.

“ Sister Anne, sister Anne !” I cried out to him from the lawn, for I was not in a condition to be very agile, “ sister Anne, sister Anne ! do you see anything coming ?” “ I see, my Castellane, only the grass that’s growing, and the dust that’s blowing,” replied my gallant warder, with all the courtesy of one of Louis XVth’s musketeers, and which had been taught by his father, who had belonged to that venerable troop. I also looked down the avenue, and saw nothing. But at the moment I was about to return into the house, a cloud of dust arose on the road to Paris, and presently several carriages entered the avenue. I then immediately went to give notice to the Princess, who thanked me with a half-smile, which was painful to witness. Her face assumed a deep scarlet hue, and her agitation for a moment was alarming ; but it subsided, at least outwardly, and she quickly regained her self-command. She called Madame de Luçay to her, and probably gave her orders, that her departure should immediately follow the interview ; she then took her station in the saloon where it was to take place. This saloon, as described in a former part of this volume is divided into three parts, the music-room being at one extremity, the billiard room at the other, and the reception or drawing-room in the middle. In this centre division the Princess seated herself beside the chimney, having an arm-chair near her which was intended for the Prince. We were



all in the billiard-room, from whence we could see all that passed in the drawing-room, being separated from it only by a range of pillars with statues in the inter-columniations. The Prince was to enter by the music-room.

Already the rolling of the carriage wheels in the avenue was heard, when Madame Lallemand, catching hold of my dress, exclaimed: "Do you know it has just crossed my mind, that the sight of me at this moment may make a singular impression upon the Prince. I had better retire."

"Why?"

"Because the last time he saw me was at Baltimore with Miss Patterson, with whom I was very intimate. Do you not think that seeing me again, on such an occasion as the present, might recall a great deal that has passed?"

"Indeed I do!" I exclaimed, thrusting her into the adjoining room, for at this moment, a noise in the hall announced the Prince's arrival, and in a few seconds the door was opened and Marshal Bessières introduced him.

Of all Napoleon's brothers Jerome is the least good looking. His head is sunk between his shoulders, a defect which is striking in him and the Grand-Duchess of Berg, and slightly noticeable in their brother Louis; the Princess Borghese and all the elder members of the family are exempt from it. In fact, at the time I am now speaking of, neither Prince Jerome's figure nor countenance were by any means agreeable. And indeed when I afterwards heard how fluently he played the

Lovelace in Westphalia, I could not but think how far the title of King must go in such affairs, for really to any gallant of inferior degree, some farther means of pleasing than Jerome possessed would be necessary to any brilliant success in love-making.

The Prince was accompanied by the officers of his household, among whom were Cardinal Maury, the chief almoner and M. Alexander Le Camus, who already possessed great influence over him; and who felt it adviseable not to lose sight of him in a moment to which his advice had given rise, and which might prove important to his future fate. I do not believe that Jerome would ever have abandoned Miss Patterson if he had not been urged to it by counsels which he had not strength of mind enough to resist.

The Prince's attendants remained in the music-room during the interview.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Interview of Jerome Bonaparte with the Princess Catherine—The departure for Paris, and arrival at the Tuileries—Junot's distress—Count Louis de Narbonne—Court intrigues—Mr. Crawford's researches on the iron mask—The whist party—The Faubourg St. Germain—More reports—Madame Junot relates to the Emperor the adventures of a ball at the Hotel de Luynes—Madame Zayoncheck—My white satin shoes and cambric petticoat—A green spot on my ball dress—The Duchess de Luynes—The Duchess de Chevreuse—Madame Balby—A dinner at the Prince of Wales's—The Count of Provence not a Cæsar—Miss Dillon, now the wife of General Bertrand—End of my account of the ball to the Emperor—It is very extraordinary.

THE saloon of Raincy seemed to be made expressly for the interview which was now to take place. The Princess was seated near the chimney, though there was no fire. On the Prince's entrance she rose, advanced two steps towards him, and made the compliment of reception with equal grace and dignity. Jerome bowed neither well nor ill ; he seemed to be there, because he had been told : " You must go there." He approached the Princess, who seemed at this moment to have recovered all her presence of mind, and all the calm dignity of the woman and the Princess.

After the exchange of a few words she offered to the Prince the arm-chair, which had been placed near her, and a conversation was opened upon the subject of her journey. It was short, and closed by Jerome's rising and saying: "My brother is waiting for us; I will not longer deprive him of the pleasure of making acquaintance with the new sister I am about to give him."

The Princess smiled, and accompanied the Prince as far as the entrance of the music-room, whence he retired with his attendants. As soon as she had lost sight of him, the color in her cheeks increased so violently, that I feared the bursting of a blood vessel. She acknowledged indisposition; we gave her air and eau de cologne, and in a few minutes she recovered her self-possession; this fainting fit, though laid to the account of heat and fatigue, was certainly occasioned by the violent constraint the Princess had for some hours put upon herself. The prejudices of a German Princess against an unequal alliance, joined to the almost antipathy borne by every German to the name of Bonaparte, and together with these simple causes, the knowledge of the previous marriage of the man to whom she was about to give her hand, were sufficient to overpower a more resolute person than the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg; and in truth I considered it very natural, not only that she should be indisposed, but sufficiently so to retard her departure from Raincy, and with it the ceremony, which might appear to her almost sacrilegious, but which was to set the seal upon

her future destiny. I have heard the devotedness of the Queen of Westphalia very highly eulogized, and in fact it is truly noble in her peculiar situation.

She was, however, ready to set out when Junot came to inform her that her carriages were drawn up. I stayed at Raincy, for the day had been so fatiguing that I was unable to undergo another court ceremonial. The Princess, at the moment of her departure approached me, and said with a gracious smile: "Madame Junot, I shall never forget Raincy, and the hospitality I have experienced here. This place will always recall some of the most pleasing moments of my life." Here was a speech worthy of the King, her father, an adept in diplomacy; for honestly, the moments which had preceded its utterance were certainly sufficiently bitter.

She set out accompanied by Junot and Bessières. I afterwards learnt that on her arrival at the Tuileries, the Emperor went to the top of the great staircase to meet her. On approaching him, she made an effort to kneel and kiss his hand, but the Emperor stooping immediately, constrained her to rise, and conducted her to the throne room, where all the imperial family were assembled, and presented her to them as a daughter and sister. She was surrounded, caressed, and received with every mark of satisfaction into the family circle.

I returned to Paris, and found Junot in a state of distress which gave me extreme pain. I could but imagine one cause sufficient to produce it; and

to make that entirely intelligible, it would be necessary to raise a corner of the veil which conceals all the events that followed the stag hunt at Raincy. It would be necessary to shew how deeply the great and noble soul of Junot was wounded at seeing himself abandoned at this moment, so critical to his fate—to the events indeed which led to his death. To forgive, it is true, is one of the virtues of Christianity ; and he who has opened to me the path of consolation in which I now tread, would blame me for preserving in the recesses of my heart a resentment, which nothing can diminish. But I cannot forget my orphan children, neither can I accept the misfortunes of another as a compensation for mine ; those misfortunes are but a just punishment. Oh ! when my thoughts revert to the unworthy betrayal of a noble heart, to the base abandonment so stupidly intended to lull suspicion, as if the world ever revoked a judgment even unjustly pronounced ; I cannot but exclaim : Oh ! it was a day of unmixed calamity, when that woman came with her satirical laugh to make a mock of the misery of a whole family !

It is time that I should advert to a friend, who was very dear to me, and whose excellent advice was very useful in these painful circumstances. He stopped me at the moment I was going to the Tuileries, to speak openly to the Emperor upon the whole of this unworthy business. He was right : I should have ruined myself without saving Junot. From this moment I was surrounded by spies ; all that I said, all that I wrote was known and ex-

posed to the comments of a woman whose heart had never been the seat of a single good feeling.

“Stay!” said my friend, “stay! leave every thing to time.”

Alas! time brought only death and ruin! This friend, this father, this man, over whose loss I still weep, and whom I shall lament during all the years through which it may please God to extend my miserable life, was Count Louis of Narbonne. I never knew a more amiable mind, or a heart more actively generous, even towards those who had injured him. Accustomed to the stormy life of a court, he made me acquainted with the chart of that intriguing land, taught me to avoid its lures, and to distinguish its alloy from pure metal, which without his counsel I should certainly have failed to do in this mischievous affair of the Grand-Duchess of Berg—for it is useless to refrain from naming her. Whatever relates to this fatal connexion forms a link in the chain which conducted Junot to his cruel death, and I cannot dispense with revealing all the circumstances, though with regret. Many others I might publish, but I confine myself strictly to these.

M. de Narbonne understood the political motive of this intrigue long before I suspected it. The Princess had been incited to all this by Mademoiselle Adelaide de la Grange, who afterwards married M. de Cur——x, an aid-de-camp of Sebastiani's, who was not at that time so rich as she has since become, and whose ambition ogled the post of lady of honor to the Empress of the French,

Caroline, wife of Joachim I. But Junot was perfectly innocent of all this, for Junot was not a man to whom any one could presume to say, *we are going to throw an obstruction in the Emperor's path*, for he would never have been made a party to such a design, however it might be enveloped in the most fragrant flowers ; but the good of the country was invoked. " The trap is skilfully laid," said M. de Narbonne, " please God our excellent general may not be caught in it "

M. de Narbonne possessed the faculty of forming a judgment of characters with a rapidity and accuracy which a constant intercourse with the world may sharpen, but cannot confer. He smiled frequently during those eternal whist parties, which Junot introduced under pretence of supporting those of M. de Talleyrand, during his absence at Warsaw. This hospitality was agreeable to me, because it brought near my sofa M. de St. Foix, one of the most entertaining men I have ever met with ; Mr. Crawford, so silent, yet so agreeable, a worthy man, as are all the Americans, and so devoted to the arts that the discovery of a picture, a statue, or a mutilated fragment of sculpture was an event which he pursued, even at the expense of his health and fortune. He published researches into the history of the iron mask, which like all others on this marvellous subject, most marvellous, because it is true, are all conjectural. One night when the Emperor was conversing with the Duke of Placentia on the subject, and leaning strongly to the hypothesis which makes him a brother of



Louis XIV, I mentioned Mr. Crawford's work, which had but just appeared, and a folio copy of which he had kindly presented to me. The Emperor asked some questions about Mr. Crawford, and desired me to bring him the book. I sent it him that very evening, immediately on my return home, for he did not like waiting. I lost my book, and have never been able to recover it, although General Lemarrois, the aid-de-camp on duty gave my valet a receipt for it. The Emperor read attentively not only the work on the iron mask, but also several detached articles on the responsibility of ministers, and even of governments to the people whom Mr. Crawford treated as composing one great family. These reflections attracted his attention as appearing to emanate from a clever political writer, but did not please him at all ; and after a while he asked me in a petulant tone how I came by this book. I told him that it was given me by the author ; upon which he exclaimed :

“ Ah ! an Englishman ! a petty Mr. Burke ! . . these barking politicians fancy themselves Ciceros because they have made an oration mounted upon a wine butt, which they had emptied on the day of their election . . . It is pitiful . . . But ah ! what is that Englishman doing at Paris ? ” said he turning to the Duke of Rovigo, who certainly would not have mended matters, if the Emperor had been out of humour for any cause founded on common sense.

I hastened to answer that Mr. Crawford was an

American. I was not sure of it, but to say so could only do good. Junot was not at Paris, and in his absence the Duke of Rovigo who was always his enemy, and the enemy of all his comrades, might find means of injuring a man who passed for the friend of Junot and of M. de Talleyrand, whom also Rovigo did not like. It is only of late years that I have had certain proof of Rovigo's extreme ill-will to Junot; and for what? Because the Emperor loved him for his own sake, loved him as a friend, with a sentiment which, though it had nothing tender in it, because Napoleon had in no corner of his heart any thing in harmony with that generous openness which formed the basis of Junot's character, was sufficiently sincere to excite the jealousy of ambitious rivals who saw nothing in the expressions of his regard, but crosses and pensions. For this reason every effort was used to erect between the Emperor and his old aide-de-camp, his old friend, a kind of barrier of the nature of which Junot himself was not aware, because his noble character kept him a stranger to all mysterious manœuvres.

“ You visit none but my enemies,” said the Emperor one day to Junot, who was thunder-struck. Up to this time, this speech, a very common one had been addressed only to me, and so little consequence did I attach to it, that I had begun to take no notice of it whatever. But Junot was more astonished, than I was in the habit of being, at the strange reproach that was addressed to him, and he made no answer.

“ Yes,” repeated the Emperor, “ you visit only my enemies ; what is the meaning of this whist party which you have drawn together, and which is composed of persons all objectionable to me ?”

“ This whist party, Sire, is composed of the same persons who played at M. de Talleyrand’s and I never heard of your Majesty having addressed such reproaches to him. I suppose they were all reserved for me.”

“ But, in short,” said Napoleon, “ can you explain to me, why you visit at a certain house of the Faubourg St. Germain, where I am so much detested to speak plainly, that I wonder why I allow such people to remain in Paris ?”

“ I visit at no house in the Faubourg St. Germain, Sire. There was once at Paris a person in whom I had a warm interest, and at whose house I was in the habit of often meeting individuals whom your Majesty might consider your enemies, but of whom you have probably changed your opinion, as many of them are now about your person.”

“ It is not my actions that are in question,” replied the Emperor, knitting his brow, as having evidently the worst of the argument. “ Why do you visit at Madame de Luynes’s, where you pass your life, and where you allow yourself to be maltreated by saucy girls, who think themselves privileged by their sex to play with impunity with the sword of one of my bravest soldiers ? How long may they have thought this possible ? Ah !

ah! Monsieur Junot!... you see that I know all ... I am thoroughly well informed."

On hearing the name of Madame de Luynes, Junot did not at first know what to think of it; but his surprise soon gave way to so painful a feeling that he drew a deep sigh putting his hands before his eyes. The Emperor believing him self-convicted, and that he was at a loss for a defence repeated:

"Yes, yes; I am perfectly well informed; you cannot deny it."

"Sire," said Junot at length with great solemnity of manner, "I feel myself obliged to tender my resignation to your Majesty; for it is impossible I can continue my services about your person, when you will give credit to all the absurd falsehoods which are reported to you respecting my wife and myself. You would believe me in conspiracy against you, if they were to bring you a report to that effect."

Junot's expression in making this last remark affected Napoleon who answered mildly: "That is a very different affair."

"By no means, Sire, as your Majesty will probably understand, when I tell you that my wife and I have been but once to the hotel de Luynes. My wife, it is true was well acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse before the marriage of either, but her opposition has been so public that Madame Junot has not sought a renewal of the connexion. With respect to allowing myself to be maltreated by saucy girls, I am not aware of

having hitherto given much cause for supposing that I should submit to disrespect from any individual whatsoever. But I will prove to your Majesty how much you should be on your guard against reports brought to you by any other than the constituted chief authorities Dubois, Fouché, Duroc, and myself." And hereupon Junot succinctly related to the Emperor the circumstances which had given rise to these calumnies; and I afterwards described to him more at length the history of the evening we had spent at the hotel de Luynes.

I have already said that during the Emperor's absence at Warsaw, Junot to console himself in his widowhood had renewed the whist parties of M. de Talleyrand. M. de Narbonne belonged to them, and being already our friend, became a constant member of these meetings, and indeed from this time took up the habit of coming to my house every morning and evening. He once said to me: "You were acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse when she was Mademoiselle de Narbonne; then why are you strangers now? I am sure you would mutually suit each other."

I objected that having never been intimate with Madame de Chevreuse I could not choose a moment when her opposition to the existing state of things was so marked, to open a new connexion with her, although otherwise nothing would be more agreeable to me.

"But she is a lady of the palace:" said the Count.

“ That,” replied I, “ is precisely my objection.”

“ But why? Is it a part of your protocol of imperial etiquette, that the ladies of the palace are to comply with his Majesty's will, even when he says to them, come and embrace me? Did not you refuse?”

“ Yes certainly,” said I laughing; “ but that is not the present question.”

“ I beg your pardon, madame la gouvernante, Ermesinde does not even conspire against the Emperor's peace, but is content, with many others, to admire him at a distance; for when this lion of yours yawns and stretches out his paw, I am always afraid of coming within its reach. Come, let us seduce you to the hotel de Luynes

I wished to go for old friendship's sake, but made no agreement to do so, and was some days afterwards much surprised by receiving an invitation to a ball at the hotel de Luynes.

“ Shall you go?” asked Junot.

“ Undoubtedly, if you have no objection.”

He acquiesced, and as I was still in mourning for my mother-in-law, I ordered a dress entirely white and without silver; I intended to wear a great many diamonds, but the dress itself was to be perfectly simple. Madame Germon who was then as she always has been, the best work-woman in Paris, made me a dress of crape over white satin. I set down these particulars as I find them in my notes.

My particular friend Madame Zayoncheck was

invited to this ball, and it was agreed that she should go with me: in relating this history to the Emperor I remarked to him, that so far was I from intimacy at the hotel de Luynes, that I did not feel myself privileged even to ask admission for Madame de Lallemand who was then a part of my family. Madame de Zayoncheck was to call upon me at ten o'clock; she was punctual and found me promenading my room in great discontent, my hair dressed, my feet in full trim, and waiting for my gown which was not arrived. Who does not know the annoyance of waiting? but there is one much more serious, even alarming to think of; that of having your husband before you, full dressed, ready to set off, and laughing at you. Madame Zayoncheck found me in that state which just precedes tears. "Oh, pray!" she exclaimed, "do not cry; they must see you in your best looks."

But when she heard the subject of my chagrin, away flew her sympathy at once, and she joined in Junot's raillery. "Parbleu," said the Emperor, interrupting me, "I should have done the same thing: what possessed you that you could only go out in this one new gown. But the women are all alike. You had perhaps a hundred in your wardrobe, for you pass for the most expensive woman at court, in matters of dress."

"But Sire, I had not one that was all white; and I have already had the honor of telling your Majesty, that I would not so much as admit a green leaf among the flowers that were to trim it."

“ Why not ? you were not going to make your first communion.”

“ But I was in mourning for my mother-in-law, and I would not throw it off ; neither would I give this reason to Junot, or his good tempered raillery and all his gaiety would have been changed to melancholy.”

The Emperor looked at me in silence for several seconds, and then said with a very significant nod of the head : “ It is well : go on.”

“ Well, Sire, I continued my promenade in my worked silk stockings and white satin shoes.”

“ Ah, ah ! you like that way of adorning your feet it appears—happily you did not wear a sabre that day—hey ! Madame Laurette ?”

He was thinking of my unfortunate adventure in “ Lover’s Follies.”

“ No, Sire ; I had no sabre ; but your Majesty will remember that I was in presence of a two edged sword, and that I had some difficulty in defending myself from its attacks ; and it seems to me that you are willing to join them ; this is not generous . . . three against one.”

He laughed, in that suppressed tone, resembling the laugh of a ventriloquist, which he assumed sometimes when he was in high good humor, and at length said ; “ Well, the white shoes, let me hear all.”

“ Well, Sire, I had them on ; and I walked about in a little cambric petticoat, my head garlanded with white violets and diamond ears of corn. All this time Junot, who was outwardly



making profession of patience, but actually getting into a passion, whistled a waltz or the *grandfather*; and time, which waits for nothing pursued its course, till the clock struck eleven. Junot yawned, stretched himself, and declared he should go to bed. The weather was dreadful, the rain falling in torrents and beating violently against the windows. I desired Mademoiselle Reidler to take the carriage which was waiting in the court and go directly to Madame Germon's. Junot wished me good night.

"You would do better," said Madame Zayencheck, "to go to the hotel de Luynes, announce Madame Junot's approaching arrival, and make her excuses on the plea of indisposition."

"No, no," replied Junot, "that might do in a house where we were more intimate, but at that of Madame de Luynes, whom I scarcely know at all, it would not be right. If Laura thinks with me, we shall not go to-night."

While he was speaking we heard hasty steps approaching, and Madame Germon's work woman came in; my valet had been to fetch her in a hackney coach. I was very angry, but when I saw the green taffety parcel laid upon a chair, I no longer felt an inclination for scolding, but throwing off my shawl and placing myself before a glass, I desired the young woman to put on my dress directly. It was done in a moment, as I was quite ready; even my necklace, bracelets and earrings being all put on, and I said triumphantly to Junot: "Now, I hope you do not want to go to

bed, for in ten minutes we shall be at the hotel de Luynes."

"Brurrrr!... *Altro, figlia mia!* Can we ever be sure of any thing with a woman? Good night, Laura, I am going to bed."

My look of consternation I suppose put him into a better humor, for he burst into a great fit of laughing. Then resuming his serious look, he turned me round, took me by the arm, and placing me again before the glass, pointed to a large green spot as big as my two hands, at one side of the skirt of my gown upon the handsome point flounce. Let the men who chance to read this imagine it as much as they please, it is impossible for them to understand the excess of my distress; none but a woman, and a young woman too, for the impressions of a ball night may be forgotten, can conceive the effect this vile spot produced upon me. It was so great that I had not even power to be angry, and I asked Mademoiselle Augustine, with apparent composure, how she came to do this piece of mischief.

She said that in coming out from Madame Germon's house she had to take twenty steps in the street to fetch a coach, and as it rained in torrents the unfortunate green taffety had stained the crape. But while in the act of speaking she was at work; and in ten minutes the stained point was taken off and replaced, and the quick trot of two of the most mettlesome carriage horses in Paris was rolling us towards the rue St. Dominique.

The balls were so very numerous this year,

that to come at so late an hour was not a matter of any surprise ; and M. de Narbonne in quality of relation to Madame de Chevreuse, and my very intimate friend, undertook to introduce me to Madame de Luynes. “ *Madame la Gouvernante de Paris,*” said he to the Duchess, in the most serious tone possible.

Madame de Luynes, whom I had often seen at the hotel de Perigord and at Madame de Caseau’s without even speaking to her, received me in the most polite and engaging manner. M. de Luynes whose ear had one day been struck by the possibility of a revision of the decree against the Marshal d’Ancre and the confiscation of his property, was very willing to be equally polite to Junot ; he spoke to him between two sleeps, for every one knows that the worthy duke slept wherever he was at rest, even for a minute. The young Duke of Chevreuse passed unnoticed in the house, though by no means invisible. The Duchess of Chevreuse became immediately after her marriage the most remarkable person of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the true mistress of the hotel de Luynes ; for her mother-in-law had eyes and ears but for her, and wished to please her only.

The Duchess de Luynes was herself a singular character ; she was Mademoiselle de Laval-Montmorency, sister of the Duke de Laval so thoroughly accomplished in all games, and had been beautiful as an angel, till she took the small-pox after coming out of the convent where she had received her education. From that hour so great was the change in her face, that she considered the part

of a woman to be no longer worth performing, and in its stead took to horses and dogs, leaping, hunting, narrowly escaping a broken neck and recommencing her wild freaks the next day. "I am glad to hear it," said the Duke de Laval, when made acquainted with her first pregnancy, "as it proves that my sister is a woman." Her heart was however always a woman's, a faithful friend, and loving all whom it was her duty to love with an excess of tenderness.

Madame de Chevreuse is one of those persons whose name belongs to the history of her era; not that I mean to class her among the superior women of her time: to lead a life of eccentricity, to distinguish herself by a contempt for all the barriers of society, is in my opinion a sign of mediocrity in a woman; and Madame de Chevreuse was pre-eminent in this line, playing with danger, jesting with her reputation, and thinking the device she had had engraven every where, *do well and let the world talk*, was an answer to every thing. But the true dignity of female reputation is scarcely compatible with the ridiculous scenes of which she was every day enacting the heroine, and of which her own brothers disapproved so highly as even to reprove her in public; as on the occasion of her betting that she would stop her brother Alberic at eleven o'clock at night in the midst of the Palais-Royal. She did so, but he reprimanded her so roughly that she burst into tears. Once having heard that a retired grocer was expecting his niece by the diligence from

Rouen, she presented herself to him the night before, gave some reason for her premature arrival, and so turned the old man's head that he was on the point of sending a petition to Rome for leave to marry so charming a niece. Another time she introduced to her father-in-law a Swede covered with ribbons and stars ; he was of the first rank in his own country ; he was courted and received with distinction every where, till it was discovered that he was the identical beggar to whom every one was in the habit of giving a penny on Sunday at the door of the Church of St. Roch. A volume might be made of the adventures, the mystifications of all kinds contrived and supported by Madame de Chevreuse ; it is inconceivable that she should not have destroyed her reputation a thousand times over. I know that all these amusements are not actually criminal ; but in my mind they show such a contempt of the opinion of the world, as proves that the barrier existing between evil and so wild a head is altogether subordinate to the way the wind sits. I will go farther, and say that I believe they would have much more deeply affected Madame de Chevreuse's reputation in our society, than in that to which she belonged, where good company and courtesy were held in the highest esteem, and where any follies which could be laid to the account of imprudence were almost sure of excuse. Then Madame de Chevreuse was impertinent, rather probably as an air, than from any real intention of being so ; but an impertinent woman I consider

to be quite out of her place in the creation. But the protection of Madame de Luynes was of immense weight, in the balance in which the world measures the worth of women. Without Madame de Luynes, Madame de Chevreuse had been lost.

On the evening of this ball at the Hotel de Luynes, Madame de Chevreuse was in the midst of an intoxicating vortex of flattery, which might well have affected a stronger head than hers. In Paris fashion governs all things; and at this moment it was the pleasure of the society of the Faubourg St. Germain to elect Madame de Chevreuse as the standard bearer of fashion. Thus for example, her head was dressed in a very peculiar style, to conceal a wig which she had substituted for very red hair; all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, even Madame de Montmorency herself, adopted the same unbecoming head-dress. The make of their dresses also differed much from ours of the court circle, the sleeves were larger, and the waists longer. On this evening Madame de Chevreuse wore a dress of white blond over white satin. An immense comb ornamented with a single row of large pearls held her hair; her earrings and necklace were of pearls, not a single diamond. She was perfectly well dressed, and her appearance was graceful.

“But why,” said I to M. de Narbonne, “is she all in white?”

“She has made a vow to wear only white;” answered he in a laughably serious tone.

„ She ! Madame de Chevreuse ! has made a vow to wear only white ! it is perfectly ridiculous at her age.”

“ I did not say it was not ; but I have told her the same thing myself long ago.”

“ And what is the object of this capital resolution ?”

“ To have a child—and for the same reason she has abjured the theatres.”

I remembered that for a long time I had not seen her at the *Comédie Française* ; and this famous vow soon after prevented her attending the Empress to the opera.

She was very polite to me, though not quite so friendly as Madame de Luynes, who in recommending me to the attentions of M. de Narbonne, added, “ You will meet here Madame, many old faces who will remind you of the traditions of your cradle.”

M. de Narbonne led me into a room devoted entirely to cards, and placing me opposite one of the tables : “ Look,” said he, “ at the lady who sits next to M. de St. Foix, and is at this moment speaking to him in rather a masculine voice.”

“ What am I to make of her ?” said I, “ she is the most comical figure in the room, and moreover, very ugly.”

Her dress was singularly different from that of any other person present, and her face was excessively ugly, with the exception of a pair of very fine eyes. She was playing with a degree of interest

almost amounting to passion at the game of vingt-et-un. "What a strange figure," I continued, "I cannot describe to you the impression she makes upon me. Is she a good woman?"

"As wicked as five hundred devils, and she has as much spirit as they."

"So I should think. But tell, me who she is?"

"Guess; she has been loved, adored, because she has been charming."

"I am the stupidest creature imaginable at solving such enigmas; so if you wish me to know her name you may as well tell me."

"Madame de Balby."

"Impossible!"

"It is true."

"But she is horrible."

"Not so much so as you think. Draw a little nearer, and look at her more attentively."

I contemplated the former *chère amie* of MONSIEUR, and still thought her face not only ugly but very disagreeable. At this moment she caught the eye of M. de Narbonne and smiled. A ray of intelligence passed over all her features, and embellished them at once. Then observing that I was holding his arm, and knowing that I was expected at the hotel de Luynes, she surveyed me from head to foot with such an expression of impertinent mockery, that I thought her ten times more ugly than ever. "Do pray let us come away," said I to M. de Narbonne, "I am frightened at this woman."



“ She has frightened a great many other people more courageous than you,” said Count Louis ; “ but then if you knew the sense that is in that head ! and its effrontery, and talent for amusing ! There belonged to the society she frequented in London, a beautiful young woman as stupid as a cabbage. Madame de Balby does not like silly people, and there I am quite of her mind. Happily for the simpleton all the world was not ; for, after all, every body must live ; one of my friends who was not himself of the brightest, attached himself to the young woman ; and as these sort of attachments do not furnish matter for everlasting conversation, one day for want of something better to say, he told her that Madame de Balby was calling her a simpleton every where, and as this was not right, he thought it better to warn her of it.

“ It is terrible, said she, *I am sure I never called her so*, what must I do ?” For two such heads to hold council about Madame de Balby was too good ; and the result soon appeared. The beauty meeting Madame de Balby two days afterwards at a dinner at the Prince of Wales’s, called out to her across the table in a voice which she intended should be very touching. “ How have I offended you Madame ?” Madame de Balby looked at her with astonishment, and all the company were silent. “ Yes,” continued the young woman, “ I must have offended you, for you tell every one that I am a simpleton.”—“ Madam” ereplied Madame de

Balby, inclining towards her," I hear every one say so, but I assure you I do not—Now you have an idea of the person, I think."

"Yes truly. But was the Count de Lille very fond of her?"

Instead of answering, Count Louis of Narbonne said with a smile: "I guess you would not have called him so ten years ago."

"Who?"

"The Count de Lille."

"Perhaps not. But that is no answer to my question: was he fond of her?"

"He loves nothing. His heart is the coldest, and his conversation the most wearisome of any man I ever met with. He had a mistress for ton, for whom he cared nothing. However, having been informed that his Montespan was amusing herself by laying traps for hearts at Hamburgh, MONSIEUR, who has a mania for writing and whose compositions are the dullest and most prolix that can be imagined, wrote her a letter of twelve pages, in which he descanted upon the commerce of Hamburgh, not in the first instance on that which she was carrying on, but like a good and wise prince upon that of sugar and coffee, till winding by degrees to the delicate subject, he told her that he had heard with much pain, reports which he had no doubt were false relative to her association with Ar— de Pe—, and finished his strange letter, with this eloquent sentence: 'You are innocent, I know: but my dear Countess, remember that Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected.'

You will have seen by the story of *La belle et La Bête* that my old friend is sufficiently sharp in her answers ; this time her letter contained but three lines, it ran thus :—‘ I understand nothing of what your letter contains ; for you are not Cæsar, and you know very well that I have never been your wife.’ Hey ! Madame la Gouvernante, how do you like this retort ?”

“ So well, that in spite of her frightful little cap and wicked air, I am about to become very partial to Madame de Balby.”

This ball at the Hotel de Luynes afforded me an opportunity for much observation, but it did not give me pleasure ; for the Faubourg St. Germain had not then rallied under the imperial banner as it afterwards did. The society of Paris was then composed of two parties, I might also say of two camps. Madame de Zayoncheck always so witty was unusually so that night, and the conversation of the friends who immediately surrounded me, served to occupy the time very agreeably till four o’clock in the morning, when we went away. Then it was that the event occurred upon which the Emperor had been so well informed.

We were to take M. de Narbonne home ; he had left our party, and when we were going away was not to be found. We were on the point of leaving him behind when we caught sight of him with a young person leaning upon his arm, of a very tall and remarkably fine figure, and a face which without being regularly handsome was

strikingly prepossessing. I do not know from what accidental cause, but she no sooner saw Junot, than she complained to M. de Narbonne of his having offended her. M. de Narbonne having given her into the care of his sister the Duchess de Fitz-James, came to join us and sang this gamut to Junot ; who was not a little astonished as he had very much admired this tall and fine young woman who proved to be Miss Dillon, now the Countess Bertrand, to whom, as well as to her husband, all France owes its love and veneration, as the only beings, who besides Marchand gave ease to the Emperor's last moments. Junot not only admired Miss Dillon, but he had an interest in her as being then the affianced bride of our friend Alphonzo Pignatelli, brother of the Count de Fuentes ; this was a claim upon his regard, and Junot who was always something more than polite towards the ladies, was as much so to her as propriety would admit.

The next day notes were written on both sides. The whole affair proved to have been an accident. Miss Dillon did not even know Junot, when M. de Narbonne named him ; and as she was thoroughly amiable every thing was amicably explained. In whatever circumstances a woman of sense may be called upon to act, she will always shew a marked superiority over others. She turned Junot's head. " That young friend of yours is a charming woman !" said he to Count Louis.

I have related all the particulars of this little

history, to found upon it the just observation that the Emperor was surrounded by men, who without consideration for him, misinterpreted all the actions of his friends and reported them to him in a false light. What passed on this occasion was so very trifling, that speaking of it afterwards to Madame Bertrand she did not, any more than myself, remember the origin of it.

“ And have you really been but once to the Hotel de Luynes ?” said the Emperor, fixing his eyes attentively upon me as he walked.

“ But once, Sire.”

“ And the history of Miss Dillon is exactly as you have told it ?”

“ Exactly, Sire.”

“ It is very extraordinary.”

And the Emperor I afterwards learnt from Duroc, sharply reprimanded his faithless correspondent.

## CHAPTER XX.

Junot's departure—His discussions with General Clarke the Minister of War—Treachery is always despicable—Napoleon never esteemed Clarke—The Emperor authorises Junot to correspond directly with himself—The wretched organisation of the commissariat of the army under Junot—Junot loses a bracelet—A letter from Clarke—Junot is violently offended—The Emperor lectures the Minister of war—Another letter—Junot is addressed as his Excellency—The Prince of the Peace.

JUNOT at length set out on the 28th of August 1807, for Bordeaux. He received secret instructions at great length from the Emperor before his departure, and farther orders were to be sent to him at Bordeaux.

I am now about to advance nothing, but what is supported by authentic documents from the portfolio of Junot and the principal persons about him. Junot has left many notes, which would materially elucidate this particular page of our national history, and I shall follow him scrupulously.

But before entering upon a career, somewhat difficult for a woman, it is necessary in order to avoid perpetual interruptions, to speak at once openly respecting a man who was not only Ju-

not's enemy, endeavouring to injure him in all possible ways, but also who was the enemy of every one who had the misfortune to come in contact with him. How he had contrived to make himself so generally disliked, I know not: but of ten persons questioned, as to their degree of regard for him, nine answered negatively. Junot did not like him, and never professed to. He acknowledged to the Emperor his aversion; and one day when Napoleon was recommending him to be more mild and amiable in his intercourse with the Minister of War, Junot cried out as if transported by a feeling too powerful to be mastered: "Ah! Sire! can I forget the army of Italy?" The Emperor looked at him with a smile of kindness—the springs of Napoleon's actions were inexplicable.

The fact was, that General Clarke had been sent to the army of Italy by the directory as a spy upon General Bonaparte. Clarke was cunning, he did not see the great man in Bonaparte, but he discovered him to possess a character very superior to the myrmidons who employed him; knowing that in a period of revolution nothing is more common than for the most talented to displace inferior minds, without being prompted by one spark of generosity, he determined to take advantage of the opportunity to conciliate a rising genius, and revealed to Bonaparte, that his mission to the army was that of observing and giving an account of his proceedings; but that he was wholly at his devotion. Treachery is always despicable; but there

exists in all of us a personal feeling which makes us liable to overlook the treachery, if it is perpetrated for our benefit. Napoleon never esteemed Clarke, which the manner in which he had organized the functions of the War office sufficiently proved. What was Clarke's department? To direct some movements of the troops and sign some appointments. And even in these particulars, the Major General was privileged to communicate directly with the Emperor. The Minister of War had then but little authority, and revenged himself upon the unfortunate parties who depended upon him: and as the march of the troops, and their quarters belonged to his jurisdiction, Junot was obliged at first to hold some communications with him. "I foresee that they will be stormy," said he to me, "and that the fellow will injure me with the Emperor—but you will be here, and I charge you to watch his proceedings."

He intimated the same apprehension to Napoleon and added: "Be assured, Sire, that your Majesty's service, would be much better conducted if we had to deal with a man who was not at such perpetual variance with all of us; for you know, Sire, that it is not I only who complain, but that not one of the Marshals can indure the impertinence of his manners towards them. I am a great officer of the Empire as well as Ney, Lannes, and Murat; I am moreover your Majesty's first aide-de-camp, governor of Paris and Commander-in-chief of a fine army, which your goodness confides to me; and I choose that General Clarke whose



functions under your Majesty are little better than those of a clerk, and who has never seen a battle except in the pictures of Bourguignon or Vandermeulen, should behave with proper respect to me, or at my return I shall teach him better manners by the smell of gunpowder."

"Monsieur Junot," said the Emperor, bending his brow.

"Sire, I choose that he should respect in me, not his equal"—the Emperor smiled, "but a man invested by your Majesty, with a great authority, and with your confidence."

The Emperor paced the room, some time in silence, then suddenly stopping opposite Junot, he said to him: "Well to deprive you of all pretence for quarrelling, I am going to give you a great privilege: I authorise you to correspond with myself; the chief of your staff will correspond with Clarke. Are you content now?"

I have often said that in such moments Napoleon might soften steel. Junot took his hand and pressed it, but it was some moments before he was able to say: "I can only promise my blood for so much goodness!"

What Junot had foreseen, became manifest at once. He found all the organisation out of order, and the provisions ill supplied. It was evident that injury was intended to himself. In the moment of irritation, Junot forgot the Emperor's regulation; and instead of leaving this explanation to General Thiébauld the chief of his staff, who was peculiarly fitted to conduct such a discussion by his

great good sense, and enlarged knowledge of the world, he wrote to him himself. Another subject of correspondence also presently arose between them. The Emperor was displeased about an excursion which Junot had made from Bigorre, to Bagnères ; where he lost a bracelet of light hair, which was restored to myself, the following year, by the Mayor of Bagnères, who with all the politeness of that country, brought me the bracelet saying that he had not done so, till he had identified it with the color of my hair. The Emperor instead of signifying his dissatisfaction at this trip, by M. de Menneval, directed Clarke to write to Junot on the subject : to this letter Junot replied; and this produced a rejoinder from Clarke, which I copy literally, because it shews Napoleon's susceptibility to any demur against his authority, and is a tolerable sample of Clarke's impertinence.

“ Paris 29 October 1807.

“ I cannot approve, General, the answer I have  
“ received from you respecting the Emperor's dis-  
“ satisfaction, which by his express directions I  
“ made known to you in my letter of the 12th of this  
“ month. This answer is an aberration from your  
“ duty, inasmuch as you permit yourself to aver  
“ the Emperor's reproofs to be unmerited. His  
“ Majesty is the most proper judge of what he  
“ chooses to require of his generals and servants.  
“ Wisdom presides over the testimonies he gives  
“ them of his satisfaction or displeasure.

“ It is the Emperor's pleasure that I command  
“ you, to fix your head quarters at Salamanca,

“ so soon as the head of your columns shall reach  
“ that city, to be in a situation to correspond  
“ with his ambassador at Madrid, and with the  
“ Portuguese ministers.

“ The Emperor calculates that between the 1st  
“ and 15th of November the army will arrive at  
“ Ciudad-Rodrigo. Between the 20th and 30th  
“ of November, then you must commence your  
“ march upon Lisbon ; and however the Prince  
“ Regent may act, whether he declares war against  
“ England or not, the French troops must enter  
“ Lisbon. You must listen to all the propositions  
“ which are made you but you must sign nothing.

“ The Emperor desires that his troops should  
“ reach Lisbon as speedily as possible, to seques-  
“ trate all English merchandize. And his Majesty  
“ also desires that his troops should appear there  
“ *as friends, in order to seize the Portuguese fleet.*  
“ The Emperor has commanded the minister of  
“ the marine to forward to your head quarters  
“ a certain number of seamen, who will be useful  
“ to you for the police of the port of Lisbon.

“ It is to be presumed that the Portuguese  
“ government will adopt one of the two measures  
“ I am about to mention :

“ 1st. Either it will put its troops in motion  
“ and assume an attitude of defence, in which  
“ case a resort to arms will settle the matter. A  
“ reinforcement of three thousand cavalry and  
“ eight thousand infantry will be sent to you by  
“ the Spanish government, which will make your  
“ army amount to thirty-five thousand effective

“ men. Two Spanish divisions, the one of ten  
“ and the other of six thousand men will march  
“ the one upon Oporto, the other upon Algarve.  
“ But it is the Emperor’s will, General, that you  
“ march direct upon Lisbon.

“ 2ndly. Or the Portuguese government will  
“ determine to submit, will declare war against  
“ England, and will send to negotiate with you.  
“ In this case, General, your answer is to be as  
“ follows :

“ My orders from my Sovereign are to march  
“ direct upon Lisbon without waiting a single day.  
“ My commission is to close this great port  
“ against England. I ought to attack you by  
“ force, but it is repugnant to the great heart of  
“ the Emperor Napoleon, and to the French cha-  
“ racter to shed blood. If, therefore, you do not  
“ keep your troops assembled, if you do not  
“ station them so as to cause us any uneasi-  
“ ness, if you receive us as auxiliaries until the  
“ negociations opened at Paris shall be concluded,  
“ I have orders to consent, &c. &c.

“ It is possible, General, that by such means  
“ you may arrive at Lisbon as auxiliaries. We  
“ may calculate at Paris within two days the  
“ day of your arrival at Lisbon ; and four and  
“ twenty hours afterwards a courier shall be dis-  
“ patched to carry to you the Emperor’s definitive  
“ resolutions. It may be considered as certain,  
“ from what may be inferred from the sentiments  
“ Portugal has manifested that this courier will  
“ bring you the announcement that her pro-

“ positions cannot be accepted, and that the  
“ country must be treated as an enemy. Eight  
“ or ten vessels and the docks will fall into our  
“ hands. All your attention, - General, must  
“ therefore be directed to the accomplishment of  
“ this great project. Your devotedness to the  
“ Emperor, the zeal with which I am sure you  
“ will undertake to execute these orders which I  
“ transmit to you from him, leads me to the con-  
“ viction that the project will succeed, because  
“ it is not probable that Portugal should resist.  
“ Still less is it believed here that the Prince of  
“ Portugal will emigrate to Brazil.

“ The secret convention which has just been  
“ concluded with Spain, shall be transmitted to  
“ you by the next courier. You will find by it  
“ that the Spanish troops who will be attached  
“ to your army, will be under your command.  
“ You will make a point of treating them well.  
“ If the King of Spain or the Prince of Peace  
“ should join the army, they would take the  
“ command, but it is understood that they shall  
“ not join. If they should come to parade, you  
“ will receive them with all the honors due to a  
“ commander-in-chief; but if they should come  
“ to command in reality, you will stand strictly  
“ upon your instructions to keep your troops  
“ united and to march upon Lisbon.

“ The Emperor’s intention, General, is that  
“ you should not on any account diverge from  
“ the line marked out for you, that you should  
“ neither go to Madrid, nor to any other place

“ that does not lie in a direct road to Lisbon.  
“ From the moment that the first division of  
“ your advanced guard reaches Ciudad-Rodrigo,  
“ the Emperor commands that you should be  
“ there yourself. The important commission en-  
“ trusted to you, General, will have actually  
“ succeeded, if by your prudence and your profes-  
“ sions, you make yourself master of the Portuguese  
“ squadron. You will then spare no pains to de-  
“ rive the full advantage from the Emperor’s choice  
“ of you on this occasion, which is intended to be  
“ understood in Portugal as made with the view  
“ of conciliation. I repeat, any language will be  
“ *good*, provided you get possession of the  
“ shipping.

“ His Majesty the Emperor has just written  
“ to me in his own hand, that you must not in  
“ any case, sign any convention with the Por-  
“ tuguese.

“ Accept, General, the assurance of my high  
“ consideration.

“ The Minister of War,

CLARKE.”

I have transcribed this letter almost entire, because its contents appear to me to be very extraordinary. It is a curious historical document.

It was conceived in bad style enough, and expressed in miserable French, but it was not the smile of contempt and satire which opened Junot’s

lips upon the reception of this letter. For a moment he suffered severely. Then ordering a courier, in whom he placed particular confidence to set out instantly for Paris, directed that his dispatches should be delivered to me immediately upon his arrival, even if that should be in the middle of the night. He reached Raincy, where I was, at eleven o'clock in the morning. On reading Junot's letter which was very long, I found that he was deeply hurt. He charged me to procure the immediate delivery of the packet addressed to the Emperor, as well as a very short letter to the minister of war. If I had known the contents of this last, I should certainly never have sent it.

In the letter to the Emperor, Junot tells him respectfully and without anger though with dignity, that it would be impossible for him to continue in the service if he should ever receive another such letter as that of which he had the honor to enclose a copy. It concluded by intreating the Emperor to choose another commander-in-chief, if it was his pleasure that the correspondence should be supported by a man so insolent in his intercourse with the generals as Clarke was. This letter, the rough copy of which I possess, was admirable; it is perhaps one of the best written I have ever seen of his, and it is well known that he was remarkable for his ability as a writer: I shall deposit it with my publisher together with all the other original autograph pieces of which I shall have made use,

after the last portion of this work is given to the public. The Emperor was perfectly satisfied with it, and did ample justice to Junot. General Clarke was summoned to the Tuileries, and received a lecture from the Emperor, as his Majesty himself afterwards told me, which he was likely long to remember.

I cannot give the very words of Junot's note to him, but the sense of it I perfectly recollect: It told him, that upon the reception of another such letter, Junot would set his foot in the stirrup and come at a gallop to wherever he might find M. Clarke, and demand satisfaction of him for his impertinence. Such a tone of insolence, he continued, will never be endured by a great officer of the Empire, whom our sovereign, the master of us all, has deigned to choose as his first aide-de-camp, and as governor of his good city of Paris. "I swear upon my honor," said Junot, in conclusion, "that this is not a ministerial nor official letter, it is a defiance which I throw to you if you persist in your system of impertinence to me, which indeed, is pretty much the same towards all my comrades; choose peace or war: for this point must be decided at once."

Clarke answered by a note in his own hand, very amicable and even pleasing, for he could be so when he chose, affirming that his most anxious desire was to live upon terms of harmony with all the generals, but with some among them the thing was impossible. I know that in this respect he might not be quite wrong.



To give an idea of the effect which the master's voice had produced, I transcribe another letter, written three days afterwards.

Paris, 3 November 1807.

“ General,

“ I have received the letter you did me the  
“ honor to write, dated the 27th of October,  
“ announcing your departure for Bayonne and the  
“ good order which has hitherto distinguished  
“ the march of the troops you command, upon  
“ the Spanish territory.

“ I have communicated these particulars to his  
“ Majesty, and have submitted to his inspection  
“ the observation you have addressed to me upon  
“ the necessity and the means of providing before-  
“ hand, for the subsistence of the French troops  
“ from the moment of their entrance into  
“ Portugal.

“ I have communicated to his Excellency the  
“ minister of the treasury your complaints of the  
“ conduct of the receivers of the departments  
“ upon whom the paymaster general of your  
“ army had warrants while the troops were can-  
“ toned in the environs of Bayonne.

“ Be pleased, General, to accept the assurance  
“ of my high and distinguished consideration for  
“ your Excellency.

“ The Minister of War.

CLARKE.”

It is worthy of remark, that in the original of this last letter the words, for your Excellency, in the concluding paragraph are in Clarke's own handwriting. This word, *Excellency*, which after the example of Germany, the Emperor had accorded to his military nobility, and which Clarke had completely omitted in his first epistle, was here re-instated in its place. He sent to Junot by the same courier a copy of the secret convention concluded between France and Spain, for the passage of our troops through the peninsula; but the Prince of Peace was no longer the same man or rather he continued the same, but he was not what he had been supposed to be; and the calamities which befel the army in this march are a proof of his want of honesty and of cordiality towards us.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Secret instructions relative to the Portuguese campaign—Discouragements and annoyances encountered by Junot—Jealousy and envy actively employed against him—Generals Kellerman, Loison, &c.—Bag of a thousand francs—Indignation of the authoress against General S. . .—Colonel Napier—The ministry of war—General Thiébault—Charles X at the exhibition of 1827—Want of subsistence for the army—Junot's letter—Sufferings of the soldiers—Assassinations—Errors of Colonel Napier.

JUNOT set out for Portugal, and his army had already passed Alcantara before the people of Paris were aware of its destination. Not only were the ministerial orders precise, but the private letters of the Emperor were peremptory in requiring the utmost possible celerity in his march upon Lisbon, and that he should make great sacrifices to obtain the predominant object of the expedition : which was to prevent the fleet and ports of Lisbon being surrendered to the English.

“ Grant nothing to the Prince of Brazil, even though he should promise to make war on England ; enter Lisbon and take possession of the shipping and the dock yards.” Such were Napoleon's secret instructions, written at his dictation by M. de Menneval.

This campaign, one of the most remarkable in which our armies had been engaged since that of 1790, (I mean the first campaign of Portugal for there were three, and as Junot's wife I must protest against either the second or third being attributed to him,) offered nothing but discouragement and annoyance to my husband. Jealousy and envy erected a barrier to prevent his glory penetrating to the land of his cradle.

There were generals in his army, whose names were amongst the laurel leaves which composed the triumphal garland of France; those truly brave and talented men were faithful and true brethren-in-arms to their commander-in-chief. At their head was the Duke de Valmy, the valiant and loyal General Kellerman, who like our ancient worthies, conscious that his own glory was of proof, dreaded not that of others. To him I may add the Generals Laborde, Thiébault, Quesnel, Taviel and many others.

But General Loison and another who shall be nameless were so lost to all generous sentiments as to become the accusers of a man who had loaded them with favors and honors: that other whose base perfidy to Junot was without cause, without even the slightest pretext, and who professed gratitude to him for the gift of a considerable sum of money, still exists, and those sums now constitute the greater part of his fortune. He materially injured, not Junot only, but also Marshal Ney in Massena's campaign, when I was present and detected his intrigues.

This *disguised Vesuvius* to whom Junot was to owe so many miseries, was then nearly proscribed, wandering from one division of the army to another, and in great disgrace with the Emperor for some pecuniary dealings with Massena, whom Napoleon, in his own words, loved even *to the bag of a thousand francs*. But he abhorred General S . . . c for these proceedings, unbecoming in any man, and altogether despicable under an epaulet.

This general brought with him a letter of recommendation from the Grand-Duchess, seconded by the Grand-Duke, which made his fortune; Junot received him with the most perfect kindness, gave him his confidence, and enriched him with magnificent presents . . . . He was cherishing a viper in his bosom! Nothing that a malicious and lying tongue can invent did this man omit; and it is from the tomb only that his benefactor can now answer him! But I am living as an accusing witness, both of the benefits and the offences. Oh Heaven! with what an accumulation of hatred and resentment should my poor heart burn, when I now hear this man speak contemptuously of him whose name ought to be remembered in all his prayers, if he believes in a God! Let him at least be silent from self-respect, nay self-interest, or I shall be driven to speak more openly! Making no false averments . . . no I shall speak the simple truth: but in a voice of thunder! a voice which shall be heard beyond the seas; proclaiming the shame of those, who abusing their advantage over

a woman and a widow surrounded by orphans, and fallen from the rank to which the valor and talents of him who has left her his name for her only dower had elevated her, imagine they may calumniate with impunity one whom Napoleon called his friend, over whose bier he wept: one whom those who now dare to trifle with his glorious name would have trembled to confront, while the pulse of his noble heart yet beat to the emotions of the generous soul which animated it.

When arranging my notes relative to this campaign, anxious to render my narrative succinct, true and impartial, especially as regards one of the great names of our military history, and unable to reconcile the various conflicting rumors respecting Marshal Soult and his desire to possess himself of the Portuguese crown, which had daily reached me while with the army, (in which I performed the part of a sub-lieutenant;) as I always prefer the most direct course, I called one day on la Maréchale; related to her and also to that loyal and frank hearted soldier Colonel Bory de St. Vincent, attached to the marshal's person, my difficulties and my wish to have the marshal's own answer to the accusations of Loison, who would have accused his own mother, if it answered his purpose.

The marshal received my request with more good will than I expected; for since his accession to the ministry, he had made a point of refusing all my little demands from him.

Is it then a title to proscription to be the wife

of a soldier of the revolution and the Empire? I should be the more sorry, as I will never abandon that title. I have already rejected that of a foreigner which would have secured me a pension of 60,000 livres. I am a Frenchwoman, and a Frenchwoman of that radiant era I will remain; cherishing all its recollections, adoring and venerating all its glories with encreasing ardor, now that none of them survive around me.

“ Have the goodness to send me your notes,” said the marshal, “ leaving sufficient margin for me to write the answer to your queries. Will that suit you ?”

I gladly assented; but Madame Soult objected, that he might spare both himself and me the trouble, by giving me the work of Colonel Napier and General Matthew Dumas, the accuracy of which might be entirely depended upon, and I should have but to copy what was already printed.

I accepted the book, though not without regret that the marshal's offer had failed of its accomplishment.

On my road home I racked my brain to discover whence this Colonel Napier could come, of whom I had never heard; it was not till I arrived and opened the first of the four volumes, which as a former comrade the Duchess of Dalmatia had been kind enough to lend me, that the marvellous truth was explained; he was an Englishman! Having been referred to this work for information I made it a duty to read it attentively. On the principal object of my inquiry it was silent, or

at least contained but two or three chance observations respecting the contested question of the Portuguese royalty. But I was not a little astonished to find in the work to which I had been thus officially referred an account of the campaign written in a spirit most inimical to the French, and especially to Junot. That campaign the glory of which is established and recognized not only throughout Europe, but across the Atlantic, established and acknowledged too by the rage of our enemies, who granted *an inquiry* as their only recompense to Sir Arthur Wellesley.

General Thiébault, the chief of Junot's staff, and son of that friend of the great Frederic who has left us so admirable a work upon the miraculous days of Prussia's exaltation, knows more I imagine of this expedition and of its commander than M. Napier ; and when such a man as Thiébault, with a heart truly French, a noble and elevated mind, and talents as remarkable in the cabinet as was his valour in the field, preserved his attachment and esteem for his former commander, now laid in the dust, it may well be believed that the man who was worthy of such attachment and of the affections of all who belonged to him, was not what Colonel Napier has represented him.

If any thing can now-a-days excite surprise, it might be to find emanating from the national archives of the French minister of war, a book written by an Englishman in the English service,



and animated by all the national animosity which has so constantly subsisted between the two countries. And one of our most distinguished generals translated this precious work! I flatter myself with the persuasion that in his younger days General Matthew Dumas, would have recoiled from such an undertaking; but he is in the case which must happen to us all—he is growing old.

In 1814, the Count d'Artois uttered the memorable words :

“ *I am only one additional Frenchman.*”

A sentiment worthy of Bayard or of Francis the First.

But at the exhibition of *National Industry* in 1827; in that sanctuary where the true strength, prosperity, and vitality of the state reside, Charles X, then many years older, replied with a smile to one of our most skilful armourers who presented him with a new gun :

“ *I thank you, but I seldom use any but English arms.*”

And farther on when a Lyons shawl manufacturer was displaying to him some admirable specimens :

“ Oh! our neighbours far surpass us. We cannot contend with them.”

“ I have the honor to beg your Majesty's pardon, Sire,” answered the manufacturer with spirit, deeply sensible to this unjust reproach, “ for more than six years past every factory in Lyons has made a return of at least five hundred thou-

sand francs, by the sale in England of these very manufactures which your Majesty considers so inferior to the English.”

This incident may serve to shew that there was a time when the court weathercock pointed North-West, and when courtiers were obliged to sing God save the King, and even Rule Britannia ; it was natural enough that canticles to the supremacy of England should then be found in the library of the war minister : but that matters should remain the same after the revolution of 1830 is a little too bad.

When Junot had once accepted the command, he resolved to justify the Emperor's confidence ; and although his health was seriously impaired he did not suffer indisposition to interfere with the most minute attention to all the concerns of his army.

But with Napoleon, conquest was indispensable. He had yet experienced no reverse, nor would he endure that his lieutenants should : and glorious as was the convention of Cintra ; admirable as must have been that character which could obtain it from the esteem of an enemy of five times his own strength, this single act in which England ever treated with the Empire, was not sufficient ; victory alone could satisfy Napoleon. With conscripts only ; without supplies either of arms or money, still he must have victory : nor can I blame him, rigid as was the requisition ; it was upon such principles he made the world his Empire.

Junot reached Bayonne on the 5th of Septem-

ber and was the first to arrive at the general rendezvous. General Thiébault has written a narrative of the almost fabulous march of this army, at first called the army of observation of the Gironde, a work that could be written only by a Frenchman, and every line of which vibrates on all the sensitive chords of a French heart. It is a description of nature in all its grandeur, beauty and vigor, capable of suffering as well as conquering for the love of country. Oh! what consolation have I experienced in resting my poor eyes swollen with tears upon its pages. They are like a cool and refreshing balsam, lulling to forgetfulness the pain of a burn from a red hot pointed iron!

I may adduce Thiébault's unimpeachable testimony to shew that Junot fulfilled his duty, even better than others would have done in similar circumstances. The troops as they arrived at Bayonne were regularly reviewed by himself, or at least by a superior officer of his staff. He mixed with the soldiers, talked to them, appealed not only to their interest, but their honor, their enthusiasm, their avidity for glory; reminded them of the laurels achieved in Germany and Italy, and related the recent exploits in Calabria and at the siege of Gaëta, of that favorite child of victory, who alas! was destined to lose that title on the very coasts to which they were hastening to acquire it.

“ My children,” said Junot, “ we have before us a long and toilsome journey; but what of that?

I shall share all your fatigues ; neither in repose, nor in any other advantages will I take precedence of you."

It is now manifest that efforts were made in some quarter to shackle his operations, and that in a manner which might have proved fatal to the army, but could not fail to distress him. The cavalry was but indifferent, and soon became worse for want of forage, which the lower Pyrenees afford but scantily. The funds of the commissariat were insufficient, and Junot demanded an extra supply ; it was refused : and here I cannot suppress the fact that Junot gave a sum of fifteen thousand francs of his own for forage : he would never claim the debt, and it is registered only amongst his personal expenses. He wrote again with his own hand a pressing letter, urging that as horses could not live without food, it was impossible but that his must all die, as did that of the miser in the fable, when getting used to the system of starvation. The answer was an order to make the cavalry file off towards the upper Pyrenees. Five days later arrived the order for entering Spain, and the cavalry was then to commence a long and difficult march, to which a distance of seventy leagues had been uselessly added.

The following transcript from a letter to me, or more properly a narrative written by Junot, immediately after his arrival at Lisbon, will give some idea of the privations and difficulties to which his army was exposed, and the sufferings of its commander-in-chief.

“ What we have endured from the bad faith of  
“ the Spanish government is beyond your con-  
“ ception. Yet I cannot suppose the king-minister  
“ blind to the consequences of the report I shall  
“ be under the necessity of submitting to the  
“ Emperor. I lost many men by assassination,  
“ particularly at Vittoria ; yet they had committed  
“ no violence. Indeed I cannot sufficiently praise  
“ the general conduct of my troops. Never have  
“ I seen, even in Italy or in crossing the Alps,  
“ such perfect order and discipline. No hardships  
“ dispirited the soldiers ; and though frequently  
“ unable to prepare their soup on reaching a town,  
“ because the ruins assigned for their quarters were  
“ filled with vermin, and the bread provided them  
“ was mouldy, far from revenging the misdeeds  
“ of the government upon the people, they were  
“ patient and even magnanimous. A convent  
“ took fire, just as we entered the pretty village  
“ of Duenas in Castile and made such rapid pro-  
“ gress as to threaten the whole village with  
“ conflagration. The fanatical Spaniards could  
“ think of no other resource than prayers, and left  
“ the fire to take its course. But my soldiers, led  
“ by the brave Dulong whom you remember,  
“ labored with such zeal, that in seven hours  
“ time the fire was got under and the village saved.  
“ I repeat here, what I have already written to  
“ the Emperor, that no one who has not seen the  
“ French soldier on the road we have just traversed,  
“ can estimate his glorious courage, at its full  
“ value. Death from an adverse ball, he knows

“ to be his chance ; but to meet it at the bottom  
“ of a precipice, in a torrent, on the side of a  
“ road, by being lost in a desert, or poignarded  
“ while sleeping, is terrible to a soldier ; and in  
“ these forms mine have confronted it.

“ You only know Portugal by the beautiful  
“ groves of Cintra, or the flowery solitudes of  
“ Estramadura. You are not aware that the north  
“ contains deserts as wild as the steppes of Po-  
“ land : these consist of steep and rugged moun-  
“ tains, entirely uninhabited for many leagues ;  
“ naked and pointed rocks, cloven by frightful  
“ torrents, without bridges or any other means of  
“ crossing. No roads, even such as the mule-  
“ teers of Estramadura whimsically trace, no track  
“ except the wretched paths trodden by the shep-  
“ herds in summer. You remember the pass of  
“ Almaraz ? Well that is an English garden in  
“ comparison with the route we have travelled !  
“ not a town or village to be seen ; only a few  
“ ruins scattered over a barren soil, which those  
“ furious rains you are no stranger to, frequently  
“ deluge. In short, upper Beira, which I have  
“ been obliged to cross with my army, is a desert  
“ to the full as terrible as that which separates  
“ Cairo from St. John d’Acre. It even presents  
“ in the few inhabitants that are encountered, one  
“ additional difficulty : they are ferocious, detest us,  
“ and are the more formidable, as their extreme  
“ poverty is a temptation not only to inhospita-  
“ lity but to plunder. Such is the natural strength

“ of this part of the Portuguese frontier, that a  
“ thousand men simply armed with muskets, might  
“ have defended their country in these terrible  
“ defiles against an army of double my numbers.  
“ The utmost circumspection was necessary to  
“ avoid giving the inhabitants the slightest pretext  
“ for insurrection ; and no less celerity of advance  
“ to reach an open country before the cabinet of  
“ Lisbon, on whose habitual tardiness I calculated,  
“ should resolve on defence. I have since learnt  
“ that that measure was actually recommended in  
“ the Prince of Brazil’s council by Don Rodrigue  
“ de Souza : it was the best they could adopt, and  
“ he who advised it, at least exhibited his own  
“ spirit and valorous resolution.

“ After our departure from Salamanca in par-  
“ ticular, our sufferings were horrible. For one  
“ whole day, my soldiers had no other subsistence  
“ than acorns, while the snow penetrated their  
“ clothes. Nature seemed to have conspired with  
“ man for their destruction. Our resources di-  
“ minished in proportion as we advanced in that  
“ inhospitable country, and were soon entirely  
“ destroyed, while assassinations were frightfully  
“ multiplied. The soldiers now completely exas-  
“ perated almost defied restraint from their subal-  
“ tern officers ; and no sooner had we passed  
“ Ciudad Rodrigo, the commandant of which  
“ place is a scoundrel, than they gave themselves  
“ up to uncontrollable licence. This fact will per-  
“ haps be represented as a mutiny ; it was no

“ such thing, the soldiers never once resisted the  
“ authority of their colonel or their general, when  
“ personally exerted.

“ I have been well supported by Thiébault the  
“ chief of my staff, whom you have long known ;  
“ he acted under these difficult circumstances with  
“ the courage of a hero and the tenderness of a  
“ woman. But I cannot express myself equally  
“ satisfied with some other officers. If insubordi-  
“ nation is in question, it is amongst the generals  
“ it will be found, though none of them actually  
“ disobeyed me, for you know me well enough to  
“ be assured, that he who had refused obedience  
“ would, within an hour, have been in the hands  
“ of a picquet of cavalry, on his return to France,  
“ as a mutineer. The circumstances I had to en-  
“ counter redoubled the natural energy of my  
“ character, or I had been lost. It is however  
“ my duty to say that General Laborde has me-  
“ rited well of his country ; he is a hero !

“ You know how ardent are my wishes, and  
“ with what feelings I entered on this expedition  
“ which the Emperor in a manner constrained me  
“ to accept ; constrained me by his friendship,  
“ for his authority would have been insufficient.  
“ I knew on quitting Paris, that Lisbon was our  
“ goal, and that token of the Emperor's confidence  
“ was a new incentive to the implicit fulfilment  
“ of his wishes. But how is any end to be at-  
“ tained with faithlessness and treachery for  
“ auxiliaries ? Not only was our whole road from  
“ Bayonne to Alcantara beset with difficulties con-



“ jured up by the local authorities, but even at  
“ Alcantara, where provisions, troops, ammuni-  
“ tion, repose in short, were promised me, I  
“ found only a parched and exhausted country,  
“ destitute of every thing—no resources—no pro-  
“ visions—but some ill-assorted Spanish batal-  
“ lions, animated by the worst spirit, and more  
“ inclined to poignard than to serve us. Oh ! how  
“ much did I suffer on that cruel day, in which I  
“ discovered that we were betrayed ! and betrayed  
“ by my fault ! I had been simple enough, judging  
“ the faith of others by my own, to rely on the  
“ word of a plebeian ; of a man who owed his ele-  
“ vation to a disgraceful cause. This man could  
“ scarcely be supposed to hold a promise pledged  
“ on the hilt of the sword, more sacred than an  
“ oath sworn on the cross of his Saviour. In the  
“ space of a few hours, my Laura, your poor  
“ friend suffered as much as during the whole  
“ previous course of his adventurous life. There  
“ were moments in which horrible thoughts crossed  
“ my brain—then I thought of all who love me—  
“ of you, of my children. And yet, shall I con-  
“ fess it to you, in those hours of anguish, one  
“ reflection was still more efficient—the destiny of  
“ so many fellow creatures confided to my care.  
“ I was accountable to them for my life—what  
“ must have become of them in the event of my  
“ death ? I resolved to live—I believe a coward  
“ would have determined otherwise.” This letter  
is much longer, but I will close my extract here.

Colonel Napier alludes to a statement of posi-

tions found, he says, on the field of battle at Vimiera. This statement could only have been lost by the general-in-chief, or the chief of the staff; and I am authorised in affirming that it was not lost by either. This therefore is a mistake, no doubt an involuntary one; but I shall hereafter point out others.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Fêtes at Fontainebleau—New amours—Rumours of divorce—Solitary rides—The Empress's grief for the death of the young Prince Louis—Duroc hostile to her—The Emperor at Mantua—Interview between Napoleon and Lucien—Choice of a Kingdom—The Imperial brother and the Republican brother—Utopia—*I do not sell myself*—Lucien's ideas of Kingly duties—The parting—A scene at Malmaison in 1804—Crushing of the screen and breaking of the watch—*Thus will you be.*

THE fêtes in celebration of the King of Westphalia's marriage still continued, and the court of Fontainebleau was more brilliant than the reign of Louis XIV had ever seen it, each successive day exceeding the past in magnificence. I was patiently awaiting my confinement at Raincy, when I received an invitation or rather an order to repair to Fontainebleau for a few days. I obeyed; but not choosing to be an inmate of the chateau, and to be heard screaming in the night in case of unexpected accidents, I hired a small house close adjoining, and went every day to the palace in a sedan-chair; although Duroc had told me in confidence that the Emperor, whom I certainly feared the most, was about to set out on a journey.

No language can convey a clear idea of the magnificence, the magical luxury, which now sur-

rounded the Emperor; the diamonds, jewels and flowers that gave splendor to his fêtes; the loves and joys that spread enchantment around, and the intrigues which the actors in them fancied quite impenetrable, whereas they were perhaps even more easily discernible than at the Tuileries. When the mornings were fine, and in October and November of that year the weather was superb, we went out hunting and breakfasted in the forest. The ladies wore a uniform of chamois cashmere, with collar and trimmings of green cloth embroidered with silver, and a hat of black velvet with a large plume of white feathers. Nothing could be more exhilarating than the sight of seven or eight open carriages whirling rapidly through the alleys of that magnificent forest, filled with ladies in this elegant costume, their waving plumes blending harmoniously with the autumnal foliage; the Emperor and his numerous suite darting like a flight of arrows past them, in pursuit of a stag, which exhibiting at one moment its proud antlers from the summit of a mossy rock, in the next was flying with the fleetness of the wind to escape from its persecutors. The gentlemen's hunting uniform was of green cloth turned up with amaranth velvet and laced à la Brandenbourg on the breast and pocket with gold and silver; it was gay, but I preferred the more unpretending shooting uniform.

Much gossip was at this time passing at Fontainebleau, respecting both the present and the

future, but all in whispers. The present supplied the very important subject of the Emperor's new amours. The beautiful Genoese then at the acme of favour, had demanded to be presented at court, which no other favorite had ever dared to think of; and the Emperor, though usually very little susceptible of influence from such connexions, had on this occasion the weakness to accede.

But the future presented a far more serious consideration, in the imperial divorce, which occupied all minds and was the subject of all our conversation in the retirement of our own apartments. The designated heir of the empire was no more; and though he had left a brother, Napoleon's hopes did not rest equally on him. He became thoughtful and abstracted; and would often ride into the forest in the morning, attended only by Jardin, (his favorite pricker, who was much devoted to him) probably that he might meditate undisturbed upon the course he should adopt.

"How can you suffer the Emperor to ride almost alone in that forest," said I one day to Duroc; "for once it would be immaterial, but if it is known to be habitual he may be watched for and how easily may a mischance occur."

"I cannot hinder his going out unaccompanied," replied Duroc. "I have several times remonstrated, but he will not listen. I am however informed the moment he leaves the palace, and do my best to watch over his safety. But the forest is large, and there is no ascertaining what direc-

tion he may choose, so that these solitary rides often cause me uneasiness."

This may serve as an answer to the assertions in some biographies as to the extreme vigilance with which it was the Emperor's pleasure to be uniformly guarded.

He had always the greatest repugnance to attendance ; even in seasons of real danger, I have seen him going out continually accompanied by Bourrienne, Junot, or Rapp, never more than one at a time. If such was his antipathy to attendance in France, how great must have been his annoyance, when at St. Helena, English sentinels were instructed to escort him wherever he went.

The Princess Pauline and the Grand Duchess of Berg were pre-eminent in the numerous train of young and pretty women who that year remarkably adorned the imperial court at Fontainebleau. Notwithstanding Napoleon's recent attachment to Madame G. . . . . he had also a great fancy for Madame B. . . . ., who as a lady in waiting on one of the princesses, was of all the hunting parties, and frequently breakfasted at the rendez-vous. I know the whole of that affair, and can assert in opposition to the reports of scandal that the Emperor never succeeded ; though so powerful was the impression made upon him that he committed it to writing, a circumstance very rare with him in his transient entanglements, for such this would have been, had not Madame B. . . . . had the good sense to withstand the infatuation of that halo of glory, that cloud of dazzling light which sur-

rounded Napoleon ; for this purpose her heart must have been pre-engaged, neither reason nor virtue would otherwise be proof against such resistless fascinations.

The Empress, in spite of all her efforts to appear gay and happy, was overpowered with melancholy. The rumours of a divorce seemed to acquire more and more consistency, and were all repeated to her ; the frequent exchange of couriers between Paris and Petersburgh inspired a fear that the consummation of the peace of Tilsit might be sought in a family alliance between the new friends. And to complete her uneasiness upon the subject, she dared not mention it to the Emperor. Once when I had been paying my respects to her, she did me the honor to say to me :

“ Madame Junot, they will never be satisfied till they have driven me from the throne of France . . . they are inveterate against me.”

She meant the Emperor's family. And in fact her two sisters-in-law, Jerome, and all, to whom, as they said, the glory of the empire was dear, desired a separation, now become indispensable. The Emperor himself said nothing, but his silence was perhaps more alarming to his unfortunate consort than words would have been. The death of the young Prince of Holland had evidently overthrow all his projects.

The Empress burst into tears as she contemplated a lock of the child's beautiful yellow hair, which she had had put under a glass on a ground of black velvet and framed. The poor mother's des-

pair no language can express: that Queen Hortense still lives is satisfactory evidence that grief does not kill. But the sufferings of the Empress were scarcely less severe; her maternal affliction was enhanced by incessantly renewed anxieties about the divorce.

As I had the highest esteem and tenderest friendship for Duroc, whose memory is enshrined in my heart next to that of my brother, I shall not be suspected of injustice in blaming him for the revenge he took upon the Empress's former opposition to his intended marriage. One day, as the Empress entered the throne room, her mournful and disconsolate looks seeming to be bidding adieu to every object on which they turned, I asked Duroc:

“How can you avoid pitying her?”

He looked at me for some time, as if reproaching my reproach; then taking me by the hand, directed my attention towards the extremity of the saloon where a lady was seated, another standing by her side.

“Look there,” whispered he; “there is heaven . . . and beside it hell! . . . Whose doing is that? Is it not hers? . . . No, no! I have no compassion for her!”

I have adverted to Duroc's sentiments because with his prodigious influence over the Emperor, he had much power of befriending the Empress; his hostility I am certain was not active; but there are circumstances in which silence is the most deadly injury.



We were informed one morning that the Emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction he could have taken: and in fact the principal, though latent motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The Emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that of all his brothers, Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him. But Lucien was far from condescending, and the Emperor who knew his character resolved himself to see and converse with him; the brothers consequently gave each other the meeting at Mantua.

Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-germain of his first wife, and the Count de Chatillon, a friend who resided with him.

"Do not put up, I shall probably return to-night!" said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance.

Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugene, Murat, and Marshal Duroc; he advanced to meet his brother and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected. He had not seen the Emperor since the day of Austerlitz; and far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble

heart heaved with tumultuous joy. For some moments he was incapable of speaking; at length having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the Emperor made a signal and the rest of the party withdrew.

“ Well! Lucien,” said Napoleon, “ what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me ?”

Lucien regarded him with astonishment; for inquiries into his projects, addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange.

“ I form no projects,” replied he at length. “ As for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it ?”

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the Emperor seized it by one end, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien :

“ Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word, as a brother and an Emperor, to give it you, and to maintain you in it... for I now ride over the head of every King in Europe. Do you understand me ?”

He stopped and looked expressively at Lucien :

“ Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds; you have only to pursue the course I shall open to you for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to ensure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family; of all my brothers only yourself and

Joseph can efficiently serve me. Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity . . . . . My hopes then rest chiefly on you, will you realize them ?”

“Before this explanation is carried further,” answered Lucien, “I ought to advertise you that I am not changed ; my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was in my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider whether you will proceed.”

“You talk absurdly,” said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders : “New times should give a new direction to the ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic ! You must embrace my system, I tell you ; follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I acknowledge your wife as my sister. I crown her as well as you. I make you the greatest man in Europe, next to myself, and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother ;” added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences, to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him, he started as he listened and grew pale.

“I do not sell myself,” said he in an agitated voice. “Hear me, my brother, listen to me ; for this is an important hour to both of us. I will

never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and above all in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be, shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is after all but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members.

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction.

“Why then come to me?” said he at last angrily, “for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute.”

And shrugging his shoulders he smiled contemptuously.

“And why not,” said Lucien, “if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it.”

A variety of emotions rapidly succeeded each

other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation, "always the same! always the same!" Then turning suddenly to his brother and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice:

"But once more, sir, why then did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and by heaven you shall do as I please."

Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid, was beginning to evaporate.

"I am no subject of yours," cried he in his turn, "and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me, you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it: and remember—hearken to my words, remember what I once told you at Malmaison."

A long, alarming, almost sinister silence, succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other, and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheeks, revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury upon Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shewn to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe, for who shall conjecture what might have happened had this really superior man been King of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland.

The Emperor was the first to break silence ; he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness :

“ You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien ; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother.”

He held out his hand : Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand, and affectionately grasped it between both of his as he reiterated “ Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother. Adieu.”

“ Till to-morrow !” said the Emperor.

Lucien shook his head, and would have spoken but was unable ; then opening the door, he rushed from the apartment, re-ascended the carriage, where his friends awaited him, and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more till the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the Empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointment on finding himself deceived in his calculations of making Lucien one of his most powerful lieutenants, served to widen the breach which the latter's marriage had produced. Lucien, who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum

restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches; accused the Emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

“You are determined to destroy the republic!” exclaimed the enraged Lucien; “well, assassinate her then;—mount your throne over her murdered remains, and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: This empire which you are erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you, yourself will be crushed, thus!” and seizing a screen from the mantel-piece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand which trembled with rage. Then as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating: “Yes—crushed, ground to powder—thus.”

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